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TAIT'S EDINBURGH MAGAZINE.

JANUARY, 1847.

A VISIT TO AUCH MELVICH.

BY SIR THOMAS DICK LAUDER, BART.

THE site of the little township of Auch Melvich, in Sutherland, is, perhaps, one of the most singular of the many spots which have been occupied by thriving hamlets and villages around the extensive coasts of that interesting country. It is in the district of Assynt; and although we shall attempt to describe it to the best of our power, yet we have no great hope of doing so with such success as to place it very vividly before the imagination of our readers. It consists of a considerable cluster of cottages, flanking either side of narrow, tortuous, irregular ways, which, as yet, cannot very well claim the title of streets, and which run hither and thither over a gently swelling, sandy piece of ground, chiefly covered with bent grass. This slopes easily towards the north into a flat, formed of the same white calcareous sand, all of which has been accumulated by the wind drifting it inwards from the shelly shore of a bay which bounds it in that direction. To the west the hamlet is sheltered from the sea by a range of high grounds, running from this bay on the north to the entrance of Loch Roe on the south. These present rugged, rocky points to the ocean; and their eastern side, towards the hamlet, affords a perfect sample of the general face of the Assynt country, being very irregular in its surface, and covered with rounded blisters of primitive rock, rising all over it in numerous knolls, and having the intervening hollows all cultivated, in patches of oats, bear, and potatoes, so that not even the smallest portion of soil, of a few feet square, is left without culture. These bright green spots, which are of the most whimsical shapes, some of them being like polypi, and others like stockings, or shirts, or other more unmentionable articles of apparel, give a most extraordinary appearance to the general face of the hill side, whilst they speak well for the industry of the people by whose hands they were erected. To the east of the hamlet the mountain rises in a bold craggy steep, where Nature bids defiance to the efforts of man to put any trace of his dominion upon it. To the south of the hamlet there lies a considerable mossy flat, of a circular form, surrounded by the features we have described. This is the dried alveus of a fresh-water lake, which occupied it until within these few years back, when the Duke of Sutherland, by cutting, at his own expense, through the low rocky hillocks which shut it in from Loch Roe, to the south, opened a passage for its evacuation in that direction, and thus rendered its broad surface easily available for cultivation, by the inhabitants of the cottages among whom it was lotted out, so that it now forms the most important and valuable part of their little agricultural domain.

Nothing can be more wild, or romantic, than the approach to this retired but populous little place, from the open sea. We had the good fortune to go thither, in company with the noble proprietor himself, whose sole enjoyment, during his annual residence of some months in Sutherland, consists in devoting his time to visiting every village, hamlet, and, we may almost say, cottage, in his widely-extended territories. When we had the honour of meeting him, some little time ago, at Loch Inver, he had already been through all the townships on his northern coasts, doing good wherever he went, and he was now engaged in the same work of love and benevolence with regard to those of his western coasts. Although now somewhat advanced in life, and, we regret to say, with health and a frame by no means very robust, the anxiety and solicitude he displays in inquiring, personally, into the wants of his people, and the pleasure he takes in making provision for all their little requirements, leads him to undergo fatigue upon these occasions which might be supposed to be greatly beyond his strength. When bent on such errands, he not only appears indefatigable, both in boating and in walking, but he seems to care little for stormy weather or weeping skies, and, defended by an oilskin coat, he sits in the stern of his boat, bounding over the billows, or he makes his way over the rugged hillocks and boggy ground, in defiance of all such impediments, and with an activity hardly to be expected from his years. We mean to give a short sketch of that visit to Auch Melvich, in which we accompanied him, for, simple as the narration may be, we are led to believe that it may be gratifying to the philanthropist; and it affords a fair specimen of his daily life during the whole of the time he spends in Sutherland.

Having sailed from Loch Inver in a little yacht, we got into the boat, and rowed into the small haven of Bad-na-brad, just within the southern

horn of the Loch, which we had taken upon us to suggest to his Grace as a fit and proper place for the establishment of a fishing station, and around which some comfortable detached cottages and patches of cultivation had already begun to show symptoms of its aptitude for the formation of a settlement. We mention this place, however, by the way, for no other reason than to enable us to notice a circumstance which occurred as we were rowing in towards its shore. Pointing to one of the cottages at some distance inland, the Duke asked his factor—"Pray, Mr. MacIver, did you give the man who lives in that house," naming him, "the wood I promised him last year, for the roof of his byre?" The circumstance of wood having been promised to another man inhabiting a different cottage having occurred at the moment to the factor's mind, to the exclusion of the other, he pointed to it, and said—"That was the house where your Grace promised the wood."—"True," replied the Duke, "I promised wood there too, but it was for a different purpose; and I remember you afterwards told me that the man had got it. But I likewise recollect promising the man who lives in that house wood for the roof of his byre, and, you know, I like to keep my word." The circumstances regarding this promise then recurred to the memory of the factor, and the Duke was satisfied by learning that it had been duly fulfilled. When we find that three straight lines drawn with a ruler outside of the headlands of the west, north, and south-east coasts of the map of Sutherland, would measure about 120 miles; and when we consider the many large lochs, bays, and inlets which cut everywhere into that wild and picturesque country, it will appear that a chain carried all round the high-water mark of its several coasts would produce a measurement probably four or five times that number of miles; and when we think of the numerous townships, thickly clustered with houses, with which these so extensive coasts are everywhere planted, the little anecdote we have just mentioned will not appear altogether insignificant, when taken in proof of the strong interest which the Duke feels in the welfare of his people, and the wonderful memory he displays in treasuring up every little circumstance that may contribute to their comfort.

As the Duke's visit to the township of Auch Melvich had been, in some measure, expected by its inhabitants, we had no sooner rounded the high head called Ard Roe, and entered the narrow passage that leads into the romantic Loch Roe, than we descried a crowd of the people standing on the rocks near a landing place on its northern side, close to the spot where the cut was made for the discharge of the Auch Melvich lake. They seemed to be in a state of eager expectation. After rowing about for some time, to enjoy the beauties of Loch Roe, and to inspect its interesting shores, during which we visited most of its retired bays, and threaded the narrow channel that runs up among the rocks at its upper end, till we got quite into a beautiful fresh-water lake, there communicating with it, we returned and proceeded to the place where the people were assembled, and there landed. The moment the Duke put his foot on shore, he was surrounded by men, women, and children, their countenances beaming with joy and delight to behold him, and blessings were poured out upon their benefactor's head from all mouths, both in Gaelic and in English, as they pressed eagerly towards him. His eyes glistened with benevolence as he kindly returned their salutations; and, as they lighted on old friends among those around him, he readily recognised them, and addressing them individually by their names, he shook hands cordially with them, and inquired after their own health, and that of the various members of their families. It has been our lot, in this life, more than once to witness well-performed scenes of interchange of feigned affection, but this was a sight, indeed, most pleasant to behold; for here there was no acting on either side. The outpouring of feeling was general from every breast. The effect was extremely touching, and, for our part, we are by no means ashamed to confess that we experienced a certain grappling at our throat, and a dimness in our eyes, as we stood aside in gratified observation of the pleasing scene.

As the good man—for high as is his rank, this is the well-merited title which does him most honour—as the good man, we say, proceeded over the rugged, rocky pathway, which wound among the hillocks, towards Auch Melvich, followed and pressed upon by the elders of its township, and stopping at every two or three yards of the way, as his unfortunate deafness compelled him to do, in order to listen to their petitions, or to whatsoever they might have to say to him, that he might the more certainly and correctly gather their words, he was besieged by a tall, wiry, scraggy-necked, sharp-visaged, and very impudent-looking woman, who, in defiance of the narrowness and unevenness of the way, forced herself close up to him, and strode, and hopped over the stones and bushes, so as to jostle out every one else, and to maintain her own unrivalled proximity to his side, and with her mouth thrust, every now and then, quite into his ear, she, with a voice that resembled the grinding of flints, shrieked into it, in one continued discharge of impertinent questions, and fulsome compliments regarding him and his family, and especially regarding his two elder sons, who were present, which, without waiting for replies, flew faster from her mouth than the shots from the steam-gun. So offensive an annoyance as this appeared to us to be much more than any mortal, however patient, could have well borne; but although he who suffered under it seemed to feel it to its fullest extent, yet his good nature never gave way under it, and, smiling as he went, he bore his persecution with a meekness and a mildness that was as wonderful as it was exemplary, till the hag was at last indignantly elbowed out of her position by some of the more resolute of the elder men, and he was thus relieved from the infliction of her more immediate and continuous assault.

When the pathway opened on the circular valley we have already described, with the cottages of the quiet and peaceful little hamlet seen clustered on the swelling ground beyond, with their light smoke curling upwards into the clear air, the flat bottom that intervened, once an unprofitable sheet of water, now covered with the richest possible crops, all resulting from his own beneficial outlay, we envied him the feelings that must have arisen in his heart. Here, in this wild and remote corner, he had provided food and comfort for a considerable number of human beings, to an extent which was, individually, much beyond what falls to the share of people in the same humble condition of life, even in some of the richest counties of fair England, and that at rents so small as to be scarcely more than nominal. Our wonder, indeed, might not be much if this were the only settlement of this kind in Sutherland, or if it were the only one so beneficently dealt with. But it only furnishes a fair and true sample of all those that are to be found around its coasts. As he followed the path through the corn, which concealed two-thirds of our height as we passed along, his inquiries were numerous as to the holders of the different possessions; and his remarks on their respective crops, and his commendations on their industry, appeared to give great gratification to their different owners.

We may mention, by the way, that at the period of which we are now writing, the fell potato disease was quite unknown in Sutherland; but in a few weeks afterwards it appeared, and this part of these poor people's crops having perished, want must have arisen among them to a very great extent. But forth stood their protector, and, at an expense probably much beyond that incurred for a similar purpose, which gave to a noble Italian family the well-merited, enviable, and still-enduring name of Frangipani, he has warded off this infliction; so that this season of scarcity will pass away over their heads like a fleeting cloud—its effects altogether unfelt, and altogether unknown, except from the reports they may hear of the miseries of others, who have less reason to bless the beneficence of the landlord.

How the crowd of men, women, and children, increased about him as he reached the site of the hamlet itself, where he was welcomed by showers of blessings! There he was entreated, with great modesty, to enter the house of the patriarch of the township, where he, and all of us who were of his company, were soon seated and hospitably entertained with bread and cheese; and the health of the owner of the cottage, and that of his noble guest, were mutually pledged with the kindliest feelings. After this, a familiar conversation took place, in which the economy and comforts of the family were fully inquired into and discussed; and this, as we have reason to know, by no means from any mere idle motive. But this was not the only domiciliary visit that the good man made; for he went from house to house, entering many of them, regardless of the smoke with which, according to the custom of the country, and the predilection which Highlanders have for it, most of them were filled, rather as a matter of fancied addition to the comfort and warmth, perhaps, of the inmates, than as any evil of which they cannot rid themselves. He sat down humbly and unostentatiously, to converse with their owners, and was searching in his inquiries into their most minute concerns—their marriages and births, their illnesses and deaths, soothing and consoling as he went, and questioning them as to their little wants, and giving substantial proofs of his desire to see them supplied. He was particularly solicitous about the success of the schools which he had established, both for girls and boys, and he called on the master and mistress, and made several new and beneficial arrangements regarding them. Meanwhile his family physician, a most benevolent man, had his head and his hands fully occupied by the swarm of patients, with all the ills that flesh is heir to, who came about him to benefit by his skill. The doctor inquired with exemplary patience into all their ailments—felt their pulses—looked at their tongues—noted down their names, and the prescriptions they required—examined their hurts, and their infirmities of all kinds—administered such immediate relief as he could—and promised to send them, without delay, such other remedies as required preparation. His very presence and words seemed to do them good, and many a pallid and despairing cheek appeared to have the flush of hope restored to it by his kindly manner and expressions.

By and bye, some of the elders of the place besought the Duke to go and look at a boat-creek at some little distance, for which they wanted something to be done in the way of improvement. The fact was, it was a miserable place, incapable of holding more than two or three boats, and with an entrance so narrow and so exposed to the long surges of the open sea, as to be difficult and dangerous either for ingress or egress. The proper haven of the hamlet is Loch Roe, which is one of the finest harbours for small craft that can anywhere be met with, but the pathway to it being rough and rocky, so that it was extremely troublesome to carry fishing gear or fish over it, it was rarely, if ever used, and the little creek in question was preferred, as being of easy access. But the Duke having been fully aware of the great advantages which Loch Roe possessed over the miserable creek, and having been made aware that these might be fully opened up to the poor people of Auch Melvich, though at considerable cost, by carrying a branch road from the Loch Inver road, which should touch at Loch Roe on its way to the hamlet, and which should thus connect the place not only with its natural harbour, but with the rest of the country, by affording it easy access to both, at once gave orders that it should be carried into execution at his own expense.

Before leaving Auch Melvich the Duke invited all the people to come to Loch Inver on a certain day which he named, when he was to give prizes

for boat races, to which they all cordially assented.

The Duke was followed by the whole population to the place in Loch Roe, where the boat lay to receive him, and there we all embarked with him, except the doctor, whose labours being not yet nearly completed, he was left on the rocks, still feeling pulses and prescribing, it being so arranged that he was to return by another conveyance. The Duke was no sooner on board than he received three hearty parting cheers from his people, to whom he made his acknowledgments with moistened eyes.

It is not every great Highland proprietor who can afford to go on, as the Duke does, and as his excellent mother did before him, expending, year after year, the whole of the revenue of this vast estate on the country, and the people who yield it. Neither are there many to be found who could, at their own expense, make some four or five hundred miles of roads, as good as those in any gentleman's pleasure grounds in England, in an extremely difficult country, that was formerly quite impervious, but which may now be travelled over in every part by carriages of all kinds, without meeting with a single turnpike gate, or being asked for toll—every yard of these roads being kept in repair at the expense of the proprietor. Neither do we elsewhere see numerous inns, elegant in structure, and possessing all the comforts of the best-appointed English houses of that description, start up wherever they are wanted, at the touch of the golden wands of other Highland proprietors, as they have done from that of the Duke, all over the Sutherland territory. But in regard to these visitations of Christian kindness of which we have had the good fortune to witness the example, which we have now attempted, though faintly, to describe, there are few who have it not in their power to bestow them, and therefore we may fairly be permitted to hold up this pattern for imitation, and to call upon others to go and do likewise.

LIFE AND CORRESPONDENCE OF JOHN FOSTER.*

BY GEORGE GILFILLAN, AUTHOR OF A "GALLERY OF LITERARY PORTRAITS."

THERE are two classes of character of whom the biography is likely to be peculiarly interesting. One includes those whose lives have been passed in the glare of publicity—who have bulked largely in public estimation, and who have mingled much with the leading characters of the age. The life of such includes in it, in fact, a multitude of lives, and turns out to be, not a solitary picture, but an entire gallery of interesting portraits. The other class comprises those of whom the world knows little, but is eager to know much—who, passing their lives in severe seclusion, have, nevertheless, given such assurance of their manhood as to excite in the public mind an intense curiosity to know more of their habits, feelings, and history. Such an one was John Foster. While his works were widely circulated, and produced a profound impression upon the thinking minds of the country, himself was to the majority only a name. Few could tell what he was, or where he lived—what were the particulars of his outward history, or what had been the course of his mental training. He published little, he seldom appeared at public meetings, his name was never in the newspapers—when he wrote, it was generally in periodicals of limited circulation and sectarian character, and when he preached, it was to small audiences and in obscure villages. There thus hung about him a certain shade of mystery, shaping itself to the colossal estimate of his genius which prevailed. He appeared a great man under hiding; and while some of his ardent admirers found or forced their way into his grisly den, and ascertained the prominent features of his character, and facts in his life, more were left in the darkness of mystification and conjecture. For twenty years, for instance, we ourselves have been enthusiasts in reference to this writer's genius, and yet, till a few days ago, we never so much as saw his portrait.

The veil has at length been removed. In the interesting volumes before us we find, and principally in his own words, a full and faithful register of the leading events in his life, and of the more interesting movements in his spiritual history. The book is arranged on a plan somewhat similar to that adopted in Carlyle's work on Cromwell. The biography constitutes an intermitting chain between the numerous letters, and is executed in a modest and intelligent manner. Besides his correspondence, there are large and valuable excerpts from his journals, and to the whole are appended interesting though slight notices of his character, from the pen of Mr. Sheppard.

Reserving a few extracts, and some remarks on his style as a letter-writer, till afterwards, we proceed, in addition to what we have said elsewhere of Foster, to state, while still fresh and lively, the impressions which this work has left upon our minds in regard to his idiosyncracy. Fortunately, they are not of such a kind as to induce us, in many respects at least, to reverse our previous opinions. Those points in his character, however, on which new light has fallen are of no ordinary importance.

Throughout the whole of these volumes we have been impressed with the idea of a mind imperfectly reconciled and indifferently adjusted to the state of society of which it was a part—to the creed to which it had declared its adherence—to the very system of things which surrounded it. This is true of many independent and powerful spirits; but in Foster's mind the antagonism has this peculiarity—it is united to deep reverence and to sincere belief. It is not the fruit of any captious or malignant disposition—it does not spring from any sinister motive. The guilty wish is

* Edited by J. E. Ryland; with Notices of Mr. Foster as a preacher and companion. By John Sheppard. London: Jackson and Walford. 1846.

never, with him, the parent of the gloomy thought. The tremendous doubts which oppress him have forced themselves into the sphere of his soul, and hang there as if sustained by the power of some dark enchantment. You see his mind labouring under an eclipse which will not pass away. In contemplation of the mysteries of earth and time, he stands helpless. Indeed, such gloomy cogitations formed so large a part of his mental scenery, and had so long rivetted his gaze, that you can almost conceive him disappointed had they suddenly disappeared. Like the prisoner of Chillon, who, habituated to the gloom of his dungeon, and having made friends with his dismal companions, at last "regained his freedom with a sigh;" Foster would have stared strangely, and almost unhappily, though it had been at the apparition of the "New Heavens and the New Earth" arising in room of the present, which his melancholy fancy had so dreadfully discoloured. The causes of this habitual gloom seem to have been complex. In the first place, he was naturally a man of a morbid disposition. His mind fastened and clung to the dark side of every question—to the more rugged horn of each great dilemma—to the shadows, and not to the lights, of every picture. To do this was with him an instinct, which, instead of repressing, he nursed into a savage luxury. Secondly, He was for a large portion of his life a solitary, struggling, and disappointed man—preaching to people who did not understand him, struggling with straitened circumstances, and unsustained, till middle-age, by the sympathy of any female friend. Had a man of his temperament met sooner with the breeze of general and generous appreciation; and, above all, had he found in youth such a kindred and congenial spirit as afterwards, in his accomplished and gifted wife, he had lived a much happier and more useful existence, and taken a kindlier, and, we trust, a truer view of the world and of mankind. Thirdly, As an eloquent writer elsewhere observes, Foster never gave himself a real scientific education, and although possessed of keenest sagacity, never rose into the sphere of a great and a trained philosopher. He was to this what a brave bandit is to a regular soldier. Scientific culture is sure to beget scientific calm. The philosopher is taught to take a wide, comprehensive, dispassionate, and rounded view of things, which never frets his heart, if it often fails to satisfy his intellect. Foster's glimpses of truth, on the contrary, are intense and vivid, but comparatively narrow, and are tantalising in exact proportion to their vividness and intensity. He sees his points in a light so brilliant that it deepens the surrounding darkness. His minute mode of insight, too, contributed to his melancholy. He looks at objects so narrowly that, as to a microscope, they present nothing but naked and enlarged ugliness. His eye strips away all those fine illusions of distance which are, after all, as real as the nearer and narrower view. This is the curse which blasts him—to see too clearly, and the lens through which he looks becomes truly a terrible crystal. Like Cassandra, he might well wail for his fatal gift. It is a dowry which she got in wrath, and has faithfully transmitted to many besides Foster, who may with her exclaim—

"O ill to me the lot awarded,
Thou evil Pythian god."

From man, thus too utterly bare before him, he turns away, with a deep pensive joy, to Nature, feeling that she is true, were all else untrue—that she is beautiful, were all else deformed—that she stands innocent and erect, though her tenant has fallen—and, like a child in his mother's arms, does he repose, regaining old illusions, and recalling long-departed dreams of joy. There is something to us peculiarly tender and pathetic in Foster's love of Nature. It is not so much an admiration as it is a passionate and perpetual longing. It is not a worship, but a love. He throws his being into Nature. It is as if he felt his heart budding in the spring trees, his pulse beating high in the midnight tempest and in the ocean billow, his soul shooting up, like living fire, into Snowdon, as he gazes upon it; or we might almost imagine him the divorced spirit of some lovely scene, yearning and panting after renewed communion, "gazing himself away" into the bosom of Nature again, while the murmuring of streams, and the song of breezes, and the waving of pines, were singing of these strange nuptials, the soft epithalamium. He engages in mystic converse with the Creation. He seeks for meanings in her mighty countenance, which are not always revealed to him. He asks her awful and unanswered questions. He seems to cry out to the river, "What meanest thou, thou eloquent babbler, wilt thou never speak plain, wilt thou never shape me any distinct utterance, from the vague and soft tumults of thine everlasting song?"—to the rocks and mountains, "Will ye never reveal those secrets of an elder day, which are piled up in your massive walls; to your solemn hieroglyphics shall there never arrive the key?" but to add, in stern resignation, "Be it so, then; retain your tremendous silence, or utter on your inarticulate sounds; better these than the jargon, the laughter, and the blasphemies of the reptile and miscreant race of man; to you, my dumb kindred, I am nearer and dearer than to those that so speak."

In forming, however, such a view of man and of life, Foster has committed, we think, an enormous error—the great mistake of his history. He has failed to see the beauty of life, its hopeful tendencies, the dignity of that discipline which is ripening man for a nobler destiny, the soul of goodness which underlies even the evils, the abuses, and the mistakes of the world, and the glory which springs from human suffering, and shines through human tears. In all this he sees little else than unmitigated and unredeemed misery and guilt, and flies to the prospect of death for relief, as the opium-eater to his drug, or the drunkard to his dram-bottle. "I have yet," he says, toward the close of his life, "one luminary, the visage of death." And in the rising of that pale luminary, that ghostly sun, he expects a reply to all his questionings, and a rest to all the wanderings of his spirit. Surely he expected far too

much from such a source. For, in the first place, since the tale of the universe is infinite, can it be told all at once to a finite being? It is beyond even the might of Death to give to a mind infinite illumination, to which it has failed to give infinite capacity. It may, it must, greatly extend the view, and brighten the medium; but to suppose that it instantly makes all mysteries plain, were to leave little to do for the vast eternity beyond it. Besides, may not mystery continue to be an atmosphere fit for rearing certain future, as it is for rearing certain present, conditions of spiritual being. The caterpillar and the butterfly respire the same air. Certain plants, and those of a strong and hardy kind, grow best in the shade. To suppose that death should explain every enigma is, in fact, to enthrone it in the room of Omnipotence. Thirdly, unless first we be reconciled to life, unless we learn to interpret its sublime hieroglyphics, to feel its divine beauty, to read its "open secret," to adore while we wonder at its darkest dispensations, what can death do for us? The man who, loathing, despising, reviling life, finding only desolation and barrenness in all its borders, turns away from under the vine and the fig tree, sits with lonely Jonah under his withered gourd, saying, "I do well to be angry, even unto death," is guilty of cowardice, if not of essential suicide: he may be a gifted, but is hardly a heroic man. "It is," says Schiller, "a serious thing to die—it is a more serious thing to live." So it is a great and glorious thing to die; it is a thing greater, more glorious, god-like, to live a resigned, active, and "blessed," if not happy life. To use the language of Sartor Resartus, Foster has been in the everlasting no; he has been in the centre of indifference, but he has not reached the everlasting yea; he has not heard, or not received, its sweet and solemn evangel—he has tarried too long in the valley of the shadow of death, and spent many needless hours in the dungeon of the giant Despair, and, worse, has dreamed, that to come forth from its threshold was to reach the Celestial City by a single step!

Before proceeding to speak of Foster's merits, we have, in corroboration of these remarks, to advance against him one or two serious charges, made more in sorrow than in anger. We charge him, in the first place, with a sort of moral cowardice, which it is painful to observe in a man of such gigantic proportions. In his views of moral evil there is more of the fascinated fear of the planet-struck than of the strong courage of the combatant. He looks at it rather than seeks to strike it down. Knowing that Omnipotence alone can prostrate it in its entireness—that Omniscience alone can explain its existence—he is not sufficiently alive to the facts that it is reducible, that every one may, in some degree, reduce it, that each smallest reduction proves that it is not infinite, and that the farther you reduce evil, the nearer you reach the solution of the great problems—why it is, and whence it rose. He seems sometimes to regard the efforts of men to remove, or mitigate, moral, or even physical, evil, with as much contempt as he would the efforts of barbarians, with their cries and kettle-drums, to drive away an eclipse from off the face of the sun. His *own* attempts to abate evil are thus paralysed. He keeps, indeed, his post—he maintains the contest—but it is languidly, and with frequent looks cast behind, toward a great reserve of force which he expects to be brought, but which is slow to come, into action. It is the old story of the waggoner and Hercules. The road is miry, the wain is heavy, he is weary, how easy it were for the god to come down and perform the task. And because he will not yet, Foster becomes sullen, disappointed, and all but desperate. Let no one say that we are not fair judges of a mind so peculiar as his, that we know not what doubts and difficulties oppressed him, or how they affected his spirit. Every thinking mind is haunted, more or less, by precisely those questions which Foster felt himself unable to solve. Luther felt them in the Wartburg, but bated on account of them not one jot of heart or hope. Evil there was in the world; he was sent to make it less; that was all he knew, and that was quite sufficient for his resolute and robust spirit. Howard felt them in his "Circumnavigation of Charity," but instead of speculating as to why prisons were needed at all, he went on and made them better. Every missionary to the heathen feels such difficulties meeting him in their very darkest shapes, and yet perseveres in his holy work, and if he can smite away but a finger from the black colossal statue of evil which stands up before him, is content. Should any deem that we misrepresent Foster's feelings and sentiments on this subject, we refer them to his journals and letters, and particularly to that most withering and unhappy letter addressed to the Rev. John Harris, author of the "Great Teacher," &c.

We find not less distinct evidence of the same disease in his contributions to the *Eclectic*, particularly in his review of Chalmers's Astronomical Discourses—in our opinion a very forced, clumsy, and unsatisfactory critique. There, at the supposition of snow existing in some of the other planets, he startles in terror, seeing in it a sign that Evil has found its way there as well as here. He is so frightened at this little speck as almost to back out from the discoveries of modern astronomy altogether. Now, we think this a cowardice unworthy, yet characteristic of Foster; for, in the first place, what is there so terrific in snow, the pure, innocent, beautiful meteor, falling from heaven like the shed feathers of the celestial dove, or lying, a many-millioned mirror to the moonbeams? Should not, on the contrary, that far gleam be welcomed as a proof of unity among the heavenly bodies, as attesting the omnipresence of certain general laws, shall we say?—as a white signal from that stranger land, to tell us that a race of beings, not altogether unallied to us, are there, it may be, engaged in similar struggles, and destined to similar triumphs with ourselves? But, secondly, is snow necessarily the sign of a curse, or a certain indication of the existence of sin? This, we think, springs from a theory universally held at one time by a certain school of theologians, which the researches of

geology have exploded, and which Foster's powerful intellect ought, apart from these, to have taught him to reject, that every species of physical evil is the product of moral, that every slight inconvenience, as well as formidable mischief, may be traced to the same root. Such an absurd theory teaches its votaries to cower under the falling snow as under the curse of the Eternal—to find a new testimony to the existence of evil in the icicles—glorious ear-rings!—which each morning hangs under the eaves; and in every sound, from the earthquake to the sneeze, to overbear the voice of Sin. No; this will never do. Step forth, John Foster, like a brave man, into that strange snow of Mars, and peradventure thou mayest find a braver Evan Dhu, kicking away a luxurious snow-ball from under the head of his retainer, or a gallant footman offering himself up to the wolves in his master's stead, or a noble little band of explorers cutting their perilous passage to the summit of some wilder Wetterhorn—finer spectacles, be sure, than wert thou to see ever so many perfect, and perfectly insipid ladies and gentlemen, reclining in some lazy lubberland of perpetual sunshine. Step forth, bathe in the bracing cold of the clime, confront its stern winds, consider its laws of austere and awful progress, and come back a healthier, happier, and better man.

Had this speculation on snow been only a passing reverie, it had been unworthy any serious notice. But, like the snow on the dusky and dark-red brow of Mars, it lies significant—a still settled index of much behind and beyond it. It involves in it all the elements of Foster's quarrel with the system of things; for, as assuredly as in Byron's case, it was a quarrel; nor were their grounds so dissimilar as might have been at first supposed. Neither knew the real meaning of that grand old fable of Prometheus, as shadowing forth the history of man, nay, forming a dim but colossal type of that higher mystery—the mystery of godliness—bearing to it such a resemblance as does a battlement of evening clouds to the mountains over which it stands, and whose shapes it mutely mimics—the glory of suffering, the beauty of sorrow, as teachers, friends, guides, were to them in a great measure veiled. Unphilosophically confounding physical and moral evil, of which the one seemed to them the monstrous body, the other the malignant soul of some portentous and unearthly shape, they both bow before it—to the one it becomes a god, his only god, detested and adored; to the other, an object of melancholy wonder and powerless hatred. Indeed, so similar are the feelings of Foster to those entertained and expressed by the Byron school of sceptics, that, as a profound thinker recently remarked to us, the change of a single word will serve to identify them. The Byron-ling says, *since* so and so is the case, the Deity must be this and that; Foster, and his *foster-bairns* say, *if it* were this and that, the Deity were so and so.

But, secondly, we charge Foster with taking up an attitude of view and observation which rendered any just conception of the universe or its Author impossible, and which, *a priori*, throws discredit upon any theory of explanation propounded by himself. His attitude is that of one who confounds the shade over his own mind with the universe which it discolours, in whose eye (as in the well-known fable) the monster-fly swallows up the sun, and who, because he is capable of asking the infinite question, imagines that, therefore, he is able, or entitled to receive, the infinite reply. Nothing but such an infinite answer could appease such inquiries as Foster asks at the earth and the heavens. And because the earth spins round, and the skies shine on in silence, and no such reply as he craves will ascend from their deepest caverns, or come down from their loftiest summits, Foster is disappointed, the more in proportion to his love, just as the more you love any individual, the more you are chagrined if he will not answer you some curious question, but remains obstinately dumb. And though, as we have said, he is fond of questioning Nature, and loves her old and solemn harmonies, he is no "Fine-ear" to catch that subtler speech, that fairy music, that "language within language," that angelic strain, which some few purged and prepared spirits, who can the "bird language fully tell, and that which roses say so well," hear, or seem to hear, in the rustle of the leaves awakened at midnight from their dreams of God—in the great psalm of the autumn blasts—in the sweet self-talk of the love-sick summer waves—in the blue smile of the sky—nay, in the hush of evening, and the stammering sparkle of the stars. To these low and silvery whispers, piercing the clash of all common and terrific sounds, like the calm No of Shadrach, Meshach, and Abednego, heard amidst the idolatrous symphonies and cymbals on the plain of Dura, Foster's ear is deaf as Byron's. He is aware of their existence, indeed; he listens to hear them, but they will not speak to him their profoundest tidings; he hears only a great tumult, but knows not what it is—a tumult of grandeur, terror—sweet, and despairing tones, endlessly intermingled—and dies, believing that God is Love, but not feeling, with Tennyson, that

> "Every cloud that spreads above and veileth love itself is Love."

What Foster demands is precisely that which cannot here, perhaps never, be granted: it is a logical demonstration of the goodness and wisdom of God: such a demonstration seems impossible: it supposes the possibility of a just doubt on such a subject; and yet if this doubt do once enter the mind, no mere argument can ever expel it. It represents the question as to the character of Deity in the light of a dreadful game, which may possibly go against him. It proves, after all, no more than this—that there is a very high probability that God is not a demon. On such bladders do some men try to swim on the ocean of the infinite mind. Far better to plunge into it at once, trusting implicitly and fearlessly to those voices within the soul—to those whispers in nature—to those smiles on earth below and heaven above—to those indefinite but profound impres-

sions, not to speak of those distinct declarations of God's Word, which do not demonstrate, but intuitively and irresistibly communicate the tidings, that "all is well!"

"After all, we are in good hands," was the simple, conclusive reply of a well-conditioned gentleman of our acquaintance to one who had, in a strain of morbid eloquence, taken the darker-side as conclusive, because it expressed what is the natural feeling of all untainted and unsophisticated minds, as well as the mature and ultimate result of the highest order of philosophic thinkers. But it is altogether impossible to reach this conclusion through that faithless process which John Foster employs; as impossible, as by digging down through the darkness of earth to reach the sun and stars of the antipodes. It is otherwise that Sartor comes out at last into his clear, stern azure. It is otherwise that Gœthe meant, it is understood, to lead Faust up into his Mount of Vision and temple of worship.

Our final charge, again, is that he takes too dark, morbid, and monkish a view of man and of society. From this, indeed, seem to spring his other errors. He who doubts of man can hardly fail to doubt of God. To believe in man is an indispensable requisite to a proper conception of Deity. Of course we do not mean to deny the doctrine of human depravity; but we do think that Foster's views of man's nature, whether as exhibited in individual character or in collective society, are far too stern and harsh. We would as soon judge of an assembly of living men and women from a book of anatomical sketches, as of the true character of the world from Foster's pictures. Earth is not the combination of hell and chaos which he represents it to be. Men are not the pigmy fiends, Lilliputians in intellect, Brobdignagians in crime, from whose society he shrinks in loathing, and the tie connecting himself with whom he would cut in sunder if he could. The past history of society is not that dance of death, that hideous procession of misery and guilt toward destruction, which paints itself on the gloomy retina of his eye. We protest, in the name of our fallen but human perishing, but princely family, against such libels as Gulliver's Travels and Foster's entire works. Were such statements true, we see no help for it but an act of universal, simultaneous suicide, and a giving up of God's creation, on the part of Adam's sons, as a bad job. What a fierce, impotent scowl, he continually casts upon even the innocent amusements of the race—such as children's balls, social parties—begrudging, it would seem, even to doomed and predestinated criminals, such only consolations as their case would admit of. More cruel than the ancient crucifiers, he will grant no stupifying nor cheering draught to the expiring malefactor. How reluctant, too, he is to admit any moral merit (intellectual merit he is always ready to concede) to those who differ from him in creed, not, perhaps, more widely than he is found, after all, to differ from the rest of the Christian world! How he prowls, like a hyena, round the bedsides of dying sceptics, though repeatedly owning himself so far a sceptic, to drink in their last groans, and insult whether the calm or the horror of their closing hours; staking thus, in a measure, the holy cause of religion upon a wretched computation of dying beds, upon the pro's and con's of the expressions of disease, delirium, and despair—a task fit enough for a contributor to the *Methodist's Magazine*, but unworthy of a spirit like Foster's. And how slow to admit any degree of interest, or of poetry, or of grandeur, in those colossal faiths which have ruled for ages the great majority of mankind!—an absurdity as great as though one were to go about to deny the lustre of the serpent's eyes, because his breath was poison, or the beauty of the tiger's skin, because his drink was blood. And, then, by what a safety-valve he does escape from the consequences of his fatalism, by supposing a general jail-delivery of criminals, who, by his own showing, are no more guilty than the avalanche which destroys the Alpine traveller, or the sandy column which whelms the wanderer in the desert!

After all this, it may seem paradoxical to assert that we think Foster an amiable man. He was so, undoubtedly, if universal testimony can be credited; but he was a slave, in the first place, to unsettled doubts, and, ultimately, to a partial and inconsistent system, as well as, throughout all his life, to a gloomy temperament which clouded his native disposition. His genius reminds us of the moon, but of the moon turned into blood, forced, against her nature, into a lowering, portentous aspect—no longer the still, calm mistress of the night, but a meteor of wrath and fear, emitting at best a gloomy smile, and furnishing a light, fit only to guide the footsteps of murderers, and preside at the assignations of ghosts. We turn, now, gladly from these objections to remark some interesting peculiarities in Foster's character and intellect, as evinced in his Memoirs, Correspondence, and Articles in the *Eclectic Review*. We notice, first, his generosity and width as a critic. Narrow as a moral judge, he is, as a critic of authors and books, entirely the reverse. He sympathises with all genuine excellence. This alone proves, we think, his superiority to Hall. Hall, we fear, had little admiration for other writers beyond a very few, either inferior to, or cognate with himself. His treatment of Coleridge, for instance, would be insufferably insolent, were it not ludicrously absurd. Having never taken the trouble to master so much as the *language* in which Coleridge *thought*, his verdict on him is as worthless as a plain English scholar's were upon the metres of Pindar. To modern poetry, too, and all its miracles, he was notoriously indifferent. Byron he never read, an omission as contemptible as though he had not gone forth to see, and at which the whole species were gazing, a comet which had made itself visible at noonday. Wordsworth and Southey he habitually maligned. Now, all this may seem very great to such fawning parasites as the late Dr. Balmer, who has carefully recorded it in a bit of Boswellism

he contributed to his remains, but seems superlatively unworthy of such a man as Hall. Foster, on the other hand, is a genial and a generous praiser, of much beneath, much on a level, and much above his own mark. He has a kind word to say for poor Cottle and his Fall of Cambria. He is enthusiastic in his admiration of Hall, Chalmers, Fox, Grattan, Curran, Tooke, &c. Coleridge is the god of his idolatry, and bitterly does he deplore his miserable habits. Of a transcendent dramatic work (could it be Cain or the Cenci ?) he says, "I was never so fiercely carried off by Pegasus before—the fellow *neighed* as he ascended." All works he seems to have judged, not by any arbitrary canon of his own, or of others' establishment, but by the impulse given to his own mind, the stir of respondent strength, whether in contradiction or consent, awakened within him, and the joy which they had the power to spread over his melancholy spirit, like sunshine surprising a sullen tarn into smiles.

We notice in these volumes numerous evidences of Foster's romantic tendencies. He was a lover of solitary and moonlight walks. "In Chichester there is still a chapel, where the well-worn bricks of the aisles exhibit the traces of his solitary pacings to and fro by moonlight." In all beautiful and majestic scenes he invariably lost himself, as men do in the mazes of a wood. Reverie was his principal luxury, and became his darling sin. In combating the romantic tendency in one of his essays, he is, in reality, fighting with himself; just as strange to tell, the objections he confutes in his famous sermon on missions reappear, from his own pen, in a letter to Harris, written years afterwards. In a former paper, we said, "Foster fighting with a fatalist, reminds us of the whole ocean into tempest tossed, to waft a feather, or to drown a fly." Alas, we now find that Foster and the fatalist were forms of the same mind, and that the fatalist remains last upon the field. So, having shrived himself of his original romance, by writing an essay against it, the old nature returned with double force than formerly, and was in him to his dying day. In connexion with this, we notice the abundance and beauty of his natural imagery. No one has turned to more account, in his writings, the charms of nature, and particularly the evanescent and ghostly glories of the night, the tints of moonlit flowers, the colours of midnight fields, the shadows of woods, the shapes of mountains resting against the stars, all the fine gradations of the coming on of evening, all the wandering voices of the darkness, speaking what in the day they seem to dare not do, and all those "solemn meditations," as peculiar to night as its celestial fires were well known and inexpressibly dear to the soul of this lonely man. In his use of such images, we observe this peculiarity. Some men surround their minds with them *unconsciously*, they go out to the fields without one thought of collecting images or illustrations, and yet come home laden with them, as with burs or other herbage, which we unwittingly gather in the woods. Foster goes out on express purpose to find them as if he were a-nutting; looks at every object with this question, how can I employ you in the expression of truth? and returns triumphant with a thousand analogies. This, we think, has somewhat affected the naturalness and freedom of his imagery. We should prefer, had he allowed the beauties of nature to slide into his soul, and to blend with his thoughts—

"Like some sweet beguiling melody;
So sweet, we know not we are listening to it."

Another phase of this romantic tendency was his extreme attachment to the society of cultivated females, and the conception he formed of the married life as the panacea of his ills. In such company he laid aside the monk, and became all gentleness and good humour. It acted like a spell upon him, to soothe his most unquiet feelings, and to lay for a season his darkest doubts. It roused, too, the faculties of his mind, and he never was half so eloquent, neither in his writings, nor in the pulpit, nor in the company of his co-mates in intellect, Anderson and Hall, as when with the evening shadows, or the first moonbeams stealing into the room, he discoursed to "fascinating females," who could understand as well as listen, and feel as well as understand, of the "feelings and value of genius," or of topics dearer and nobler still, while it seemed, in his own beautiful words, "as if the soul of Eloisa pervaded all the air." Such moments he relished with the intensest gratification; they seemed to him foretastes of Paradise, and of the society of angels, and he might well say that they should never be "forgotten." Out of those "fascinating females" he selected one almost a duplicate of himself—equally intellectual, equally well-informed, equally pious, and equally oppressed with the tremendous darkness of this dark economy. It was like the marriage of two moonlit clouds in the silent sky! To this lady (Miss Maria Snooke—Phœbus, what a name!) he addressed his first celebrated essays. From her society he expected much happiness. On the eve of the marriage, he met, he tells us, "the snow-drops and other signs and approaches of the spring, with a degree of interest which has never accompanied any former vernal equinox." And his expectations seem to have been abundantly fulfilled. After many happy years of intercourse, and latterly, on her part, much severe suffering, she died, leaving him less to regret her loss than to grieve that their spirits had not entered together within that mighty veil which had so long tantalised and saddened both.

"The living are not envied of the dead." But how often are the dead envied of the living! And no one ever felt this solemn envy more than Foster. We can conceive him kneeling in charnel houses, and praying their ashes to break silence and speak out. We can conceive him crying aloud amid the midnight hills for some wandering spirit of the departed to render up the secret. And as friend after friend dropped away into the silent land, this impatient eagerness strengthened, and almost amounted to a feeling that those he loved were bound to come back and

relieve his harrowing anxieties. And it shook him with the very agony of desire when the wife of his bosom and of his soul—his shadow in the other sex, whose doubts, and fears, and desires on this subject were the counterpart of his own—departed first within the veil. We can image him on his widowed pillow praying for and straining his eyes for her reappearance—less to see her beloved face once more than to hear some authentic tidings of the shadowy world. But she, too, was silent. She, too, had taken the dread oath of secrecy which all the dead must take. And he had to recur, in his disappointed loneliness, to the prospect of speedily joining her in that strange company, and of becoming in his turn as intelligent and as uncommunicative as she.

This supposition is the less extravagant, as we find from these memoirs that Foster was a firm believer in apparitions, and in all the other departments of what this enlightened age—which has discovered that the soul of man is a secretion of the brain, and that the snail is growing up by slow stages to the Shakspeare (and we suppose the Shakspeare to the Supreme God!)—calls exploded superstitions. He grasped at every line, however frail, which linked him to the spiritual world. If he saw not visions, he dreamt dreams, felt presentiments, shuddered as he almost called up to his imagination the form of a ghost. This "folly of the wise," if a folly it be, he shared with many of the greatest minds of the age—with Napoleon, Byron, Coleridge, and Shelley, who all felt that there were some things in heaven and earth more than are dreamt of in our philosophies. In Foster these feelings did not amount to fears. They were rather strong yet shuddering desires to know the best or the worst which spiritual beings could tell, or intimate about that state of future existence of which he felt that Revelation had told him little, and Nature nothing at all. From the company of real solid sorrows, and of men whom he deemed "earthly, sensual, devilish," he turned eagerly, yet pensively, to seek communion with the spirits of the departed; but even these sad companions were shy to him—they met him not in his solitary walks, and in all his wanderings he was "alone with the Night."

And yet, in spite of all these melancholy musings and romantic tendencies, Foster was a keen, stern, and sarcastic observer of men and manners—of society and political progress. In politics he was a "Radical and something more"—an independent thinker, despising all ties of party, and standing on every question like a fourth estate—one who could sit upon the ground and tell strange stories of the deaths of kings, and who never in one instance sacrificed an atom of the right to an acre of the expedient. It is worth while reading in this work his musings, as of a separate spirit, upon the public transactions of his day. In society, too, he sate an insulated being, whose silence was often more formidable than his words. His face, even when he spoke not, shone a quiet mirror to the "thoughts and intents of the hearts" of those around him, and he came away with their past as well as present history silently inscribed upon his mind. His conversational sarcasm was tremendous. "Was not the Emperor Alexander a very pious man?" "Very pious," he answered; "I believe he said grace ere he swallowed Poland." We could quote, if we durst, unpublished specimens still racier. Hall himself is said to have felt somewhat nervous in his presence when in this mood. And there is a floating rumour of a meeting between him and Lord Brougham on some educational question, in which his Lordship came off, and shabbily, second best.

Foster's indolence has been often, but, we think, unjustly, condemned. It ought rather to be deplored. Unfurnished with a regular training, yet furnished with an exquisitely sensitive taste, early "damned to the mines" of hopeless professional toil, transferred thence to the drudgery of writing for bread—never gifted with a fluent language nor a rapid pen—what wonder that he found composition an ungracious task, or that he shrank from it with a growing and deepening disgust? Our surprise is that he wrote so much, and not that he wrote so little. Latterly, but for an overwhelming sense of duty, he would not have written at all. If we saw a giant, whose arms had been cut off, moving in impotent strength his bleeding fragments, who would not weep at the spectacle? In such mutilated might sat Foster at his desk.

His Journal and Correspondence contain much attractive and interesting matter. His letters, without ease, have great sincerity, calm discernment, disturbed by bursts of misanthropical power, as when he calls for a tempest of fire and brimstone upon the Russians, on their invasion of Poland, and a perpetual stream of sarcasm, adds a tart tinge to the whole. His Journal, on the other hand, is rich in those thoughts which procreate thought in others—in descriptions of natural objects which he encountered—in quiet sidelong glances into human character—in the expression of gloomy and desolate feelings, and in sudden, momentary, and timorous glimpses into deeper abysses of thought than those where his spirit usually dwells. How grand this, for instance:—"Argument from miracles for the truth of the Christian doctrines. Surely it is fair to believe that those who received from heaven superhuman power, received likewise superhuman wisdom. Having rung the great bell of the universe, the sermon to follow must be extraordinary." Hear, again, this criticism on Burke:—"Burke's sentences are pointed at the end—instinct with pungent sense to the last syllable; they are like a charioteer's whip, which not only has a long and effective lash, but cracks and inflicts a still smarter sensation at the end. They are like some serpents, whose life is said to be fiercest in the tail." The whole Journal, indeed, is a repository of such things.

How much of Foster's originality lay in his thoughts, or how much in his images, or how much of it resulted from his early isolation from suitable books and kindred minds, we stay not to inquire. As it is, we have in his works the col-

lected thoughts of a powerful mind that has lived "collaterally or aside" to the world—that never flattered a popular prejudice—that never bent to a popular idol—that never deserted in the darkest hour the cause of liberty—that never swore to the Shibboleth of a party—or, at least, never kept its vow, and that now stands up before us alone, massive, and conspicuous, a mighty and mysterious fragment, the Stonehenge of modern moralists. Shall we inscribe immortality upon the shapeless yet sublime structure? He who reared it seems, from the elevation he has now reached, to answer No. What is the thing you call immortality to me, who have cleft that deep shadow and entered on this greater and brighter state of being?

We dare not say, with a writer formerly quoted, that to "Foster the cloud has now become the sun." But certainly we may say that to him, "behold the darkness is past, and the true light now shineth," if not in its noonday effulgence, yet at least in its mild and twilight softness. In the night he dwelt, and although the visage of death may not have been to him the glorious luminary he expected, yet is it not much that the night is gone, and gone for ever? We take our leave of him in his own words—" 'Paid the debt of nature.' No; it is not paying a debt, it is rather like bringing a note to a bank to obtain solid gold in exchange for it. In this case you bring this cumbrous body, which is nothing worth, and which you could not wish to retain long, you lay it down and receive for it, from the eternal treasures, liberty, victory, knowledge, rapture."

LEGAL TAXES AND HINDRANCES ON SCOTTISH HERITABLE TRANSMISSIONS.

THE courteous reader never perhaps had the gratification of being infeft and seized—*in propria persona*, that is; or, as the old title deeds express it, "personally present and accepting of the same"—invested, with all the formality of "earth and *stane*," as a feudal vassal. We make the assumption the more readily, because, amongst some glimmerings of common sense, our Legislature have seen fit, within these last two years, not to abolish (that would be *too much* to expect!) but to shuffle away out of sight this unmeaning relic of Gothic barbarism. We allude to the Act 8 and 9 Victoria, cap. 38—"An Act to simplify the form and diminish the expense of obtaining infeftment in heritable property in Scotland"—which received the Royal assent 21st July, 1845. This act, which, at the eleventh hour, reduced the *opera seria* of infeftment in the light of day to a kind of pantomime, quite as ridiculous, done darklings in a lawyer's back shop, may be accepted as an instalment of simplification in heritable investitures, although it was certainly making two bites of a cherry to retain this shadow of a shade, as if to show the acme of unmeaningness to which symbols, forms and ceremonies might be degraded! Our own experiences in the honour of being "infeft and seized" are by no means great; yet sometimes dim reminiscences of having accidentally officiated as a Provost or Bailie, in carrying through this stupid old farce, force back their comicalities on our mind. There we were, "of and upon the ground" of the premises! There, too, was the quaint old Notary Public, adjusting his gold spectacles to peruse the titled backs of the Dispositions, or Precepts, which were about to be made effectual; and his instrumentary witnesses, junior clerks, or apprentices, stood bye, to attest the momentous procedure, with lugubrious gravity. We have said, we have officiated—say it were as "Bailie, in that part especially constituted" for, and in place of, the grantor of the deed, in an eternal blank line, never destined to be filled up. But where to find a Procurator? There is Saunders MacDrewthie, dragged away from his forge for the purpose! Now, if it had happened that Saunders was to be made a Bailie, the honour and glory of the thing would have added a cubit to his stature. But the dry man of law and parchment, forcing a semi-complacent smile, exclaims, "come awa', man, an' ack as Procurator"—only Procurator! He first hands the deeds, with due pomposity, to the Procurator, who looks at them suspiciously for a moment, and then re-delivers them, as directed, to the Notary. The Notary next proceeds deliberately to describe to the persons present the nature of the deeds, taking care to show that they amount to a conveyance of "All and Whole" the subjects particularly described, and contain either an original precept of sasine, or the right, by assignation, to a former unexhausted precept. This done, and the precept of sasine formally read over, the worthy Notary directs the Bailie to scratch up from the ground (if there should happen to be none milder than paving stones, no matter) earth and stone, with a handful of grass or straw, for the teinds, if any. These precious symbols are delivered by the Bailie to Saunders, "as Procurator foresaid," very much to Saunders's astonishment and perplexity. What to do with them he seems utterly at a loss, till observing the Notary's hand in his breeches pocket, he throws them away, in expectation of a forthcoming shilling, wherewith to appease his thirst. The shilling, however, is destined for no such purpose. "Noo, Saunders," says the Notary, "tak' instruments in my hands." Saunders takes up the shilling mechanically—so far his course is clear; but the notion of returning it again into the Notary's hands is quite beyond his comprehension. To complete the ceremony, however, it must be done. Thus would a Notary, in good practice, run through dozens of similar scenes before sunset of an odd Saturday; and, on the strength of them, proceed to prepare instruments of sasine, recording the important facts, which instruments were afterwards registered, at an enormous expense, in re-

gisters appointed for the purpose, and that perhaps after the principal deed, of which these same instruments are slavish recapitulations, had itself been recorded in some other register, and a stamped extract of *it* recorded for use. With regard to the ceremony itself, taking it, as we have done, in its simplest form, it is not a little astonishing to think that it should have survived till the 19th century. That a rude people should set up a stone as the memorial of a covenant, that they should even lick each others' thumbs, hand over hasp and staple, earth and stone, grass or corn, mill hoppers or money symbols, according to the nature of the subject, is not to be wondered at, where ignorance of letters might be too good and too common an excuse for attempting visibly to impress the nature of transactions upon byestanders called on to witness them. But not now, when the object is to mark, by some distinct record, the right of ownership, can it be possible to give in to mummeries like these. Accordingly, we regard the recent act of simplification, which has resolved them into nonentities, and, in this enhanced form of absurdity, retained them, as the strongest possible argument and illustration of the propriety of abolishing every fragment of these unmeaning forms.

The Act provides—That it shall be no longer necessary to proceed to the lands at all, it being now sufficient to produce to the Notary the warrant, or precept of sasine, and relative writs. But the instrument, though in a slightly abbreviated form, is still retained, and must be signed by the Notary and witnesses, and recorded as heretofore. Nay, the whole circumlocution of the old form may still be retained, it being equally valid with the shorter form permitted by the act. Need we say which of the two it is probable legal caution, if not cupidity, will generally prefer? Instruments of this nature are to take effect as formerly, from the date of recording; and preference, in a competition of rights, from priority. A defect in the instrument or record does not vitiate the right, as formerly, as it is competent to make a new record, which is effectual from its date. There are forms provided by the act both for precept and instrument; and the precepts from Chancery are now directed to any Notary Public, instead of officials, although it nullifies the precept should it not be recorded at the first Whitsunday or Martinmas after its date; and a new one must be purchased! the duties and casualties of course being paid before the precept is issued; and fees, regulated by the Court of Session, are to be taken by the Exchequer, and allowed to Sheriffs of counties *during the existence of the present interests.* The act altogether is tremulous with timidity; it professes not to alter the form of cognition and sasine within burghs, yet *permits* their efficacy if attested by the Town Clerk, as a Notary, with his witnesses, whether the delivery of the symbols be on the ground, or *within the Council Chamber, by delivery of a pen.* Those instruments by which the actual use of property is made to revert to the feudal superior, termed instruments *ad remanentiam*, are to remain unaltered, with the option of dispensing with the long Latin docquet of the Notary, and may be accepted by the superior, his agent, or commissioner. Instruments of resignation *in favorem*—a form of investiture by which property is given up to the superior for the purpose of his giving it back again: this game of battledore and shuttlecock, one of the most expensive forms of feudal investiture, is so far abolished that it is declared by this act, that the deduction of titles prescribed by the act 1693 may now be made in the charter of resignation. It is still a question why the titles should behove to be traced back, perhaps to the origin of the feu—perhaps only to the last entry with the superior—at all; or why the approbation of the superior, who has parted with the real interest in the property, deriving from it only certain dues and casualties, which are of the nature of a burden on it, and nothing else, should be required by law to confirm the right of the real owner? The original object was, doubtless, to compel feudal vassals to resort back to the superior from time to time for re-investiture, in such a way as that he might have the power of invalidating their titles, unless his dues and casualties were paid up. But the evil did not end here; for the law agent of the superior—as, for instance, the Town Clerks in burghs, and the Edinburgh Writers to the Signet, who happen to act for Lords of the soil—derived from this feudal custom the right of also exacting heavy penalties from the unfortunate vassal, in the shape of the regulation fees for preparing the requisite deeds. Nor is this all, since *another lawyer* behoves, generally, to be employed to put the deeds in a fit shape to go before the superior's agent; for, it may not be easy to explain to many, that a *double* course of feudal holding is regularly carried through a proper progress of Scotch title deeds. The subtlety of the law has beautifully contrived to distinguish feudal holdings into holdings *a me vel de me*—the one being holdings immediately under the superior, the other (though the more honest of the two) being called base holdings, just because they occur in the natural transmission of the right and use of property from one real owner, or vassal, to another. It thus becomes incumbent on the holder of property to have an agent of his own, to prepare and complete his rights by the base tenure; and yet, for all this, he must, from time to time, go also to the agent of the superior for a confirmation of these rights, and a renewal of the original tenure, which can only be obtained on the payment of heavy compositions, dues, and fees.

We have not the most remote intention of suggesting that superiorities should be shorn of their casualties, which, however questionable in their origin, have gained, in the lapse of time, the character of private rights—rights of property and of acknowledged value—and which may have been transmitted, *for value*, from hand to hand. But, when questions affecting so deeply men's enjoyment of property, as the question of its emancipation from the trammels of absurd and oppressive forms, emerge into discussion, we cannot help looking back to the origin and growth of feudalism

itself, to see whether the germs of such exactions be really tolerated by the genius of that institution? And we confess that, in the free *allodial* forms of the first partition of conquered lands, where the private soldier, though he shared far less a portion than the *benefice* or *royal demesne* of his lord, was a freeholder, independent of every obligation save that of rendering personal service in defence of the community to which he belonged, we can see nothing of them. Even in the subinfeudation of the benefices of the great lords to feudal tenants—or in the Roman *Emphyteusis*, on which it is supposed to be based—there is scarcely room for them. But feudalism was a thing of gradual growth; and the power of the over-lords to afford protection of a kind which the modern vassal neither needs nor claims may have rendered the ancient holder willing and anxious to compensate the superior with casualties at every renewed reception into his protection. The vassal *then* had his *quid pro quo*. And it is the strangest thing that the nineteenth century should still be paying the same, or greater, exactions than the ninth, without anything like a similar return. As we have remarked, however, the shape these claims affecting property at length have taken is substantially that of heritable burdens; and, therefore, there is nothing more to be said. The property-holder found his "tenement" affected by these burdens; he was aware of them, and he must provide for them.

The wisdom of the Legislature has also been manifested in an act which passed 30th June, 1845, 8 and 9 Victoria, c. 31—"An Act to facilitate the transmission and extinction of heritable securities for debt in Scotland." This was a glorious opportunity to have struck a blow at an intolerable grievance. But it was lost. The act is a regular *telum imbelle sine ictu*. The right to heritable securities, constituted by infeftment, may indeed be transmitted according to a form given in a schedule appended to the act, which, being recorded, is equivalent to sasine and full entry; and the absurd practice of recording the whole deed is dispensed with in cases where the assignation is only part of a deed, for other purposes, it being sufficient to state the nature of the deed. The person on whose property money is borrowed may now invest the heritable creditor's heir by a writ of acknowledgment, that being declared sufficient. When the heritable creditor finds it necessary to adjudge the property, he may complete his title by simply recording the abbreviate of adjudication (a decree of court) in the register of sasines. The act also provides that an heir, served and retoured, or general disponee, may complete his title, without going to the superior, by a notarial instrument taken out and recorded in terms of the act:—Documents compete for preference, according to the date of their registration: a form is appointed for discharging securities; although there is also a clause saying there is nothing to prevent the use of the old forms; and another clause specially preserving to Town Clerks their accustomed fees! In all this there is a saving, so far, of the once ruinous expense to which an heritable debtor was exposed; for on him really fell the cost of the cumbrous and unwieldy transmissions of the verbose heritable security, and of the long-winded discharge by which alone he could extinguish it. But why not go to the root of the upas tree that thus spreads its poisonous shade over the free use of capital sunk in heritable property? Why not simplify down to a form, short and simple as a commercial bill of exchange, the *mere money transaction* of a loan with heritable security?

We do not, and cannot, see why, along with as many words as will distinctly describe a piece of property, heritable transmissions should not be simply effected by a writing of hand, saying, "I, A B, sell, or give, or hand over in security, to C D, my said property." In the several chapters of legislation which we have laid before the reader, there is an obscure approach to this, especially in the last. It is most ridiculous to say that a ceremony which has become too useless to perform, like the reigning ceremony of infeftment, is still to be perpetuated in dumb show, and that when the virtue has so far gone out of the earth and stone, *a pen* may be substituted for the symbol, while yet an instrument recording that bit of mummery must be formally drawn up, and formally recorded. All that common sense seems to require is a single original document, along with a simple record of that document; and an attempt at this is actually evident in the act for simplifying the transmission of heritable securities. Formerly everything was done by a lengthened deed upon *ad valorem* and other stamps; and the different deeds were backed each by an instrument of sasine, tediously recorded at length. At last came the prolix discharge, religiously reciting over again almost all the verbiage of the several deeds; and behoving to be lengthily recorded in its turn. All this could not but entail heavy expense upon property, yet not the smallest sum could be borrowed, even for the purpose of improvements, without much or most of these implied charges being incurred. The new law narrows the double array of deed and instrument down to a single one, somewhat shortens the forms of transmission, and greatly reduces the process of recording; but it neither provides, as it might have done, for simplifying the original constitution of the debt, nor does it prune the branches it actually touches so unsparingly as it might.

It is, however, just as possible to effect the whole, as a part, of this reformation. The principle of a change in the transmission of heritable rights involves that of a change in their constitution; and, sooner or later, the conveyance of property in Scotland must come to what we say—to a simple acknowledgment of a sale or a gift, in cases of absolute alienation—and to the brief commercial form of *a bill upon the property*,* in cases of heritable security. The records are the only element in our cumbrous and complicated system which we cannot dispense with. Patent and open

* Why not a Bill of Property, as well as a Bill of Lading, or, for that matter, a Bill of Exchange?

to all the world, they advertise every purchaser, or lender, of his safety, in effecting any proposed investment. And it has been often said that England, for the sake of possessing such records of everything affecting heritage, would submit to all the feudal forms she long ago so nobly repudiated. That, however, were far too great a price to pay. For why may WE not have the same records—the same facts recorded *in* them—and the same purposes subserved *by* them—at a far shorter expense of words and money? There are, however, other trammels upon heritable transmissions, which we hasten to consider.

Few great changes or alterations, even for good, are ever accomplished unalloyed with evil; and insurrectionary efforts, in particular, to redress the grievances of a people, in themselves imply distracting convulsions; while they are not unfrequently followed by fiscal inflictions, for which the occasion perhaps gives excuse, opportunity, or advantage. Thus the English poor rates are owing to the Reformation, and the stamp duties to the Revolution. The Dutch first invented this mode of taxation, imposed in Holland in 1624; although the *vicesima heriditatem*, the twentieth penny of *inheritances*, imposed by Augustus on the Romans, is an earlier example of taxation on the transference of property, at least from the dead to the living. Heritage, supposed, in Scotland, to be exempt from such taxation, pays it only at another time and in another form, as in the numerous stamps required in the making up of titles to property; and, besides, many casualties of the feudal law, as the compositions to the superior for the entry of heirs (extending also to strangers, or singular successors) are exactly of this nature. Be this as it may, Adam Smith has sarcastically observed, that "there is no act one government sooner learns of another, than that of draining money from the pockets of the people;" and, to say truth, William of Orange had not this secret of the stamp tax to learn, coming to this country from Holland, inasmuch as he knew it well before. Thus, though in 1671 taxes were first imposed in this country for a temporary purpose, and on a temporary footing, (as, indeed, what tax, from the income tax backwards, has not crept in on this pretence?) they were fairly rivetted and fixed down in 1693, by revision under the Act 5, William and Mary, c. 21. The stamp duties were thence so greatly extended as ultimately to embrace every instrument recording a transaction between two individuals, nay, law proceedings themselves, and every document used in a court of justice! The voluminous stamp acts of Britain were consolidated in 1815, under the Act 55, George III., c. 184, to which schedules of them are annexed; but law proceedings, the only really salutary branch of the impost, considering that it must have acted as a damper on litigation, although it was certainly a tax upon justice, were exempted by 5, George IV., c. 51. Subsequent enactments have only been for the purpose of assimilating the stamp duties of Great Britain and Ireland.

The stamp duties on the transmission of heritable property appear to us to be at variance with almost all the principles of taxation so admirably laid down by Adam Smith, to the effect—1st, That the subjects of every state ought to contribute towards the support of Government as nearly as possible *in proportion to their respective abilities*—that is, in proportion to the revenue which they respectively enjoy; 2dly, That the tax which each individual is bound to pay ought to be certain, and not arbitrary. The time of payment, the manner of payment, the quantity to be paid, ought all to be *clear and plain to the contributor and every other person*; 3dly, That every tax ought to be levied at the time, and in the manner, in which it is most likely to take out, and keep out of the pockets of the people, as little as possible, over and above what it brings into the public Treasury. Now, the stamp duties violate the first of these three principles, by their inequality of pressure; they violate the second, not by any uncertainty on the taxation, but by the glorious uncertainty of the law, which precludes the possibility of a plain man knowing what stamp duties he must expend to render titles perfect; and they violate the third, by being of the nature of a *manufactured article* vended by the Government, and therefore extracting from the pockets of the people much more than finds its way as free proceeds into the Treasury.

The inequality of the stamp duties is very easily proved from the revenue returns. The returns to the revenue from stamps in Scotland are next in amount to the customs and excise, or, rather, excise and customs, (for the "hateful tax adjudged by wretches hired for the purpose," as Johnson has it, is, to our grief we say it, entitled to the precedence, being equal in amount to twice the customs in Scotland!) So, in like manner, the stamp returns are twice as heavy as the assessed taxes! The stamps, however, excepting for the last two years, have been exhibiting the suspicious phenomenon of gradual declension; and that, too, along with an unparalleled rise in the value of real property. Thus, the stamp duties in Scotland yielded—

For the year ending 5th Jan.			1841,	£555,402
,,	,,	,,	1842,	549,385
,,	,,	,,	1843,	534,906
,,	,,	,,	1844,	514,614
,,	,,	,,	1845,	525,230

There may be two causes for this: the *first*, the most natural consequence of a severe tax, evasion. Smuggling preceded and forced on the different revisions of our commercial tariff; and, need we be amazed, that if men could risk their persons to evade one branch of the revenue, they will be tempted to risk their property to evade another? The course is desperate; and, we may depend upon it, the cause of desperate courses is always severe. He is but a maladroit lawyer, moreover, who does not know how to save a stamp for a poor client. The consequence is, no doubt, generally visited back on the evasion at an after period. Informal rights lead to endless law pleas, and complicated, as well as expensive legal procedure, for the investiture of subsequent heirs, trustees, or general disponees; yet, more "missive

letters," "minutes of agreement," and other unstamped, invalid, and informal documents, are fabricated for the evasion of the stamp laws than could possibly be believed. One learned Judge of Session was reputed to have said, that he looked with an instinctive horror into any progress of titles emanating from the city of Glasgow, and to have expressed it as his opinion, that the court ought to pass an act of sederunt remitting the faculty of Glasgow back in a body to the conveyancing class! Now, there are abundance of good conveyancers in practice in Glasgow; but the business-like spirit of the place, the commercial spirit of the people, literally compels the mutilation of cumbrous and complicated feudal forms, and the laxity which prevails in heritable transmissions is actually dictated by public opinion. Many a severe lesson has been taught the property-holders of Glasgow upon this score; and yet we hardly think a single forty years' "progress" of title deeds, altogether destitute of a flaw, could be produced at this moment within the extended municipality of "the largest city in the kingdom."

A *second*, and that not a secondary cause, for the diminution of revenue from stamps in Scotland, unfortunately exists, which is no less illustrative of the unequal pressure of the impost; for it originates in the inherent evil of the tax. It is this: the extinction of small holdings, and their gradual absorption in those accumulating masses of capital which begin to create the glaring disparity peculiar to the age betwixt different classes in the country, rendering the rich so *very* rich, and the poor so *very* poor. When we hint at such accumulations of capital, which, to a great extent, are heritably invested, it is enough to suggest how unequal must be the pressure of the stamp laws, when the enormous advance in value of real property within the kingdom, when the swelling wealth, power, and splendour of the *millionaire*, with his gorgeous dwellings and numerous tenements, add nothing to the revenue. The question, like all stamp law questions, is but one of rule of three. If the lesser aggregate of value in real property give so much, *how* much ought the greater aggregate to afford? Instead, however, of how much *more*, we are actually constrained, as the fact stands on the revenue tables, to ask how much *less* revenue flows in transmission-stamps from the increased and enhanced value of real property! How is this! Simply that a body of poor men are taxed in this department to an extent greater than a body of rich men, though holding several times the value in property, are taxed. It is certainly not the least likely that, as the value at stake in heritable investiture advances, evasion of the legal formalities increases. Quite the contrary. Greater, much greater, care will be exercised in the matter of form, and less demur be made on the score of cost, the higher the value of the property becomes. As soon as a field or a dwelling becomes the property of the wealthy man, and quits the hands of the man comparatively poor, the legal forms, whether in abeyance or run *into irregularity*, will be complied with and disentangled as scrupulously as they were before neglected. That moment the poffle or pendicle of the cottier becomes part of the lawn or approach to the *cottage ornée* or mansion of the great; so soon as the rude stone and lime of the humble feuar is swept away by the building speculator's grand and flaunting array of shops, the "rights, titles, and securities" thereof are, to a certainty, one and all, made right,—the unstamped are stamped, the unentered are entered, the "progress" is perfected to the very last tittle, and fully "clothed" by the ceremony of possession, *i. e.* sasine, and infeftment, earth and stone—we beg pardon—rather by the "make-believe" of an absurdity in its dottage, too ridiculous to be tolerated, and too antiquated to be given up, and which, as we have seen, is henceforth to be done, amongst other deeds of darkness, in the back slums of a lawyer's chamber. How, therefore, should the revenue suffer, if the impost of stamps were anything like equal? How should a better compliance with legal forms injure it, while the stamps are charged *ad valorem?* Why, "*there's* the rub." The stamps are really not charged *ad valorem*. They are ranged upon a "sliding scale" inverted; so that the charge, when apparently mounting upwards, is in reality sliding downwards. Everybody is, however, familiar with this; everybody knows that the law acts as if—to make the great nabob, when he buys a villa or an estate, or, like the owl's daughter, only becomes endowed with two or three "ruined villages," pay in proportion to the stamp tax imposed, at a respectable distance, upon the bonnet-laird who invests the fruits of years of patient toil and industry in a one-story house, or, may be, a small mailing—would indeed be the height of impertinence. To such an extent does the law carry this deference for the great, that while a poor man cannot buy £10 worth of heritage without being taxed ten shillings in stamps for the conveyance alone (besides another nine shillings for the stamp of the instrument of sasine), a wealthier man would not be taxed £10 (only £9) were he to purchase up to £1000 worth of property, although the relative proportions are as one to one hundred; and the tax on the wealthier purchaser, to correspond with that upon the poorer, ought to be £50 to the one for ten shillings to the other! Nor is this by any means a vain contrast; many and many a title is a poor holder forced to make up to a property of even less value to him than £10; and yet the law takes cognisance of the most trifling amount, be it only heritage.

But the disparity in the schedule of stamps upon absolute conveyances is equally striking and irrational, throughout the whole range of so-called *ad valorem* duties. Thus, a small property up to £50 can only be conveyed by a stamp at £1, while, for half as much more, *i. e.* 30s., property up to £150—three times the value—may be alienated. But for three times the sum, or £3, ten times the value, or up to £500, may be alienated! Taking a step higher up the scale, the inequalities are as glaring, although with one egregious peculiarity in them: Thus, under £1000 of heritable value requires a £9 stamp; under £2000, only a £12 stamp: But here a capricious stride is taken,

and *from* £2000 up to £3000 a £25 stamp is required; so that, contrary to any analogy in the whole of this crude jumble of legislation, a £1000 and a £2000 property could *both* be (separately) transferred at a cost of £21 in stamps, while a single property of their *joint* value, nay a property only a single shilling in value above £2000, could not legally be transferred on a stamp under £25! If there could be any conceivable reason for such arbitrary distinctions, that would be another thing. But reason there is none. And when it is considered how easy it might have been (possibly with advantage to the revenue) to have imposed a uniform per centage of ten shillings *per cent., ad valorem*, on conveyances (which we regard as ample), the present scale of duties becomes perfectly absurd. Thus trifling conveyances of £10 and £20 value, instead of their present oppressive stamp taxation, would pay only one shilling and two shillings, on that score, respectively—quite enough for the general circumstances of the holders, and about equivalent to the tax upon other *money* transactions, whether vouched by receipts or promoted by bills. Fifty-pound properties would pay five shillings; those of one hundred and fifty pounds, of course, only fifteen shillings; yet at £200 the stamp would rise to £1, and would thenceforward tread hard, for some distance, upon the present scale; being, at £600, so high as £3, and at £1000, up to which, by the present scale, conveyances are subject to a £9, it would actually reach to £10. Instead, however, of £25, the £3000 conveyance would only be subject to a £15 stamp, destroying, however, the anomaly already noticed. But this rate of ours, upon the rest of the scale, would create a considerable reduction; for, instead of one-half per cent., the upper stamp duties are about three-quarters per cent. Still *any* regular and definite per centage, be it three-quarters or more overhead, would be a decided improvement on the inequalities of the existing scale, with its shocking oscillations and vibrations. Nor should we apprehend much detriment to the revenue, even by the reduction to one-half per cent. Betwixt the increase of small conveyances that would certainly ensue, and the natural infrequency of large ones even now, more might be added to than abstracted from the returns.

If, however, the hardships and inequalities connected with absolute conveyances are great under the stamp laws, in proportion as the interests involved are small and unable to sustain invidious distinctions, much more is this the case with regard to that particular point in the free use and enjoyment of property, which ought above all to meet with legislative consideration, and receive facilities, rather than be visited with obstructions and discouragements. We allude to the *creation, transmission*, and relative *extinction* of real or heritable burdens; by facilitating the two first of which, a vast distribution of locked-up capital might yet be called forth to aid the commerce and enterprise of the country. As the matter stands, however, a bond and disposition in security, or heritable bond for any sum, however trifling, below £50 cannot be extended on less than a £1 stamp; at £50, the stamp reaches 30s.—three per cent. on the whole loan; at £200, it is only £3—one and a half per cent. on the loan; at £500, only £5, or one per cent.; and this last covers any loan as high as £1000. But, on the other hand, the great borrower may raise up to, but not exceeding, £20,000 on a £20 stamp, paying therefore only one-tenth per cent. of stamp tax. Such is the extreme injustice and inequality of the scale of mortgage stamps.

Deeds of settlement, which only lay the foundation for, and do not in themselves complete, or so much as form part of a feudal progress, simply serving to devise property to heirs, or to settle heritable investitures on other persons, are also subject to the operations of a similar scale of stamp duties—similar, though perhaps less flagrant in its inequalities. The making of a settlement embracing any value under £1000, for instance, infers the use of a £1 15s. stamp, while, at £15,000 value, the stamp being £20, something like a uniform proportion to the value is maintained. But the deed being incapable of any but a general form, so far from saving expense, it often occasions court procedure (as, for instance, where the heir-at-law refuses to make up titles), and always recourse to the Superior, to perfect the feudality of succession. The use of stamps, therefore, to which it leads, is far from being expressed in the above sums, although the stamps for charters and instruments completing investitures are only nine shillings per sheet, and it is rather the relative law expenses entailed that are to be complained of.

Is it worthy of an enlightened Government thus to lay a direct embargo on the constitution, transmission, and extinction of heritable rights and burdens? Impolitic altogether as a tax upon capital and not upon revenue, the stamp laws are still more objectionable on this ground, that, along with the hindrances and obstructions existing in the forms of writs, the stamp tax has contributed much to embarass, destroy, and stifle the smaller allocations of heritable property entirely. This is a result in itself deplorable, being attended with consequences most disastrous to the general community, working as it does directly into the hands of pauperism, and thus preying upon the vitals of society. If it be an object—and it is no mean one under the present circumstances of Scotland—to encourage the elevation of the utmost possible number of men from comparative indigence, and from a subsistence merely from hand to mouth, up to the petty independence of possessing homes and houses of their own, a policy perfectly the reverse of the present must be pursued—everything must be done to facilitate the acquisition and transmission of small heritages—instead of every obstacle being thrown in the way. That it is perfectly possible, according to principles laid down by an insurance or property company, now existing in Edinburgh, to enable every working man to acquire for himself, out of the surplus of that annual outlay which he now pays in the shape of rent, the free right of property in the house for which such rent is paid, and that within the space of fourteen

year, he enjoying the intermediate occupancy, we neither see reason to doubt nor dispute. Were this important principle, which is quite familiar to actuaries and known to be correct, once generally recognised and carried out; did not the miserable formalities, the severe and unequal taxations of the law cast in such a variety of impediments; every prudent man above the verge of hopelessness might be enabled to become the proprietor as well as the occupier of his own house, might literally "sit under his own vine and his own fig tree, with none to make him afraid." This dream may seem utopian. If so—then if those who make our laws and mend them would but reflect how much they could do in this and in several other directions to unmake our poverty and mend the popular condition, there would soon be far less of utopianism in dreams like these.

THE INFANT YEAR.

Ding dong! ding dong! the year is old,
The midnight bells repeat the sound;
The dying year its tale hath told—
Another comes to claim the ground!

Infant of promise, and of hope!
Small atom of eternity!
What mind, how vast soe'er its scope,
Can predict of thy destiny?

Wrapt in a mystic veil to all
Thy reign begins; millions await
The future! Past things tott'ring fall;
Fortune holds out more tempting bait;

And man would grasp with eager hand
The coveted awards; to sigh,
When once attained, o'er dross and sand!
Fresh bubbles rise,—his heart beats high.

Such is our nature! on we press,
Grasping at shadows; pleased with each
New vision;—*near*, they're valued less:
We covet all beyond our reach!

Kneel, kneel, ye nations! rest one hour;
From earthly toils your spirits tear,
And raise a hymn of thrilling power,
To crave a blessing on this year.

Britons! thy banner wide is spread—
Thy fame is known to other lands!
Oh, conqu'ror! bow thy laureled head,
And clasp, in prayer, thy victor hands!

Children of Science! ye who tell
Deep truths to all! Ye master minds,
That weave o'er men a mighty spell,
List to the warning on the winds!

This unit hour alone is thine!
Oh, dedicate it to thy God
In gratitude! Thy thoughts divine
Are held from him,—not from this sod!

Poet! oh, join thy silver voice,
So used to sadness; child of night,
And lone deep thought; for thee the choice
Of Nature's melody most bright:

Strike now thy harp's soul-speaking strings,
With grateful heart and holy fear;
Let Fancy heavenward stretch her wings,
And earth a joyous carol hear!

Let ev'ry soul of ev'ry creed
Unite in prayer; for rich, for poor;
That Heaven may still the needy feed,
And blessings guard the rich man's store.

Child of misfortune and of toil,
Ye who have earned thy bread with tears;
Ye humble tillers of the soil,
To Heaven commit your trust, your fears:

A day is dawning 'neath those clouds
Of brighter promise; raise thine eyes—
What though a mist the dark earth shrouds,
Thy Father watches from the skies!

Ye who have clung to joys now flown
For ever!—drooping now, and drear,
Sad mourners! Light above is shown,
A halo for the new born year!

The child whose soul doth still repose
In helplessness; nor yet awake
To the deep thought that manhood knows—
Mother, to God thy darling take!

Maiden, thy lip doth speak a name
Of all things dearest, still most dear:
'Twas Nature's voice that, murmuring, came
To bid thee breathe it *first* this year.

Affection's holy ties were given
In mercy: kiss the silken chords,
Breathing a heartfelt prayer to Heaven
For blessings that defy all words.

Sing, sing in concert,—sing in love!
Let holy incense fill the air!
Join each bright cherub choir above,
To welcome in the infant year!

E. C. M.

A FAREWELL.

Fare-thee-well, my gentle pilgrim!
Thine each precious blessing be!
Wild the way, and far the haven,
Strange the land that waiteth thee!
Yet when far from home, and lonely,
Ne'er let doubt thy bosom fill;
A Father's arms are ever round thee—
God will keep thee still!

When no other friend is near thee,
He will with the lone one stay;
He will hear thee—He will cheer thee—
He will wipe thy tears away.
Droop not then, my gentle girl!
Fear not thou, by land or sea;
God, who ever hears the orphan,
Will be kind to thee!

R. H. P.

NOTES ON WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR.*

BY THOMAS DE QUINCEY.

NOBODY in this generation reads *The Spectator*. There are, however, several people still surviving who have read No. 1. In which No. 1. a strange mistake is made. It is there asserted as a general affection of human nature, that it is impossible to read a book with satisfaction until one has ascertained whether the author of it be tall or short, corpulent or thin, and as to complexion, whether he be a "black" man (which, in the *Spectator's* time, was the absurd expression for a swarthy man), or a fair man, or a sallow man, or perhaps a green man, which Southey affirmed† to be the proper description of many stout artificers in Birmingham, too much given to work in metallic fumes; on which account the name of Southey is an abomination to this day in certain furnaces of Warwickshire. But can anything be more untrue than this Spectatorial doctrine? Did ever the youngest of female novel-readers, on a sultry day, decline to eat a bunch of grapes until she knew whether the fruiterer were a good-looking man? Which of us ever heard a stranger inquiring for a "Guide to the Trosachs," but saying, "I scruple, however, to pay for this book, until I know whether the author is heather-legged?" On this principle, if any such principle prevailed, we authors should be liable to as strict a revision of our physics before having any right to be read, as we all are before having our lives insured from the medical advisers of insurance offices; fellows that examine one with stethescopes, that pinch one, that actually punch one in the ribs, until a man becomes savage, and—in case the insurance should miss fire in consequence of the medical report—speculates on the propriety of prosecuting the medical ruffian for an assault, for a most unprovoked assault and battery, and, if possible, including in the indictment the now odious insurance office as an accomplice before the fact. Meantime the odd thing is, not that Addison should have made a mistake, but that he and his readers should in this mistake have recognised a hidden truth, the sudden illumination of a propensity latent in all people, but now first exposed; for it happens that there really *is* a propensity in all of us very like what Addison describes, very different, and yet, after one correction, the very same. No reader cares about an author's person *before* reading his book: it is *after* reading it, and supposing the book to reveal something of the writer's *moral* nature, as modifying his intellect, it is for his fun, his fancy, his sadness, possibly his craziness, that any reader cares about seeing the author in person. Afflicted with the very satyriasis of curiosity, no man ever wished to see the author of a *Ready Reckoner*, or of a treatise on the *Agistment Tithe*, or on the *Present deplorable Dry-rot in Potatoes*. "Bundle off, sir, as fast as you can," the most diligent reader would say to such an author in case he insisted on submitting his charms to inspection. "I have had quite enough distress of mind from reading your works, without needing the additional dry-rot of your bodily presence." Neither does any man, on descending from a railway train, turn to look whether the carriage in which he has ridden happens to be a good-looking carriage, or wish for an introduction to the coachmaker. Satisfied that the one has not broken his bones, and that the other has no writ against his person, he dismisses with the same frigid scowl both the carriage and the author of its existence.

But, with respect to Mr. Landor, as at all connected with this reformed doctrine of the *Spectator*, a difficulty arises. He is a man of great genius, and, as such, he *ought* to interest the public. More than enough appears of his strong, eccentric nature, through every page of his now extensive writings, to win, amongst those who have read him, a corresponding interest in all that concerns him personally: in his social relations, in his biography, in his manners, in his appearance. Out of two conditions for attracting a *personal* interest, he has powerfully realised one. His moral nature, shining with coloured light through the crystal shrine of his thoughts, will not allow of your forgetting it. A sunset of Claude, or a dying dolphin, *can* be forgotten, and generally *is* forgotten; but not the fiery radiations of a human spirit, built by nature to animate a leader in storms, a martyr, a national reformer, an arch-rebel, as circumstances might dictate, but whom too much wealth,‡ and the accidents of education, have turned aside into a contemplative recluse. Had Mr. Landor, therefore, been read in any extent answering to his merits, he must have become, for the English public, an object of prodigious personal interest. We should have had novels upon him, lampoons upon him, libels upon him; he would have been shown up dramatically on the stage; he would, according to the old joke, have been "traduced" in French, and also "overset" in Dutch. Meantime he has *not* been read. It would be an affectation to think it. Many a writer is, by the sycophancy of literature, reputed to be read, whom in all Europe not six eyes settle upon through the revolving year. Literature, with its cowardly

* The Works of Savage Landor. 2 vols. London: Moxon. 1846.

† "*Southey affirmed:*"—viz. in the "Letters of Espriella," an imaginary Spaniard on a visit to England, about the year 1810.

‡ "*Too much wealth:*"—Mr. Landor, who *should* know best, speaks of himself (once, at least) as "poor;" but *that* is all nonsense. I have known several people with annual incomes bordering on £20,000, who spoke of themselves, and seemed seriously to think themselves, unhappy "paupers." Lady Hester Stanhope, with £2700 a-year (of which about twelve arose from her government pension), and without one solitary dependent in her train, thought herself rich enough to become a queen (an Arabic *maleky*) in the Syrian mountains, but an absolute pauper for London: "for how, you know," (as she would say, pathetically) "could the humblest of spinsters live decently upon that pittance?"

falsehoods, exhibits the largest field of conscious Phrygian adulation that human life has ever exposed to the derision of the heavens. Demosthenes, for instance, or Plato, is not read to the extent of twenty pages annually by ten people in Europe. The *sale* of their works would not account for three readers; the other six or seven are generously conceded as possibilities furnished by the great public libraries. But, then, Walter Savage Landor, though writing a little in Latin, and a *very* little in Italian, does not write at all in Greek. So far he has some advantage over Plato; and, if he writes chiefly in dialogue, which few people love to read any more than novels in the shape of letters, *that* is a crime common to both. So that he has the d——l's luck and his own, all Plato's chances, and one of his own beside—viz. his English. Still it is no use counting chances; facts are the thing. And printing-presses, whether of Europe or of England, bear witness that neither Plato nor Landor is a marketable commodity. In fact, these two men resemble each other in more particulars than it is at present necessary to say. Especially they were both inclined to be luxurious: both had a hankering after purple and fine linen; both hated "filthy dowlas" with the hatred of Falstaff, whether in appareling themselves or their diction; and both bestowed pains as elaborate upon the secret *art* of a dialogue as a lapidary would upon the cutting of a sultan's rubies.

But might not a man build a reputation on the basis of *not* being read? To be read is undoubtedly something: to be read by an odd million or so, is a sort of feather in a man's cap; but it is also a distinction that he has been read absolutely by nobody at all. There have been cases, and one or two in modern times, where an author could point to a vast array of his own works, concerning which no evidence existed that so much as one had been opened by human hand, or glanced at by human eye. That was awful: such a sleep of pages by thousands in one eternal darkness, never to be visited by light; such a rare immunity from the villanies of misconstruction; such a Sabbath from the impertinencies of critics! You shuddered to reflect that, for anything known to the contrary, *there* might lurk jewels of truth explored in vain, or treasure for ever intercepted to the interests of man. But such a sublimity supposes *total* defect of readers; whereas it can be proved against Mr. Landor, that he has been read by at least a score of people, all wide awake; and if any treason is buried in a page of *his*, thank Heaven, by this time it must have been found out and reported to the authorities. So that neither can Landor plead the unlimited popularity of a novelist, aided by the interest of a tale, and by an artist, nor the total obscuration of a German metaphysician. Neither do mobs read him, as they do M. Sue; nor do all men turn away their eyes from him, as they do from Hegel.*

* "*From Hegel:*"—I am not prepared with an affidavit that no man ever read the late Mr. Hegel, that great master of the impenetrable. But sufficient evidence of that fact, as I conceive, may be drawn from those who have written commentaries upon him.

This, however, is true only of Mr. Landor's prose works. His first work was a poem, viz. *Gebir*; and it had the sublime distinction, for some time, of having enjoyed only two readers; which two were Southey and myself. It was on first entering at Oxford that I found "Gebir" printed and (nominally) published; whereas, in fact, all its advertisements of birth and continued existence, were but so many notifications of its intense privacy. Not knowing Southey at that time, I vainly conceited myself to be the one sole purchaser and reader of this poem. I even fancied myself to have been pointed out in the streets of Oxford, where the Landors had been well known in times preceding my own, as the one inexplicable man authentically known to possess "Gebir," or even (it might be whispered mysteriously) to have read "Gebir." It was not clear but this reputation might stand in lieu of any independent fame, and might raise me to literary distinction. The preceding generation had greatly esteemed the man called "*Single-Speech Hamilton*;" not at all for the speech (which, though good, very few people had read), but entirely for the supposed fact that he had exhausted himself in that one speech, and had become physically incapable of making a second: so that afterwards, when he really *did* make a second, everybody was incredulous; until, the thing being past denial, naturally the world was disgusted, and most people dropped his acquaintance. To be a Mono-Gebirist was quite as good a title to notoriety; and five years after, when I found that I had "a brother near the throne," viz. Southey, mortification would have led me willingly to resign altogether in *his* favour. Shall I make the reader acquainted with the story of Gebir?

Gebir is the king of Gibraltar; which, however, it would be an anachronism to *call* Gibraltar, since it drew that name from this very Gebir; and doubtless, by way of honour to his memory. Mussulmans tell a different story; but who cares for what is said by infidel dogs? King then, let us call him of Calpe; and a very good king he is; young, brave, of upright intentions; but being also warlike, and inflamed by popular remembrances of ancient wrongs, he resolves to seek reparation from the children's children of the wrong-doers; and he weighs anchor in search of Mr. Pitt's "indemnity for the past," though not much regarding that right honourable gentleman's "security for the future." Egypt was the land that sheltered the wretches that represented the ancestors that had done the wrong. To Egypt, therefore, does king Gebir steer his expedition, which counted 10,000 picked men:

> ——— "Incenst
> By meditating on primeval wrongs,
> He blew his battle-horn; at which uprose
> Whole nations: here ten thousand of most might
> He called aloud; and soon Charoba saw
> His dark helm hover o'er the land of Nile."

Who is Charoba? As respects the reader, she is the heroine of the poem: as respects Egypt, she is queen by the grace of God, defender of the

faith, and so forth. Young and accustomed to unlimited obedience, how could she be otherwise than alarmed by the descent of a host far more martial than her own effeminate people, and assuming a religious character—avengers of wrong in some forgotten age? In her trepidation, she turns for aid and counsel to her nurse Dalica. Dalica, by the way, considered as a word, is a dactyle; that is, you must not lay the accent on the *i*, but on the first syllable. Dalica, considered as a woman, is about as bad a one as even Egypt could furnish. She is a thorough gipsy; a fortune-teller, and something worse, in fact. She is a sorceress, "stiff in opinion:" and it needs not Pope's authority to infer that —— of course she "is always in the wrong." By her advice, but for a purpose known best to herself, an interview is arranged between Charoba and the invading monarch. At this interview, the two youthful sovereigns, Charoba the queen of hearts and Gebir the king of clubs, fall irrevocably in love with each other. There's an end of club law; and Gebir is ever afterwards disarmed. But Dalica, that wicked Dalica, that sad old dactyle, who sees everything clearly that happens to be twenty years distant, cannot see a pike-staff if it is close before her nose; and of course she mistakes Charoba's agitations of love for paroxysms of anger. Charoba is herself partly to blame for this; but you must excuse her. The poor child readily confided her *terrors* to Dalica; but how can she be expected to make a *love* confidante of a tawny old witch like her? Upon this mistake, however, proceeds the whole remaining plot. *Dr.* Dalica [which means *doctor* D., and by no means *dear* D.], having totally mistaken the symptoms, the diagnosis, the prognosis, and everything that ends in *osis*, necessarily mistakes also the treatment of the case, and, like some other doctors, failing to make a cure, covers up her blunders by a general slaughter. She visits her sister, a sorceress more potent than herself, living

> "Deep in the wilderness of woe, Masar."

Between them they concert hellish incantations. From these issues a venomous robe, like that of the centaur Nessus. This, at a festal meeting between the two nations and their princes, is given by Charoba to her lover—her lover, but as yet not recognised as such by *her*, nor until the moment of his death, avowed as such by himself. Gebir dies—the accursed robe, dipped in the "viscous poison" exuding from the gums of the grey cerastes, and tempered by other venomous juices of plant and animal, proves too much for his rocky constitution—Gibraltar is found not impregnable—the blunders of Dalica, the wicked nurse, and the arts of her sister Myrthyr, the wicked witch, are found too potent; and in one moment the union of two nations, with the happiness of two sovereigns, is wrecked for ever. The closing situation of the parties—monarch and monarch, nation and nation, youthful king and youthful queen, dying or despairing—nation and nation that had been reconciled, starting asunder once again amidst festival and flowers—these objects are scenically effective. The conception of the grouping is good; the *mise en scene* is good; but, from want of pains-taking, not sufficiently brought out into strong relief; and the dying words of Gebir, which wind up the whole, are too bookish; they seem to be part of some article which he had been writing for the Gibraltar Quarterly.

There are two episodes, composing jointly about two-sevenths of the poem, and by no means its weakest parts. One describes the descent of Gebir to Hades. His guide is a man—who *is* this man?

> "Living—they called him Aroar."

Is he *not* living, then? No. Is he dead, then? No, nor dead either. Poor Aroar cannot live, and cannot die—so that he is in an almighty fix. In this disagreeable dilemma, he contrives to amuse himself with politics—and, rather of a jacobinical cast: like the Virgilian Æneas, Gebir is introduced not to the shades of the past only, but of the future. He sees the pre-existing ghosts of gentlemen who are yet to come, silent as ghosts ought to be, but destined at some far distant time to make a considerable noise in our upper world. Amongst these is our worthy old George III., who (strange to say!) is not foreseen as galloping from Windsor to Kew, surrounded by an escort of dragoons, nor in a scarlet coat riding after a fox, nor taking his morning rounds amongst his sheep and his turnips; but in the likeness of some savage creature, whom really, were it not for his eye-brows and his "*slanting*" forehead, the reader would never recognise:

> "Aroar! what wretch that nearest us? what wretch
> Is that, with eye-brows white and slanting brow?
> —— O king!
> Iberia bore him; but the breed accurst
> Inclement winds blew blighting from north-east."

Iberia is spiritual England; and *north-east* is mystical Hanover. But what, then, were the "wretch's" crimes? The white eye-brows I confess to; those were certainly crimes of considerable magnitude: but what else? Gebir has the same curiosity as myself, and propounds something like the same fishing question:

> "He was a warrior then, nor feared the gods?"

To which Aroar answers—

> "Gebir! he feared the demons, not the gods;
> Though them, indeed, his daily face ador'd,
> And was no warrior; yet the thousand lives
> Squander'd as if to exercise a sling, &c. &c."

Really Aroar is too *Tom-Painish*, and seems up to a little treason. He makes the poor king answerable for more than his own share of national offences, if such they were. All of us in the last generation were rather fond of fighting and assisting at fights in the character of mere spectators. I am sure *I* was. But if *that* is any fault, so was Plato, who (though probably inferior as a philosopher to you and me, reader) was much superior to either of us as a cock-fighter. So was Socrates in the preceding age; for, as he notoriously haunted the company of Alcibiades at all hours, he must often have found

his pupil diverting himself with those fighting quails which he kept in such numbers. Be assured that the oracle's "wisest of men" lent a hand very cheerfully to putting on the spurs when a main was to be fought; and, as to betting, probably *that* was the reason that Xantippe was so often down upon him when he went home at night. To come home reeling from a fight, without a drachma left in his pocket, would naturally provoke any woman. Posterity has been very much misinformed about these things; and, no doubt, about Xantippe, poor woman, in particular. If *she* had had a disciple to write books, as her cock-fighting husband had, perhaps we should have read a very different story. By the way, the propensity to *scandalum magnatum* in Aroar was one of the things that fixed my youthful attention, and perhaps my admiration, upon Gebir. For myself, as perhaps the reader may have heard, I was and am a Tory; and in some remote geological æra, my bones may be dug up by some future Buckland as a specimen of the fossil Tory. Yet, for all that, I loved audacity; and I gazed with some indefinite shade of approbation upon a poet whom the attorney-general might have occasion to speak with.

This, however, was a mere condiment to the main attraction of the poem. *That* lay in the picturesqueness of the images, attitudes, groups, dispersed everywhere. The eye seemed to rest everywhere upon festal processions, upon the pannels of Theban gates, or upon sculptured vases. The very first lines that by accident met my eye were those which follow. I cite them in mere obedience to the fact as it really was; else there are more striking illustrations of this sculpturesque faculty in Mr. Landor; and for this faculty it was that both Southey and myself separately and independently had named him the English Valerius Flaccus.

GEBIR ON REPAIRING TO HIS FIRST INTERVIEW WITH CHAROBA.

"But Gebir, when he heard of her approach,
Laid by his orbed shield: his vizor helm,
His buckler and his corslet he laid by,
And bade that none attend him: at his side
Two faithful dogs that urge the silent course,
Shaggy, deep-chested, eroucht; the crocodile,
Crying, oft made them raise their flaccid ears,
And push their heads within their master's hand.
There was a lightning paleness in his face,
Such as Diana rising o'er the rocks
Showr'd on the lonely Latmian; on his brow
Sorrow there was, but there was nought severe."

"And the long moonbeam on the hard wet sand
Lay like a jasper column half up-rear'd."

"The king, who sate before his tent, descried
The dust rise redden'd from the setting sun."

Now let us pass to the imaginary dialogues:—*Marshal Bugeaud and Arab Chieftain.*—This dialogue, which is amongst the shortest, would not challenge a separate notice, were it not for the freshness in the public mind, and the yet uncicatrised rawness of that atrocity which it commemorates. Here is an official account from the commander-in-chief:—"Of seven hundred refractory and rebellious who took refuge in the caverns, thirty" [says the glory-hunting Marshal], "and thirty only, are alive; and of these thirty there are four only who are capable of labour, or indeed of motion." How precious to the Marshal's heart must be that harvest of misery from which he so reluctantly allows the discount of about one-half per cent. Four only out of seven hundred, he is happy to assure Christendom, remain capable of hopping about; as to working, or getting honest bread, or doing any service in this world to themselves or others, it is truly delightful to announce, for public information, that all such practices are put a stop to for ever.

Amongst the fortunate four, who retain the power of hopping, we must reckon the *Arab Chieftain*, who is introduced into the colloquy in the character of respondent. He can hop, of course, *ex hypothesi*, being one of the ever lucky quaternion; he can hop a little also as a rhetorician; indeed, as to *that* he is too much for the Marshal; but on the other hand he cannot see; the cave has cured him of any such impertinence as staring into other people's faces; he is also lame, the cave has shown him the absurdity of rambling about;—and, finally, he is a beggar; or, if he will not allow himself to be called by that name, upon the argument [which seems plausible] that he cannot be a beggar if he never begs, it is not the less certain that, in case of betting a sixpence, the chieftain would find it inconvenient to stake the cash.

The Marshal, who apparently does not pique himself upon politeness, addresses the Arab by the following assortment of names—"Thief, assassin, traitor! blind greybeard! lame beggar!" The three first titles being probably mistaken for compliments, the Arab pockets in silence; but to the double-barrelled discharges of the two last he replies thus:—"Cease *there*. Thou canst never make me beg for bread, for water, or for life; my grey beard is from God; my blindness and lameness are from thee." This is a pleasant way of doing business; rarely does one find little accounts so expeditiously settled and receipted. Beggar? But how if I do not beg? Greybeard? Put that down to the account of God. Cripple? Put that down to your own. Getting sulky under this mode of fencing from the desert-born, the Marshal invites him to enter one of his new-made law courts, where he will hear of something probably *not* to his advantage. Our Arab friend, however, is no connoisseur in courts of law: small wale* of courts in the desert; he does not so

* *Wale* (Germanicé *vauhl*) the old ballad word for *choice*. But the motive for using it in this place is in allusion to an excellent old Scottish story (not sufficiently known in the South), of a rustic laird, who profitted by the hospitality of his neighbours, duly to get drunk once (and no more) every lawful night, returning in the happiest frame of mind under the escort of his servant Andrew. In spite of Andrew, however, it sometimes happened that the laird fell off his horse; and on one of these occasions, as he himself was dismounted from his saddle, his wig was dismounted from his cranium. Both fell into a peat-moss, and both were fished out by Andrew. But the laird, in his confusion, putting on the wig wrong side before, reasonably "jaloused" that this could not be his own wig, but some other man's, which suspicion he communicated to Andrew, who argued *contra* by the memorable reply—"Hout! laird, there's nae wale o' wigs i' a peat-moss."

much "do himself the honour to decline" as he turns a deaf ear to this proposal, and on *his* part presents a little counter invitation to the Marshal for a *pic-nic* party to the caves of Dahra. "Enter" (says the unsparing Sheik) "and sing and whistle in the cavern where the bones of brave men are never to bleach, are never to decay. Go, where the mother and infant are inseparable for ever—one mass of charcoal; the breasts that gave life, the lips that received it—all, all, save only where two arms, in colour and hardness like corroded iron, cling round a brittle stem, shrunken, warped, and where two heads are calcined. Even this massacre, no doubt, will find defenders in *your* country, for it is the custom of *your* country to cover blood with lies, and lies with blood." "And (says the facetious French Marshal) here and there a sprinkling of ashes over both." ARAB. "Ending in merriment, as befits ye. But *is* it ended?" But *is* it ended? Aye; the wilderness beyond Algiers returns an echo to those ominous words of the blind and mutilated chieftain. No, brave Arab, although the Marshal scoffingly rejoins that at least it is ended for *you*, ended it is not; for the great quarrel by which human nature pleads with such a fiendish spirit of warfare, carried on under the countenance of him who stands first in authority under the nation that stands second in authority amongst the leaders of civilization. A quarrel of that sort, once arising, does not go to sleep again until it is righted for ever. As the English martyr at Oxford said to his fellow martyr—"Brother, be of good cheer, for we shall this day light up a fire in England that, by the blessing of God, cannot be extinguished for ever"—even so the atrocities of these hybrid campaigns between baffled civilization and barbarism, provoked into frenzy, will, like the horrors of the middle passage rising up from the Atlantic deep, suddenly, at the bar of the British Senate; sooner or later reproduce themselves in strong reactions of the social mind throughout Christendom, upon *all* the horrors of war that are wilful and superfluous. In that case there will be a consolation in reserve for the compatriots of those, the brave men, the women, and the innocent children, who died in that fiery furnace at Dahra.

> "Their moans
> The vales redoubled to the hills, and *they*
> To heaven."*

The caves of Dahra repeated the woe to the hills, and the hills to God. But such a furnace, though fierce, may be viewed as brief indeed if it shall terminate in permanently pointing the wrath of nations (as in this dialogue it has pointed the wrath of genius) to the particular outrage and class of outrages which it concerns. The wrath of nations is a consuming wrath, and the scorn of intellect is a withering scorn, for all abuses upon which either one or the other is led, by strength of circumstances, to settle itself *systematically*. The danger is for the most part that the very violence of public feeling should rock it asleep—the tempest exhausts itself by its own excesses—and the thunder of one or two immediate explosions, by satisfying the first clamours of human justice and indignation, is too apt to intercept that sustained roll of artillery which is requisite for the effectual assault of long-established abuses. Luckily in the present case of the Dahra massacre there is the less danger of such a result, as the bloody scene has happened to fall in with a very awakened state of the public sensibility as to the evils of war generally, and with a state of expectation almost romantically excited as to the possibility of readily or soon exterminating these evils.

Hope meantime, even if unreasonable, becomes wise and holy when it points along a path of purposes that are more than usually beneficent. According to a fine illustration of Sir Philip Sidney's, drawn from the practice of archery, by attempting more than we can possibly accomplish, we shall yet reach farther than ever we *should* have reached with a less ambitious aim; we shall do much for the purification of war, if nothing at all for its abolition; and atrocities of this Algerine order are amongst the earliest that will give way. They will sink before the growing illumination, and (what is equally important) before the growing *combination* of minds acting simultaneously from various centres, in nations otherwise the most at variance. By a rate of motion continually accelerated, the gathering power of the press, falling in with the growing facilities of personal intercourse, is, day by day, bringing Europe more and more into a state of fusion, in which the sublime name of *Christendom* will continually become more significant, and will express a unity of the most awful order, viz., in the midst of strife, long surviving as to inferior interests and subordinate opinions, will express an agreement continually more close, and an agreement continually more operative, upon all capital questions affecting human rights, duties, and the interests of human *progress*. Before that tribunal, which every throb of every steam-engine, in printing-houses and on railroads, is hurrying to establish, all flagrant abuses of belligerent powers will fall prostrate; and, in particular, no form of pure undisguised murder will be any longer allowed to confound itself with the necessities of honourable warfare.

Much already *has* been accomplished on this path; more than people are aware of; so gradual and silent has been the advance. How noiseless is the growth of corn! Watch it night and day for a week, and you will never see it growing; but return after two months, and you will find it all whitening for the harvest. Such, and so imperceptible in the stages of their motion, are the victories of the press. Here is one instance. Just forty-seven years ago, on the shores of Syria, was celebrated by Napoleon Bonaparte, the most damnable carnival of murder that romance has fabled, or that history has recorded. Rather more than four thousand men—not (like Tyrolese

* Milton, in uttering his grief (but also his hopes growing out of this grief) upon a similar tragedy, viz., the massacre of the Protestant women and children by "the bloody Piedmontese."

or Spanish guerrillas) even in pretence "insurgent rustics," but regular troops, serving the Pacha and the Ottoman Sultan, not old men that might by odd fractions have been thankful for dismissal from a life of care or sorrow, but all young Albanians, in the early morning of manhood, the oldest not twenty-four—were exterminated by successive rolls of musketry, when helpless as infants, having their arms pinioned behind their backs like felons on the scaffold, and having surrendered their muskets (which else would have made so desperate a resistance) on the faith that they were dealing with soldiers and men of honour. I have elsewhere examined, as a question in casuistry, the frivolous pretences for this infamous carnage, but that examination I have here no wish to repeat; for it would draw off the attention from one feature of the case, which I desire to bring before the reader, as giving to this Jaffa tragedy a depth of atrocity wanting in that of Dahra. The four thousand and odd young Albanians had been seduced, trepanned, fraudulently decoyed, from a post of considerable strength, in which they could and would have sold their lives at a bloody rate, by a solemn promise of safety from authorised French officers. "But," said Napoleon, in part of excuse, "these men, my aides-de-camp, were poltroons: to save their own lives, they made promises which they ought *not* to have made." Suppose it so; and suppose the case one in which the supreme authority has a right to disavow his agents; what then? This entitles that authority to refuse his ratification to the terms agreed on; but this, at the same time, obliges him to replace the hostile parties in the advantages from which his agents had wiled them by these terms. A robber, who even owns himself such, will not pretend that he may refuse the price of the jewel as exorbitant, and yet keep possession of the jewel. And next comes a fraudulent advantage, not obtained by a knavery in the aides-de-camp, but in the leader himself. The surrender of the weapons, and the submission to the fettering of the arms, were not concessions from the Albanians, filched by the representatives of Napoleon, acting (as *he* says) without orders, but by express falsehoods, emanating from himself. The officer commanding at Dahra could not have reached his enemy without the shocking resource which he employed: Napoleon could. The officer at Dahra violated no covenant: Napoleon did. The officer at Dahra had not by lies seduced his victims from their natural advantages: Napoleon had. Such was the atrocity of Jaffa in the year 1799. Now, the relation of that great carnage to the press, the secret argument through which that vast massacre connects itself with the progress of the press, is *this*—that in 1799, and the two following years, when most it had become important to search the character and acts of Napoleon, excepting Sir Robert Wilson, no writer in Europe, no section of the press, cared much to insist upon this, by so many degrees, the worst deed of modern* military life. From that deed all the waters of the Atlantic would not have cleansed him; and yet, since 1804, we have heard much oftener of the sick men whom he poisoned in his Syrian hospital (an act of merely erroneous humanity), and more of the Duc d' Enguien's execution than of either; though this, savage as it was, admits of such palliations as belong to doubtful provocations in the sufferer, and to extreme personal terror in the inflictor. Here, then, we have a case of wholesale military murder, emanating from Christendom, and not less treacherous than the worst which have been ascribed to the Mahometan Timur, or even to any Hindoo Rajah, which hardly moved a vibration of anger, or a solitary outcry of protestation from the European press (then, perhaps, having the excuse of deadly fear for herself), or even from the press of moral England, having no such excuse. Fifty years have passed; a less enormity is perpetrated, but again by a French leader; and, behold! Europe is *now* convulsed from side to side by unaffected indignation! So travels the press to victory: such is the light, and so broad, which it diffuses: such is the strength for action by which it combines the hearts of nations.

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* "*Modern military life*:"—By modern I mean since the opening of the thirty years' war. In this war, the sack, or partial sack, of Magdeburg, will occur to the reader as one of the worst amongst martial ruffianisms. But this happens to be a hoax. It is an old experience, that, when once the demure muse of history has allowed herself to tell a lie, she never retracts it. Many are the falsehoods in our own history, which our children read traditionally for truths, merely because our uncritical grandfathers believed them to be such. Magdeburg was *not* sacked. What fault there was in the case belonged to the King of Sweden, who certainly was remiss in this instance, though with excuses more than were hearkened to at that time. Tilly, the Bavarian General, had no reason for severity in this case, and showed none. According to the regular routine of war, Magdeburg had become forfeited to military execution; which, let the reader remember, was not, in those days, a right of the General as against the enemy, and by way of salutary warning to other cities, lest they also should abuse the right of a reasonable defence, but was a right of the soldiery as against their own leaders. A town stormed was then a little perquisite to the ill-fed and ill-paid soldier. So of prisoners. If I made a prisoner of "Signor Drew" [see Henry V.], it was *my* business to fix his ransom: the General had no business to interfere with that. Magdeburg, therefore, had incurred the common penalty (which she must have foreseen) of obstinacy; and the only difference between *her* case and that of many another brave little town, that quietly submitted to the usual martyrdom, without howling through all the speaking-trumpets of history, was this—that the penalty was, upon Magdeburg, but partially enforced. Harte, the tutor of Lord Chesterfield's son, first published, in his Life of Gustavus Adolphus, an authentic diary of what passed at that time, kept by a Lutheran clergyman. This diary shows sufficiently that no real departures were made from the customary routine, except in the direction of mercy. But it is evident that the people of Magdeburg were a sort of German hogs, of whom, it is notorious, that if you attempt in the kindest way to sheer them, all you get is horrible yelling, and (the proverb asserts) very little wool. The case being a classical one in the annals of military outrages, I have noticed its real features.

WESTERN LOCOMOTION.

JOURNAL OF A VOYAGE BETWEEN BALLINASLOE AND DUBLIN—AN OWER TRUE TALE.

Thursday, Dec. 3. *Three o'clock* P.M.—Wind N.N.E., and the afternoon like my aunt Hannah, fair but frosty. Embark in the Company's "swift boat," shortly after the arrival of Signor Bianconi's long cars from Galway and from Westport, and skim along through floating plates of ice towards Shannon harbour. Skipper takes our cash in advance, engaging that we shall be all deposited, high and dry, upon the pier at Portobello, convenient to the metropolis, at eleven o'clock of the following morning. Alas, the race is not to the *Swift*.

Second visit from skipper to ask us all to dine; not that he has any dinner to offer in this rollicking little bit of a lobster shell, but he wants to telegraph to our host that is to be, in the night boat now awaiting our approach,

"Alone by the banks of the dark-rolling Shannon,"

how many legs of mutton, and how many turnips, will be required for our entertainment.

No *wires* laid down upon this line as yet; but the affair is well managed with a pole and bit of bunting.

Four o'clock.—Pass Clonfort, formerly an Episcopal residence, and still the site of a fine old cathedral church. Take in one policeman, and two couples of chickens, the latter of which are immediately put to death, to boil with the bacon we shall have by and bye. Daresay they had fatter chickens at Clonfort when the bishops lived there.

Half-past Four.—Cross the Shannon in a Noah's Ark called a packet-boat, whose ordinary gait of going, wind and weather favouring, averages three and a quarter miles, Irish, per hour. This, calculating our present distance from Dublin, as per chart, at sixty miles, gives a promise that we shall be at the other terminus in about eighteen hours and a half. Such annihilation of time and space will scarcely be dreamt of by posterity. But won't we do it?

Five o'clock.—Pass Shannon harbour, and take in a few aquatic tourists, who had steamed it in the morning from Limerick. One passenger from Banagher, who had to run for it, and barely overtook us under the bridge, comes puffing and panting into the cabin, and whilst he uncases himself from half-a-dozen shawls and greatcoats, eagerly demands of all the company—"Wasn't I in luck, not to be left behind?" That remains to be proved. Nobody knows his luck till he finds the end of it.

Six o'clock.—Dinner—the grand secret of Canal Immortality.

"Le veritable Amphitryon
Est l'Amphitryon, ou l'on dine.

If it were not for that leg of mutton, and those turnips, who would encounter the nocturnal bellowings and overhead trampings of the boat-boys, the crashings and bumpings in the locks, the fœtid exhalations of bog fog and stagnant pool, commingled with fumes of whisky punch, reek of tallow candles, and breath (not to mention shoes) of some twenty persons, cooped together, and chattering, laughing, wrangling, or snoring, for upwards of eighteen hours, in a tiny wooden box, sixteen feet long, six wide, and hardly so much in height.

"Oh, you get a very comfortable dinner in the boat."

Sir or Madam—Much good may it do you!

Eight o'clock.—Frosty feelings about the lower extremities, notwithstanding the high temperature kept up by means of a stove at the upper end of the cabin. A grating sound heard now and then against the sides of the vessel, as though the ice were closing in around us. And so it is. In half-an-hour afterwards the noise is without intermission, and we feel ourselves sawing our way through a continuous crust.

Half-past Eleven, Tullamore.—Limerick aquatics had only bargained for perils by water, and therefore determined to go ashore, taking chance for a conveyance on the morrow by coach and train to Dublin. Lucky man from Banagher derides their caution, asks where will they be next day at noon, quotes Horace, "*festina lente*," and declares for pushing on.

Mem.—It is easy to say, push on.

Push on, then, past Philipstown, a boat-boy standing most of the way in the bow, to smash the ice with a pole. No pedometer on board, but guess we are going half-a-knot an hour. Skipper consulted whether he thinks she'll stick?

"Stick, Sir? No, Sir. It froze as hard last night, or harder if anything, and she didn't stick then, Sir."

Convincing logic;—Go a-head!

December 4, *Three o'clock* A.M.—Now twelve hours afloat. Saw labours incessantly. Wonder is this the way they get through Wenham Lake? Some audible wishes expressed that the wishers had taken a hint from the Southrons, and stopped at Tullamore. Too late now to stop anywhere, being on the verge of the bog of Allen, and far away from human habitation. Banagher passenger still buoyant, and clamorous for spatchcock.

Four o'clock.—There be two kinds of speed, railway speed and snailway speed; and this is one of them. We are now running through the element at the rate of one yard per minute; whereupon we think it high time to call another council. Skipper in hopes that, when she comes fairly into the "long level," the springs, thereabouts abounding at the bottom of the canal, will beat the frost

and make a clear passage. A supply of hot water and whisky, ordered in to season this cheering expectation, inspired by which *Banagher*, after the manner of Sir James Graham, gives us a stave appropriate to our situation.

"Weel does the boatie row."

Mem.—*Boatie* growls a most discordant bass from both her sides, her sole response to this "flattering tale."

Five o'clock.—In the "long level" at last, without mistake: but the ice only tougher and tougher. Skipper scratches his head, and acknowledges that "the springs are *bet* for once."

Agreeable intelligence in the middle of the Bog of Allen, at five o'clock of a December morning, and the man in the moon leering down upon us,

"From skies where you could count each little star,"

with a taunting expression of countenance, as much as to say, "What on earth brought you there?"

Even the favourite of fortune has not a word of comfort, nor a scrap of Latin left. *Banagher* itself is "*bet*." He can only blow his fingers and meditate upon his "luck."

There are more pleasing situations in "this bleak world" than that of the Company's packet-boat, No. 5, on this fourth morning of December, ice-bound in a brown ditch, surrounded on all sides by a bog, whereof the visible extent is only limited by the far horizon, and many miles distant from any town or house of entertainment, within which a wayfarer may lay his head. How she could come to stick there this morning, of all the mornings in the year, surpassed the comprehension of the most able and intelligent of navigators. "She had often made the passage in a harder frost, and would again! But there is something unnattheral in everything this year. When the potatoes go wrong, all the world goes wrong; even ice itself is contrairy by what it used to be."

That's the philosophy of the whole matter; and we were fain to take it for our only consolation, as we set out to trudge along a dreary and shelterless road to Rathangan, some twelve miles south-east of our "sticking-place." There, we were told, the Company would be so kind as to provide cars, at its own munificent cost and charge, for our conveyance to the railway station at Kildare, and, further, frank us forward to the great terminus of all our hopes and exertions.

A lady, who with two little children had accompanied us in our expedition, relying upon the hopeful assurances of the Banagher pioneer, was of course unable to join in this pedestrian adventure. She was, therefore, left behind in the ditch; but how long she remained there, or whether she remains there to this day, are matters only known to herself and to her friends, and to the directors of our Inland Navigation.

Nine o'clock, P.M. *Dublin.*—Here we are at last, having been just thirty hours engaged in performing a transit of seventy miles from the nearest point of the province of Connaught. Well may it be called "The Far West."

The Limerick party, having enjoyed a comfortable night's rest at Tullamore, and a good breakfast in the morning, came leisurely by dry land to the same railway station, and arrived in this same city six hours before us. So much for our Banagher comrade and his "*festina lente.*" He knows now, perhaps, that there may be "*luck* in leisure."

And now, let it not be forgotten that it was by the manœuvres of this Grand Canal Company, and for the preservation of their vested rights, as the sole chartered carriers of goods and human bodies between Dublin and Ballinasloe, that the Irish Great Western Railway Bill was thrown out by the House of Lords in the session of 1845; and that by the same tactics, and with the same objects, the same bill was also rejected by the House of Commons in the session of 1846. And furthermore, be it borne in mind, that with similar intentions and designs, certain adroit individuals are now pretending to bring forward a plan of a western railway along the banks of the said Grand Canal, and even, if hereafter they have not the wish to construct anything of the sort, one purpose will be accomplished, if other and more feasible projects can be defeated,—the privilege of sawing a passage through the ice will be secured for Galway travellers, as long as the winter wind freezes and the canal water does not flow.

THE DREAMER.

Dost thou speak of me when dreaming?
Slumbering, do thy lips me call?
A strange deep rapture'a through me streaming
As thy accents fall—
Like voice of seraph, calm and holy,
Breathing for my gladness solely.
Is't thus true, the Hindoo fable,
That the unsleeping spirit, stirr'd,
Through the slumbering ear, is able
To hear the whisper'd word;
And dreams arise the heart enthralling—
Echoes to the tender calling?
But with thee, thou fond adorer!
The unprompted spirit, wand'ring free,
'Mid the visions beaming o'er her,
Sees aye one of me:
And now the unconscious tongue's repeating
His name whom thy heart is greeting!
Midnight!—the lamp's dimly burning:
Kneeling, I hold thy hand in mine:
And as I watch thee, with deep yearning
Clings my soul to thine!
Pure as the snowflake heaven leaving,
Yet thrilling with thy bosom's heaving!
Hush! does she speak, my darling?—breathing
Yet again those sounds of love!
I quiver!—as if angels, wreathing
Holy flowers above,
Mingled in the wreath they threw me
One earthly rose to tempt—undo me!

Dec. 8, 1845. R. H. P.

LORD CAMPBELL'S LIVES OF THE ENGLISH CHANCELLORS.

SECOND SERIES.*

LORD CAMPBELL, the indefatigable, has now nearly finished his, literally, Herculean labours. —In digging deeply and vigorously into the accumulated lumber of English history, and the history of English Chancellors, of law courts, and kings' courts, statesmen's cabinets, and queens' closets—he has, through immeasurable heaps of trash, dragged into light a few rare and precious treasures. But where little was hidden, less was to be discovered; and it would be unreasonable to expect, in the lives of a few commonplace, or mere-lawyer chancellors, the vitality and interest that abound in biographies of a-Becket, Wolsey, More, and Bacon. The new biographies are written in the same familiar and pleasant vein which characterised the former performances, and which, if somewhat unprofessional, not to say undignified, was found extremely agreeable as soon as the reader got over his first shock at a lawyer and ex-chancellor—in the abstract a very high and solemn personage—doffing his robes, and, like Thurlow when at play, putting his wig into his pocket, drawing in his chair, tilting his legs, taking his cigar into his mouth, and writing about great historical events, and the lives of grave and venerable dignitaries of the law and the state, exactly as he might have talked of them after a Bencher's dinner, or at Nando's coffee-house; to which—like Thurlow again—he had slipped out, in *deshabille*, from his chambers of an evening, to relax from the dry and severe studies of a long day. As he approaches his own times, Lord Campbell becomes more and more free, and familiar, and at last fairly wins upon his readers, by placing them completely at their ease with him. Whether the great critics may not rebuke this undignified style, we cannot guess; but what is more to our purpose, plain readers will find the style well adapted to much of the subject-matter—to the gossip and anecdotes, the delicate scandals, and the Court and current jokes of a past generation. These pleasantries may not always be the most felicitous imaginable, but the humour, such as it is, is always good-humour. And Lord Campbell deserves unqualified praise for higher things—for undeviating adherence to the principles of civil and religious liberty, for enlarged views of those principles, for his admiration of the personal and domestic virtues, and the comprehensive and enthusiastic devotion to literature, which entitles him as much to the gratitude of the sojourners and grovellers in the heights or depths of Grub Street, as to that of poets soaring to the loftiest regions of Parnassus. One of his uniform tests, in summing up the character of his heroes, is the particular chancellor's achievements in literature, or the arts and sciences; and secondary to this, the kindness or patronage which he may have shown to men of letters. He has a high and a very just appreciation of the value of literature to the lawyer of all men; who, much abstracted from society by his pursuits, can know the real world in many of its phases chiefly through books, and who sees but the seamy side of life in his own profession.

One point, upon which public opinion, and also that of the profession, is nearly ripened, is pretty well established by Lord Campbell's work. We allude to the necessity—one which has existed for ages—of separating the judicial offices of the Chancellor from the political functions which the English Chancellors, the Keepers of the King's Conscience, have often so mischievously exercised; and which strongly tempt, if they do not almost compel, the highest law officer of the country to sink into a supple, subservient, intriguing minister, whose main object is to keep his place, emoluments, and enormous patronage—a necessity which, so late as our own "enlightened" day, tended to make Thurlow an unscrupulous knave, and Eldon———whatever Lord Campbell shall be pleased to describe that curious human and legal compound!

It must be remembered, in perusing these Lives, that the Chancellors have here the fair advantage of being tried by their peers. It is an eminent lawyer and an ex-Chancellor, who passes warm encomiums on whatever virtues or merits they possessed; while he frankly exposes their blemishes, and sums up with candour and leniency. If they come, most of them, out of the ordeal damaged and disfigured, the fault is not that of their judge.

The Lives that remain to be written are those of the Chancellors Loughborough, Erskine, and Eldon, which are to fill a sixth and concluding volume; and though Lord Campbell has been in part forestalled by Mr. Twiss and others, we have no doubt that, from his intimate personal acquaintance with the Eldon period, and his disposition as a Whig to display the reverse of the medal, he will make a satisfactory work—leaning, too probably, to the side of indulgence.

The fourth and fifth volumes, just published, contain the lives of fifteen Chancellors or Lord Keepers, from Maynard to Thurlow inclusive; some of whose names are, we verily believe, now known only to their descendants and a few reading lawyers. Who, popularly speaking, ever heard of Trevor, or Lord Keeper Wright; and for several of the others who cares? Lord Campbell was under the necessity of serving out the chaff with the wheat, but our duty is more agreeable. It leads us back, in the first place, to the original series, when, in April last, we took leave of Lord Campbell, complaining of his harsh condemnation, and, as we humbly conceived, very

* The Lives of the Lord Chancellors and Keepers of the Great Seal of England, from the earliest times till the reign of King George IV. By John, Lord Campbell, A.M., F.R.S.E. (*Second Se* Fr - R till the death of Lord Thurlow, in 1806.) Vols. iv. and v. London; John M r ,

inadequate appreciation of one English Chancellor, who intellectually was among the most exalted of the human race. But the examination of this single life of Bacon would demand for itself a long paper; and we must be content, for the present, to point attention to what is most obvious in its injustice and misconstruction.

Lord Campbell shows reverence, by approaching the presence of Chancellor Bacon, not in his usual slipshod pace but with measured and stately step. He considers the life of Bacon "still a desideratum in English literature;" and, if he be right, it remains one:—England will not accept of his. 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 sometimes judged on narrow and warped views.

The most studied, and what is termed *ambitious* piece of composition in these volumes is, the introduction to the life of Bacon :—

"Patted on the head by Queen Elizabeth—mocking the worshippers of Aristotle at Cambridge—catching the first glimpses of his great discoveries, and yet uncertain whether the light was from heaven—associating with the learned and the gay at the Court of France—devoting himself to Bracton and the Year Books in Gray's Inn—throwing aside the musty folios of the law to write a moral essay, to make an experiment in natural philosophy, or to detect the fallacies which had hitherto obstructed the progress of useful truth—contented for a time with taking 'all knowledge for his province'—roused from these speculations by the stings of vulgar ambition—plying all the arts of flattery to gain official advancement by royal and courtly favour—entering the House of Commons, and displaying powers of oratory of which he had been unconscious—being seduced by the love of popular applause, for a brief space becoming a patriot—making amends, by defending all the worst excesses of prerogative—publishing to the world lucubrations on morals which show the nicest perception of what is honourable and beautiful, as well as prudent, in the conduct of life—yet, the son of a Lord Keeper, the nephew of the prime minister, a queen's counsel, with the first practice at the bar, arrested for debt, and languishing in a spunging-house—tired with vain solicitations to his own kindred for promotion, joining the party of their opponent, and, after experiencing the most generous kindness from the young and chivalrous head of it, assisting to bring him to the scaffold, and to blacken his memory—seeking, by a mercenary marriage, to repair his broken fortunes—on the accession of a new sovereign offering up the most servile adulation to a pedant whom he utterly despised—infinitely gratified by being permitted to kneel down, with two hundred and thirty others, to receive the honour of knighthood—truckling to a worthless favourite with the most slavish subserviency, that he might be appointed a law officer of the Crown—then giving the most admirable advice for the compilation and emendation of the laws of England, and helping to inflict torture on a poor parson whom he wished to hang as a traitor for writing an unpublished and unpreached sermon—attracting the notice of all Europe by his philosophical works, which established a new era in the mode of investigating the phenomena both of matter and mind—basely intriguing in the meanwhile for further promotion, and writing secret letters to his Sovereign to disparage his rivals—riding proudly between the Lord High Treasurer and Lord Privy Seal, preceded by his mace-bearer and purse-bearer, and followed by a long line of nobles and judges, to be installed in the office of Lord High Chancellor—by-and-bye, settling with his servants the account of the bribes they had received for him—a little embarrassed by being obliged, out of decency, the case being so clear, to decide against the party whose money he had pocketed, but stifling the misgivings of conscience by the splendour and flattery which he now commanded—struck to the earth by the discovery of his corruption—taking to his bed, and refusing sustenance—confessing the truth of the charges brought against him, and abjectly imploring mercy—nobly rallying from his disgrace, and engaging in new literary undertakings, which have added to the splendour of his name—still exhibiting a touch of his ancient vanity, and in the midst of pecuniary embarrassment refusing to be 'stripped of his feathers'—inspired, nevertheless, with all his youthful zeal for science, in conducting his last experiment of 'stuffing a fowl with snow to preserve it,' which succeeded 'excellently well,' but brought him to his grave."

Thus Lord Campbell sets out by concentrating all the frailties and faults spread over a long life into a focus, and then sitting down to contemplate and examine in detail the ugly heap of blots and blemishes which he has raked together; exaggerating errors, and making less allowance for the spirit and manners of Bacon's age than he has done in every other instance, or for that passionless and philosophical temperament which held Lord Verulam at once above and below the ordinary standard of humanity, and placed him beyond the pale of its common sympathies. Bacon was not one of those men who either desire or attract personal affection. He might have been hard and cold-blooded, but one of the greatest men of any age or country could not have been a perfect monster of moral depravity.

The son of Lord Keeper Sir Nicholas Bacon, and the near relative of the Cecils, the most wealthy and powerful persons in the State, he, who had been reared in affluence and luxury, found himself, by the sudden death of his father, just as he was entering upon life, a very poor younger son; regarded with jealousy or treated with indifference by those on whom he had a natural claim for assistance, and either obstructed or left to make his unaided way to fortune. That he sometimes diverged into crooked paths, and debased himself to gain his ambitious or his praiseworthy objects, though deeply to be regretted, is not without palliation. There may be less excuse for his coldness to Essex, a patron whom he never could have esteemed, and also for his corruption as a Judge, though pecuniary embarrassment may be pleaded in extenuation of equivocal conduct. Nor can we cast out of view the temptations into which poverty has betrayed the strongest minds.

Due praise is given to Bacon's assiduity as student of law, and his early eminence as "a sound lawyer," to which profession he had been reluctantly driven, when, at the age of twenty, all hopes of obtaining some public employment by which he might live, and devote himself to science and literature, had failed.

"The Cecils not only refused to interest themselves for their kinsman, but now, and for many years after, that he might receive no effectual assistance from others, they spread reports that he was a vain speculator, and totally unfit for real business."

After being called to the bar, the recommendation of his uncle, the Lord Treasurer Cecil, was necessary to obtain him a certain step in his profession.

"To an application for his interference, the old Lord,

now peevish from age and gout, seems to have returned a very churlish answer, taking the opportunity to read Francis a sharp lecture on his 'arrogancy and overweening.' These bad qualities the young man earnestly disclaimed, but he submissively promised to profit by such good advice, 'and so wishing unto his Lordship all honour, and to himself continuance of his Lordship's good opinion, with mind and means to deserve it,' he humbly took his leave."

Francis Bacon made, however, his own steady upward way; and, in spite of the coldness or jealousy of the Cecils, father and son, was not only highly popular among his own friends and companions, from his brilliant parts and the charm of his manners, but from his eloquence and professional ability. The reputation his attainments had gained for him, made Elizabeth voluntarily appoint him her "Counsel Extraordinary." This, though an almost barren honour, might lead to something more substantial; and this, at least, the first step to court favour, was obtained without what Lord Campbell himself preferred in better times, calls "mean solicitation."

"The queen frequently admitted him to her presence, and conversed with him not only about matters of law, but points of general learning and affairs of state; finding much satisfaction from the information and illustrations he communicated to her. Nevertheless, he could not remove from her mind the impression made upon her by the representation of his cousin, Sir Robert Cecil, that he was 'a speculative man, indulging himself in philosophical reveries; and calculated more to perplex than to promote public business.'

"Bacon's higher aspirations prevented him from taking cordially to the profession of the law, and he still longed for leisure to be devoted to literature and science. With this view he continued to solicit for some place which would enable him to retire from the bar. A few extracts from his letters will best show the state of his feelings at this period of his life. 'I wax now somewhat ancient: one-and-thirty years is a great deal of sand in the hour-glass. My health, I thank God, I find confirmed, and I do not fear that action shall impair it: because I account my ordinary course of study and meditation to be more painful than most parts of action are. * * * * Again, the meanness of my estate doth somewhat move me; for though I cannot accuse myself that I am either prodigal or slothful, yet my health is not to spend nor my course to get. Lastly, I confess that I have as vast contemplative ends as I have moderate civil ends; for I have taken all knowledge to be my province, and—if I could purge it of two sorts of rovers, whereof the one with frivolous disputations, confutations, and verbosities, the other with blind experiments and auricular traditions and impostures, hath committed so many spoils—I hope I should bring in industrious observations, grounded conclusions, and profitable inventions and discoveries.'"

There was no remarkable sign of debasement in this solicitation to an obdurate and peevish old uncle, who wielded so much of the power of the State. It, however, produced nothing solid; and it may be surmised that with his peculiar tastes and ambitions, Bacon was not calculated to increase his practice at the bar, whatever may have been his legal knowledge and his eloquence. Nor did his appearance in Parliament help his practice, as it has done that of many eminent lawyers, who, nevertheless, pass as very fair characters. Bacon, before obtaining office, was in speech a law reformer, as in mind he must always have been. But Lord Campbell somewhat rashly concludes that he was "so intoxicated with the success of his first liberal oratorical attempt," that this alone animated him to the "flaming oration" against the court, or, what is the same thing, against a subsidy, which exposed him to a Star Chamber prosecution, and being sent to the Tower. Lord Campbell allows no higher motive than vanity to the patriotic harangue which in those times entailed such serious consequences. Surely it would be but candid to give Bacon some small credit at this early period, for boldness, and a degree of honesty of purpose. It required some courage in a very poor lawyer, with little business, whose sole hope was either court favour or public employment, when the subsidy was proposed, to propound—

"Three questions, which he desired might be answered: the first, impossibility or difficulty; the second, danger and discontentment; and, thirdly, a better manner of supply. For impossibility, the poor men's rent is such as they are not able to yield it. The gentlemen must sell their plate, and farmers their brass pots, ere this will be paid: and as for us, we are here to search the wounds of the realm, and not to skin them over. We shall breed discontentment in paying these subsidies, and endanger her Majesty's safety, which must consist more in the love of the people than in their wealth. This being granted, other princes hereafter will look for the like, so that we shall put an evil precedent on ourselves and our posterity. * * * * The courtiers were thrown into a state of horror and amazement. The Queen, in the present temper of the House, and with news of the approach of the Spanish Armada, deemed it prudent to take no public notice of this outrage; but she was deeply incensed, and desired it to be intimated to the delinquent, by the Lord Treasurer and the Lord Keeper, that he must never more look to her for favour or promotion. An eloquent eulogist says, 'he heard them with the calmness of a philosopher.'"

The "eulogist" referred to is, we presume, Mr. Basil Montague, and Lord Campbell takes pains to show that Bacon was struck with "repentance and remorse," and promised to be an obedient courtier in all time coming.

The *animus* with which this life is written is shown in the note which Lord Campbell appends to Bacon's apologetic letters to Burghley and Puckering—

"He must be supposed to have been sobbing when he thus addresses the flinty-hearted Puckering—'Yet notwithstanding (to speak vainly as in grief,) it may be her Majesty has discouraged as good a heart as ever looked towards her service, and as void of self-love. And so, in more grief than I can well express, and much more than I can well dissemble, I leave your Lordship; being as ever your Lordship's entirely devoted, &c.'"

The perfect impunity with which a modern lawyer may make "a flaming patriotic oration" in the House of Commons, be lauded in all the newspapers, and returned for Westminster, is something widely different from the displeasure of the "lion-hearted" Queen, the Star Chamber, and the Tower. Lord Campbell surely assumes against Bacon more than candour entitles him to do, when he says—

"The following year his compunction for his opposition to the subsidy was aggravated by the opportunity which occurred of obtaining professional honours. Egerton, the Attorney-General, was made Master of the Rolls. Some of Bacon's friends were sanguine enough to think that *per saltum* he ought to have been appointed to succeed him; but Sir Edward Coke, who had served as Solicitor General for two years, was promoted almost as a matter of course,—and the great struggle arose respecting the

office of Solicitor. To this Bacon had the strongest claim, from the respect entertained for his father's memory,—from his relationship to the Prime Minister,—from his high accomplishments,—from his eminence at the bar,—from his success in parliament,—and from the services he had rendered as Queen's Counsel Extraordinary. He had two obstacles to surmount—his unlucky speech, and the jealousy of the Cecils. * * * Burghley, and his hopeful son Robert, now coming forward as Secretary of State, pretended to support their kinsman, but in reality were afraid that, with favourable opportunities, he would disconcert their deep-laid scheme of making the Premiership hereditary in the house of Cecil.

"Francis himself considered this the crisis of his fate, and resorted to means of gaining his object which would be spurned at by a modern candidate for the office, who does not acknowledge that he expects it, or interferes in any way regarding the appointment till he receives a letter from the Lord Chancellor or the First Lord of the Treasury asking him to accept it. His application to his uncle was excusable, although the manner of it was rather abject."

This is all very well; but they must have but a slight knowledge of the pivots on which public appointments often turn, even in modern times, who will unreservedly adopt the estimate of Bacon's course of solicitation, which is given above. The treachery and dissimulation of the Cecils must have been more than suspected by Bacon; but from whom was he to look for support if they opposed him? Frustrated in his just hopes, Bacon took the bold resolution to write to the Queen herself; and the bias, or, shall we say it, the strong prejudice of Lord Campbell is shown in the colour which he gives to this letter, which he regards not as creditable to the character of the writer, but to the character of the Queen herself, the natural assumption, as estimated by the candidate for office; for says prejudice—

"For from his [Bacon's] language to the Lord Treasurer and the Lord Keeper, we need not doubt that he would have addressed her in the most fulsome and slave-like strain, if he had not thought that he was likely to succeed better by pretending independence, and avowing a consciousness of his own worth."

We humbly submit that Bacon's letters to his jealous and dissembling kinsman, and to Lord Keeper Puckering, do by no means bear out the accusations made, even in the passages selected by Lord Campbell, and as seen in the following extract:—

"The anxious aspirant wrote repeatedly to Lord Keeper Puckering, remonstrating with him, and trying to soften him. 'If your Lordship consider my nature, my course, my friends, my opinion with her Majesty if this eclipse of her favour were past,* I hope you will think I am no unlikely piece of wood to shape you a true servant of. I understand of some business like enough to detain the Queen to-morrow, which maketh me earnestly to pray your good Lordship, as one that I have found to take my fortune to heart, to take some time to remember her Majesty of a Solicitor. If it please your Lordship but to call to mind from whom I am descended, and by whom, next to God, her Majesty, and your own virtue, your Lordship is ascended, I know you will have a compunction of mind to do me any wrong; and, therefore, good my Lord, where your Lordship favoureth others before me, do not lay the separation of your love and favour upon myself.'"

We are at a loss to find here anything so very "fulsome" and so "slave-like" in strain. Nay, except in Bacon's case, Lord Campbell, we are persuaded, could have found something independent and even manly in the style in which Bacon wrote after the failure of his just hopes, whether these had been frustrated by remembrance of the *subsidy* speech, or by the undermining of Raleigh. It is said—

"Bacon's patience had become entirely exhausted.—He thus writes to Foulke Greville:—'What though the Master of the Rolls, and my Lord of Essex, and yourself, and others, think my case without doubt, yet, in the meantime, I have a hard condition to stand, so that whatever service I do to her Majesty, it shall be thought but to be *servitium viscatum*—lime twigs and fetches to place myself; and so I shall have envy, not thanks. This is a course to quench all good spirits, and to corrupt every man's nature, which will, I fear, much hurt her Majesty's service in the end. I have been like a piece of stuff bespoken in the shop; and if her Majesty will not take me, it may be the selling by parcels will be more gainful.—For to be, as I told you, like a child following a bird, which, when he is nearest, flieth away and lighteth a little before, and then the child after it again, and so *in infinitum*,—I am weary of it, as also of wearying my good friends.'"

So bitterly did Bacon feel the ill usage he had received—for there was here much more than ordinary disappointment—that, had his circumstances allowed, it is probable that he would forever have abandoned public life, and devoted himself wholly to the pursuit of science and philosophy.

Bacon's conduct, in relation to Essex, is the point of his history which lays him most nakedly open to attack; nor is it palliation to say, that his interests were probably rather retarded than promoted by the temerity and indiscreet zeal of his friend and patron, the Queen's petulant and spoiled young favourite. It is, however, but too much the nature of an intellect majestic as that of Lord Verulam, to regard other men as a Napoleon did his military machines, or an anatomist does the animal on his dissecting table. Each are alike considered mere means to a grand end.

Bacon, shortly after being disappointed of obtaining the place of Solicitor-General, published his ever-memorable Essays; rose once more into favour with the Queen; and, again in Parliament, introduced certain bills, which deserve more praise than Lord Campbell has given them. They were founded on the maxim that "property has its duties as well as its rights."

Lord Campbell's bias is strongly betrayed in his account of Bacon's courtship of Lady Hatton, which he describes as an attempt to "restore his fortunes by matrimony," and "a scheme to make the pot boil." The very worst interpretation that a bitter enemy could give, is put upon the whole of this abortive courtship to a rich, witty, and high-spirited, but capricious, and imperious widow, who preferred the elderly, but wealthy Sir Edward Coke, to her accomplished, poor cousin, Francis Bacon.

Bacon had, subsequently, every cause to rejoice in his escape; and the lady had her reward. To the failure of this match Lord Campbell imputes the temporary arrest of this great man, as if it had been the cause of relentless creditors pouncing upon him, for a debt of three hundred pounds;

* The subsidy speech.

which was discharged after he had certainly been but for a very few days "languishing in a spunging-house." No irremediable disgrace this either, except, as it appears, in the eyes of Lord Campbell.

Any one, we are persuaded, who dispassionately reads Lord Campbell's account of the courtship, and the episode of the spunging-house, will agree with us, that his usual impartiality, not to say candour and indulgence, have entirely deserted him while writing the Life of Bacon. The indignation which he may have conceived while contemplating Bacon's coldness or indifference to Essex, who, with all his failings, had been to him a generous and warm friend, pervades the whole tone and colouring of the composition. The prejudice continually breaks out; and the biographer strains so hard against his unfortunate subject, as to defeat his own purpose. But no memoir of Bacon could be written that would not be found full of interest and instruction; and certainly the elaborate memoir of Lord Campbell possesses both qualities in a high degree, though liable to those strong objections, which make a Life of this illustrious man still as much a desideratum as before Lord Campbell commenced the biography—in which he often stands forth more like a counsel fee'd to make out a case against Bacon's memory, than a calm, candid, and philosophical judge of a great man's whole scope of character and life. Yet, much as we have said, very much may be learned, even from this prejudiced account of the man of whom Lord Campbell is finally constrained to say—

"Thus died, in the 66th year of his age, Francis Bacon, not merely the most distinguished man who ever held the Great Seal of England, but, notwithstanding all his faults, one of the greatest ornaments and benefactors of the human race."

The memoirs of the Chancellors of Charles I.—Lord-Keeper Williams, Coventry, Finch, and Littleton—all well written, have more historical than personal interest; and, though the entire series of Lives of the Chancellors of James I, and Charles I., and the Commonwealth and Protectorate, are highly creditable to the abilities and patient investigation of the author, it is not till we reach the Life of Lord Clarendon, that the work regains the biographical interest which closes with that of Bacon. Readers may be amused by contrasting the strictures of Lord Campbell upon the "wild notions" which broke forth about law and the administration of justice in Cromwell's time, with those of Mr. Carlyle, in his "Correspondence of Oliver Cromwell," who finds much to approve, which the regular lawyer utterly denounces. "There were," Lord Campbell says—

"Very wild notions then afloat respecting law reform. A party was for utterly abolishing the whole of the common and statute law of England, and substituting the Mosaic law in its place. A very strong prejudice existed against lawyers, who were quaintly denounced as 'a purse-milking generation,' and were accused of always 'bleeding their clients in the *purse vein*.' Cromwell himself was by no means above such absurd and vulgar notions, and was more inclined, on those subjects, to listen to such a fanatical buffoon as Hugh Peters, than to eminent jurists, like Whitelock or Hale. It is because his preposterous schemes for simple and cheap law were properly opposed as impracticable and mischievous, that he complained so bitterly of being worsted by 'the sons of Zeruiah.' * * * He thought that the controverted rights of property were to be decided by an English judge in Westminster Hall, like disputes in an Eastern bazaar by the Kadi. 'We cannot mention the reform of the law,' said he, 'but the lawyers presently cry out, *You design to destroy property*, whereas the law, as it is now constituted, serves only to maintain the lawyers, and to encourage the rich to oppress the poor. Coke, late Solicitor for the people of England at the trial of Charles Stuart, when I sent him, with full powers as Chief Justice, to Ireland, determined more causes in a week than all Westminster Hall in a year. The English people will take Ireland for a precedent; and when they see at how easy and cheap a rate property is there preserved, they will never permit themselves to be so cheated and abused as now they are.'"

Lord Campbell is, however, obliged to admit that there are important law reforms of the date of the Commonwealth; and he says:—

"The common-law bench was exceedingly well filled during the Commonwealth and Protectorate, and the law was well administered through them, except when Cromwell was occasionally driven to supersede them by his Major-Generals and his High Courts of Justice."

The Major-Generals might, however, give judgments not so far amiss; and at all events they got through their business.

Next to the Life of Bacon, that of Clarendon is the most elaborate in these volumes. It is true historical biography; and though not free from an occasional shade of party feeling, is, upon the whole, as just as discriminating, until the character of Clarendon is fairly and even generously summed up, whether as a statesman, an author, or as a man. We can give but one extract from this Life, which we think peculiarly opportune to passing events:—

"In the next controversy in which Clarendon was engaged, he gained great distinction with the judicious, although he was denounced by the landed interest as 'a friend of free trade.' The importation of cattle from Ireland had lately considerably increased. The landlords, headed by the Duke of Buckingham, instead of pretending to stand up as the advocates of the tenant-farmers, or of the labourers, or of the public, plainly spoke out, 'that, from a fall in the price of cattle, their rents were lowered to the amount of £200,000 a-year, which they could not afford.' A bill was therefore brought in absolutely to prohibit such importation in future; and this was followed by another bill, equally to prohibit the importation of any cured meat or provisions from Ireland, which (according to the notions of law then prevailing), that the King might not afterwards be able to permit it by his dispensing power, was declared to be a 'nuisance.' These bills passed the Commons by great majorities; and when they came to the Lords, the Duke of Buckingham declared that 'they could not be opposed by any who had not Irish estates or Irish understandings.' The chancellor, however, had the courage to deliver a most admirable speech against them, pointing out the injustice of these measures to our fellow-subjects in Ireland, and the impolicy of them with a view to English manufacturers, the demand for which from Ireland must cease,—and even to English agriculture, which could not fail to prosper with the increased prosperity produced by a free interchange of commodities between the two islands. He was told, however, that the heavily taxed English could not enter into a competition in the breeding of cattle with the lightly taxed Irish, and that without the proposed 'protection' tenants would be bankrupt, labourers must come upon the parish, and the kingdom must be ruined. He was shamefully beaten in all the divisions on the bill; and all that he could effect was, in the Committee, to carry an amendment, by 63 to 47, to strike out the word

'nuisance,' and to insert 'detriment and mischief' in its stead. The Chancellor's amendment set the Commons in a flame, and many sarcasms were uttered upon the presumption of a lawyer, who had hardly inherited an acre from his father, either in Ireland or England, pretending to speak upon such a subject. Several conferences took place between the two Houses, the King for some time, at the request of the Duke of Ormond, supporting the Chancellor; but the squires declared that they had not yet completed the supplies, and that they would stop them at all hazards if they were to be thus dictated to by wild theorists, who had no practical knowledge of the breeding of cattle, or of the true interests of the country."

Finally, the importation of Irish provisions was by Parliament declared "a nuisance to all his Majesty's English subjects;" and, by the act of exclusion "a more permanent injury," continues Lord Campbell, "was done to the country than by the Plague or the Fire of London," which happened about the same period.

In hastening to the Second Series, we have left ourselves no space to notice the Chancellorship of Bridgeman, nor yet the far more interesting life of Shaftesbury, whether we regard the man or the official personage, and the intrigues and complicated affairs in which he was engaged; nor yet those of his successors, Nottingham and Guildford. The courtship of the latter may, however, be detached as a good specimen of Lord Campbell's familiar style, and a picture of the manners of the age of FRANCIS NORTH.

Lord Guildford, while a young lawyer, was rapacious for money, that he might squander it profusely.

"I must not pass over his loves, although they were not very romantic nor chivalrous. He was desirous of being married—among other reasons,—because he was tired of dining in the Hall and eating 'a costelet and salad at Chastelins in the evening with a friend,'—and he wished to enjoy the pleasures of domestic life. One would have thought that the younger son of a Peer—of great reputation at the bar,—Solicitor-General at thirty-one, and rising to the highest offices in the law,—might have had no difficulty in matching to his mind,—but he met with various rebuffs and disappointments. Above all, he required wealth, which it seems was not then easily to be obtained without the display of a great rent-roll. He first addressed the daughter of an old usurer in Gray's Inn, who speedily put an end to the suit by asking him 'what estate his father intended to settle upon him for present maintenance, jointure, and provision for children?' He could not satisfy this requisition by an 'Abstract' of his profitable 'rood of ground in Westminster Hall.' He then paid court to a coquettish young widow; but after showing him some favour, she jilted him for a jolly knight of good estate. The next proposition was made to him by a city alderman, the father of many daughters, who, it was given out, were to have each a portion of £6000. North dined with the alderman, and liked one of them very much; but coming to treat, the fortune shrunk to £5000. He immediately took his leave. The alderman ran after him, and offered him to boot £500 on the birth of the first child, but he would not hate a farthing of the £6000."

"At last his mother found him a match to his mind in the Lady Frances Pope, one of the three daughters and co-heirs of the Earl of Down, who lived at Wroxton, in Oxfordshire, with fortunes of £14,000 a-piece. We are surprised to find that, with all his circuit and Westminster Hall earnings, he was obliged to borrow £600, from a friend before he could compass £6000, to be settled upon her. He then ventured down with grand equipage and attendance, and, in less than a fortnight, obtained the young lady's consent, and the writings being sealed, the lovers were happily married. The feasting and jollities in the country lasted three weeks, and Mr. Solicitor, heartily tired of them, was very impatient to get back to his briefs. However, he seems always to have treated his wife, while she lived, with all due tenderness. He took a house in Chancery Lane, near Serjeant's Inn, and acquired huge glory by constructing a drain for the use of the neighbourhood, a refinement never before heard of in that quarter. This was the happiest period of his life."

The character of North is this summed up:—

"North's 'parts,' I think, are greatly overrated. He was sharp and shrewd, but of no imagination, of no depth, of no grasp of intellect,—any more than generosity of sentiment. Cunning, industry, and opportunity may make such a man at any time."

In addition, "Guildford had as much *law* as he could contain;" so much, we apprehend, that, within the narrow limits of his intellect, there was room for nothing else; no uncommon case.

The life of the infamous Jeffreys is written with gusto. Lord Campbell inquires whether this ruffianly and brutal person has not been sufficiently abused, and concludes that it is impossible to exaggerate his misdeeds, or, in short, to paint him in colours too black. Besides his thorough moral depravity, Jeffreys was an incarnation of all the peculiar faults and worst vices of his profession. He was cunning, over-reaching, mean, insolent, and of brazen impudence, "most ignorant, and most daring." Yet, from the many strong points in Jeffreys' character and history, and the variety of anecdote with which the memoir is illustrated, the narrative is made highly entertaining and interesting. It keeps the reader in a lively state of excitement, and communicates that powerful sensation of indignation, which, if not edifying, is highly stimulating.

All that Lord Campbell is able to say for Jeffreys is, "that when quite sober he was particularly good as a Nisi Prius Judge." Habitual and excessive drunkenness was one of Jeffreys' least vices. Lord Campbell also finds something redeeming in what he is pleased to term Jeffrey's "agreeable manners," his "roistering," namely, his drinking songs, and his love of "bantering" companions and low mimics; one of whom the Lord Chancellor kept in his house to ape and ridicule the Judges for the entertainment of his guests. Such were the social amenities of the man whose name has become proverbial for that atrocity and hardened cruelty which would have enabled him, according to his biographer, to have "sent his own mother to the scaffold," with as much *sang froid* as any other of his victims.

It is now that the series just published properly commences, and though it purports to start with the Revolution of 1688, the life of Lord Commissioner Maynard by retrospection comprehends the whole period of the civil wars, the Commonwealth, and the Protectorate, as he was born in 1602, and sat in the first parliament of Charles I., in 1625, and when there were no longer any Parliaments comforted himself by counting larger circuit fees. From the first he was of the country party, and a zealous Presbyterian, having subscribed the solemn League and Covenant. He was also a member of the Westminster Assembly of Divines, but we do not find that he ever courted persecution.

After the period of the Commonwealth we have this amusing account of a consultation which he, as an English commissioner, along with Whitelock, held, with the commissioners from Scotland, appointed "to treat of the best mode of establishing Presbyterianism over the whole Island of Great Britain."

"Master Maynard and Master Whitelocke ye ken vary weele that Lieutenant-General Cromwell is no freend of oors, and since the advance of our army into England he hath used all underhand and cunning means to take off from our honour and merit of this kingdom; an evil requital of all our hazards and services, but so it is, and we are nevertheless fully satisfied of the affection and gratitude of the gude people of this nation in general." [After dilating at some length on Cromwell's enmity to Scotland and the Presbyterian Church, on the suspicion that he was no well-wisher to his Excellency, and on the necessity, for the benefit of the *twa* kingdoms, that some course should be taken for prevention of impending mischief, his lordship proceeds]—"Ye ken vary weele the accord 'twixt the twa kingdoms, and the union by the Solemn League and Covenant, and if any be *an incendiary between the twa nations* how he is to be proceeded against. Now, the matter is wherein we desire your opinions, what you tak the meaning of this word *incendiary* to be, and whether Lieutenant-General Cromwell be not sike an *incendiary*, as is meant thereby, and whilke way wud be best to tak to proceed against him if he be proved to be sike an *incendiary*, and that will clepe his wings from soaring to the prejudice of our cause. Now you may ken that by our law in Scotland we clepe an *incendiary* whay kindleth coals of contention, and raiseth differences in the state to the public damage, and he is *tanquam publicus hostis patriæ;* whether your law be the same or not, you ken best who are mickle learned therein, and therefore, with the faveure of his Excellency, we desire your judgments in these points."

Mr. Maynard did not seem clear as to whether Oliver was an *incendiary* or not; but he made a long reply, and stated that "Lieutenant-General Cromwell was a person of great favour and interest with the House of Commons, and with some of the House of Peers likewise;" and that it would not do to vote such a one an *incendiary*—a term unknown in English law. Some of the hotter Presbyterians were for instantly denouncing Cromwell as an *incendiary*, but the cautious counsels of Maynard prevailed, and, soon after Oliver, become Protector, made him "Protector's Sergeant," thus placing a Presbyterian at the head of the bar. Maynard, however, on several occasions, showed independence of mind. He was undeviating in hatred of "the Papists."

"In the spirit of the Whigs of that day he strongly supported the bill for disarming Roman Catholics, saying, 'We are so mealy-mouthed and soft-handed to the Papists that it occasions their insolence. I think it is fitting that all Papists should resort to their own dwellings, and not depart without licences from the next Justices; and another thing that all those of that religion bring all their fire-arms in, unless for the necessary defence of their houses, to officers appointed. I would not imitate their cruelty. I would let them have their religion in their private houses—but no harbouring of priests or Jesuits. And if any Papist have a hand in firing houses, he should be compelled to help to rebuild them.' * * * Holding an office at the pleasure of the Crown, but not being a member of the Cabinet, the old patriot showed his independence by occasionally censuring the conduct of the Government. He was particularly severe against the administration of the navy. 'I hear,' said he, 'there are young men put to command ships that never were at sea before, because they are well affected to the present settlement. The question used to be *Is he a godly man?* and he was employed. I asked them, Can a godly man, because he is godly, make a watch or a pair of boots?' "

In old age, he became bolder and more independent in politics. It is amusing to find the question of "Church accomodation" in those days exactly on the ground that it stood but the other year with ourselves. Lord Campbell remarks:—"Beyond the precincts of the law, Maynard's vision was very contracted. Along with wiser men, who lived in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, he had a great dread of the increasing size of the metropolis. He was alarmed by the town being extended so far to the west as St. Giles's; and he warmly supported a bill, which was rejected, to 'prevent further building in London or the neighbourhood.' 'This building,' he said, pathetically, 'is the ruin of the gentry, and ruin of religion, leaving so many good people without churches to go to. This enlarging of London makes it filled with lacqueys and pages. In St. Giles's parish, scarce the fifth part can come to church, and we shall have no religion at last.'" Some amusing and characteristic anecdotes are related of this true black-letter lawyer, who, by caution and consistency, maintained a fair reputation among all parties, after a public life of half a century.

The brief life of Trevor can be of little interest to any one. A good Equity Judge, a corrupt and jobbing politician, and a sordid miser—what more need be said of *him*? His successor was Lord SOMERS, the glory, and we may almost say, the founder of the Whig party; and to the biography of this eminent person, Lord Campbell addresses himself, with the zeal and reverence which might be expected from another eminent Whig lawyer and lover of letters.

Lord Somers, whom party spite loved to represent as sprung from the dregs of the people, belonged to a family who, in Gloucestershire, had long had a hold on the soil. They held another property in Worcestershire, "The White Ladies," a despoiled nunnery, and a place of some note in English annals. The Chancellor's father practised successfully as a country solicitor; but in the time of the troubles, Attorney Somers sided with the Parliament, raised a troop, and became Captain Somers. His distinguished son was born at the White Ladies, in 1649; went to the College School of Worcester, and was admitted at Trinity College, Oxford, where his residence was short, as while still very young he mounted a desk in his father's office, much against his inclination. "But," says his admiring biographer, "idleness could never be imputed to him; nor did he now cross his father's soul by penning a stanza when he should engross; for it was not till some years after, that, initiated by the young Earl of Shrewsbury, by whose introduction he afterwards drank champagne with the wits, he first displayed his poetical vein." The restoration arrived, but the elder Somers obtained a pardon under the Great Seal, carried on a flourishing business, and presided over a truly patriarchal establishment at the White Ladies, a house that would have accommodated five hun-

dred men. The mode of life is curious as a relic of the age, and as rare even then. It is the beau-ideal of the social system.

"The mansion was inhabited by several other families, connected by blood and marriage; and they consorted in a style of which it is now difficult to give or to form an idea. Their mornings were employed by each in their respective occupations;—the culture of a large farm—the clothing trade, then in a flourishing state—the producing and manufacturing teasels, woad, madder, and all dyeing materials—the making of bricks and tiles in immense quantities, to supply the demand occasioned by rebuilding the ruined city and suburbs. The labours of the day over, they repaired for refreshment to one common table, in the great hall of the old nunnery, where seldom fewer than twenty or thirty relations and friends of the families assembled daily, and spent their evenings in the utmost cheerfulness and conviviality. The products of the farm, the supplies of fish and game, and viands of every kind, received constantly from their country connexions, furnished their table with abundant plenty, and entitled such contributors to a place at it without ceremony or reserve. The annual slaughter of two brawns marked the festivity of Christmas."

Somers was entered at the Middle Temple, and patronised by the young Earl of Shrewsbury, whose estates had been managed by his father. Introduced by the Earl to men of letters and statesmen, Somers felt the deficiencies of his education, and, at twenty-four, voluntarily returned to Oxford, where he remained for some time an assidnous student. He appears to have had the ambition of universal accomplishment. He studied the modern languages, and the art of English composition, and politics as a science. He soon became the associate of all the leading Whigs, and a distinguished politician and political writer. Lord Campbell expatiates with evident delight upon the character and literary performances of the great Whig Chancellor and statesman. He dwells fondly upon every step of his career—the unimportant, and those of the last importance, to constitutional freedom. Somers was, in brief, the author of the "Revolution Settlement," that Whig Palladium; nor can too much merit be ascribed to his sagacity, foresight, and firmness at one of the most momentous periods of English history. But Lord Campbell admits, that in bringing the sovereign authority and privileges within proper bounds, he sometimes attempted to push those of Parliament too far. Our limits will not permit even the briefest notice of half this great statesman's career. His "greatest glory" his biographer considers his patronage of Addison and Steele. With Lord Campbell, the patronage of poets and men of letters makes a Chancellor as famous as ever was the Knight of old, who freely dealt forth largesses to the bards and minstrels. Thus obscure Chancellors—those who "died without their fame"—have themselves only to blame for lacking immortality:—

"They had no poet—and they died."

Even Thurlow is redeemed by having once given money to Crabbe, when a friendless, unknown, young poet; and having, though he neglected his early and illustrious friend, Cowper, been kind to Johnson.

The remainder of the biography of Somers, like that of Clarendon, is mainly public history in another shape. We take leave of it with this extract, which modern statesmen may ponder; nor need Lord John Russell nor Earl Grey be here eclipsed by Sir Robert Peel, unless it so please them.

"With us it is a national reproach that authorship has rather been despised and discountenanced by the great, and it has been deemed somewhat discreditable for a man to earn his bread, or to rise into celebrity, by his pen. A successful lawyer, or a Parliamentary debater, may overcome all the disadvantages of an obscure origin, or of early poverty, but no degree of mere literary eminence leads to political promotion. In subsequent times Addison would not have risen to a post of higher distinction than that of editor of a journal. But although he could not open his mouth in Parliament, Somers and Montague justly appreciated his inimitable powers as a writer, and being courted and caressed by them and the other leaders of the Whig party, he became chief Secretary to the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, a Privy Councillor, and Secretary of State. The fashion which they set was adopted by Harley and the Tories. Swift was received at the table of the Lord Treasurer with as much distinction as if he had been decorated with the Garter, and Prior was employed as an ambassador to negotiate the peace of Utrecht. Lord Somers was ever eager to do homage to established literary reputation, and to discover rising genius. When Pope, 'lisping in numbers,' gave his boyish compositions to the world,

'The courtly Talbot, Somers, Sheffield read.'"

In his own age, Somers was so tolerant as to have laid himself open to the easily-made charge of indifference to all religion; and his discouragement of the extravagant pretensions of the clergy drew on him the obloquy of infidelity, though Lord Campbell considers him to have been a sincere believer in the great truths of revealed religion. And, if he were reckoned too tolerant in the 17th century, it can be said in the 19th—

"The most curious consideration, in looking back to those times, is, that, from a general feeling among English Protestants, with respect to Roman Catholics,—resembling that which now prevails in the United States of America, among the whites, with respect to the negroes,—the authors of such measures had no consciousness themselves of doing anything wrong, and did not at all thereby injure their character for liberality with the great body of their countrymen. We can only lament that Lord Somers was not, on this subject, in advance of his age. Such contemplations should make us alarmed lest some laws and practices, which seem to us very harmless, may be reprobated by our posterity."

Many scandalous stories were circulated, by party malice or policy, against this great man; and Lord Campbell always considers it a duty to refute such tales, whether he considers them worthy of credit or not. Somers was one of the few chancellors who were not eager to amass wealth. He acquired a high reputation in his own time, and posterity has confirmed it.

Lord Keeper Wright may be passed as one of the illustrious obscure. And, for his successor, Lord Cowper, so great a mass of materials has been obtained from the Cowper family, in letters and diaries, that we have more personal and private history than the importance of this respectable but not remarkably bright public character required.

The correspondence and diaries of the second Lady Cowper, a woman of wit and spirit, form, to general readers, the most agreeable part of this

biography. The State trials which arose out of the abortive attempt of the Stuarts, in what is familiarly, in Scotland, called "Mar's Year," or 1715, are thus noticed by her, in reference to Lord Cowper passing sentence upon the "Rebel Lords" implicated in the Earl of Mar's mad enterprise :—

"'Feb. 9th, the day of the trials.—My Lord was named Lord High Steward, by the King—to his vexation and mine; but it could not be helped, and so we must submit, though we both wished heartily it had been the Earl of Nottingham. The form of the attendance was this from hence :—the servants had all new liveries; ten footmen; four coaches with two horses, and one with six; eighteen gentlemen out of livery, and Garter-at-Arms and Usher of the Black Rod in the same coach—Garter carrying the wand. I was told it was customary to make fine liveries on this occasion, but had them all plain. I think it very wrong to make a parade upon so dismal an occasion as that of putting to death one's fellow-creatures, nor could I go to the trial to see them receive their sentences, having a relation among them—my Lord Widdrington. The Prince was there, and came home much touched with compassion for them. What pity it is that such cruelties should be necessary!'"

Of her husband's speech on this memorable occasion, Lady Cowper afterwards says :—

"'I am delighted beyond measure to hear my Lord's speech (at the pronouncing sentence) so commended by everybody, but I esteem nobody's commendation like Dr. Clarke's, who says, '*'Tis superlatively good, and that it is impossible to add or diminish one letter without hurting it.*' Horace Walpole thus amusingly alludes to the recollection of Lord Cowper's eloquence on this occasion:—'After the second Scotch rebellion Lord Hardwicke presided at the trial of the rebel Lords. Somebody said to Sir Charles Wyndham—'Oh, you don't think Lord Hardwicke's speech good, because you heard Lord Cowper's.' 'No,' he replied, 'but I do think it tolerable, because I heard Serjeant Skinner's.' [Lord Campbell subjoins] I have often been tickled by George I.'s quaint saying, when he heard how Lord Nithsdale had escaped:—'It was the very best thing a man in his condition could have done.' The entry in Lady Cowper's diary is very amiable:—'It's confirmed that Lord Nithsdale is escaped. I hope he'll get clear off. I never was better pleased at anything in my life, and I believe everybody is the same.'"

When the quarrel between George I. and the Prince of Wales grew violent, Lord Cowper, looking forward to the rising sun, attached himself, though not openly, to the Prince; and Lady Cowper, being, at this time, in the household of the Princess, and a great favourite, the suspicions of the King were drawn upon her husband, and paved the way for his downfall. Lady Cowper's diary, illustrating, and Lord Campbell's text in referring to, the intrigues of this period, present a complete picture of court and official life; of pitiful plottings and counter-plottings; and the vacillation, and extreme reluctance, under all circumstances, with which a great minister resigns office :—

"In October, 1715, she says, 'They had done a world of things to force Lord Cowper to quit, who was their superior in everything, because they were afraid of his honesty and plain dealing.' . . . 'My Lord was visited by the Duke of Somerset, who repeated all the conversation he had with Lord Townshend upon his dismission. Lord Townshend came to the Duke of Somerset, and, with a sorrowful air, told him he was sorry to tell him that the King had sent him to tell his Grace that he had no farther occasion for his services. The Duke of Somerset said, *Pray, my Lord, what is the reason of it?* Lord Townshend answers *he did not know. Then*, says the Duke of Somerset, *by G—, my Lord, you lie; you know that the King puts me out for no other cause but for the lies which you, and such as you, have invented and told of me.* . . . Lord Cowper had advised the Cabinet Council against this step, so they did not acquaint him with it when it was done.' . . . 'My Lord fell ill again the Saturday following, and continued so a great while, which occasioned a report that he was going out of his place. Some said he had not health to keep in; others, more truly, said the Lords of the Cabinet Council were jealous of his great reputation, and had a mind to have him out, so were resolved to weary him out of it; which last was very true, for they had resolved among themselves, without acquainting Baron Bernstorff with it, to put my Lord Chief Justice Parker into his place.' . . . 'I kept house all this time, and saw nobody, and had enough to do to keep my Lord Keeper from giving up, and I'm sure the disputes and arguments we had upon that subject were wholly the occasion of his staying in, and it was at least three weeks before I could prevail.' . . . 'My Lord Cowper is so ill that he has a mind to quit office. I have made a resolution never to press him more to keep his place.'—'15th. My Lord mighty ill, and still had a mind to quit office. I told him I never would oppose any thing he had a mind to do, and after arguing calmly upon the matter, I offered him, if it would be any pleasure done him, to retire with him into the country, and quit too, and what was more, never to repine at doing it, though it was the greatest sacrifice that could be made him. I believe he will accept it.'—'16th. My Lord still ill. Mr. Woodford wishes I should let him hint to old Mr. Craggs that my Lord Keeper's office was too hard for him, and mention the former offer, that, if my Lord was weary, he might be Privy Seal, and that my Lord Chief Justice Parker would come into my Lord Cowper's place.'—'17th. My Lord better, and not so much of quitting.—'18th. My Lord better, to my great joy. *No talk of quitting to-day, though I fairly laid it in his way.*'"

This hitch was got over, and Lord Cowper retained the Seals and did the State good service for three years afterwards. After he had resigned, or been forced to resign, he divided his time between his seat in the country and his public duties as a Peer; while his lady still retained her appointment and influence with the Princess of Wales.

Among the many charges which party malice brought against Lord Cowper, was being married to two wives, which gained him the nickname of "Will. Bigamy." Lord Campbell takes pains to refute a charge which might have been left to Lady Cowper's diaries, and the private correspondence of the husband with his *one* affectionate and very clever wife, to whom he was devotedly attached.

The life of the Tory Chancellor, Lord Harcourt, the successor of Cowper, is chiefly interesting, as it permits the reader to see the other side of the question, and the characters that performed the principal parts among the Tories or Jacobites, and also the literary men of that party, of whom Harcourt was the munificent patron. He was of a very ancient and distinguished Saxon family. Lord Campbell, who has great faith in the uses of adversity, and in every young lawyer being left to fight his own unaided way to fortune and fame, records the eminent success of Cowper, the son of a baronet, and of Lord Harcourt, as exceptions to his general rule.

We find nothing in the life of Harcourt of more interest than the account of De Foe, sent to the pillory by him, as Attorney-General, for the publication of "The shortest way with the Dissenters," a seditious and "blasphemous libel." This libel was called forth by the afterwards notorious sermons of Sacheverell; and we cannot do better

than quote **Lord Campbell's account of the whole affair.**

"Sacheverell, beginning to preach the course of sermons which at last brought him into such notoriety, had lately, with great applause, announced from the pulpit to the enlightened University of Oxford, that the priest could not be a true son of the Church who did not hang out 'the bloody flag and banner of defiance' against all who questioned her doctrines or her discipline. This discourse being hawked about in the streets for twopence, was very generally read, and was making a very deep impression on the public mind. The celebrated Daniel De Foe, one of the greatest literary geniuses the island of Great Britain has ever produced, at this period of his checkered career, carrying on a prosperous trade and keeping his coach, was roused by the love of civil and religious liberty, which ever burned in his bosom, and saying that 'he would make an effort to stay the plague,' wrote and published anonymously his celebrated tract entitled 'The shortest way with the Dissenters.' It affected to personate the opinions and style of the most furious of the ultra High Churchmen, and to set forth, with perfect gravity and earnestness, the extreme of the ferocious intolerance to which their views and wishes tended. A finer specimen of serious irony is not to be found in our language, and it may be placed by the side of Swift's 'Argument against the Abolition of Christianity,' . . . Such was the existing state of society, that for some time both sides were taken in. Timid nonconformists were struck with the dread of coming persecution; valorous supporters of the Divine obligation of imposing episcopacy on all Christians loudly shouted applause. A Cambridge fellow wrote to thank his London bookseller for sending down such an excellent treatise, which was considered in the combination rooms there, next after the Holy Bible and the Church Liturgy, the most valuable book ever printed! But when the hoax was discovered, both parties were equally in a rage against the unlucky author; and when his name was discovered, there was a general cry that he should be pilloried. In this the Presbyterian fanatics joined, because they owed him a grudge for having on former occasions ventured to laugh at some of their absurdities. They pretended to say that such a pamphlet was a scurrilous irreverence to religion and authority, and they would have none of it. Nay, a puritanical colonel said, 'he'd undertake to be hangman rather than the author should want a pass out of the world.'"

The prosecution was commenced; and a verdict was obtained by craft and quibble. The Jury, being restricted in the exercise of those rights and functions, which give to Trial by Jury all its constitutional value, found the fact of publication proved; and judgment being craved by Harcourt, the Judges gave forth the law and sentence.

"Mr. Attorney-General instantly prayed judgment, and the judges who, happily for them, are forgotten, sentenced him whose name will be remembered with affection as long as our nation or language remains, 'to pay a fine of 200 marks, to be imprisoned *during the Queen's pleasure*, to stand three times in the pillory, and to find sureties for his good behaviour for seven years.' He returned to his cell in the firm belief that he was forthwith to be pardoned and liberated; but he was told, the next day, that he must prepare to undergo his punishment. Undismayed, he sat down, and composed his most felicitous poetical effusion, entitled, 'A Hymn to the Pillory,' with a view to be revenged of his prosecutors. The following stanza is evidently aimed at the Attorney-General, whom he suspected, however unjustly, of having deceived him:—

> 'Tell them, the men that placed him here,
> Are scandals to the times;
> *Are at a loss to find his guilt,*
> *And can't commit his crimes.*'

This was published, and sold in thousands the day he stood in the pillory before the Royal Exchange; and it was in everybody's mouth the two following days, when he stood in the pillory in Cheapside and at Temple Bar. The mob drank the health of De Foe, and cursed the Attorney-General. The culprit was pelted with roses, and covered with garlands. 'The people were expected to treat me very ill,' he tells us, 'but it was not so. On the contrary, they wished those who had set me there placed in my room, and expressed their affections by loud shouts and acclamations when I was taken down.' There was no foundation for the report that his ears were cut off. . . . I have been reluctantly obliged to mention this prosecution, and to censure Harcourt's share in it, but we must chiefly blame the spirit of the age in which he lived, and we should remember in mitigation that more than a century afterwards, and in our own generation, sentence of the pillory was pronounced upon Leigh Hunt, a poet admired by many, and on Lord Cochrane, admitted by all to be one of the most gallant and skilful officers who ever adorned the naval service of England, neither of whom had committed any offence deserving punishment."

We have, after all, no very great reason to exult in the progress of civil government from the era of Queen Anne to that of William IV.

The Tory and Jacobite Chancellor, Harcourt, was in his tastes and habits more like the munificent Wolsey than the greater number of the money-hoarding and parsimonious persons who have held the Great Seal; as, for example, his immediate successor, Thomas Parker, Lord Macclesfield, who fought his way from the attorney his father's office, in Leake in Staffordshire, to the woolsack, from which he was precipitated on evidence of the most gross and open corruption in the sale of offices. It probably did not help the impeached Chancellor when on trial by his Peers, "that noble lords" might not consider the country attorney's son *their* peer. The remaining consolation of Macclesfield was the large fortune that remained to him after his fine of £30,000 had been paid. Lord Campbell conjectures that his old age must have been listless and cheerless, and that he may have regretted that he ever left his original profession of an attorney; and thus, with some *naïveté* he moralises on the ex-chancellor's life and death; his last illness, and "his pious end."

"In this state of listless existence Lord Macclesfield languished nearly seven years. At last, on the 28th day of April, 1732, he was relieved from his sad reflections on the sale of masterships, and from the wretchedness of non-official life. While at his son's house in Soho Square he had a severe access of strangury—a complaint from which he had before often suffered, but which was now so violent and painful that he was immediately impressed with the conviction that it would prove mortal. His mind being weakened to superstition, he foretold that 'as his mother had died of that disease on the eighth day, he should do the same.' On the morning of the eighth day he declared that he felt himself 'drowning inwardly, and dying from the feet upwards.' He is said to have received, in a very exemplary manner, the consolations of religion, and to have taken leave of his family and household with the same calm cheerfulness as if he had been setting out upon a journey with the prospect of a speedy re-union with those he loved. A little before midnight, being informed that the physician was gone, he said faintly 'and I am going also, but I will close my eyelids myself.' He did so, and breathed no more. Thus, in the sixty-sixth year of his age, he piously closed a career long eminently prosperous—at last deeply disastrous. Who can tell whether he would have made so good an end if cut off without having experienced any reverse?

> —'to add greater honours to his age
> Than man could give him, he died fearing God.'"

Macclesfield's successor, Lord King, the founder of a noble family, as so many English chancellors have been, was a man of very different character. He was the son of a grocer in Exeter, a man of respectable character, and a Presbyterian, who had married the sister of the philosopher, John Locke. His son, Peter King, was for some years "in the shop," but the strong inclination which he displayed for reading induced his uncle to send the youth to the University of Leyden, whom neither Oxford nor Cambridge, by their constitutions, could have received. Law was ultimately chosen as his future profession, and he was distinguished, if not by brilliant talents, by great industry and unblemished virtue. Locke appears to have taken a constant and hearty interest in the studies and prospects of his young kinsman; and his letters addressed to his "cousin" form a delightful feature in the Life. As a necessary step in his progress, and also for great public ends, the philosopher had wished to see the young barrister in the House of Commons; and, fairly in the House, he thus wisely cautioned and congratulated him on his maiden speech:—

"Feb. 29th, 1702.

"Dear Cousin,—I am very glad the ice is broke, and that it has succeeded so well; but now you have showed the House that you can speak, I advise you to let them see you can hold your peace, and let nothing but some point of law, which you are perfectly clear in, or the utmost necessity call you up again."

King, from this time, wisely attended much more to law than politics and made rapid advances in his profession. In intervals of leisure he visited his aged uncle at Oates, repaying by almost filial devotion the attention and kindness bestowed upon his education by the venerable friend who had been to him more than a father.

The lawyer, now thirty-four, and at the head of his profession, was engaged to be married to a young lady of "sense and wit," but even this tender engagement did not prevent him from obeying this pathetic summons from his dying uncle:—

"June 1st, 1704.

"I remember it is the end of a term, a busy time with you, and you intend to be here speedily, which is better than writing at a distance. Pray, be sure to order your matters so as to spend all the next week with me; as far as I can impartially guess, it will be the last week I am ever like to have with you; for, if I mistake not, I have very little time left in the world. This comfortable, and to me usually restorative, season of the year, has no effect upon me for the better: on the contrary, all appearances concur to warn me that the dissolution of this cottage is not far off. Refuse not, therefore, to help me to pass some of the last hours of my life as easily as may be, in the conversation of one who is not only the nearest but the dearest to me of any man in the world. I have a great many things to talk with you, which I can talk to nobody else about. I, therefore, desire you again deny not this to my affection. I know nothing at such a time so desirable and so useful as the conversation of a friend one loves and relies on."

His visit in June helped to restore the old man to temporary health, and in the following September Locke, considerably revived, was able to ongratulate the bride and bridegroom.——Let us o to Locke all the ennobling titles that Lord Campbell delights to heap upon the venerable philosopher.

"He could not move from home, but he insisted on an immediate visit from the new-married pair; and on their wedding day thus wrote the author of the Essay on the Human Understanding, the Analysis of the Principles of Free Government, the Apostle of Toleration, the first intelligent advocate of useful Education, the founder of Free Trade in England:—

'Oates, 16th Sept., —04.

'Dear Cousin,—I am just rose from dinner, where the bride and bridegroom's health was heartily drank, again and again, with wishes that this day may be the beginning of a very happy life to them both. We hope we have hit the time right; if not, it is your fault who have misled us. I desire you to bring me down twenty guineas. The wooden stand-dish, and the Turkish travels of the Exeter man, I know you will not forget. But there are other things of more importance on this occasion, which you ought not to omit, viz.:—4 dried neat's tongues. 12 Partridges that are fresh and will bear the carriage, and will keep a day after they are here. 4 pheasants. The same I said of the partridges the same I say of the pheasants. 4 Turkey poults ready larded, if they be not out of season. 4 fresh auburn rabbits, if they are to be got. Plovers or woodcocks, or snipes, or whatever else is good to be got at the poulterer's, except ordinary tame fowls. 12 Chichester male lobsters, if they can be got alive—if not 6 dead ones that are sweet. 2 large crabs that are fresh. Crawfish and prawns, if they are to be got. A double barrel of the best Colchester oysters. I have writ to John Gray to offer you his service. He was bred up in my old Lord Shaftesbury's kitchen, and was my Lady Dowager's cook. I got him to be messenger to the Council of Trade and Plantations, and have often employed him when I have had occasion in matters of this nature, when I have found him diligent and useful. I desire you also to lay out between twenty and thirty shillings in dried sweetmeats of several kinds, such as some woman skilful in those matters shall choose as fine and fashionable (excepting orange and lemon peel candied, of which we are provided). Let them be good of the kind, and do not be sparing in the cost, but rather exceed 30 shillings. These things you must take care to bring down with you, that I may, on this short warning, have something to entertain your friends, and may not be out of countenance while they are here. If there be any thing that you can find your wife loves, be sure that provision be made of that and plentifully, whether I have mentioned it or no. Pray, let there be a pound of pistachios, and some China oranges, if there be any come in.'

Philosophers, it appears, can take some care for sublunary matters, especially where their affections are interested. Locke wished to present a set of toilet plate to his fair cousin as his wedding gift, and he hoped that John Gray would be able to prepare a dinner worthy of the joyous occasion.

"John Gray performed his part to admiration, showing that he had served under a great master in the *sçavoir vivre*. The philosopher himself could taste little beyond a crust of bread and a cup of water; but he was the most cheerful of the party, and felt true happiness in making others happy. The wedding-party had scarcely left him, when the cold weather returning, his asthma and his other complaints were worse than they had ever been, and he knew that certainly his hour was come. But, in the consciousness of a well-spent life, and far more in a firm faith in the great truths of the Gospel, his serenity was unclouded. He had before executed his will, leaving King the bulk of his property; and now he wrote to him the following letter, more fully to explain his wishes, and to bid him a farewell."

Locke's farewell letter to his nephew is worthy of his character, and of his "firm faith." He writes:—

"'Oates, 4th Oct., 170[illegible]

"'That you will faithfully execute all that you find

my will I cannot doubt, my dear cousin; nor can I less depend upon your following my directions, and complying with my desires in things not fit to be put into so solemn and public a writing.

"'You will find, amongst my papers, several subjects proposed to my thoughts, which are very little more than extempore views, laid down in sudden and imperfect drafts, which, though intended to be revised, and farther looked into afterwards, yet, by the intervention of business, or preferable inquiries, happened to be thrust aside, and so lay neglected, and sometimes quite forgotten. Some of them, indeed, did engage my thoughts at such a time of leisure, and in such a temper of mind, that I laid them not wholly by upon the first interruption, but took them in hand again as occasion served, and went on, in pursuance of my first design, till I had satisfied myself in the inquiry I at first proposed. Of this kind is, 1—My discourse 'Of seeing all things in God;' 2—My discourse 'Of Miracles;' 3—My 'Conduct of the Understanding;' 4—Papers inscribed, 'Physica;' 5—My 'Commentaries on the Epistle of St. Paul.'" (After directions respecting their publication, the management of his affairs, and the payment of his legacies, he concludes in a tone of great tenderness:)—'Remember, it is my earnest request to you, to take care of the youngest son of Sir Francis and Lady Masham, in all his concerns, as if he were your brother. He has never failed to pay me all the respect, and do me all the good offices he was capable of performing, with all manner of cheerfulness and delight; so that I cannot acknowledge it too much. I must, therefore, desire you, and leave it as a charge upon you, to help me to do it when I am gone. Take care to make him a good, an honest, and an upright man. I have left my directions with him to follow your advice, and I know he will do it, for he never refused to do what I told him was fit. If he had been my own son, he could not have been more careful to please and observe me. I wish you all manner of prosperity in this world, and the everlasting happiness of the world to come. That I loved you, I think you are convinced. God send us a happy meeting in the resurrection of the just! Adieu!

'JOHN LOCKE.'"

Lord Campbell rightly pronounces this relationship more honourable to the future Chancellor than "to have been the son of a Duke, or a Knight of the Garter."

Lord Chancellor King, steadfast to liberal principles, and unblemished in public as in private life, held the Seals for eight years, and only resigned "the bauble" from impaired health, and, with little regret: he died soon afterwards. Of his four sons little is said, except that in another generation, the talent of the founder of the family broke forth with increased lustre. The late Lord King—not more remarkable for wit, eloquence, and every quality that attracts affection, than for that clear and penetrating understanding which placed him so far in advance of his age, and of nearly every individual among his Whig contemporaries—was the grandson of the youngest of the Chancellor's sons. Lord Campbell says, very naturally and kindly, "the Chancellor is now represented in the direct male line by the Earl of Lovelace, whom I rejoice to see deservedly raised to the peerage, but whom, from my regard for the memory of old Sir Peter, I should have been still better pleased to have hailed as Earl King."

The life of the next Chancellor, Lord Talbot, is not one of pre-eminent interest, though he was, as a private character, far above the average of state dignitaries.

Hardwicke's biography—that of an able, unscrupulous, and lucky adventurer, in search of honours and wealth, presents more attraction. Like Macclesfield, Philip Yorke was the son of a country attorney, and "thus to the manner born." He never was at any school, save a private one kept by a dissenter; nor at any university. But he was, as his biographer states, a "cute lad," and at fourteen, in spite of the remonstrances of his presbyterian mother, who wished him bred to some "honester trade," Philip was sent to his father's agent in London, who received him as an articled clerk, and, as a favour, without a fee. His assiduity and steadiness were unparalleled; and he contrived to please his mistress as well as he did his master, for the obliging Master Philip, afterwards the arrogant and haughty Lord Chancellor of England, did not hesitate to run her errands, and even to fetch home little articles for her housekeeping, from Covent Garden market. Wanting the usual advantages of education, he took to cultivating English composition, an accomplishment in which great lawyers are often exceedingly deficient; and it must have had important consequences on his future tastes, that Steele, having been either lazy or hard run for an article one morning, brought out a letter, dropt into the *Spectator's* Lion's head, which was the veritable composition of Philip Yorke, alias *Philip Homebred*. It is no great things in any view, and Lord Campbell is certainly right when he says—

"Had he taken to literature as a trade, he would have had poor encouragement from Lintot and Cave, and he would hardly have risen to the distinction of being one of the heroes of the Dunciad. I fear me it will be said that a great lawyer is made *ex quovis ligno*, and that he who would starve in Grub Street from dullness—if he takes to Westminster Hall—may become 'the most illustrious of Chancellors.' * * * He wisely adhered to juridical studies, and laboured more and more assiduously to qualify himself for his profession."

But the indifferent essayist became one of the most eminent Equity judges that England ever possessed, so that his Chancellorship was termed "the Golden Age of Equity." He swept away and kept down arrears with a vigorous arm, and pronounced many sound judgments in important questions, affecting extensive legal rights. This must be set against that fearful addition to the severity of the penal code which originated with Hardwicke, who made many felonies capital which had till then been only transportable offences; and among the number, forgery. "But," adds Lord Campbell, to whom belongs the honourable distinction of being an ardent reformer of the penal law, "this bloody code did not reach its full measure of atrocity till towards the close of the reign of George III., when it was defended and eulogized by Lord Eldon." What bad law did that learned Lord not eulogize?

Hardwicke, now Lord Chancellor, and, in his own idea, a great statesman, sought to gratify the court, or the Queen, by his extreme zeal, against the citizens of Edinburgh, for the hanging of Porteous. His bill went to repealing the city charter, razing the city gates, and abolishing the city guard. All this we notice to introduce Lord

Campbell's very characteristic remark—"I cannot justify the manner in which Captain Porteous came to his end—but no true Scotsman can sincerely regret it."

Few anecdotes and no *mots* enliven the biography of Lord Hardwicke. He married a clever young widow, who managed his household as frugally as Lady Eldon did that of her Chancellor, and obtained as great a reputation for stinginess. The lady herself averred that if her husband ever by chance brought with him an ambassador, or person of high rank, he "never found a dinner or supper to be ashamed of;" which John, Earl of Eldon, we apprehend, could not always have done. We quote Lord Campbell's exoneration of the lady, for the sake of the memorable relic which her thrift and good taste preserved—

"His marriage with the young widow turned out most auspiciously. They continued to old age tenderly attached to each other. She contributed not only to his happiness but to his greatness. 'She often humorously laid claim (as she had good right to do) to so much of the merit of Lord Hardwicke's being a good Chancellor, in that his thoughts and attention were never taken from the business of the court by the private concerns of his family—the care of which, the management of his money matters, the settling all accounts with stewards and others, and above all the education of his children, had been wholly her department or concern, without any interposition of his, farther than implicit acquiescence and entire approbation.' She was supposed to be very stingy, and foolish stories were circulated to annoy her; but 'she would often smile at hearing of *the cold chine being turned and found bare*, of the *potted sawdust to represent lamprey*, and *of the want of Dr. Mead's kitchen to be added to Powis House*; and only observe that, uncertain as was the time of the Lord Chancellor's dining, and the company that would attend him, yet if it should happen that he brought with him an ambassador or person of the highest rank, he never found a dinner or supper to be ashamed of.' We may judge of the malicious turn given to her domestic arrangements, however deserving of praise, by the charge against her of stealing the purse in which the great Seal was kept to make a counterpane. The truth is, that this purse—highly decorated with the Royal Arms and other devices—by ancient custom, is annually renewed, and is the perquisite of the Lord Chancellor for the time being, if he chooses to claim it."

Of the seven children of Lord and Lady Hardwicke, five were sons; but the interest of posterity centres wholly in the second son, the "accomplished, high-spirited," and ill-fated Charles Yorke, who, for a few days, was trepanned into holding the Great Seal, to the betrayal of his honour and principles; and who died, too probably by his own hand, the regretted victim of a momentary weakness, where other Lord Chancellors would have brazened out their disgrace and triumphed in it.

(*To be continued.*)

ST. MARY MAGDALENE.

By Mrs. Acton Tindal.

Non Turba, non vetat Crucis,
Mortisque dirse scandalum
Inter furentes, quærere
Signo peremptum, milites—
Tu prima Testis!

Hymnus Ecclesiæ S. Mariæ Magdalenes.

Poor penitent of Bethany!
The fame hath spread of thee
To the earth's utmost bound—where'er
To Jesu bends the knee;
Thy long repentance, quenchless love,
Thy sins by God forgiven,
Endear thee to each Saint on earth,
And angel bands in Heaven.

Mary! in that last darksome hour
Of agony and scorn,
When the stout-hearted and the bold
Denied their God forlorn—
Strong in thy deep humility,
Last at the cross was't thou,
Gazing in adoration rapt
Upon the thorn-crowned brow!

Mary! first by the sepulchre
Thou wast at early dawn,
Faith's mighty jubilee to keep,
Hope's resurrection morn!

Laden with India's fragrant spice,
'Twas all thou had'st to bring,
An offering at the lowly shrine
Of thy mocked God and King.

Mary! the painters picture well
That wan sweet face of thine,
The scattered hair, the upraised eyes,
That softly tearful shine—
As though thine oft-repented sins
Yet lived in memory's sight,
And cast a chastening shadow o'er
Thy faith's triumphant light.

Mary! full oft on history's page
A woman's name hath stood,
As victor, queen, or martyr-saint—
A glorious sisterhood!
And none more brightly shines than thine
Amid the loved of Heaven—
The land-mark of the lost, that tells
Of hope, and sin forgiven.

WOMAN'S MORN, NOON, AND EVENING.

BY GOODWIN BARMBY.

It was the dewy morning of the world;
It was the spring-tide of the human race;
A golden-ringed and spotted snake was curled
Around an infant's neck in fond embrace;
The full-maned lion lay beside the lamb:
A tawny, fire-eyed panther in green bowers
Was to a milk-white fawn the foster dam;
And woman gathered Eden's odorous flowers.

It was the scorching noon-tide of our star—
Hot tropic summer suns oppressed the earth;
The beams of chivalry, like lances, far
Gleamed on a battle plain of woe and dearth;
The knight lay gasping through his steel-barred helm,
The squire lay white in death and stern in pride,
The king had fled his saddle and his realm,
But woman watched her true-love knight beside.

It was the purple evening of the world—
At evening time there shall be blessed light—
War's blood-red banner by fair peace was furled,
And brotherhood's clasped hands with rings were bright;
Men's homes were beautiful, and rich and high,
And earth was blooming through her grassy leas,
And over all there was a solemn sky,
And woman sat with children on her knees.

IRELAND AND HER PRESENT NECESSITIES.

BY JOHN O'CONNELL, M.P.

THE objections to an extension over Ireland of Tenant-right—that is to say, those objections which have even the appearance of validity—are principally as follows:—

First, That it would not be a relief to the cottier tenantry, but might, in fact, rather increase the power which mesne tenants—that is to say, in plain English, the farmers—have at present over the class first named, and which they are (not without some justice) charged with abusing.

Second, That there is nothing in the Tenant-right to prevent the landlord from so increasing his rent as to destroy the market value of the holding, by frightening off those who would purchase.

Third, The formal, and yet to a certain extent the substantial, difficulty of how and when first to set the system agoing in localities where nothing of the kind has yet been known.

The objections to the other propositions for improving the relation between landlord and tenant must also be stated, as a settlement is scarcely to be hoped for, save upon a balance of difficulties attending the various remedial schemes proposed.

To what is commonly called the "Compensation for improvement" scheme, the following is objected:—

First, The difficulty in agreeing as to what *are* improvements.

Second, In fixing what should rightfully be the landlord's share of the profit on the improvements, and what should be the tenant's.

Third, In arranging the means of adjudicating or arbitrating between landlord and tenant upon these points.

One other proposition is put forward occasionally as a separate scheme, and occasionally as merely a portion of either of the schemes we have been noticing—we speak of the suggested restriction of the power to recover rent to cases where there is a lease, the duration of that lease to be, at any rate, above twenty years.

We need not delay on this very fair-seeming proposition, as there is plainly not enough of comprehensiveness about it to cover the whole extent of the landlord and tenant difficulty in Ireland, while neither is there anything to prevent its being made an incident or adjunct to the measure finally adopted for that purpose.

On a review of these plans, with their difficulties, a preference by parties who would otherwise incline to the Tenant-right, is sometimes given to the "compensation" scheme, for what certainly appears a very common-sense reason, viz., that the landlords of Ireland favour more the latter than the former, and therefore will less employ against its enactment the very considerable influence in the Legislature which they undeniably possess.

But, after all, the amount of assent they have *really* given to any scheme for tenant-compensation and tenant-encouragement is of very little practical value. The absurd intricacies of Lord Stanley's plan in 1845, and the equally absurd intricacies of Lord Lincoln's better-designed, but equally inefficient proposal of last session, did not even for the very moderate extent to which their proposers appeared to imagine they could work, carry with them the goodwill of the landlords—nay, they received a contemptuous toleration at their hands, only on account of their glaring and hopeless defects.

Something must be done to coerce the landlords, or else the Legislature will, by its conduct, proclaim to the world that the professions which have so loudly been made, of goodwill towards Ireland, and of a desire at length to apply a searching remedy to what has so well been called her "monster-misery," were words without substance—aggravating by insult the intolerable evils of her existing condition.

Men are not ordinarily found disposed to give up power of their own good will. The sad antipathies of sect and race which have rankled between landlord and tenant in Ireland must increase this indisposition on the part of the former to yield up any real amount of their present illimitable power over the latter. The Legislature, therefore, we repeat, *must*, to some extent, coerce the landlords.

If compulsion, then, is to be exercised upon the landlord, it should be that which has least doubt about it, of its ultimate benefit to himself. In the evidence on Tenant-right, the witnesses most adverse to that custom were compelled to confess that, under any circumstances, where that custom prevailed *the landlord was sure of his rent.* There was also an unexcepted testimony to the feelings of peace and security which grew up, and were maintained, wherever it existed. Such benefits as these are predicated from the "compensation" scheme, only after the very mystified, very complicated, and very vexed question, or questions, of the respective degrees of profit, and of the manner of adjudicating these profits, shall have been satisfactorily resolved.

There is no agreement, not to say universal, but even to any appreciable extent—there is nothing at all defined—upon these questions. Until such agreement and definition shall be come to, it is natural that we should look first to a system which has been tried, and where tried, has been found to work well for all.

The answers to the objection that the sub-tenants will not reap a benefit from Tenant-right (an objection, by the way, to which every plan yet proposed for settling the land quarrel in Ireland is equally liable) is simply, that that objection refers itself to a diseased state of society, curable only by measures of general policy, of which the plans for ameliorating the relations between landlord and tenant (important though that subject

is) must necessarily be subsidiary and subordinate parts.

If the farmers exercised tyranny over sub-tenants, it was owing to the same causes which enabled landlords to exercise tyranny over themselves, namely, that in the impoverished and exhausted condition of this country, the industrial classes have no other scope for their industry save upon the land.

Were manufactures and commerce flourishing in Ireland, the overflowings of industry would divert themselves into these channels—agriculture would be relieved of the excessive pressure of population upon it—and the competition for small holdings being thus naturally diminished, the temptations and opportunities for oppression of the farmer or cottier tenant respectively, would be correspondingly decreased.

Until the newly-opened resources of commercial and manufacturing employment shall have been sufficiently developed, a certain amount of interference with the absolute power of the farmer would be justifiable, inasmuch as the State having interfered for his benefit with the landlord, he, therefore, in *his* turn, should be compelled to recognise some species of Tenant-right in his sub-tenants.

Of course, if it be said that the great general measures of remedial policy to which we have alluded as certain to take the pressure of competition off the land, are not to be expected, our argument falls to the ground, but with it falls the entire framework of society and social order in Ireland.

To the second objection, namely, that the landlord can so increase the rent of a holding as to deprive the Tenant-right of its fair marketable value, the answer is:—

First, That the general practice has been that the landlord has *not* attempted this increase. But there is also evidence that, even where he has increased the rent, so great is the attraction of *security* which a recognised Tenant-right possesses for the peasant, that the marketable value does not by any means proportionably decrease. The fact is, that the landlord is ordinarily too anxious *to get his arrears*, which can only be paid him out of the purchase-money, to interfere much with the bargain made by the defaulting out-goer.

If the leaders of Parliamentary parties are to be at all credited, there is a general disposition to do *something*, at all events, towards facilitating and encouraging the granting and extending of leases; and this, together with the diminution which (from the before-mentioned general remedies) we anticipate in the present extravagant competition for land, will tend further to restrain the extreme exercise of the landlord's power.

The objection of the formal, and yet to a certain extent the substantial difficulty of how and when first to set the system agoing in localities where nothing of the kind has yet been known—is not without its difficulties; but still, we contend less in number and magnitude than those of any proposition for arbitration on a tenant's improvement.

If the Tenant-right system be acknowledged good and applicable, as we contend it to be, the only really important question is settled; and it would be absurd to suppose that the talent and ingenuity of the statesmen and lawyers of the country could not devise a means for bringing it speedily and safely into general operation.

Does any man who knows Ireland, and particularly who knows Ireland at the present anxious juncture, for a moment doubt of the beneficial effect, perhaps of the *saving* effect, which in the present disturbed state of the popular mind would result from an announcement, that from and after a certain not very remote day, any rent-payer of Ireland, when compelled or desirous to give up his holding, would be entitled to receive a sum of money equivalent (as in the North of Ireland at present) to ten, fifteen, or twenty years' purchase, from his successor, whether chosen by himself or by his landlord.

Now, having dealt first, because apparently first in urgency, with the question of ameliorating, by positive enactment, the relations between landlord and tenant, we naturally come to the consideration of the great remedial measures, a portion of whose indirect effect, we have already said, would assist and favour the operation of those positive enactments.

What are proposed?

The *Times*, with stunning iteration, jars out incessantly, "Extend the Poor Laws! extend the Poor Laws!" To this proposition it might be enough for the present to answer, that a period when the lands of Ireland are incurring such grave liabilities as they are, from the measures in progress for the employment and sustenance of the people during the calamity that has now a second year afflicted Ireland, is singularly inappropriate for charging them still further and in perpetuity

But, irrespective of the foregoing consideration, it would be a wanton act, indeed, to force an extended Poor Law upon Ireland, while in England itself the great problem of a *good* system is as far off from solution as at any time during all the experiments, modifications, shifts and changes by which that solution has been attempted since the times of Elizabeth. What says the *Edinburgh Review* of last October upon this subject?

"We hope England will not impose upon Ireland institutions of which the utility is questionable. Such are the powers of mischief of the English Poor Law, that it threatened, not twelve years ago, to destroy the industry of the most laborious, the wealth of the richest, and the morality of the most civilised nation in Europe. * * * The mischief went on steadily increasing, Government after Government tried vain expedients, or looked on in inactive despair. At length the almost despotic power given Lord Grey's Government by the first Reformed Parliament enabled it to apply a partial remedy. The Poor Law Amendment Bill was passed, and the plague was *stayed*, but not eradicated."

The following are the sums expended for the poor from Lady-day, 1836, when the "*amended*" Law may be said to have come into full operation, until the last return:—

"1837,	£4,044,741	Exclusive of law
1840,	4,576,965	charges, charges
1842,	4,911,498	on removal of
1845,	5,039,703	paupers, &c. &c.

"Thus, it will be seen, that during a period not merely of profound tranquillity, but of prosperity, the expenditure has gone on increasing, until, in eight years, it has risen *nearly twenty-five per cent.* If its advance be not checked, it must in time eat away the whole rental. * * * Of all the dangers to which we are exposed, those connected with the Poor Law are the most threatening. Scotland and Ireland are bound to study the experience of England, *not as an incentive, but as a warning!*"

If, in despite of reason, experience, and justice, the extended Poor Law were to be fixed upon Ireland, her revenue-contribution, already so small in amount, would be speedily much lessened by the diminution of the consumption and use of taxed articles, from the increased poverty of the people. The pauper emigration from Ireland to this country would enormously increase, from the impossibility of adequate support at home; and the imperial coffers would be drained with the heavy and permanent applications to them, and the enormous expenditure indispensable for the keeping together the framework of Government and of society in that country.

The "reclamation of waste lands" is next spoken of; and doubtless there *is much to recommend it*, not as a *panacea*, not as a cure—extensive and permanent—such as some people regard it, for all the ills afflicting the Irish population; but as a means of procuring a breathing time; within which to examine and decide upon the *real* measures that will socially regenerate Ireland.

We do not purpose at present to enter into the details of reclamation plans. It is sufficient for the moment to say, that the Reports of Parliamentary Commissions and Committees, testifying to the comparatively easy and profitable improvability of the Irish waste lands, are confirmed by the testimony of every private person who has had practical knowledge of the subject. The only but great defect which is about them is, that theirs must necessarily be a process of SOME time, and can neither supply to the requirements and necessities of the existing population, nor keep pace with its annual increase.

There is a point connected with this which requires immediate attention. It is as to the course to be pursued with reference to money matters.

Is Ireland to be made to pay back the money advances—past, present, and future—which the existing emergency did and does necessitate?

We can imagine the scornful shout with which the putting of a question on such a subject will be met in most English quarters. The *Times*, with its usual "sucking-dove" amenities on Irish matters, will protest against even entertaining it, lest thereby encouragement be given to "Celtic cupidity and fraud!" And yet, despite of the Salmasian bolts of "the Thunderer," it is but fair to let Irish opinion and Irish argument on the question be fully made known, and treated with the cheap respect of a hearing—no matter how decisively the public mind in this country may be made up to insist upon the bond.

The present mischiefs of her state are not of Ireland's own contriving. Had she controlled the legislation affecting her interests, she would be justly chargeable with their present decay. But, for forty-six years, England has had the mastery over Irish matters and Irish opinions; and on her, therefore, the blame should fairly be laid. On this general score alone, she owes retribution, and can now make it by liberality in the money-supplies required by the crisis.

But Ireland does not shun to state particulars of her claims, if called upon to do so. The following are the leading features of her *money-case*:—

The enormous excess of British over Irish debt at the Union left the British minister no excuse for their consolidation; and accordingly it was arranged that the two debts should continue to be separately provided for. The active expenditure of the empire (*i. e.* the expenditure clear of charge of debts) was to be provided for, in the proportion of two parts from Ireland to fifteen from Great Britain. These proportions were to cease, the debts were to be consolidated, and the two countries to contribute indiscriminately by equal taxes, so soon as the said respective debts should be brought to bear to each other the proportions of the contributions—viz. as two to fifteen—*provided, also, that the fiscal ability of Ireland* should have come to bear a nearer proportion to that of Great Britain than it did in 1800. Now, the two to fifteen rate of contribution was denounced at the time, by Irishmen, as too high for Ireland, and afterwards so admitted by the British ministers themselves. Its consequence was, to exhaust and impoverish her to such a degree, that her debt, in sixteen years, increased nearly 230 per cent., while the British increased not quite 60 per cent. This disproportionate and unjust increase of the Irish debt brought about the two to fifteen proportion between it and the British debt.

Advantage was taken of that one single branch of the contingency contemplated in the Union Act, although the other branch of the contingency—viz. the nearer approach to equality of the respective abilities of the two countries—had not only not occurred, but, by the confession of the English ministers themselves, in 1816, the very contrary had occurred—namely, Ireland had become poorer than before, while Great Britain had actually increased in capital and resources.

Advantage was taken of that *single* branch of the contingency, to consolidate the debts, to do away with all measures of proportionate contribution, and place the purse of Ireland, without restriction or limit, in the hands of the British Chancellor of the Exchequer; thenceforward to take from it, and apply as he liked, every penny it did then, and might at any future time contain, and deprive Ireland of all chance of benefit from any surplus of revenue thenceforward and for ever.

The proper arrangement, in 1816, should have been a revision of the Union rates, *lowering* that

upon Ireland, and, of course, necessarily increasing, in some degree, the rate upon Great Britain. The late Chancellor of the Exchequer, Mr. Goulburn, who cannot be at all suspected of an undue inclination towards Ireland in fiscal matters at any period of his official and parliamentary life, did himself bear testimony to the grievance which this plan would have remedied. Speaking, in 1822, to a motion of Sir John Newport's relative to Irish finances, he said—"The Union contribution of 2-17ths for Ireland is now CONFESSED, ON ALL HANDS, to have been unjust!"

It is pretended that Ireland has been more than compensated for all possible fiscal losses since 1800, by her continued exemption from several taxes to which Great Britain is subject.

But the exemptions of Ireland consist only as to the land tax, the income and assessed taxes, and a portion of the excise duties, averaging about 1-14th of the whole revenue of excise; and that the total sum paid by Great Britain under these four heads does not exceed, if it even approach, to twelve millions out of the average fifty-one or fifty-two millions of imperial expenditure.

On the other hand, the excess of annual charge of the British debt, contracted before the Union, over and above that similarly contracted by Ireland, exceeds £16,000,000 (viz. Great Britain, £17,700,000; Ireland, £1,240,000; excess, £16,460,000), and this upon the most favourable view for Great Britain, of the ante-Union liabilities of the two countries.

Therefore, it appears that, if Great Britain pay *separate* taxation, she does so by an amount less by one-fourth than what she ought to pay.

And this, notwithstanding the income-tax which she pays, and which does not exist in Ireland. Before the imposition of that tax—viz., previous to the year 1842, the injustice to Ireland was far greater, as the separate payments of Great Britain did not amount to one-half of the sixteen millions excess of rightful liabilities above mentioned. It will, therefore, be easily seen that the operation, during 46 years, of the unjust fiscal arrangements noted in the foregoing summary, must have caused—taking not only principal, but interest and also compound interest, into account—an enormous aggregate of fiscal grievances to Ireland.

It is no answer to this, to say that Ireland's pecuniary contributions have been obviously so small that although these sixteen millions may have unfairly been made a common charge, they have really been met by Great Britain. The having made them a common charge was the grievance, as thereby the common expenditure was so much enlarged that the ability of Ireland was over-strained in the endeavour to make her bear her part of it. Had they been kept separate, as they ought to have been, the *common* portion of the annual expenditure would of course have been less by so much, and therefore the strain on Ireland would have been less.

That there has been no compensation for this by remission of taxation, but rather an aggravation, is evident from the following deductions from Parliamentary papers No. 305 of 1042, 573 of 1842, and 652 of 1845, and generally from the annual Finance Accounts:—

	Relief of Taxation.		Imposition of Taxation.	
	Great Britain.	Ireland.	Great Britain.	Ireland.
From 1800 up to 1815, inclusive.	.. ..	.. ..	£30,000,000	£4,450,000
From 1815 up to 1845, inclusive.	£47,114,574	£2,664,090	10,620,000	£1,060,000*
Totals, up to 1846,	£47,114,574	£2,664,090	£40,620,000	£5,510,000

Thus, up to and including last year (1845), the relief given to Ireland was, to that given to Great Britain, less than as 1 to 17, while her share of the taxes imposed has been higher than as 1 to 7.

The tax reductions of 1846 were the corn duties, and those on certain articles of foreign import, chiefly those used in the production of manufactures. England is a larger consumer of *breadstuffs*, it is needless to add, than Ireland, and, therefore, the relief in the respect of the corn duties must be more sensibly felt by her. The relief on articles of import, subsidiary to manufactures, must also be more beneficial to her, as she has so many and such various branches of flourishing industry in that line, and Ireland has none *save* the linen trade, a branch not affected by these reductions.

We are, therefore, entitled to say that the unjust disparity of taxation-relief existing at the end of the last year against Ireland has, if anything, been *aggravated* by the tax reductions of this year.

With regard to the assessed taxes, the Irish exemption, from which is made so much of, they were abandoned in Ireland simply in consequence of their failure of production. And in this particular respect, as in all others, Great Britain has had the lion's share of relief, viz.:—

Assessed Taxes, Ireland, reduced 1818,	£240,090
Do. do. repealed 1816 to 1823,	296,000
Total relief under these heads to Ireland,	£536,090
Assessed Taxes, Great Britain, reductions since 1816,	£2,584,514
Total repeals of various kinds, since 1823,	2,594,688
Total relief to Great Britain,	£5,179,202

The Finance Committee of 1816 announced that at time there was "a very near approximation" between the rates of the assessed taxes in the two counties. It is a striking illustration of the difference between them in point of wealth, that the product of only *a portion* of the English assessed taxes should exceed, *nearly ten times*, the product of the *entire* of those taxes in Ireland. In fact, it was expressly stated in Parliament, in 1823, that they were finally taken off the latter

* The abandoned spirit duty of 1842-3 is of course deducted in the Irish account.

country *because failing in production*. And in 1842, another allusion was made to the same fact.

Such are, as we have said, the leading features of the *money* case of Ireland; on which is based the expectation in that country, that England shall not enforce repayment of the present advances.

The supporters of this case hold out a warning, that if the attempt be made to enforce repayment, confusion will widely and generally ensue—disputes, litigations without end, violence, and, perhaps, bloodshed without limit;—and that whether the attempt be or be not successful, it will have disastrous consequences to the revenue, inasmuch as the contributions of Ireland will be ruinously lessened.

A large irrevocable expenditure is inevitable under any circumstances. To look after the bad debts will require all the disposable force, and heavily strain the resources of the empire. To recover but one-sixth of the arrears of Irish Church monies, some years ago, required a money-expenditure, on military and police, of more than double the amount obtained; and blood was plentifully spilled in the attempt. And even if success crown the effort, the drain will be so great upon the exhausted resources of the Irish community, that their ability to consume taxed articles must be seriously affected, and, consequently, the revenue produced by those articles must inevitably decline and fall away.

It is farther urged upon the consideration of those who are to decide the important question of "payment" or "non-payment," that the monies which have been and shall be advanced on account of the present calamity, are in no way and by no means *an addition* to the capital of Ireland, but a replacement of what has been destroyed, viz., the capital invested in the potato crop, which maintained the people and paid their rents.

If, then, the attempt be made to recall these monies—beginning with an instalment next year—it requires to be shown how Ireland has so increased her capital, as not only to supply the maintenance of her people in future, and the discharge of her rent-obligations, but in addition, to furnish a sum representing a certain proportion of the capital necessary for those purposes in the present year.

How, it is asked, has she increased her capital? What measures for this purpose have been adopted, or are in contemplation? Should not their full development (if such measures there be) *precede* demand; which—that development can alone, by any possibility, enable Ireland to meet and satisfy?

Reason, policy, and justice, it is therefore urged, combine to warn England from playing the clamorous creditor, and throwing away an opportunity to show her disposition of kind and friendly dealing with the distressed and distracted sister-country.

We now return to the question of the great remedial measures for Ireland;—

Poor Laws, and reclamation of waste lands, we have before commented on, as comprising nearly all the general propositions of anything approaching to a definite nature that have as yet been much brought under public discussion. Upon the subject of extending the Poor Law system in Ireland, as much has been already said as we have at present room for, with the exception of this short remark that it is desirable to bear in mind, viz., that the moment the extended Poor Law shall come into operation in Ireland, not less than five millions of people will have to be supported: mainly, of course, by what is known as out-door relief; and this in a country which has been acknowledged in parliament by Sir Robert Peel and Mr. Chancellor Goulburn, to be *too poor* to bear the burthen of the Income and Assessed Taxes!

With reference to the other measure—viz., State reclamation of waste lands—we repeat that it is a plan which, in any or all of the thousand shapes under which it has been advocated, is scarcely to be considered as other than a forced, partial, and temporary remedy, likely to be speedily outstripped by population, and at best giving but a short breathing time to look about us for something better.

All changes upon these two measures, and modifications or combinations of them—such as giving permanency in any way to the Labour Rate system now in activity—state-management of private properties—will be found open, in various degrees, to the objections already urged, and to several others peculiarly incident to themselves.

What, then, is to be done?

First.—Secure to yourselves the *time* for doing *anything*. Get this by temporary measures. Let the men of war land their useless guns, and go, on merchants' account, or on the Government account, to what food-markets are yet open to us, and bring back what may keep the people alive during the awful months before us. Make what improvements experience may suggest in the working of the *temporary* Labour Rate system. Interfere, for the benefit of both, and for the peace of the country, between landlord and tenant. Experimentalise, to any extent you choose, upon waste lands; and *then* avail yourselves of the time you may have thus gained, to cast about for the means of laying the foundations, deep and solid, of your permanent remedy.

Money—money—money—the sinews of war, but equally the sinews of prosperity in peace—is what is wanting. Not Treasury grants doled out, or *shovelled out*, at emergencies, to be inevitably much wasted—no dram-drinking by habit; but a *fair* and regular action of the *natural* stimulants of the body-politic.

The money-capital of Ireland is in part drained away from her; in part hoarded up, or otherwise unhealthily stagnant. Absentees take five millions annually out of the country. The absence of rich consumers re-acts upon industrial enterprise, making it decline and fade away. Manufactures thus gone, the classes who would have found labour upon them, and, consequently, a

comfortable subsistence by wages, are necessarily compelled to swell the crowd pressing for a bare subsistence upon land.

Not only is the increase of capital thus checked, but the manufacturing products yet required by the Irish community have to be bought from another country, and paid for in hard money. This swells, by some millions more, the drain; and then come a thousand minor issues, in the payments of interest on mortgaged estates, pensions on the Irish establishment, quit and crown rents, and other gleanings from the Irish revenue in ordinary times, after the reduced government expenditure in Ireland is provided for. In short, eight or nine millions are but a moderate estimate of the combined amount of all these items of drain; and this, be it remembered, from a country which, on taxes equally imposed on both countries, is able to yield no higher a sum than four millions; whereas the British receipts are nearly forty millions!

The Irish money-capital not drained away is in small private hoards, or in the Savings' Banks, with the humbler classes;—and in building speculations (small fourth and fifth-rate houses), and the public funds,—with the classes above them. The decay and nearly total destruction of manufactures in Ireland precludes or renders unsafe any more profitable investment.

Under these circumstances it is idle to expect that there can be vigour and healthful action in the body-politic. A change must be effected in these circumstances—an entire and total change: otherwise no change in the results, save that from bad to worse, is rationally, or possibly, to be expected.

How, then, is capital to be retained, made to circulate, and increased in Ireland?

Check the drains first of all. Dr. Johnson's illustration of the word absentee, by reference to Ireland, should never be forgotten.

"Absentee:—One who is absent from his station, or employment, or country." "A great part of the estates in Ireland are owned by absentees, and such as draw over the profits raised out of Ireland, *refunding nothing*."

Why should the absentees be "absent from their station" at this frightful period, when the energies of every citizen of every class are needed, and ought to be given, to bring their country safe through her perils? Why should they be "absent from their employment"—their *rightful* employment: taking care of the people by the sweat of whose brows their luxuries have been supplied? Why should they "draw over the profits" of the land away from her, and refund her *nothing*, in this her distress, save some such bounteous gift as the *three pounds which an absentee landlord recently remitted* towards the distress in the district where his extensive property lay.

Where that *lusus naturæ*, a *well* managed estate of an absentee, is really to be found, it assuredly will not be the worse managed by reason of his personal residence there. And large as may be the subscriptions which a *few*, we fear a very, *very* few indeed, may have sent over to Ireland, their personal expenditure is due in addition at the present crisis.

By getting the absentees back, the heaviest item of direct drain of money from Ireland will at once be checked; and the beneficial results to industry in every branch, from the largely increased expenditure in that country, will speedily manifest themselves.

Meantime Government have something in *their* power. In ordinary years there is a sum averaging £600,000 or more, remitted from Ireland to the British Exchequer, after providing pay and maintenance of the large military force, defraying the cost of the Ordnance Establishment, *the Judicial* Establishment, Vice-Regal Court, and Secretaries' departments, &c. This sum is part of Ireland's contribution to the general expenditure of the empire. *Increase the items of that general expenditure in Ireland*, and the Irish money will be spent on the same objects as now, *with no loss to the empire, but with a gain* to impoverished Ireland. Dockyards, and a division of the fleet in Irish harbours, would come under one obvious item of the transferred expenditure, and others are so equally obvious that we need not here delay with their enumeration.

The question which may naturally be asked here is, How are the absentees to be induced to return? Coaxing and beseeching them to do so will scarcely effect this object. Are they, then, to be taxed; and if taxed, to what extent?

The Repeal party in Ireland are very ready to answer this, and say, that without abjuring for the future Irish Parliament the right and power to use even the harsh and forced measure of a personal tax to compel residence, their cherished project of "Repeal" contains within itself the means of dispensing with compulsory means.

We defer the examination of this assertion to the next number of this Magazine, in which we propose fully to state the case, which, as Irish Repealers, we make in favour of this object.*

BALLADS FROM SCOTTISH HISTORY.—No. I.

THE DEATH OF JAMES III.

It was a low and lonely house, hard by old Milton Moss,
Where Scotia's conquering standard floats o'er Bruce's battle cross;
And Bannockburn, its classic ground spreads to the wandering eye,
'Mid circling hills, mute witnesses of blood and victory.

A King, upon a frantic steed rushed on from Torwood green,
His pallid hue and headlong speed were desperate, I ween;
Across the stream, with sudden bound, the clattering hoofs have sped—
Down drops that corse-like thing, and in that lowly house is laid.

* We need scarcely say that we oppose the repeal of the Legislative Union.—*Ed. T. M.*

Can this be he! the son of him who wore THE FIERY FACE,
Who died at Roxb'ro's thundering siege—a lion of his race—
The while his bold undaunted Queen avenged her husband's fall,
Batter'd, and took, and to the earth razed down that castle tall!

That steed a monarch might bestride, where fleetness slays or saves—
But not a timid King like this—the dupe of fools and knaves—
Of stalwart breed, of matchless speed, well worthy of its sires—
The gift of Scotland's bravest knight—Lord LINDSAY of the BYRES!

Scarce from a rising ground had JAMES seen border battle spread—
First in the van his youthful son, and lion-ensign red—
When doom prophetic smote his heart, and conscious guilt his soul—
Dashing his spurs to rowel-head, he fled without controul!

Forth went a dame to Bannock-well, as thus the monarch sped,
But midway left her water-pail, and, fleet with terror, fled:—
Shying, the grey steed leapt the stream—"Heard ye the armour ring?"
"Now who art thou, poor, shatter'd man?"—"This morn I was your King!"

Ah! where be they, the flattering herd, that swayed the monarch's mind
'Mid dulcet strains so musical, with sciences refined,
And gorgeous plans for Gothic shrines, and feats of magic skill,
And daring eyes that, in the stars, read destiny at will?

And where may be his glittering hoard of golden treasures, wrung
From subjects murmuring sullenly, with scarce restrained tongue?
But hush! He stirs! The quivering lips are parted by a sigh;
And opens, with a frigid stare, his vacant, cold, grey eye!

Back to the scenes of boyhood's years his wandering thoughts have fled;
Grave KENNEDY's him tutoring, whilst gay BOYDS round him played:—
"My mother dear!" thus murmured JAMES. "What is it that thee ails?
Sin not! nor shame us more with that dark Hepburn of Hailes!

"And thou, my youngest brother MARRE! thy blood is on my head!
From *thee* it was I fled the field! Ah! would thou wert not dead!
And, ALBANY! I feared thee, too, thou gay and gallant lance,
Yet rather would I thou wert *here*, than slain in tilting France!

"Go, SCHEVAZ! scan 'the House of Death,' and tell what danger now
From breth'ren dead and perished, assails this kingly brow?
Let COCHRAN's bones, on Lauder Bridge, bleach in the twilight dew—
No fane he ever planned could shield him from yon rebel crew!

"Let ROGERS' silver cord be snapt! I need its strains no more;
Let ANDRO WOOD's tall A'mirals be tost, as wrecks, ashore;
They've ta'en my castles! one and all! Both gold and safety gone!
My nearest kin—my very son—conspires against my throne!

"E'en SHAW of SAUCHIE—he whose faith was yet my latest hope—
Holds mine own Stirling for the foes with whom I dare not cope!
Oh! burst my breaking heart to hear Edina's heavy news!
Both hold and gold surrender'd there! O! 'tis too much to lose!

"Thus hopes are 'whelmed, like sinking ships, with one last sudden lurch—
One consolation lingers yet—I ever loved THE CHURCH!"—
"Nay!" cried a stern, harsh voice behind—"James! I'm—no matter whom—
I'll tell thee, then, with this death blow! I'm of the HOUSE of HOME!

"How likest thou a Border shrift?" "God! what a death to die!"
Gasped Scotland's JAMES, with sinking voice and ghastly, glazing eye:
And there, in that poor mill-house, was the King of Scotland sped,
Nor traced they e'er the secret spot wherein his bones were laid!

MAGDUFF.

AN EVENING REVERIE.

As I view thy blue eye beaming
With ray of softest light,
As 'mid the skies 'tis dreaming,
'Mid the starry islets bright;
While round thee Autumn's twilight flings
Its mellow tints, and the ring-dove sings
To the fast-closing shades of the night:

As I gaze, an entrancing feeling—
The soul's unbidden flight—
Comes o'er my senses stealing,
And wraps them in delight.
Far, far from earth I seem to roam,
To the realms of thought—to the moonlight's home,
With thee, a fair angel of light!

Far, far aloft we're straying,
O'er a sea of azure bright,
Where silvery beams are playing
'Mid the golden isles of light:
We gaze upon the mighty spheres,
And sounds seraphic meet our ears,
As we hurry along in our flight.

On! in our flight still soaring,
Through heaven's own climes we fly,
Where myriads are adoring
The Power that reigns on high;
And sweetest odours fill the air,
And pain and grief are banished there,
And unheard of hopes blight the sigh.

Hark! Is't an angel speaking!
That voice so soft and sweet,
As if through heaven 'twere seeking
No ear but mine to meet?
It comes again, that silvery tone!
So like!—It is, it is thine own,—
None else were half so exquisite!

R. H. P.

THE ULSTER TENANT-RIGHT.

When the British farmers' friends began to be converted, twelve months since, under the tuition of Sir Robert Peel, it was remarked that the conformists amongst the great landowners of Ulster were considerably over an average. Many of these noblemen and gentlemen, like Lord Ashley and the Earl of Ellesmere, have been real converts of Manchester and Tamworth; but others were said to be actuated by remembering that the tenant-right stood between their rent-rolls and foreign corn. The tenure of land, indisputably the great Irish question, next to food, has been discussed in each session of the present Parliament; but the Tenant-Right of Ulster, although its most remarkable and interesting feature, has been almost entirely overlooked. Mr. Sharman Crawford, in several successive sessions, has pressed the Tenants' Compensation Bill on Parliament, with such success, that, in 1845, Lord Stanley introduced a measure of his own, so bad in quality that it was withdrawn; and, in last session, the Earl of Lincoln brought in a better, but still imperfect measure, which fell aside, in the confusion of business, at the close of the session. During these discussions, the *Times* and other journals referred to the Tenant-Right of Ulster in terms of the greatest disapprobation; as a scheme devised by the farmers of that province to usurp the lawful property of helpless landowners. An association for the protection of distressed landowners seemed as natural and necessary an institution as any of Mr. Bond Cabbell's plans of benevolence, or as the society for the relief of distressed needlewomen. It is, therefore, a bold step of the newspapers in the interest of the English tenant farmers, to describe, by the term "tenant-right," a leading idea in their articles, from the date of the last Corn Law; even although, on examination, their theory resolves itself into nothing more substantial than a harmless nineteen years' lease. This description of tenant-right has no affinity to the existing custom of Ulster. A tenant-farmer there is absolutely the joint-proprietor of his acres; and they are openly sold in the market at his demise, or by himself on his retirement from farming. Their sale is advertised in the newspapers, their value forms part, and in the majority of cases the most valuable part of the farmer's property; while in insolvencies the tenant-right is recognised, valued, and sold, for the benefit of creditors. The farmer is, in point of fact, part-proprietor with the original landowner—under this exception, that the tenant's portion of the private property is not secured by statute law, but upheld by the custom of the country. With the sale of leases all farmers are familiar, but this custom applies not only to leaseholders, but also to tenants-at-will. A man cannot enter on a farm in Ulster without purchasing and paying for the previous tenants' right; but he calculates on again effecting a sale when circumstances induce him to quit possession. In the discussion on the Tenants' Compensation Bill of 1845, Lord Stanley remarked that a similar custom resembling "tenant" right existed in some parts of England; and had been enforced there at common law, but he proposed no scheme for securing this property by statute. The Earl of Lincoln's bill was equally defective in this particular; although a leading member of the Cabinet asserted that no statute law existed on this subject. Even Mr. Sharman Crawford's bill, while recognizing the tenants' claim to compensation for future improvements, would afford no security for the property already acquired; in some cases by inheritance, but by the vast majority of the holders through actual purchase. The Marquis of Londonderry, during the discussions of 1845, on the tenure of land in Ireland, expressed his utmost satisfaction and delight with the working of the Tenant-right; which, he said, converted the farmer's land into his saving bank; and in one of his recent manifestos he claims a large credit for respecting this Tenant-right; as if the noble Marquis had besought public confidence by a certificate of honesty in his own handwriting, and given under his own signature; while his statement undoubtedly implies that some people are less scrupulous regarding their neighbour's property than the owner of Castlereagh; for a man never dreams of claiming credit for a practice observed by all his peers. The noble Marquis, however, very happily described the working of the Tenant-right. It converts the farmer's land into his saving bank. He pays a price on entry, and an annual rent; while his leading object is not to draw all he can out of his land within a given time, but to raise it higher in the scale of improvement, with the purpose of increasing its selling price. And the recognition of the custom by statute is now only requisite to render the description of the noble Marquis accurate, and virtually convert the farm into a saving bank. At present, when a man has a few hundred pounds in a bank, he can check for it with the same facility whether he votes for or against his landlord; but many of the Ulster tenantry feel that if they voted against the agent's candidate, their "Tenant-right" might be forfeited, and their bank become insolvent. They require express statute law to guard them from contingencies of this nature; and their claim is perfectly just and reasonable. The custom originated, probably, during the civil wars previous to the Revolution, when the owners of the greater part of Ulster held their lands in gift from the Sovereign, and kept them by their steel. The Eastern and North-Eastern counties were divided amongst a few noblemen and military adventurers, who were bound to settle, on their new estates, a certain number of families from Scotland and England. Internal dissensions had reduced a previously populous district to a wild and natural state. The colonists had to build new houses, reclaim their fields, keep watch and ward, and frequently do battle in the midst

of their labours. The original undertakers were therefore, rendered anxious, by necessity, to discharge one part of their contract, in clustering, round their towers and castles the stipulated number of men, to till their lands, and guard them from the inroads of "the wild Irish," who struggled for possession of the country. Ulster was, strictly, a military colony, and the farmer kept his tenure with his life. Many leases were then granted, on lives renewable for ever, by persons whose descendants would gladly cancel them now, but the written letter remains. Undoubtedly, at the time, some implied arrangement was formed with those colonists who did not obtain leases, by which they were allowed a permanent interest in their land, and its improvements, on payment of a small annual rent. This interest gradually grew into a marketable commodity; and in a land where the farmer went forth, to plough or reap, with his life in his hand, the arrangement was perfectly equitable. In the lapse of years, by sales and other means, the tenant-right spread, from the descendants of the original settlers, to all classes, Protestants and Roman Catholics; holding ground neither on lease nor from a middleman, but directly from the landlord, and even from year to year. Some learned antiquarians trace the right to ancient feudal law, and it may have commenced at the East, in the days of the kings of Sodom, so far as we know. The practical and present questions are not how and where it began, but where does it exist? what is it worth? can it be preserved? and, should it be maintained?

A practice that has existed for one hundred and fifty years, and is neither immoral nor impolitic, should carry prescription. Even if it were shown to be "impolitic;" the interested persons should be compensated on its abolition. Slavery is immoral and anti-christian; but we paid the West Indian planters for their slaves. The tenant-right is perfectly moral, and we believe it to be highly politic; but if the farmers of Ulster are to lose it, they should receive its value. The *Times* attacked it as a means of occupying their capital, and thus preventing them from cultivating the soil properly; but even these evils, if they exist, are not to be rectified at the cost of two or three hundred thousand industrious men and their families. The national debt may be an inconvenience, but honest men never propose repudiation as the remedy.

There is no calculation of the property thus held in land by the farmers of Ulster; but we believe it is not under *ten millions sterling*. Several difficulties exist in making up an accurate calculation. The selling price from tenant to tenant varies with the state of the land, with its position, and with the character of the landlord. During the last two or three years, it has been so low as six pounds per acre; and we have known, in the same period, forty-three pounds per acre paid. At one period on the Downshire estates, farms sold as between tenants in some districts at twenty pounds; in others, at thirty; and in a few so high as forty pounds per acre. A late nobleman, who had the reputation of a good landlord, at one period intimated to his tenantry that he would confirm no sales made for more than ten pounds per acre. The price previously paid had been £15, £20, and £25; and the nobleman had probably fifteen thousand acres: so by this anouncement, he abstracted *one hundred thousand pounds* from the property of his tenantry, and added it to his own private fortune. He thus placed a limit on "the saving's bank," checked agricultural improvement, and compelled prudent men to let down the character of their lands to the standard of ten pounds. This sum has, since that period, been taken for the average in Downshire; although the price often rises higher. Last summer, we knew a farm of sixty acres, in the neighbourhood of the Great Britain's last resting-place, sold for £1200, although the annual rent was at the rate of 34s. per acre; and the owner intimated that on the expiry of the life by which the lease hung, the rent would be increased to 42s. per acre. One half of the sum was supposed to stand for buildings, and the other half for the tenant's right or good-will; but the buildings were not worth £600, while the land was worth more, although, by the mode of transfer, the real value was given for the land; and the arbitrary average of £10 was observed.

The Devon Commission in 1844 perambulated Ireland from the Cove of Cork to the Giant's Causeway, examining farmers, land-agents, and proprietors on the tenure of land; and printed their evidence in several blue books of more than a thousand folio pages each. These books, like most Parliamentary volumes, cannot be said to have been published in the ordinary acceptation of the term. They are for sale, but nobody buys them. They may be read, but few readers have sufficient daring to attempt the achievement. A man with a secret cannot place it in better keeping than by having it printed in some of these books, where the public will never find it out. The volumes of the Devon Commission contain, however, a vast amount of useful information, and prove conclusively the value of the tenant-right to Ulster.

It has raised the value of land, for it appears on evidence that the rent paid to the landowners is greater than in those parts of Ireland where no such participation of landed property exists. It secures the owner against arrears; for the value of the tenant right being always equivalent to five or six years' purchase of the rent, he has the most convenient guarantee for any debts that the tenant may accumulate. It prevents those agrarian outrages common in other districts, because the outgoing tenant is always a man of some property, and is very rarely the sufferer by ejectment. It provides for the owner a tenant of capital or credit; for the farmer must have considerable means before he can even enter on twenty acres. It allows to the industrious man an abiding interest in the soil which he cultivates; and encourages his exertions by the surest of all inducements. It gives the tenant "a savings' bank," which should have no limit, into

which he can cast not only his shillings or his crowns, but every fragment of his skill, every half hour of his time, and every spare end of his strength.

We do not intend to run over the thousand pages of the Devon Commission's report relating to Ulster for evidence to support these positions. The entire volume is their proof. However strange it may sound in England and Scotland, yet the farmers of Ulster are joint proprietors *to the extent of one-third in its soil.* They have acquired that property by inheritance, by labour, or capital. It is protected by the custom of the country, by the conviction of many landowners that it works well for them, and by the fears of others. The agent of one nobleman states in his evidence that any attempt to destroy the tenant-right would convert Down into a Tipperary. Another gentleman intimates that a general infringement of the custom would cover the country with confusion and blood. A third declares that all the bayonets of the British army could not accomplish its abolition. The proprietors whose evidence is given acknowledge the tenants' claim to this property, and express a very favourable opinion of the practice. And yet the statute law of the realm declines to recognize it, while the Legislature commit the obvious blunder of leaving capital diffused over a hundred thousand persons, and amounting in the aggregate to ten millions, without the slightest legal shield.

There is one passage which we wish to quote from the evidence of Lieut.-Colonel Blacker of Armagh, page 457.

"I have known land paying 25s. an acre bring £15 for the Tenant right. For one farm on my property, near my house, of *five acres*, I knew £100 given without a lease. I never was more surprised in my life than when the young man that held it, and could not keep it, came to me and said, 'Sir, I can get £100 for that farm of mine.' I thought the fellow was telling a lie. I mounted my horse and went to the man that he said had promised to give it him, and said, 'Did you promise that man £100 for his farm?' and he said, 'Sir, I would give it him to-night before to-morrow;' and he did, and there was no lease. I gave the man a lease, and he is now about to sell, and there is a competition amongst those who would give him £100 for it again. There is meadow attached to it."

In the *Times* of Monday, the 21st December last, there are the following sentences:—

"In that country (Ireland) your occupier is generally a man of straw. That is at least the rule. His stock is small, compact, and moveable. He can sell, or lend, or conceal, at an hour's notice. Poor as he is, he contrives to look still poorer. so that a distraint always wears the invidious aspect of skinning a flint."

We make one further quotation from this Report, to flank the last extract, and take it from an occupier's evidence, page 399:—

"I ought to state, perhaps, that every particle of improvement, every stone upon my farm and every slate was put together by myself, and every drain was made and every tree planted out of my own pocket, and I did it with great confidence; because, when I purchased, I paid a very high value for what I got, and I considered that I was to have the same right to remuneration."

The statement of the *Times* may be nearly accurate over a considerable portion of Ireland; and, as regards a large portion of the country, it must be absolutely false. The surprising contrast is caused by this Tenant-right. In those provinces where it does not prevail, the farmer has no inducement to improve land without a lease, but with the assurance that demands for additional rent will follow all his exertions like shadows. The burden of Ireland becomes heavier year by year. Money is drained from the treasury for the execution of idle works, undertaken to prevent the starvation of thousands. Men are paid to cut up roads, merely for the purpose of giving them charity through apparent employment; and the land remains untilled, and millions of acres unreclaimed, because the landlords cannot, while, without security, the farmers will not expend money. The Legislature alone can create this security; and yet, in each successive session, it trembles to approach the subject—hesitates to grapple with the monstrous evil, although Ireland is now "the greatest difficulty" not merely of the Premier, but of the Chancellor of the Exchequer. Parliament has only to pass a Tenants' Compensation Bill, to provide security for the repayment of future labour and outlay to the tenantry, if they be ejected from their buildings, in order to secure ample employment without Government intervention. A measure of this nature would soon create a tenant-right in every part of Ireland, and produce similar consequences to those resulting from the custom of Ulster. But there, a similar or a greater necessity exists for legislative intervention. The present proprietors may respect the tenants' portion in the soil; but it does not follow that mortgagees, residing at a distance, and having no personal feeling on the subject, will be equally just. And it is said that notices to foreclose fourteen hundred mortgages have been given in the past year. The farmers of Ulster are naturally anxious on this subject, for attempts have been repeatedly made to erase this right; and although defeated by outrage or the determination evinced by the people, yet, except the open robbery of the funds accumulated by lives of toil and anxiety—often the sole inheritance and dependence of widows and orphans—nothing can be worse in the circumstances of any land, than a feeling that there is a power above the law, formed and crowned by the law's negligence. Ireland presents many difficulties; and not the least singular amongst its social phenomena is this agrarian co-partnership of the tenant with the landlord—existing for a century and a half—increasing through each successive generation in value and magnitude, until it represents an enormous capital, and yet unprotected by any statute, and having no sanction except the broad shield of public opinion. England may grumble at Ireland's weakness, and the demands made on the exchequer by her recurring years of famine—but these drafts must increase, until the Legislature gives to the property of the poor the same guarantee, by law, that protects and covers the riches of the wealthy.

PRETTY MARY.

BY JOHN MERWYL.

On a beautiful autumnal day of the year 17—, several wayfarers met at a little Inn, in a small town of Franconia, not far distant from the borders of the Rhine. The French Revolution had already begun, but was not yet at its climax of terror. The pernicious effects, however, of its example and spirit had spread over Germany, making it more unsettled and unsafe than it was previously, and thus rendering travelling a matter of no small risk to those whose fortunes and positions debarred them from a numerous attendance, and the comfort of their own carriages. Public conveyances in those days there were none, or such as were of a description not to be lightly chosen or trusted. The usual mode of transporting oneself from one place to another was on horseback, and glad were those whom business called from their own fireside, to find companions on their lonesome journey, willingly associating with such chance acquaintances as they met on their way, that seemed trustworthy enough to be allowed to share the perils of the long dreary roads of Germany, and of the unfrequent and lonely inns they were so often obliged to put up with.

In the low, scantily-furnished, dirty *stube* of that already mentioned might be easily distinguished, among the boors crowding the room, two travellers of the sort we have already alluded to, indulging in the substantial comforts of a hearty meal. They sat at the upper end of a long table, on which were deposited sundry pots of beer, infallible accompaniments to the pipes which constitute the solace of a German's relaxation. It was evident, by the style of their conversation, that, although thrown together by accident, they had made much progress on the road to friendship, having already entered upon the chapter of confidences. Either drawn on by secret sympathy, or by the pleasure most people find in talking about themselves, and enlarging on their own affairs, certain it is they talked more loudly, and carelessly, than prudence warranted, considering place and time; unless, indeed, they fancied the thick smoke sent forth from many pipes, forming so dense an atmosphere around them, might no less dull the ear than it clouded the sight. Be that as it may, any curious listener might easily have become aware that the tall, corpulent, old gentleman, whose large stomach and ruddy cheeks proved his devotedness to good cheer, and who handled his large ivory-headed whip with such an air of self-importance, was no other than the respectable steward of the Count of Rantzau, and that, having collected his master's rents on the large estates he possessed in the vicinity, he was carrying in his portmanteau this important sum to his lord, who then dwelt in a somewhat distant residence-town. The florid, rosy youth, opposite to him, with sentimental blue eyes and puffy cheeks, was a young bookseller of N—, who had but lately married the divinity of his college years. He had been called from her side by an important and painful circumstance—his only brother, likewise a bookseller in a Rhenish town, being on the eve of bankruptcy—and he was hurrying to him with a large sum, the produce not only of his own little property, but what he had been able to collect among numerous friends and relations; by which timely help he hoped, he said, to save his brother and perhaps enable him to repair all his losses. These sums were, likewise, contained in a portmanteau—a circumstance which explained why these gentlemen preferred sitting on them, rough and uneasy as the seats might be, rather than trust them to the vigilance of their own eyes.

"Since we have such dangerous charges under our care," said the elder gentleman to his neighbour, "were it not better to become companions on the road until we reach the point where our ways must part? The times are bad, and the people not better; and in number, you know, there is security."

"I am by no means anxious," said the bookseller, "for my horse is good and fleet, and I would trust to him for my safety were danger at hand; but it will, nevertheless, be a great pleasure to me to have such agreeable society as will, I doubt not, dissipate the weariness of the journey—my Dorothea will be glad, I am sure, to know I have fallen in with such respectable company."

The thought might, at the same time, cross the young man's mind how much it would facilitate his flight, in case of an attack, should the robbers meet with such a piece of resistance as the heavy, well-fed steward might prove; so true is it that love of self is never for an instant absent from man's breast.

"My horse may not seem very bright, or young," said the steward, "indeed how should it?—the Count of Rantzau affords me no better beasts than those, unworthy any longer of his own stables, he turns out to grass; but knowing what occasion I might have for his services, I have tried, for some time past, what high feeding would do for my *Klepper*."

"Gentlemen," said a discordant, harsh voice, that seemed to start from their elbows, and which first proved to them their effusions had not been without listeners, a fact somewhat disconcerting, "I am quite of your opinion; the more the merrier, and the safer too. As am journeying, I believe, along the same road: I readily propose myself as an addition to your number."

The Germans now looked more closely at the speaker, whose strong accent, although he spoke German fluently, betrayed, no less than his manners and person, his outlandish origin. He was, indeed, a singular looking personage. At first glance one would immediately have set him down as a hunchback; but on closer inspection, it was found that this impression was merely produced by the great disproportion between his large, ill-shaped head, square shoulders, long swinging arms, and his singularly short and attenuated under limbs. His countenance was no less striking than his person, and certainly nature had not bestowed it upon him as a compensation. It bore a mixture of the ludicrous and the fierce; and, although he contrived to shade his face as much as possible, with his large, three-cornered hat, he could not neutralise the effect of his sharp, eager black eyes, that shone through the hazy atmosphere with fatiguing brilliancy and restlessness. His complexion was of the darkest tint, and almost made the honest Germans suspect him of being a Zingare;

although his large mouth, hooked nose, and pointed chin, strongly reminded them of an Italian *Punchinello*. His voice was as discordant as his features; and there was a fidgetiness in his whole being, which, evidently, nothing but the deep interest he took in his neighbours' conversation could control. His apparel was so worn and threadbare as to add to the distrust so unfavourable an exterior was likely to produce; and, doubtless, the steward would at once have negatived his proposal, but for two things, which, after a somewhat protracted deliberation, his mind managed to encompass. The first was, the stranger was not without his own treasures, or, at least, what might be supposed to contain such—namely, two preposterously large saddle-bags, and another singularly elongated package, on which his eyes ever and anon rested with great complacency. Secondly, the old man thought that if there were any danger in the man's company, he could not avoid it, even by a refusal. Slowly, therefore, and not without evident reluctance, he assented—a reluctance, however, which the stranger by no means seemed willing to notice. True, he was more chary of his affairs than the Germans had been, and contented himself with informing them that he was an Italian by birth, and anxiously awaited by a partner (but in what business he did not say) in the very town where the Count of Rantzau dwelt, and whither the old steward and his well-stuffed portmanteau were journeying. The conversation soon flagged, for the Germans did not feel comfortable with their new acquaintance, whose vivacity, besides, lay more in gestures than words; the boors were growi[illegible]g noisy and disputacious over their beer, the room stifli g, and the travellers tired; so they prudently resolved to seek their rest early, that they might rise by times, having a long day's work before them.

Their host now gave them the news that there was but one room free in the house, in which, however, there being many beds, they could all three be easily accommodated. To this the travellers made no sort of objection; indeed, they were too much accustomed to such difficulties on the road not to make light of them; and after having seen to the comforts of their brutes, they withdrew together to their apartment.

The Germans soon found it more difficult to sleep than they had anticipated. The little foreigner, far from being inclined to seek his bed, went prying about into every corner of the room, looked out at the windows, and opened the doors, as if it were for the mere purpose of shutting them again, walked to and fro with a hasty step, and contrived to knock about, or move every piece of furniture in the chamber. Nor, when he at last condescended to lie down, did his restlessness cease; his bed creaked in accompaniment to the rustling of his curtains, which he seemed to take a particular delight in pulling backwards and forwards. A mischievous child could not have been a more tiresome or inconvenient companion to the sleepy Germans than their vivacious little acquaintance.

In consequence of their troubled slumbers, the sun was high when they awoke the next morning. The Italian had already left the apartment, and our two friends had no time to lose if they would avoid being too late on the road. They began to hope their doubtful companion, displeased at their dilatoriness, had left them behind; but they were soon undeceived by finding him quietly established at the ong table of the public room, where they had supped the previous evening, and on which the hostess was now depositing a comfortable morning repast. On contemplating the meagre fare of the Italian, but too much in harmony with the state of his habiliments, the Germans were prompted by their good nature to offer him a share of their own breakfast, which he joyfully accepted; they bore him, doubtless, no small grudge for his wakefulness of the preceding night, but they contented themselves with the determination of banishing him from their room for the future, and otherwise treated him as cordially as before.

They proceeded with very few halts through the whole of a long, weary day, emerging from woods merely to enter forests, with little or no variety of view, and were but seldom cheered by the sound or sight of human habitation; for villages in those parts were rare and far between. When the young bookseller had sufficiently expatiated on the excellencies of his Dorothea, on the poetry of their past love, and their bright hopes for the future, and when he had made his friends admire the tobacco bag, wrought in pearls by her fair hand, expressly for his present trip, he had nothing more to say; and the old steward had not sufficient breath to speak and ride at the same time, so that the journey would have been dull indeed but for their associate the Italian. He now talked as glibly and as unceasingly as might have been expected from the vivacity of his temperament. Contrary to most men, he did not entertain his listeners about himself, and his immediate concerns; but having travelled much, as it appeared, he had no end of the most diverting anecdotes to tell. The castle of the noble, the palace of the Prince, or the common hostelry of the town, seemed equally familiar to him, and he laid the scenes of his stories with equal pleasure in either. He added greatly to the charm of these recitals by the inconceivable rapidity of articulation and gesture, the quaint grimaces, and broken German with which the whole was delivered. So ludicrous was the light he threw on all things, and so comical his own individuality, that he kept his companions in a perpetual roar of laughter; what alone prevented that confidence to establish itself between them, which is generally the result of merriment, was that ever and anon the Italian (and, as it seemed, more from habit than design) assumed in his manners something lofty and mysterious, which contrasted so strangely with the light strain of the moment, that it inspired the Germans with strange doubts and fears; and the idea of the supernatural more than once crossed their simple minds.

Time sped swiftly in this manner, and their surprise, as well as their concern, was not small, when they suddenly became aware how rapidly the sun was sinking behind the curtain of dark firs that yet surrounded them. They knew, by experience, that, however fine an autumnal day in their country, it closed in suddenly and with chill; and they now dreaded lest darkness and the cold night air would overtake them in the forest. The pull had been a long one for the horses of the Germans, which were evidently getting more and more fatigued, and lagged in proportion as the desire of their masters increased to hurry them forward. But it was not thus with the skeleton charger of the Italian. Although his make was such as to facilitate greatly the study of comparative anatomy, had his master chosen to devote himself to it—and it seemed likely his provender did not greatly swell the

saddle-bags hanging over his shoulders—though his action was as wild and uncouth as his form, yet his courage seemed to augment with the necessity for it. With a long, tearing trot, nostrils snuffing the air, and eyes as luminous and strange as his rider's, he seemed expressly created for his use; and as he gradually gained upon his companions, the whole apparition gliding through the dark firs, had something in it, to them, truly fantastic. The Germans, on their side, spurred on their beasts so unsparingly—for they by no means relished the notion of being left behind in the forest—that they succeeded in joining him just at the point where a clearing had been made, and emerging into better light, they saw him quietly surveying the prospect from the top of his saddle, where he sat perched somewhat after the fashion of an ape. He was evidently waiting for them.

"I think," said he, as soon as they came within hearing, "it is time to decide on our plans for the evening, for it is rapidly advancing."

"You are right," said the old steward, who, panting and breathless, had his own reasons, however, for not suffering any one else to take the lead on this occasion. "Look there to the right; a little nearer to the next wood than that we have just left; do you not see a large farm-like building? It is an inn; and, though one of a somewhat inferior order, no doubt we shall find very tolerable accommodatio for the night."

"It is a lonely-looking place," said the foreigner, after examining it for a moment in silence, "and all inns are not safe as times go."

"It seems to be in a very dilapidated state," added the bookseller. "I am afraid we shall get but very poor fare."

"And," continued the Italian, his eye quickly glancing over the whole prospect, and finding nowhere the trace of human industry or habitation, except the miserable dwelling which the old steward had pointed out to his attention, "I cannot help thinking it would be safer to continue our journey a few miles further, than to put up at a place of so very uninviting and suspicious an appearance."

"If our beasts were not so jaded, I should partly be of your opinion," said the bookseller.

"Nonsense!" interrupted the old German. "It is not the first time I have passed here. I know the inn well, and the people who keep it,—the woman of the house I have, indeed, been acquainted with for many a long year. Poor, pretty Mary!" he added musingly.

"Then you think the place quite safe?" said his young companion. "If it were not for that, I should be myself of opinion to take our chance in the next wood."

"Ay," said the Italian; "though if there be danger in the house, there would be danger in the forest; but we might easily, by leaving the open road, give them the change on our movements."

"Yes," said the steward, "and pass the night uselessly in the open air. Come, gentlemen, I tell you I know the house and the people well, and take all the responsibility upon myself;" and, spurring his horse forward, he was reluctantly followed by his two companions.

After having ridden on silently for more time than they could have supposed necessary to clear the space between the place where they had stood and the lonely house, they pulled up at the very moment when a woman and a child, attracted by the noise of the horses' hoofs, appeared at the threshold. This, of course, put an end to further discussion; but the travellers saw at a glance, that the building, though large, was in bad repair, and denoted either great misery or neglect.

"Ah! is it you, pretty Mary?" said the old steward, greeting cordially the squalid female.

This exclamation caused the other two to gaze with more curiosity at the woman who stood before them;—there was little, however, to justify the epithet "pretty," so generously granted her by her old acquaintance. Poverty, ill health, and their invariable concomitant, filth, seemed to have done their worst for her. Her sharp, thin features, pallid yet sallow complexion, and wasted figure, not much improved by the dirty habiliments hanging loosely around it, did not betray even the past existence of those charms to which their companion so confidently alluded. Her eyes, alone—large, black, and lustrous—might have been a redeeming point in her face, had not the dark, heavy shades which ill health, or other causes, had drawn beneath them, and the bold yet repulsive expression they imparted to her whole countenance, diminished their beauty. The child was a faithful copy of herself; and it was evident, whatever the influence that had blasted the parent tree, it had likewise wasted the bud before its opening.

"You come, doubtless," said she, "to rest here this night? Will you please to alight, gentlemen." And, without calling any other assistance, she offered, herself, to hold their horses, by which attention, however, her old friend the steward was the only one willing to profit. She tried to throw a bold coquetry in her manners, evidently more the effect of habit than of her present humour, and which would even have impaired loveliness, had she possessed any share of it. She now invited her guests to enter the public room, bidding the child to show them the way, whilst she prepared to lead the horses round to the stables.

"It is strange," muttered the Italian, as he gazed after her, "strange that there are no ostlers, or help of any kind to be seen."

"Poor girl!" mused the steward aloud; "her husband has not, it seems, grown more laborious or kind with time. I dare say it is like of old—she has all the fag and he all the profit."

The boy pointed to a low door to the left, the lock of which was too high for him to reach; the travellers opened it, and entered a large room of very unpromising appearance. The small, ill-shaped window panes were too deeply encrusted with filth to allow a sight of what there might be without; the benches and tables, of the coarsest description, were broken, and so indented with knives, and here and there so evidently burnt by the unsnuffed candles of careless night-watchers, that there could be little doubt left on the minds of the lookers on, but the room must often have been the scene of drunken brawls and shameless revelry. Each man involuntarily drew his treasures nearer to him, and felt chilled by the want of comfort and regularity visible everywhere about them. The hostess had hardly entered the room when her eye was attracted by the objects her guests were so cautiously guarding.

"You are heavily laden, sir," she said, addressing the elder traveller. "The Count of Rantzau will not be sorry when he sees the contents of your portmanteau. Every penny of it due by this time, I'll warrant you."

"Very likely, pretty Mary," answered the steward, without an attempt at evasion; "but let us not busy ourselves about my master's affairs; let us rather speak of your own, my good girl. You look fagged and ill, and seem to have all the work yourself—your husband, doubtless, is as lazy and drunken as ever?"

The woman looked displeased, and cut short the colloquy by the usual inquiries about what they would want for supper; but the travellers soon perceived these questions were merely for form's sake, and that they would be obliged to put up with whatever their hostess had in the house, which was not much.

"We scarcely expect travellers so late in the season, particularly on week days, and are, therefore, but ill provided," said the hostess; "we have no meat in the house; but if a good beer-soup, quite warm, sausages, and *sourcraute* and *melchpies*, will content you, I will soon prepare your supper."

"Well, if you have nothing better, serve us that, and quickly," replied the steward, who had taken upon himself the office of spokesman on all such occasions.

"I thought so," sighed the bookseller; "our fare will not be over bright."

"It is a somewhat out-of-the-way place to expect much," answered Mary's friend apologetically, considering himself obliged in conscience to make the best of everything, since it was he who had enticed his friends to put up with such wretched accommodation; a feeling which enabled him to conceal his own chargin, when, after intolerable delays, the promised supper appeared, and proved uneatable. It was served up by the hostess herself, who tried, but in vain, to reanimate the spirits of her guests. Her jests fell coldly on the ear of the disappointed and hungry steward, and her affectation of girlish coquetry was unheeded by the young German, who felt inconceivably repulsed by her whole appearance, almost shuddering when his eye accidentaly met hers. The Italian's vivacity had quite forsaken him since he had entered the house, but his eye was constantly resting on Mary's, who by no means shrank from its keen penetrating expression. He had before supper, as usual, been prowling about the premises, and, after having satisfied his appetite with dry bread and a cake of chocolate, which he drew from his pocket, he again became restless. Regardless of the hostess's presence, he rose, and crossing deliberately the apartment, was about to open a door, evidently leading to a room beyond; but scarcely was his hand upon the lock, when a gruff voice from within warned him away; he came back, silently and crest-fallen, to the table.

"That's Peter Stieber by the voice," said the steward, looking at the woman. "Ay, pretty Mary, you might have done better, indeed; but you have had your own way, and I am not the only one who has been sorry for you."

"I am satisfied with my fate," she answered, looking with distrust towards the door of the room whence the voice proceeded.—"Come, gentlemen, do you wish to retire?"

"Do not forget to ask her for two rooms," whispered the bookseller to the steward, for he felt an unconquerable reluctance to speak to the woman himself; "remember last night."

"True," said the other with a sapient nod of the head, "I had nearly forgotten;" and, whilst he was explaining his wishes to "pretty Mary," as he continued to call her, the Italian silently crept out of the room; so that the party was obliged to wait for his return before being lighted up stairs.

When he came in again, his companions immediately communicated to him the determination they had taken during his absence, and that he must be content with occupying a separate chamber. A smile passed over the stranger's countenance.

"At any rate, you will permit, I suppose," said he, "that our rooms communicate?"

"Of course, of course," replied the steward, bowing politely, but mentally resolving that the door of communication should be bolted.

Their hostess now taking the light, preceded them up a large, old, wooden staircase, from which they emerged upon a covered gallery running along the front and two wings of the house; and though the night was coming on very dark, they could perceive that the view was on a farm yard. They passed numerous doors and windows of chambers giving on this gallery, which evidently had not been in much request of late, for the doors were half unhinged, and every now and then swung backwards and forwards as the wind, now rising in the forest, came whistling through the large desolate building. Mary stopped at one of the last of these in the front part of the Inn; it seemed in better condition than the rest, and was probably that of the rooms most in use. Her key soon opened it, and she lighted the strangers in. The apartment consisted of two uncomfortably large rooms, with many beds, but scanty furniture, and a most disagreeable superabundance of doors and windows. On the whole, a more gloomy affair could not easily be conceived. It struck chill even to the heart of the steward; but the hostess cut short the expostulations she saw hovering on the old man's lips, by assuring him these were her very best rooms, and she had none other ready in the house.

"Well," said he, "as they are not very gay, and our supper was not over plentiful, we really want something to cheer us up—some nice warm evening cup, such as you once knew how to prepare so well, and used to call my night cup, you pretty rogue, do you remember?" and the hand of her former acquaintance would have volunteered the paternal caress of other days, but Mary shrunk from it as if it had been a blow.

"I will bring you something over which to smoke your pipes;" and, having lighted a couple of tallow candles that were on the table, she withdrew.

The bookseller had kindly taken charge of the singularly elongated package that excited so much solicitude in the Italian's breast, whilst the latter groaned under the weight of his two enormous saddle bags.

"It is very light for so long a thing," said the bookseller, putting his burthen on the table as he spoke; "it was a mere nothing to pop it under my arm; here goes what is heavier—that's my portmanteau."

"And here goes what's as heavy," said the steward, following his example by depositing his load on the table, whilst the Italian piled his bags by the side.

"One might almost think," said the younger German, "that there was no other living creature in the house but this dark-looking woman. I never saw so desolate an Inn."

"I have my reasons for believing it less lonely than you imagine," replied the Italian. "If there was no

meat for our supper, there was an abundant supply of it for others. Who these others may be"—here he shrugged his shoulders—"God knows; but it bodes us no good."

"How came you to find that out?" remarked the bookseller.

"Oh! by the merest accident in the world," replied the other. "I happened to look in at the kitchen window, and saw two stout wenches preparing enough meat for ten individuals."

"Were you seen?" asked his interrogator.

"I think not," he quickly answered, "but the maids exchanged such glances of intelligence that I should not be surprised if I was."

"These people have certainly come down in the world since I was last here," said the steward, "but I did not expect to find it so poor a place, or I should—"

The words died on his lips, for Mary re-entered, bringing in what he had desired. She looked severely at the Italian.

"You had not a very good meal of it," said she, addressing him in a somewhat marked manner, "for although we had better provisions about the place than I could afford to give you, I was obliged to reserve them for the farm boys, whom I expect every moment from the fields; for you know," added she, turning to the steward, "farming is our chief occupation, and the Inn is merely a secondary branch of industry. Of course I could not think of deranging the poor people's usual repast, after a hard day's work, for chance visitors;" and, with anything but a friendly smile, she withdrew.

"You have been seen," observed the bookseller to the Italian, with a somewhat crest-fallen air.

"She provides well for her people," replied the Italian; "I think few farm boys are better treated. I wish we were well out of this place; I disliked it from the very first, and everything since has added to my suspicions."

"I cannot bring myself to think there is any harm about it," said the steward, "I have known pretty Mary so long. True, neither she nor her circumstances seem improved of late, but yet I cannot share your doubts."

"Whence dates your acquaintance?" interrupted the Italian, putting back with his hand the proffered draught which the young German was tendering him, and fixing his quick eager glance upon the steward whilst he replied:—

"It is a long story to tell, but if it amuses you to listen to it over your glass, I am quite ready to give it you."

"Under the present circumstances, nothing can have more interest for us than an account of this woman. Pray begin—we are all ear."

The bookseller had by this time opened the pearl tobacco bag his Dorothea had wrought for him, and having drawn from his pocket his travelling pipe, he prepared to soothe his growing alarms, and possibly the tediousness of the tale, with the delight of the soporiferous herb, and echoed the wish of his neighbour.

"It is many years back—I should think about fifteen," began the steward, "when I first saw pretty Mary. You both smile, and shake your heads, at the epithet which, from habit, I still apply to her. She is faded now, and you cannot possibly imagine how truly she once deserved it. Ay, ay, I remember her well, with her bright eyes and rosy cheeks, white teeth and merry laugh, there was not a comelier or more buxom lassy in the whole village. She liked to be told she was pretty—and where's the harm? I, for my part, have always thought her more giddy and foolish, but less guilty than others have done.—"

"Perhaps you may have been under the influence of the bright eyes and rosy cheeks you have just described," said the Italian, with a sly look.

"Sir, I was an old man and the father of a family," gravely replied the steward, "and therefore could take in Mary only the most fatherly interest. She was born not far from the Castle of Rantzau, and her parents, who were poor labourers, sent her early to service in the little inn of our village. Well do I remember the sensation she created on her arrival. Nothing was heard of but her beauty. In less than a week she obtained universally the cognomen by which I call her, and which she has kept to this day in our village; in a couple of weeks more the matrons of the place declared her to be a saucy, flippant girl, whose acquaintance they forbade their daughters, and prayed their sons to avoid. I, myself, saw no harm whatever about the girl—she was merry and free in her manners to be sure, but she would hand an old man like me his can of beer with as good a grace, and winning a smile, as if I had been the friskiest lad in the village. I must tell you that from Rantzau to the village it is a mere walk, and one which I was in the habit of taking almost every evening, for the space of many years. This walk always brought me to the neat, tidy little inn, kept by my friend the post-master, where I regularly smoked my pipe, and sipped my beer, in company with a few old tried friends, reading our newspaper, talking over the politics of the day, and discussing the then scandals of our village, and those of our youth. A pleasant time we had of it—but, lack-a-day, our ranks are thinned since then——eh! where was I? Pretty Mary had not long been in the inn as chief maid—my old friend the post-master was dead, and his son, a lad I had dandled on my knee, had succeeded to the business, for his old mother knew no more about it than the cuckoo. It was as neat an establishment as a man need to have; a snug inn it was—with well-filled cellars—five post-horses in the stable—a few postillions, who served as farm-boys at the same time. In short, nothing could be more complete. I must not forget to add that he likewise kept our only post-office. He was a good-looking, good-natured, obliging fellow as ever lived. May be he had one or two little follies, such as letting his moustachios grow, and wearing a green coat like my lord's *chasseur*, and that, too, after I had warned him against such apishness; but, on the whole, he was a good boy, and I loved him well, both for his father's sake and his own. I soon saw how matters stood between him and Mary. Ay, had she chosen it, she might have been the honest, happy wife of as thriving a lad as any we have in our parts. Not that Mary begrudged him her smiles or her soft looks, but at the bottom she loved another. The thing passed thus—the post-master's old mother, who had been very strict in her day—God assoilzie her—Here goes to her memory, gentlemen!" So saying, the honest old steward emptied his glass, which had stood for some time untasted before him.

"Well, she would not hear of the match, and wished to turn pretty Mary out of the house, saying she was over light for the like of her son, and that if his wife were poor she should, at least, be honest. The boy did not believe her, and would have married Mary for all that, being much of my opinion, that she had too many admirers

among the men to have the goodwill of the women. The girl had consented, and the wedding was to take place very shortly, when a conversation he accidentally overheard in his own stables proved to him, that, had he concluded the affair, he would have been greatly duped, and that if it were any one's duty to repair the poor maiden's honour he certainly was not the person on whom this duty ought to devolve. The truth is, my good friends, her true affection was given to a squinting, red-haired postillion, by name Peter Stieber. He was as ill-favoured, and as ill-behaved a man as ever I happened to see—very much addicted to drink and profligate habits, and the little we knew of him—for he was not of our village, but came from a distant part of the country—made us dislike him every day more and more. Not so Mary. Her whole heart, it would seem, was bound up in this man, at least so her after behaviour would lead one to believe. The postmaster, who had already often thought of dismissing him for his dissolute habits and frequent and unaccountable absences, now hesitated no longer, and unceremoniously disturbing the *tête-a-tête* he had so opportunely overheard, he turned out Peter Stieber that very hour. But he could not find it in his heart to do the same by pretty Mary, however cruelly she had deceived him; for he well knew such proceeding would at once complete her ruin in the village, that her many rivals would greatly joy in her shame, and repay her former scornful and sneering manner to them with every bitter insult they could think of. His goodness of heart triumphed, and so he left pretty Mary without a word of reproach; but the ensuing week found a gentle, prudent girl of the neighbourhood invested with all the honours of postmistress at the quiet, little Inn. Great, doubtless, was Mary's disappointment; and whether her proud spirit could not brook to obey where she once thought to command, or whether it was that the young wife was not without her jealousies about Mary and made her uncomfortable, or, it may be from some other cause, Mary soon after left the Inn, and removed to another in a neighbouring town. Affairs often brought me to her new residence. Here, although her beauty was still an object of remark, it did not excite the same heart-burnings and jealousies which it had occasioned in our village; and for a very simple reason. She no longer noticed the young men of the place, having evidently given up all hopes of an honourable establishment, and kept all her coquetries for chance travellers who put up at her master's house. It went on very well for a time but some of the better sort of visitors complained of her boldness and obtrusiveness, and her irregularities at last became such and so glaring that the innkeeper put her out of doors.

"Pretty Mary, in the course of a couple of years, experienced precisely the same fate in several of the better hostelries of the neighbouring towns and villages, and disappeared all of a sudden from that part of the country. The poor girl had so lost herself, that none even of her past admirers thought it worth while to inquire into the matter. I was one of those who, I believe, pitied her most sincerely. I must tell you that from the moment of his dismissal by the Postmaster, Peter Stieber had never been seen nor heard of more. Now, putting that together with the complaints all Mary's successive masters made of her, namely, that she was constantly absenting herself without being able, or willing, to account for it in any way, and the great mystery in which she tried to envelope these absences—all this, I say, led me to conclude that Peter Stieber was not far off, that he still exercised an undue influence over poor Mary, and was the cause of many of her follies; nor was I far wrong, as you will soon perceive. A few years after pretty Mary's singular disappearance, the affairs of my Lord the Count of Rantzau brought me this way; and what was my surprise to find her the wedded wife of Peter Stieber, and mistress of a large and comfortable inn. I could not help suspecting Mary's beauty had somewhat contributed to the comforts I saw around them. That she was not quite reformed several circumstances led me to believe; and although Peter Stieber was more active than I had known him, I could easily perceive that he made a brutal husband, and a drunken, disobliging host; but Mary, poor soul, in spite of all her levity, seemed devotedly attached to him. Besides, she received me with so frank and cordial a welcome that I could not have harboured an unkind thought of her, nor did I choose to dwell too much upon her past existence."

"Have you performed this journey often?" inquired the bookseller.

"Never from that day to this," answered the steward; "and sad is the change that has taken place since then, both in the people and the objects around them. Pretty Mary's friendly smiles have disappeared with her beauty, and the whole concern seems to have gone to ruin. I dare say all this has been effected by Peter Stieber's evil propensities, and that sorrow and suffering have made of the poor girl what she now is."

"Did you sleep here on that occasion?" again interrupted the bookseller.

"Ay, that did I, and spent a part of the next day here into the bargain, although the Count was anxiously expecting his monies—for I was bent on precisely the same errand as that which now takes me to F——, but it was a gay time in this part of the country—it being Kirmess—and the Inn so crowded I could not have a private chamber for love or money, and was obliged to spend the night in the public room with numbers of other people, and they drank, and sang, and made themselves so merry, that I could not close my eyes all night. But still I left the place with regret, and little dreamed I should ever find it so altered."

"How comes the woman by so accurate a knowledge of your journey and its object?" still persisted the inquisitive bookseller, shaking the ashes out of his expiring pipe, whilst the Italian continued to listen in silence, his large bright eyes gradually increasing in size and lustre as the steward's story came to a close, and evidently sharing the young German's curiosity.

"Why, Mary was born on the estate of the Count, and of course knows well the time at which we collect the rents,—knows, too, pretty well to what they amount, and did not fail, whilst at the inn of our village, to pick up some information about *our* affairs." Here the honest steward, having given due emphasis to the significant plural, drew himself up with a great air of dignity and self-importance, looking from one face to another to enjoy the effect it should have produced. But he was disappointed; the bookseller's countenance expressed nothing but perplexity and care, whilst the foreigner seemed lost in abstraction.

"What on earth makes you look so moody, comrade?" said the old man, addressing his countryman. "Is it the recital of pretty Mary's misfortunes, or this evening's wretched accommodation?" "I was reflecting," answered the bookseller, "on the very bad character which, from your own account, it would seem the people of this house deservedly enjoy, and how far it may be likely to affect us on the present occasion. The woman knows of a large sum being in the house, and there is no kirmess. I can tell you, however, much your vivid recollection of her once rosy cheeks and warm smiles may reassure you, I, who have seen nothing of either, feel anything but comforted by the story of her past life."

"It is strange," replied the steward, "I cannot take that view of the case; and you, Sir," added he, turning to the Italian, "a woman may be light and not criminal —Eh?"

"In my wanderings through the world, I have often found the one thing led to the other," replied the Italian with a smile that seemed but little in harmony with the subject in discussion and the words he uttered; "and if you, indeed, wish to know my candid opinion, which, after all, may not be useless to you, I think you had better frame your minds to that which will certainly take place: I mean a night attack, for which, however, gentlemen, if I understood you aright, during the course of our short acquaintance, you are both fully prepared."

(*To be Continued.*)

THE BATTLE OF LIFE* AND MRS. PERKINS'S BALL.†

The Battle of Life is the fourth of Mr. Dickens's annual publications. The Christmas Carol, the first and the best, has reached only a *tenth* edition. The Chimes was said to be inferior to its predecessor, and is up to the twelfth edition. The Cricket on the Hearth had the worst character of the three, and has, therefore, attained its twenty-second edition. The facts merely show that book-buyers and reviewers do not always entertain similar opinions. The latter class pretty generally asserted that Mr. Dickens was living—so far as his Annuals were concerned—on his character—eating into his acquired literary capital, while the former have taken care that he should live upon his editions. No book of the past, or many previous issues, has been so successful as the Cricket. The author of Waverley never got off twenty-two editions of any of his works in twelve months—or two editions, on an average, per month. On the ratio of increase in the previous publications, the Battle of Life will run into forty-four editions; and, as one-half of our readers cannot reasonably expect their copies before the month of June, we may tell them its story in a few sentences. The little volume opens with meditations on a battle-field, quite in Mr. Dickens's style; and, as they are applicable to any other battle-field whatever, and very sensible observations, we quote them:—

"Once upon a time, it matters little when, and in stalwart England, it matters little where, a fierce battle was fought. It was fought upon a long summer day, when the waving grass was green. Many a wild flower, formed by the Almighty hand to be a perfumed goblet for the dew, felt its enamelled cup fill high with blood that day, and, shrinking, dropped. Many an insect, deriving its delicate colour from harmless leaves and herbs, was stained anew that day by dying man, and marked its frightened way with an unnatural track. The painted butterfly took blood into the air upon the edges of its wings. The stream ran red. The trodden ground became a quagmire, whence, from sullen pools, collected in the prints of human feet and horses' hoofs, the one prevailing hue still lowered and glimmered at the sun. Heaven keep us from a knowledge of the sights the moon beheld upon that field, when, coming up above the black line of distant rising-ground, softened and blurred at the edge by trees, she rose into the sky and looked upon the plain, strewn with upturned faces that had once at mothers' breasts sought mothers' eyes, or slumbered happily. Heaven keep us from a knowledge of the secrets whispered afterwards upon the tainted wind that blew across the scene of that day's work, and that night's death and suffering! Many a lonely moon was bright upon the battle ground, and many a star kept mournful watch upon it, and many a wind from every quarter of the earth blew over it, before the traces of the fight were worn away. They lurked and lingered for a long time, but survived in little things, for Nature, far above the evil passions of men, soon recovered her serenity, and smiled upon the guilty battle-ground as she had done before, when it was innocent. The larks sang high above it, the swallows skimmed and dipped, and flitted to and fro, the shadows of the flying clouds pursued each other swiftly, over grass, and corn, and turnip field, and wood, and over roof and church-spire, in the nestling town, among the trees, away into the bright distance on the borders of the sky and earth, where the red sunsets faded. Crops were sown and grew up, and were gathered in; the stream that had been crimsoned turned a watermill; men whistled at the plough; gleaners and haymakers were seen in quiet groups at work; sheep and oxen pastured; boys whooped and called, in fields, to scare away the birds; smoke rose from cottage chimneys; Sabbath bells rang peacefully; old people lived and died; the timid creatures of the field, and simple flowers of the bush and garden, grew and withered in their destined turns;—and all upon the fierce and bloody battle-ground, where thousands upon thousands had been killed in the great fight. But there were deep green patches in the growing corn, at first, that people looked at awfully. Year after year they reappeared; and it was known, that, underneath those fertile spots, heaps of men and horses lay buried, indiscriminately, enriching the ground. The husbandmen who ploughed those places shrank from the great worms abounding there; and the sheaves they yielded were, for many a long year, called the Battle Sheaves, and set apart; and no one ever knew a Battle Sheaf to be among the last load at a Harvest Home. For a long time, every furrow that was turned revealed some fragments of the fight. For a long time, there were wounded trees upon the battle-ground, and scraps of hacked and broken fence and wall, where deadly struggles had been made; and trampled parts where not a blade would grow. For a long time, no village girl would dress her hair or bosom with the sweetest flower from that field of death; and after many a year had come and gone, the berries growing there were still believed to leave too deep a stain upon the hand that plucked them. The seasons in their course, however, though they passed as lightly as the summer clouds themselves, obliterated, in the lapse of time, even these remains of the old conflict; and wore away much legendary traces of it as the neighbouring people carried in their minds, until they dwindled into old wives' tales, dimly remembered round the winter fire, and waning every year. Where the wild flowers and berries had so long remained upon the stem untouched

* By Charles Dickens. London: Bradbury & Evans. † By M. A. Titmarsh. London: Chapman & Hall.

gardens arose, and houses were built, and children played at battles on the turf. The wounded trees had long ago made Christmas logs, and blazed and roared away. The deep green patches were no greener now than the memory of those who lay in dust below. The ploughshare still turned up, from time to time, some rusty bits of metal; but it was hard to say what use they had ever served, and those who found them wondered and disputed. An old dinted corslet and a helmet had been hanging in the church so long, that the same weak half-blind old man, who tried in vain to make them out above the whitewashed arch, had marvelled at them as a baby."

The battle-field has no connexion whatever with the subject, except that, in years long subsequent to the fight, a village was built there; and in the village Doctor Jeddler dwelt with his daughters, Grace and Marion; his ward, Mr. Alfred Heathfield; and two servants, Mr. Britain and "Clemency." Dr. Jeddler's peculiarity was that he thought life a kind of "joke," a "great farce," an opinion from which the young ladies and the ward very sensibly dissented. The tale opens with a breakfast in the orchard, on the morning when Dr. Jeddler is to deliver over such papers and property as belong to Mr. Alfred Heathfield at his majority, and the young gentleman is to commence his three years' travels. Messrs. Snitchey and Craggs being the Doctor's attorneys, are of course invited to the breakfast on the grass; and before the papers are all signed, sealed, and delivered, the reader will discover that Mr. Heathfield and Miss Marion Jeddler are upon peculiarly intimate terms; and that at the expiry of three years, on the return of Mr. Heathfield, there will be another pleasant meeting in the old orchard. Messrs. Snitchey and Craggs—attornies though they be—are enabled to discover this part of the transaction, but they hand over the papers. The coach comes up too soon, as usual in all such cases, and Mr. Heathfield having consigned Marion to the especial care of "Grace," goes forth into the world on the top of the stage. Years pass away on the battle-field, and another character is introduced into the tale, in a passage which we quote, as the best in the book:—

"Snitchey and Craggs had a snug little office on the old Battle Ground, where they drove a snug little business, and fought a great many small pitched battles for a great many contending parties. Though it could hardly be said of these conflicts that they were running fights—for in truth they generally proceeded at a snail's pace—the part the Firm had in them came so far within that general denomination, that now they took a shot at this Plaintiff, and now aimed a chop at that Defendant, now made a heavy charge at an estate in Chancery, and now had some light skirmishing among an irregular body of small debtors, just as the occasion served, and the enemy happened to present himself. The *Gazette* was an important and profitable feature in some of their fields, as well as in fields of greater renown; and in most of the actions wherein they showed their generalship, it was afterwards observed by the combatants that they had had great difficulty in making each other out, or in knowing with any degree of distinctness what they were about, in consequence of the vast amount of smoke by which they were surrounded.

"The offices of Messrs Snitchey and Craggs stood convenient with an open door, down two smooth steps in the market place: so that any angry farmer inclining towards hot water, might tumble into it at once. Their special council-chamber and hall of conference was an old back room up stairs, with a low dark ceiling, which seemed to be knitting its brows gloomily in the consideration of tangled points of law. It was furnished with some high-backed leathern chairs, garnished with great goggle-eyed brass nails, of which, every here and there, two or three had fallen out; or had been picked out, perhaps, by the wandering thumbs and forefingers of bewildered clients. There was a framed print of a great judge in it, every curl in whose dreadful wig had made a man's hair stand on end. Bales of papers filled the dusty closets, shelves and tables; and round the wainscoat there were tiers of boxes, padlocked and fireproof, with people's names painted outside, which anxious visitors felt themselves, by a cruel enchantment, obliged to spell backwards and forwards, and to make anagrams of, while they sat, seeming to listen to Snitchey and Craggs, without comprehending one word of what they said. * * * * *

"In this office, nevertheless, Snitchey and Craggs made honey for their several hives. Here, sometimes, they would linger, of a fine evening, at the window of their council-chamber, overlooking the old battle-ground, and wonder (but that was generally at assize time, when much business had made them sentimental) at the folly of mankind, who couldn't always be at peace with one another, and go to law comfortably. Here days, and weeks, and months, and years passed over them; their calendar, the gradually diminishing number of brass nails in the leathern chairs, and the increasing bulk of papers on the tables. Here nearly three years' flight had thinned the one and swelled the other, since the breakfast in the orchard; when they sat together in consultation at night. Not alone; but with a man of thirty, or about that time of life, negligently dressed, and somewhat haggard in the face, but well-made, well-attired, and well-looking, who sat in the arm chair of state, with one hand in his breast, and the other in his dishevelled hair, pondering moodily. Messrs. Snitchey and Craggs sat opposite each other at a neighbouring desk. One of the fire-proof boxes, unpadlocked and opened, was upon it; a part of its contents lay strewn upon the table, and the rest was then in course of passing through the hands of Mr. Snitchey, who brought it to the candle, document by document, looked at every paper singly as he produced it, shook his head and handed it to Mr. Craggs, who looked it over also, shook his head, and laid it down. Sometimes they would stop, and shaking their heads in concert look towards the abstracted client; and the name on the box being Michael Warden, Esquire, we may conclude, from these premises, that the name and the box were both his, and that the affairs of Michael Warden, Esquire, were in a bad way.

"'That's all,' said Mr. Snitchey, turning up the last paper. 'Really there's no other resource—no other resource.'

"'All lost, spent, wasted, pawned, borrowed and sold, eh?' said the client, looking up.

"'All!' returned Mr. Snitchey.

"'Nothing else to be done, you say?'

"'Nothing at all.'

The client bit his nails and pondered again.

"'And I am not even personally safe in England?—You hold to that do you?'

"'In no part of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland,' replied Mr. Snitchey.

"'A mere prodigal son, with no father to go back to, no swine to keep, and no husks to share with them?—Eh?' pursued the client, rocking one leg over the other, and searching the ground with his eyes.

"Mr. Snitchey coughed, as if to deprecate the being supposed to participate in any figurative illustration of a legal position. Mr. Craggs, as if to express that it was a partnership view of the subject, also coughed.

"'Ruined at thirty!' said the client. 'Humph!'

"'Not ruined, Mr. Warden,' returned Snitchey. 'Not so bad as that. You have done a good deal towards it, I must say; but you are not ruined; a little nursing——'

"'A little devil!' said the client.

"'Mr. Craggs,' said Snitchey, 'will you oblige me with a pinch of snuff? Thank you, Sir.'

"As the imperturbable lawyer applied it to his nose, with great apparent relish and a perfect absorption of his attention in the proceeding, the client gradually broke into a smile, and looking up, said—

"'You talk of nursing. How long nursing?'

"'How long nursing?' repeated Snitchey, dusting the snuff from his fingers, and making a slow calculation in

his mind. "'For your involved estate, Sir? In good hands? S. and C.'s, say? Six or seven years.'

"'To starve for six or seven years!' said the client, with a fretful laugh, and an impatient change of his position.

"'To starve for six or seven years, Mr. Warden,' said Snitchey, 'would be very uncommon indeed. You might get another estate, by showing yourself, the while. But we don't think you could do it—speaking for self and Craggs—and, consequently, don't advise it.'

"'What do you advise?'

"'Nursing, I say,' repeated Snitchey; 'some few years of nursing, by self and Craggs, would bring it round. But, to enable us to make terms, and hold terms, and you to keep terms, you must go away—you must live abroad. As to starvation, we could ensure you some hundreds a-year to starve upon—even in the beginning, I dare say, Mr. Warden.'

"'Hundreds,' said the client, 'and I have spent thousands!'

"'That,' retorted Mr. Snitchey, putting the papers slowly back into the cast iron box, 'there is no doubt about. No doubt at—bout,' he repeated to himself, as he thoughtfully pursued his occupation.

"The lawyer, very likely, knew his man; at any rate, his dry, shrewd, whimsical manner had a favourable influence upon the client's moody state, and disposed him to be more free and unreserved. Or, perhaps, the client knew his man; and had elicited such encouragement as he had received, to render some purpose he was about to disclose the more defensible in appearance. Gradually raising his head, he sat looking at his immovable adviser with a smile, which presently broke into a laugh.

"'After all,' he said, 'my iron-headed friend'—Mr. Snitchey pointed out his partner. 'Self, and—excuse me—Craggs.'

"'I beg Mr. Craggs's pardon,' said the client. 'After all, my iron-headed friends,' he leaned forward in his chair, and dropped his voice a little, 'you don't know half my ruin yet.'

"Mr. Snitchey stopped and stared at him, Mr. Craggs' also stared.

"'I am not only deep in debt,' said the client, 'but I am deep in—'

"'Not in love?' cried Snitchey.

"'Yes!' said the client, falling back in his chair and surveying the firm, with his hands in his pockets, "Deep in love.'

"'Sir?' said Snitchey.

"'And not with an heiress?'

"'Not with an heiress.'

"'Nor a rich lady?'

"'Nor a rich lady that I know of; except in beauty and merit.'

"'A single lady, I trust?' said Mr. Snitchey, with great expression.'

"'Certainly.'

"'It's not one of Dr. Jeddler's daughters?' said Snitchey, suddenly squaring his elbows on his knees, and advancing his face at least a yard.

"'Yes!' returned the client.

"'Not his youngest daughter?' said Snitchey.

"'Yes,' returned the client.

"'Mr. Craggs,' said Snitchey, much relieved, 'will you oblige me with another pinch of sunff? Thank you. I am happy to say it don't signify, Mr. Warden; she's engaged, sir, she's bespoken. My partner can corroborate me. We know the fact.'

"'We know the fact,' repeated Craggs.

"'Why, so do I, perhaps,' returned the client quietly. 'What of that? Are you men of the world, and did you never hear of a woman changing her mind?'

"'There certainly have been actions for breach,' said Mr. Snitchey, 'brought against both spinsters and widows, but in the majority of cases—'

"'Cases!' interposed the client impatiently. 'Don't talk to me of cases. The general precedent is in a much larger volume than any of your law books. Besides, do you think I have lived six weeks in the doctor's house for nothing?'

"'I think, sir,' observed Mr. Snitchey, gravely addressing himself to his partner, "that of all the scrapes Mr. Warden's horses have brought him into, at one time and another—and they have been pretty numerous, and pretty expensive, as none know better than himself, and you and I—the worst scrape may turn out to be, if he talks in this way, his having been ever left by one of them at the Doctor's garden walk, with three broken ribs, a snapped collar-bone, and the Lord knows how many bruises! We didn't think so much of it at the time, when we knew he was going on well, under the Doctor's hands and roof; but it looks bad now, Sir. Bad! it looks very bad. Doctor Jeddler, too—our client, Mr. Craggs.'

"'Mr. Alfred Heathfield, too—a sort of client, Mr. Snitchey,' said Craggs.

"'Mr. Michael Warden, too, a kind of client,' said the careless visiter,' 'and no bad one either—having played the fool for ten or twelve years. However, Mr. Michael Warden has sown his wild oats now—there 's their crop in that box—and means to repent and be wise. And in proof of it, Mr. Michael Warden means, if he can, to marry Marion, the Doctor's lovely daughter, and to carry her away with him."

"'Really, Mr. Craggs,' Mr. Snitchey began.

"'Really, Mr. Snitchey, and Mr. Craggs, partners both,' said the client, interrupting him, 'you know your duty to your clients; and you know well enough, I am sure, that it is no part of it to interfere in a mere love affair, which I am obliged to confide to you. I am not going to carry the young lady off without her own consent. There's nothing illegal in it. I never was Mr. Heathfield's bosom friend; I violate no confidence of his. I love where he loves; and I mean to win where he would win, if I can.'

"'He can't, Mr. Craggs,' said Snitchey, evidently anxious and discomfited; 'He can't do it, sir. She dotes on Mr. Alfred.'

"'Does she?' returned the client.

"'Mr. Craggs, she dotes on him, sir,' persisted Snitchey. 'I didn't live six weeks in the doctor's house for nothing; and I doubted that soon,' observed the client. 'She would have doted on him, if her sister could have brought it about; but I watched them. Marion avoided his name, avoided the subject; shrank from the least allusion to it with evident distress.'

"'Why should she, Mr. Craggs, you know? Why should she, sir?' inquired Snitchey.

"'I don't know why she should, though there are many likely reasons,' said the client, smiling at the attention and perplexity expressed in Mr. Snitchey's shining eye, and at his cautious way of carrying on the conversation and making himself informed upon the subject; 'but I know she does; she was very young when she made the engagement—if it may be called one, I am not sure even of that—and has repented of it, perhaps. Perhaps—it seems a foppish thing to say; but upon my soul, I don't mean it in that light—she may have fallen in love with me, as I have fallen in love with her.'

"'He, he! Mr. Alfred, her old play-fellow, too, you remember, Mr. Craggs,' said Snitchey, with a disconcerted laugh; 'knew her almost from a baby.' 'Which makes it the more probable, that she may be tired of his idea,' calmly pursued the client,' and not indisposed to exchange it for the newer one of another lover, who presents himself (or is presented by his horse) under romantic circumstances; has the not unfavourable reputation—with a country girl—of having lived thoughtlessly and gaily without doing much harm to anybody; and who, for his youth and figure, and so forth—this may seem foppish again, but, upon my soul, I don't mean it in that light—might, perhaps, pass muster in a crowd with Mr. Alfred himself.'

"There was no gainsaying the last clause certainly; and Mr. Snitchey, glancing at him, thought so. There was something naturally graceful and pleasant in the very carelessness of his air. It seemed to suggest, of his comely face and well-knit figure, that they might be greatly better if he chose; and that, once roused and made earnest (but he never had been earnest yet), he could be

full of fire and purpose. 'A dangerous sort of libertine,' thought the lawyer, 'to seem to catch the spark he wants from a young lady's eyes.'

"'Now, observe Snitchey,' he continued, rising and taking him by the button, and Craggs, taking him by the button also, and placing one partner on either side of him, so that neither might evade him. 'I don't ask you for any advice. You are right to keep quite aloof from all parties in such a matter, which is not one in which grave men like you could interfere, on any side. I am briefly going to review, in half-a-dozen words, my position and intention, and then I shall leave it to you to do the best for me, in money matters, that you can; seeing that, if I run away with the Doctor's beautiful daughter (as I hope to do, and to become another man under her bright influence), it will be, for the moment, more chargeable than running away alone. But I shall soon make all that up in an altered life.'

"'I think it will be better not to hear this, Mr. Craggs,' said Snitchey, looking at him across the client.

"'I think not,' said Craggs—both listening attentively.

"'Well, you needn't hear it,' replied their client. 'I'll mention it, however. I don't mean to ask the Doctor's consent, because he wouldn't give it me. But I mean to do the Doctor no wrong or harm, because (besides, there being nothing serious in such trifles, as he says) I hope to rescue his child, my Marion, from what I see—I *know*—she dreads, and contemplates with misery: that is the return of this old lover. If anything in the world is true, it is true that she dreads his return. Nobody is injured so far. I am so hurried and worried here just now, that I lead the life of a flying-fish, skulk about in the dark, am shut out of my own house, and warned off my own grounds; but that house, and those grounds, and many an acre besides, will come back to me one day, as you know and say; and Marion will probably be richer—on your showing, who are never sanguine—ten years hence as my wife, than as the wife of Alfred Heathfield, whose return she dreads, (remember that), and in whom, or in any man, my passion is not surpassed. Who is injured yet? It is a fair case throughout. My right is as good as his, if she decide in my favour; and I will try my right by her alone. You will like to know no more after this, and I will tell you no more. Now you know my purpose and wants. When must I leave here?'

"'In a week,' said Snitchey, 'Mr. Craggs?—'

"'In something less, I should say,' responded Mr. Craggs.

"'In a month,' said the client, after attentively watching the two faces. 'This day month. To-day is Thursday: succeed or fail, on this day month I go.'

"'It's too long a delay,' said Snitchey; 'much too long. But let it be so. I thought he'd have stipulated for three,' he murmured to himself. 'Are you going? Good night, sir.'

"'Good night!' returned the client, shaking hands with the Firm; 'you'll live to see me making a good use of riches yet. Henceforth the star of my destiny is Marion!'

"'Take care of the stairs, sir, replied Snitchey, 'for she don't shine there. Good night!'

"'Good night!'

"So they both stood at the stair head, with a pair of office candles, watching him down; and when he had gone away, stood looking at each other.

"'What do you think of all this, Mr. Craggs,' said Snitchey.

"Mr. Craggs shook his head.

"'It was our opinion, on the day when that release was executed, that there was something curious in the parting of that pair, I recollect,' said Snitchey.

"'It was,' said Mr. Craggs.

"'Perhaps he deceives himself altogether,' pursued Mr. Snitchey, locking up the fire-proof box, and putting it away; 'or if he don't, a little bit of fickleness and perfidy is not a miracle, Mr. Craggs. And yet I thought that pretty face was very true. I thought,' said Mr. Snitchey, putting on his great-coat (for the weather was very cold), drawing on his gloves, and snuffing out one candle, 'that I had even seen her character becoming stronger and more resolved of late. More like her sisters.'

"'Mrs. Craggs was of the same opinion,' returned Craggs.

"'I'd really give a trifle to-night,' observed Mr. Snitchey, who was a good natured man, 'if I could believe that Mr. Warden was reckoning without his host; but light-headed, capricious, and unballasted as he is, he knows something of the world and its people (he ought to, for he has bought what he does know, dear enough), and I can't quite think that. We had better not interfere: we can do nothing, Mr. Craggs, but keep quiet.'

"'Nothing,' returned Craggs.

"'Our friend, the Doctor, makes light of such things,' said Mr. Snitchey, shaking his head. 'I hope he mayn't stand in need of his philosophy. Our friend Alfred talks of the battle of life,' he shook his head again, 'I hope he mayn't be cut down early in the day. Have you got your hat, Mr. Craggs? I am going to put the other candle out.' Mr. Craggs replying in the affirmative, Mr. Snitchey suited the action to the word, and they groped their way out of the council-chamber—now as dark as subject, or the law in general.

A letter came from Mr. Alfred Heathfield, announcing his intended return. Dr. Jeddler, to sustain his theory, determined to make "a good joke" of the arrival, and had a large supper party and a little ball at his old house. The business got on very pleasantly, although on a raging wintry night; and Messrs. Snitchey and Craggs, with their other partners in life, were present. But, at twelve o'clock, just as Mr. Alfred Heathfield arrived, Miss Marion Jeddler was missed. Notes for her sister and her father were found in her room, making it tolerably clear that she had eloped with "that dangerous sort of libertine," Michael Warden, Esquire. The company, of course, ran around the orchard in every direction, and did not find her. And at the moment when her sister Grace fainted and fell amongst the snow, Mr. Heathfield came up and seemed to do something of the same kind, for thus Part II. concludes:—

"The snow fell fast and thick. He (Heathfield, to wit) looked up for a moment in the air, and thought that these white ashes strewn upon his hopes and misery were suited to them well. He looked round on the whitening ground, and thought how Marion's foot-prints would be hushed and covered up, as soon as made, and even that remembrance of her blotted out. *But he never felt the weather and he never stirred.*"

We naturally concluded that, as "he never stirred," he had died on the old "battle-field." This was a mistake; for, on reading Part III., we found him out, comfortably married to Grace Jeddler; "Clemency," turned away for her part in Miss Marion's elopement, married Mr. Britain, and kept a snug country inn, where, one evening, six years after the elopement, Mr. Snitchey—Mr. Craggs is dead—recognises his client, Mr. Warden. On the same evening, Marion returns, and tells her sister Grace, that she knew Grace loved Mr. Heathfield, and therefore—though she, Marion, loved him too—she determined to elope with Mr. Warden so far as her aunt's, with whom she remained in concealment, while "that dangerous libertine" went a-nursing to the Continent; and this step she had taken from pure sisterly affection. She had never seen Mr. Warden again, who merely accompanied her so many miles on her way. Mr. Warden, however, having been most wonderfully discovered on the same evening—being reformed in estate and character—was, we are led to understand, ultimately married to Miss Marion. Dr. Jeddler discovered that life was not

"a great farce;" and all parties became, in the end, perfectly satisfied that it is quite a serious transaction. If Mr. Dickens really believes that a modest and discreet young lady could leave a ball-room on a winter night; make off with the greatest rake in the parish; take refuge in the old lady's, her aunt's; remain there concealed for a number of years—half-a-dozen—leaving for a long period her nearest relatives in anxiety for her fate, and her former neighbours in no doubt regarding her character—from no other motive than merely to give her elder sister an opportunity of marrying her lover; and if his numerous readers imagine the story within the range of probabilities, or the conduct of the heroine worthy of imitation, we have nothing to say between them, except that the engravings of the volume are well executed.

We decidedly prefer the rival publication of the season—"Mrs. Perkins's Ball," by M. A. Titmarsh. Mrs. Perkins is the wife of a stock-jobber in the city, who gave a party on the evening of Friday, the 19th December last, to which The Mulligan of Ballymulligan invited himself, and where he figured conspicuously; but it is proper that Mr. Titmarsh should tell his own story, which runs thus:—

"I do not know where Ballymulligan is, and never knew anybody who did. Once I asked the Mulligan the question, when that chieftain assumed a look of dignity so ferocious, and spoke of 'Saxon curiawsitee' in a tone of such evident displeasure, that—as, after all, it can matter very little to me whereabouts lies the Celtic principality in question—I have never pressed the inquiry any farther.

"I don't know even the Mulligan's town residence.—One night, as he bade us adieu in Oxford-street—'I live *there*,' says he, pointing down towards Uxbridge, with the big stick he carries;—so his abode is in that direction at any rate. He has his letters addressed to several of his friends' houses, and his parcels, &c., are left for him at various taverns which he frequents. That pair of checked trowsers, in which you see him attired, he did me the favour of ordering from my own tailor, who is quite as anxious as anybody to know the address of the wearer. In like manner, my hatter asked me, 'Oo was the Hirish gent. as 'ad ordered four 'ats and a sable boar to be sent to my lodgings?' As I did not know (however I might guess), the articles have never been sent, and the Mulligan has withdrawn his custom from the 'infernal four-and-ninepenny scoundthrel,' as he calls him. The hatter has not shut up shop in consequence. I became acquainted with the Mulligan through a distinguished countryman of his, who, strange to say, did not know the chieftain himself. But, dining with my friend, Fred. Clancy, of the Irish bar, at Greenwich, the Mulligan came up, 'introjuiced' himself to Clancy, as he said, claimed relationship with him on the side of Brian Boroo; and, drawing his chair to our table, quickly became intimate with us. He took a great liking to me, was good enough to find out my address and pay me a visit: since which period, often and often, on coming to breakfast in the morning, I have found him in my sitting-room, on the sofa, engaged with the rolls and morning papers; and many a time, on returning home at night, for an evening's quiet reading, I have discovered this honest fellow, in the arm chair before the fire, perfuming the apartment with my cigars, and trying the quality of such liquors as might be found in the sideboard.

"The way in which he pokes fun at Betsey, the maid of the lodgings, is prodigious. She begins to laugh whenever he comes; if he calls her a duck, a divvle, a darlin, it is all one. He is just as much a master of the premises as the individual who rents them at fifteen shillings a week; and as for handkerchiefs, shirt collars, and the like articles of fugitive haberdashery, the loss, since I have known him, is unaccountable. I suspect he is like the cat in some houses; for, suppose the whisky, the cigars, the sugar, the tea-caddy, the pickles, and other groceries disappear, all is laid upon that *edax rerum* of a Mulligan. The greatest offence that can be offered to him, is to call him *Mr.* Mulligan. 'Would you deprive me, Sir,' says he, 'of the title which was baurun be me princelee ancestors in a hundred thousand battles? In our own green valleys and faurists, in the American Savannahs, in the Sierras of Spain, and the Flats of Flandthers, the Saxon has quailed before the war-cry of MULLIGAN-ABOO! *Mr.* Mulligan! I'll pitch anybody out of the window who calls me *Mr.* Mulligan.' He said this, and uttered the slogan of the Mulligans with a shriek so terrific, that my uncle (the Rev. W. Gruels, of the Independent congregation, Bungay), who had happened to address him in the above obnoxious manner, while sitting at my apartments drinking tea after the May meetings, instantly quitted the room, and has never taken the least notice of me since, except to state to the rest of the family that I am doomed irrevocably to perdition.

"Well, one day last season, I had received from my kind and most estimable friend, Mrs. Perkins, of Pocklington Square (to whose amiable family I had the honour of giving lessons in drawing, French, and the German flute), an invitation couched in the usual terms, on satin gilt-edged note paper, to her evening party, or, as I call it, 'Ball.' Besides the engraved note sent to all her friends, my kind patroness had addressed me privately as follows:—

"'MY DEAR MR. TITMARSH,—If you know any very eligible young man, we give you leave to bring him. You *gentlemen* love your *Clubs* so much now, and care so little for *dancing*, that it is really quite a *scandal*. Come early, and before *everybody*, and give us the benefit of all your taste and *Continental skill*.

"'Your sincere

"'EMILY PERKINS.'"

"Whom shall I bring? mused I, highly flattered with this mark of confidence; and I thought of Bob Trippett; and little Fred. Spring, of the Navy Pay Office; Hulker, who is rich, and I know took lessons in Paris; and a half score of other bachelor friends, who might be considered as *very eligible*—when I was roused from my meditation by a slap of a hand on my shoulder; and, looking up, there was the Mulligan, who began, as usual, reading the papers on my desk. "What's this," says he, "who's Perkins? Is it a supper ball or only a tay ball?" "The Perkinses of Pocklington Square, Mulligan, are tip-top people," says I, with a tone of dignity; "Mr. Perkins's sister is married to a baronet, Sir Giles Bacon, of Hogwrsh, Norfolk. Mr. Perkins's uncle was Lord Mayor of London; and he was himself in Parliament, and *may be* again any day. The family are my most particular friends. A tay ball, indeed! Why, Gunter * * *" Here I stopped. I felt I was committing myself.

"'Gunter,' says the Mulligan, with another confounded slap on the shoulder, 'don't say another word. I'll go widg you, me boy.' *You* go, Mulligan,' says I: 'why, really—I—its not my party.'—

"'Your hwhawt? hwhat's this letter? an't I an eligible young man?—Is the descendant of a thousand kings unfit company for a miserable tallow-chandthlering cockney? Are you joking wid me? for, let me tell you, I don't like them jokes. D'ye suppose I'm not as well baurun and bred as yourself, or any Saxon friend you ever had?'

"'I never said you weren't, Mulligan,' says I. 'You don't mean seriously that a Mulligan is not fit company for a Perkins?'

"'My dear fellow, how could you think I could so far insult you?' says I.

"'Well, then,' says he, 'that's a matter settled, and we go.' What the deuce was I to do? I wrote to Mrs. Perkins; and that kind lady replied, that she would receive the Mulligan, or any other of my friends, with the greatest cordiality.' Fancy a party all Mulligans! thought I, with a secret terror."

Mr. Titmarsh gives pen and pencil sketches of Mrs. Perkins's party, and all the events of Friday evening, the

19th December, in the family mansion at Pocklington Square. In both departments he has succeeded admirably; and our readers might wish to know more of the guests, as, for example—

"Those three young men are described in a twinkling: Lieutenant Grig of the Heavies; Mr. Beaumoris, the handsome young man; Tom Flinders (Flynders Flynders he now calls himself), the fat gentleman who dresses after Beaumorris. Beaumorris is in the Treasury; he has a salary of eighty pounds a year, on which he maintains the best cab and horses of the season, and out of which he pays seventy guineas merely for his subscription to clubs. He hunts in Leicestershire, where great men mount him; is a prodigious favourite behind the scenes at the theatres. You may get glimpses of him at Richmond, with all sorts of pink bonnets; and he is the sworn friend of half the most famous roués about town; such as old Methuselah, Lord Billygout, Lord Tarquin, and the rest—a respectable race. It is to oblige the former that the good-natured young fellow is here to-night; though it must not be imagined that he gives himself any airs of superiority. Dandy as he is, he is quite affable, and would borrow ten guineas from any man in the room in the most jovial way possible. It is neither Beau's birth, which is doubtful; nor his money, which is entirely negative; nor his honesty, which goes along with his money qualification; nor his wit—for he can barely spell—which recommend him to the fashionable world, but a sort of Grand Seigneur splendour, and dandified *Je ne sçais quoi*, which make the man he is of him. The way in which his boots and gloves fit him is a wonder, which no other man can achieve; and though he has not an atom of principle, it must be confessed that he invented the Taglioni shirt.

"When I see those magnificent dandies yawning out of White's, or caracolling in the Park, on whining chargers, I like to think that Brummell was the greatest of them all, and that Brummell's father was a footman. Flynders is Beaumorris's toady; lends him money, buys horses through his recommendation, dresses after him, clings to him in Pall Mall, and on the steps of the clubs, and talks about 'Bo,' in all societies. It is his drag which carries down Bo.'s friends to the Derby; and his cheeks pay for dinners to the pink bonnets. I don't believe the Perkinses know what a rogue it is, but fancy him a decent reputable city-man, like his father before him.

"As for Captain Grig, what is there to tell about him? He performs the duty of his calling with perfect gravity. He is faultless on parade; excellent across country; amiable when drunk; rather slow when sober. He has not two ideas, and is a most good-natured, irreproachable, gallant, and stupid young officer."

Or, in another way, an equally remarkable set—

"But the most awful sight which met my view in this dance was the unfortunate Miss Little, to whom fate had assigned THE MULLIGAN as a partner. Like a pavid kid in the tallons of an eagle, that young creature trembled in his huge Milesian grasp. Disdaining the recognised form of the dance, the Irish Chieftain accommodated the music to the dance of his own green land, and performed a double-shuffle jig, carrying Miss Little along with him. Miss Ranville and her Captain shrank back amazed; Miss Trotter skirried out of his way into the protection of the astonished Lord Methuselah; Fred. Sparks could hardly move for laughing; while, on the contrary, Miss Joy was quite in pain for poor Sophy Little. As Canaillard and the Poetess came up, the Mulligan, in the height of his enthusiasm, lunged out a kick which sent Miss Bunion howling; and concluded with a tremendous Hurroo! a war-cry which caused every Saxon heart to shudder and quail."

And here is the finish of the Mulligan, at least his end, on Saturday morning, 20th ultimo:—

"It was too true, I had taken him away after supper (he ran after Miss Little's carriage, who was dying in love with him, as he fancied), but the brute had come back again. The doctors of divinity were putting up their condiments: everybody was gone; but the abominable Mulligan sat swinging his legs at the lonely supper-table!

"Perkins was opposite, gasping at him.

"*The Mulligan.*—'I toll ye, ye are the butler, ye big fat man. Go get me some more champagne. It's good at this house.'

"*Mr. Perkins—(with dignity).*—'It is good at this house; but'—

"*The Mulligan.*—'Bht hwhat? ye goggling bow-windowed jackass. Go, get the wine, and we'll drink it together, my old buck.

"*Mr. Perkins.*—'My name, sir, is Perkins.'

"*The Mulligan.*—'Well, that rhymes with gerkins and Jerkins, my man of firkins; so don't let us have any more shirkings and lurkings, Mr. Perkins.'

"*Mr. Perkins—(with apoplectico nervy).*—'Sir, I am the master of this house; and I order you to quit it. I'll not be insulted, sir; I'll send for a policeman, Sir. What do you mean, Mr. Titmarsh, Sir, by bringing this beast into my house, Sir?'

"At this, with a scream like that of a Hyrcanian tiger, Mulligan, of the hundred battles, sprang forward at his prey; but we were before-hand with him. Mr. Gregory, Mr. Grundsell, Sir Giles Bacon's large man, the young gentleman, and myself, rushed simultaneously upon the tipsy chieftain, and confined him. The doctors of divinity looked on with perfect indifference. That Mr. Perkins did not go off in a fit is a wonder. He was led away heaving and snorting frightfully. Somebody smashed Mulligan's hat over his eyes, and I led him forth into the silent morning. The chirrup of the birds, the freshness of the rosy air, and a pennyworth of coffee that I got for him at a stall in the Regent Circus, revived him somewhat. When I quitted him, he was not angry, but sad. He was desirous, it is true, of avenging the wrongs of Erin in battle line; he wished also to share the grave of Sarsfield and Hugh O'Neill; but he was sure that Miss Perkins, as well as Miss Little, was desperately in love with him; and I left him on a door-step in tears."

We wish that the twenty-one illustrations in the book, like its letterpress, were transferable, for in that case we might borrow largely. There is no work of the season more replete with broad and genuine humour and pointed sarcasm. "Mrs. Perkins's Ball" is vastly superior to "The Battle Field," as a story for Christmas, or for any other season of the year; and if the latter reach a forty-fourth edition, the former should, naturally, and on its merits, arrive at eighty-eight.

LITERARY REGISTER.

The Buchanites, from First to Last. By Joseph Train, author of "The History of the Isle of Man," &c. &c. Small octavo. Edinburgh and London: Blackwood & Sons.

THE Buchanites, "from first to last," was certainly the most precious piece of humbug that ever disgraced the acuteness and sober-mindedness for which our ancient Scottish nation claims distinction, and has its claim very generally allowed. Johanna Southcote, Ann Lee, Jemima Wilkinson, the Maid of Kent, nay, Canterbury Thom himself, and their disciples, must give place, in hypocrisy and impudence, to Mrs. Buchan, and, in absurd credulity, or downright idiotcy, to her followers. We are glad to find, in looking into the very circumstantial narrative

of Mr. Train; that this folly had spread less far than the space it has occupied in popular Scottish literature had led us to imagine. Allan Cunningham's Tales were full of the Buchanites and their nomadic faith; and Galt, and even Scott, refer to "Luckie Buchan," and her infatuated disciples. These were at no time very numerous, however rnid, and in character and station in society they were greatly inferior to the votaries of Johanna Southcote. As to intelligence, that may stand pretty equally between them.

The leader, much as Mr. Train depreciates her, intellectually as well as morally, must have possessed a certain sort of talent, though never prophetess had disciples more easily duped. At her first outset, the stimulus of a little persecution was not wanting. The narrative, though spun out and overloaded, is instructive, as exhibiting the depths of absurdity into which fanaticism and distempered imagination may carry persons assumed to be rational; for had poor Edward Irvine or any one of his prophetesses chosen to have gone forth into the wilderness, there is no question that they would, for a season, have obtained many more followers, "number and value," than did Elspat Buchan. Her history is edifying, among other points, from her glibe use, in her letters and conversation, of the blasphemous slang which forms so formidable a weapon in the hands of inspired persons of her cast, in carrying on their business of imposition and delusion. Mr. Train has given us quite as much of his heroine as can well be endured. His work is, however, likely to be popular in Scotland; and it may furnish materials for a good chapter in any future history of popular religious delusions.

Elspat Simpson, afterwards "Luckie Buchan," was the daughter of a cottar in Banffshire, and in her orphaned childhood, like Joan of Arc, herded cows. She afterwards was taught to read and sew, through the kindness of a relative; but being of idle, and, it is said, dissolute habits, she wandered from the north, and at Ayr, "trepanned" Robert Buchan, a working potter, into being her husband. Her notions of matrimony, according to her biographer, were of the kind now called *Socialist*. The part she was to play—"her mission"—was communicated to her by special revelation. She was a constant attendant at revivals and fellowship meetings, going, as she said, "from sea to sea, seeking the Word of the Lord, but could not find it." At last the time came:—

"In the year 1774, the power of God wrought such a wonderful change on my senses, that I overcame the flesh so as not to make use of earthly food for some weeks, which made all that saw me conclude that I was going to depart this life; and many came to hear me speak, which was all about God's love to mortals. * * * Had there been a gallows erected at every door where I had an opportunity of speaking of Christ, or of hearing him spoken of, I would not have stayed from going there; and the more any sought to keep me back, it only tended the more to stir me up to run the faster."

But we must make brief work with this absurd woman. She gave herself out to be the Third Person in the Godhead, and pretended not only to be immortal herself, but to confer immortality on whomsoever she breathed on:—

"She also personified the woman described in the Revelation of St. John, as being clothed with the Sun and the Moon; and pretended to have brought forth the Man-child who was to rule all nations with a rod of iron, in the person of the Reverend Hugh White, minister of the Relief congregation of Irvine."

White was the most infatuated of her followers; and yet he had been one of the most popular of the Relief ministers of the west of Scotland. Scandal took freedom with their names, and the tenets promulgated by White regarding their faith and practice, gave countenance to evil reports:—

"In the Divine Dictionary, said to have been indited by Holy Inspiration, and published by Mr. White, as containing the faith and practice of the Buchanites, we find these words:—'This world has vexed themselves in vain about our views of marriage; accordingly, to all denominations we make the following information:—

"'The same law that finished the carnal service at the altar, and bestial sacrifices, put an end to carnal marriages. It is devilish to think that merely refraining from women and certain meats constitutes salvation. Where the Holy Spirit of God occupies all the person and reigns throughout the flesh, it matters not whether they marry or not.

"'The people of this generation cannot be persuaded to embrace our faith and practice, and that because we are so unlike the world. Our dissimilitude to the world must be a convincing proof that we are right. To be like the world, is to be like the devil, the father of unbelief.' * * * * * * *

The early letters of Mother Buchan are subscribed Elspath Simpson, although it was not till after her ejectment from Irvine that she was legally divorced from her husband. In a letter addressed to the Rev. Gabriel Russell, Dundee, she writes thus:—'As for self-denial, my dear, it would not do with me to be self-denied; but even averse to self-denial.' This, she affirmed, was all in accordance with Scripture."

Burns, the poet, gave an account of this new sect and its founders, which confirms the worst that has been alleged of them. Mr. Ayton of Hamilton, who remembered their going forth into the wilderness, graphically describes their departure from Irvine, in a communication made to Mr. Train:—

"'I have been,' says he, 'an attentive observer of the freaks and feelings of mankind for the last seventy years; and I was not surprised to see a considerable portion of the Relief congregation of Irvine leave their homes, and set out, as they said, to heaven, under the direction of a hypocritical old woman and a wrong-headed priest, singing on the way to the New Jerusalem.'

"Several old people still remember seeing the Buchanites on this occasion. Mrs. Buchan, attired in a scarlet cloak, the discarded minister, and one or two of her higher dupes, were seated in a cart, while the remainder of the company followed on foot. These were, for the most part, 'Clever chiels, and bonny, spanking, rosy-cheeked lassies, many of them in their teens. They were generally dressed in the simple garb of peasant maids of the Lowlands of Scotland. Over their dark petticoats they wore short gowns, reaching from the chin half way down the thigh, and fitted close to the bosom. They were bare-headed; and their locks, permitted to grow unusually long, were restrained from falling in a fleece over the back and bosom by small buckling combs.'

"'The progress of these enthusiastic visionaries is thus described by our native bard, Allan Cunningham:—'Some were in carts, some were on horseback, and not a few were on foot. Our Lady (so they called Mrs. Buchan) rode in front on a white pony, and often halted to lecture them on the loveliness of the land, and to cheer them with food from what she called the garden of mercy, and with drink from a large cup, called the comforter.'"

After such refreshments, the "Friend Mother" would light her *cuttie-pipe* and regale herself with a smoke of tobacco. The subsequent adventures of the party of pilgrims, in their wanderings through Dumfries-shire and

Galloway, are almost incredible. But disunion crept into the body. Mr. White fell away from his original faith in "the divine woman," but he still attempted to keep up the delusion with which his interest and vanity were identified; and, as Mrs. Buchan, instead of being translated, expired, like other mortals, he clandestinely threw her corpse into a hole to conceal the failure, which might have shaken the faith of the devotees. We may repeat, that, as a picture of the folly and crime into which fanaticism may lead beings, claiming to be rational, there is instruction and warning in the memoirs of the Buchanites.

A Catholic History of England. By William Bernard MacCabe. Part I.—"England as described by the Monkish Historians." Vol. I. London: Newby.

Mr. MacCabe thinks that there is no true History of England; and he proposes to supply the want. We have *Hume's* History, and *Lingard's* History, and half a dozen more,—but no history in which the reader is permitted to judge for himself. The historians descant upon the value of their authorities, but the authorities themselves are excluded from their pages; and this is to be remedied by the publication of all manner of obsolete stuff; for Westminster Hall might be piled with these rude materials—chronicles, legends, and saints' lives,—which Hume at once discarded, and which even Lingard has scarcely used.

Mr. MacCabe has, therefore, commenced the publication, not of a History of England certainly, but of a very curious antiquarian miscellany, on which he has expended much labour. Some have doubted if there was anything worth recording in the history of England prior to the reign of Henry VII., when civil government began to take form and solidity, and if it would not be as idle to write the history of earlier periods, as to restore the Heptarchy or renew the wars of the Roses. Many will think that the philosophical historian, Hume, ascends far enough, but Mr. MacCabe, at the close of his first volume, has not reached the period from which Hume starts.—Though his work is, therefore, as far as it has gone, not to be viewed as a History of England, in the ordinary sense of the term, it is an entertaining compilation of Monkish Chronicles and Saints' Lives, which will be highly acceptable to Black Letter and to Roman Catholic readers, and in which every reader may enjoy a few choice morsels.

Bohn's Standard Library,

in the passing month, gives us, in the Memoirs of Col. Hutchinson, by his wife, one of the most instructive and captivating historical biographies in the language; and this we obtain for about the sixth part of the price of the first edition, which the warm panegyric of the *Edinburgh Review* brought into notice thirty years since, and which has ever since maintained its popularity by intrinsic merit.—Mrs. Lucy Hutchinson, the heroine of the Puritan party, was no ordinary person; and her Memoirs are fully as valuable as Clarendon's History, with which they have many common topics and characters, though the most dissimilar views and sentiments on all of them.

The Mosaic Creation, viewed in the light of Modern Geology. By George Wight. Glasgow: Maclehose.

This volume contains the substance of a series of Lectures delivered by the author, and now addressed to a wider circle, through the press, at the solicitation of friends—solicitations which he could not resist. Its leading, or peculiar object is, to elucidate the harmony that exists between true geological science and revelation.—The work is recommended, in a prefatory note, by the Rev. Mr. Alexander, of Edinburgh, which was not in the least required.

My Youthful Companion. By the Author of "My Schoolboy Days." London: Longman & Company.

A pleasing little story for the entertainment and improvement of young persons.

ANNUALS FOR 1847.

Fisher's Drawing-Room Scrap-Book. Edited by Mrs. Norton.

Last year we affirmed, and in the present year confirm the assertion, that had England ever been searched, no fitter or equal successor could have been found to L. E. L. than Mrs Norton. High expectations were raised; but Expectation is often a hasty and inconsiderate exactor of it does not well know what. All is accomplished that could reasonably have been looked for, whether by the Editress or the publishers; and "the Drawing-Room Scrap-Book" holds its place as the best and cheapest of the Annuals, as in all respects unrivalled. The plates are as numerous, as good, and tastefully-selected to give interest and variety. The external shows are as tasteful, and the literature, we shall not say how superior to that which has of late furnished forth fashionable works of this kind.—At the opening, Mrs. Norton, as a matter of duty, has dedicated a string of verses to a portrait of the Queen—an over-dressed picture—thrown into the shade by the queenly portrait with which it is neighboured. The lines are, of course, appropriate to the golden age of Queen Victoria. The note appended to them is, however, of more consequence than the text. Mrs. Norton, having herself suffered and keenly felt some of the Wrongs of Woman, that "favourite of the English law!" calls attention to the Rights of Woman, and to woman's anomolous position in a country where a woman sways the sceptre over countless thousands of men and women. "A short time since," she observes, "a case of felony was quashed by an error in the indictment, which stated the money stolen to have been the property of a married woman, whereas a *married woman could not have half-a-crown of her own;* on which principle the thief was acquitted." Mrs. Norton upbraids Lord Brougham, who, some years back, volunteered to be the legal champion of women, defrauded by the laws of England of their civil rights, with having by one enormous "Breach of Promise" deceived the whole sex; aware, Mrs. Norton humourously remarks, that he could not be sued on general grounds, and that no particular fair one could establish "special injury" against him. Perhaps this appeal may rouse Lord Brougham to a sense of his duty, and the reign of Queen Victoria may be distinguished for a Reform greater than that which glorified the reign of William IV.; one which shall secure to women, married and single, the same legal protection and redress, whether in matters of property, reputation, or social rights, which every male subject of her Majesty is entitled to claim—provided he can afford to pay well for it!

In Lady Dufferin, Mrs. Norton has, this season, found a sprightly coadjutor, or assistant. Her lively ladyship's compositions, which are generally in the mirthe-

ful and piquant vein, give relief to the monotony of the complimentary verses which Mrs. Norton has fancied herself obliged to append to each aristocratic portrait, and to other verses of no particular point or interest, which are attached to the scenic plates. Mrs. Norton has found other allies among the rhyming "nobility and gentry;" but upon the whole, in future years, as the Drawing-Room Scrap-Book has hitherto been something better than a mere aristocratic "Book of Beauty," it might be well that, besides being less lavish of compliment, the editress drew more upon her own resources. She has given too much way to obliging friends; though Lord John Manners and Mr. Monckton Milnes be among the number.

The bright star of this year is, however, Lady Dufferin; and from her, in the first place, we cull our serious, as we propose doing our gayer specimen. The engraving, a sweet, quiet picture, to which the subjoined lines are attached, represents a sad, pale girl, THE GERMAN TEACHER, in her solitary chamber, with her simple appliances, her work-bag and her basket of faded flowers and books,—an exile musing on her distant home, and as a charm holding in her hand the first letter from that dearest spot of earth.

"The long day's done, and she sits still
And quiet, in the gathering gloom;
What are the images that fill
Those absent eyes—that silent room?
Soft winds the latticed casement stir;
The hard green rosebuds tap the pane
Like merry playmates, beckoning her
To join them at their sports again;
And from the hill a pleasant chime
Of bells comes down upon the ear,
That seems to sing, "The evening time
Is passing sweet! come forth! come here!"
But she sits still, and heedeth not
The sweet bell, nor the fading light;
Time, space, earth, heaven, are all forgot
In one dear dream of past delight,
Oh, letter! old, and crushed, and worn;
Yet fresh in those love-blinded eyes,
As on that first delightful morn
That gave thee to her patient sighs;
How hoped for—dreamed of—dear thou art!
What earnest of like joys to come!
How treasured near her simple heart,
That first fond letter from her *Home!*
Poor child! so early cam'st thou forth,
Like Ruth, to glean in alien fields?
Cold welcome greets thee on this earth,
And poor the harvest that it yields!
Thy thoughts—lone, wandering where they list,
Still seek that village on the Rhine,
Where thou art longed for, loved, and missed,
With yearnings as intense as thine:—
No wonder that thy young heart burns,
And, with such aching sense of love,
To that dear sheltering ark returns,
Which sent thee forth—poor wandering Dove."

* * * * *

Among the gayer effusions of Lady Dufferin are verses on a plate, entitled THE CONFESSION, where a coquettish Donna is revealing her peccadilloes to a priest who is hardly of the proper canonical age for so pretty a penitent—though no harm comes of it.

"DONNA INEZ CONSUELO,
DE ASCUNHA Y BELVOR,"
Kneeleth by the patient Friar,
Saying her "Confiteor."
Greatly puzzled is the Father,
At the truth he can but guess—
Donna Inez being rather
Apt to wander and digress.

* * * * * *

"Well, good daughter, pray continue;
Candour doth repentance prove,
How did Don Pedro win you
First to listen to his love?"
"Father, yes!—as I was saying,
I was prudent and reserved,
All his flattering vows repaying
With the scorn they well deserved;
'Sir,' I said, 'and I was going
To say something still more strong—
By my distant manner showing
That I thought him—really—wrong!'
When at this important minute,
Looking toward the chamber door,
Who should put her head within it—
(So unlucky—such a bore!)—
But my Cousin Natalita,
With her hair all out of curl!
I confess I would have beat her—
Horrid, flirting, odious girl!
'Twas the greatest inconvenience,
For, of course, Don Pedro caught,
From my involuntary lenience,
More assurance than he ought.
Well! next day, (a great bull-baiting
Was arranged the day before)
Natalita kept us waiting
Full two hours, I'm sure, and more.
Nothing could be more annoying;
Really now I wished for wings,
Pedro all that time employing
Saying fifty foolish things.

* * * *

Had you seen that girl's flirtation,
'Twould have filled you with disgust,
Such vile ogling and coquetting
Staring in Don Pedro's face;
All propriety forgetting
Due to every public place!

* * * *

If, since that time, Holy Father,
My forbearance has been more,—
If his visits have been rather
Longer than they were before,—
Why, indeed, it is for *this* chief
Reason—as all Seville knows,—
Just to keep him out of mischief,"
(Here the Father rubbed his nose.)
'Not much more than half a dozen
Visits has he paid this week;
But, of course, my charming cousin
To a dozen more could speak.'

* * * *

Back again, in time for dinner,
In her chair fair Inez goes;
At each vile pedestrian sinner
Turning up her ivory nose;
Comforted beyond expression,
(See what peace such candour wins!)
By her full and true confession
Of all—Natalita's sins!

The Donna Inez is not singular in her uses of confession. Protestant self-examination may, we fear, not infrequently produce precisely the same results.

The Scrap-book is rich in portraiture; and among the many whom Mrs. Norton has praised for their deeds or their faces, are Mr. Cobden and Mr. Charles Villiers The characters of these gentlemen are treated in a liberal and *manly* spirit, showing that, when a good subject falls in her way, the authoress is equal to it—rises with it to her natural element.

The frontispiece this year is a classical portrait of Mrs. Norton, exquisitely engraved; the vignette a group of flowers, executed with equal taste and delicacy. On the whole, we have this season seen no annual that will bear

comparison with Mrs. Norton's. The brightest days of the *Drawing-Room Scrap-Book* are restored.

Among the lesser *Annuals*—in size we mean—that still linger on the stage, is the elder-born of the large but short-lived family—Ackermann's *Forget-Me-Not*; for so many years edited by Mr. Frederic Shoberl; who, this season, has mustered a numerous staff of poets and prosers. Some of the names are new; others favourite and familiar; though in the passing year they may have produced nothing remarkable. One capital story is the prudent and persevering "*Wooing of Mynheer Von Dunck*," written by T. Forbes Dalton, Esq. The "Forget-Me-Not" has an average number of tolerable plates, and the usual sprinkliug—or one rather more copious—of verse.

Jullien's Musical Album for 1847.

This is a new and good idea—A Musical Album; a good collection of popular songs and dances supplies a want. The music, vocal and instrumental, is by foreign composers, with the exception of one or two English musicians. Some of the instrumental pieces are the compositions of the editor, who has, altogether, made of the work a brilliant and popular melange. The words are by the most popular contemporary song-writers; and the embellishments gorgeous, though not always in the purest taste. The Album is likely to be fully as popular as it deserves. It contains something not merely to look at and then lay aside, but that may every day and night in the coming year, and in future years, contribute to the harmless enjoyments of the social circle. We are compelled to say that the music surpasses the poetry; yet the words, always pretty, if not over-run with meaning, have, in general, the merit of being adapted to the sentiment and rythm of the music.

Two specimens may suffice:—

THE CASTLE AND THE COTTAGE, BY E. FITZBALL.

On yon mountain frowns a castle,
Wreathed with gold its portals shine:
In yon valley smiles a cottage—
Roses sweet its porch entwine.

Wealth and pride dwell in those turrets;
Humble hearts the cottage rove:
Strife and hate are in the castle;
In the cottage peace and love.

Silken floors adorn the castle,
Banners deck its topmost tower;
Sand like snow bestrews the cottage,—
In its lattice many a flower.

* * * * * *

Enough of this, as what follows is better; the lines are by J. Hurrey:—

Though time is wrinkling o'er thy brow,
Thy hair is turning grey,
And the rose that blossomed on thy cheek
Is fading fast away;
Thou'rt more beloved than when I came
A-courting first to thee;
And every moment makes thee now
Still dearer unto me
Still dearer unto me.

I loved thee in thy girlhood's days,
I loved thee in thy prime;
And though thy outward charms may fade
Beneath the touch of time,
I'll love thee even more and more,
Until my latest breath;
And then I hope to love thee still,
Beyond the vale of death!
Beyond the vale of death!

But in this Album, the music is all; the poetry, as above hinted, and—as is too often the case in the alliance of music with verse—comes worst off. We are somewhat alarmed as to how old-fashioned country ladies, when the *Musical Album* comes down, are to view the scanty drapery and the few superfluous inches of Mademoiselle Flora Fabri's legs! A coloured full-length portrait of this celebrated *danseuse*, in the popular *pas* of *La Castigliana*, forms one of the prettiest embellishments of the volume; or, at all events, one of the most characteristic. Two other coloured plates represent, one a concert of Jullien's, in Covent Garden Theatre, and the other a masked ball,—both exhibit scenes of splendour and enchantment that recal those of the *Arabian Nights*.

Among the other books of the season, we can merely catalogue *The Minstrelsy of the English Border*, an excellent collection of ancient and modern Ballads, with notes by Frederick Sheldon, just published by the Messrs. Longman; a pretty and good *Nursery Annual*, published by Darton & Clarke, with coloured plates; and *January Eve*, a tale, in the manner of Dickens's *Christmas Chimes* and *Carols*, by George Soane, B.A., and published by Churton,—or, if not like the *Chimes*, then very like Mrs. Gore's *New-Year Stories* of 1846 and 1847, and no discredit to the previous literary reputation of its author.

NEW POEMS AND DRAMAS.

Faust; a Tragedy. Translated from the German of Goethe. By Captain Knox, Author of "Day Dreams," &c., &c. London: Ollivier.

"ANOTHER, and another follows after." The translators of "Faust" are, indeed, like the lineage of Banquo. Captain Knox assures his readers that he has spared no pains to make his translation the best of all possible translations; and thus far we must take his word, and spare un-Germanic readers the trouble of collation; while we intimate to young enthusiastic Anglo-Germans, that there is existing another bold attempt, and a challenge of their critical powers.

King Charles the First: a Dramatic Poem. By Archer Gurney. London; Pickering.

FROM the date of Sir Walter Scott's ancestor or kinsman, who refused to shave his beard till "the king enjoyed his own again;" there has been no such loyalist as Mr. Archer Gurney; the especial object of his unqualified devotion being "the holy martyr king," Charles I. It is to the memory of "the Churches' royal martyr," that he dedicates his drama; the object of which is to develope and illustrate "the glorious life and death" of the said "holy martyr." It would be folly to quarrel with any man about his hobby, especially when there is no likelihood of its riding down even a little child, or an old woman.—The poem was written in the autumn of 1845, before "a Richmond, a Bentinck, Stafford O'Brien, D'Israeli," and many others, Jews and Gentiles, had "redeemed the supporters of the church and state from the charge of lethargy; and evinced talents and courage worthy of their exalted cause." Things look brighter now than in 1845; and if the poem were yet to be written, it might be composed with better heart. "Let us look now for the dawn of a brighter day," quoth Mr. Gurney—surely a Gurney this who knows not Joseph?—"the modern St. John [alias Sir

Robert Peel] has fallen with his party." But notwithstanding his fall, a violent assault may be expected upon the church, if not from him, from his successors in office. Let them come on! Mr. Gurney defies them. The church is, we should imagine, very needlessly alarmed, if it fears destruction from the Whigs. Mr. Gurney finds a close resemblance between the times of "The Troubles" and our own. If there were then a Hampden and Pym, there are now—or but a year ago there were—a Bright and a Cobden; and if there was then a Cromwell in England, there is now an O'Connell in Ireland; as there is "a river in Macedon, and a river in Monmouth, and salmon in both"—But no parallel can be found for the arch-traitor Sir Robert Peel,—St. John, "double-dyed traitor" as he was, being but a faint type of the incomparably blacker Sir Robert. Mr. Gurney explains that he has painted Hampden in the darkest colours, because he believes—and he must surely have some revelation on the subject—that this vaunted patriot and remarkable man was "more supreme for vile and infamous cunning, veiled under the mask of excessive honesty and single-mindedness, than any of his factious contemporaries." From these sentiments the character of the drama may be divined. Mr. Gurney belongs to Young England, but to the highest-flying section of that body, if, indeed, any of its members are capable of soaring so loftily—if his flight be not as solitary as it is grand. But he wishes his work to be regarded as a true poem, besides being a political and religious manifesto; and he trusts that it may help to rouse England from her lethargy, and lead to the enthronement in her heart of her murdered patriot-king. Alas! "a living dog is better than a dead lion," and we sadly fear for the accomplishment of Mr. Gurney's loyal and patriotic desires. Yet it does one good, now and then, to meet with an honest enthusiast like him, whatever be the prevailing crochet.

The Suttee: a Poem, with Notes. London: Seely, Burnside, & Seely.

It could not be told that this is an appeal for the women of India to the humane and Christian feelings of Europeans. It is fairly written; and will at least help to keep an evil before the world, which, to be effectually redressed, must, however, be dealt with by the Hindoos themselves.

Christmas Rhymes; or, Three Nights' Revelry. Belfast: Lamont, Brothers. London: Whittaker & Co.

"Belfast Almanacs" have been very well known, from the farthest date of the memory of the oldest inhabitant in these countries; but Belfast Annuals are novelties; and, yet, these Christmas Rhymes have all the characteristics of the Annuals. The poetry and the illustrations are by two sisters; and the style in which the engravings are executed, and the work brought out, is very creditable to Irish art—which, we suppose, will, by and bye, meet its best encouragement in the manufacturing capital of the North. If our pages were not already overcrowded with similar matter, we could find many grave or gay but pleasant quotations from this Three Nights' Revelry; and our Irish friends cannot import a better article in its way than this beautiful work. After all the speeches in the South, on the encouragement of home manufacture, the Northern plan of quietly doing the work is the wisest; and amongst the ornate volumes of the season, we have seen none, of the same class, handsomer than the *Christmas Rhymes*.

Silent Love. By the late James Wilson of Paisley. Glasgow: James M'Leod.

A fourth and cheap edition of a Poem which has been previously and favourably noticed. It is very prettily "got up."

The Three Wives. By John Reid Miles. Liverpool: Edward Howell & Co.

Three narratives, in which the author inculcates the necessity of religious principle as the only sufficient check to the temptations common in life, and incidentally makes a variety of valuable remarks on many important topics. Although a Liverpool book, two of these family histories are Scotch, and refer directly to manners and customs prevalent in Edinburgh and Glasgow. The style is diffuse, but the tendency of the work is excellent.

POLITICS OF THE MONTH.

The "coming session" will be the last, and, probably, the shortest, of the present Parliament. The questions that now attract public attention are not of a nature calculated to feed long discussions, or to produce party votes. The Ministry will endeavour to avoid dangerous subjects; and, when any measure of additional political or commercial reform is pressed, they will retreat on the potato disease and general distress, that they may dissolve in peace. They will shape their proceedings in such form as will enable them to carry through a general election before harvest, if seed-time and summer do not promise improvements on the "yield" of the last two seasons. A strong Ministry would prefer to meet a dissolution rather at a period of hope than of depression; and the Whigs, in a minority, will have sufficient prudence to adopt that course. They have little to hope from future registrations, but much to fear from political accidents and the re-organization of their old opponents. The constituencies, generally, have made no preparations for the next election. Wherever casual vacancies have occurred, there has been difficulty experienced in procuring suitable candidates. The electors of Lincolnshire, after long casting about, have found a respectable Whig baronet, who "with great reluctance" consents to follow Lord Worsley. The electors of Renfrewshire accepted the rejected candidate of 1841, because no preparations had been made for a county contest. In some boroughs, under peculiar circumstances, the usual preparations for election contests have been made—as in Manchester, where a most disgraceful coalition of Whigs and Conservatives is formed, to oppose the election of Mr. Bright; but the aspect of political affairs would fully justify the inference, either that Parliament had done all its work, or that the electors expected nothing more from legislative agency, except the repeal or imposition of taxes, as circumstances might require.

This blank in political agitation affords to a weak Cabinet an admirable opportunity of slipping into a majority for seven years. The influence of office is always worth a number of votes in the small constituencies. We have heard of elections turned by a few "excisemanships" promptly administered; and even the wish to go with the stronger party—a very common feeling—when there is no counteracting influence will answer a useful purpose to the Government candidate, who may become very popular by merely saying a few smart things regarding public wash-houses for the poor—public parks, improved

ventilation, renovated and patent sewerage, cheap malt in counties, and cheap tea in boroughs—all good in their way, and to be bestowed at a convenient season.

We cannot regret this sleep or death of political partizanship. The country has never gained by the triumphs of party. No great object has ever been achieved for the people, except when they reversed the common rule, and, instead of being the tools of factions, converted some party for a time and a purpose into their instrument. We do not urge the revival of old and useless party feuds; but if the electors believe that the political complexion of the next Parliament is a matter of slight importance, they have fallen into a serious blunder, of which they may have seven years' leisure to repent.

We certainly dislike the recent conduct of the Whigs in several localities. In Edinburgh, they try to hush public feeling with a new song to them of "no shibboleth;" and in Manchester, they raise the "shibboleth" of aristocracy. The cotton-spinners of that great town consider a Rochdale spinner below their mark; and will only be satisfied with one of Mr. Bright's noble disciples. They prefer the scholar to the teacher; and, affecting a certain cant of gentility, exclaim against the use of violent language. In many circumstances, strong language may be necessary; and before the Earl of Lincoln's conversion to the doctrines of free-trade, we do not remember to have heard any complaints of Mr. Bright's language in Manchester. He is an honest and enthusiastic man, who has given their proper names to many abuses; but he should not be, on that account, less acceptable to a commercial constituency. He will be selected; but this opposition, like many former proceedings, manifests the hankering of the leading Whigs, even in some manufacturing towns, after aristocratical connexions.

In Edinburgh, the electors will be urged to give the Whig Cabinet a fair trial: in Manchester, they are told not to give them any description of trial, but to elect a moderate Conservative. And, yet, this seeming inconsistancy may form part of a system—for now that rough work is thought to be over for a season, it may square best with official propriety to leave political matters in genteel and regularly bred hands. The intrusion of "impracticable" men into Parliament may not be desirable, when jobs, to be done at all, must be accomplished in a neat and masterly style.—There is material for a large amount of work in that way. We have only to catalogue a few of those topics that may be dismissed with a brief discussion in the present Parliament, and settled by the next, in order to reach that conviction.

EDUCATION is the favourite subject of the day: and remembering the zealous support afforded by the Premier to the Church Educational Scheme, we cannot expect the English Dissenters to confide in his measures for the extension of instruction. Government may establish, as in Ireland, a system of secular education unconnected with any religious communion, but co-operating with all who avail themselves of its advantages. They may adopt an easier method of settling the question, or satisfying "the public conscience," by increasing grants for educational purposes already voted to societies and religious bodies. Or they may leave education to local efforts, providing only the means of elementary instruction for districts where voluntary exertions fail to overtake the wants of the population. And they might take advice, repeatedly tendered, by organising a scheme of municipal and parochial instruction under the management of the resident rate-payers. Amongst the objections to the latter scheme, which has many recommendations, are its want of uniformity and the certainty of local oppression—the tyranny of the bigotted and the ignorant majority over the enlightened minority in many parishes and even extensive districts.

To either of these schemes Sir Robert Inglis will, of course, apply the term "Atheistical;" and he will be supported by a considerable and increasing party, who brand any educational system as "Atheistical" that does not hand over the training of the young, without note or comment, to the Church. That epithet was applied to the National System of Education in Ireland, by parties who deemed it unnecessary to read its books before they characterised their tendency; and now those school-books, provided for the poorest children in Ireland, have been adopted in the highest academy of one of our Scottish cities, in which, some few years since, public meetings convened to pass resolutions condemnatory of the system. We do not know any set of works connected with education better calculated to interest and instruct the young than these Irish school books, which, we understand, were principally written by a Presbyterian minister of Ireland, a native of Paisley, who, with missionary zeal, abandoned all the attractions of the metropolis, to dwell with and instruct a few humble villagers in one of the western counties of Munster.

The Government cannot adopt any practical scheme that will not be stigmatised as "Atheistical," by the old Church-and-State party of England; and, although the members of the Cabinet may be personally disposed to adopt measures creditable to their character and useful to their country, still, the official love of ease, and the disposition already manifested by the Premier, should induce all liberal-minded men to watch well any general measures of instruction. They cannot watch measures well, except through their representatives in Parliament; and they should prepare for the next general election with all the anxiety of men who are to appoint "the Educational Parliament," and to affect, through its decisions, the characters and the principles of the next generation.

IRELAND will occupy its own place—and, of course, the largest place—in the deliberations of the session. But its most delicate questions will be handed over for settlement to the next parliament. The trying position of that country, and the large expenditure of public money requisite to support its population until harvest, have induced us to give up a considerable portion of this number to Irish subjects. The Labour Act of last session has proved to be an absolute failure. The Board of Works, or the authorities of Dublin Castle, have been compelled to supplement it by interim decrees of their own. And now the subsoiling of the public roads is to be abandoned for the thorough draining of fields, after two hundred thousand men have been engaged for six weeks in rendering the highways impassable. The number of men engaged on public works under Government is at present three hundred thousand. In many cases we have no doubt that two or more of the labourers belong to one family, and therefore the number of individuals dependent on Government assistance, through these works, cannot be more than from 1,000,000 to 1,200,000, or one-eighth of the population. In Belgium—from a similar cause, the failure of the crop—the names of indigent persons inscribed on the books of benevolent societies number from 700,000 to 800,000, or very nearly one-fifth of the inhabitants, while out of the population of the two Flanders, 1,800,000, there are said to be 400,000 individuals subsisting on charity. In Ireland a large number of aged and young and disabled persons are supported in workhouses, and a very considerable number in Ulster are employed on works undertaken by local parties, without Government aid. This class of works are remunerative—will amply repay their cost; and should have been commenced and finished before this period. These facts

show that the condition of Ireland is not worse than that of Belgium; although that country has repealed its union and obtained a separate existence, in its position, we can scarcely say independence. The introduction of manufactures more extensively into Ireland would undoubtedly improve the circumstances of its people; but, severe as is their distress, yet it is equalled by that of the Belgians; and Belgium is a manufacturing country, with more extensive and important works than those of any other continental kingdom of similar extent. An argument in favour of the union might be educed from this circumstance; for if the manufacturing energies of Belgium had still been connected with the commercial skill and monetary resources of Holland, we doubt whether its population would have experienced all the force of their present and deplorable sufferings.

From the statements made respecting Ireland, in a previous page, by a gentleman who undoubtedly possesses the confidence of a great majority of his countrymen, we infer that the public money advanced at this crisis will not be cheerfully repaid; and we understand why a claim may be made for a free grant of that portion of the debt expended on unproductive works; but the Board of Works now authorise presentments for drainage and subsoiling—for remunerative works, that certainly increase the capital of the country and the rental of private individuals; so that, even if the debt contracted in the formation of these works were cancelled, we should not thereby relieve, by a penny, the Irish farmer or the Irish peasant, but merely make the Irish landlord a richer man.

Parliament would not, even by a generous abandonment of this debt, indirectly assist the Irish peasant or artizan; for the landowners, who are principally absentees, would merely be enabled to spend their money more freely in London, in Paris, or Rome. And these works will increase the capital of the country. Mr. Smith of Deanston, Professor Johnstone, and the whole Highland Society in a body, would make affidavit on the point. Old Mr. Purcell, if he had been alive, would have quoted statistics in proof. Mr. Macartney of Lisenore, in addressing the landed gentlemen of County Antrim, produced evidence that satisfied them, to show the means of paying *five per cent.* on the outlay for draining, and repaying the principal in seven years. The gentlemen of the South have the same means of turning this crisis to account with their neighbours of the North. And if Parliament should yield the demand for a free grant of this money, it would deal unjustly by the people of Britain, without assisting the farmers of Ireland, for no better end than the enriching of Ireland's absentees. The money squandered foolishly in spoiling roads is not productive, and a different rule may be adopted in dealing with that part of the account.

We admit the claim of Ireland to exemption from the taxes necessary to meet that portion of the national debt contracted previous to the union. That is merely common honesty between partners, but the exemption is not prudently made. It does not relieve the poor, but the rich. Ireland may be a poor country, but an Irishman with one thousand pounds per annum is not a poor man, and might pay assessed taxes or even the income-tax. If these exemptions indneed the Irish landlords to remain at home, they would be indirectly beneficial to their country; but as, in proportion to their exemptions, they go farther away, it might be politic not to increase the taxation of that country, but to transfer from the rich and give to the poor whatever balance can be established in its favour.

We do not estimate lightly the improvement of waste, but useful land. There are said to be nearly four million acres in that position. We shall put down 2,000,000, and dividing by 50, there will be 40,000 farms, employing and sustaining directly 12 to 15 persons each in a state of greater comfort than the Irish farmers of the present day, or a population of 500,000, who would require in providing for their wants a similar number, so that the project would make space for another million; and add £8,000,000 to £10,000,000 annually to the produce of the country out of nothing better at present than bogs and moorland.

These subjects may be lightly touched in the coming session, but must be finally settled by the next parliament; and there is another, of perhaps greater interest, in which the Whigs have manifested a disposition to interfere. We are to have no more appropriation clauses. They served their day, and are thrown into the lumber-room of legislation, to come up again, probably when neither expected nor desired by the owners. Still the existence of an ecclesiastical grievance—we do not now use hard words and violent language—in Ireland is admitted; and is to be cured, not by appropriation, but addition. One evil is to be balanced by calling another into existence; and, from the two, a very happy and peaceful state of society is to be extracted, by a description of political chemistry which we affect not to comprehend. The cost of this remedy will fall on the general treasury, unless, at the ensuing election, a large number of independent representatives are returned, willing to give the Whigs a fair trial, but to give them nothing more.

The Landed Interest has its grievances,—and they require redress. The Game Laws, which, in November and December last, consigned considerably over a hundred persons to prison, and made ten times that number "uncaught criminals," are one of the greatest grievances under which the Landed Interest suffers—and suffers with remarkable patience. The old feudal fragments—the law of entail and primogeniture—still bind up the land in large parcels, and allow one Duke to close half a dozen straths against any tenantry except deer; at a period when thousands of families in the Highlands have neither labour to earn wages nor food to support life. The landed interest has been most unfairly dealt with by the legislature. Free-trade has been established, or very nearly established, in its products, while the land itself is left to struggle, unaided, with a crushing monopoly. Free trade in the earth is as necessary for the prosperity of the landed interest as free trade in the earth's products. A builder never proposes to entail a street, or square, or circus in his heirs male for ever, and yet the raw material of streets—the free-stone quarries—may be chained to a regular succession. Any other property except land is held liable for its owner's debts; but landed gentlemen, by the will and deed of some person who lived and died in the fourteenth century, are often degraded from the position of owners to that of occupants for life. Permission to do what he likes with his own during his temporal existence should satisfy the most ambitious mortal; but one portion of our ancestors, discontented with this privilege, intruded their opinions and their will on posterity, as they "phrased" it, to the end of time. In these circumstances, the best thing that posterity can do is to eject the intruders, and enclose their deeds in their tombs. The injury sustained already by all public interests from the operation of those laws that fetter the landed interest is incalculable; but the electors must hold themselves responsible if they continue to suffer this public loss; and yet free trade in land will not be wrought out by a Parliament consisting of the "two parties" who have hitherto existed by trading in power, and being alternately shuffled in and out of place.

Our Currency has been lately—like the British constitution in Lord Eldon's times—the subject of envy to sur-

rounding nations. The *Algemeine Zeitung*, in an article that might have been written by Sir Robert Peel himself, eulogises that statesman for laying broad and deep the foundations of British prosperity, on gold bars, in the vaults of the banks." Upon the same principle, the credit of a man who was known to keep always in his possession several barrels of sovereigns might be very well supported in the world. He might be very liberally trusted by his grocer, his baker, and his butcher. So long as the barrels were secure they would consider their accounts safe; but at the same time they would deem their customer a very remarkable, eccentric, and, probably, a very foolish person. We do not mean to assert that the business of nations can be managed like that of individuals. The *Algemeine Zeitung* is perfectly correct in desiring a good and a permanent foundation; but our present currency may be a heavy and yet a shifting foundation. Within two years, very important changes have been made in the Scotch and Irish currency. Banks, that were previously sufficiently safe for all local purposes, have been secured by a fixed and determined maximum of issues and a minimum of gold. Nobody dreamed that the Bank of Scotland would "give way," or the British Linen Company become "insolvent;" and any outlay for propping the Eildon hills would have been equally rational and satisfactory. We are, however, led to suppose that the banking interests in Scotland and Ireland now keep more gold on hand than before these acts. The stock is necessarily expensive. So much interest is lost. So much capital is withdrawn from other purposes. And what have the public gained? One-pound notes have acquired no additional value. They brought twenty shillings before—they do not now bring twenty shillings and a penny. Their free circulation was previously confined to the locality or the kingdom where they were issued, and they are not more readily negotiable since in any other quarter of the globe.

Over speculation, however, may be checked. That was said to be the purpose of the Acts, and yet over-speculation may have very little connexion with the currency. A Caffier may over-speculate and pay in hides and cowries. An Ojibbeway may over-speculate, who exchanges fur for rifles or edge-tools, and never fingers sixpence. There is a singular illustration of the inadequacy of these regulations in preventing speculation from the issue of notes permitted by law, in Scotland and Ireland. The Irish note circulation is presently fixed at £6,354,494, and the Scotch at £8,087,209; yet it will not be supposed that the Irish business is double that of Scotland, or that speculation is more active in Dublin than in Glasgow. The facts are precisely the reverse of the legitimatised circulation; and by some means the Scotch conduct larger speculations and pay rather more taxes than the Irish, on something under half the paper currency allowed by law to their western neighbours.

The last Currency Acts converted the issue of notes into a close monopoly, at a time when monopolies had become obnoxious. There can be no reason for withholding ample guarantees for paper currency. It can be taken in land, or in national bonds, as readily as gold; but however that may be settled, we are entitled to free trade in money as in every other commodity. Money is the life-blood of commerce; and the law might order the subject, with equal propriety, to eat so much food, and no more, per diem—to pay a certain rent, and no less, per annum—as do what it attempts to perform in monetary affairs. And yet the public need expect no alteration in this respect from a Parliament of professional Whigs or Conservatives.

Colonial Affairs have been altogether, by public apathy, handed over to the keeping of those unfortunate persons who were left unprovided for by the land monopolies. Our colonies have been very much regarded as so many large houses of refuge for the destitute—as the rewards of great exertions in county contests, and as the portion of younger sons. In official language, Hindostan is not a colony, but a possession; and the East India Company have enjoyed its management for many years. Salt to the Hindoo is one of the most essential necessaries of existence, and formed, therefore, an eligible article for monopolising. The Company did not neglect it. They secured and preserved the salt trade to the present day. A deputation of commercial gentlemen recently waited on Sir J. C. Hobhouse to represent the advantages that would accrue to the people of Britain and of Hindostan, from its repeal. The deputation had for answer—"How will the East India Company resign a revenue of £1,300,000 annually?" The answer resembles the reply to every demand for colonial changes. They are all done in uniform.

The House of Representatives for Jamaica have adopted and transmitted certain resolutions to this country regarding the sugar bills. They are perfectly wrong in what they deplore, and perfectly right in what they require. They ask free trade, and it should not be denied. The supply of free labourers has been absurdly cramped by the idea that somehow they might be converted into slaves, or might reduce the wages of the negroes. The latter class are desirous of becoming small planters themselves, and are making some progress in that direction, while the planters of Jamaica have no greater facilities for converting freemen into slaves than the farmers of Sussex. The House of Representatives remonstrates against the law that prevents the use of molasses and sugars in malting and distilling, and they are excusable in calling our fervour for free trade selfish, while we prevent, on equal terms, the use of particular articles in a licensed business. The law in question is at the present moment, when corn is scarce, and sugars promise to be abundant, eminently mischievous; but if the people expect a reform in that or any other colonial abuse, without corresponding exertion, they are doomed to "the waggoner's fate," who was told to put his shoulder to the wheel if he wanted his waggon out of the ditch.

The topics we have mentioned are all of a practical character. They involve no organic changes; but seven years will not pass without a demand for measures of that description re-appearing. The electors have now the means, or the time, to select candidates from their different localities; and they will find themselves best served, as a general rule, by men interested in the affairs of their several constituencies, acquainted with their feelings, and independent of political favours. Five or six months hence, they may be obliged to accept whoever turns up, and be contented with the nominee of the clubs—packed, ticketed, and forwarded for election.

The delay in accomplishing the most needful measures may be ascribed to the facilities with which constituencies permit interested parties to transact their business. The restrictions in the franchise place the electors under an onerous and responsible trust. They act not merely for themselves, but for a knot of neighbours, who are regarded, for this purpose, as minors in law. And, if they would select men to manage financial and public affairs on the principle which they adopt in choosing a railway or a bank director—that of taking the most suitable and best-known man—the business of the country would be efficiently and economically conducted.

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THOMAS HOOD.

BY GEORGE GILFILLAN, AUTHOR OF A "GALLERY OF LITERARY PORTRAITS."

It is the lot of some men of genius to be born as if in the blank space, between Milton's L'Allegro and Penseroso—their proximity to both originally equal, and their adhesion to the one or the other depending upon casual circumstances. While some pendulate perpetually between the grave and the gay, others are carried off bodily, as it happens, by the comic or the tragic muse. A few there are, who seem to say, of their own deliberate option, "Mirth, with thee we mean to live;" deeming it better to go to the house of feasting than to that of mourning,—while the storm of adversity drives others to pursue sad and dreary paths, not at first congenial to their natures. Such men as Shakspere, Burns, and Byron, continue, all their lives long, to pass, in rapid and perpetual change, from the one province to the other; and this, indeed, is the main source of their boundless ascendancy over the general mind. In Young, of the "Night Thoughts," the laughter, never very joyous, is converted, through the effect of gloomy casualties, into the ghastly grin of the skeleton Death—the pointed satire is exchanged for the solemn sermon. In Cowper, the fine schoolboy glee which inspirits his humour goes down at last, and is quenched like a spark in the wild abyss of his madness—"John Gilpin" merges in the "Castaway." Hood, on the other hand, with his strongest tendencies originally to the pathetic and the fantastic-serious, shrinks in timidity from the face of the inner sun of his nature—shies the stoop of the descending Pythonic power—and, feeling that if he wept at all it were floods of burning and terrible tears, laughs, and does little else but laugh, instead.

We look upon this writer as a quaint masquer—as wearing above a manly and profound nature, a fantastic and deliberate disguise of folly. He reminds us of Brutus, cloaking under pretended idiocy, a stern and serious design, which burns his breast, but which he chooses in this way only to disclose. Or, he is like Hamlet—able to form a magnificent purpose, but, from constitutional weakness, not able to incarnate it in effective action. A deep message has come to him from the heights of his nature, but, like the ancient prophet, he is forced to cry out, "I cannot speak—I am a child!"

Certainly there was, at the foundation of Hood's soul, a seriousness, which all his puns and mummeries could but indifferently conceal. Jacquez, in the forest of Arden, mused not with a profounder pathos, or in quainter language, upon the sad pageant of humanity, than does he; and yet, like him, his "lungs" are ever ready to "crow like chanticleer" at the sight of its grotesquer absurdities. Verily, the goddess of melancholy owes a deep grudge to the mirthful magician, who carried off such a promising votary. It is not every day that one who might have been a great serious poet will condescend to sink into a punster and editor of comic annuals. And, were it not that his original tendencies continued to be manifested to the last, and that he turned his drollery to important account, we would be tempted to be angry, as well as to regret, that he chose to play the Fool rather than King Lear in the play.

As a poet, Hood belongs to the school of John Keats and Leigh Hunt, with qualities of his own, and an all but entire freedom from their peculiarities of manner and style. What strikes us, in the first place, about him, is his great variety of subject and mode of treatment. His works are in two small duodecimo volumes; and yet we find in them five or six distinct styles attempted—and attempted with success. There is the classical there is the fanciful, or, as we might almost call it, the "Midsummer Night"—there is the homely tragic narrative—there is the wildly grotesque—there is the light—and there is the grave and pathetic—lyric. And, besides, there is a style, which we despair of describing by any one single or compound epithet, of which his "Elm Tree" and "Haunted House" are specimens—resembling Tennyson's "Talking Oak,"—and the secret and power of which, perhaps, lie in the feeling of mystic correspondence between man and inanimate nature—in the start of momentary consciousness, with which we sometimes feel that in nature's company we are not alone, that nature's silence is not that of death; and are aware, in the highest and grandest sense, that we are "made of dust," and that the dust from which we were once taken is still divine. We know few volumes of poetry where we find, in the same compass, so little mannerism, so little self-repetition, such a varied concert, along with such unique harmony of sound.

Through these varied numerous styles, we find

two or three main elements distinctly traceable in all Hood's poems. One is a singular subtlety in the perception of minute analogies. The weakness, as well as the strength of his poetry, is derived from this source. His serious verse, as well as his witty prose, is laden and encumbered with thick coming fancies. Hence, some of his finest pieces are tedious, without being long. Little more than ballads in size, they are books in the reader's feeling. Every one knows how resistance adds to the idea of extension, and how roughness impedes progress. Some of Hood's poems, such as "Lycus," are rough as the Centaur's hide; and, having difficulty in passing along, you are tempted to pass them bye altogether. And though a few, feeling that there is around them the power and spell of genius, generously cry, there's true metal here, when we have leisure, we must return to this—yet they never do. In fact, Hood has not been able to infuse human interest into his fairy or mythological creations. He has conceived them in a happy hour; surely on one of those days when the soul and nature are one—when one calm bond of peace seems to unite all things—when the "very cattle in the fields appear to have great and tranquil thoughts"—when the sun seems to slumber, and the sky to smile—when the air becomes a wide balm, and the low wind, as it wanders over flowers, seems telling some happy tidings in each gorgeous ear, till the rose blushes a deep crimson, and the tulip lifts up a more towering head, and the violet shrinks more modestly away as at lovers' whispers—in such a favoured hour—on which the first strain of music might have arisen, or the first stroke of painting been drawn, or the chisel of the first sculptor been heard, or the first verse of poetry been chanted, or man himself, a nobler harmony than lute ever sounded, a finer line than painter ever drew, a statelier structure and a diviner song, arisen from the dust—did the beautiful *idea* of the "Plea of the Midsummer Faries" dawn upon this poet's mind—he has conceived them in a happy hour, he has framed them with exquisite skill and a fine eye to poetic proportion, but he has not made them alive, he has not made them objects of love; and you care less for his Centaurs and his Fairies than you do for the moonbeams or the shed leaves of the forest. How different with the Oberon and the Titania of Shakspere! They are true to the fairy ideal, and yet they are human—their hearts warm with human passions, as fond of gossip, flattery, intrigue, and quarrel, as men or women can be—and you sigh with or smile at them, precisely as you do at Theseus and Hippolyta. Indeed, we cannot but admire how Shakspere, like the arc of humanity, always bends, in all his characters, into the one centre of man—how his villains, ghosts, demons, witches, fairies, fools, harlots, heroes, clowns, saints, sensualists, women, and *even his kings*, are all human, disguises, or half-lengths, or miniatures, never caricatures, nor apologies for mankind. How full the cup of manhood out of which he could baptise!—now an Iago, and now an Ague-cheek—now a Bottom, and now a Macbeth—now a Dogberry, and now a Caliban—now an Ariel, and now a Timon—into the one communion of the one family—nay, have a drop or two to spare for Messrs. Cobweb and Mustardseed, who are allowed to creep in too among the number, and who attract a share of the tenderness of their benign father. As in Swift, his misanthropy sees the hated object in every thing, blown out in the Brobdignagian, shrunk up in the Lilliputian, flapping in the Laputan, and yelling with the Yahoo—nay, throws it out into those loathsome reflections, that he may intensify and multiply his hatred; so in the same way operates the opposite feeling in Shakspere. His love to the race is so great that he would colonise with man, all space, fairy-land, the grave, hell, and heaven. And not only does he give to superhuman beings a human interest and nature, but he accomplishes what Hood has not attempted, and what few else have attempted with success; he adjusts the human to the superhuman actors — they never jostle, you never wonder at finding them on the same stage, they meet without a start, they part without a shiver, they obey one magic; and you feel that not only does one touch of nature make the whole world kin, but that it can link the *universe* in one brotherhood, for the secret of this adjustment lies entirely in the humanity which is diffused through every part of the drama. In it, as in one soft ether, float, or swim, or play, or dive, or fly, all his characters.

In connexion with the foregoing defect, we find in Hood's more elaborate poetical pieces no effective story, none that can bear the weight of his subtle and beautiful imagery. The rich blossoms and pods of the pea-flower tree are there, but the strong distinct stick of support is wanting. This defect is fatal not only to long poems but to all save the shortest; it reduces them instantly to the rank of rhymed essays; and a rhymed essay, with most people, is the same thing with a rhapsody. Even dreams require a nexus, a nisus, a nodus, a point, a purpose. Death is but a tame shadow without the scythe; and the want of a purpose in any clear, definite, impressive form has neutralised the effect of many poems besides Hood's—some of Tennyson's, and one entire class of Shelley's—whose "Triumph of Life" and "Witch of Atlas" rank with "Lycus" and the "Midnight Fairies"—being, like them, beautiful, diffuse, vague; and, like them, perpetually promising to bring forth solid fruit, but yielding at length leaves and blossoms only.

Subtle fancy, lively wit, copious language, and mellow versification, are the undoubted qualities of Hood as a poet. But, besides, there are two or three moral peculiarities about him as delightful as his intellectual; and they are visible in his serious as well as lighter productions. One is his constant lightsomeness of spirit and tone. His verse is not a chant but a carol. Deep as may be his internal melancholy, it expresses itself in, and yields to song. The heavy thunder cloud of wo comes down in the shape of sparkling, sounding, sunny drops, and thus dissolves. He casts his me-

lancholy into shapes so fantastic, that they lure first himself, and then his readers, to laughter. If he cannot get rid of the grim gigantic shadow of himself, which walks ever before him, as before all men, he can, at least, make mouths, and cut antics behind its back. This conduct is, in one sense, wise as well as witty; but will, we fear, be imitated by few. Some will continue to follow the unbaptised terror, in tame and helpless submission; others will pay it vain homage; others will make to it resistance equally vain: and many will seek to drown in pleasure, or forget in business, their impression, that it walks on before them—silent, perpetual, pausing with their rest, running with their speed, growing with their growth, strengthening with their strength, forming itself a ghastly rainbow on the fumes of their bowl of festival, lying down with them at night, starting up with every start that disturbs their slumbers, rising with them in the morning, rushing before them like a rival dealer into the market-place, and appearing to beckon them on behind it, from the death-bed into the land of shadows, as into its own domain. If from this dreadful forerunner we cannot escape, is it not well done in Hood, and would it not be well done in others, to laugh at, as we pursued its inevitable steps? It is, after all, perhaps only the future greatness of man that throws back this gloom upon his infant being, casting upon him confusion and despair, instead of exciting him to gladness and to hope. In escaping from this shadow, we should be pawning the prospects of our Immortality.

How cheerily rings Hood's lark-like note of poetry, among the various voices of the age's song—its eagle screams, its raven croakings, its plaintive nightingale strains! And yet that lark, too, in her lowly nest, had her sorrows, and, perhaps, her heart had bled in secret all night long. But now the "morn is up again, the dewy morn," and the sky is clear, and the wind is still, and the sunshine is bright, and the blue depths seem to sigh for her coming; and up rises she to heaven's gate, as aforetime; and as she soars and sings, she remembers her misery no more; nay, hers seems the chosen voice by which Nature would convey the full gladness of her own heart, in that favourite and festal hour.

No one stops to question the songstress in the sky as to her theory of the universe—"Under which creed, Bezonian!—speak or die!" So, it were idle to inquire of Hood's poetry, any more than of Keats's, what in confidence was its opinion of the origin of evil, or the pedobaptist controversy. His poetry is fuller of humanity and of real piety that it does not protrude any peculiarities of personal belief; and that no more than the sun or the book of Esther has it the name of God written on it, although it has the essence and the image. There are writers who, like secret, impassioned lovers, speak most seldom of those objects which they most frequently think of and most fervently admire. And there are others, whose ascriptions of praise to God, whose encomiums on religion, and whose introduction of sacred names, sound like affidavits, or self-signed certificates of Christianity—they are so frequent, so forced, and so little in harmony with what we know of the men. It is upon this principle that we would defend Wordsworth from those who deny him the name of a sacred poet. True, all his poems are not hymns; but his life has been a long hymn, rising, like incense, from a mountain-altar to God. Surely, since Milton, no purer, severer, *living* melody has mounted on high. The ocean names not its Maker, nor needs to name him. Yet who can deny that the religion of the "Ode to Sound," and of the "Excursion," is that of the "Paradise Lost," the "Task," and the "Night Thoughts?" And without classing Hood in this or in any respect with Wordsworth, we dare as little rank him with things common and unclean.

Hear himself on this point:—

> "Thrice blessed is the man with whom
> The gracious prodigality of nature—
> The balm, the bliss, the beauty, and the bloom,
> The bounteous providence in every feature—
> Recall the good Creator to his creature;
> Making all earth a fane, all heaven its dome!
> * * * *
> Each cloud-capped mountain is a holy altar;
> An organ breathes in every grove;
> And the full heart's a Psalter,
> Rich in deep hymns of gratitude and love."

And amid all the mirthful details of the long warfare which he waged with Cant, (from his Progress of Cant, downwards,) we are not aware of any real despite done to that spirit of Christianity to which Cant, in fact, is the most formidable foe. To the *mask* of religion, his motto is, spare no arrows; but when the real, radiant, sorrowful, yet happy *face* appears, he too has a knee to kneel and a heart to worship.

But, best of all in Hood is that warm humanity which beats in all his writings. His is no ostentatious or systematic philanthropy; it is a mild, cheerful, irrepressible feeling, as innocent and tender as the embrace of a child. It cannot found soup kitchens; it can only slide in a few rhymes and sonnets to make its species a little happier. Hospitals it is unable to erect, or subscriptions to give, silver and gold it has none; but in the orisons of its genius it never fails to remember the cause of the poor; and if it cannot, any more than the kindred spirit of Burns, make for its country "some useful plan or book," it can "sing a sang at least." Hood's poetry is often a pleading for those who cannot plead for themselves, or who plead only like the beggar, who, reproached for his silence, showed his sores, and replied, "Isn't it begging I am with a hundred tongues?" This advocacy of his has not been thrown utterly away; it has been heard on earth, and it has been heard in heaven.

The genial kind-heartedness which distinguished Thomas Hood did not stop with himself. He silently and insensibly drew around him a little cluster of kindred spirits, who, without the name, have obtained the character and influence of a school, which may be called, indifferently, the Latter Cockney, or the Punch School. Who the

parent of this school, properly speaking, was, whether Leigh Hunt or Hood, we will not stop to inquire. Perhaps, we may rather compare its members to a cluster of bees settling and singing together, without thought of precedence or feeling of inferiority, upon one flower. Leigh Hunt and Hood, indeed, have far higher qualities of imagination than the others, but they possess some properties in common with them. All this school have warm sympathies, both with man as an individual, and with the ongoings of society at large. All have a quiet but burning sense of the evil, the cant, the injustice, the inconsistency, the oppression, and the falsehood, that are in the world. All are aware that fierce invective, furious recalcitration, and howling despair, can never heal nor mitigate these calamities. All are believers in their future and permanent mitigation; and are convinced that literature—prosecuted in a proper spirit, and combined with political and moral progress—will marvellously tend to this result. All have had, or have too much real or solid sorrow to make of it a matter of parade, or to find or seek in it a frequent source of inspiration. All, finally, would rather laugh than weep men out of their follies, and ministries out of their mistakes. And in an age which has seen the steam of a tea-kettle applied to change the physical aspect of the earth—all have unbounded faith in the mightier miracles of moral and political revolution which the *mirth of an English fireside* is yet to effect when properly condensed and pointed. We rather honour the motives than share in the anticipations of this witty and brilliant band, with which Dickens must unquestionably rank. Much good they have done and are doing; but the full case, we fear, is beyond them. It is in mechanism after all, not in magic, that they trust. We, on the other hand, think that our help lies in the double-divine *charm* which Genius and Religion, fully wedded together, are yet to wield; when, in a high sense, the words of the poet shall be accomplished—

"Love and song, song and love, entertwined evermore,
Weary earth to the suns of its youth shall restore."

Mirth like that of Punch and Hood can relieve many a fog upon individual minds, but is powerless to remove the great clouds which hang over the general history of humanity, and around even political abuses it often plays harmless as the summer evening's lightning, or, at most, only loosens without smiting them down. Voltaire's smile showed the Bastile in a ludicrous light, as it fantastically fell upon it; but Rousseau's earnestness struck its pinnacle, and Mirabeau's eloquence overturned it from its base. There is a call, in our case, for a holier earnestness, and for a purer, nobler oratory. From the variety of styles which Hood has attempted in his poems, we select the two in which we think him most successful—the homely tragic narrative, and the grave pathetic lyric. We find a specimen of the former in his Eugene Aram's dream. This may be called a tale of the Confessional; but how much new interest does it acquire from the circumstances, the scene, and the person to whom the confession is made. Eugene Aram tells his story under the similitude of a dream, in the interval of the school toil, in a shady nook of the play-ground, and to a little boy. What a ghastly contrast do all these peaceful images present to the tale he tells, in its mixture of homely horror and shadowy dread! What an ear this in which to inject the fell revelation! In what a plain, yet powerful setting, is the awful picture thus inserted! And how perfect, at once the keeping and the contrast between youthful innocence and guilt, grey-haired before its time!—between the eager, unsuspecting curiosity of the listener, and the slow and difficult throes, by which the narrator relieves himself of his burden of years!—between the sympathetic, half-pleasant, half-painful shudder of the boy, and the strong convulsion of the man! The Giaour, emptying his polluted soul in the gloom of the convent aisle, and to the father trembling instead of his penitent, as the broken and frightful tale gasps on, is not equal in interest nor awe to Eugene Aram recounting his dream to the child; till you as well as he wish, and are tempted to shriek out, that he may awake, and find it indeed a dream. Eugene Aram is not like Bulwer's hero—a sublime demon in love; he is a mere man in misery, and the poet seeks you to think—and you can think, of nothing about him, no more than himself can, except the one fatal stain, which has made him what he is, and which he long has identified with himself. Hood, with the instinct and art of a great painter, seizes on that moment in Aram's history, which formed the hinge of its interest—not the moment of the murder, not the long, silent, devouring remorse that followed, not the hour of the defence, nor of the execution—but that when the dark secret leapt into light and punishment; this thrilling, curdling instant, predicted from the past, and pregnant with the future, is here seized, and startlingly shown. All that went before was merely horrible, all that followed is horrible and vulgar: the poetic moment in the story is intensely one. And how inferior the laboured power and pathos of the last volume of Bulwer's novel to these lines?

"That very night, while gentle sleep
The urchin eyelids kissed,
Two stern-faced men set out from Lynn
Through the cold and heavy mist:
And Eugene Aram walked between
With gyves upon his wrist."

And here, how much of the horror is breathed upon us from the calm bed of the sleeping boy!

The two best of his grave, pathetic lyrics are the "Song of the Shirt" and the "Bridge of Sighs." The first was certainly Hood's great hit, although we were as much ashamed as rejoiced at its success. We blushed when we thought that at that stage of his life he needed such an introduction to the public, and that thousands and tens of thousands were now, for the first time, induced to ask "Who's Thomas Hood?" The majority of even the readers of the age had never heard of his name till they saw it in *Punch*, and

connected with a song—first-rate, certainly—but not better than many of his former poems! It cast, to us, a strange light upon the chance medleys of fame; and, on the lines of Shakspere,

"There is a tide in the affairs of men
Which, taken at the flood, leads on to fortune."

Alas! in Hood's instance, to fortune it did not lead, and the fame was brief lightning before darkness.

And what is the song which made Hood awake one morning and find himself famous? Its great merit is its truth. Hood sits down beside the poor seamstress as beside a sister, counts her tears, her stitches, her bones—too transparent by far through the sallow skin—sees that though degraded she is a woman still; and rising up, swears, by Him that liveth for ever and ever, that he will make her wrongs and wretchedness known to the limits of the country and of the race. And, hark! how to that cracked, tuneless voice, trembling under its burden of sorrow, now shrunk down into the whispers of weakness, and now shuddering up into the laughter of despair, all Britain listens for a moment—and for no longer—listens, meets, talks, and does little or nothing. It was much that one shrill shriek should rise and reverberate above that world of wild confused wailings, which are the true "cries of London;" but, alas! that it has gone down again into the abyss, and that we are now employed in criticising its artistic quality instead of recording its moral effect. Not altogether in vain, indeed, has it sounded, if it have comforted one lonely heart, if it have bedewed with tears one arid eye, and saved to even one sufferer a pang of a kind which Shakspere only saw in part, when he spoke of the "proud *man's* contumely"—the contumely of a proud, imperious, fashionable, hard-hearted *woman*—"one that was a woman, but, rest her soul, she's dead."

Not the least striking nor impressive thing in this "Song of the Shirt" is its half jesting tone, and light, easy gallop. What sound in the street so lamentable as the laughter of a lost female! It is like a dimple on the red waves of hell. It is more melancholy than even the death-cough shrieking up through her shattered frame, for *it* speaks of rest, death, the grave, forgetfulness, perhaps forgiveness. So Hood into the centre of this true tragedy has, with a skilful and sparing hand, dropt a pun or two, a conceit or two; and these quibbles are precisely what make you quake. "Every tear hinders needle and thread," reminds us distantly of these words, occurring in the very centre of the Lear agony, "Nuncle, it is a naughty night to swim in." Hood, as well as Shakspere, knew that to deepen the deepest woe of humanity it is the best way to show it in the lurid light of mirth; that there is a sorrow too deep for tears, too deep for sighs, but none too deep for smiles; and that the *aside* and the laughter of an idiot might accompany and serve to aggravate the anguish of a god. And what tragedy in that swallow's back which "twits with the spring" this captive without crime, this suicide without intention, this martyr without the prospect of a fiery chariot!

The "Bridge of Sighs" breathes a deeper breath of the same spirit. The Poet is arrested by a crowd in the street: he pauses, and finds that it is a female suicide whom they have plucked dead from the waters. His heart holds its own coroner's inquest upon her, and the poem is the verdict. Such verdicts are not common in the courts of clay. It sounds like a voice from a loftier climate, like the cry which closes the Faust "She is pardoned." He knows not—what the jury will know in an hour—the cause of her crime. He wishes not to know it. He cannot determine what proportions of guilt, misery, and madness have mingled with her "mutiny." He knows only she was miserable, and she is dead—dead, and therefore away to a higher tribunal. He knows only that, whate'er her guilt, she never ceased to be a woman, to be a sister, and that death, for him hushing "all questions, hiding all faults, has left on her only the beautiful." What can he do? He forgives her in the name of humanity; every heart says amen, and his verdict, thus repeated and confirmed, may go down to eternity.

Here, too, as in the "Song of the Shirt," the effect is trebled by the outward levity of the strain. Light and gay, the masquerade his grieved heart puts on; but its every flower, feather, and fringe shakes in the internal anguish as in a tempest. This one stanza (coldly praised by a recent writer in the *Edinburgh Review*, whose heart and intellect seem to be dead, but to us how unspeakably dear!) might perpetuate the name of Hood:

"The bleak wind of March
Made her tremble and shiver,
But not the dark arch,
Nor the black flowing river;
Mad from life's history—
Glad to death's mystery
Swift to be hurled,
Anywhere, anywhere
Out of the world!"

After all this, we have not the heart, as Lord Jeffrey would say, to turn to his "Whims and oddities," &c. at large. "Here lies one who spat more blood and made more puns than any man living," was his self-proposed epitaph. Whether punning was natural to him or not, we cannot tell. We fear that with him, as with most people, it was a bad habit, cherished into a necessity and a disease. Nothing could be more easily acquired than the power of punning, if, as Dr. Johnson was wont to say, one's mind were but to *abandon* itself to it. What poor creatures you meet continually, from whom puns come as easily as perspiration. If this was a disease in Hood, he turned it into a "commodity." His innumerable puns, like the mannikin multitudes of Lilliput, supplying the wants of the Man Mountain, fed, clothed, and paid his rent. This was more than Aram Dreams or Shirt Songs could have done, had he written them in scores. Some, we know, will, on the other hand, contend that his facility in punning was the outer form of his inner faculty of

minute analogical perception—that it was the same power at play—that the eye which, when earnestly and piercingly directed, can perceive delicate resemblances in things, has only to be opened to see like words dancing into each other's embrace; and that this, and not the perverted taste of the age, accounts for Shakespere's puns; punning being but the game of football, by which he brought a great day's labour to a close. Be this as it may, Hood punned to live, and made many suspect that he lived to pun. This, however, was a mistake. For, apart from his serious pretensions as a poet, his puns swam in a sea of humour, farce, drollery, fun of every kind. Parody, caricature, quiz, innocent *double entendre*, mad exaggeration, laughter holding both his sides, sense turned awry, and downright, staring, slavering nonsense, were all to be found in his writings. Indeed, every species of wit and humour abounded, with, perhaps, two exceptions;—the quiet, deep, ironical smile of Addison, and the misanthropic grin of Swift (forming a stronger antithesis to a laugh than the blackest of frowns) were not in Hood. Each was peculiar to the single man whose face bore it, and shall probably re-appear no more. For Addison's matchless smile we may look and long in vain; and forbid that such a horrible distortion of the human face divine as Swift's grin (disowned for ever by the fine, chubby, kindly family of mirth!) should be witnessed again on earth!

"Alas! poor Yorick. Where now thy quips?—thy quiddities?—thy flashes that wont to set the table in a roar? Quite chapfallen?" The death of a man of mirth has to us a drearier significance than that of a more sombre spirit. *He* passes into the other world as into a region where his heart had been translated long before. To death, as to a nobler birth, had he looked forward; and when it comes, his spirit readily and cheerfully yields to it as one great thought in the soul submits to be displaced and darkened by a greater. To him death had lost its terrors, at the same time that life had lost its charms. But "can a ghost laugh or shake his gaunt sides?"—is there wit any more than wisdom in the grave?—do puns there crackle?—or do comic annuals there mark the still procession of the years? The death of a humourist, as the first serious epoch in his history, is a very sad event. In Hood's case, however, we have this consolation: a mere humourist he was not, but a sincere lover of his race—a hearty friend to their freedom and welfare—a deep sympathiser with their sufferings and sorrows; and if he did not to the full consecrate his high faculties to their service, surely his circumstances as much as himself were to blame. Writing, as we are, in a city where he spent some of his early days, and which never ceased to possess associations of interest to his mind, and owing, as we do to him, a debt of much pleasure, and of some feelings beyond it, we cannot but take leave of his writings with every sentiment of good-humour and gratitude.

LAST WORDS OF ROB ROY.

BY MRS. CHARLES TINSLEY.

"Now it is all over: tell the piper to play Ha til mi tulidh!" (We return no more.)
Last words of Rob Roy.

"We return no more! we return no more!"
Said the chief, ere he breathed his last,
For he knew that the reign of the fierce and free,
And the bold in deed, was past;
He knew that the slogan of Border war—
All mute as the sleuth hound's breath—
Should never awaken the hills again
With shouts whose echo was death:—
"Ha til, ha til mi tulidh!"

Did they crowd around him, the brave of old,
In the dreams of that solemn hour,
All the mighty chiefs of his royal line,
In the pride of their early power?—
Macalpine who reigned o'er a conquered race,
And those that held rule in Lorn—
Did he think of these as he turned to die?
And his words—were they words of scorn?—
"Ha til, ha til mi tulidh!"

Did he brood o'er the wrong that 'whelmed his sires,
Making all their hearthstones bare,
Through the ages that saw them held at bay,
And hate-hunted everywhere?—
Did he call to mind their scattered haunts,
In Balquhidder and Glenstrae,
And breathe, in his spirit's bitterness,
One trust ere he passed away?—
"Ha til, ha til mi tulidh!"

O why was the gift of the seer of old
Withheld in that parting hour?
Why stood not the future before him then
In the might of its deathless power?
Why did it coldly, tamely, still
Its truths from the dauntless keep,
Leaving the brave, proud heart to sigh—
Ere it sank in dreamless sleep—
"Ha til, ha til mi tulidh?"

For they shall not die! for they shall not die!
Whilst the hills their fame can keep;
Whilst fancy—bold as the boldest still—
Can the gulfs of time o'erleap;
Whilst the wild, free spirit of old romance
Yet haunteth each loch and glen;
Whilst Scotland can say, from her heart of hearts,
"Thus speak not my mighty men—
"Ha til, ha til mi tulidh!"

And mighty they were, those chieftains bold,
With their germs of noble thought,
By the rugged nurture of rugged times
To growths of wild grandeur brought;
With their generous love of freedom, still
Unchanged through the changes round;
And, oh! not for them, 'mid their native hills,
Should those parting words resound—
"Ha til, ha til mi tulidh!"

In their sometime lawless bravery,
They shall yet around us throng,
Where the clinging love of their native soil,
Was than wrath and death more strong:
They were suited well to their own rude times,
And ours will not let them go,
Till the last of Scotland's sons shall say—
'Mid the final wrecks below—
"Ha til, ha til mi tulidh!"

THE LETTERS AND DISPATCHES OF NAPOLEON.*

This, from its title, would claim to be one of the most extraordinary books that the English world ever received. Though the editor, a decided Anti-Jacobin, if not an Anti-Gallican, chooses to be anonymous, there is no reason whatever to question the authenticity of the letters. Though there were no other testimony, they bear intrinsic evidence of being in truth the letters of Napoleon to the Directory, and of Massena, Augereau, and the other republican generals to the General-in-Chief, and of Carnot, in name of the Executive Directory, and written for the guidance of the young Commander-in-Chief of the army. It was the Army of Italy, and the correspondence commences with the opening of the brilliant campaign of 1796. Having warned our readers that the anonymous editor is the very opposite of a Bonapartist, though he does justice to the extraordinary genius of Napoleon, we shall let him open his own case, remarking that his opinions, though extreme, are not always unjust.

"Had any other combination of circumstances thrown Napoleon into a different career, it can scarcely be doubted that, whatever it might have been, he would have acquired the highest distinction to which it was capable of leading. He would have shone had he been a statesman, a diplomatist, an actor, and nothing more. History has industriously deduced the prominent features of his character from his actions, but many minute traits have escaped its observation. Both are sketched by his own hand unreservedly in this work, which contains the secret and official correspondence of this remarkable man, during what may be termed his apprenticeship to power, the years between his appointment to the command of an army and his usurpation of the government, to the heads of which he had ever professed the greatest deference.

"In these letters, not intended to meet the public eye, he has laid bare the sentiments and motives which influenced his actions during the busy years over which they extend, and thus raised a *monumentum ære perennius*—a monument more imperishable than that designed to cover his ashes in the capital of what was once his mighty empire. They display his unrivalled judgment, sagacity, foresight, and discrimination—his indefatigable perseverance, activity, industry, and that attention to the minutest circumstances, without which the success of the most ably combined plans may be endangered. But the monument, like a medal, has its reverse. There we discover the recklessness of the means employed for accomplishing ends—the duplicity, fraud, hypocrisy, perfidy, rapacity, cruelty, which cast a shade over those higher qualities that would excite unmixed admiration, but for the purposes to which they were applied."

We do not pretend to give any analysis of this work, which is of so miscellaneous a character as to render system impossible. The editor shows too successfully that the *morale* of the French army has always been bad, and that the troops were quite as ferocious and reckless under Louis XIV. and his Minister, Louvois, as under Napoleon and the Directory; and that the same flagitious character was applicable to the French forces and their commanders in the Seven Years' War, when the deliverers proved a greater scourge to their allies than the open enemy. The Saxons of that time made exactly the same complaints which have since been heard from Spain, Portugal, and every country traversed by French soldiery.

"Whatever they could not consume or carry away was destroyed or rendered useless. They broke in pieces household furniture, casks, and other vessels, tore up papers and books, ripped open beds, and strewed the feathers over the fields, and slaughtered cattle which they could not remove, and left them to putrify in the deserted farm-yards. Twenty villages around Freiburg were rendered desolate because the French had sojourned in them. Nor were the private soldiers alone to blame for these wanton excesses, of which their officers set them the example. Thus it is related that the Marquis d'Argenson, who commanded the French in Halberstadt, whenever he was about to leave a house in which he had lodged, was accustomed to break in pieces the furniture, and to destroy the looking-glasses with a diamond.

"These complaints, preferred by Germans, are fully confirmed by the testimony of Count St. Germain, who commanded a division of the French army at the battle of Rossbach. Writing to a friend, he says, 'I head a band of robbers, of murderers, who deserve to be broke upon the wheel, who run away at the first musket shot, who are always ready to mutiny.' Again: 'The country is plundered and laid waste for thirty leagues round, as if fire from heaven had fallen upon it; our marauders have scarcely left the very houses standing. . . . They plundered, murdered, violated women, and committed all possible abominations.' To characterise the conduct of the troops of the *great nation* in Germany during subsequent wars, in the time of the Republic and the Empire, would require a mere repetition of the circumstances detailed above."

There is a certain kind of candour in thus admitting that in general the troops of the Republic were not much worse than those of the Monarchy; and that the national flag, and the "Holy bayonets of France!" cannot be displayed by any government, whether of Bourbons or Bonapartists, without being formidable alike to friend and foe.

The condemnation of General Bonaparte for the excesses of the army of Italy would not be complete, if at all deserved, unless it were shown that he was entrusted by the Directory with sufficient authority to repress and punish the excesses of his soldiers; and this he possessed, but without using it, as the complaints of his own generals prove. Napoleon wished to be popular with the soldiers, and already understood the grand game opening before him. Before he had been a month at the head of the army, we find General Laharpe, a brave Swiss and a sincere Republican, who commanded one of the divisions, thus remonstrating with his Commander-in-Chief:—

"The boundless licentiousness to which the troops give themselves up, and which cannot be remedied, because we have not a right to order a scoundrel to be shot, is hurrying us into ruin, dishonouring us, and preparing for us the most cruel reverses. As my character for firmness will not permit me to witness such things, much less to tolerate them, there is but one course for me to take, that of retiring. In consequence, General, I beg you to

* The Bonaparte Letters and Dispatches, Secret, Confidential, and Official; from the originals in his Private Cabinet. Volumes I. and II. Octavo. London: Saunders & Otley.

accept my resignation, and to send an officer to take the command intrusted to me; for I would rather dig the ground for a livelihood than be at the head of men who are worse than were the Vandals of old."

Three days later, we find other generals threatening to resign for the same reason. The army was altogether in a deplorably disorganised state; and, too often wanting food, the soldiers broke forth upon the people like demons incarnated, or ferocious beasts of prey. Laharpe complained that "the officers pillaged, and got drunk like the men." Serrurier, another general of division, reports at this time—"Several corps have been without bread for these three days; the troops abused this pretext to abandon themselves to the most horrible pillage." And again, Laharpe writes to Bonaparte—

"All the agents, store-keepers, and others, in all the administrations, are making requisitions at random: the peasants of these parts are absolutely ruined: the soldiers are destitute, and their leaders disconsolate: rogues only are enriching themselves. There is not a moment to be lost, General, if you would save the army, if you would not have us be considered in Piedmont as men worse than the Goths and Vandals. Punish the knaves severely; reduce the number of those public bloodsuckers; whom one never sees exerting themselves for the benefit of the army, but is sure to find wherever they can profit by disorder."

It is worthy of notice that the honest "Swiss" was shortly afterwards shot in the dark in a *melée*, and, as was suspected, wilfully, by his own soldiers. On the same day, from another quarter, Chambarlhac, a chief of brigade, writes to the General-in-Chief—

"Indiscipline has reached the highest pitch. I am using all possible means to maintain order, but they are of no avail. There is no kind of excess which the soldiers do not indulge in, and all that I can do is useless. I therefore request you, General, to be pleased to accept my resignation; for I cannot serve with soldiers, who know neither subordination, nor obedience, nor law."

The same remonstrances and entreaties were repeated from every quarter; and such was the Army of Italy—the school in which Napoleon learned the rudiments of war. He had, at this time, two leading objects—to maintain his influence with the Executive Directory, and his popularity with the troops. He succeeded in both. The orders and instructions issued by the Directory during the campaign to the Commander-in-Chief tend to countenance the rather sweeping charges made by the Editor of the Letters, when he states—

"In truth, all the orders of the Directory at home, all the proceedings of its instrument, the army in Italy, exhibit a system of rapine, robbery, and spoliation, so monstrous as scarcely to be paralleled in the history of civilised nations. Practised with eclât by the heads of the government and their able and willing agent, the General, and with all but impunity by the civil officers of the army, there would have been too striking an inconsistency in calling the naked and starving soldiers to a rigid account for their outrages. The wretched inhabitants of the countries occupied by the French troops, victims of this threefold extortion, were encouraged by revolutionary artifices, to seek a melioration of their fate, by forming themselves into republics independent of their late rulers, but under the influence and protection of France, which failed not to exact an exorbitant recompense for the favour; while others rose to exterminate their oppressors, and drew upon themselves a cruel vengeance, for that most heinous of offences against their invaders.

"In this correspondence, we find the Directory, so far from approving the formation of republics in the conquered provinces, with farsighted policy discouraging any measures which would be liable to obstruct the free disposal of them on the conclusion of peace; though at the same time urging the expediency of sowing revolutionary ideas in the Sardinian and Austrian dominions."

The French army advanced, discipline was partly restored, and in about ten days from the date of Laharpe's letter, we find Bonaparte addressing the Executive Directory. It was Carnot who, at this time, conveyed to the Commander-in-Chief its orders and instructions in long epistles, to which Napoleon replied with pith and brevity, sending along with the report of his military progress, all manner of suggestions for the guidance of the Directory or its master-spirit, Carnot, in its dealings with the Italian States. Thus characteristically he writes on the 26th April, 1796, when he had been but a very short time at the head of the army of Italy—

"The city of Coni has just been occupied by our troops. There was in it a garrison of 5000 men.

"I cannot doubt that you will approve my conduct, since it is one wing of an army that agrees to a suspension of arms, to give me time to beat the other. It is a king who puts himself absolutely into my power, by giving me three of his strongest fortresses, and the richest half of his dominions.

"You may dictate, like a master, peace to the King of Sardinia. I beg of you not to forget the little island of St. Pierre, which will be more useful to us by and bye than Corsica and Sardinia put together.

"If you grant him the portion of the Milanese, which I am about to conquer, it must be upon condition that he shall send 15,000 men to second us, and to guard that country after we have made ourselves masters of it. Meanwhile, I shall cross the Adige with your army, and enter Germany by the Tyrol. * * *

"My columns are in march; Beaulieu in flight: I hope to catch him. I will impose some millions of contributions on the Duke of Parma: he shall be forced to make propositions of peace to you. Be not in a hurry, that I may be in time to make him pay the costs of the Campaign, provision our magazines, and rehorse our carriages at his expense.

"If you will not make peace with the King of Sardinia, if your intention is to dethrone him, you must amuse him for a few decades, and give me notice immediately. I will get possession of Valenza, and march upon Turin.

"I will send 12,000 men upon Rome, when I have beaten Beaulieu and obliged him to recross the Adige; when I shall be sure that you grant peace to the King of Sardinia, and you send me part of the army of the Alps.

"As for Genoa, I think you ought to demand of it 15,000,000, as indemnities for frigates and vessels taken in its ports, and insist that those who caused the Modeste to be burned, and called in the Austrians, shall be tried as traitors to the country. If you charge me with these matters, which you will keep profoundly secret, I will find means to do all that you can desire."

This looks like the bold commencement of a fortunate career. We have now a mass of the correspondence of the Generals-of-Division, reporting progress to their chief, and many of his letters to the Commander-in-Chief of the army of the King of Sardinia. The French army still advanced; the Po was crossed, "the second campaign was begun," and Bonaparte writes to Citizen Carnot exultingly:—

"Beaulieu is disconcerted. He calculates very ill, and

constantly falls into the snares that are laid for him. Perhaps he meant to give battle; for that man has the daring of madness and not that of genius; but the 6000 men who were forced, yesterday, to cross the Adda, and who were defeated, will weaken him much. Another victory, and we are masters of Italy.

"I have granted a suspension of arms to the Duke of Parma. The Duke of Modena is sending me plenipotentiaries. * * * The moment we cease our movements, we shall new-clothe the army; it is still in a frightful state; but all are getting fat. The soldiers eat nothing but Genesse bread, good meat and in quantity, good wine, &c. Discipline is becoming re-established from day to day; but it is often necessary to shoot, for there are intractable men who cannot command themselves.

"What we have taken from the enemy is incalculable. We have the effects of hospitals for 15,000 sick, several magazines of corn, flour, &c. The more men you send me, the more easily I shall be able to feed them.

"I am despatching to you twenty pictures by the first masters, Correggio and Michael Angelo.

"I owe you particular thanks for the attentions which you are pleased to pay to my wife. I recommend her to you. She is a sincere patriot, and I love her to distraction.

"I hope, if things go on well, to be able to send you a dozen millions to Paris. That will not come amiss for the army of the Rhine."

There is much to ponder in this letter, and not less in the reply of Carnot, in name of the Executive Directory. Among lesser matters, he thus breaks out:—

"At the moment that the Directory is writing, you are, no doubt, in the Milanese. May the lucky destinies of the Republic have carried thither some French columns, before the Austrian has been able to recross the Po! May they place you in a situation to cut off his direct communication with Milan and the court of Vienna! Your letter of the 9th expresses the intention of marching on the 10th against Beaulieu. You will have driven him before you. Do not lose sight of him for a moment. Your activity and the utmost celerity in your marches can alone annihilate the Austrian army, which must be destroyed. March! no fatal repose! There are yet laurels left for you to gather; and it will be all over with the remnants of the perfidious coalition, if you follow up, as you declare it to be your intention to do, the advantages given to us by the splendid victories of the Republican army which you command. * * *

"The powers of Italy call us towards your right, citizen-general, and this course must rid us of the perfidious English, so long masters of the Mediterranean. It must likewise enable us to recover Corsica, and to wrest those French departments from the ambitious house of Brunswick-Lüneburg, which has so proudly established itself in them. Such are the sentiments of the Directory on this head.

"First, effect the conquest of the Milanese, whether it be destined to return to the house of Austria, as a necessary cession for securing our peace with it, whether it may be expedient to give it in the sequel to the Piedmontese, either as a reward for the efforts which we may have induced it to make for assisting us in that conquest, or as an indemnity for the departments of Mont Blanc and the Maritime Alps, constitutionally incorporated with the French Republic. Drive back the enemy to the mountains of the Tyrol, and put him in dread of finding himself forced there."

Highly praising the plan of operations projected by the impetuous young general, Carnot points out its difficulties, and sketches his own plan and the manner in which the Government of each Italian State is to be dealt with. Lucca was to be conciliated; Genoa and Leghorn temporised with in the meantime, but the former made to furnish provisions and transport for the French troops, "leaving the mode of reimbursement to be settled afterwards;" and farther—

"It is likewise after the expedition to Leghorn that we shall endeavour to raise a loan in the city of Genoa, but we must beware of harassing it. We will make it sensible that we are more generous than our enemies, who proposed to deliver it up to the King of Sardinia. We will demand in such a manner as not to be refused, that every thing belonging to our enemies, especially the English, as well in the port and city of Genoa as in the rest of the territories of that Republic, shall be immediately put into our hands. We will insist on the sequestration of the property and funds of the merchants and the private persons of the country who make war upon us, and the Genoese Government shall answer for the fidelity of the sequestration. We will continue to give in exchange for what Genoa shall supply us with, bonds of redemption, to be treated of at the general peace. Lastly, we shall require all emigrants, without exception, to be expelled from the territories of Genoa and Tuscany, as you have, no doubt, caused them to be expelled from the part of Piedmont which you occupy, in case they have been bold enough to remain there.

"As to the course to be pursued in regard to the Duke of Parma, it is just that he should pay for his infatuation in not detaching himself from the coalition. His territories must supply us with all that we have need of, and with money into the bargain: but our connexion with Spain enjoins us not to make any useless devastation there, and to spare his country much more than the other possessions of our enemies. It is the Milanese most especially that we must not spare. Raise there contributions in specie immediately, and during the first panic which the approach of our arms will excite; and let the eye of economy superintend the application of them. The canals and the great public establishments of this country, which we shall not keep up, must feel somewhat of the effects of war; but be prudent."

This communication justifies the accusations of the Editor, when he charges the Directory with rapacity, and with concerting a regular system of "rapine and spoliation unheard of in the history of civilised nations." Venice was to be treated as a neutral power, but not as a friendly power. "It has done nothing to deserve our kindness." A great difficulty, if not the greatest, was treating with the Roman States. Some members of the Executive Directory would at once have annihilated the Popedom, with the Pope; other Republican statesmen counselled the formation of three small republics out of the States of the Pope—republics being then "the order of the day." The generals, in this and in other instances, proved themselves better statesmen than those whose proper business was statecraft. By anticipation, Carnot had warily suggested, that if Rome made advances to the victorious invaders, all Europe should be apprised of the fact, and the newly-begotten friendship, by "the Pope ordering public prayers to be made for the success and prosperity of the French Republic." But Carnot did not stop with this projected seething of the kid in its mother's milk. He added, in his confidential letter to Napoleon—

"Some of his beautiful monuments, his statues, his pictures, his medals, his libraries, his bronzes, his Madonas of silver, and even his bells, will indemnify us for the expense occasioned by the visit that you will have paid him. In case the Court of Naples, alarmed at your approach, should cause proposals to be made to France, it

must be required to deliver up to us immediately the ships and everything belonging to the nations at war with us."

It is but too well known how these hints, or orders, were fulfilled to the very letter. But the Popedom, and the power of his Holiness, were not at once annihilated. Bonaparte already knew mankind, and the power of religious feeling, whatever the religion may be in which men have been bred; which is rooted in their hearts, and has taken hold of their imagination; the religion of their fathers, their country, and their childhood—whether it be that of Catholic, Jew, or Mahommedan. Besides, there were already symptoms of religious re-action even in France itself; and, though still dating his letters by the new Republican calendar, he saw that France was again becoming Roman Catholic. It was, therefore, too late, although it had even been safe—three years too late—to crush and destroy the Bishop of Rome, as if he had been the ordinary sovereign of a petty principality, and the politic young general of the republic became the protector of the Holy See. "Bonaparte," says our editor,

"Aware of the boundless influence of the Pope and the popish clergy over all Catholics, had for some time taken pains to gain their goodwill—perhaps foreseeing, in those prophetic visions which might already have begun to float before his imagination, to what advantage that influence might some day be employed."

No long time had elapsed, when victory having given France the power to dictate, he sought to renew friendly negotiations with the hitherto refractory court of Rome. Cacualt, the agent or envoy of the Republic, was still at Rome, and had stated to Napoleon that the difficulty of destroying "the colossus of Rome" might not be so great as was imagined, by "going coolly about it, and taking nothing from the priests but the temporal government." Bonaparte was again the better statesman. He requested Cacualt to signify to his Holiness the willingness of France to negotiate. He had been ordered to settle every difference either by force of arms or amicable treaty; and he continues:—

"Wishing to give the Pope a mark of the desire I have to see this long war terminated, and an end put to the calamities which afflict human nature, I offer in an honourable manner still to save his honour and the head of religion. You may assure him verbally that I have always been against the treaty that has been proposed to him, and especially to the manner of negotiating; that it is in consequence of my particular and repeated applications that the Directory has charged me to open the way to a new negotiation. *I am more* ambitious to be the saviour of the Holy See than its destroyer."

Here, again, the young soldier manifested that extraordinary and precocious capacity for statesmanship which gave earnest of his future greatness. In the meanwhile, with the counsels of Carnot for his guidance, so far as he felt it convenient to follow them, he was overrunning Italy, recommended, as he advanced, "to strike, and strike hard," and, as a first duty, to pillage without scruple. One might smile at the following order, if indignation permitted, on such a subject, one light thought:—

"The Executive Directory is persuaded, citizen-general, that you consider the glory of the fine arts as attached to that of the army which you command. To them Italy owes, in a great measure, its wealth and its fame; but the time is come when their reign must be transferred to France, in order to establish and embellish that of liberty. The National Museum must contain the most celebrated productions of all the arts, and you will not neglect to enrich it with those which await the present conquests of the army of Italy, and the future ones which are yet reserved for it. This glorious campaign, while placing the Republic in a condition to give peace to its enemies, must also repair the ravages of Vandalism in its own bosom, and combine with the splendour of military trophies the charm of the beneficent and cheering arts.

"The Executive Directory, therefore, invites you, citizen-general, to choose one or several artists, to select and transmit to Paris the most valuable objects of this kind, and to give precise orders for the enlightened execution of these dispositions, concerning which it wishes you to report. "CARNOT."

We see none of the general's letters in reply to such requisitions; but it appears that he did not neglect Carnot's orders. From Parma, an agent writes to him:—

"I lose no time in sending back your courier, and replying to your letter of the 27th. The celebrated picture of St. Jerome, by Correggio, with the four best that could be found here, will be packed to-morrow, and sent to Tortona. As for the others, I repeat to you that it is indispensable, if you would make a good selection, that you should send me some connoisseur from Milan, for I might be deceived, knowing nothing of painting, and having no one to consult."

The ever-memorable Bridge of Lodi had been passed, and the fate of Italy decided. We find little on the subject from Bonaparte to the Directory. The official bulletins managed all that; but Carnot, become for the moment an enthusiast, thus greets the victors:—

"Immortal glory to the victors of Lodi! Honour to the general-in-chief, who prepared for the daring attack on the bridge of that town, by going through the ranks of the French warriors, and exposing himself to the most murderous fire of the enemy, and disposing everything for victory! Honour to the intrepid Berthier, who rushed on at the head of that fierce and formidable republican column which overturned and overthrew the enemy! Honour to Generals Massena, Cervoni, Dallemagne, to the chiefs of brigade Saluce, Dupas, and Sugni, to adjutant-major Toiret, of the third battalion of the grenadiers! Glory to the gallant second battalion of the carabineers, to those victorious grenadiers who decided the issue of that battle! Glory to the brave division commanded by General Augereau and to its leader! Glory to the commissioner of the government Salicetti!

"Ye have conquered, French Republicans, ye have saved your country, ye are consolidating the Republic."

One may forgive, nay, sympathise, with what follows:—"Ye are annihilating that monstrous coalition which would have swallowed us up."

But we cannot pretend to give any adequate account of this remarkable correspondence, though confining ourselves to the letters of the two principal personages, Carnot and Bonaparte; so, with one or two more significant extracts, we must conclude our notice of a work which demands much closer and fuller examination.

The head-quarters of the French army were now

at Milan, and the Italian States read, one by one, their coming fate. The Venetians were to suffer for their tardiness, or lukewarmness, in the cause of the French Republic; between whom and the Austrians, they were placed in no little perplexity. They had permitted, Bonaparte alleged, Beaulieu to occupy a fortress though in this instance the accusation was like that of the wolf to the lamb, which had drunk of the stream beneath the place where the wolf lapped. Bonaparte says:—

"From a conversation which I had this morning with M. Azara, minister of Spain, sent by the Pope, it appeared to me that he had orders to offer us contributions. I shall soon be at Bologna. Is it your pleasure that I should then accept from the Pope, as the price of an armistice, twenty-five millions of contributions in cash, five millions in kind, three hundred pictures, statues, and manuscripts in proportion, and that I insist on the release of all patriots confined for revolutionary acts? I shall have sufficient time to receive your orders, since I shall not be at Bologna for these ten or fifteen days." * * *

"As soon as I was apprised that the Austrians were at Peschiera, I knew that not a moment was to be lost in investing the place and depriving the enemy of the means of provisioning it. A few days' delay would have entailed upon me a siege of three months. The battle of Borghetto and the passage of the Mincio put that place into our hands two days afterwards. The proveditor came in great haste to justify himself: I gave him a very ill reception. I declared that I should march to Venice, to complain in person to the senate of such a manifest treachery. While we were talking, Massena had orders to enter Verona at whatever cost. The alarm at Venice was extreme. The Archduke of Milan, who was there, immediately fled to Germany.

"The senate of Venice has just sent to me two sages of the council, to ascertain definitively how matters stand. I repeated my complaints to them; I also referred to the reception given to Monsieur; I told them that, for the rest, I had given you an account of every thing, and that I knew not how you would take the matter: that, when I left Paris, you expected to find in the republic of Venice an ally faithful to principles; that it was not without regret that their conduct in regard to Peschiera had obliged me to think otherwise; that, at any rate, I believed that this would be a storm which it would be possible for the envoy of the senate to lay. Meanwhile, they agree with the best grace to supply us with every thing necessary for the army.

"*If your plan is to extract five or six millions from Venice, I have purposely provided this sort of rupture for you.* You might demand it by way of indemnity for the battle of Borghetto, which I was obliged to fight in order to take that place. If you have more decided intentions, I think you ought to keep up this subject of quarrel, inform me of what you design to do, and await the favourable moment, which I will seize according to circumstances: for we must not have all the world upon our hands at once.

"The truth of the affair of Peschiera is, that Beaulieu basely deceived them: he demanded a passage for fifty men, and made himself master of the town. * * * *

"A commissioner of the Directory is come for the contributions. A million has been dispatched to Basle for the army of the Rhine. You have eight millions at Genoa; you can reckon upon that. Two millions more were going off for Paris; but the commissary assured me that it is your intention that the whole should go to Genoa."

And this "truth of the affair," Bonaparte well knew, when he bullied the Proveditor-General, terrified the Senate of Venice, and kept alive a pretty little quarrel, of which citizen Carnot might avail himself either to fine, confiscate, or deal with as seemed good to the Executive Directory. With the above letter before us, when we find Bonaparte charged with duplicity, dissimulation, and dishonourable dealing, how is he to be acquitted?

A previous letter had announced to Carnot that two millions in gold, part of the contributions levied on the conquered territory, were already on the road to Paris, and Carnot directed the General to transmit another million to the army of the Rhine and Moselle, and acquainted his correspondent that the Directory had authorised the Minister of Finance to *draw upon Genoa* for ten millions, adding, that in these ten millions are included other pillage already exacted and expended, and the produce of "the jewels, diamonds, plate, &c., sent to Tortona." Venice was also to be drawn upon, but as a guarantee was to have assigned the desperate debt incurred by Holland, for being wrested from the Stadtholder by the arms of the French Republic, and converted into the Batavian Republic.

The Senate of Venice demurred to this requisition; but Carnot persisted, and in reply to Bonaparte's letter quoted above, still fancied that it might be possible to borrow 12,000,000 *tournois*, and kindly pointed out how the money might be raised, by seizing the funds which the King and Government (and the people too) of England had in the Treasury of Venice. There might here be breach of faith, of national honour, but what was that? In conclusion, Carnot was "highly pleased" with the chicanery displayed by the General to the Proveditor-General of Venice and the two "sage senators."

Decrees were issued by the Directory, negotiating the amount and modes of payment of whatever it chose to levy on the conquered States, and the Commander-in-Chief was as active in such departments as in the field. General Vaubois was to be sent to occupy or garrison Leghorn, and the detailed instructions for his conduct, drawn up by Bonaparte, are certainly a curiosity. After giving minute directions for putting the batteries which command the harbour into a proper state of defence, the important points of his multifarious duties are thus alluded to:—

"He will spare no means for keeping Leghorn in perfect tranquillity; he will act in such a manner as to attach to himself the troops of the grand-duke of Tuscany, on whom he will keep a constant eye; he will keep himself in good harmony with the governor; he will refer to him all matters of detail, pay him great respect, especially in private, but preserve a great superiority over him, especially in public. Should there be plots at Leghorn, or anything else involving the existence of the French troops, he will then take all the measures necessary for restoring tranquillity and punishing the evil-disposed. He will not spare either persons, or property, or houses.

"In all the difficult affairs that may happen, he will consult citizen Miot, minister of the French Republic at Florence, who will be able to give him useful information.

"He will protect the consul in the interesting operation with which he is charged: being the first agent of the Republic at Leghorn, he will attend to all the interests of the Republic, and report to me on all the abuses which it may not depend on him to repress.

"He will live in suitable style. He will frequently have at his table the officers of the grand-duke and the

consuls of the foreign powers: an allowance shall be granted to him for extraordinary expenses.

"He will appoint an officer to superintend the harbour: he will appoint a commandant of each fort; he will keep privateers under a severe discipline, and see to it that they respect the neutral flag, especially the Spanish. He will have daily accounts rendered to him of the reports of the sentries; he will inform me regularly of all that passes in the country where he is, and send me a report of all news from Corsica that reaches him. He will write to the imperial fiefs around the city to induce them to recognise the Republic, and he will acquaint me with the number of those fiefs, their population, their wealth, and the spirit which animates them. He will keep up severe discipline among his troops; he will make a point of having all the soldiers in barracks, and not allowing any one, from the general to the lowest *employé*, to lodge at any inhabitant's."

The penetration and sagacity of Bonaparte, at this early stage of his career, are shown in his estimate of his Generals. It is thus he reports of them to the Directory:—

"I think it useful, citizens Directors, to give you my opinion of the generals employed in this army. You will see that there are very few who can be of service to me.

"Berthier—Talents, courage, character—everything in his favour.

"Augereau—A great deal of character, courage, firmness, activity, habit of war; is beloved by the soldiers, lucky in his operations.

"Massena—Active, indefatigable, daring; has quickness of apprehension and promptness in decision.

"Serrurier—Fights like a soldier, takes nothing upon himself, firm, has not a very good opinion of his troops; is ill.

"Despinois—Soft, without activity, without daring, has not fighting habits, is not liked by the soldiers, does not fight at their head; has, for the rest, *hauteur*, intelligence, and sound political principles: fit to command in the interior.

"Sauret—Good, very good soldier, but not enlightened enough to be general; not lucky.

"Abatucci—Not fit to command fifty men.

"Garnier, Meunier, Casabianca—Incapable; not fit to command a battalion in so active and so serious a war as this.

"Macquart—A brave man, no talents, fiery.

"Gauthier—Fit for an office [*bureau*]; never was engaged in war.

"Vaubois and Sahuguet were employed in the fortresses; I have transferred them to the army: I shall learn to appreciate them; they have both acquitted themselves extremely well of the commissions that I have hitherto given them; but the example of General Despinois, who was all right at Milan, and all wrong at the head of his division, orders me to judge of men by their actions."

We meet with one solitary instance of good nature in Bonaparte's correspondence. He addressed five lines to the French Minister at Basle, desiring him to attempt the restoration of the property of General Laharpe—confiscated when he became a Republican—to his orphan children. Carnot also showed policy or liberality in one instance. He directed that Oriani, a celebrated astronomer of Milan, should be protected, and that the General should, wherever he went, visit and pay attention to men eminent in science or art. There were, indeed, no bounds to Carnot's admiration of art, or desire to plunder its treasures from the Italian towns to enrich Paris. Could he but then have foreseen the day of retribution and restitution! Could he have foreseen the Consulate—the Empire! But it was punishment enough that he saw both their rise and fall. The following is an entire letter:—

"It is asserted, citizen-general, that the marble bust of Marcus Aurelius is at Pavia: it is for the interest of the arts that it should be transmitted to France: the Directory commands you to cause all necessary precautions to be taken that it may arrive without damage.

"CARNOT."

The stolen goods were coming, and Carnot was grateful:—

"The exquisite productions of the fine arts, of the dispatch of which you give us notice, will add to the splendour of the trophies of the army of Italy.

"We must at once embellish and enrich France with all the valuable monuments and all the interesting productions of those flourishing countries."

The civil servants of the Republic attached to the army, the Commissaries, and Commissioners appointed to raise the contributions and supply the army were worthy of their vocation, but might have been forgiven if they had not as freely and adroitly cheated their employers as they plundered the Italians. Their conduct made Bonaparte, as he tells the Directory, "blush to be a Frenchman." In short, they were rogues all round—"thinking," Napoleon said, "of nothing but thieving." But complaints of dishonest and peculating Commissaries were not at that period confined to the French service; and this might pass, if the Commander-in-chief and the Executive Directory could be exonerated.

The volumes close with the end of the year 1797, and the secret articles of the treaty of Campo Formio, transmitted in substance to the Directory. There was to be peace with Austria and Italy, and France was to be left free to combat England alone. The conquest of England, the last of many gains to the French Republic enumerated by her victorious General, is thus alluded to:—

"*Lastly*, The war with England will open to us a field of activity more extensive, more essential, more glorious. The people of England are of more worth than the Venetian people, and their liberation will for ever consolidate the liberty and happiness of France; or if we force that Government to peace, our commerce, and the advantages which we shall procure for it in the two worlds, will be a great step towards the consolidation of liberty and public prosperity.

"If I am mistaken in all these calculations, my heart is pure, my intentions are upright; I have silenced the interest of my glory, of my vanity, of my ambition. I have kept in view the country, and the Government alone; I have answered in a manner worthy of myself the unlimited confidence which the Directory has been pleased to grant me for these two years.

"I think that I have done what every member of the Directory would have done in my place.

"I have merited by my services the approbation of the Government and of the nation; I have received repeated marks of its esteem. *I have now no more to do but to mingle again with the world; to grasp once more the plough of Cincinnatus; and to set an example of respect for magistrates and aversion for military rule, which has destroyed so many Republics, and ruined several states.*—Be assured of my devotedness, and my desire to do everything for the liberty of the country.

"BONAPARTE."

A fitter close could not be found to these remarkable volumes than this dignified and Roman farewell—this sincere expression of respect for "magistrates," and "aversion for military rule."

PRETTY MARY.

BY JOHN MERWYL.

(Continued from our last.)

The Italian's mention of a night attack, and the firm decided tone in which he spoke, produced a startling change in his two companions.

"How so? What do you mean?" exclaimed the bookseller, turning deadly pale, and rising in alarm, whilst the steward gazed at him, aghast and speechless, some dawning fears beginning to clear up the mists of his somewhat dense comprehension.

"You, Sir," said the stranger, first answering the bookseller's query, "have never ceased vaunting the fleetness of your good horse; and you," he continued, addressing the steward, "if I am not mistaken, have pistols."

"Sancta Maria! do you think I ever load them?" cried the now terrified steward, expanding his pale blue eyes to their utmost capability, the roseate hue that had forsaken his cheeks to refugiate itself in his capacious nose, rapidly turning to blue.

"And how am I to get at my horse?" piteously added the no less frightened bookseller.

"Certainly neither unseen nor unprevented," said the Italian.

"What then shall we do?"

"Aeh! ach!" sighed the steward; "but we must be mistaken—it cannot be that we are in any danger here."

"Let us fly this minute," cried the bookseller, making towards the door with uncertain steps.

"Hold! What are you about?" said the Italian. "Had you never entered this place it would have been wiser, but as it is, precipitation would only seal your doom."

As neither of his companions offered to stir, and he would not for worlds have crossed the threshhold alone, the arguments of the stranger prevalled; and, without further discussion, the bookseller returned to his seat.

"And now, gentlemen," continued the Italian, who, although his sallow countenance grew paler, gave no other outward signs of emotion than might be betrayed by the compression of his lips and the lighting up of his eye, "suffer me to retire to the separate apartment you were kind enough to provide for me."

"Oh! No! no!—you are without defence!" screamed the steward, to whom the sight of the foreigner's calmness and collected air gave the only scrap of courage he could muster, now such horrid doubts had taken possession of his soul. "Let us remain together—we can always be some protection to you;" and his trembling hand sought that of the diminutive stranger, but only caught the inordinately long queue which, according to the fashion of the day, depended from that worthy's dark shock head.

"And I—I will stand by you to the last," murmured in faint accents the young bookseller, making a desperate effort to take hold of him.

"Thank you—thank you both," said the stranger, shaking them off; "but I will tell you, for your consolation, that I am better prepared for the struggle than you fancy—perhaps better than yourselves." Here he gave them one of his peculiar and sneering smiles. "I am not without arms, gentlemen;" so saying, he dragged his last saddle-bag into the adjoining room, to which he had already hurried his luggage since the close of Mary's story, and deaf to all intreaties, he shut and bolted the door behind him.

Great was his companions' consternation, and bitterly did they repent having so inconsiderately banished the stranger from their room.

"Alas! that I should ever have been obliged to leave my family and quiet fireside, to expose myself to such enormous perils," groaned forth the steward in the bitterness of his heart, "and that for no good that is ever likely to accrue to me from my risks."

"My poor Dorothea," said the pale young man, with quivering lips, "what will become of her if harm befall me?"

"What would my family—nay, the Count himself, do if my earthly career be thus cut short? Where will he find a man so trusty, so able, so devoted, so courageous, —ach! ach!" and he wrung his hands in despair.

"If I come not back she'll break her heart!" Here the bookseller drew out his pocket handkerchief, unable any longer to control his emotions.

"I am only sixty-three," said in a lamentable tone his old companion.

"She is only nineteen," sighed forth the bookseller.

"My father died at eighty-five, and I am only sixty-three." Here the worthy steward burst into a passion of tears, whilst his young friend chimed in with his sobs.

The scene was every moment augmenting in pathos. To add to their terror, the storm without, which had been gradually rising since sunset, now blew a hurricane; the thunder rolled at intervals, the lightning played through the large, desolate apartment, throwing into fantastic shape with strong light and black shadow the few objects it lighted upon. Their lamentations grew louder and louder, and their sorrow was increasing in violence, when it was suddenly checked by the strange sounds that proceeded from the stranger's chamber. Ever since he had been there he had shown quite as much restlessness as on the previous eve; but so long as they heard nothing remarkable, the two Germans were too much wrapped up in their fears, and busy with their own complaints, to pay the least attention: but now, even in spite of their critical situation, their curiosity became roused, and their tears ceased to flow as they listened intently to the smallest movement of their singular associate. Previously they had distinctly heard him dragging the furniture all about the room, and they naturally concluded he was barricading himself in; now, however, to their extreme surprise, they fancied they heard him unpacking. They came closer to the door—listened more attentively—they were not mistaken. The trailing of ropes and unlocking of padlocks was too familiar a sound not to be recognised. They immediately decided he was seeking his pistols; but when the unpacking continued for so long a space of time that it rather seemed like the operations of a traveller returned home after a journey and setting all to rights about him, and when the bustle increased from minute to

minute, the wondering Germans were lost in conjectures. The circumstance had, however, one good result for them—it enabled them to forget, in some measure, the alarm that had nearly distracted them. The thought never once occurred to their minds that they might profit by the example of the foreigner, barricade themselves in, and make at least a show of resistance. Indeed, had they possessed sufficient coolness to take such a determination, they would still have rejected the plan as unsafe, and only likely to aggravate their danger. As it was, a happy change had come over their spirit. Timid minds possess a property highly agreeable to them in depressing circumstances, and which consists in disputing, or completely denying, the existence of dangers which they know neither how to face nor avoid. From having given way to utter hopelessness, they suddenly passed to fresh doubts and new hopes. The transition was so congenial to their nature, they felt so relieved by the idea of having been misled by their own weakness, and that the Italian had excited their fears merely in jest—for they could not otherwise account for his coolness and his smile—all these considerations were so encouraging as to banish from their breasts the unpleasant feeling which had, but a moment before, such entire possession of them. They thought themselves gradually into perfect composure, and became altogether occupied with the creakings, pullings, haulings, and various other extraordinary noises the Italian continued to make, and which, had not the Germans been convinced by their own eyes of his being the solitary tenant of the apartment, they could never have ascribed to one individual alone. Indeed, it was to them a perfect wonder what he could be about, and their surmises concerning this mysterious person prolonged their conversation until a very late hour. True, his movements were of a nature not to suffer their curiosity to relax. Now he seemed to be climbing the walls—now to be scrubbing the floor—now to pile up furniture, and then again to knock it about. At last he seemed fairly tired out,—a pause ensued,—the eyes of the Germans were fixed on the door,—the bolts were withdrawn, and he appeared before them with so serious an aspect as again to chill the hearts of the two companions.

"They have delayed it long," he said; "longer than I had expected, but now they will soon come. How is it, gentlemen, that I find you so unprepared? Have you nothing wherewith to defend yourselves? Or have you not the spirit to do so?" he concluded, with a flashing eye.

"If there were anything to dread," said the steward, "we have no means of averting our fate; but I do not see what real cause we have to give way to such terrors. It is near twelve by my watch, and yet nothing has stirred in the house."

"Come, sir, do not throw your life away in that manner. I doubt not it is very dear to you. I have my treasures, too, but unfortunately they are not of a nature to make me very rich." A bitter smile passed over the Italian's face as he spoke these words. "A bargain is a bargain—will you pay me well if I am the means of saving your lives?"

The bookseller unhesitatingly replied—"Sir, you shall not name any sum within my power in vain, if you but restore me to my Dorothea." This proffer was so warmly made that the old man could not but follow his example, only insinuating the clause that real danger must have been incurred.

"That'll not fail," said the stranger, "of that rest assured. I wish I could be as secure of your gratitude as I am that there will be cause for it. Now listen to me. Do not follow me into my chamber, but sit so near to it as to be able to rush in at the very first alarm. I shall leave my door but half closed for the purpose. Remember, the moment you enter to hide yourselves behind the first object of concealment you find. Mind, gentlemen, I expect you to be as true to your word as I shall endeavour to be to mine." So saying, he withdrew, gently pushing the door to without absolutely closing it.

The Germans dragged their portmanteaus quite close to the door, and cowering down upon them, began, for the first time, to agitate the question between them, whether they had not as much to apprehend from their singular associate as from the bad Peter Stieber himself, but without being able to come to any final conclusion or resolve. Another heavy quarter of an hour passed without anything arising that could justify their uneasiness. They were already beginning to grumble at the comfortless night their companion had again contrived to make them spend, when suddenly the door flew open, and Mary, with a wilder look than she had yet worn, rushed towards them.

"What on earth brings you here so late?" said the steward, rising, in surprise and no small fear, for Mary looked like a ghost with her ashy cheek, and large, fierce eyes.

"I heard you talking so late that I thought you would never retire to rest," she said, "and came to ask if you lacked anything to make you comfortable;" but whilst she spoke she threw a rapid glance first at their persons, then all round the chamber.

There was something so strange in her investigating look that both the men quailed, terrified, before it. Suddenly a smile of satisfaction crossed her face—but such a smile—it turned their hearts sick to behold it. She then gave a shrill, piercing whistle—the hurried tramp of heavy feet was heard along the passage—a pause ensued, then she clapped her hands three times, and several men poured into the room.

At first the Germans were rooted to the spot with bewilderment; but this sight brought back their senses, and they both rushed with one accord into the Italian's chamber. Here all was total darkness, and the light they had left in the other room suddenly going out, they were compelled to grope their way along the wall, each ensconcing himself, as the Italian had recommended, behind the first object that afforded protection. That they found such provided for them in a moment of so much agitation as permitted their judgment no play, and left them abandoned to the mere mechanical impulse of instinct, proved how wisely the stranger had calculated his plan of defence. A bedstead raised up against the wall on either side the door formed the outworks behind which the friends crept, and from whence, in comparative security, they could catch a clear view of the extraordinary scene that was going on; and happy was it for them that astonishment and the excess of terror kept them mute.

The room was, as we have said, of pitchy darkness, except a small focus of light, which grew every moment

more radiant, and seemed to proceed from the opposite wall, although there was nothing there, nor in any part of the room, to give a solution to its mysterious appearance. Some dark object it at first dimly revealed, writhing on the ground, but gradually lighted it better, until, with sickening eyes, the Germans perceived it to be the figure of a man, deadly pale, with face, hair, and garments, clotted with blood, who, apparently with great effort, rose to a sitting posture, glared wildly round, and putting out the right hand, from which a finger seemed but just severed, motioned as though he would repulse the savage beings, who, with Mary at their head, had rushed over the threshold, but now stood, rooted with amazement, gazing on in silent stupefaction.

"Approach not, murderers," said a deep, hollow voice, proceeding from the ghastly object before them; "you have already wrought your worst upon me, and mortal fear I may no longer know;—but I come to warn—to punish.—Kneel and repent, for the hour of your destruction is at hand.—The avenger of blood is behind you.—Again, I say, though you murdered me, I would fain save your souls.—Repent! repent!"

The sounds expired in a sort of death-rattle within the throat of the bleeding figure, which having crawled to the wall, seemed to vanish through it.

"Repent; for the angel of Mary calls you. Mary, you once implored him," spoke a voice as clear as a silver bell. A strain of music of surpassing sweetness seemed now wafted from above, and floated through the apartment in solemn, thrilling chords, whose strange, harrowing melancholy was almost too painful for pleasure. Sure never had mortal ears drank in such sounds as these. No human touch was that. *Mary*—who had not been able to restrain her screams on first seeing the accusing phantom, and whose terror had gradually augmented to such a degree, that her husband, in spite of his own consternation, had in pity put his arm around her—now dropped from his hold to the floor, where she lay prostrate, giving no other sign of life but the sobs that ever and anon convulsed her frame. Her companions were themselves now so powerfully agitated, that they no longer noticed her. Indeed, they formed a frightful group to behold; their stalwart, half-clad frames, swarthy visages, with eyes starting out of their heads with fear and wonder; their wild countenances, rendered wilder with terror; their relaxed muscles suffering the instruments of meditated crime to fall harmless, and for once unstained by blood, from their nerveless hands. So absorbed were they that the repeated ejaculations of the two friends fell unnoticed on their ears.

But the mysterious strain had passed away. The light on the opposite wall grew fainter and fainter, until it nearly disappeared; when suddenly playing with renewed brilliancy much higher up, almost reaching, or rather seeming to burst from, the ceiling, it gradually formed a still more dazzling focus, although less extensive than before, from which a man's hand, armed with a dagger, became distinctly visible; whilst a deep, full, brassy voice exclaimed in loud angry tones—

"The time allotted for repentance is rapidly passing away, and you shall all be mine! mine! I am the Angel of Revenge—and you—Hark! your hour is past!"

The large house clock struck one with a harsh sound that grated on every ear, and caused each heart to palpitate: "Now, I am coming—and you are lost"—said the voice with increased vehemence. A triumphant laugh followed, then a loud voice, seemingly starting from the midst of the terrified group, repeated in exulting accents, "Lost—lost—*for* I am come!"

With one loud yell, the ruffians now fled; even the half-distracted Mary, uttering scream upon scream, rose from the floor, and with the blind haste of the hunted doe, followed the others through the dark room beyond; and the mingled noise of the hurried tramp of men's feet and the shrieks of Mary, after sounding loud in the gallery, died away in a confused noise, and finally subsided altogether into complete silence. Some time elapsed, during which the bewildered steward and bookseller durst not so much as move a muscle, and scarcely draw their breath. A slow, stealthy step was now heard, as if proceeding from an adjacent apartment—a door was cautiously pushed back—the step came nearer, and the old man was on the point of roaring lustily for help, when a hand, wandering in uncertainty along the wall, encountered his arm and grasped it firmly. "It is you," whispered the Italian, "is it not?"

"Sancta Maria!" exclaimed the steward, in scarce audible accents, "are you still alive? Well, I scarcely know if I am so.—*Es spuckt.*"

"If you and your friend do not quickly collect your senses," said the stranger, "you will not be alive long—that's all,—rouse yourselves, and to horse while we may."

The bookseller had by this time crept out of his own hiding place, and joined the cautious whisperers. He could scarcely be said to be possessed of life, if life should mean aught else but the power of motion. The steward mastered his emotions better. The Italian took the portmanteau from the trembling hand of the young German, who was staggering under its weight, and urging his companions forward with rapid, though noiseless steps, passed with them through the outer chamber. When they emerged into the silent gallery, the gusts of wind were just driving a thick cloud from the face of the moon, that shone for a moment in her pale splendour, showing distinctly the deserted court-yard and the door of the stables, which seemed unwatched. The storm was at its height; the wind howled through the distant trees of the surrounding forest, like angry and chafed spirits of the air; the thunder rolled occasionally in loud, prolonged peals, reverberating awfully through the silence; and more sad still was the sound of the many unfastened doors on the gallery, as they swung heavily on their hinges, the lightning casting, ever and anon, a lurid glare into the deserted chambers, of which each might be supposed to have been the scene of what the imagination dared not dwell upon.

A slight shudder passed over the frame of the travellers. Even the Italian was not free from it; but with him such sensations were but momentary. They had at a glance encompassed and felt what it takes us longer to describe.

"Had I not better try if we can reach the stables in safety?" asked the stranger in low accents.

"Wherever you go, I follow," said the steward, clinging to him; whilst the bookseller, instead of speaking his intention, grasped his other arm tighter. But their fears were groundless. Staircase, passage, and yard, were alike deserted, and the fugitives reached the stables unhindered and unobserved.

The horses were soon found, saddled, and mounted;—there were no others along with them, which greatly comforted the travellers. The only, and apparently insurmountable, difficulty yet remaining was, the notice the clatter of the horses' hoofs must naturally attract to their movements. But the risk was not to be avoided. The Italian bade them suffer him to take the lead, and follow as slowly, and cautiously, as they could. Luckily, the yard was not paved, and the sod was softened by the torrents of rain which had fallen in the course of that night. The Italian's keen eye soon discovered the road from the stables into the open country; and the moment they cleared the outer buildings, they made for the next forest at full gallop. For one instant, a fresh terror froze the blood of the Germans in their veins: the Italian, who had taken the start of them, suddenly turned his horse's head, and rode back to within a few feet of the front of the house which was now in full view. Although prudence should have urged them on, yet, paralysed by fear, they stood still, gazing after him, until they beheld him hurrying back in great haste.

"On, on!" he said, as soon as he was near enough to be heard by them without making too loud a call. "Put forth your utmost speed. I think we are saved."

For a good half hour they galloped on at the utmost speed of their horses, and cleared a considerable space of the forest; but the jaded animals could no longer proceed at such a rate, and flagged every moment more and more. The unusual exertion of the previous day, which had been a very fatiguing one, together with their imperfect rest, had not sufficiently recruited their strength for such a night expedition. Though the storm had abated in its violence, and the thunder had ceased, the rain poured down in torrents; the night was black as ink; and the forest spread on all sides with its waving, dark masses, like an endless ocean of firs. None of the party knew whither they were riding; it was scarcely possible, in the increasing darkness, to distinguish the undulations of the road; and the risk of being dashed against a tree was every moment more imminent. Each recommended himself aloud, and in his own language, to his patron Saint. Still they rode on; but every now and then they fancied they heard the tramp of pursuing horses and shouting voices behind them, as the wind howled through the long avenues of the older trees, and the more fragile ones moaned almost with the sound of human complaint to the sweeping blast. The rain, too, and its deceptive pattering, added to the terrors of that night. They rode on as in a dream, unconscious of the difficulties they overcame—of what their path led to—their hearts beating audibly, and all their senses concentrated in that of hearing.

It were useless to say how often they stood still, and listened to the sounds of the abating storm, conceiving the murderers at hand—mistaking the rage of the elements for that of man; but, in what words express the nameless joy that thrilled through every breast, when the first grey dawn showed them the waving outlines of the forest more distinctly, and when they first conceived the hope, from the fair open road they found themselves upon, of being on their way to some large village; nor were they mistaken. Soon after the light on the horizon grew clearer, the distant baying of house-dogs sounded gladly in their ears, like a welcome again to life. The high trees gradually gave way to low furze; and, above this, they soon saw rising, not the miserable huts of a poor village, but the neat, white-washed houses of a comfortable little market town.

The dogs were the only beings awake or stirring in the place, and the travellers' pale, haggard countenances, and dripping clothes, met no prying eyes. They all three paused, moved by the same impulse, before the pretty little church, whose gilded cross had just caught the first ray of the rising sun; and, dismounting, knelt in pious humility on the wet stone steps, leading to the principal door, of course yet closed at that early hour. In long, though silent, thanksgivings, did each pour out his gratitude to the Almighty, for the extraordinary mercies of that night.

So absorbed were they in their effusions, that they felt neither the cold of the damp stones, nor the small searching rain, that now, as if to complete, on their devoted persons, the effects of the night's drenching, seemed willing to pierce their very bones. It was the unclosing of a few shutters that first roused them, when remounting, but evidently mechanically, the Germans turned to the Italian, as if to inquire what was next to be done. Until then they had merely exchanged occasionally some broken sentences, but had scarcely dared to listen to the sounds of their own voices.

"First of all," said the Italian, "we must to the Amtmann (Mayor of the place), and make our depositions. Perhaps the robbers may not yet have escaped."

His two companions suffered him to lead them like children, and after some difficulty, for which the early hour accounted, they at last found, and what was still more fortunate, succeeded in awaking the Amtmann. He immediately recognised the Italian, who cut short his kind greetings by the recital of the last night's adventures; but he was interrupted in his turn by the loud and united clamour of his companions who, seemingly as anxious to take the lead on this occasion as they formerly had been to keep in the back ground, strove each to cry down the other by dint of the strength of lungs, and rapidity of enunciation, with which it had pleased nature to gift them. Here, however, the steward had decidedly the advantage: he clearly beat the bookseller off the field, and eagerly, not to say somewhat incoherently, did he detail to the magistrate all the horrors they had gone through; the bookseller contenting himself, now and then, with confirming the steward's words by some ejaculation or exclamation of assent, with all the emphasis with which a Greek chorus bears out the hero in his tale of tragic wonder; whilst the Italian, with folded arms, quietly waited the moment when their breath should fairly fail them. And thus did the Amtmann become duly informed of the visible interposition of the saints in behalf of the travellers, in very extraordinary dangers—nay of a palpable miracle having been, at their devout intercession, granted them in their hour of need. Something more the mayor managed to collect from their disjointed and confused account, about an inn, a forest, and a few ghosts, but nothing that he could either comprehend or make sense of. His patience totally exhausted, he now turned to the stranger, who evidently was none-such for him, and said—"Dear Signor, in the name of Heaven, what is all this about? You must have turned these poor people's heads by some of your singular performances, to which, after all, you

alone can give a satisfactory clue; for my explanations would only be second hand at best."

"Nay, the affair is more serious than you take it to be, my good master Amtmann;" and he begged the magistrate to allow him a private interview. When they came out of the adjoining room to which they had retired, the Amtmann, with a grave countenance, put to the Germans several questions, bearing reference to the less poetical part of their narrative; and having listened attentively to their replies, he begged them and the Italian to remain in the town until he should be able to collect their further depositions; so long, in short, as might be necessary to the ends of justice. He then explained, in a few brief but emphatic words, how much the travellers were indebted to their companion for their escape from the perils of the night. He had long known, he said, Signor Thomassini, and often admired his wondrous display of talents, in his occasional visits to the neighbouring great towns; but never could have anticipated that, what he considered to be the triumph of jugglery, should prove available for such noble purposes as the Signor had shown they could be turned to.

"Why," answered the Italian, "chance, or rather the mercy of God," piously crossing himself, "permitted circumstances to be altogether in my favour. Besides the advantage of having all my paraphernalia about me, such as my far-famed harmonica, my mirrors of reflexion, and sundry other conveniences for my phantasmagorical delusions, which I meant to display in every small town on my road—having taken nothing with me but what I could make use of without the aid of my partner—the rooms were well adapted for the execution of the design I immediately formed on perceiving our danger. Over each door there was a small opening, or casement, probably provided by the robbers for their own purposes. Indeed, of holes and crevices in the walls there was no lack. Everything marvellously seconded the plan I had in view to play on the credulity of ignorance, and the superstitious terrors of guilt; for I have often had occasion to observe how powerfully my art acts upon gross and untaught minds. I did not, as the result has proved, over-estimate my means."

"And the heavenly music?" said the steward, lost in amazement.

"Was my harmonica," replied the Signor, smiling.

"But still the many different voices, from as many different parts of the room?" exclaimed the bookseller, still dubiously.

"Signor Thomassini," answered the magistrate, "is a renowned ventriloquist."

"And the murdered man?" again asked the inquisitive bookseller.

"Was one of my favourite ghosts; all of which, should I be fortunate enough to recover them, I intend to exhibit in this good town before I depart from it," answered Thomassini.

Although these few words of explanation at once made the mysteries of the previous night clear to the Amtmann, not so with Signor Thomassini's new friends. To account satisfactorily for an obtuseness of comprehension, which to the modern reader may seem to border on the crudest ignorance, we must remind him that, in the days we speak of, when Robertson and Ollivier had not yet exhibited the wonders of phantasmagoria and the deceptions of optics, these branches of art and science were, if not altogether unknown, at least not spread among the people; and the unheard-of success Cagliostro's tricks obtained, in circles the most distinguished in intelligence as well as rank, form an ample apology for the simple astonishment and awe with which the first attempts of the kind were everywhere received, even among the educated. We find, also, that they who first made the public familiar with those arts and deceptions—the secret of which, in past ages, had been confined to the privileged few, and accordingly made an abuse of—met with favour and respect, and were encouraged in every possible manner by the great, with whom it was their luck to come in contact. The harmonica itself, now a toy in almost every boy's hand, was then but a recent discovery, whose effects, together with other complicated and well-adapted means, were likely to impress with the idea of the supernatural, not only the uncultured minds of boors, but even those of men who, like the steward and bookseller, without being scientific, were by no means uncultivated. It took very long, and required no small patience, to make them comprehend the real nature of the mystery by which they had so largely benefited, and the extent of their obligations to the Italian.

The surprise of the Germans was boundless; and when they at last comprehended the whole, they were clamorous in their gratitude. The magistrate now begged them to adjourn to the neighbouring inn, that he might busy himself in collecting what people he could, if possible to surprise the robbers in their den; "though I doubt," said he, as his visiters took their leave, "they will already have taken wing."

The friends removed, accordingly, to the Golden Dragon, leaving the Amtmann to take his own measures. Nearly the whole of the morning was taken up with relating over and over again all that had occurred; for not only had they to satisfy the curiosity of the host and hostess, but also that of a very numerous assemblage of townspeople, collected together expressly to see and speak with them, the rumour of their tale having flown through the place like wildfire, and excited in every breast a feverish curiosity.

The streets were filled with groups of idle talkers, gesticulating and recounting in every possible key, and with every possible variation, the tale of horror. Now, indeed, could they account for the frequency, and the extraordinary nature, of the crimes which had of late years happened in their neighbourhood; and whose perpetrators had, by successfully baffling the efforts of Government for their discovery and apprehension, excited a mysterious awe in all the country round. Now, the solution seemed plain enough; and the wonder was, how it could have escaped their minds for such a length of time.—The Stiebers were so very bad; all their farm-boys were the most complete scamps in the district;—for what reason should they have kept so many men to work ground which could yield no crops?—Why, it was as clear as the nose on the face—a child might have hit it:—how could Mary have afforded her silk dresses and Sunday finery, and Stieber and his men the money they squandered in liquor and the *Kegeln*? Government must have been blind indeed!

The popular agitation continued increasing as time wore on, and the party of soldiers gathered from the

neighbouring barracks, and the country people armed with pitchforks, whom the authorities had collected in all haste to march against the devoted inn, returned not. Hour passed after hour, and no tidings of their success were heard; at last, when the sun was on the wane, the more curious of the gazers perceived in the distance a compact, dark mass, moving slowly forward on the high road. Their hopes were soon confirmed—it was their friends returning.

When warned of this circumstance, and that most of the brigands were taken, Peter Stieber among the rest, by a feeling they could scarcely account for, the heroes of the night's adventure, mounted to a private chamber, with the intention of profiting by the window that overlooked the main street, through which the prisoners must pass. It might be, that an innate feeling of terror induced them to avoid meeting face to face those objects which, the evening before, had struck them with so much awe, or, perhaps, a disinclination to triumph over the wretches whom they had been the means of bringing to justice.

Carefully peeping through the close-drawn curtains, they saw the returning party pass slowly through the street, leading the prisoners, strongly bound and guarded, so that escape was impossible. They were generally of a most repulsive aspect, and answered the shouts and triumphant clamours of the populace, who for the most part called upon them by name, with looks of impotent rage. Peter Stieber alone seemed an altered man; the sulky savage expression his features usually bore had given way to one of utter despair; he seemed not to hear, see, or be in any manner conscious of surrounding objects. His eyes were immoveably fixed on a shutter borne by four peasants, on which lay stretched a ghastly female corpse —it was Mary.

"Good Heaven!" exclaimed the Italian, clasping his hands together, his cheek growing very pale, "I thought she had merely fainted."

"What do you mean?" inquired with a subdued accent the trembling bookseller, whose heart sickened at the sight.

"Why last night," continued the Italian, in a hurried manner, "when I rode back within view of the public room to see if there were any danger of immediate pursuit, in order to take my measures accordingly, I saw this woman lying on the table, her husband wildly gesticulating over her, and the other men looking on so absorbed and immoveable that I imagined we should yet have time to gain a start. But this I had not anticipated. Indeed, I had meant to save, but not to punish."

Tears glistened in the eyes of the old steward. "Poor pretty Mary!" he exclaimed; "giddiness paved thy way to sin and crime, and these have met their reward."

"What a warning should this be to girls of that class," said the bookseller, as he slowly turned away from the casement, for there was nothing more to be seen.

The criminals were shortly after conducted to a town of more importance, whither the friends were compelled to follow them, although most unwillingly, to enact the painful part of witnesses on their trial. But when the multifarious crimes, of which all, especially Peter Stieber and his wife, had been guilty, were brought clearly home to them, and confirmed by the villains' own confessions, they considered themselves as chosen instruments of justice, and fortunate in having been the means of putting an end to such iniquities. Even the old steward himself, who had once taken so fatherly an interest in Mary, and the Italian, who regretted having literally killed her, could not but rejoice in her having met with her deserts, when they learned how upon leaving the post-house where the steward had first known her, Peter Stieber having taken to the woods and his knife for a livelihood, the young girl, availing herself of her charms to decoy unwary travellers into the latter's bloody hands, had occasioned the disappearance of so many foolish youths, whom her situation enabled her to rob at her leisure, once she had made sure of their never returning to claim their own. With the funds this traffic had enabled them to collect, the treacherous pair had set up the solitary inn, where so many more unfortunate travellers had seen their earthly pilgrimage brought to an untimely close. Peter Stieber, according to the prevailing custom of that time, ended his days on the wheel, the fate always allotted to the leader of a gang; the others were executed by the headsman.

To his no small satisfaction, the Italian recovered all his goods which he had well nigh given up for lost; but, for some hidden reason, he did not feel in the humour to make his accustomed use of them. He received, however, not only the warmest expressions of thanks and gratitude, on the part of his travelling companions, but likewise as generous proofs of their sense of obligation as their limited finances permitted. Moreover, the most flattering marks of approbation from the authorities were accorded him for his spirited conduct, which, together with many private donations from unknown hands, enabled him to leave the town a much richer man than he had entered it. Here the young bookseller separated from his companions, promising to write to Signor Thomassini of his safe arrival, the very day the event should take place; and the steward and juggler continued their road together, to the little capital, to which they had originally both been journeying. They were sadder and graver than when they first met, and were heartily glad when they reached their place of destination. Most anxiously had they been expected. The Count of Rantzau, alarmed by confused and exaggerated rumours, had given up his money and his faithful servant for lost; and the countryman and partner of Signor Thomassini was probably even more distressed for the sake of his friend than the Count for both his losses, however serious they might have proved in their consequences. Great was the joy with which the travellers were greeted by those they sought; and the Count presented the Italian with a most munificent remuneration, which, as it was perfectly unexpected, and most graciously proffered, gave heartfelt pleasure to the receiver. He took the foreigners under his own immediate patronage, and need we say how brilliantly their exhibitions were attended? The story was soon spread over the capital; the Prince himself, and many others of high rank, showed the utmost favour to Signor Thomassini, who afterwards declared he never in his life had made such a golden harvest. But what he most prided himself upon was the letters he received from the sharers in his perils and their families. Their thanks, which he declared he did not feel he deserved, were in his eyes the greatest triumph his favourite art ever obtained.

Time has rolled on, and wrought, as it still does, even in its most minute fractions, never-ceasing changes. The little market town has risen to the dignity of a manufac-

turing city of much importance; the oceans of wood and forest have gradually given way to the fast-increasing development of agriculture in Germany, and there remains of them but what is indispensable to the variety and beauty of the scenery. The lonely inn is still an inn; but as neat, as comfortable a one, as may be met with in any of the minor villages. It now, under the appellation of the Golden Stork, (how it got this name I never could discover) is one of the most important houses of a rich, thriving village, and affords, as I have myself experienced, very tolerable accommodation. Start not, gentle reader,—sweet lady, grow not pale,—when I hint at the great probability of your having, at some time or other, when on your continental tour, slept in that very house; nay, as it stands on a most frequented route, you may do so again—be welcomed on that very threshold by a pale, sickly-looking creature, whose wan face will inspire pity but no terror—cross that gallery, and sleep in one of those very rooms, in the very corner, perhaps, where, years ago, a miserable victim groaned in his last agony—carelessly neglect to bolt those doors, whose revolving creak once jarred in the ear of the helpless traveller like a death knell. Then, if what the philosophers of old did say be in any way founded on truth—that the air, and places desecrated by crime be haunted with visions of horror—we will take leave of you, hoping that your dreams, when resting, unconscious of the forgotten past, at the Golden Stork, may not be disturbed by any reminiscences of "pretty Mary."

LINES ON SEEING A PAINTING OF AN ANCIENT GRECIAN GARDEN.

BY MRS. CHARLES TINSLEY.

A voice from thee, thou land of dreams,
O Greece, a voice from thee,
Borne o'er the trackless wastes of old,
Comes booming mournfully:
Of thy pride, thy power, thy glory,
Thou hast spoken through the past;
Thou speakest here of thy ruined homes,
And thy broken hearts, at last.

Thou hast thrown aside thy splendour,
Thou hast doffed thy casque and plume,
And we hail thee, "Greece the mortal,"
In this garden's wasted bloom;
We behold thy children playing
'Mid the sunshine and the flowers,
And feel thy homes were the nestling nooks
Of holiest love, like ours.

We have seen thy schools and altars,
And thy trophies proud, of war;
But this record of thy earliest days
Is to us more touching far:
Thou too hadst hearths and homesteads
To guard from slavery's thrall,—
Were thy household gods, in the battle-field,
The mightiest gods of all?

What shapes of gorgeous loveliness
Start up by fount and tree,
As fancy calls back all the past,
Whilst gazing here on thee,
Thou mute memorial of the days
Time ne'er may see again,
And of the beauty and the love
That hallowed them—in vain!

O thou grave-like, ancient garden—
With thy slopes that mock the sun,
With thy statues sunk and broken,
With thy paths by weed o'errun,
With thy viewless wilds of laurel,
With thy vases, moss o'ergrown,
Thy despoiled and waveless fountains—
Thou art left—alone, alone!

Far before thee sweep the wild waves
Of a solitary sea,
That shall never more bear homeward bark,
With its freight of joy, to thee:
From the grey tops of the mountains
Fall the twilight shadows down,
Where thou picturest well thy ruined land,
In the night of its renown!

There are hearts, too, might find pictured
Their own weary fate in thine—
The trodden flowers, and the clinging weed,
By the wrecks of many a shrine;
And the dried-up founts, and the silence,
And the shadows cold and lone—
O! for the land where earth's glory
And blight, are alike unknown!

"TRUTH IS AT THE BOTTOM OF A WELL."

Hid in shell, deep in a well,
Lay Truth.
This known, one day a smiling youth
Thought he would like awhile to dwell
'Neath the waters clear,
Truth's voice to hear.
Splashing and dashing, in he went,—
But he could not bear
The first chill feelings that cold bath sent
Over his delicate skin so fair;
And, not having heard of Mr. Lane,
Or Malvern, I ween, came out again.

After a time, a man in his prime
Came there.
Much had he seen of this world's care,
And much of pleasure's sunny clime
Had lost and won,
And had just begun
To "take care of the pence" (in a moral way)—
To turn a new leaf.

He strayed near the well one summer day,
But he saw not the shell, for his visit was brief,
Having, he said, no time to throw
Away in a plunge and its healthy glow.

Years onward pass'd. By the well, at last,
There stood
A tottering form, in the solitude
Of a winter's morn, while the snow fell fast,
White as his hair;
And, stooping there,
With a long and yearning gaze looked on
The hallow'd spring.
Alas! from his eye the light was gone,—
While seemed to sing
The cold breeze near,
In accents drear,
"By the old well no longer wait;
Old man, ye are *a life too late!*"

Emma B——

LORD CAMPBELL'S LIVES OF THE ENGLISH CHANCELLORS.

(Continued from page 26.)

THE immediate successor of Lord Hardwicke was Robert Henley, Lord Northington, descended of an ancient family of Somersetshire gentry. Henley was educated at Westminster school, studied at Oxford, and there acquired that taste for strong potations, which he retained through life. Gout is the natural attendant of port; and the venerable Chancellor Northington, when hobbling through the House of Lords in his latter years, might be heard to mutter, "If I had guessed that one day these legs were to carry a Chancellor, I would have taken better care of them when a lad." As a lad he was gay, gallant, joyous. Bath was then the most fashionable place of resort of the smart young barristers in their holidays; and there the convivial, rattling, reckless, Councillor Henley, formed a romantic attachment, which, though unpromising at first, turned out much better than romantic attachments sometimes do:—

"The newly-married couple started with but slender means. Their first residence was a small house in Great James Street, Bedford Row, where they lived for three years very quietly, but very contentedly, in a style congenial to the simplicity of their tastes. After he became Lord Chancellor, and Lord-Lieutenant for Hampshire, both he and his wife would often look back with pleasing recollection from the Grange and Grosvenor Square to the freedom and frugality of their early establishment near Bedford Row, 'where a leg of mutton lasted them three days—the first day hot, the second day cold, and the third day hashed.'"

We should have liked to quote this Chancellor's judgment in a case of religious imposture, where a weak-minded single lady was made the dupe of a hypocritical knave, who aspired to be the founder of some new and nameless sect, and who obtained from the infatuated woman, besides, large sums of money; a deed of gift, which, when come to her senses, the lady wished to have cancelled, and which was cancelled. In concluding his deliverance and judgment in this infamous case, the Chancellor, who had eulogised sincere dissenters, said—

"He secured a part of her fortune, by lighting up in her breast the flame of enthusiasm; and, undoubtedly, he hoped in due time to secure the whole, by kindling another flame, of which the female breast is so susceptible; for the invariable style of his letters is, '*all is to be completed by love and union.*' Let it not be told in the streets of London, that this preaching sectary is only defending his just rights. I repeat, let not such men be persecuted, but many of them deserve to be represented in puppet shows. I have considered this cause, not merely as a private matter, but of public concernment and utility. Bigotry and enthusiasm have spread their baneful influence amongst us far and wide, and the unhappy objects of the contagion almost daily increase."

Lord Northington was a favourite with George III., and the first request which he made to the young sovereign, the king himself used to tell with glee to the end of his reign. It was that the evening sittings of the Chancery Court might be discontinued on Wednesdays and Fridays; so that the Judge might have a little more leisure for social enjoyment.

"George III. made a good story, which he used to tell for the rest of his reign, of what passed between him and his Chancellor on this occasion. 'I asked him,' said his Majesty, 'his reason for wishing that these sittings should be abolished?' 'Sir,' answered he, 'that I may be allowed comfortably to finish my bottle of port after dinner; and your Majesty, solicitous for the happiness of all your subjects, I hope will consider this to be reason sufficient.'"

The successor of Lord Northington was Lord Chancellor Camden, one of "the brightest ornaments" of the legal profession, and a consistent, *pure* Whig, when whiggery was more than a mere name. But the life of this eminent lawyer and statesman has been so recently and ably given to the world by Lord Brougham, that we take for granted it is familiar to most of our readers. If not, we could have drawn from no more instructive biography in the entire series of the Lives of the English Chancellors. We have already noticed Lord Campbell's faith in the early discipline of hard circumstances; and in every young man being left to fight his own way. Charles Pratt, Earl Camden, by the death of his father, when he was only ten years of age, was left with a patrimony barely sufficient to educate him; and his judicious mother early impressed upon the affectionate boy's mind, that he must owe all to his own exertions. His future success and eminence are, therefore, not unjustly ascribed by Lord Campbell mainly to being cut off from all expectation or chance of obtaining, through his father, the Lord Chief Justice, some sinecure appointment which might have doomed him for life to inglorious idleness and eventual obscurity.

"Sweet are the uses of adversity,"

in the estimation of our legal biographer; and yet they may be pushed too far. In the course of this Life, Lord Campbell stumbles upon a letter of Camden's, which must have nearly touched our Irish ex-Chancellor. A question had then arisen, whether an Irish or an English lawyer should hold the Great Seal of Ireland—the very question discussed, or rather clamoured about, in relation to Lord Campbell himself. Lord Camden stood for the English lawyer being appointed, and assigns reasons, public and private, which are quite convincing, and such as ought to influence future administrations in filling these high appointments.

The unfortunate Charles Yorke, for a few hours Chancellor, is, probably from feelings of tenderness which arise from his melancholy fate a very great favourite with his biographer. He was undoubtedly an accomplished scholar, and an amiable man, though without any of those rare elements which constitute the GREAT MAN. He had obtained the office of Solicitor-General during the reign of George II., and, on the accession of George III., was continued in it; and as Attorney-General became the prosecutor of Wilkes. He subsequently, on the threatened disruption of parties, resigned his place; but on the formatio

of the first Rockingham administration, again resumed his former office. And now we give way to Lord Campbell, who says all that he can for this unhappy man, whose misfortunes are not the less entitled to compassion that they were the consequence of his own weakness.

"Although Charles Yorke had been professedly in opposition since the last resignation of his office of Attorney-General in July, 1766, he was supposed at times to have coquetted with the ministry, but latterly he had allied himself more closely with the Rockingham Whigs. His elder brother, the second Earl of Hardwicke, was a most zealous member of that party. After Lord Chatham's resuscitation, which followed his resignation, the two sections of the Whig party were reconciled, and formed a formidable opposition to the Court, now bent on taxing America, and trampling on the liberties of the people by persisting in the perpetual disqualification of Mr. Wilkes to sit in parliament. If all the Whigs were true and steady to their engagements—the greatest hopes were entertained that the illiberal members of the cabinet might be compelled to resign—that America might be conciliated, and that tranquillity and the constitution might be restored at home.

"With this prospect opened the session of 1770; when Lord Chatham, having again thundered against ministerial corruption and imbecility, Lord Camden made his startling disclosure, that for years he had absented himself from the council when the most important subjects of colonial and domestic policy were debated there, because he utterly condemned the course which his colleagues were obstinately pursuing. The total surrender of the government depended upon whether any lawyer, of decent character and abilities, could be found to succeed him. Lord Shelburne, knowing this, had declared in the House of Lords, 'that the Seals would go a-begging; but he hoped there would not be found in the kingdom a wretch so base and mean-spirited as to accept them on the conditions on which they must be offered.' This was in the night of Tuesday, the 9th of January.

A meeting of the opposition leaders was held next morning, when they resolved that Lord Camden should be requested to hold the Great Seal till he should be dismissed; and that all their influence should be used to prevent any lawyer of character from agreeing to accept it. Simultaneously the King and his 'friends' determined that if Lord Camden did not voluntarily resign, he should be dismissed, and that a successor to him must be found at any price. Lord Mansfield would have been the first object of their choice, but in less ticklish times he had expressed a firm purpose never to exchange his permanent office of Chief Justice of the King's Bench for the fleeting *éclat* of the Chancellorship. The great effort to be made was to gain over Charles Yorke, whose secession would add much credit to their cause, and materially damage the Whigs. A letter was immediately written to him making an overture in very general terms, and in the evening of the following day a long interview took place between him and the Duke of Grafton. The Great Seal was now distinctly offered to him, and when he talked of his past political connexions, a hope was held out to him of the admission of some of his friends into the Cabinet, and of the adoption of a more liberal policy. He required time for consideration, but seemed in a humour so complying that the Duke of Grafton made a very favourable report to the King of the state of the negotiation. Charles Yorke, however, having stated what had passed to a meeting of Whigs at Lord Rockingham's, they pronounced the whole proceeding treacherous and deceitful; they foretold that, as soon as he had been inveigled to leave his party, the Court would treat him with contumely, and they prevailed upon him to give them a pledge that he would be true to them. He returned to the Premier, and declared that he positively declined the Great Seal. * * *

"This refusal caused great joy among the Whigs, and news of it being sent to Hayes, where Lord Chatham then was, he thus wrote:—

"'Wednesday, 17th Jan., 1770.

"'Mr. Yorke's refusal is of moment; and I can readily believe it, from my opinion of his prudence and discernment. No man with a grain of either would embark in a rotten vessel in the middle of a tempest, to go he knows not whither. I wish our noble and amiable Chancellor had not been so candid as to drag the Great Seal for one hour at the heels of a desperate minister, after he had hawked it about with every circumstance of indignity to the holder of it.'

"But before these characters were traced, the prudence and virtue of Charles Yorke had been overpowered. The ministers had abandoned all hope of gaining him, and were thinking of pressing the Great Seal on Sir Eardley Wilmot or De Grey, the Attorney-General; but the King himself, without consulting them, with great dexterity and energy, made an attempt—which at first seemed crowned with brilliant success—though it terminated so fatally.

"On Tuesday, the 16th of January, there was a levée at St. James's, and Charles Yorke thought it his duty to attend for the purpose of testifying his loyalty and personal respect for the Sovereign. To his great surprise he met with a very gracious reception, and the Lord in waiting informed him that his Majesty desired to see him in his closet when the levée was over. He hardly thought it possible that the offers to him should be repeated, but he resolutely determined at all events to be faithful to the engagements into which he had entered. Again led into temptation, he was undone. * * * His virtue cooled as his loyalty was inflamed; unable longer to resist—without making any stipulations for himself, with respect to pension or tellership—he sank down on his knees in token of submission; and the King, giving him his hand to kiss, hailed him as 'Lord Chancellor of Great Britain.'"

The doomed man went to the Duke of Grafton's to communicate his own disgrace. A council was held on the following day, and Yorke was sworn in Chancellor. By a strange kind of infatuation, he went straight from the Council Board, carrying the Great Seal along with him, to Lord Rockingham's, where his brother, Lord Hardwicke, and the other Whig leaders, were assembled, to concert measures against that Government with which he was now connected. It would seem as if he had been already under delirium:—

"He was introduced to them, and unfolded his tale. We are told that it was received with a burst of indignation, and that all present upbraided him for a breach of honour. He instantly left them, and went home, his mind sorely harassed with the severity of their reproaches. It was announced that very evening that he was dangerously ill, and at five o'clock in the evening of Saturday, the 30th of January, three days after he had been sworn in Chancellor, he was no more. His patent of nobility had been made out, and was found in the room in which he died, but the Great Seal had not been affixed to it, so that the title did not descend to his heirs. He expired in the forty-eighth year of his age. A suspicion of suicide immediately arose, and a controversy has ever since been maintained on the question, whether that suspicion was well founded. Fortunately, it is no part of my duty to give an opinion upon a subject so delicate and so painful! Would to God that I could entirely avoid it! I shall content myself with stating the authorities on both sides, leaving the reader to draw his own conclusion. In our time, on a death so sudden occurring, a coroner's inquest would be held, as a matter of course; but no coroner's inquest was held, although it would appear that the body was exhibited by order of the family, to check the circulation of the rumours which were afloat."

Lord Campbell cites numerous accounts of the melancholy circumstances attending the death of Charles Yorke; but the impression that he died by his own hand is ineradicable. In the

consternation produced by the event, it was given out in his household, or by the servants and physician, that he had been seized with violent cholic, and again that he had burst a blood-vessel. We should like to learn something of the remorse of the great personage by whose blandishments the unhappy man was betrayed; but here history is silent; and the king most probably considered himself the aggrieved person from the inopportune loss of his hard-won Chancellor.

The common-place Chancellor Bathurst is hardly worth the pages thrown away upon the dull and even tenor of his life. It is relief to escape from its monotony to the dramatic opening of the career of Thurlow, a Chancellor who, whatever were his demerits, lacked not strong and distinctive personal lineaments, harsh and rugged as they might have been. Hitherto the Chancellors had either been discovered, by their biographer, obscurely, through broken rays of glimmering antique light, or examined through the spectacles of books and manuscripts; but a new era is reached, and Lord Campbell warmly exclaims—

"With these eyes have I beheld the lineaments of Edward, Lord Thurlow; with these ears have I heard the deep tones of his voice.

'Largior hic campos æther et lumine vestit
Purpureo; solemque suum, sua sidera norunt.'

Thurlow had resigned the Great Seal while I was still a child, residing in my native land; but when I had been entered a few days a student at Lincoln's Inn, it was rumoured that, after a long absence from parliament, he was to attend in the House of Lords, to express his opinion upon the very important question, 'Whether a divorce bill should be passed on the petition of the wife, in a case where her husband had been guilty of incest with her sister?'—there never hitherto having been an instance of a divorce bill in England, except on the petition of the husband for the adultery of the wife. When I was admitted below the bar, Lord Chancellor Eldon was sitting on the woolsack; but he excited, comparatively, little interest, and all eyes were impatiently looking round for him who had occupied it under Lord North, under Lord Rockingham, under Lord Shelburne, and under Mr. Pitt. At last there walked in, supported by a staff, a figure bent with age, dressed in an old-fashioned grey coat, with breeches and gaiters of the same stuff—a brown scratch wig—tremendous white bushy eye-brows—eyes still sparkling with intelligence—dreadful 'crow's feet' round them—very deep lines in his countenance—and shrivelled complexion of a sallow hue—all indicating much greater senility than was to be expected from the date of his birth, as laid down in the "Peerage." The debate was begun by his Royal Highness the Duke of Clarence, afterwards William IV., who moved the rejection of the bill, on the ground that marriage had never been dissolved in this country, and never ought to be dissolved, unless for the adultery of the wife."

Lord Thurlow took the other side, opposed his Royal Highness, and triumphantly. Lord Campbell continues:—

"I cannot now undertake to say whether there were any *cheers*, but I well remember that Henry Cowper, the time-honoured clerk of the House of Lords, who had sat there for half a century, came down to the bar in a fit of enthusiasm, and called out in a loud voice, 'Capital! capital! capital!' Lord Chancellor Eldon declared that he had made up his mind to oppose the measure, but that he was converted. * * * *Vidi Virgilium tantum.* I never again had an opportunity of making any personal observation of Thurlow, but this glimpse of him renders his appearance familiar to me, and I can always imagine that I see before me, and that I listen to the voice of this great imitator of GARGANTUA.

"I was struck with awe and admiration at witnessing the scene I have feebly attempted to describe; and I found that any of Thurlow's surviving contemporaries, with whom I afterwards chanced to converse, entertained the highest opinion of what they denominated his 'gigantic powers of mind.' I must confess, however, that my recent study of his career and his character has considerably lowered him in my estimation, and I have come to the conclusion that, although he certainly had a very vigorous understanding, and no inconsiderable acquirements—the fruit of irregular application—he imposed by his assuming manner upon the age in which he lived—and that he affords a striking illustration of the French maxim—'on vaut ce qu'on veut valoir.'"

We are tempted here, after Henry Cowper, to exclaim, "CAPITAL, CAPITAL!" O! would some power only give contemporaries the same quick, clear sight—the same faculty of accurate discernment and measurement which posterity is sure to attain!

Thurlow was the son of a clergyman of the county of Norfolk, and his grandfather had also been a country parson. This Chancellor escaped the almost universal weakness of looking farther back for that noble or gentle ancestry, which every diligent inquirer is sure to find, or invent:—

"He had a just contempt for the vanity of new men pretending that they are of ancient blood, and some one attempting to flatter him by trying to make out that he was descended from THURLOE, Cromwell's secretary, who was a Suffolk man. 'Sir,' said he, 'there were two Thurlows in that part of the country who flourished about the same time. Thurloe the secretary, and Thurloe the carrier. I am descended from the last.' Nor could he boast of hereditary wealth, for his father's livings were very small, and there were several other children to be reared from the scanty profits of them. Yet, perhaps, his situation by birth was as favourable as any other for future eminence. Being the son of a clergyman, he escaped the discredit of being 'sprung from the dregs of the people,' and he had as good an education as if he had been heir to a dukedom. For his position in society, and for his daily bread, he was to depend entirely on his own exertions. His father used to tell his sons betimes, that he could do nothing for them after he had launched them in a profession. The old gentleman would then say (aside) to a friend, 'I have no fear about Ned; *he* will fight his way in the world.'

"Of Ned's early years a few anecdotes have been handed down to us. It being known that on account of his lively parts he was destined to be a lawyer, the Rev. W. Leach, whom he was in the habit of visiting while a very young boy, said to him one day, 'I shall live to see you Lord Chancellor,'—and forty years after obtained from him a stall at Norwich, and a living in Suffolk."

At school, Thurlow was distinguished as a "daring, refractory, clever boy," sure to torment his teachers. At Cambridge he affected idleness, but was suspected of sitting up to study when he pretended to be amusing himself. However,—

"He eschewed the chapel and the lecture-room, and loved to be seen lounging at the gates of his college, or loitering in coffee-houses, then frequented by the undergraduates—or figuring in a nocturnal symposium—or acting as leader of the university men in the wars between *'town'* and *'gown.'* His frequent breaches of academic discipline made him familiar with impositions, confinements within the college, privations of sizeings, and threats of rustication. He rather prided himself in such punishments; and, instead of producing reformation, they led to fresh offences. He was not more celebrated for his waywardness in getting into scrapes, than for the talent he displayed in getting out of them."

He at length insulted the Dean of his College so grossly, that "Mr. Dean" moved his expulsion;

but by the intervention of friends, the sentence was commuted, and Thurlow was quietly permitted to take his name off the books, and left the University without a degree. While an under-graduate at Cambridge, he had been entered of the Inner Temple; and in the office of Mr. Chapman, an eminent solicitor of Lincoln's Inn, where he was placed as a pupil of law, he met another pupil, Cowper the poet, whom, we may say in passing, he had neither heart to love, nor sympathy nor congenial taste to appreciate:—

"Cowper, in a private letter written many years after, gives this account of their studies:—'I did actually live three years with Mr. Chapman—that is to say, I slept three years in his house; but I lived—that is to say, I spent my days—in Southampton Row, as you very well remember. There was I and the future Lord Chancellor constantly employed, from morning till night, in giggling, and making others giggle, instead of studying the law.'

"Thurlow, while denominated 'a student of law,' affected the character of an idler. He was fond of society; without being addicted to habitual intemperance, he occasionally indulged in deep potations; and, although his manners were somewhat rough and bearish, as he had great powers of entertainment, his company was much courted by the loungers of the Inns of Court. Thus a good deal of his time was stolen from study, and he could not lay in such stores of learning as Seldon and Hale, in the preceding century, who, for years together, read sixteen hours a-day. But he by no means neglected preparation for his profession to the extreme degree which he pretended. He had an admirable head for the law, with a quick perception and a retentive memory, so that he made greater progress than some plodders who were at work all day long and a great part of every night. He attended the remarkable trials and arguments which came on in Westminster Hall, and picked up a good deal of legal knowledge while he seemed only to be abusing the counsel, and laughing at the Judges. He would still shut himself up for whole mornings, barring his outer door; when he not only would seize upon a classic, and get up the literature of the day, but make a serious attack on Littleton and Plowden. He did go almost every evening to Nando's coffee-house, near Temple Bar, and swaggered and talked loud there about politics and scandal, new plays and favourite actresses; but if he had not taken too much of the punch which Mrs. Humphries, the landlady, was celebrated for compounding, and her fair daughter served, on returning to his chambers he would read diligently, before going to rest, till his candles turned dim in the morning light."

After being called to the bar in 1754, the future Chancellor made slow progress in his profession; and his father beginning to tire of supporting for so many years a briefless barrister, Thurlow is said to have experienced great pecuniary difficulties. Yet the following anecdote proves too much:—

"His father had expected that fees would immediately flow in upon him, and proposed to withdraw, instead of increasing, the very moderate allowance which was his sole support. It is even said that the future Chancellor, although he practised a laudable economy, was actually reduced to the following stratagem to procure a horse to carry him round the circuit:—He went to a horse-dealer, and said to him that he wished to purchase a good roadster—price being no object to him—but that he must have a fair trial of the animal's paces before he concluded the bargain. The trial being conceded, he rode off to Winchester, and having been well carried all the way round, but still without any professional luck, he returned the horse to his owner, saying, that 'the animal, notwithstanding some good points, did not altogether suit him.' At last, fortune smiled upon him. By some chance, he had a brief in the case of *Luke Robinson* v. *the Earl of Winchelsea*, tried before Lord Mansfield, at Guildhall. The leader on the opposite side was Sir Fletcher Norton, then the tyrant of the bar, who began by treating the unknown junior with his usual arrogance. This Thurlow resented with great spirit. They got into an altercation, in which Thurlow had with him the sympathies of the bar and the bystanders; and, with a happy mixture of argument and sarcasm, he completely put down his antagonist. The attorneys, who had smarted much under Norton's despotic rule, were exceedingly delighted, and resolved to patronise the man who had shown so much courage and capacity. Briefs, in cases of a peculiar character, did come in, and he was now known, and talked of in the profession, as one supposed to be possessed of great resources, and likely, one day, to make a figure;—but, still, he had few constant clients, and little regular business. He had not credit for possessing much technical knowledge of the law; and he did not always exhibit that subordination which the leader expects in a junior counsel, and which, indeed, the interest of the client demands. In short, he disdained to 'play second fiddle' to those whom he conceived inferior performers."

The Douglas cause was at this period agitating the three kingdoms much more strongly than the Montpensier marriage stirs our times; and Thurlow, by a curious, if true incident, was retained for the appellant. His appearance in this memorable cause greatly increased his reputation and business; and whether every particular of the story be accurate or not, it at least illustrates the manners and habits of the lawyers of the period; not but that a young barrister may yet be found at his club, if not at his coffee-house. It is thus related:—

"According to legal tradition, soon after the decision of the Court of Session in Scotland, that the alleged son of Lady Jane Douglas was a suppositious child purchased at Paris, the question, which excited great interest all over Europe, was discussed one evening at Nando's coffee-house — from its excellent punch, and the ministrations of a younger daughter of the landlady—still Thurlow's favourite haunt. At this time, and, indeed, when I myself first began the study of the law, the modern club system was unknown, and (as in the time of Swift and Addison) men went in the evenings for society to coffee-houses, in which they expected to encounter a particular set of acquaintance, but which were open to all who chose to enter and offer to join in the conversation, at the risk of meeting with cold looks and mortifying rebuffs. Thurlow, like his contemporary, Dr. Johnson, took great pains in gladiatorial discussion, knowing that he excelled in it, and he was pleased and excited when he found a large body of good listeners. On the evening in question, a friend of his at the English bar strongly applauded the judgment against the supposed heir of the house of Douglas. For this reason, probably, Thurlow took the contrary side. Like most other lawyers, he had read the evidence attentively; and in a succinct but masterly statement, he gave an abstract of it to prove that the claimant was indeed the genuine issue of Lady Jane and her husband—dexterously repelling the objections to the claim, and contending that there were admitted facts which were inconsistent with the theory of the child being the son of the French rope-dancer. Having finished his argument and his punch, he withdrew to his chambers, pleased with the victory which he had obtained over his antagonist, who was no match for him in dialectics, and who had ventured to express an opinion upon the question without having sufficiently studied it. Thurlow, after reading a little brief for a motion in the King's Bench, which his clerk had received in his absence, went to bed, thinking no more of the Douglas cause, and ready, according to the vicissitudes of talk, to support the spuriousness of the claimant with equal zeal. But it so happened that two Scotch law-agents, who had come up from Edinburgh to enter the appeal, having heard of the fame of Nando's, and having been told that some of the great leaders of the

English bar were to be seen there, had at a side-table been quiet listeners of the disputation, and were amazingly struck with the knowledge of the case and the acuteness which Thurlow had exhibited. The moment he was gone, they went to the landlady and inquired who he was? They had never heard his name before; but finding that he was a barrister, they resolved to retain him as junior to prepare the appellant's case, and to prompt those who were to lead it at the bar of the House of Lords. A difficulty had occurred about the preparation of the case, for there was a wise determination that, from the magnitude of the stake, the nature of the question, and the consideration that it was to be decided by English Law Lords, the *plaidoyer* should be drawn by English counsel, and the heads of the bar who were retained—from their numerous avocations—had refused to submit to this preliminary drudgery.

"Next morning, a retainer in '*Douglas* v. *the Duke of Hamilton*' was left at Thurlow's chambers, with an immense pile of papers, having a fee indorsed upon them, ten times as large as he had ever before received. * * * While so employed, he made acquaintance with several of the relations and connexions of the Douglas family, who took the deepest interest in the result; and, amongst others, with the old Duchess of Queensbury, the well-known friend of Gay, Pope, Swift, and the other wits of the reign of Queen Anne. When she had got over the bluntness of his manners (which were certainly not those of the *visille cour*), she was mightily taken with him, and declared that since the banishment of Atterbury, and the death of Bolingbroke, she had met with no Englishman whose conversation was so charming. She added that, being a genuine Tory, she had considerable influence with Lord Bute, the new favourite, and even with the young sovereign himself, who had a just respect for hereditary right, lamenting the fate of the family whom his own had somewhat irregularly supplanted. On this hint Thurlow spoke, and with the boldness that belonged to his character, said that 'a silk gown would be very acceptable to him.' Her Grace was as much surprised as if he had expressed a wish to wear a silk petticoat—but upon an explanation that the wished-for favour was the appointment to the dignity of king's counsel, in the gift of the Government, she promised that it should be conferred upon him. She was as good as her word."

Chancellor Northington demurred, but the Duchess obtained the intervention of the King, and the Chancellor's doubts, as a matter of course, vanished.

"In December, 1761, Thurlow boldly doffed his stuff gown for the silk—renouncing his privilege to draw law papers, or to appear as junior counsel for any plaintiff. In the following term, he was elected a Bencher of the Inner Temple, but it was some time doubtful whether he would reap any other fruits from his new rank. Rival barristers complained much, that in the seventh year from his call, being known for nothing except his impertinence to Sir Fletcher Norton, he should be put over the heads of some who might have been his father; while the general consolation was, 'that the silk gown could never answer to him, and that he had cut his own throat.' He himself had no misgivings; and there were a few of more discernment, who then predicted that he would eventually rise to the highest office in his profession.

"In truth, his success was certain. With the respectable share he possessed of real talents and of valuable acquirements, together with his physical advantages of dark complexion, strongly-marked features, piercing eyes, bushy eye-brows, and sonorous voice, all worked to the best effect by an immeasurable share of *self-confidence*,—he could not fail. *This last quality was the chief cause of his greatness.*"

Lord Campbell quotes very aptly Lady Mary Wortley's well-known estimate of the value of *impudence* in the rapid advancement of public men. It is, like action to the orator, indispensable; and with this quality, not of the pert and perking, but of the bold, audacious, brazen, or adamantine sort, Thurlow was doubly endowed. Let us see him. He lost no time in making the most of his silken gown.

"When Thurlow appeared in court with his silk robe and full bottom wig—lowering frowns and contemptuous smiles successively passing across his visage as the arguments or the judgment proceeded—the solicitors could not behold him without some secret awe, and without believing that he was possessed of some mysterious power which he could bring into activity in their service. When he had an opportunity of opening his mouth, he spoke in a sort of oracular or judicial tone, as if he had an undoubted right to pronounce the verdict or judgment in favour of his client. He appeared to think that his opponent was guilty of great presumption in controverting any of his positions, and unless his cause was desperately bad (when he would spontaneously give it up) he tried to convey the notion that the Judges, if they showed any disposition to decide against him, were chargeable with gross ignorance, or were actuated by some corrupt motive. By such arts he was soon in first-rate business, and all of a sudden—from extreme poverty—in the receipt of a very large income. * * * Hitherto he had taken little part in politics, and he seemed in a state of great indifference between the two parties, associating with the members of both indiscriminately—in conversation, sometimes speaking for, and sometimes against the taxing of the colonies, and sometimes censuring, and sometimes defending the prosecution of Wilkes. Now beginning to feel the stings of ambition, and resolved upon political advancement, it was necessary to choose a side."

This side was easily chosen. It was the winning one, and quite easily made, as times then went. It would be more difficult for a young political adventurer, or trading politician, to choose the wise—that is, the winning—side now. Thurlow was elected member for Yarmouth, and Lord Campbell becomes witty on the bashful, blushing modesty of his maiden speech. Of this speech, or of all his speeches, it is remarked, "he never hesitated to resort to reasoning which he must have known to be sophistical; or to make a convenient assertion [*i.e.*, tell a falsehood, or assume a fact], trusting largely to the ignorance of his audience." He was too seldom at fault in this confidence, even though his auditors were the members of the House of Commons.

Dunning resigned at this period, and Thurlow was made Solicitor-General. From this time forward, and indeed throughout his whole public career, he opposed every good measure or principle, and defended every bad one. He attacked the liberty of the press—he defended slavery—he denied the rights of juries to consider the question of libel or no libel. Of his speech on this constitutional point, Lord Campbell remarks:—

"It does seem astounding to us that such a speech should be delivered, and tolerated, and applauded by the ministers of the Crown after the Revolution, and in the latter end of the eighteenth century. It ought to be recorded as showing the progress of public opinion and the improvements of the constitution in recent times. * * * If now offered by a law officer of the Crown under what is called a Tory or Conservative Government, it would insure his being disclaimed by his leader overnight, and dismissed from his office next morning.

But Mr. Solicitor Thurlow was so much applauded and encouraged that on Sergeant Glynn's motion soon after for an inquiry into the administration of criminal justice, he considerably exceeded his former doings; for he not only proposed a severe censure upon the mover, but plainly intimated an opinion that trial by jury should be

abolished in all cases of libel, and that the liberty of the press should be in the exclusive guardianship of a Judge appointed by the Crown. * * * 'None but a Judge [he said] who has from his infancy been accustomed to determine intricate cases is equal to such a difficult task. *If we even suppose the jury sufficiently enlightened to unravel these knotty points, yet there remains an insuperable objection. In state libels their passions are frequently so much engaged, that they may be justly considered as parties concerned against the Crown. No justice can therefore be expected from them in these cases.*'"

This welcome doctrine, this "tirade against trial by jury," proved so acceptable at court, that in a month the eloquence of Thurlow was rewarded by the office of Attorney-General. His intense hatred of the Americans, "the rebels," was probably sincere, and must have been peculiarly acceptable to his royal master, with whom he became a great favourite. Every question that came under discussion was treated by him in the same spirit. He furiously abused the booksellers, when an abortive attempt was made to extend copyright beyond the short period of fourteen years. In the American rupture, of all the orators on the government side, Thurlow was ever the most fierce and exasperating. With him, it was war to the knife; and his violence might of itself have cut off all hope of conciliation. Probably for the sake of contradiction, he was disposed at this period not to crush an attempt to grant one small measure of relief to the Catholics.

One cannot help enjoying the ridicule which the Attorney-General drew upon himself, on one occasion, and which his extreme arrogance made doubly delightful and amusing to those who feared while they hated him. In the parliamentary session of 1777—

"Mr. Fox having moved that there be laid before the House certain papers, relating to what had been done under the Act for cutting off the trade of the American Colonies, Thurlow rose and inveighed most bitterly against the motion, asserting that it could only proceed from a desire to countenance the "rebels," and contending that it could not be granted with any regard to the dignity of the Crown or the safety of the State. While he was still on his legs, proceeding in this strain, news was brought that in the other House the very same motion having been made by the Duke of Grafton, the Government had acceded to it, and it had been carried unanimously. The fact was soon known by all present; and Lord North, after showing some momentary symptoms of being disconcerted, joined in the titter. Thurlow pausing, the Secretary to the Treasury whispered in his ear the intelligence of what had happened "elsewhere," and the suppressed mirth broke out into a universal peal of laughter—from the phenomenon that, once in his life, Thurlow appeared to be abashed. It was but for an instant. Quickly recovering himself, and looking sternly round at the Treasury Bench, he exclaimed, 'I quit the defence of administration. Let ministers do as they please in this or any other House. As a member of Parliament, I never will give my vote for making public what, according to all the rules of policy, propriety, and decency, ought to be kept secret.'—'*However*,' says the Parliamentary History, '*this did not stifle the laugh, which continued for some time.*' Lord North was frightened, and standing more in awe of his Attorney-General than of his colleagues in the other House, he thought it best still to oppose the motion, and it was rejected by a majority of 178 to 80."

In the House of Commons, he had been baffled in an attempt to bring Horne Tooke to the bar for a libel on Parliament; but as Attorney-General he obtained a verdict against "Parson Horne," and pressed that the libeller should be set in the pillory. Even the High-Tory Johnson, on this occasion, said—"I hope they did not set the dog in the pillory. He had too much literature for that." But Tooke and Thurlow were, in some respects, not uncongenial minds; and at the close of their lives they became a sort of friends—the ex-Chancellor visiting the ex-libeller at Wimbledon.

Thurlow had now fairly earned the Great Seal of his royal master; and in the following year he obtained it. There was no doubt as to who would be Lord Bathurst's successor. Lord Campbell, we think, estimates him as a judge, an orator, and a statesman, with perfect justice, when he remarks:—

"The new Chancellor did not disappoint public expectation, and as long as he enjoyed the *prestige* of office, he contrived to persuade mankind that he was a great judge, a great orator, and a great statesman—although I am afraid that in all these capacities he was considerably overrated, and that he owed his temporary reputation very much to his high pretensions and his awe-inspiring manners."

As an equity judge, he is considered inferior to many of his predecessors; and,

"Engrossed by politics, and spending a large portion of his time in convivial society, or in idle gossip with his old coffee-house friends, he was contented if he could only get through the business of his court without complaints being made against him by the suitors, or any very loud murmurs from the public. Permanent fame he disregarded or despised. He was above all taint or suspicion of corruption, and in his general rudeness he was very impartial; but he was not patient and pains-taking; he sometimes dealt recklessly with the rights which he had to determine, and he did little in settling controverted questions, or establishing general principles. Having been at the head of the law of this country for near thirteen years, he never issued an order to correct any of the abuses of his own court, and he never brought forward in parliament any measure to improve the administration of justice.

"He is said to have called in Hargrave, the very learned editor of Coke upon Littleton, to assist him in preparing his judgments, and some of them show labour and research; but he generally seems to have decided offhand without very great anxiety about former authorities.

"Frequently he employed Mr. Justice Buller, a very acute special pleader, and *nisi prius* lawyer, to sit for him in the Court of Chancery. On resuming his seat, he would highly eulogise the decisions of 'one whom he, in common with all the world, felt bound to respect and admire.' But being privately asked 'how Buller had acquired his knowledge of Equity?' 'Equity,' said he, 'he knows no more of it than a horse'; but he disposes somehow of the cases, and I seldom hear more of them.'

"So fiercely did he spring on a luckless counsel or solicitor, that he generally went by the name of the 'Tiger,' and sometimes they would, out of compliment, call him the 'Lion;' adding that Hargrave was his '*provider*.'"

Lord Campbell enters professionally into the more remarkable of the judgments pronounced by Thurlow; and some of them appear wise and sound. Fairly in the House of Peers, he seems to have become more violent and more arrogant than ever, and more furious against the Americans. His manners, if not his principles, made him speedily unpopular in the House of Peers; but an ill-managed effort to shake off his yoke,

attempted, in the most paltry spirit of aristocracy, by the Duke of Richmond, only gave this indomitable spirit opportunity of establishing his despotism in the Upper House more firmly.

It must have been terror rather than love which induced the Rockingham Administration to submit to Thurlow remaining in office when Lord North fell. But through him they might imagine that they had a firmer hold of the court; while he appears to have determined beforehand that the Cabinet should, in all things, submit to his pleasure. He went into the Government for the purpose of destroying it. When the Rockingham ministry fell, both Thurlow and his royal master would, of course, have wished the Great Seal still to remain in the possession of this "king's friend;" and Mr. Fox, not warned by experience, was, it is now understood, willing to accept office with this dangerous colleague; but Thurlow saw his way. He had connected himself with young William Pitt, and, it is said, declined to act with Fox. The story is, however, not very clear, either in the Whig or the Tory edition of it; though Whig writers deny that Fox would have held office with Thurlow. It is certain that he ought not; that the Great Seal was put in commission; and that Thurlow set himself, with all his might, to overthrow the Coalition Government, and was the regular leader of the Opposition until the Fox and North ministry was dissolved, and Pitt came into office. About this time, "the bauble," coveted by so many great lawyers, chanced to be stolen; and the Whigs were accused of the sacrilegious felony, as it was fancied no public business could be transacted without the mystical agency of the Great Seal. Another seal was made, and Thurlow clutched and held it, till outwitted by his own double-dealing and intriguing between his "old master," and the "rising sun" of Carlton House, during the first illness of the king, when the "Prince's friends" were likely to come into power, and Pitt to go down. Lord Campbell, however, thinks that he is charged by the Whigs with rather more craft and duplicity than he actually practised. There is, however, no doubt that, possessing the confidence of the Queen and Pitt, he was at this time frequently closeted with the Prince, when the leaders of all parties repaired to Windsor Castle to examine into the state of the King's health, and hold councils, and circumvent each other. Mr. Pitt was at first duped, it is said; but the following theatrical incident stripped Thurlow of his mask:—

"The exact circumstances of the discovery are variously related, although all accounts agree in stating that it took place at a meeting of the Ministers in Windsor Castle, and that it arose from a mistake that the Chancellor made respecting his hat. Some say that he entered the room, having under his arm the Prince's hat, which he had in the hurry carried off from the Prince's closet instead of his own; others, that he walked into the room without a hat, and that soon after one of the Prince's pages brought him his own hat, saying that his Lordship had left it behind when he took leave of his Royal Highness; and others, that entering without his hat, and being reminded of it, he immediately said, he supposed he must have left it in another part of the castle, where he had been paying a visit; whereupon the looks of those present immediately made him conscious of the disclosure he had made. But I have received the following account of the discovery from a quarter entitled to the most implicit credit:—'When a Council was to be held at Windsor to determine the course which Ministers should pursue, Thurlow had been there some time before any of his colleagues arrived. He was to be brought back to London by one of them, and the moment of departure being come, the Chancellor's hat was nowhere to be found. After a fruitless search in the apartment where the Council had been held, a page came with the hat in his hand, saying aloud, and with great *naïveté*, "My Lord, I found it in the closet of his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales!" The other Ministers were still in the Hall, and Thurlow's confusion corroborated the inference which they drew.'"

Between the King and the Prince, Thurlow was still sadly perplexed. Dr. Willis said the King would get better; but was this certain, and might not the Prince be Regent; and was it not, therefore, most politic like, with the Whigs, to support his pretensions? Trying to keep fair with both parties, and not to commit himself to either, Thurlow was suspected by both; but in the meanwhile the King certainly got better every day, and the Chancellor became as affectionate, devoted, loyal, and lachrymose, as ever was John, Lord Eldon, and much more hypocritical; as this piece of humbug must have cost him a greater effort than such scenes did his pathetic successor:—

"The next time the subject was brought forward in the House of Lords, the Duke of York having made a very sensible speech, renouncing, in the name of his brother, any claim not derived from the will of the people, and lamenting the dreadful calamity which had fallen upon the royal family, and upon the nation—the Lord Chancellor left the woolsack, seemingly in a state of great emotion, and delivered a most pathetic address to the House. His voice, broken at first, recovered its clearness; but this was from the relief afforded to him by a flood of tears. He declared his fixed and unalterable resolution to stand by a Sovereign who, through a reign of twenty-seven years, had proved his sacred regard to the principles which seated his family on the British throne. He at last worked himself up to this celebrated climax:—'A noble Viscount (Stormont) has, in an eloquent and energetic manner, expressed his feelings on the present melancholy situation of his Majesty—feelings rendered more poignant from the noble Viscount's having been in habits of personally receiving marks of indulgence and kindness from his suffering Sovereign. My own sorrow, my Lords, is aggravated by the same cause. My debt of gratitude is, indeed, ample for the many favours which have been graciously conferred upon me by his Majesty; AND WHEN I FORGET MY SOVEREIGN, MAY MY GOD FORGET ME!'"

Lord Campbell does not forget to add the sharp, certainly coarse, but perhaps not unjust, retort of Wilkes, who was at the time seated on the steps of the throne, and which, though necessarily spoken aside, immediately got into currency in political circles, and has been often quoted since.

After this, Thurlow's path became more clear; and when the Commons sent up the Regency Bill, he concluded his eloquent appeal by exclaiming—

"'Is there a man who hears me—who possesses the sensibility common to every human breast, who does not sympathise with her Majesty?' [Here he began to be much affected.] 'I protest to God I do not believe there is a noble Lord in the House who wishes to reduce to such a forlorn condition a King labouring under a misfortune, equal to any misfortune that ever happened since misfortune was known in the world. To hesitate about giving the household to the Queen, would show a total extinction of pity for that royal sufferer, whose calamity

entitles him to the most unlimited compassion, and even to increased respect:

"Deserted in his utmost need
By those his former bounty fed."'"

Here the orator burst into tears, and he resumed his seat on the woolsack as if still unable to give vent by language to his tenderness.

"These exhibitions were probably pretty justly appreciated in the House of Lords where the actor was known, and they must have caused a little internal tittering, although no noble Lord would venture openly to treat them with ridicule. But they made a prodigious impression on the public."

But the King was now pitied, and therefore popular with the nation; and his *faithful* Chancellor, the Kent to poor, old, mad Lear, shared in a popularity new to both of them. But what those at hand had all along clearly seen gradually became apparent to the public, though the eyes of the King were among the last opened to the deceitfulness of his conscience-keeper. Pitt now both distrusted and disliked Thurlow as much as he afterwards did Lord Eldon. There was secret discontent, if not open disunion, in the cabinet; and Thurlow finally fell, though more through his own ungovernable temper than any other cause. To the last he violently opposed every measure that savoured of improvement or liberality; and denounced the Jacobins of France as furiously as he had done the rebels of America; and finally, the King himself, when his Majesty had, at last, yielded to his dismissal.

"'*His Majesty had no longer any occasion for his services.*' We are not informed of the channel through which the dismissal was announced to the Chancellor, but the act was a dreadful surprise to him, and the manner of it deeply wounded his pride. 'I have no doubt,' writes the same person to whom Lord North had uttered his prophecy, 'that this conduct of the King was wholly unexpected by Lord Thurlow: it mortified him most severely. I recollect his saying to me, "No man has a right to treat another in the way in which the King has treated me: we cannot meet again in the same room."'

* * * * *

"Seeing his fate inevitable, instead of quietly submitting to it, he complained loudly of the ingratitude and faithlessness of Princes."

His last efforts as Chancellor were directed against the rights of juries in cases of libel; and, when defeated, he erected, in a strong protest, a monument to his own illiberality and obstinacy. His parting advice to Sir John Scott, by this time made Attorney-General, is full of character.

"'Stick by Pitt,' said the retiring Chancellor: 'he has tripped up my heels, and I would have tripped up his if I could. I confess I never thought the King would have parted with me so easily. My course is run; and for the future I shall remain neutral. But you must on no account resign: I will not listen for a moment to such an idea. We should be looked on as a couple of fools! Your promotion is certain, and it should not be baulked by any such whimsical proceeding.'" * * *

"When he again entered the House of Lords, he was like a dethroned sovereign, and he could not bear his diminished consequence. Seen without his robes, without his great wig, sitting obscurely on a back bench instead of frowning over the assembly from the woolsack—the Peers were astonished to discover that he was an ordinary mortal, and were inclined to revenge themselves for his former arrogance by treating him with neglect. Finding his altered position so painful, he rarely took any part in the business of the House, and he might almost be considered as having retired from public life."

* * * *

"When he showed himself in the House, he was observed to look sulky and discontented. He was even at a loss where to seat himself, for he hated equally the government and the opposition, and there was no precedent for an ex-Chancellor placing himself on a cross bench. He took no part in the important debates which arose on the French revolution, or on the origin of the war with the French Republic."

In a few years, by gradual and natural process, Thurlow, out of office, became *liberal;* a friend "of the Prince," and at last a patriot, warmly opposing the Treason and Sedition Bills which followed hard on the abortive State Trials, when Hardy, Horne Tooke, and the other victims, for whose blood the Government seemed to thirst, were triumphantly acquitted, and constitutional principles saved from the most daring outrage on civil liberty that had been attempted since the Revolution. Nay, Thurlow went farther: he became a parliamentary reformer. "Was it fitting," he asked in the House of Peers, "that—

"A man should be subject to such penalties for saying it was an abuse that twenty acres of land below Old Sarum Hill, without any inhabitants, should send two representatives to parliament?"

Lord Campbell cites such contemporary memoirs and publications as throw light upon the last years of his hero's life, and his personal habits and tastes; but they are not of great interest; except, perhaps, his intercourse with Horne Tooke:—

"His next effort was in favour of an old enemy whom, when Attorney-General, he had prosecuted and sent to gaol, and struggled to place in the pillory; but with whom he was now living on terms of great personal intimacy.

"The following extract from the diary of a distinguished political character, some years deceased, gives an interesting account of their first meeting after the convicted parson had been marched off to Newgate:—

"'Lady Oxford, who then (1801) had a house at Ealing, had by Lord Thurlow's desire (I believe), but at all events with his acquiescence, invited Horne Tooke to dinner to meet him—Lord Thurlow never having seen him since he had prosecuted him, when Attorney-General, for a libel in 1778, and when the greatest bitterness was shown on both sides—so that this dinner was a meeting of great curiosity to us who were invited to it. Sheridan and Mrs. Sheridan were there, the late Lord Camelford, Sir Francis Burdett, Charles Warren, with several others, and myself.—Tooke evidently came forward for a display, and as I had met him repeatedly, and considered his powers of conversation as surpassing those of any person I had ever seen (in point of skill and dexterity, and if at all necessary in *lying*), so I took for granted old grumbling Thurlow would be obliged to lower his top-sail to him—but it seemed as if the very *look* and *voice* of Thurlow scared him out of his senses from the first moment—and certainly nothing could be much more formidable. So Tooke tried to recruit himself by wine, and, though not generally a drinker, was very drunk; but all would not do; he was perpetually trying to distinguish himself, and Thurlow as constantly laughing at him.'"

Thurlow saw his reputation, like his power, pass before his mortal course was run.

The Keeper of the King's conscience was never married, but he lived openly with a mistress (Mrs. Hervey), and their children were, without any disguise about the matter, brought out into society as if they had been legitimate children; and, at least, while their father held the Great Seal, were as such well received. But, in spite of all this—

"He was a prime favourite, not only with George III. but with Queen Charlotte, both supposed to be very strict in their notions of chastity; and his house was not only frequented by his brother the Bishop, but by ecclesiastics of all degrees—who celebrated the orthodoxy of the head of the law—his love of the established church—and his hatred of dissenters."

This, no doubt, covered a multitude of sins. It is to his credit that he took pains to educate his offspring for the society into which he obtruded them. For the rest, Lord Campbell hopes that his end was a good one, though he can give no particulars of it; and thus he moralises at the death-bed of the Ex-Chancellor:—

"I trust that, conscious of the approaching change, having sincerely repented of his violence of temper, of the errors into which he had been led by worldly ambition, and of the irregularities of his private life, he had seen the worthlessness of the objects by which he had been allured; that having gained the frame of mind which his awful situation required, he received the consolations of religion; and that, in charity with mankind, he tenderly bade a long and last adieu to the relations and friends who surrounded him. He expired on the 12th of September, 1806, in the seventy-sixth year of his age."

Lord Campbell wishes, as in other instances, that Thurlow, in old age, had written the history of his own times. His opinion of his contemporaries, of his brother Peers, and those Bishops and Ecclesiastics who paid court to Mrs. Hervey, to gain the favour of her "protection," would certainly have been edifying, as well as rich and rare; and not less so his "confessions" connected with the Court and Carlton House, and the intrigues at the period of the attempted Regency, most instructive to fledgling statesmen, and partymen still unskilled in the intricacies of domestic or back-stairs diplomacy.

From the freedom and good spirit with which Lord Campbell has spoken of the Tory Chancellors of past periods, we anticipate that he will come out with becoming vigour in commenting on the dark period, the "Reign of Terror," which followed the dismissal of Thurlow, and continued, with little abatement, until the death of Lord Castlereagh. As he approaches contemporary times, we may also look forward to a richer accumulation of characteristic anecdote, and personal recollection, to enliven and diversify graver discussions, and revive the vital interest which pervaded the nobler records and more picturesque times of Wolsey, More, Bacon, and Clarendon.

NOTES ON WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR.*

BY THOMAS DE QUINCEY.

(Continued from page 23.)

MELANCHTHON AND CALVIN.

Of Mr. Landor's notions in religion it would be useless, and without polemic arguments it would be arrogant, to say that they are false. It is sufficient to say that they are degrading. In the dialogue between Melanchthon and Calvin, it is clear that the former represents Mr. L. himself, and is not at all the Melanchthon whom we may gather from his writings. Mr. Landor has heard that he was gentle and timid in action; and he exhibits him as a mere development of that key-note; as a compromiser of all that is severe in doctrine; and as an effeminate picker and chooser in morals. God, in *his* conception of him, is not a father so much as a benign, but somewhat weak, old grandfather; and we, his grandchildren, being now and then rather naughty, are to be tickled with a rod made of feathers, but upon the whole, may rely upon an eternity of sugar-plums. For instance, take the puny idea ascribed to Melanchthon upon *Idolatry;* and consider for one moment how little it corresponds to the vast machinery reared up by God himself against this secret poison and dreadful temptation of human nature. Melanchthon cannot mean to question the truth or the importance of the Old Testament; and yet, if *his* view of idolatry (as reported by L.) be sound, the Bible must have been at the root of the worst mischief ever yet produced by idolatry. He begins by describing idolatry as "*Jewish*;" insinuating that it was an irregularity chiefly besetting the Jews. But how perverse a fancy! In the Jews, idolatry was a disease; in Pagan nations, it was the normal state. In a nation (if any such nation could exist) of *crétins* or of *lepers*, nobody would talk of cretinism or leprosy as of any morbid affection; *that* would be the regular and natural condition of man. But where either was spoken of with horror as a ruinous taint in human flesh, it would argue, that naturally (and, perhaps, by a large majority) the people were uninfected. Amongst Pagans, nobody talked of idolatry—no such idea existed—because *that* was the regular form of religious worship. To be named at all, idolatry must be viewed as standing in opposition to some higher worship that is *not* idolatry. But, next, as we are all agreed that in idolatry there is something evil, and differ only as to the propriety of considering it a Jewish evil—in what does this evil lie? It lies, according to the profound Landorian Melanchthon, in this—that different idolaters figure the Deity under different forms: if they could all agree upon one and the same mode of figuring the invisible Being, there need be no quarrelling; and in this case, consequently, there would be no harm in idolatry—none whatever. But, unhappily, it seems each nation, or sometimes section of a nation, has a different fancy: they get to disputing; and from that they get to boxing, in which, it is argued, lies the true evil of idolatry. It is an *extra* cause of broken heads. One tribe of men represent the

* The Works of Savage Landor. 2 vols. London: Moxon. 1846.

Deity as a beautiful young man, with a lyre and a golden bow; another as a snake; and a third —Egyptians, for instance, of old—as a beetle or an onion; these last, according to Juvenal's remark, having the happy privilege of growing their own gods in their own kitchen-gardens. In all this there would be no harm, were it not for subsequent polemics and polemical assaults. Such, if we listen to Mr. L., is Melanchthon's profound theory* of a false idolatrous religion. Were the police everywhere on an English footing, and the magistrates as unlike as possible to Turkish Cadis, nothing could be less objectionable; but, as things are, the beetle-worshipper despises the onion-worshipper; which breeds ill blood; whence grows a cudgel; and from the cudgel a constable; and from the constable an unjust magistrate. Not so, Mr. Landor; thus did not Melanchthon speak: and if he *did*, and would defend it for a thousand times, then for a thousand times he would deserve to be trampled by posterity into that German mire which he sought to evade by his Grecian disguise.† The true evil of idolatry is this: there is one sole idea of God, which corresponds adequately and centrally to his total nature. Of this idea, two things may be affirmed: the first being—that it is at the root of all absolute grandeur, of all truth, and of all moral perfection; the second being—that, natural and easy as it seems when once unfolded, it could only have been unfolded by a revelation; and, to all eternity he, that started with a false conception of God, could not, through any effort of his own, have exchanged it for a true one. All idolaters alike, though not all in equal degrees, by intercepting the idea of God through the prism of some representative creature that *partially* resembles God, refract, splinter, and distort that idea. Even the idea of light, of the pure, solar light—the old Persian symbol of God—has that depraving necessity. Light itself, besides being an *imperfect* symbol, is an incarnation for us. However pure itself, or in its original divine manifestation, for us it is incarnated in forms and in matter that are *not* pure: it gravitates towards physical alliances, and therefore towards unspiritual pollutions. And all experience shows that the tendency for man, left to his own imagination, is downwards. The purest symbol, derived from created things, can and will condescend to the grossness of inferior human natures, by submitting to mirror itself in more and more carnal representative symbols, until finally the mixed element of resemblance to God is altogether buried and lost. God, by this succession of imperfect interceptions, falls more and more under the taint and limitation of the *alien* elements associated with all created things; and, for the ruin of all moral grandeur in man, every idolatrous nation left to itself will gradually bring round the idea of God into the idea of a powerful demon. Many things check and disturb this tendency for a time; but finally, and under that intense civilization to which man intellectually is always hurrying under the eternal evolution of physical knowledge, such a degradation of God's idea, ruinous to the *moral* capacities of man, would undoubtedly perfect itself, were it not for the kindling of a purer standard by revelation. Idolatry, therefore, is not merely *an* evil, and one utterly beyond the power of social institutions to redress, but, in fact, it is the fountain of all other evil that seriously menaces the destiny of the human race.

* "*Melanchthon's profound theory.*"—That the reader may not suppose me misrepresenting Mr. L., I subjoin his words, p. 224, vol. I.:—"The evil of idolatry is this—rival nations have raised up rival deities; war hath been denounced in the name of heaven; men have been murdered for the love of God; and such impiety hath darkened all the regions of the world, that the Lord of all things hath been mocked by all simultaneously as the Lord of Hosts." The evil of idolatry is, not that it disfigures the Deity, (in which, it seems, there might be no great harm) but that one man's disfiguration differs from another man's; which leads to quarrelling, and *that* to fighting."

† "*Grecian disguise:*"—The true German name of this learned reformer was *Schwarzerd* (black earth); but the homeliness and pun-provoking quality of such a designation induced Melanchthon to masque it in Greek. By the way, I do not understand how Mr. Landor, the arch-purist in esthegraphy, reconciles *his* spelling of the name to Greek orthodoxy: there is no Greek word that *could* be expressed by the English syllable "cthon." Such a word as Melancthon would be a hybrid monster—neither fish, flesh, nor good red herring.

PORSON AND SOUTHEY.

THE two dialogues between Southey and Porson relate to Wordsworth; and they connect Mr. Landor with a body of groundless criticism, for which vainly he will seek to evade his responsibility by pleading the caution posted up at the head of his Conversations, viz.—"Avoid a mistake in attributing to the *writer* any opinions in this book but what are spoken under his own name." If Porson, therefore, should happen to utter villanies that are indictable, *that* (you are to understand) is Porson's affair. Render unto Landor the eloquence of the dialogue, but render unto Porson any kicks which Porson may have merited by his atrocities against a man whom assuredly he never heard of, and probably never saw. Now, unless Wordsworth ran into Porson in the streets of Cambridge on some dark night about the era of the French Revolution, and capsized him into the kennel—a thing which is exceedingly improbable, considering that Wordsworth was never tipsy except once in his life, yet, on the other hand, is exceedingly probable, considering that Porson was very seldom otherwise—barring this one opening for a collision, there is no human possibility or contingency known to insurance offices, through which Porson ever *could* have been brought to trouble his head about Wordsworth. It would have taken three witches, and three broomsticks, clattering about his head, to have extorted from Porson any attention to a contemporary poet that did not give first-rate feeds. And a man that, besides his criminal conduct in respect of dinners, actually made it a principle to drink nothing but water, would have seemed so depraved a character in Porson's eyes that, out of regard to public decency, he would never have mentioned his name, had he even happened to know it. "Oh no! he never mentioned *him*." Be assured of *that*. As to Poetry, be it known that Porson read none

whatever, unless it were either political or obscene. With no seasoning of either sort, "wherefore," he would ask indignantly, "should I waste my time upon a poem?" Porson had read the Rolliad, because it concerned his political party: he had read the epistle of Obereea, queen of Otaheite, to Sir Joseph Banks, because, if Joseph was rather too demure, the poem was *not*. Else, and with such exceptions, he condescended not to any metrical writer subsequent to the æra of Pope, whose Eloisa to Abelard he could say by heart, and could even sing from beginning to end; which, indeed, he *would* do, whether you chose it or not, after a sufficient charge of brandy, and sometimes even though threatened with a cudgel, in case he persisted in his molestations. Waller he had also read, and occasionally quoted with effect. But as to a critique on Wordsworth, whose name had not begun to mount from the ground when Porson died,* as reasonably and characteristically might it have been put into the mouth of the Hetman Platoff. Instead of Porson's criticisms on writings which he never saw, let us hear Porson's account of a fashionable rout in an aristocratic London mansion: it was the only party of distinction that this hirsute but most learned Theban ever visited; and his history of what passed (comic alike and tragic) is better worth preserving than "Brantome," or even than Swift's "Memoirs of a Parish Clerk." It was by the hoax of a young Cantab that the Professor was ever decoyed into such a party: the thing was a swindle; but his report of its natural philosophy is not on that account the less picturesque:—

"Southey.—'Why do you repeat the word *rout* so often?'

"Porson.—'I was once at one by mistake; and really I saw there what you describe: and this made me repeat the word and smile. You seem curious.'

"Southey.—'Rather, indeed.'

"Porson.—'I had been dining out; there were some who smoked after dinner: within a few hours, the fumes of their pipes produced such an effect on my head that I was willing to go into the air a little. Still I continued hot and thirsty; and an under-graduate, whose tutor was my old acquaintance, proposed that we should turn into an oyster-cellar, and refresh ourselves with oysters and porter. The rogue, instead of this, conducted me to a fashionable house in the neighbourhood of St. James's; and, although I expostulated with him, and insisted that we were going *up* stairs and not *down*, he appeared to me so ingenuous in his protestations to the contrary that I could well disbelieve him no longer. Nevertheless, receiving on the stairs many shoves and elbowings, I could not help telling him plainly—that, if indeed it *was* the oyster-cellar in Fleet Street, the company was much altered for the worse; and that, in future, I should frequent another. When the fumes of the pipes had left me, I discovered the deceit by the brilliancy and indecency of the dresses; and was resolved not to fall into temptation. Although, to my great satisfaction, no immodest proposal was directly made to me, I looked about anxious that no other man should know me beside *him* whose wantonness had conducted me thither; and I would have escaped, if I could have found the door, from which every effort I made appeared to remove me farther and farther. * * * A pretty woman said loudly, "He has no gloves on!" "What nails the creature has!" replied an older one—"Piano-forte keys wanting the white." ' "

I pause to say that this, by all accounts which have reached posterity, was really no slander. The Professor's forks had become rather of the dingiest, probably through inveterate habits of scratching up Greek roots from diluvian mould, some of it older than Deucalion's flood, and very good, perhaps, for turnips, but less so for the digits which turn up turnips. What followed, however, if it were of a nature to be circumstantially repeated, must have been more trying to the sensibilities of the Greek oracle, and to the blushes of the Policemen dispersed throughout the rooms, than even the harsh critique upon his nails; which, let the wits say what they would in their malice, were no doubt washed regularly enough once every three years. And, even if they were *not*, I should say that this is not by any means so strong a fact as some that are reported about many a continental professor. Mrs. Cl——nt, with the twofold neatness of an Englishwoman and a quaker, told me, that, on visiting Pestalozzi, the celebrated education professor, at Yverdun, about 1820, her first impression, from a distant view of his dilapidated premises, was profound horror at the grimness of his complexion, which struck her as no complexion formed by nature, but as a deposition from half a century of atmospheric rust—a most ancient *ærugo*. She insisted on a radical purification, as a *sine qua non* towards any interview with herself. The meek professor consented. Mrs. Cl. hired a stout Swiss charwoman, used to the scouring of staircases, kitchen floors, &c.; the professor, whom, on this occasion, one may call "the prisoner," was accommodated with a seat (as prisoners at the bar sometimes are with us) in the centre of a mighty washing-tub, and then scoured through a long summer forenoon, by the strength of a brawny Helvetian arm. "And now, my dear friend" said Mrs. Cl. to myself, "is it thy opinion that this was cruel? Some people say it *was*; and I wish to disguise nothing;—it was not mere soap that I had him scoured with, but soap and sand; so, say honestly, dost thee call *that* cruel?" Laughing no more than the frailty of my human nature compelled me, I replied, "Far from it; on the contrary, everybody must be charmed with her con-

* An equal mistake it is in Mr. Landor to put into the mouth of Porson any vituperation of Mathias as one that had uttered opinions upon Wordsworth. In the *Pursuits of Literature*, down to the 15th edition, there is no mention of Wordsworth's name. Southey is mentioned slightingly, and chiefly with reference to his then democratic principles; but not Coleridge, and not Wordsworth. Mathias soon after went to Italy, where he passed the remainder of his life—died, I believe, and was buried—never, perhaps, having heard the name of Wordsworth. As to Porson, it is very true that Mathias took a few liberties with his private habits, such as his writing paragraphs in the little cabinet fitted up for the *gens de plume* at the *Morning Chronicle* Office, and other trifles. But these, though impertinences, were not of a nature seriously to offend. They rather flattered, by the interest which they argued in his movements. And with regard to Porson's main pretension, his exquisite skill in Greek, Mathias was not the man to admire this too little: his weakness, *if in that point he had* a weakness, lay in the opposite direction. His own Greek was not a burthen that could have foundered a camel: he was neither accurate, nor extensive, nor profound. But yet Mr. L. is wrong in thinking that he drew it from an Index. In his Italian, he had the advantage probably of Mr. Landor himself: at least, he wrote it with more apparent fluency and compass.

sideration for the professor, in not having him cleansed on the same principles as her carriage, viz., taken to the stable-yard, mopped severely," ["mobbed, dost thee say?" she exclaimed; "No, no," I said, "not mobbed, but *mopped*, until the gravel should be all gone"], "then pelted with buckets of water by firemen, and, finally, curry-combed and rubbed down by two grooms, keeping up a sharp *susurrus* between them, so as to soothe his wounded feelings; after all which, a feed of oats might not have been amiss." The result, however, of this scouring extraordinary was probably as fatal as to Mambrino's helmet in Don Quixote. Pestalozzi issued, indeed, from the washing-tub like Aeson from Medea's kettle; he took his station amongst a younger and fairer generation; and the dispute was now settled whether he belonged to the Caucasian or Mongolian race. But his intellect was thought to have suffered seriously. The tarnish of fifty or sixty years seemed to have acquired powers of re-acting as a stimulant upon the professor's fancy, through the *rete mucosum*, or through—heaven knows what. He was too old to be converted to cleanliness; the Paganism of a neglected person at seventy becomes a sort of religion interwoven with the nervous system—just as the well-known *Plica Polonica* from which the French armies suffered so much in Poland, during 1807–8, though produced by neglect of the hair, will not be cured by extirpation of the hair. The hair becomes matted into Medusa locks, or what look like snakes; and to cut these off is oftentimes to cause nervous frenzy, or other great constitutional disturbance. I never heard, indeed, that Pestalozzi suffered apoplexy from his scouring; but certainly his ideas on education grew bewildered, and will be found essentially damaged, after that great epoch—his baptism by water and sand.

Now, in comparison of an Orson like this man of Yverdun—this great Swiss reformer, who might, perhaps, have bred a pet variety of typhus fever for his own separate use—what signify nails, though worse than Caliban's or Nebuchadnezzar's?

This Greek professor Porson—whose knowledge of English was so limited that his total cargo might have been embarked on board a walnut-shell, on the bosom of a slop bason, and insured for three halfpence—astonishes me, that have been studying English for thirty years and upwards, by the strange discoveries that he announces in this field. One and all, I fear, are mares' nests. He discovered, for instance, on his first and last reception amongst aristocratic people, that in this region of society a female bosom is called her *neck*. But, if it really *had* been so called, I see no objection to the principle concerned in such disguises; and I see the greatest to that savage frankness which virtually is indicated with applause in the Porsonian remark. Let us consider. It is not that we *cannot* speak freely of the female bosom, and we do so daily. In discussing a statue, we do so without reserve; and in the act of suckling an infant, the bosom of every woman is an idea so sheltered by the tenderness and sanctity with which all but ruffians invest that organ of maternity, that no man scruples to name it, if the occasion warrants it. He suppresses it only as he suppresses the name of God; not as an idea that can itself contain any indecorum, but, on the contrary, as making other and more trivial ideas to become indecorous when associated with a conception rising so much above their own standard. Equally, the words, *affliction*, *guilt*, *penitence*, *remorse*, &c., are proscribed from the ordinary current of conversation amongst mere acquaintances; and for the same reason, viz., that they touch chords too impassioned and profound for harmonising with the key in which the mere social civilities of life are exchanged. Meantime, it is not true that any custom ever prevailed in *any* class of calling a woman's bosom her neck.—Porson goes on to say, that, for *his* part, he was born in an age when people had *thighs*. Well, a great many people have thighs still. But in all ages there must have been many of whom it is lawful to suspect such a fact zoologically; and yet, as men honouring our own race, and all its veils of mystery, not too openly to insist upon it, which, luckily, there is seldom any occasion to do.

Mr. Landor conceives that we are growing worse in the pedantries of false delicacy. I think not. His own residence in Italy has injured his sense of discrimination. It is not his countrymen that have grown conspicuously more demure and prudish, but he himself that has grown in Italy more tolerant of what is really a blameable coarseness. Various instances occur in these volumes of that faulty compliance with Southern grossness. The tendencies of the age, among ourselves, lie certainly in *one* channel towards excessive refinement. So far, however, they do but balance the opposite tendencies in some other channels. The craving for instant effect in style—as it brings forward many disgusting Germanisms and other barbarisms—as it transplants into literature much slang from the street—as it re-acts painfully upon the grandeurs of the antique scriptural diction, by recalling into *colloquial* use many consecrated words which thus lose their Gothic beauty—also operates daily amongst journalists, by the temptations of apparent strength that lurk in plain-speaking or even in brutality. What other temptation, for instance, can be supposed to govern those who, in speaking of hunger as it affects our paupers, so needlessly offend us by the very coarsest English word for the Latin word *venter*? Surely the word *stomach* would be intelligible to everybody, and yet disgust nobody. It would do for *him* that affects plain-speaking; it would do for you and me that revolt from gross-speaking. Signs from abroad speak the very same language, as to the *liberal* tendencies (in this point) of the nineteenth century. Formerly, it was treason for a Spaniard, even in a laudatory copy of verses, to suppose his own Queen lowered to the level of other females by the possession of legs! Constitutionally, the Queen was incapable of legs. How else her Majesty contrived to walk, or to dance, the Inquisition soon

taught the poet was no concern of *his*. Royal legs for females were an inconceivable thing—except amongst Protestant nations; some of whom the Spanish Church affirmed to be even disfigured by tails! Having tails, of course they might have legs. But not *Catholic* Queens. Now-a-days, so changed is all this, that if you should even express your homage to her Most Catholic Majesty, by sending her a pair of embroidered garters—which certainly pre-suppose legs—there is no doubt that the Spanish Minister of Finance would gratefully carry them to account—on the principle that "every little helps." Mr. Porson is equally wrong, as I conceive, in another illustration of this matter, drawn from the human toes, and specifically from the great toe. It is true, that, in refined society, upon any rare necessity arising for alluding to so inconsiderable a member of the human statue, generally this is done at present by the French term *doigt-de-pied*—though not always—as may be seen in various honorary certificates granted to chiropodists within the last twenty months. And whereas Mr. Porson asks pathetically—What harm has the great toe done that it is never to be named? I answer—The greatest harm; as may be seen in the first act of "Coriolanus," where *Menenius* justly complains, that this arrogant subaltern of the crural system,

> "——Being basest, meanest, vilest,
> Still goeth foremost."

Even in the villany of running away from battle, this unworthy servant still asserts precedency. I repeat, however, that the general tendencies of the age, as to the just limits of *parrhesia* (using the Greek word in a sense wider than of old), are moving at present upon two opposite tacks; which fact it is, as in some other cases, that makes the final judgment difficult.

ROMAN IMPERATOR.

Mr. Landor, though really learned, often puts his learning into his pocket.

Thus, with respect to the German Empire, Mr. L. asserts that it was a chimæra; that the *Imperium Germanicum* was a mere usage of speech, founded (if I understand him) not even in a legal fiction, but in a blunder; that a German *Imperator* never had a true historical existence; and, finally, that even the Roman title of *Imperator*—which, unquestionably, surmounted in grandeur all titles of honour that ever were or will be—ranged in dignity below the title of *Rex*.

I believe him wrong in every one of these doctrines: let us confine ourselves to the last. The title of Imperator was not *originally* either above or below the title of Rex, or even upon the same level; it was what logicians call *disparatè*—it radiated from a different centre, precisely as the modern title of *Decanus*, or *Dean*, which is originally astrological [see the elder Scaliger on Manilius], has no relation, whether of superiority or equality or inferiority, to the title of *Colonel*, nor the title of *Cardinal* any such relation to that of *Field-Marshal;* and quite as little had *Rex* to *Imperator*. Masters of Ceremonies, or Lord Chamberlains, may certainly *create* a precedency in favour of any title whatever in regard to any other title; but such a precedency for any of the cases before us would be arbitrary, and not growing out of any internal principle, though useful for purposes of convenience. As regarded the Roman *Imperator*, originally like the Roman *Prætor*—this title and the official rank pointed exclusively to military distinctions. In process of time, the Prætor came to be a legal officer, and the Imperator to be the supreme political officer. But the motive for assuming the title of *Imperator*, as the badge or cognizance of the sovereign authority, when the great transfiguration of the Republic took place, seems to have been this. An essentially new distribution of political powers had become necessary, and this change masqued itself to Romans, published itself in menaces and muttering thunder to foreign states, through the martial title of *Imperator*. A new equilibrium was demanded by the changes which time and luxury and pauperism had silently worked in the composition of Roman society. If Rome was to be saved from herself—if she was to be saved from the eternal flux and reflux—action and re-action—amongst her oligarchy of immense estates [which condition of things it was that forced on the great *sine quâ non* reforms of Cæsar, against all the babble of the selfish Cicero, of the wicked Cato, and of the debt-ridden Senate]—then it was indispensable that a new order of powers should be combined for bridling her internal convulsions. To carry her off from her own self-generated vortex, which would, in a very few years, have engulphed her and drawn her down into fragments, some machinery as new as steam power was required: her own native sails filled in the wrong direction. There were already powers in the constitution equal to the work, but distracted and falsely lodged. These must be gathered into one hand. And, yet, as names are all-powerful upon our frail race, this recast must be *verbally* disguised. The title must be such as, whilst flattering the Roman pride, might yet announce to Oriental powers a plenipotentiary of Rome who argued all disputed points, not so much strongly as (in Irish phrase) with "a strong back"—not so much piquing himself on Aristotelian syllogisms that came within *Barbara* and *Celarent*, as upon thirty legions that stood within call. The Consulship was good for little; *that*, with some reservations, could be safely resigned into subordinate hands. The Consular name, and the name of Senate, which was still suffered to retain an obscure vitality and power of resurrection, continued to throw a popular lustre over the government. Millions were duped. But the essential offices, the offices in which settled the organs of all the life in the administration, were these:—1, of Military Commander-in-Chief (including such a partition of the provinces as might seal the authority in this officer's hands, and yet flatter the people through the Senate); 2, of Censor, so as to watch the action of morals and social usages upon politics; 3, of Pontifex Maximus; 4, and finally, of Tribune. The tribunitial power, next after the military power, occupied the earliest

anxieties of the Cæsars. All these powers, and some others belonging to less dignified functions, were made to run through the same central rings (or what in mail-coach harness is called the *terrets*): the "ribbons" were tossed up to one and the same imperial coachman, looking as amiable as he could, but, in fact, a very truculent personage, having powers more unlimited than was always safe for himself. And now, after all this change of things, what was to be the *name?* By what *title* should men know him? Much depended upon that. The tremendous symbols of S. P. Q. R. still remained; nor had they lost their power. On the contrary, the great idea of the Roman destiny, as of some vast phantom moving under God to some unknown end, was greater than ever: the idea was now *so* great, that it had outgrown all its representative realities. *Consul* and *Proconsul* would no longer answer, because they represented too exclusively the interior or domestic fountains of power, and not the external relations to the terraqueous globe which were beginning to expand with sudden accelerations of velocity. The *central* power could not be forgotten by any who were near enough to have tasted its wrath: but now there was arising a necessity for expressing, by some great unity of denomination, so as no longer to lose the totality in the separate partitions—the enormity of the *circumference*. A necessity for this had repeatedly been found in negotiations, and in contests of ceremonial rank with oriental powers, as between ourselves and China. With Persia, the greatest of these powers, an instinct of inevitable collision* had, for some time, been ripening. It became requisite that there should be a representative officer for the whole Roman grandeur, and one capable of standing on the same level as the Persian king of kings; and this necessity arose at the very same moment that a new organization was required of Roman power for *domestic* purposes. There is no doubt that both purposes were consulted in the choice of the title *Imperator*. The chief alternative title was that of *Dictator*. But to this, as regarded Romans, there were two objections—first, that it was a mere *provisional* title, always commemorating a transitional emergency, and pointing to some happier condition, which the extraordinary powers of the officer ought soon to establish. It was in the nature of a problem, and continually asked for its own solution. The Dictator dictated. He was the greatest *ipse dixit* that ever was heard of. It reminded the people *verbally* of despotic powers and autocracy. Then again, as regarded foreign nations, unacquainted with the Roman constitution, and throughout the servile East incapable of understanding it, the title of *Dictator* had no meaning at all. *The Speaker* is a magnificent title in England, and makes brave men sometimes shake in their shoes. But, yet, if from rustic ignorance it is not understood, even that title means nothing. Of the proudest Speaker that England ever saw, viz., Sir Edward Seymour, it is recorded that his grandeur failed him, sank under him, like the Newgate drop, at the very moment when his boiling anger most relied upon and required it. He was riding near Barnet, when a rustic waggoner a-head of him, by keeping obstinately the middle of the road, prevented him from passing. Sir Edward motioned to him magnificently, that he must turn his horses to the left. The carter, on some fit of the sulks (perhaps from the Jacobinism innate in man), despised this pantomime, and sturdily persisted in his mutinous disrespect. On which Sir Edward shouted—"Fellow, do you know who I am?" "*Noo-ah*," replied our rebellious friend, meaning, when faithfully translated, *no*. "Are you aware, Sirrah," said Sir Edward, now thoroughly incensed, "that I am the right honourable the Speaker? At your peril, sir, in the name of the Commons of England, in Parliament assembled, quarter instantly to the left." This was said in that dreadful voice which sometimes reprimanded penitent offenders, kneeling at the bar of the House. The carter, more struck by the terrific tones than the words, spoke an aside to "Dobbin" (his "thill" horse), which procured an opening to the blazing Speaker, and then replied thus—"Speaker! Why, if so be as thou can'st speak, whoy-y-y-y-y," (in the tremulous undulation with which he was used to utter his sovereign whoah-h-h-h to his horses), "Whoy-y-y-y didn't-a speak afore?" The waggoner, it seemed, had presumed Sir Edward, from his mute pantomime, to be a dumb man; and all which the proud Speaker gained, by the proclamation of his style and title, was, to be exonerated from that suspicion, but to the heavy discredit of his sanity. A Roman Dictator stood quite as poor a chance with foreigners, as our Speaker with a rustic. "Dictator! let him dictate to his wife; but he sha'n't dictate to us." Any title, to prosper with distant nations, must rest upon the basis of arms. And this fell in admirably with the political exigency for Rome herself. The title of *Imperator* was liable to no jealousy. Being entirely a military title, it clashed with no civil pretensions whatever. Being a military title, that recorded a triumph over external enemies in the field, it was dear to the patriotic heart; whilst it directed the eye to a quarter where all increase of power was concurrent with increase of benefit to the State. And again, as the honour had been hitherto purely titular, accompanied by some *auctoritas*, in the Roman sense [not always honour, for Cicero was an Imperator for Cilician exploits, which he reports with laughter], but no separate authority in our modern sense. Even in military circles it was open to little jealousy: nor apparently could ripen into a shape that ever *would* be so, since, according to all precedent, it would be continually balanced by the extension of the same title, under popular military suffrage, to other fortunate leaders. Who could foresee, at the inauguration of this reform, that this precedent would be abolished? who could guess that henceforwards no more triumphs (but only a sparing distribution of

* Herod the Great, and his father Antipater, owed the favour of Rome, and, finally, the throne of Judæa, to the seasonable election which they made between Rome and Persia; but made not without some doubts, as between forces hardly yet brought to a satisfactory equation.

triumphal decorations), henceforwards no more Imperatorial titles for anybody out of the one consecrated family? All this was hidden in the bosom of the earliest Imperator: he seemed, to the great mass of the people, perfectly innocent of civic ambition: he rested upon his truncheon, *i. e.*, upon S. P. Q. R.: like Napoleon, he said, "I am but the first soldier of the republic," that is, the most dutiful of her servants; and, like Napoleon, under cover of this martial *paludamentum*, he had soon filched every ensign of authority by which the organs of public power could speak. But, at the beginning, this title of *Imperator* was the one by far the best fitted to masque all this, to disarm suspicion, and to win the confidence of the people.

The title, therefore, began in something like imposture; and it was not certainly at first the gorgeous title into which it afterwards blossomed. The earth did not yet ring with it. The rays of its diadem were not then the first that said *All hail!* to the rising—the last that said *Farewell!* to the setting sun. But still it was already a splendid distinction; and, in a Roman ear, it must have sounded far above all competition from the trivial title (in *that* day) of "Rex," unless it were the Persian Rex, viz., "Rex Regum." Romans *gave* the title; they stooped not to accept it.* Even Mark Antony, in the all-magnificent description of him by Shakspere's Cleopatra, could give it in showers—kings waited in his ante-room, "and from his pocket fell crowns and sceptres." The title of *Imperator* was indeed reaped in glory that transcended the glory of earth, but it was not, therefore, sown in dishonour.

We are all astonished at Mr. Landor—myself and 300 select readers. What *can* he mean by tilting against the Imperator—Semper Augustus? Before *him* the sacred fire (that burned from century to century) went pompously in advance—before *him* the children of Europe and Asia—of Africa and the islands, rode as *dorypheroi; his somatophulakes* were princes; and *his* empire, when burning out in Byzantium, furnished from its very ruins the models for our western honours and ceremonial. Had it even begun in circumstances of ignominy, *that* would have been cured easily by its subsequent triumph. Many are the titles of earth that have found a glory in looking back to the humility of their origin as its most memorable feature. The fisherman who sits upon Mount Palatine, in some respects the grandest of all Potentates, as one wielding both earthly and heavenly thunders, is the highest example of this. Some, like the Mamelukes of Egypt and the early janizaries of the Porte, have glorified themselves in being slaves. Others, like the Caliphs, have founded their claims to men's homage in the fact of being *successors* to those who (between ourselves) were knaves. And once it happened to Professor Wilson and myself that we travelled in the same post-chaise with a most agreeable madman, who, amongst a variety of other select facts which he communicated, was kind enough to give us the following etymological account of our much-respected ancestors the Saxons: which furnishes a further illustration [quite unknown to the learned] of the fact—that honour may glory in deducing itself from circumstances of humility. He assured us that these worthy Pagans were a league comprehending every single brave man of German blood; so much so, that on sailing away they left that unhappy land in a state of universal cowardice, which accounts for the licking it subsequently received from Napoleon. The Saxons were very poor, as brave men too often are. In fact, they had no breeches, and, of course, no silk stockings. They had, however, *sacks*, which they mounted on their backs, whence naturally their name *Sax-on*. *Sacks-on!* was the one word of command, and *that* spoken, the army was ready. In reality, it was treason to take them off. But this endorsement of their persons was not assumed on any Jewish principle of humiliation; on the contrary, in the most flagrant spirit of defiance to the whole race of man. For they proclaimed that, having no breeches nor silk stockings of their own, they intended, wind and weather permitting, to fill these same sacks with those of other men. The Welshmen then occupying England were reputed to have a good stock of both, and in quest of this Welsh wardrobe the *Sacks-on* army sailed. With what success it is not requisite to say, since here in one post-chaise, 1430 years after, were three of their posterity, the Professor, the madman, and myself, indorsees (as you may say) of the original indorsers, who were all well equipped with the objects of this great *Sacks-on* exodus.

It is true that the word *emperor* is not in every situation so impressive as the word *king*. But *that* arises in part from the latter word having less of specialty about it; it is more catholic, and to that extent more poetic; and in part from accidents of position which disturb the relation of many other titles beside. The *Proconsul* has a grander sound, as regarded military expedition, than the principal from whom he emanated. The *Surena* left a more awful remembrance of his

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* *Stooped not to accept it.*—The notion that Julius Cæsar, who of all men must have held cheapest the title of *Rex*, had seriously intrigued to obtain it, arose (as I conceive) from two mistakes—1st, From a misinterpretation of a figurative ceremony in the pageant of the Lupercalia. The Romans were ridiculously punctilious in this kind of jealousy. They charged Pompey at one time with a plot for making himself king, because he wore white bandages round his thighs; now *white*, in olden days, was as much the regal colour as *purple*. Think, dear reader, of us—of you and me—being charged with making ourselves kings, because we may choose to wear white cotton drawers. Pompey was very angry, and swore bloody oaths that it was *not* ambition which had cased his thighs in white *fasciae*. "Why, what is it then?" said a grave citizen. "What is it, man?" replied Pompey, "it is rheumatism." Dogberry must have had a hand in this charge:—"Dost thou hear, thou varlet? Thou are charged with incivism; and it shall go hard with me but I will prove thee to thy face a false knave, and guilty of flat rheumatism." The other reason which has tended to confirm posterity in the belief that Cæsar really coveted the title of *Rex* was the confusion of the truth arising with Greek writers. *Basileus*, the term by which indifferently they designated the mighty Artaxerxes and the pettiest *regulus*, was the original translation used for *Imperator*. Subsequently, and especially after Diocletian had approximated the aulic pomps to Eastern models, the terms *Autocrator*, *Kaisar*, *Augustus*, *Sebastos*, &c., came more into use. But after Trajan's time, or even to that of Commodus, generally the same terms which expressed *Imperator* and *Imperitorial* [viz. *Basileus* and *Basilikos*] to a Grecian ear expressed *Rex* and *Regalis*.

title upon the comrades of Julian in his Persian expedition than the Surena's master. And there are many cases extant in which the word *angel* strikes a deeper key, cases where power is contemplated as well as beauty or mysterious existence, than the word archangel, though confessedly higher in the hierarchies of Heaven.

Let me now draw the reader's attention to *Count Julian*, a great conception of Mr. Landor's.

The fable of Count Julian (that is, when comprehending all the parties to that web, of which *he* is the centre) may be pronounced the grandest which modern history unfolds. It is, and it is *not*, scenical. In some portions (as the fate so mysterious of Roderick, and in a higher sense of Julian) it rises as much above what the stage could illustrate, as does Thermopylæ above the petty details of narration. The man was mad that, instead of breathing from a hurricane of harps some mighty ode over Thermopylæ, fancied the little conceit of weaving it into a metrical novel or succession of incidents. Yet, on the other hand, though rising higher, Count Julian sinks lower: though the passions rise far above Troy, above Marathon, above Thermopylæ, and are such passions as could not have existed under Paganism; in some respects they condescend and preconform to the stage. The characters are all different, all marked, all *in position*; by which, never assuming fixed attitudes as to purpose and interest, the passions are deliriously complex, and the situations are of corresponding grandeur. Metius Fuffetius, Alban traitor! that were torn limb from limb by antagonist yet confederate chariots, thy tortures, seen by shuddering armies, were not comparable to the unseen tortures in Count Julian's mind; who—whether his treason prospered or not, whether his dear outraged daughter lived or died, whether his king were trampled in the dust by the horses of infidels, or escaped as a wreck from the fiery struggle, whether his dear native Spain fell for ages under misbelieving hounds, or, combining her strength, tossed off *them*, but then also *himself*, with one loathing from her shores—saw, as he looked out into the mighty darkness, and stretched out his penitential hands vainly for pity or for pardon, nothing but the blackness of ruin, and ruin that was too probably to career through centuries. "To this pass," as Cæsar said to his soldiers at Pharsalia, "had his enemies reduced him;" and Count Julian might truly say, as he stretched himself a rueful suppliant before the Cross, listening to the havoc that was driving onwards before the dogs of the Crescent, "*My* enemies, because they would not remember that I was a man, forced *me* to forget that I was a Spaniard:—to forget thee, oh native Spain,—and, alas! thee, oh faith of Christ!"

The story is wrapt in gigantic mists, and looms upon one like the Grecian fable of Œdipus; and there will be great reason for disgust, if the deep Arabic researches now going on in the Escurial, or at Vienna, should succeed in stripping it of its grandeurs. For, as it stands at present, it is the most fearful lesson extant of the great moral, that crime propagates crime, and violence inherits violence; nay, a lesson on the awful *necessity* which exists at times, that one tremendous wrong should blindly reproduce itself in endless retaliatory wrongs. To have resisted the dread temptation, would have needed an angel's nature: to have yielded, is but human; should it, then, plead in vain for pardon? and yet, by some mystery of evil, to have perfected this human vengeance, is, finally, to land all parties alike, oppressor and oppressed, in the passions of hell.

Mr. Landor, who always rises with his subject, and dilates like Satan into Teneriffe or Atlas, when he sees before him an antagonist worthy of his powers, is probably the one man in Europe that has adequately conceived the situation, the stern self-dependency and the monumental misery of Count Julian. That sublimity of penitential grief, which cannot accept consolation from man, cannot hear external reproach, cannot condescend to notice insult, cannot so much as see the curiosity of by-standers; that awful carelessness of all but the troubled deeps within his own heart, and of God's spirit brooding upon their surface, and searching their abysses, never was so majestically described as in the following lines; it is the noble Spaniard, Hernando, comprehending and loving Count Julian in the midst of his treasons, who speaks:—Tarik, the gallant Moor, having said that at last the Count must be happy; for that

> "Delicious calm
> Follows the fierce enjoyment of revenge."

Hernando replies thus:—

> "That calm was never his; no other *will* be,
> Not victory, that o'ershadows him, sees he:
> No airy and light passion stirs abroad
> To ruffle or to soothe him; all are quell'd
> Beneath a mightier, sterner, stress of mind.
> Wakeful he sits, and lonely, and unmov'd,
> Beyond the arrows, shouts, and views of men.
> As oftentimes an eagle, ere the sun
> Throws o'er the varying earth his early ray,
> Stands solitary—stands immovable
> Upon some highest cliff, and rolls his eye,
> Clear, constant, unobservant, unabas'd,
> In the cold light above the dews of morn."

One change suggests itself to me as possibly for the better, viz., if the magnificent line—

> "Beyond the arrows, shouts, and views of men"—

were transferred to the secondary object, the eagle, placed after what is *now* the last line, it would give a fuller rhythmus to the close of the entire passage; it would be more *literally* applicable to the majestic and solitary bird, than to the majestic and solitary man; whilst a figurative expression even more impassioned might be found for the utter self-absorption of Count Julian's spirit—too grandly sorrowful to be capable of disdain.

It completes the picture of this ruined prince, that Hernando, the sole friend (except his daughter) still cleaving to him, dwells with yearning desire upon his death, knowing the necessity of this consummation to his own secret desires, knowing the forgiveness which would settle upon

his memory after that last penalty should have been paid for his errors, comprehending the peace that would then swallow up the storm:—

> "For his own sake I could endure his loss,
> Pray for it, and thank God: yet mourn I must
> Him above all, so great, so bountiful,
> So blessed once!"

It is no satisfaction to Hernando that Julian should "yearn for death with speechless love," but Julian *does* so: and it is in vain now, amongst these irreparable ruins, to wish it otherwise.

> "'Tis not my solace that 'tis * *his* desire:
> Of all who pass us in life's drear descent
> We grieve the most for those who *wish'd* to die."

How much, then, is in this brief drama of Count Julian, chiseled, as one might think, by the hands of that sculptor who fancied the great idea of chiseling Mount Athos into a demigod, which almost insists on being quoted; which seems to rebuke and frown upon one for *not* quoting it: passages to which, for their solemn grandeur, one raises one's hat as at night in walking under the Coliseum; passages which, for their luxury of loveliness, should be inscribed on the phylactories of brides, or upon the frescoes of Ionia, illustrated by the gorgeous allegories of Rubens.

> "Sed fugit interea, fugit irreparabile tempus,
> Singula dum capti circumvectamur amore."

Yet, reader, in spite of time, one word more on the subject we are quitting. Father Time is certainly become very importunate and clamorously shrill since he has been fitted up with that horrid railway whistle; and even old Mother Space is growing rather impertinent, when she speaks out of monthly journals licensed to carry but small quantities of bulky goods; yet one thing I must say in spite of them both.

It is, that although we have had from men of memorable genius, Shelley in particular, both direct and indirect attempts (some of them powerful attempts) to realise the great idea of Prometheus, which idea is *so* great, that (like the primeval majesties of Human Innocence, of avenging Deluges that are past, of Fiery visitations yet to come) it has had strength to pass through many climates, and through many religions, without essential loss, but surviving, without tarnish, every furnace of chance and change; so it is that, after all has been done which intellectual power *could* do since Æschylus (and since, Milton in his Satan), no embodiment of the Promethean situation, none of the Promethean character, fixes the attentive eye upon itself with the same secret feeling of fidelity to the vast archetype, as Mr. Landor's "Count Julian." There is in this modern aerolithe the same jewelly lustre, which cannot be mistaken; the same "*non imitabile fulgur*," and the same character of "fracture," or *cleavage*, as mineralogists speak, for its beaming iridescent grandeur, redoubling under the crush of misery. The colour and the coruscation are the same when splintered by violence; the tones of the rocky * harp are the same when swept by sorrow. There is the same spirit of heavenly persecution against his enemy, persecution that would have hung upon his rear, and "burn'd after him to the bottomless pit," though it had yawned for both; there is the same gulf fixed between the possibilities of their reconciliation, the same immortality of resistance, the same abysmal anguish. Did Mr. Landor *consciously* cherish this Æschylean ideal in composing "Count Julian?" I know not: there it is.

* "*'Tis*":—Scotchmen and Irishmen (for a reason which it may be elsewhere worth while explaining) make the same mistake of supposing *'tis* and *'twas* admissible in prose: which is shocking to an English ear, for since 1740 they have become essentially poetic forms, and cannot, without a sense of painful affectation and sentimentality, be used in conversation or in *any* mode of prose. Mr. Landor does not make *that* mistake, but the reduplication of the *'tis* in this line, will he permit me to say? is dreadful. He is wide awake to such blemishes in other men of all nations: so am I. He blazes away all day long against the trespasses of that class, like a man in spring protecting corn-fields against birds. So do I at times. And if ever I publish that work on *Style*, which for years has been in preparation, I fear that, from Mr. Landor, it will be necessary to cull some striking flaws in composition, were it only that in *his* works must be sought some of its most striking brilliancies.

* "*Rocky harp:*"—There are now known other cases, beside the ancient one of Memnon's statue, in which the "deep-grooved" granites, or even the shifting sands of wildernesses, utter mysterious music to ears that watch and wait for the proper combination of circumstances.

SKETCHES IN CITIES.—No. I.

GLASGOW—PAST, PRESENT, AND FUTURE.

LONDON is not inaptly dubbed a wilderness of brick. Glasgow may be called by a name more wonderful—a mighty maze of Portland stone. At Abbotsford, Sir Walter Scott constructed a romance of stone and lime. The merchant princes of Glasgow have built up a great fact of ashlar and mortar. * Substantiality is the extraordinary feature in the greatness of our Scotch cities. There is no city in the world like Edinburgh, save only St. Petersburgh, * where the polished marble of the ranges of palaces transcends the beauty of the granular blocks of Craigleith quarry. The time is not far distant when there was nothing in Glasgow like the modern parts of Edinburgh, excepting Blytheswood Square. Woodside Crescent was not as yet. "Will you go to Kelvin Grove, bonnie lassie, O!" was certainly a popular air,

* Glasgow, even at the close of last century, enjoyed the distinction of being pronounced by the fastidious Pennant "the best built of any second-rate city I ever saw; the houses of stone, and, in general, well built, plain, and unaffected."—*Pennant's Tour.*

* Riding up the Newski Perspective, the most magnificent street in that magnificent city, I felt the stories of its splendour were not exaggerated, and that this was indeed entitled to the proud appellation of the "Palmyra of the North."—*Stephens's Incidents of Travel.*

but never, at that time, executed on a keyed bugle from the top of the Royal Crescent omnibus. The sacred seclusion of that classic grove, and, eke, its pear-tree well, uninvaded by the petrifying approach of its elegant rival, "Ring Grove" (a handsome stone crescent), was only accessible by the dangerous pass of a rickety old wooden bridge, crumbling into visible decay. Now, things are greatly altered. The Great Western Road, traversing, like a huge Roman Way, the lands of Woodside; and spanning, with massive arch, the blue stream of the Kelvin, sends off, in radiations, its incipient lines of architectural splendour. The New Parliamentary Road, stretching its interminable length with more plebeian pretensions in an opposite direction, adds mass upon mass to the municipal structures. Railways penetrate on gigantic viaducts, or through subterranean passages, towards the great civic centre; whilst canals, as if conscious of their slow-going qualities being in arrear of the age, peer in about the suburbs.* At the centre of the city itself, an absolutely new frontage is rapidly superseding the old familiar aspect of Old Glasgow—if aught in Glasgow be subject to be termed old, save the Cathedral and the College. The latter edifice, with its quaint monastic-like quadrangles—not excepting the magnificent Grecian pile of the Hunterian Museum—is about to be numbered with the things that were, by a transference of the College to the lands of Woodside, and the conversion of its area, by Act of Parliament, into a railway terminus! The boast of Augustus, that he had found Rome built of brick and left it of marble, will, in short, ere long, be paralleled in Glasgow. But rebuilding, like knowledge, would seem to be a pursuit sometimes attended with difficulties. We have heard of a foreign wren which, to elude the mischievous pranks of the monkey, builds its pendant nest downwards from the bough of a tree. We actually observed a tall thin tenement in the Trongate of Glasgow in process of being built *downwards*, in the same fashion, in the gap betwixt other two houses, to please, we presume, the Lord Dean of Guild! Those who have known Glasgow only from the novel of "Rob Roy," who have never perused the broadsheet of expanded masonry it now outspreads over many square miles of a densely crowded area—who have heard but of the Salt-Market, the Briggate, the Goosedubs, and the Gorbals, as its leading localities—will hardly imagine that there can be such a region as a fashionable west-end in Glasgow, with its Clarendon Places, and its Apsley Places, where, till recently, the suburban squalor of the Cowcaddens was alone—but not in its glory. We can hardly hope to satisfy such persons that the real Glasgow of which we speak is the Glasgow of their imaginations, so unparalleled has been its progression in beauty and in bounds.

Unhappily, the architectural advances of cities do not cure the evils they conceal. On the contrary, the houses abandoned by the affluent for abodes of greater magnificence, are immediately parcelled out into single rooms amongst the swelling herds of the poor. Whilst the splendour of palaces alone *appears* to be adding grandeur to the new extent, another addition of fearful magnitude is silently accumulating at a city's core unseen! Think, that for every single edifice whose aspect ornaments the magical extension of the New Parliamentary Boundary of Glasgow,* a house of misery, it may be a den of thieves, a haunt of midnight revelry, a *howff* of vice, is somewhere or other within the pent-up precincts of the city, added *also* to its evils! Think, and exclaim with Cowper—

"God made the country, and man made the town!"

Such is Glasgow, seen at a bird's eye glance. But, in the ancient times—so little distant, that their antiquity is nearly an anomaly—it was far different. We have only to go back to the twelfth century, and consider what Glasgow was then;—an ecclesiastical hamlet, hanging on the verge of the romantic Molendinar, in clustered repose, at the base of the gigantic Cathedral. Perhaps there might have been a row of fishermen's huts along the Broomielaw—for clerks in cathedral stalls were fond as cats of fish! The rich ruddy salmon of the Clyde were certain to have hugely tickled their palates,

"On Fridays when they fasted."

How lovely must have been that scene, at the close of that century, when St. Kentigern's was newly rebuilt, after its destruction by fire. Looming through the thin mists that struggled with the early sunshine of summer, might be descried the huge bulk of the long nave and choir, surmounted by the centre tower and spire characteristic of the Gothic structures of the period, emerging on the eye in the full bold definition of its bulk.† The Molendinar, lovely mill-stream of

* The subsisting railways comprehend only the Garnkirk (Wishaw and Coltness), the Ayrshire and the Greenock, the Edinburgh and Glasgow, the Pollock and Govan, and some other coal lines; although a multitude more, including the Neilston and Barrhead Direct, the Caledonian, and the General Terminus lines are advancing, and about to come into operation. The Canals include the *Union Canal*, a branch of the Forth and Clyde Canal; the *Monkland Canal*; and the Paisley and Johnstone *Canal*.

* By a recent Act of Parliament, the City of Glasgow now embraces, in one united municipality, the whole sixteen city districts lying on either side of the Clyde; but which may, in general terms, be described as extending from the bends of the Clyde upon the east to the course of the Kelvin on the west, and as including, along with Glasgow proper, the suburbs of Calton and Milend, Port Dundas, and Anderston, on the north of the river; with Hutchesontown, Gorbals, Laurieston, Tradeston, and Kingston, on the south—all under the government of a "local parliament," or municipal council of 48, and one general system of police, over which the election of a superintendent is pending. Glasgow is now, therefore, owing to the existence of *separate* municipal governments in and around London, the largest municipality in the three kingdoms, considerably exceeding Manchester, both in population and extent.

† John Murdo, the great Scotch master-mason, who had "Melros in kepying," is said to have been the builder of the pile dedicated by John Achaius to St. Mungo, in 1136. It stands 100 feet above the level of the river, is 319 feet long from west to east, 68 feet broad, 90 feet high in the choir, and 68 in the nave; is supported by 147 pillars;

yore! whatever it may be now (and be that nameless), swept bye, over beds of pearl, betwixt overhanging cliffs, romantically precipitous. Woods upon the heights, already vocal with the murmurs of feathered nature, concerted with the unsophisticated, hydraulic strains amidst the pebbles below! They had a decided taste for the picturesque, those polished minions of ancient priestcraft! And it will always be a sufficient answer to every one who denies (as some do) the existence of a site of beauty in or around Glasgow, that *they* selected this for the site of a cathedral dome, out of all the lovely spots that lie along the vale of Clyde, from Stonebyres to Kelvin.

The literal signification of the word or words, "Glas-gow"—*the Grey Smith*—has given rise to the belief that the name originated with some son of Vulcan, who *blazed* away upon the spot prior to its becoming the site of any church. Upon the principles, probably, which served to transmogrify the initial letters of "Aiken Drum's Lang Ladle" into a Roman inscription, the site of the Grey Smith's forge, near that of the Bishop's Castle, has even been traced by the antiquary! The very natural interpretation of "a dark glen" from the British language, and, even from the Celtic, the not improbable one of "the greyhound ferry," have also been given the words, "Glas-gow." There is evidently scope here for traditionary legends; but if any ever hung on the name of Glasgow, they are irrecoverably lost.

The history of Glasgow commences with the fact of its having been one of the stations on the Clyde of the Roman province of Valentia, till A.D. 426, when the Romans finally retired from this island to defend their own imperial city from the inroads of the Goths. Two centuries after their removal, Saint Mungo, or, to speak more politely, Saint Kentigern is said (by Spottiswood) to have founded here "a stately church." Where is it now? The Danes, probably, destroyed it; for of its subsequent fate we know nothing more than the name of Baldred of Inchinnan, the next ecclesiastic in it after Saint Mungo. No matter; it appears that Saint Mungo was canonised as a cathedral saint, in consequence of having instituted this church. At the Culdee era of 560, at which he flourished, this holy man was, perhaps, not so much amiss. Except that his extraction was not particularly reputable—being the bastard of Thametis, the Pictish King Loth's daughter—we have nothing to allege against him. It is a wise child, they say, that knows its own papa. Whatever may have been Saint Mungo's wisdom, he must have entertained very grave doubts on this particular subject. His paternity was imputed to Eugenius III., king of the Scots. Fleeing from a father's wrath, the Saint's unhappy mother was driven, by the winds and waves, upon the Fife coast at Culross, and gave birth to the Saint in that town of coal. Saint Mungo was committed to the care and tuition of Saint Servanus, or Saint Serf, the hermit of Culross (afterwards Bishop of Orkney), the oldest Caledonian pedagogue on record; and, appropriately enough, at an annual "feast," long maintained at Culross, in honour of St. Serf, the chief *insignia* of the procession consisted of branches of scholastic birch! Saint Mungo seems to have retained, through life, a wholesome sense of personal discipline; for, amongst the relics removed to Paris by the last Archbishop, Beaton, left by him to the Scots College and Carthusian Monastery of Paris, to be restored to the people of Glasgow on their return to the bosom of the Church of Rome, and awaiting that consummation since 1839, in the Roman Catholic College of Blairs, Aberdeenshire!—there is, "in a square silver coffin, part of *the scourges* of St. Kentigern, our patron." He probably felt that this discipline "mended his manners," and hence did not "mind the pain." His holy life must, doubtless, have assisted to correct such frailties of his age as that to which he himself traced his being. His solitary asceticism, and his foundation of monasteries in Wales, are less open to approval. His return to Glasgow, establishment of its church, and production of some disciples of celebrity, more immediately concern our present purpose; yet not *much* more immediately. His burial spot, and even his monument, have been pretendedly indicated in the crypt of the Cathedral; but over his grave a gloom, protracted throughout a space of five hundred years, settles down, impenetrable to the antiquarian gaze. Of the character of Saint Mungo* there is not much recorded, even

lighted by 157 windows; but never assumed the perfect crucial form from the south transept (as happened in the neighbouring instance of Paisley Abbey Church), never having been completed, although founded. The altitude of the exquisite central tower is 225 feet. The roofing of the cathedral with lead, by Bishop Spottiswood, previous to 1615, has been the means of retaining it in excellent preservation; although one portion of the unfinished transept is characteristically known as "the dripping aisle." Government having, some time ago, proposed to contribute £10,000, provided a like sum should be contributed by the citizens of Glasgow, for the restoration and preservation of this ancient fabric, to which the community evinced so fervent an attachment as to save it from destruction at the Reformation, the most judicious repairs have, for a length of time past, been proceeding for the renovation of the massive pile. The castle, or residence of the Bishop, adjoined the cathedral; but its remains were removed about fifty years since, and the Glasgow Royal Infirmary erected on the site. Sir Walter Scott's description of the cathedral crypt, the reputed burial-place of St. Mungo, the founder of the cathedral, is too well known to be here repeated. This crypt is a dense colonnade of 65 pillars, some of which are 18 feet in circumference; and, although 18 feet in height, are buried some five or six feet in mortal mould, so that its extensive range of low-browed, dark and twilight vaults are exactly such as are used for sepulchres. Whilst used as a church, for two centuries and a half after the Reformation, this must have continued to be one of the most singular places of worship in Europe, recalling the churches in the catacombs of ancient Rome and early Christianity. Pennant observes, that the congregation might truly say, *Clamavi ex profundis.*

* Alexander Rodger, a poet, whose powers, if not in the sublime, were at least in the pathetic and ridiculous equally manifested, has taken the liberty to insinuate that Saint Mungo was not a member of the temperance society:—

"Sanct Mungo wals ane famous Sanct,
And ane cantye carle wals hee;
Hee drank o' ye Molendinar Burne
Quhan bettere hee couldna prie."—&c.

The poor bard himself has lately passed into that land "from whose bourne no traveller returns." It is paying, perhaps, a poor tribute to his memory to say that the carol

by the *veracious* chroniclers who, in the indolence of lettered ease, have favoured the world with those marvellous relations of the Scottish Breviary, that fully equal the thousand and one nights' recitations which Shahrazád, the Wezeer's daughter, made unto King Shahriyár. The only trace that has descended to us of his being a miracle-worker is couched in St. Mungo's enigma, in the far-famed emblazonry of the Glasgow Civic Arms, thus celebrated in the flowing verse of Zachary Boyd:*—

"This is the tree that never grew;
This is the bird that never flew;
This is the bell that never rang;
This is the fish that never swam." †

To the churchmen of that elegant and artistical era, the twelfth century, must be assigned the merit of imparting to Glasgow its first impulse towards civic honours. To do these venerable voluptuaries justice, in taking care of their own particular ease and comfort, they carried with them, and spread around them, wherever they settled, the arts of peace. With an instinctive taste for the most beautiful localities, they snatched the loveliest spots of our native land from the jaws of desolation, which extraneous feud and intestine faction kept for ever distended to devour and to destroy. Hence the busy mill clacked incessantly below the ancient chimes of matin and of even song, in constant and inseparable concord. Industry found protection beneath the wing of the church alone. Thus, the Molendinar, or mill stream, is the only name by which the flood that laves the banks of the Cathedral grounds, and of the modern Necropolis,* (anciently the Fir Park) is known to fame. The pitch of prosperity and grandeur to which the ecclesiastics of Glasgow raised the place, may be judged of by the circumstance of Bishop Cameron, after building himself a castle, causing each of the thirty-two rectors under him to embellish the town with a manse. The town, notwithstanding, was, till long after the Reformation, confined to the ridge extending from the cathedral; for, in promoting the power and wealth of the see, the ecclesiastics were by no means ambitious to diffuse the enjoyment of its enormous revenues far beyond their own immediate circle. Their spiritual jurisdiction extended into Dumbartonshire, Renfrewshire, Stirlingshire, Lanarkshire, and Ayrshire. The bishops and (after 1500) archbishops were temporal as well as spiritual lords of the royalties and barony of Glasgow, and held, besides, eighteen baronies in Lanarkshire, Dumbartonshire, Ayrshire, Renfrewshire, Peeblesshire, Selkirkshire, Roxburghshire, and the Stewartries of Dumfries and Annandale, extending over two hundred and forty parishes. Their possessions in Cumberland were termed "the spiritual dukedom." Buchanan, however, tells the story of the check which, at the summit of their pride and power, was, shortly after 1426, put upon John Cameron, the bishop (who is described as a good and great

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of "Sanct Mungo" is one of his happiest effusions. Yet we suspect that, upon the principle that they who have the ballads of a country to make, need not care who write its history, the whimsical anachronisms, imputing to the Saint the fact of being frequently "prymed with barleye bree," and staining "his whyte vesture wi' dribblands o' ye still," will serve to mar Saint Mungo's popular reputation.

* Zachary Boyd was a Protestant benefactor of Glasgow College, who, entertaining a lofty opinion of his own rhyming powers, coupled his bequest in favour of that institution, with the condition that the Senatus should undertake the printing of a metrical version of the Bible, of which he was the author. The College authorities evaded the conditions to a certain extent, by producing only two or three copies of Zachary Boyd's Bible, one of which, whereof scraps and quotations float traditionally amongst the students, is preserved in the library. The image of Zachary himself adorns one of the old College quadrangles.

† Mr. Andrew Park, a modern Glasgow poet, dissatisfied with the perpetual infringement on the public dignity of Glasgow, occasioned by the appropriation of the air of "Caller Herrin'" to give eclat to the healths of the Magistrates, on festive occasions, has produced a much more elegant and really appropriate version of this rythmical legend, adapted to the popular air of "Maggie Picken":—

"Let Glasgow flourish by the Word,
And might of every merchant lord,
And institutions, which afford
Good homes the poor to nourish!
A place of commerce, peace, and power,
With wealth and wisdom as her dower,
May still her TREE majestic tower:
Hurra! let Glasgow Flourish!
Here's to the TREE that never sprung;
Here's to the BELL that never rung;
Here's to the BIRD that never sung;
And here's to the CALLER SALMON."—&c.

"Let Glasgow flourish"—by the preaching of the Word," is the modern motto superinduced upon the city arms. The words of the air "Caller Herrin'" unfortunately refer to "bonnie fish," "new drawn frae the *Forth*." We regard the substitution of "caller salmon," therefore, which, singular to relate, continues to this day to be drawn from some of the basest portions of the *Clyde*, below the Broomielaw, as exceedingly apposite—besides that the heraldic fish is decidedly a salmon in size and proportion!

* There is a contrast betwixt these adjoining cities of the dead, parted, as remarked in a local publication, by this Lethe, the Molendinar, which evinces, in a striking manner, the change of public sentiment respecting these last abodes of humanity. The cathedral churchyard is literally flagged over with flat monumental stones, and "though roofed only by the heavens," "its precincts," as Sir Walter Scott says, "resemble the floor of one of our old English churches, where the floor is covered with sepulchral inscriptions;" reminding him of the roll of the prophet, which was "written within and without, and there was written therein lamentations, and mourning, and woe." This is not exactly conform to the specimen Pennant gives of the inscriptions:—

Stay, passenger, and view this stone,
For under it lies such a one,
Who cured many while he lived;
So gracious he no man grieved:
Yea, when his physick's force oft failed,
His pleasant purpose then prevailed;
For of his God he got the grace
To live in mirth and die in peace.
Heaven has his soule, his corpse this stone,
Sigh, passenger, and then be gone.
Doctor Peter Low, 1612.

It is within the cathedral that fragments of the more ancient tombs vainly invite the passenger in obsolete language to the obsolete act of prayer for the souls of the departed. The only rich tomb spared at the Reformation was that belonging to the ancient family of Stewart of Minto, who, from the period of James I. downwards, enjoyed the dignity of the Provostship of Glasgow. The modern Necropolis, on the opposite bank of the Molendinar, approached by a handsome stone bridge, not improperly designated "the Bridge of Sighs," is laid out in the style of *Pere la Chaise*, and surprises the wanderer amongst the tombs at every step with monumental sculpture, creditable to the state of British art. Amongst the tombs are the public monuments to John Knox, the Reformer, and William M'Gavin, the Protestant, surmounted by full-length statues; the burial-place of the Jews, with a column copied from the tomb of Absalom in the valley of Jehosaphat, and the inscription from Byron,

"Oh! weep for those who wept by Babel's stream." &c.

the monuments of William Motherwell and Dugald Moore, the Glasgow poets, with busts by Fillans, &c. &c.

man). While reposing, on a judicial circuit, at a distance of seven miles from Glasgow, he heard the mighty voice of one invisible call him before the tribunal of Christ. His servants, roused from sleep, were struck with sudden terror at the voice they had heard, and the light which shone around them. The bishop, having afterwards taken a book in his hand and began to read, again the same voice was heard by all around, and transfixed their minds with stupor. When it had resounded long, vehemently, and horribly, the bishop, uttering a huge groan, made an effort to speak, but was found dead in bed. This is so palpable an instance, says Buchanan, of Divine vengeance, that the mind is neither prepared to affirm nor refute the fact; nor is it possible to overlook it, when reported by others, and constantly rumoured by tradition.

Throughout the five hundred years of gloom that obscures the history of the see of Glasgow, the country was devastated by the successive and long protracted conflicts of the Picts, Scots, Britons, Saxons, and Danes. The bishopric had been reduced to the verge of decay when John Achaius arose, in whose person it was confirmed. This eminent man was the preceptor, friend, and chaplain of David I., whose zeal for the church procured him canonization, much to the discontent of one of his royal successors, James I., whose income David's devout liberality had impaired, and who, therefore, always spoke of him with more of the impetuous freedom of a poet than of the dignity of a king, as "a sair saunct for the crown." A portion of the diocese of Durham, situated betwixt the Tweed and the border mountains, which had been stripped, in his displeasure, by Henry I. of England, from Ralph Flambard, Bishop of Durham, in 1100, was, by the care of David, then Prince of Cumberland, first annexed to the Bishopric of Glasgow in the reign of Alexander I. of Scotland.

Sixty years afterwards Ingelram, Bishop-elect, and Solomon, Dean of Glasgow, did some service to the cause of their country's independence, being of the number of select deputies who were escorted to Norham Castle to announce to Roger, Archbishop of York (rival of Thomas á Becket) the unanimous denial, by the Scottish clergy, of Roger's pretensions to the office of Roman Legate for Scotland, an appointment gained by misrepresentation, and at variance with the privilege always enjoyed by the Scottish Church, of having the papal representative chosen from amongst themselves. Solomon the Dean was one of those whose eloquence and ability were engaged in this debate in defence of the national privileges. The Archbishop of York was not prevailed upon to lay aside his pretensions. But a bull from Pope Alexander III. soon afterwards decided the Scotch Church to be independent of all save the Roman See. Robert Wiseheart, Bishop of Glasgow, when attending at Norham, Edward the First's arbitrement of the claims of Bruce and Baliol, as a lord of the Scottish regency, appointed on the deaths of Alexander III. and the Maiden of Norway—again withstood the English king's pretensions to the superiority of Scotland, and told him that their ancestors had always defended themselves against the Romans, Picts, Britons, Saxons, Danes, and all others who had attempted to usurp their liberties. These things may be regarded as forming the prelude to that celebrated epistle of independence which Robert Bruce and his parliament at Aberbrothock penned to the Pope in 1330.

The building of the cathedral was accomplished by John Achaius in 1136, and the origin of the commercial greatness of the community sheltered beneath its wing may be traced, about forty years subsequently, in the charters of William the Lion. One of these charters authorises the Bishop to hold "a weekly mercat;" the other grants the privilege of an annual fair (still kept up in the second week of July) "from the 8th of the Apostle Peter, (29th June, O. S.) and for eight days complete." William the Lion, moreover, placed Glasgow upon the independent footing of a Royal Burgh by another charter, which seems, however, to have been ineffectual to protect the rights of the future "queen of the west" against the exertions of the more ancient and powerful burghs of Rutherglen and Renfrew; for, however insignificant these little villages may now appear, Glasgow, in 1242, required for its protection a new charter of independence from Alexander II.

The last five hundred years have never witnessed a time when the scenes of the exploits of the patriot Wallace were indifferent to the common mass of the Scottish people. The spot called the Bell of the Brae, in the High Street of Glasgow,* is therefore consecrated to popular story. It recalls one of the boldest acts of a man sprung from the middle ranks of society, who struck many a vigorous blow for his country's independence when her greatest barons, corrupted by English munificence, dismayed by the feebleness and poverty of their native land, or jealous of the popular champion's influence and renown, were sunk or lost in treachery or in apathy.

* Even after the formation of streets had proceeded some length in Glasgow, the boundary of the town extended but a short space around the minster church; if we may judge from the position of the *Rottenrow*, or street of processions—a sort of street to be met with in most ecclesiastical towns, and which usually obtained its name in Catholic times from the numerous processions connected with the Romish ritual passing through it as the extreme limit available for the purposes of that ostentatious parade to which it was addicted. The walled town was also, for reasons of defence, confined for a long time to the summit of the hill. It appears that, in 1300, the town reached somewhat lower—from the terrible rencontre betwixt Percy and Wallace having occurred in High Street, *below* "The Bell of the Brae." This ancient portion of the town continued until within the last thirty years to present an array of the most antique dwellings in Glasgow; all now replaced by the every-day aspect of plain matter-of-fact six-storey houses. Traces of antiquity yet linger in the old street called the Drygate, as well as in the Rottenrow. But, as the town dwellings of our ancestors were mostly built of wood, besides their unhealthy fashion of packing them away in narrow lanes and closes off the main streets, which, in the case of Glasgow, undoubtedly provoked four visitations of the plague during the 14th, and five during the 17th century, perpetuating also the disease of leprosy down at least to 1589, when lepers were still contained in the Lazar-house of Gorbals—it is the less to be wondered at that so few of the Dutch-built wooden houses of old, with their quaint gables, piazzas, and galleries, now remain.

With indomitable energy and terrible resolution, a spirit which the love of country rendered audacious, and a sense of her wrongs relentless; with the chivalry of knighthood mellowing in his heart the ferocity engendered by oppression—Wallace was one who, whilst he could weep his country's woes, could bleed to avenge them. Living under the union of the hostile crowns, how can we conceive the bitter animosity which must have rankled at the core of Scottish society under the military despotism of England? How can we expect to catch so much as a glimpse of that ardent enthusiasm with which the devoted patriots of that forty years' war rallied round the champion Wallace? The presence of the hero has consecrated every spot to which it can be traced. His trees at Elderslie, both mouldering oak and tough old yew; the house in which he is alleged to have been born; the stone with its W. W. W. built into the neighbouring church wall; the place where young Selby fell in his pride at Dundee; Wallace's dizzy track on horseback over Kinnoul Cliff, whence he swam his steed across the Tay, and found a refuge at Lindores; the site of the "burnt barns of Ayr;" the "Bell of the Brae" in Glasgow; as many caves in various parts of Scotland echoing to his name, as there are caverns in the Scottish Highlands resounding to the fabled name of Fingal; and last, not least, his gigantic sword (long as it seems, wanting still nine inches off the point!) in Dumbarton Castle, and the chamber or guardhouse in which he was immured betwixt the clefts of Dumbarton Rock, associated with the lasting infamy of Menteith, the traitor;—such are the memorials that preserve in Scotland the fame of him to whom the country, that owes a monument, never yet paid a single tribute. The possession of a historic site connected with the name of Wallace must be classed amongst the chief boasts of the city of Glasgow.

The exploits of Wallace, in consequence of the loss of the Latin memoir of his chaplain, Blair, are chiefly recorded in the Scots Metre of Blind Harry, a wandering minstrel of the era of 1460. This rhymster deserves to be regarded as the Homer of his country. Hamilton of Gilbertfield's modernised Scotch version of Blind Harry's Wallace has long animated the spirit of the Scottish peasant. This was the book that enkindled the early genius of Robert Burns. The blind bard's strains, however debased by vulgar innovations on their original sturdy vigour, have, under every modification, evinced the ardour of a poetic, and even the graces of a polished, mind. Certain embellishments bestowed upon his narrative, such as the terrible apparition of the slaughtered Faudoun holding his bloody head in his hand amidst the flames of the burning castle of Gask, have excited an unreasonable prejudice against his veracity. Harry is also reputed to have been blind from infancy, so that he could never have consulted for himself the *original Latin* memoir of Blair, if such a *work ever existed*. On the other hand, it is *alleged that he was* a monk of the Clugniac monastery of Paisley, the most accomplished community of the age, to whom we are indebted for the major part of Scottish history contained in the celebrated Black Book of Paisley.* However it may have been that the minstrel ultimately became blind, that he could at one time see *to write*, is manifested once and again in the course of his poem of Wallace.† Who, then, can doubt that the minstrel drew his materials directly from Blair's authentic memoir, when he winds up his poem with this explicit avowal:—

> "Thus in defence the hero ends his days
> Of Scotland's right to his immortal praise,
> Whose valiant acts were all recorded fair—
> Written in Latin by the famous Blair."

Not only has the truth of Blind Harry's statements met with general confirmation in contemporary history, but even where that "old almanac" is silent upon the subject of Wallace's visit to France, any documents since recovered support Blind Harry's account of Wallace's exploits. We offer these reasons out of many and even stronger sentiments of reliance upon Blind Harry's account of the battle of "the Bell of the Brae." We deem the apology for appealing to such an authority by no means a lame one, nor yet quite uncalled for, since, as unfortunately happens with too many of Wallace's transactions, there is no other authority to cite.

The English had made truce with Wallace as Governor of Scotland for one year, commencing in February, 1300; but in breach of it, proclaimed in June of the same year a Justice-Air, which they converted to the purpose of entrapping and presently executing the friends of Wallace under colour of justice, but without form of trial, as they singly and successively entered a barn prepared for the purpose, with a high baulk for a gibbet. This fate was more expressly intended for Wallace himself, and he narrowly escaped it by coming later than the rest to the place of rendezvous. Warned by a woman on his way of the murderous deeds thus perpetrated, Wallace did not enter the town of Ayr till after nightfall, when, with the aid of what force he could hurriedly collect, he burned 5000 Englishmen in the houses, the doors of which the same woman had marked with chalk, where they were mostly all asleep. He also gained possession of the castle by an ambush, upon the terrified garrison issuing forth to extinguish the conflagration.

Mounting 300 cavalry on horses taken from the English, he instantly set out for Glasgow, which he reached at 10 a.m., just in time to prevent the

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* *Liber Niger Pasleti:* British Museum.

† Thus, in his opening anathema against
"Picts, Danes, and Saxons, Scotland's very pest,"
he says, in reference to
"——illustrious patriots and bold,
Who boldly did maintain our rights of old,
Of such, I say, I'll brag and vaunt so long
As I have power to use *my pen* or tongue."
—*Hamilton's Version.*
And in concluding the first book, he says—
"This ends the first book—here *I draw my score.*"
As also, in concluding the second—
"Here ends my second book, I say no more,
But quietly I draw *a second score.*"

horrors of another "Justice-Air" being inflicted by Bishop Beik and Lord Henry Percy* on the gentlemen of Clydesdale. Wallace and his company succeeded in passing the bridge over the Clyde ere the English were apprised of their approach. Percy immediately drew out his force, consisting of 1,000 men in armour, in order of battle, under his own and the Bishop's command, and prepared to dispute with Wallace the passage of the High Street. Wallace, having reconnoitred the foe, ascertained their strength; and, in consequence, divided his company into two squadrons. One of these he despatched, under command of his uncle, Adam Wallace, and Alexander Auchinleck, to outflank the enemy. They took the route by St. Mungo's Lane, and gained the north-east of the town, behind the Drygate, unperceived. By this means they were enabled to attack the enemy in the rear, or, as Wallace jeeringly expressed it, "to bear up the Bishop's tail"—an expression which was caught up, and bandied about throughout the day, as the watchword of the Scottish onset. Wallace, in person, along with Robert Boyd, led on the remaining squadron against the van of Percy's Northumbrians. The English were astonished when they beheld a mere handful of horsemen advance up the street to attack them. But the narrowness of the space counterbalanced the advantage of numbers; and one of the fiercest encounters ever witnessed betwixt parties belonging to the contending nations ensued, upon the Ensign who was with Percy and the Bishop demanding of the Scots—who and what they were? Sparks flew from the clashing swords as if the collision had been that of flint and steel. Beneath the desperate blows of the Scots heaps of slain began to strew the street. Their sword points frequently pierced the very steel plates with which the Southern warriors were clad. The dust of the conflict arose in clouds fit to darken the sun. Bent on acquiring honour, each Scotsman put forth his greatest energies; and, though pressed by numbers, fought gallantly, and pushed forward amongst the enemy. On the other hand, Percy's men, expert in war, fought fiercely, and never flinched a foot. But Adam Wallace and Auchinleck having effected their circuitous movement, entered, sword in hand, amidst the heat of the contest. Some of the English bravely faced about, and charged the Scots resolutely and impetuously. They were ultimately compelled to give way, as the new-comers, being fresh, fought keenly and eagerly, making such gaps amongst the foe as gave them ample elbow-room. In the thick of the carnage, Wallace, with his tremendous sword, drew such a stroke at the head of Percy as actually shred the skull, sending the bone in one direction, whilst the brain was scattered in another. Bishop Beik's men, perceiving the death of Percy, speedily retreated, by the Rotten-row, to the Friars' Church, and out through the wood; of which, however, they durst not long venture to retain possession, but hurriedly fled from thence to Bothwell. Wallace followed up his advantage by a pursuit, which, notwithstanding the exhaustion of himself and his followers, he protracted till dawn, cutting down many of the fugitives.—Thus ended one of the most glorious achievements of Wallace, in which fell seven hundred Englishmen, with their valiant leader, Lord Henry Percy. Those who found refuge along with Bishop Beik and Sir Aymer de Vallance, in the stronghold of Bothwell, did not exceed three hundred men.*

The foundation of the University in 1450 by Bishop Turnbull, who obtained for the purpose a charter from King James II., and a bull from Pope Nicholas V. — must not be omitted as amongst the chief things which contributed to the extension of Glasgow.

During the regency of Arran, in the minority of Queen Mary, the Castle was the scene of a bloody siege and massacre of the surrendering garrison, under the Earl of Lennox, who had defended it with brass guns; and a place called "the Butts," near the present Infantry barracks, where the "Weaponschaw" used to be held, was signalised by a sanguinary engagement between Arran and the Earl of Glencairn. The citizens took part with Glencairn, and Arran being again triumphant, gave their city up to plunder. The battle of Langside, which decided the fate of the unfortunate Mary, was fought in the immediate neighbourhood, a mile and a half south of the city, the citizens taking part with the Regent Murray, in retaliation for the sacking of the town after "the Battle of the Butts." The mills of Partick, on the Kelvin, still belonging to the incorporation of bakers, were given them on this occasion, for supplying the army with bread.

The zeal of the Reformation nowhere broke out with greater fervour than in Glasgow; but such was the attachment of the citizens to the cathedral fabric, that though urged to its destruction as an idolatrous monument by Mr. Andrew Melville, the Principal of the college, and a day set for the purpose, when the men of Renfrew and Rutherglen, headed by their preachers, repaired to the spot at tuck of drum; the men of Glasgow rose up in its defence, and only yielded to a compromise for the destruction of the monumental and other images, preserving the building itself entire. The Cathedral of Glasgow thus remains, with exception of that of St. Magnus of Kirkwall in Orkney, the only entire Minster fabric in Scotland.

Glasgow is memorable in the Ecclesiastical Annals of Scotland as the seat of the Great As-

* Not as vulgarly supposed the "Hotspur" of Shakspere, who flourished half or three quarters of a century later, but probably another son or brother of the Earl of Northumberland, bearing the same name—a name likewise borne by the Earl of this period; but there is reason to suppose that the Earl himself, though invested with the English command, was absent in another part of the country.

* Andrew Brown, in his History of Glasgow, 1797, has fallen into an error, the more unaccountable as he endeavours, like us, to follow Blind Harry. He states that it was Wallace who, at the close of the fight, was unable to keep the wood, and sought refuge in Bothwell! Exactly the reverse was the case. Bothwell was then in the hands of the English. Wallace pursued them thither: he afterwards rode to Dundaff ere he partook of rest; and, reciting the occurrences at Ayr and Glasgow, abode there five days with Sir John the Graham.

sembly of 1638, which established the independence of the Presbyterian Kirk, rejected the service-book of Archbishop Laud, refused to be dissolved by the Royal Commissioner, and, countenanced by the presence of the Earl of Argyle, tried, deposed, and excommunicated the Bishops, abjured Episcopacy, and adopted the Covenant.

Glasgow was visited, in the course of the civil wars, by two very opposite characters—Montrose and Cromwell. The stay of Montrose was brief; for the plague raged in the town; but he did not spare the citizens. Cromwell received his levees in Silvercraigs House, Saltmarket, nearly opposite to the Briggate, and acted a sanctimonious part to admiration, giving the ministers who waited upon him invariably a prayer. He attended the preaching of Zachary Boyd, in the Cathedral Church. Honest Zacharias railed sternly at the man of blood. "Shall I pistol the scoundrel?" whispered Secretary Thurlow to Cromwell. "No, no," answered Oliver, "we shall manage him in another way." The clergy supped with him in the evening. Their entertainment was a prayer, which lasted till three in the morning! It is worthy of remark that a number of Cromwell's soldiers settled in Glasgow, who having originally been English tradesmen, contributed somewhat to improve the trade of the place.

The principal streets—Saltmarket, Trongate, and High Street—were destroyed by fire in 1652; and rebuilt of stone, having previously been built or faced with wood. The inhabitants encamped in the open fields, and the loss was computed at £100,000. Another fire destroyed one hundred and thirty houses in 1677.

The Committee of Privy Council, after the Restoration, having ejected 400 ministers from their parishes, brought down "the Highland Host" of ten thousand upon Glasgow in 1678, and compelled the signature of a bond preventing intercourse with the exiled ministers. As the Highlanders were departing with their plunder, the students of the College kept the bridge against two thousand of them, and permitting only forty to pass at once, eased them of their burdens. The Covenanters made an unsuccessful attempt to take Glasgow from the Royal troops after the battle of Drumclog. On the landing of the Prince of Orange in 1689, the city levied, equipped, and marched to Edinburgh in a single day a complete regiment, under the Earl of Argyle, to guard the Convention of Estates, deliberating on the settlement of the Crown upon William and Mary. In the effervescence of a similar spirit, anti-popish riots broke out in Glasgow in 1780, akin to those of Lord George Gordon in London, with whom eighty-five Glasgow Societies, numbering 12,000 members, had kept up a correspondence.

We have not attempted, amidst these old-world details, to touch upon the great features of local importance in Glasgow—her commerce, shipping, manufactures, iron and other trades, public works and institutions—to which we must avail ourselves of a future opportunity to recur. The few peculiarities which a society so cosmopolite in its character as that of Glasgow can possibly be found to possess, even though we should descend to the stray humours of its idiosyncracy, have been amply and aptly illustrated, so far, at least, as concerns the last thirty years, by local publications. And we are not sure that the traits there unfolded would be altogether unacceptable to the general reader. We particularly refer to the publications of an eminent Glasgow bookseller, who having had the ballads of the city to write, need care little who writes its history. To say truth, we pretend not either to the one avocation or the other. But our sketch will scarcely bear more than an allusion to the humours of the days of the Glasgow Loyal Volunteers—of Captain Hunter and his merry men—of the civic signs, a mass of gilded literature overspreading the walls—of their baneful effects in distracting from their duty the attention of the rustic Yeomanry Cavalry from the neighbourhood—of that fine old beau, Captain Paton—of the city Homer, Blind Alick—and the city Demosthenes, Hawkie.

ARGUMENTS FOR THE REPEAL OF THE UNION.

BY JOHN O'CONNELL, M.P.

It was on no theory, but on a very practical point, indeed, that we mentioned, at page 44 of the last number of this Magazine, the demand in Ireland for a "Repeal of the Legislative Union." The point was *Money*; and the argument indicated was, that, by the operation of no measure, nor set of measures, short of that just named, could money be retained, made to circulate, and increased in Ireland; and thus a natural and healthful stimulus be given to all the branches of industry in that country.

There is a common and a very loud outcry against what is called "sentiment," in arguing measures of State policy. A deference may be shown to this outcry, without thereby acknowledging its entire reasonableness. A case may be so strong in natural right and justice as to be easily and triumphantly maintainable in any of the several points of view in which it shall chance to be investigated; and such a case, in the opinion of the great majority of the Irish nation, is that which they make for the "Repeal of the Legislative Union," and restoration of their native Parliament.

It is quite certain that the directly *practical* point of view is that alone in which the *very* practical English mind will at all condescend to consider this Irish opinion; and, therefore, without any abandonment whatsoever of those warm feelings of nationality and love of the native soil, which, like the affections of private life, have been implanted in our hearts by the Creator for

his own beneficent purposes (and are, therefore, when duly regulated and directed, quite as honourable and as deserving of respect), the Irish advocates of Repeal may, with a safe conscience, as they do, with a willing heart, approach the argument, on the plain practical points alone, of their favourite measure. They profess and feel an entire incapability of comprehending by what other measure, or set of measures, the wasting money-drains can be checked; and the healthful circulation, and natural increase and re-production of capital be promoted. In the last number of this Magazine, the article to which reference has already been made treated shortly of the much-spoken-of project of a general reclamation of the Irish waste lands, and the equally canvassed proposition of an extended system of Poor Laws in Ireland. At the best, the reclamation of waste lands, if carried out, can but indirectly, and after a period of *some* time at least, produce an increase of the national wealth. There is, at the best, little in it at all likely to create any surplus of capital beyond what the reclamation-process itself, the due cultivation of the reclaimed soil, and the proper support of those located upon it, must require; and many, who have well considered the subject, express their suspicion that the inevitable waste attending a Government experiment in agriculture will anticipate and absorb every penny of what might otherwise constitute that surplus. And, under the most successful plan, the additions to the productive land of the country will scarcely keep pace with the increase of the population, aided as the latter is likely to be by a *decrease* of the annual emigration. Nay, it is but the other day that an English journalist announced, as a strong probability, that, as soon as the Government should have actually committed themselves with the reclamation project, a pretty extensive *immigration* into Ireland, from other parts of the empire, would take place.

Poor Laws have, indeed, to do with the circulation of money, but only in the way of interference (by re-distribution) with that otherwise existing. And while no one has pretended that they open up new sources of wealth, their absorbing tendency, which frightened England into her *fiftieth* experiment upon them, some twelve years ago, is now, notwithstanding the boasted *amendment* of that state, once again becoming a matter of most serious alarm.

Additions to the elective franchise, even with *some* addition (small in *any* case, as English jealousy would scarcely permit it to be otherwise), to the number of Irish representatives in the United Parliament—enlargement of municipal privileges—civil equality among all the inhabitants of Ireland—these, and such as these, are, undoubtedly, points of importance and of value; but do not, of themselves, create or circulate wealth. The aggregation or combination of the individually inefficient measures just alluded to could have little more effect in making them *collectively* potent than the aggregation and combination of cyphers can be made to express a power in numerals.

What, then, will stop the drains, and circulate and increase the money of Ireland? To stop the drains, a beginning should be made with the severest of them, that of the absentee rents—five out of the twelve or thirteen millions composing the rental of Ireland. To do this, as has been remarked in our former article, an absentee-tax is the first obvious expedient. This strong measure of interference with property and with individual volition is not necessary, say the advocates of "Repeal of the Union;" while, by restoring to Ireland her Parliament, you can substitute a milder and more natural form of the, in all shapes efficient, coercion of self-interest.

Give, then, in order to induce *home*-residence, the object and the interest of watching and directing, by their personal weight, in either House, or influencing, by efforts out of doors, the legislation which is to affect their rights and properties. Give them the strong inducement to stay at home during, at least, part of the Parliamentary recess, which the advisability of conciliating the electors will supply, now that the old *handy* mode of packing Parliament, by means of pocket-boroughs, is gone, and gone for ever. Mr. M'Culloch's theory—that absenteeism is no loss to a country—is equally gone for ever; abandoned, or, at least, no longer defended by its unnatural parent. The benefit of the personal expenditure of the returned absentee no one now is hardy enough to question. Monies now altogether lost to Ireland—lost to her as if they were flung from her cliffs into the sea—would then be retained, and in constant circulation; passing and re-passing, from hand to hand, in each locality—in small sums, perhaps, but still with the beneficial effect that is ever attendant upon the quick and frequent turning and returnings even of the smallest capitals. The increased expenditure in Dublin would then meet and commingle with the smaller circles of prosperity spreading from a thousand minor localities; and the entire surface of society be redeemed from the dead, dull stagnation now brooding heavily upon it.

Can it at all be maintained, or for a moment advanced, that the inducements dwelt upon in the foregoing paragraphs would not be abundantly efficient in causing the absentee proprietors to return to their long-neglected duties at home? Should they not be designated as madmen, who would voluntarily and deliberately forego the powers in their own hands of guarding their own interests, the more especially when such neglect on their part involved also an abandonment of *duties* as well as powers, to such an extent and in such a degree as richly to deserve and assuredly to call forth a punishment of commensurate severity? The first step of that punishment, viz., the enactment of an absentee-tax, an Irish Parliament would of course be quite as competent to pass as is the United Parliament, and to increase it if the first moderate rates should prove inefficient. Thus one of the heaviest items of "money-drain" from Ireland would be speedily and effectively checked and prevented; and, by the circulation at home of the restored monies,

an impulse would be given to industry and enterprise throughout the land.

Seven hundred thousand pounds in *the year* of the produce of Irish revenue, now sent to England after all the Irish expenses of government are provided for, would also be retained at home. And this, not with any damage, but, on the contrary, with great benefit to the empire: there being imperial purposes not only that can be as well served in Ireland as elsewhere, but some that can be *better* served there. For instance, there are the establishments of the navy—afloat and ashore. Why should there not be at least *one* royal dock-yard in Ireland, when there are four in England, besides minor establishments for naval purposes? Why should there not be a division, and a large division, of the fleet in Irish ports?

It is unnecessary for us here to do more than allude to three circumstances of great advantage in such an arrangement:—First, The greater facility of recruiting among that class which so excellent a Judge as Lord Collingwood, and also many other distinguished naval officers, declared to produce in a short time the best and most valuable seamen—Irish boys, sons of fishermen and labourers on the coast. Second, The greater capaciousness and security of the Irish harbours; and, third, their far better geographical position—enabling vessels and fleets to get to sea, entirely clear of all land, weeks and months sometimes before, with the same winds and weather, they could possibly get out of the English Channel. The unanimous testimony of all naval men upon this point, and the reports of the Parliamentary committees and commissioners who have from time to time had it under their consideration, render quite superfluous any further comment here. The arrangement we propose has already been adopted, and indeed is long in action with reference to the army and ordnance expenditure of the empire. Under these two heads, or, for convenience, adding them together and making one conjoint head, we find the following sums set down for Great Britain and Ireland respectively:—

	Great Britain.	Ireland.
Army and Ordnance.....	£6,830,000.	£1,270,000.

It is to be borne in mind that these sums make up the total of the army and ordnance expenditure, not for purposes in Great Britain and Ireland alone, but for those purposes in the colonies and dependencies also—in Canada, and British North America, Gibraltar, and the other Mediterranean stations, the East and West Indies, &c.—in fact, throughout every division and subdivision of the empire. Here, then, we have Ireland providing for, and punctually defraying *one-fifth* of the entire cost of the army and ordnance establishments of this mighty and wide-spread empire, although her general fiscal ability has been declared by Peel and Goulburn to be no higher than one-ninth of the British. The importance of the effort can thus be appreciated; and yet she does not complain of having to make it, as *the money is spent at home*. No one can say that the interests of the empire suffer from this arrangement. Did they do so, it has been, and is always in the power of the Government of the day to change it; but they have not seen fit to make any alteration. Why should not a similar arrangement be carried out with respect to the naval expenditure of the empire? And carried out it most assuredly would be had Ireland her own Parliament. By this, and by the action on the absentees before alluded to, there would then be nearly six millions of money spent in Ireland which is now annually lost to her. Such monies would naturally and legitimately turn into the channels of trade—the decayed and perishing manufactures of Ireland would revive again, now that capital and rich customers had come home—employment and means of sustenance other than that hitherto to be sought only by occupation of land would become rife and abundant;—agriculture would, in its turn, receive a stimulus from the new demand for its products, arising from the improved pecuniary condition of the artizan class—the returns to the State revenue would largely increase with the increase of means throughout the population, and thus benefits of the most valuable and permanent description would be realised, not to Ireland alone, but to Great Britain, by the natural operation of measures, easily within reach, and most entirely recommended by justice, as well as by good policy. It is very true, indeed, that to cause the absentees to return to Ireland, the violent, but effective, agency of a tax upon that class is quite as much at the command of the United Parliament as it would be at the command of a restored Irish Parliament; and that the former body could also, if they pleased, cause the entire of the Irish revenue to be spent at home, and so deliver Ireland from the heavy six-millions' drain above mentioned. These two things done, the same results of general prosperity would be found to follow, and, therefore, "Repeal" is unnecessary to ensure them.

That "there is much virtue in an *if*," is an old and trite saying, and your *if* in the foregoing proposition plays an important part.

"*If it* pleased" the United Parliament to do these things, assuredly the results predicted would follow. But the United Parliament has never shown, of late, or at any time, the slightest disposition to do them. And the advocates of Repeal would be only too glad to see such a disposition, and would willingly yield up all the advantages which its absence gives their arguments now, were such a disposition on the part of the United Parliament at last to make itself evident.

They would gladly yield up these advantages, even if the loss of them deprived the demand for "Repeal" of all its power. But they are ready to show that there are far other and more extensive considerations of right and justice to be disposed of ere it could be shown that to acquiesce finally in a system of united legislation, would be anything short of acquiescence in a system of permanent injustice and degradation to Ireland.

This brings the question of "Repeal" face to face with us, to be argued on its own merits, or demerits, plainly and directly; and not with reference to any temporary expedients the present distress may require.

What are the objections *bonâ fide* or otherwise, which are usually urged against Repeal?

It will be more convenient to state them all together first, and afterwards make the due distinction between them. It is, then, objected to the proposition for a "Repeal of the Legislative Union between Great Britain and Ireland"—First, That such a measure would "destroy the unity of the empire." Second, That it would give encouragement and opportunity to foreign invasion and domestic rebellion. Third, That the harmonious action of two legislatures in the same empire, entirely distinct from, and independent of, each other, would be found an impossibility. And this objection is supposed to be quite triumphantly established by a reference to a historical fact of but some sixty years' date—the difference between the British and the Irish parliaments, upon the question of a "Regency," on the occurrence of the first illness of George III. Fourth, That differences of other kinds, quite equal in gravity, but not so easily to be got over by a lucky chance (such as the quick recovery of the old king, which abruptly and completely terminated the dispute alluded to), would be certain to arise, in matters of trade, of finance, of foreign and colonial relations—above all, on the subjects of war and peace. Fifth, (And this displays a very philanthropic and kindly anxiety for our welfare—an anxiety which, it is to be regretted, does not appear to be quite appreciated in Ireland)—The expenses of separate government and parliamentary establishments in Ireland, and other public charges inevitably to be thrown on Ireland alone—as England should not be expected to make disbursements over which *her* parliament was not to exercise any control—would be ruinous to Ireland! Her present exemptions from taxation, as compared with other parts of the United Kingdom, would cease, and, instead of them, a higher and heavier proportion of taxation should inevitably be substituted! "We *will not allow you* to ruin yourselves," is the kind assurance given by the opponents of Irish legislative independence to its advocates. Sixth, The Repeal of the Union would lead, directly or indirectly, remotely or immediately, to Catholic ascendancy; or, (to use the words of an English newspaper, some time ago, when—not *discussing*—for that the English press will not condescend to do—but alluding to the Irish cry for "Repeal") "to a state of things in which the rights and liberties, civil and religious, of the minority in Ireland, would meet with very little consideration indeed at the hands of the majority." Seventh, That the Irish are not fit, or competent, to manage their own affairs.

We believe we have now fully stated, at least, the main and leading points relied upon in the argument, or clamour, as it should far more properly be designated; for its utterers will not design even to argue against the national demand in Ireland for the "Repeal of the Union." If there be any points omitted, it has not been with design; and the discussion of those just enumerated will, in all probability, necessarily lead to a recollection and a due consideration of them.

To "begin with the beginning," we take the objection No 1.—viz., "That Repeal would destroy the unity of the empire." To us it appears that an indispensable preliminary to a right examination of this objection must be a right comprehension of what *is* the unity of the empire which repeal would destroy.

Does it exist at present; and, if so, how does it work?

We have at present a union maintained against the declared will and repeated and most urgent remonstrances and demands of the people of one-third of the British empire. We have that people accusing the Legislative Union of having revived and increased the old plague of absenteeism, which was being stayed and diminished by the operation of an untrammeled and really independent *home*-legislature during the short period of the latter's existence as such—viz. from the year 1782 to 1800.

We have that people accusing the Union of sapping the vitality of manufacturing enterprise in Ireland (by thus depriving it of the support and sustenance derivable from the residence and expenditure of the richest classes in the state), and of the further lamentable consequences that have thence flowed—namely, the necessity of further drains of money to purchase abroad the goods once produced at home; the unnatural and excessive pressure of population upon the single resource of agriculture; the competition for "land"—"land" at any terms—thus occasioned; the excessive rents; the scanty, or no profits; the temptation to landlord cupidity by the forced auction-prices for land; occupancy; the agrarian disturbances, murders, and miseries, thence most prolifically resulting; and, in short, the entire disorder and distraction of the social state.

We have the remonstrances and protests of that people fearfully borne out and warranted by *these* patent, undeniable facts, viz.—That now, for forty-six years, England has had the entire legislative and governmental control of Ireland—of her interests, her resources, and her people. That during those years, several successive Parliamentary committees and Government commissions have had to chronicle the perennial existence and periodic aggravation of a distress and a misery in Ireland without its parallel in the civilised world. That at length the people of Ireland have been reduced down to such a condition, that the failure of one single article of food—the cheapest, the vilest, in so far as the staple of a people's sustenance (and yet, the very worst species and description of that wretched article itself) has plunged them into utter destitution—is causing their deaths by thousands, in despite of the enormous sums of money now being

expended to give employment, and thus enable them to purchase other food — and threatens, ominously, imminently, and most fearfully, an utter disruption of society, and dissolving of it in confusion and blood ! ! !

What answer can be made to this ? *What answer can be needed but this*, to all the objections we have noted and numbered, as made to the demand of the Irish people for the management of their own affairs ? Will it not be in some sort a mockery, if, while such facts stand in the face of day, and cannot, DARE NOT, be denied, the advocates of Repeal should forego the sad and dismal, but tremendous advantage thus given them ; and condescend to argue their great question, as the parish boundaries might be litigated in a vestry squabble !

What say ye, Legislators of England, to this your handywork? What say ye, serene and self-satisfied contemners of " Irish," or perhaps we should say "*Celtic* incapacity and blunderings?" What say ye, cowardly and calumnious newspaper writers—yourselves foully guilty of the deep crime of reviving and exacerbating national animosities, of which you so wrongly and so falsely accuse others? *Could* an Irish Parliament—could any Parliament—could any men, or set of men whatever, more constantly, more cruelly, more fatally mismanage the affairs of unhappy Ireland, than has the boasted United Parliament in which you Englishmen so entirely hold the sway?

What *could* an Irish Parliament have done of evil and of mischief, that *you* have not done? What of good and of right could an Irish Parliament have left undone, that *you*—in your most fatal, most criminal negligence—have not flagrantly omitted? With what reason, then—with what shadow of argument, save, indeed, the plain, unmistakeable, undeniable argument of superior physical force—can you resist our claim, and *our rights* to have given back into our hands the management of our own affairs!

We have been betrayed from our particular answer to a particular objection against "the Repeal," into the general—the overwhelming answer to all and every one of those objections. The appalling and pressing character, however, of the circumstances which furnish that general answer is such as to dispense with any necessity of apology.

It was as impossible to speak or write calmly upon such a subject—impossible, at least, to those who are daily witnesses of those circumstances—as it is impossible for the general answer founded upon them to be refuted.

But we now resume the argument in the strict order of the points proposed to be examined.

Examining the first point more closely, the wording of it must be charged as inaccurate;—and there is little doubt that it is designedly so. Words are things with the common herd of mankind; and it is, therefore, the most ordinary trick of those whose cases are weak to labour to mystify, and excite prejudices, by the abuse of words. "Unity of Parliaments" is by no means "Unity of the Empire;" nor is even the "unity" of legislation necessarily bound up with it. The "Unity of the Empire" perfectly and completely existed while the Irish Parliament was independent.—Unity of legislation and of action existed upon all important points, but particularly and especially on those of *resisting foreign invasion and crushing domestic rebellion*, although the British and Irish Parliaments were entirely distinct, and utterly without power of mutual interference or control. The so-called "unity" now existing is, in fact, little other than that described by Lord Byron, when addressing the House of Lords on this subject—it is " the union of the shark with its prey" —all will, all spontaneous action of Ireland being swallowed up in the devouring maw of British predominance.

The coercion of the will—the trampling upon the opinion—the scoffing at the remonstrance, and the contemptuous spurning of the demand, of the Irish people, can but tend to weaken and endanger, not to consolidate the empire. The true consolidation, the true binding influence, would be that naturally and most certainly resulting from a kindly and amicable arrangement between the two countries, founded on a strict regard for the rights of each—a strict and absolute renunciation of all power of intermeddling with each other—and a thorough and hearty recognition of a common allegiance, but of separate powers and privileges of legislation.

The next charge against the project of a repeal of the legislative union is, that if carried into effect, it would render the empire more vulnerable to foreign invasion, and to domestic insurrection. This charge is controverted alike by history, and by the plain teachings of common sense. It was during the existence of the Irish Parliament that the attempts of the French at the invasion and occupation of Ireland were defeated. And not only did the Irish Parliament repel the invaders, but they amply did their part towards enabling England to fight the enemy abroad. In fact, they did *more* than their part, for they heavily increased the debt of Ireland in order to give assistance.

The following figures will demonstrate this. We give the account for Great Britain also, in order that the efforts of Ireland may be the more appreciated. It will be seen that the debt of England did not double, while that of Ireland increased nearly thirteen-fold ; and that in especial, during the insurrectionary years 1797-98, and 99, the pecuniary exertions of Ireland were enormous :—

Funded and Unfunded Debts, unredeemed, of Great Britain and Ireland respectively, in each of the years from 1791 *to* 1801.

Years.	Great Britain.	Ireland.
1792	£241,811,668	£2,252,667
1793	249,114,516	2,874,267
1794	263,632,894	4,002,451
1795	321,256,823	5,577,098
1796	364,581,572	6,587,467
1797	388,916,734	10,134,674
1798	416,799,075	15,806,723
1799	424,519,343	23,100,785
1800	450,504,984	28,541,157

(Accounts in Appendix, from No. 1 *to No.* 12, *Par. Paper,* 35 *of* 1819.*)*

A separate Irish Parliament having thus efficiently done its duty before, when the empire was engaged in the most tremendous conflict of modern times, the onus lies upon the parties advancing the charge we are noticing, to point out what new elements of danger have been infused into Ireland, to render it impossible that a separate Parliament restored to that country would not equally do its duty on a similar occasion in future.

It surely cannot be pretended that there is more of disaffection now than in 1797 and 1798; or anything in the most distant degree approaching to what then existed. If such an assertion were made, nothing could be more distinctly and clearly condemnatory of the Union, when, under its influence, such feelings should have become increased or perpetuated. But this charge is not a new one by any means. It is as old as the debates upon the Legislative Union. With even more impudent and reckless disregard of facts than at present (because the facts alluded to were then recent—things but of yesterday), it was flung in the teeth of the defenders of the Irish Parliament—a Parliament that certainly had shown no lack of will and effort to crush rebellion and repel foreign invasion; and had effectively accomplished both those objects.

With regard to rebellion, the latter would never have occurred had the Government been as true to its duty as was the Irish Parliament. It is now established beyond the possibility of controversy—the facts being patent in the Report of the Irish House of Lords, printed in the latter end of the year 1798—that the rebellion was fomented by the Government for the purpose of creating a favourable state of things for compelling Ireland to submit to a Legislative Union. The rebellion was, for this purpose, allowed to go on, growing and gathering, for fully eleven months after clear and positive intelligence had been given to the authorities of its existence, and of the names, intentions, and actions, of the chief persons who were engaged in it. One of the colonels (so called) of the United Irishmen—a wretch named Maguane—was a spy in the pay of the Treasury, and he regularly, after each meeting of "colonels," made a report to the Government of all their proceedings. History then contradicts the assertion that an independent Legislature in Ireland is incompatible with the safety of the State from the attacks of its enemies, foreign or domestic. Common sense also controverts it. A people suffering like the Irish, under all the miseries resulting from absentee-legislation—knowing the Legislature but by its inflictions, or its equally criminal neglects and omissions—not having experience of one single benefit even of remote influence, save what was extorted from that Legislature by the confessed terror of civil war—such a people ought assuredly to give a more hopeful prospect to the foreign foe, or to the native incendiary, than would a people in the full enjoyment of their rights under a resident parliament, acquainted with their wants, alive to their interests, and directly and immediately acted upon by their opinions.

It is not without a deep feeling of humiliation that we have entered at all upon a discussion of this emptiest, and, with one exception, most insulting of all the pretences that have been advanced, in bar of the claims and rights of Ireland. In fact, it amounts to nothing short of a direct and unequivocal impeachment of the loyalty of the Irish nation, aristocracy, gentry, and people all alike.

The two former classes can defend themselves, and repudiate for themselves, the base imputation. The conduct—the admirable conduct—of the Irish people speaks for *them*. Their patience—their most wonderful fortitude, under all their oppressions and privations—their cheerful acquiescence and perseverance in a peaceful and constitutional agitation, inevitably protracted as it is, instead of suffering themselves to be maddened into the criminality of seeking redress of their cruel wrongs by force of arms—the sublime moral spectacle thus presented ought to shame, if anything *could* shame, their reckless calumniators out of at least this most utterly unfounded and most unjust imputation.

It is objected, thirdly, That harmonious action could not be expected to exist between two distinct and mutually independent legislatures in the same empire. And reference is made, in support of this point, to the notorious "*Regency* dispute" between the Parliament of Great Britain and that of Ireland in 1789.

What is the exact history of this matter?

In the end of the year 1788, the mental alienation of George III. being then too well known to admit of any attempt at denying it on the part of the Ministry, was formally announced, by Mr. Pitt, in the British Commons, in the first of three resolutions brought forward by him. The second resolution declared, that it was the right of, exclusively, the *British* Parliament to appoint a Regent; and the third called on the House to do so. The Prince of Wales was, accordingly, named; but such restrictions proposed to his powers as would, in fact, have left him but a puppet in the hands of the Queen and Ministry. The resolutions to this effect passed in the end of January.

Upon the 5th of February, before they had been transmitted to Ireland, for the concurrence of the Irish Parliament, the latter met; and, in spite of the efforts of the Irish Government, determined on considering the Regency question, without any reference to what might take place in England. Two or three days after, both Houses passed an address, calling on the Prince of Wales to assume the Regency, with the full powers of the Crown. The Lord Lieutenant refused to transmit the address; but a deputation was appointed by both Houses to bring it over; and votes of censure on the Viceroy, and of a limitation of supplies to three months, were also passed.

The deputation proceeded to London, and were graciously received by the Prince; who postponed his reply on account of some favourable symptoms in the King's health. These symptoms

being immediately followed by recovery, the whole question of Regency fell, of course, to the ground.

Now in this matter the view taken by the Irish Parliament was certainly the most in accordance with the Constitution. Had the King been physically dead, it was the undoubted right of the Prince of Wales to succeed him (as he did some thirty-one years later), with the same powers which George III. himself had wielded. Mental alienation is *civil* death—rendering the throne practically as vacant as in the former case; and, therefore, giving the natural heir and successor a fair right to all the incidents of the high office, which in either case devolved upon him.

Without delaying longer upon this much-vexed question, it is to be remarked that the recurrence of a "regency dispute" (in the event of the restoration of the Irish Parliament) would be provided against by the consent which Ireland is ready to give to an arrangement that should leave the selection of a regent *solely to the British* Parliament—consenting, that whosoever should be King, or Regent *de facto* in England, should be King, or Regent *de jure* in Ireland.

To this the Repealers have from the first declared, and persisted in declaring, their entire readiness to agree.

Ireland would lose nothing, and both she and the empire gain much by such a consent. There would be the great advantage of removing for ever, and obviating one great source of jealousy, of international dissensions, perhaps of general confusion. And there would be no real constitutional *disadvantage*; inasmuch as the control over the finances of their country would still be with the Irish representatives, and, consequently, they would always have in their hands and at their discretion the means which the Constitution has provided for holding despotism in check, and carrying into effect the will of the people, even where in direct opposition to that of their ruler. The allusion to control and disposition of financial matters brings us naturally to the fourth of the objections we are considering—viz. the possible differences between the separate Parliaments of Great Britain or Ireland on the subjects of trade, finance, foreign and colonial relations, war and peace, &c.

Before entering on that of finance, the suggestion of differences in matters of trade and commerce can be disposed of shortly. Whatever previous opinions may have prevailed in either country, the great principle of FREE TRADE—unlimited and universal—has, within the last year, been too fully recognised and established, to leave much fear that any considerable cry can ever again be got up for a return to the miserable and most impolitic intricacies from which, in matters of trade and commerce, the empire is at last so happily emerging. The great principle, then, of "Free Trade," is that which Repealers would evoke in all arrangements on these subjects, that should be entered into between Great Britain and Ireland, in the event of a "Repeal of the Legislative Union" between them, and restoration of the Irish Parliament. The chances of difference on matters of finance, as well as the other objections to repeal, shall be dealt with in the next number of this Magazine.

NOTES ON MR. O'CONNELL'S ARGUMENTS.

WE insert the previous article to answer, so far as we are concerned, the oft-repeated assertion—repeated in the preceding pages—that the English press refuse to discuss the question of repeal. We think, also, that a calm statement of the grounds on which a great agitation has been raised—an agitation occupying the minds of several millions of our fellow-subjects—producing the most intense excitement, and eliciting the attention of distant nations, should be interesting to all the people of Britain and of Ireland. We are not likely to shrink from the earnest agitation of a good cause. The term agitator conveys to us neither a feeling of dread nor abhorrence. But when any man, or any set of men, cause a great movement in society, we wish to know the object they seek, and the reasons for their demand. On this principle, and for this purpose, we have, from the highest source, all that is deemed necessary, at least on the points discussed, to prove the repeal of the Legislative Union to be a just and necessary measure. We cannot, however, publish the paper without expressing our reasons of difference from its conclusions; but that shall be done very briefly.

It commences, at page 111, with a general statement that money can only be made to circulate in Ireland by a repeal of the Union: but Scotland is tolerably prosperous even with the union; and if Cork, Limerick, Galway, and Waterford, could be made to resemble Belfast, we believe the word Repeal would soon be forgotten. And yet Belfast is in Ireland, struggling under all the weight of this Union, and sharing all its burthens along with Limerick and Cork. Belfast is, nevertheless, a prosperous town. Very few seats of manufacture or commerce have done so much since the Union to increase their wealth and manufactures. This Union found it a small fourth or fifth-rate place, set down in a very Slough of Despond, built in a bog, almost level with its river, and famed for almanacs; while, during the years that "the curse has been o'er it" in common with all Ireland, it has added to its shipping, its commerce, its produce, its wealth, and its population, to an extent unequalled by more than one or two Scottish or English towns. The secret is, that its inhabitants appear to have none of the poetry, but much of the practice of "native manufacture." They make few speeches respecting the duty of encouraging home manufactures alone; but they spin immense bundles of yarn, weave enormous quantities of cloth, and compel the absentee landlords to send back their money—go

wherever they may—if they want to buy the best linens and the finest muslins. There is no reason why Cork, the representative city of Munster, should not be equally prosperous with Belfast, the capital of Ulster: at least there can be no legislative reason. The latter began the world with nothing: the former with a fortune in the finest harbour of Europe. The one had to make everything for itself: the other had a business half made. And Cork keeps crying out for national ships to enliven its port; while Belfast builds ships for itself, and could not give berths to idle craft, unless they lay to be stared at a few miles from its harbour. Belfast, and the country that backs it, make a great fact for the Union, and answer many arguments.

The sentimentality of nationalism is very good; so also is that of "countyism;" but the people of Yorkshire would spoil a good idea by insisting on a native parliament meeting in York, with the power of levying taxes and making peace or war.

We do not consider the reclamation of waste lands so trivial an affair as it is said to be, at page 112; for will it not add, even on a contracted scale, homes for a million of people, and property worth eight or ten millions yearly to the country? We cannot regard that as an insignificant matter; and, while we are told that the reclamation of waste land would only afford an interval of rest, yet "a breathing time" of fifteen or twenty years is not to be altogether sneered at. Twenty years will leave little over in the active life of the present generation; and it will be something to secure labour, food, homes, and a property, for the now existing people of Ireland. Poor-laws are an indirect mode of reaching the same end. Out-of-door relief to able-bodied men is a penalty on property for looking only to its rights and neglecting its duties; and a well-ordered system of poor-laws is valuable, not only as a relief, but a preventive of pauperism. Absenteeism is one of the greatest evils of Ireland; but we could make up a long list of absentee proprietors in Scotland; and though we press forward without them, yet the drain of money is disadvantageous. This argument would have more weight if the fascinations of a Dublin parliament could be more attractive than those of London; for the Irish absentees are generally to be found out of the empire—in France, at Naples, or Florence, or Rome; in any place but where their duties are. An absentee tax to meet local purposes—to pay poor-rates, and county rates: a permanent labour act, applicable to those alone who neglect their country and their business, is the remedy for voluntary banishment. The argument of the preceding pages on this head would be more powerful, if the Irish absentees were all to be found in London or in England; but one-half of them cannot be caught there. They do not stop at London, and would not be arrested in their erratic flights by Dublin. The majority of Irish absentees are to be met in France or in Italy; not certainly on account of the superiority in morals, the greater security for life to be gained; or even the economy of living to be practised, in these countries.—In page 113, we are told that Ireland should have, at least, one royal dockyard; and the best arguments are adduced to support the proposal. Royal dockyards should not be distributed on a geographical scale; but because Ireland furnishes the best ports of departure, it should have a royal dockyard, not on account of its being Ireland; but for the general interest. The writer concedes, in the same page, that the United Parliament might pass these measures; and will pass them, we may add, if they are vigorously sought. At page 114, he varies his arguments, or puts them in the form of answers to objections against his favourite scheme. The first objection quoted by him is a valid one:—"Repeal would destroy the unity of the Empire," especially with the conditions on which he seeks that measure. The second objection which he enumerates and resists is, "that it would give encouragement and opportunity to foreign invasion and domestic rebellion." The two objections may be put into one, as the second is mainly a consequence of the first. After recording other five objections that may be made, the writer refers to those most unhappy calamities in the present state of Ireland that really have no connexion with the subject under discussion. The potato disease could not have been prevented by a Dublin Parliament. The pest that withered by its invisible touch the fruits of our fields was not produced by men's legislation. The destroying Angel had nothing to fear from the presence of an aristocracy. The powers and principalities of earth were weak before his strength. He might have crushed armies and senates, as he blasted the food of man and beast. The judgment was irresistible, and by no imaginable course of inference can be traced to the Union. But, then, Mr. O'Connell reasons on the ground that this Union has reduced the people of Ireland to such a state of poverty, as leaves them entirely dependent on potatoes for their daily food. He reasons apparently in forgetfulness of the fact that the French people, in many departments, are equally destitute; and that the suffering of the Belgians is even more intense, if that be possible, than the wants of the Irish people; although both Belgians and French have a Parliament, a capital, a flag, and even a sovereign, for their especial benefit.

We are not surprised that the strongest intellects should be bewildered in the present state of Ireland. Famine and fever render the cool discussion of social and political grievances entirely impossible. How can any man see the wan face of poverty grow into the "waner" face of famine, and be sharpened and lengthened into the cold features of death—death from hunger—and write or speak quietly of the cause? No man could stand by and witness the uncoffined dead hurried into their shallow graves, and barely covered, scarce decently covered by the turf above their heads, yet feel as he might have felt when no

visible or extraordinary judgment was on his land. Still it is perfectly vain to call this sorrow the handywork of any legislators—either those of England, of Belgium, or of France. A legislature may do much to mitigate famine; it may induce habits of forethought to meet famine; it may remove all barriers to the means of supplying local necessities; it may withdraw all impediments to popular prosperity; it may even from the general stock, as in the present instance, supply more or less efficiently the lost fruits of individual labour; it may be mistaken in its measures of relief; but no legislature can be, and none should be, charged with a famine as its handywork, for of all imaginable calamities legislatures have necessarily the greatest dread of famine. Indirectly their laws may induce a state of society most susceptible of such visitations; but this can be only indirectly, and Mr. O'Connell does not name those now existing laws that can be implicated in an indirect way as a cause not of the famine, but of the unpreparedness to meet loss and suffering.

In page 115, the argument is again resumed; and we are reminded that "a unity of Parliaments" is not necessarily "a unity of empire;" and that the former existed "while the Irish Parliament was independent." The Irish Parliament has certainly not been independent for several centuries—never, indeed, since the days of Henry's invasion. The Parliament to which Mr. O'Connell refers was dependent on England; for we care nothing for a theoretical independence, if accompanied by practical thraldom. The members of that Parliament, even the *Hiberniores Hibernices*, were *in* Ireland, without identifying themselves with the majority of its people. Even the reformers of that Parliament, who assembled at Dungannon, and passed a celebrated string of resolutions, desired to rule through the ministry alone. No individual acquainted with Irish history will venture to call the acts of that Parliament forward as any evidence of the shape which the acts of an Irish Parliament would now assume; and at the same time anticipate respect for the argument from other parties equally well acquainted with the history of the country; unless he be prepared to restore, so far as possible, the state of society, the mode of elections, and the qualifications of the elected, as they existed in the period quoted, from 1792 to 1800, and previously. The argument, therefore, built on this statement, disappears on the slightest investigation. The Parliament was not independent—it afforded no representation of the people—and it neither could nor should be restored. This remark carries us down to the second column of the 116th page, leaving the two objections, Nos. 1 and 2, such as they are, untouched. We do not say that the two kingdoms might not remain united under the same crown, as England and Scotland were united at a distant, and Britain and Hanover at a more recent, period; but we cannot suppose the existence of two independent actions without such differences as must prove extremely injurious and inconvenient. The experience hitherto obtained of such unions does not warrant us to seek an experiment of the same kind again; for undoubtedly one state in such circumstances must be more or less subservient to the other. There is a direct acknowledgment of this fact in the remainder of the paper; which is occupied in the discussion of the third objection, another consequence of the first, or, strictly, another mode of stating the first; namely, that "harmonious action could not be expected to exist between two distinct and mutually independent legislatures in the same empire." On one of the questions which might possibly arise between two such legislatures, Mr. O'Connell promises, for Ireland, to resign any claim to choice or selection. The matter is the most delicate that could be raised. He stipulates, for Ireland, that the sovereign *de jure there* shall be whoever is monarch *de facto* in Britain. The stipulation is useless, because no man, and no body of men, have any right to make bargains for posterity. The Ireland of 1947 is not likely to consider itself bound by the compacts of this present Ireland of 1847. The proposal is not merely useless, but unjust. If practical, it would destroy that sentiment of nationality on which so much value is placed. It might make Ireland the helpless doer of a great crime; for it binds her to reject the unfortunate—not because they are wrong, but because they are unsuccessful. To a suffering monarch Ireland might be obliged to say, Your claim is the best—your loss we deplore; but we must refuse the crown you seek, and the asylum you need, because whoever governs Britain, by right or by wrong, must, by right, govern Ireland. The arrangement would overset all sense of moral right or wrong, for it would make that absolutely right in Ireland which was wrong but successful in Britain.

The only other subject mentioned in the yet unfinished argument is "free trade." We know not whether free trade be now the rule of the Repealers, but it was not so always, nor when a protective tax, to be levied on British manufactures, was one of the grand measures spoken of as likely to follow Repeal. How otherwise, indeed, would that measure materially or immediately benefit Irish manufactures? So far as the absentees resident in Britain are concerned, if the Irish could now produce goods under the British price, they would buy them. An English shopkeeper buys his goods at the market where he expects to find the best and cheapest. Irish shopkeepers follow the same rule; and if all the Irish aristocracy were resident in Dublin, the sole advantage gained by the Irish manufacturer would be a very trifling difference in carriage, unless his trade were fictitiously supported, in a sickly growth, by protective duties at the public cost. We freely admit that absenteeism extended to the Continent, or wherever duties are levied on the importation of Irish goods, is a different matter; but the allurements of Dublin would fail to keep persons at home who cannot be stopped by the attractions of London. Another evil springs from an habitual absenteeism—in the neglect of local interests and

improvements; but, for an estate in Donegall or Galway, it matters not whether "the runaway" be in Dublin or London, as in either case he is out of reach.

The paper, on which our notes extend farther than we anticipated, is divided into two parts. The first contains a list of measures that may be carried in the Imperial Parliament; and would be adopted, we believe, by an Irish Parliament. These are the reclamation of waste lands—an improved poor-law—an absentee tax—an addition to the elective franchise—a better division of constituencies, a measure not more necessary for Ireland than for England, as London, for example, has a smaller proportionate representation than all Ireland—and the establishment of a Royal Naval Yard in Ireland, the latter being recommended strongly by considerations of imperial policy. All these measures can be carried in the United Parliament. Only two even involve organic change; and if they were passed it is evident that the inducement to agitate this great question would be reduced.

The second part of the paper is occupied with answers to objections, which have not been stated in their full force, because we are not attempting to debate a question, but to ascertain the grounds adduced in favour of this measure, which has engaged so much attention, and occupied so much time. We have dealt respectfully with the answers to these objections, and we think them insufficient. There are measures even more necessary for the improvement of Ireland than any of those mentioned in the preceding pages. A large portion of its surface is entailed, and in consequence under-cultivated. The abolition of these entails would enable proprietors to sell their mortgaged lands to parties who would reside on and attend to their estate; while the present proprietors would be in more comfortable circumstances, with the balance of their property unencumbered, than in their existing position. Another, and a large section of the entailed land, belongs to great English families, and falls, with other family estates, to the representative of the title; but if these entails were abolished, the Irish estates would come to younger branches of these families, and in course of few years there would be many valuable additions made to the resident landowners of that country.

The shackles on land are felt in England less painfully than in Scotland, and, especially, than in Ireland; because there cultivation of land is not only the staple business, but, in three provinces, almost the exclusive trade of the people. Free trade in land is everywhere a necessity; but in Ireland it has become an essential to existence. Land is the peasant's bread—his children's life. This fact renders the struggle for its occupancy so incessant, arms the mid-day assassin, and converts often a naturally kind and gentle-hearted peasantry into the shelterers of the murderer, and the abettors of his crime.

A few weeks since, a considerable portion of the Earl of Blessington's estates was sold in lots. They were divided and bought in compact divisions by gentlemen, who extended their purchases to sums varying from ten to twenty and twenty-five thousand pounds each; and at prices nearly equal to thirty years' purchase. Some of the buyers were men who have realised by industry in their business considerable sums of money, even in Ireland. There is clearly still some profitable business doing here notwithstanding the Union. They are men—some of them, we know—who will improve the land, deal justly and humanely with their tenantry; and the change will be a happy one in many districts, because the tenants will have practical men of business to counsel, direct, and assist them, instead of an agent cramped by his instructions, and unable, probably, to act in the way that he thought most advisable. Any process that would convert the holders of mortgages into the holders of land would produce the happiest results for Ireland.

We have given a number of pages to this discussion, because it intimately concerns the prosperity of the empire. The wounds of Ireland must be closely traced and cured; for the sufferings of that country will react on the people of England and Scotland, absorbing all in one common wreck, if decisive measures be not adopted to prevent their continuance. We must raise Ireland, or consent to sink in its fall; and, if our advice had any weight with those gentlemen who have great influence with numerous classes of their countrymen, we should urge them to press plain and practical measures on the Legislature—measures calculated to give the people an opportunity of securing food and clothing, and proper homes for themselves and their children; and, when these things are accomplished, we can talk of the poetry of nationalism with comfort and at leisure; for, so far as yet appears, "the broad and cheese" part of the question can be rectified in the Imperial Parliament, *if* it were pressed firmly and vigorously. Let us get at dinner first, and we dispute concerning the dessert afterwards with far more comfort than now that millions are on the verge of starvation.

THE FAMINE-STRICKEN.

I.

You great ones of the earth,
Whose halls each day ring out
With music and with mirth,
With revel and with rout;
Forgetful of the doom
That once on Dives fell—
His corse laid in the tomb,
His soul deep, deep in hell!

II.

And still you dance and sing,
And still your tables groan
With all that wealth can bring
From either distant zone;
Your gold and purple doff,
Ere yet it be too late;
Your revellings leave off,
Lo! Famine's at your gate.

III.

By yon hoval's cheerless hearth,
Scarce shelter'd from the rain,
Her couch the noisome earth,
A mother writhes in pain;
Around her, gauntly spread,
Her ravening offspring cry,
"Bread, bread! dear mother, bread,
Oh, give us! or we die."

IV.

"No bread, my babes! have I,"
The fainting mother cries,
As from her sunken eye
The scalding tear she dries;
"But he that feeds the bird
Within the tangled wood,
Hath pledged his sacred word
His children shall have food."

V.

Close to her wasted form
Her latest-born is prest,
Who draws, still fresh and warm,
The life-stream from her breast.
Two elder children stare,
With wistful eyes, yet dim;
As though they long'd to share
That saving draught with him.

VI.

Her glazed and sunken eye
A transient gleam lights up;
She milks her bosom dry,
Then shares the flowing cup.*
"Thy father went at dawn
Far o'er the mountain-side;
And he'll bring his 'Molly Bawn'
Some bread at eventide."

VII.

The sun has sunk to rest,
The moon peeps o'er the hill;
The bird hath sought her nest,
And all around is still;
Whilst many an anxious eye
Peers through the thickening gloom,
And many a care-fraught sigh
Doth fill that squalid room.

VIII.

A weary, weary watch,
Long, long may ye maintain;
Nor eye nor ear shall catch
His form or voice again.
He toil'd the live-long day,
Nor tasted he of bread,
That, when night brought his pay,
The loved ones might be fed.

IX.

Slow o'er the dreary heath,
Twelve miles he wends his way;
His tottering limbs beneath
Refuse their wonted stay.
Oh! that his once-loved hearth
Again might greet his eyes!
But no; he sinks to earth—
He shivers—gasps—and dies!

* * *

X.

The bitter sleet doth pour,
And fiercely howls the blast,
As on that cabin floor
A mother breathes her last;
All starkly by her lie
Two forms whence life hath fled—
O Christ! that they should die
In a Christian land for bread!

XI.

Oh! stewards of the Lord,
Be mindful of your trust;
For the riches which you hoard,
Or scatter like the dust,
Had turn'd the ravening tooth
Of Famine from its prey,
And caused the lips of youth
To bless you night and day.

XII.

Then, your gold and purple doff,
Ere yet it be too late;
Your revellings leave off,
Lo! Famine's at your gate.
Be mindful of the doom
That once on Dives fell—
His corse laid in the tomb,
His soul cast down to hell!

Cork, 15th Jan., 1847. J. O'B.

BISHOP JEREMY TAYLOR.†

The works of Jeremy Taylor have had, perhaps, a wider range of readers than those of any divine of his age. Their character has tended to preserve for their author such respect as his actions, when he came into power, by no means deserved. Few men ever more successfully trampled on their own counsel than the celebrated author of "The Liberty of Prophesying," and few good men ever more abundantly tasted of adversity to profit so little by the draught. His biographer sees no shading in Taylor's character, or avows none in this small volume containing the story of his life, interspersed with many anecdotes of his contemporaries. The preliminary chapters afford a brief sketch of the progress of the reformation in England, written by one who seems to detest Geneva and Rome in equal proportions. Mr. Wilmott, after detailing the numerous obstacles which it was beginning to surmount, says—

"The return of Roman tyranny under Mary silenced the external activity, without benumbing the internal energy of the religious reform. The lights were extinguished in the windows, but the work was busily carried on within the house. Upon many an invisible forge, the armourer shaped the weapons with which the fight was to be fought in the following reign."

We preserve this extract for subsequent use. It is only with the fifth chapter that we get into Jeremy Taylor's life. He was born at Cambridge in 1615, and died at Lisburn, in Ireland, in 1667. Mr. Willmott says—

"Taylor's father was church-warden of his parish in 1621, and while discharging the humble duties of his calling, seems not to have been indifferent to the cultivation of his mind." In the present day, the calling of a church-warden is not so very "humble;" but probably Mr. Taylor, sen., had been merely beadle in the parish, and if so, the beadle's son contracted a singular alliance, for his second wife was the reputed daughter of one monarch,

* A fact stated before the Mallow Relief Committee, some weeks ago, by a Protestant and a Roman Catholic clergyman, who, on entering the cabin, found the family in fever, brought on by famine. The mother was in the act of milking her breast, and distributing it amongst the children.

† By the Rev. Robert Aris Willmott. One voluume. London: J. W. Parker.

Charles the 1st, whose place in the calender of Saints is not tarnished by some circumstances of this nature; the sister of two English sovereigns; and the aunt of two of England's Queens. We are even told by Mr. Willmott, that Charles the 2nd made his humble brother-in-law Bishop of Dromore, in Ireland, probably because he feared that freedom which his relationship might have justified, and his opinions induced, the theologian to adopt in rebuking the crimes of this frivolous king. Taylor was educated in a bad school, for he was at one time Laud's chaplain, and subsequently to his obtaining the rectory of Uppingham, in Rutlandshire, he was appointed one of the chaplains to Charles the 1st. He married in 1639, in his twenty-third year, but his wife died before three years had elapsed. Shortly afterwards, on account of his adhesion to the king's party, whom he followed as chaplain at the commencement of the civil war, he lost the living of Uppingham. He married subsequently—at what date is not very evident, but posterior to 1644—the lady, who was understood to be so nearly allied to the stubborn and fallen monarch, and he resided on her property in Wales. But he was soon compelled, or induced, to turn schoolmaster; and, while in his Welsh retirement, he published his work on "The Liberty of Prophesying," with no sincere intention, it appears, but really out of an evil design:—

"In the same year in which the Grammar was published, Taylor produced his Liberty of Prophesying, written, as he informed Lord Hatton, in poverty and tribulation, without books or leisure to consult them. This was the work that Coleridge read with the highest admiration and the liveliest apprehension. He saw in it all the confluent powers of the author, swelling the majestic stream of genius, as it rolled onward in its diversified and winding course. The avowed object of the treatise was to plead the cause of the persecuted Church of England. Hallam rejects this interpretation. He denies that the reader can perceive in it the slightest bearing on any toleration that the Episcopal Church might then ask of her victorious enemies. He believes Taylor to have had another class of controversies in his eye. Hallam may, perhaps, refer to a remark of Wood, who tells us that Taylor employed a stratagem to break the compact force of the Presbyterian power, by sowing seeds of division among the various sectaries; that, with this view, he lay 'in ambuscade.' That he wrote, also, with an indirect reference to the leaders of his own party, is not improbable. Heber has ingeniously shown, that the circumstances of the time encouraged a hope of a peaceful adjustment of political differences. The King was in the keeping of Cromwell, and the use of the Prayer Book was permitted; the army had assumed an attitude of hostility towards the Parliament; and the Independents were assailing the Presbyterians with virulence equal to their own. The early stages of seditious intemperance had not yet been inflamed into frenzy. Hall was only just driven from Norwich. It is quite in harmony with the disposition of Tayler to suppose, that he may have been desirous to impress upon the monarch and his advisers among the high church party, the paramount importance of meeting the demands of the Presbyterians in a conciliatory and liberal temper. Of the book itself, I shall have another opportunity of speaking. Its plan is extremely simple. Considering the Apostles' creed to contain the elements of Christian truth, he regards every subsidiary doctrine as indifferent and dispensable. From this principle the argument spreads on every side into the luxuriant amplitude of learning and illustration which, while it beautifies so often overshades the vigour and massiveness of his teaching."

Some time afterwards, he was offered Golden Grove, in South Wales, as a residence, by Lord Carberry, and there he wrote his justly celebrated work, "Holy Living and Dying." Mr. Willmott becomes quite enthusiastic in his description of Golden Grove, of which he says:—

"It was singularly happy in its combination of woody and pastoral fertility and repose. The Towy flowed through the grounds. Bonney gives a pleasing description of the place. Embracing the rich sweep of the valley from Carmarthen to Llandovery; Gronger Hill, about a mile and a-half to the north-west, is a prominent feature in the landscape. The whole scene lives in the panorama of Dyer, with its streams, trees, and ruined castles. Of these Dynevor, once the residence of the Welsh princes, and Dryslwyn, are visible from the windows of the present mansion. Dyer has not forgotten to notice the exquisite variety of foliage for which the vale of Towy is remarkable.

"'Below the trees unnumbered rise,
Beautiful in various dyes,
The gloomy pine, the poplar blue,
The yellow beech, the sable yew:
The slender fir that taper grows,
The sturdy oak with broad spread boughs,'"

He ascribes Taylor's style to the splendour of the scenery in South Wales, where he passed, though in adversity, many pleasant days:—

"His writings at Golden Grove contain lovelier and more numerous specimens of rural description and picturesque embellishment, than could be gathered from his collective works. A beautiful example occurs in his argument to show how sickness is sanctified by the grace of God.

"'For so have I known the boisterous north wind pass through the yielding air which opened its bosom, and appeased its violence, by entertaining it with easy compliance in all the regions of its reception. But when the same breath of heaven hath been checked with the stiffness of a tower, or the united strength of a wood, it grew mighty, and dwelt there, and made *the highest branches stoop*, and *make a smooth path for it on the top of all its glories*.'

"Pope's description of the trees round a monastery, 'waving high,' has always been esteemed for its vividness and truth; but it yields, in grandeur and force of painting, to the image of a mighty wood bending its multitude of boughs beneath the hurricane.

"'Touches of a lighter pencil also abound. The petulant solicitations of the passions' in health are always restless and as atoms in the sun, always dancing and always busy.'

"Milton might have enriched a new Penseroso with the comparison of the soul's progress in moral and intellectual glory, to the course of the sun from its dawn till fulness. 'But as when the sun, approaching towards the gates of the morning, first opens a little eye of heaven, and sends away the spirits of darkness, and gives light to a cock, and calls up the lark to matins, and by and by gilds the fringes of a cloud, and peeps over the eastern hills, thrusting out his golden horns, like those which decked the brows of Moses, when he was forced to wear a veil, because himself had seen the face of God: and still, while a man tells the story, the sun gets up higher, till he shows a fair face, and a full light, and then he shines one whole day, under a cloud often, sometimes weeping great and little showers, and sets quickly: so is a man's reason and his life.' Taylor may have beheld this spectacle over the romantic hills that shelter Golden Grove on the north-east. The concluding circumstance shows this picture to have been composed in a fertile, yet hilly country, like South Wales: this sudden darkening of the sun with rain and tempest being the distinguishing peculiarity of mountainous regions. The change from splendour and joyfulness to vapours and melancholy, is often so wonderful as to resemble the effect of enchantment. The wind rises—mists roll up swiftly from the valleys—thunder roars along the ravines—the summits recede in smoke—and all the many-coloured landscape disappears, to return, after an interval, with heightened splendour. The light and festive Gay was the earliest English writer who pointed out the charm of this description. If compared with a

sunrise by Bishop Hall, its brilliancy of colour will be perceived.

"Taylor, like Claude, seems to have felt that, by taking Nature as he found it, he seldom produced beauty. Reynolds describes the pictures of that painter as compositions of the various draughts which he had previously made from scattered scenes and prospects of unusual loveliness. The preacher resembled the artist, and as the most magnificent landscapes have been given to us by historical painters—Titian, Caracci, N. Poussin—so we are indebted for some of the brightest landscapes in words to the grave instructors in theology and virtue."

Several of Jeremy Taylor's most popular works were composed in this retirement, where his memory is still maintained amongst the peasantry, and his name associated with a walk which he is supposed to have frequented.

"His 'Great Exemplar,' belonging to the same period of his intellectual life, bears similar marks of the fruitful soil from which it sprung. Weary to adopt his own image with rowing up and down the seas of questions, he steered his course into the serener waters and stiller air of holier and more delightful studies. He turns aside from controversy to that part of theology which is wholly practical; that which makes us wiser, because it makes us better. In the 'Great Exemplar,' as in all his works, he seeks to attract and please his readers. Earnest to advance, by all means, the necessity, and to explain the duties of a holy life, he endeavours to allure some by mingling what is profitable with what is agreeable, and others, by such parts as will better entertain their spirits than a romance. In the hope and desire of being useful, he abstained from embossing the argument with his usual profusion of figures and tracery. Perhaps his pencil never manifested so sweet and retiring a chastity of colour as in this delineation of Christian life. Rubens, for a season, is lost in Raffaelle."

We stated that there are, interspersed in the volume, many references to the contemporaries of Taylor, who was very seldom in London after the commencement of the Parliamentary war. He complains, indeed, that "*res angusta domi*" prevented him from visiting his friend Evelyn so often as he would have desired. In other words, the travelling expenses were above his means; and until his elevation to the see of Dromore, Evelyn allowed him a pension from his private purse. His biographer, however, mentions that he was occasionally in London; and the following note of a distinguished dinner party occurs in the volume:—

"Upon the 12th April, 1656, he dined with Evelyn in company with Berkeley, Boyle, and Wilkins. Of Boyle the faintest praise is conveyed in Evelyn's designation. 'A great virtuso,' indeed, he was, but he was learned only to be good. His piety was not in theory, but in practice; and his life expanded itself into a commentary upon his lessons. In the hands of such a man, the arts of human ingenuity became ennobled: and as Burke said of Reynolds, that in painting portraits he appeared not to be raised upon that platform, but to descend to it from a higher sphere: so we may affirm of Boyle, that he came upon the stage of literature with a bloom over his garments that breathed of a remoter and purer climate.

"Wilkins was a person of singular ingenuity, and deserves to be remembered as one of the earliest English scholars who endeavoured to make science popular and practical. His fancy, however, outran his judgment. His theory of a passage to the moon provoked the smile of his contemporaries, and subsequently caught the eye of Pope.

> 'The head that turns at super-lunar things,
> Poised on a tail, may steer on Wilkins' wings.'

"His retort to the Duchess of Newcastle would alone have authorised a claim to conversational eminence. 'Where,' inquired that rhyming lady, 'am I to find a place to bait if I try the journey to that planet?' 'Madam,' replied the discoverer, 'of all the people in the world I least expected that question from you, who have built so many castles in the air, that you may lie every night in one of your own.' Wilkins appeals to our sympathy upon stronger grounds than his science or wit would furnish. Related to Cromwell by a marriage with his sister, he employed his influence on behalf of persecuted piety and learning, and the preservation of the Universities has been attributed to his energetic remonstrance."

In 1658, Taylor was invited by Lord Conway, the ancestor of the present Marquis of Hertford, to accept a lectureship in Lisburn. The situation was precarious, and the remuneration very small. An effort had been made by Archbishop Usher to unite the Presbyterian with the Episcopalian Church. With this view that Primate admitted the ministers of both churches indiscriminately to benefices without the renunciation of their peculiar tenets. This project of union was most useful to the Presbyterians in the north, where their numbers were greatest; but it was particularly distasteful to Jeremy Taylor, who, notwithstanding the deceptive policy adopted in the production of his work on the liberty of prophesying, was an adherent of the Laudian school, and almost as a necessary consequence a persecutor. Respecting the origin of his Irish connexion we learn from Mr Willmott's volume:—

"The proposed provision, arising chiefly from an alternate lectureship in Lisburn, a small town seventy-three miles from Dublin, in the county of Antrim, offered no remarkable temptation. Nor was Taylor gratified by the prospect. Lisburn, now one of the handsomest towns in the province of Ulster, was, in the time of James I., a very inconsiderable village, and had only begun to improve under the care of Lord Conway.

"'I like not,' was Taylor's characteristic reply, 'the condition of being a lecturer under the disposal of another, nor to serve in any semicircle where a Presbyterian and myself shall be, like Castor and Pollux, one up and the other down. Sir, the stipend is so inconsiderable, it will not pay the charge and trouble of removing myself and family. It is wholly arbitrary: for the triers may overthrow it; or the vicar may overthrow it; or the subscribers may die, or grow weary or poor, or be absent.' This was written on the 12th May (1658); and in the following month he is believed to have quitted London for Ireland. His reason for accepting an appointment which he had so recently and decisively declined, may, perhaps, be found in some expected purchase of forfeited lands which Dr Petty promised to obtain for him. Other inducements were not wanting. He was assured by Lord Conway of 'many intimate kindnesses.' He took with him the warmest recommendations from persons of the most distinguished rank in England; and that his introduction might fall in no particular of dignity, he was protected by a pass, under the sign manual and privy signet of Cromwell. The tradition of his decendants assigns to him a residence near Lord Conway's mansion at Portmore, which Rust informs us that he dearly loved. Heber thinks it probable that he only visited Lisburn—about nine miles distant—to fulfil his weekly engagement, and that he 'often preached to a small congregation of loyalists in the half ruined church of Kilulta.'"

Thus Lord Conway prevailed. The Hertford family appear to have an hereditary attachment to clerical friendships, without always deriving any corresponding purity of character and life from the association. The "mansion at Portmore"—a locality described by Taylor as being "exceedingly beautiful," and to which he formed an attachment, not lessened by his remembrance of Golden Grove,—now is not; and for very many years the Hertfords have been absentees, drawing eighty thousand

A separate Irish Parliament having thus efficiently done its duty before, when the empire was engaged in the most tremendous conflict of modern times, the onus lies upon the parties advancing the charge we are noticing, to point out what new elements of danger have been infused into Ireland, to render it impossible that a separate Parliament restored to that country would not equally do its duty on a similar occasion in future.

It surely cannot be pretended that there is more of disaffection now than in 1797 and 1798; or anything in the most distant degree approaching to what then existed. If such an assertion were made, nothing could be more distinctly and clearly condemnatory of the Union, when, under its influence, such feelings should have become increased or perpetuated. But this charge is not a new one by any means. It is as old as the debates upon the Legislative Union. With even more impudent and reckless disregard of facts than at present (because the facts alluded to were then recent—things but of yesterday), it was flung in the teeth of the defenders of the Irish Parliament—a Parliament that certainly had shown no lack of will and effort to crush rebellion and repel foreign invasion; and had effectively accomplished both those objects.

With regard to rebellion, the latter would never have occurred had the Government been as true to its duty as was the Irish Parliament. It is now established beyond the possibility of controversy—the facts being patent in the Report of the Irish House of Lords, printed in the latter end of the year 1798—that the rebellion was fomented by the Government for the purpose of creating a favourable state of things for compelling Ireland to submit to a Legislative Union. The rebellion was, for this purpose, allowed to go on, growing and gathering, for fully eleven months after clear and positive intelligence had been given to the authorities of its existence, and of the names, intentions, and actions, of the chief persons who were engaged in it. One of the colonels (so called) of the United Irishmen—a wretch named Maguane—was a spy in the pay of the Treasury, and he regularly, after each meeting of "colonels," made a report to the Government of all their proceedings. History then contradicts the assertion that an independent Legislature in Ireland is incompatible with the safety of the State from the attacks of its enemies, foreign or domestic. Common sense also controverts it. A people suffering like the Irish, under all the miseries resulting from absentee-legislation—knowing the Legislature but by its inflictions, or its equally criminal neglects and omissions—not having experience of one single benefit even of remote influence, save what was extorted from that Legislature by the confessed terror of civil war—such a people ought assuredly to give a more hopeful prospect to the foreign foe, or to the native incendiary, than would a people in the full enjoyment of their rights under a resident parliament, acquainted with their wants, alive to their interests, and directly and immediately acted upon by their opinions.

It is not without a deep feeling of humiliation that we have entered at all upon a discussion of this emptiest, and, with one exception, most insulting of all the pretences that have been advanced, in bar of the claims and rights of Ireland. In fact, it amounts to nothing short of a direct and unequivocal impeachment of the loyalty of the Irish nation, aristocracy, gentry, and people all alike.

The two former classes can defend themselves, and repudiate for themselves, the base imputation. The conduct—the admirable conduct—of the Irish people speaks for *them*. Their patience—their most wonderful fortitude, under all their oppressions and privations—their cheerful acquiescence and perseverance in a peaceful and constitutional agitation, inevitably protracted as it is, instead of suffering themselves to be maddened into the criminality of seeking redress of their cruel wrongs by force of arms—the sublime moral spectacle thus presented ought to shame, if anything *could* shame, their reckless calumniators out of at least this most utterly unfounded and most unjust imputation.

It is objected, thirdly, That harmonious action could not be expected to exist between two distinct and mutually independent legislatures in the same empire. And reference is made, in support of this point, to the notorious "*Regency* dispute" between the Parliament of Great Britain and that of Ireland in 1789.

What is the exact history of this matter?

In the end of the year 1788, the mental alienation of George III. being then too well known to admit of any attempt at denying it on the part of the Ministry, was formally announced, by Mr. Pitt, in the British Commons, in the first of three resolutions brought forward by him. The second resolution declared, that it was the right of, exclusively, the *British* Parliament to appoint a Regent; and the third called on the House to do so. The Prince of Wales was, accordingly, named; but such restrictions proposed to his powers as would, in fact, have left him but a puppet in the hands of the Queen and Ministry. The resolutions to this effect passed in the end of January.

Upon the 5th of February, before they had been transmitted to Ireland, for the concurrence of the Irish Parliament, the latter met; and, in spite of the efforts of the Irish Government, determined on considering the Regency question, without any reference to what might take place in England. Two or three days after, both Houses passed an address, calling on the Prince of Wales to assume the Regency, with the full powers of the Crown. The Lord Lieutenant refused to transmit the address; but a deputation was appointed by both Houses to bring it over; and votes of censure on the Viceroy, and of a limitation of supplies to three months, were also passed.

The deputation proceeded to London, and were graciously received by the Prince; who postponed his reply on account of some favourable symptoms in the King's health. These symptoms

being immediately followed by recovery, the whole question of Regency fell, of course, to the ground.

Now in this matter the view taken by the Irish Parliament was certainly the most in accordance with the Constitution. Had the King been physically dead, it was the undoubted right of the Prince of Wales to succeed him (as he did some thirty-one years later), with the same powers which George III. himself had wielded. Mental alienation is *civil* death—rendering the throne practically as vacant as in the former case; and, therefore, giving the natural heir and successor a fair right to all the incidents of the high office, which in either case devolved upon him.

Without delaying longer upon this much-vexed question, it is to be remarked that the recurrence of a "regency dispute" (in the event of the restoration of the Irish Parliament) would be provided against by the consent which Ireland is ready to give to an arrangement that should leave the selection of a regent *solely to the British* Parliament—consenting, that whosoever should be King, or Regent *de facto* in England, should be King, or Regent *de jure* in Ireland.

To this the Repealers have from the first declared, and persisted in declaring, their entire readiness to agree.

Ireland would lose nothing, and both she and the empire gain much by such a consent. There would be the great advantage of removing for ever, and obviating one great source of jealousy, of international dissensions, perhaps of general confusion. And there would be no real constitutional *disadvantage*: inasmuch as the control over the finances of their country would still be with the Irish representatives, and, consequently, they would always have in their hands and at their discretion the means which the Constitution has provided for holding despotism in check, and carrying into effect the will of the people, even where in direct opposition to that of their ruler. The allusion to control and disposition of financial matters brings us naturally to the fourth of the objections we are considering—viz. the possible differences between the separate Parliaments of Great Britain or Ireland on the subjects of trade, finance, foreign and colonial relations, war and peace, &c.

Before entering on that of finance, the suggestion of differences in matters of trade and commerce can be disposed of shortly. Whatever previous opinions may have prevailed in either country, the great principle of FREE TRADE—unlimited and universal—has, within the last year, been too fully recognised and established, to leave much fear that any considerable cry can ever again be got up for a return to the miserable and most impolitic intricacies from which, in matters of trade and commerce, the empire is at last so happily emerging. The great principle, then, of "Free Trade," is that which Repealers would evoke in all arrangements on these subjects, that should be entered into between Great Britain and Ireland, in the event of a "Repeal of the Legislative Union" between them, and restoration of the Irish Parliament. The chances of difference on matters of finance, as well as the other objections to repeal, shall be dealt with in the next number of this Magazine.

NOTES ON MR. O'CONNELL'S ARGUMENTS.

WE insert the previous article to answer, so far as we are concerned, the oft-repeated assertion—repeated in the preceding pages—that the English press refuse to discuss the question of repeal. We think, also, that a calm statement of the grounds on which a great agitation has been raised—an agitation occupying the minds of several millions of our fellow-subjects—producing the most intense excitement, and eliciting the attention of distant nations, should be interesting to all the people of Britain and of Ireland. We are not likely to shrink from the earnest agitation of a good cause. The term agitator conveys to us neither a feeling of dread nor abhorrence. But when any man, or any set of men, cause a great movement in society, we wish to know the object they seek, and the reasons for their demand. On this principle, and for this purpose, we have, from the highest source, all that is deemed necessary, at least on the points discussed, to prove the repeal of the Legislative Union to be a just and necessary measure. We cannot, however, publish the paper without expressing our reasons of difference from its conclusions; but that shall be done very briefly.

It commences, at page 111, with a general statement that money can only be made to circulate in Ireland by a repeal of the Union: but Scotland is tolerably prosperous even with the union; and if Cork, Limerick, Galway, and Waterford, could be made to resemble Belfast, we believe the word Repeal would soon be forgotten. And yet Belfast is in Ireland, struggling under all the weight of this Union, and sharing all its burthens along with Limerick and Cork. Belfast is, nevertheless, a prosperous town. Very few seats of manufacture or commerce have done so much since the Union to increase their wealth and manufactures. This Union found it a small fourth or fifth-rate place, set down in a very Slough of Despond, built in a bog, almost level with its river, and famed for almanacs; while, during the years that "the curse has been o'er it" in common with all Ireland, it has added to its shipping, its commerce, its produce, its wealth, and its population, to an extent unequalled by more than one or two Scottish or English towns. The secret is, that its inhabitants appear to have none of the poetry, but much of the practice of "native manufacture." They make few speeches respecting the duty of encouraging home manufactures alone; but they spin immense bundles of yarn, weave enormous quantities of cloth, and compel the absentee landlords to send back their money—go

the same until 1561, when the diminished power of the Order disabling it from coping successfully with Czar John Wasselewitch II., whose ambition prompted him to recover provinces once owning Muscovite rule, the unequal conflict ended in a complete disruption of the State. Esthonia threw itself into the arms of Sweden; Livonia became united with Poland; while Courland and Semigallia formed an Independent Duchy, under the Suzerainty of Poland, and by it was bestowed, as a fief, on Gatthard Kettler, the last Grand-Master of the Teutonic Order.—From that period, Livonia became the unhappy apple of discord for whose possession Sweden, Russia, and Poland contended for almost a century—viz., from 1561 to 1660,—in which year, at the peace of Oliva, Poland surrendering it up to Sweden, it became united with Esthonia; until, at length, by the peace of Nystädt, in 1721, Peter the Great, as already mentioned, obtained the restitution of both countries,—guaranteeing, however, the maintenance of all existing privileges and rights belonging to the German landed proprietors, who being, without exception, noble, were free from suffering, though unhappily not from inflicting, those tyrannies on their serfs, to which more than one author in modern times (see, particularly, Merkel, in his book entitled, "die Letten," and Petri, in his work, "die Esthen") has called the world's attention. The kind-hearted Emperor Alexander did much to ameliorate these, and, had he been spared, would probably have wholly removed them; but the Emperor Nicholas is fonder of tightening than relaxing the reins, and more set upon proselytising than improving his Lutheran subjects. The German inhabitants of these provinces, though the smaller, form the only influential portion, as including the estated gentry, the clergy, and most of the inhabitants of the towns. The first, who all belong to the class of nobility, are the descendants of those bold and warlike adventurers who, in early times, obtained, and retained, by the strong hand of power, large tracts of land, subjecting the natives to their iron vassalage indeed, but, at the same time, bestowing upon them the inestimable blessings of civilization and Christianity. In Livonia and Esthonia, the nobles exercised a kind of oligarchical government, which, though much curtailed in modern times, retains still too much of chartered privilege and immunity to be willingly relinquished by themselves, or justly abrogated by an Imperial Ukase. This is especially the case with their religious privileges. The right of appointing their clergy was, and is, vested in the lords of the soil; and, though serfship is now abolished in Livonia (and much ameliorated in Esthonia), still the peasant and his lord have many intimately reciprocating relationships, which render the latter the natural, as he has hitherto been the undisputed, adviser and guide of his illiterate dependents, in both religious and political matters. The claim to immunity from ecclesiastical interference, by the Livonian nobles, is founded on two documents, viz.—the first clause of the Act of Subjection, to Sigismund Augustus, King of Poland, drawn up by the representatives of the nation, on the 28th November, 1561, which runs thus:—"First, and chief of all, we implore your Majesty, to leave to us, unmolested and inviolable, the religion which we, in accordance with the evangelic and apostolic writings of the pure church, the decrees of the Nicene Council and the Augsburg Confession, have hitherto maintained; and that we may in no time coming, by any command, prohibition, or addition, be oppressed or disquieted in the exercise of the same:" and, secondly, article 7th of the Act of Confirmation, dated 16th December, 1566, which declares—"The province of Livonia, with all its inhabitants without exception, shall be left in the free and unhindered exercise of the true and recognised religion and doctrine of the Word of God, and in the use of the sacraments, in conformity to the rules of the Confession of Augsburg; nor shall any preacher be warranted, or permitted, to introduce, or prescribe, any change or innovation thereof, within the bounds of the said province." Yet what is the manner in which this solemn compact has been held by the Emperor Nicholas? So far from no preacher being permitted to introduce religious innovations, the whole of the Baltic provinces have been, of late years, overrun by swarms of emissaries of the Greek Church, both priestly and laical, and, for a time, threats, as well as bribes, were unsparingly employed to aid the work of conversion. Since, however, the affair of the nuns of Minsk (whether true or false), has brought the Emperor's proselytising spirit prominently before the eyes of Europe, a change of policy has been adopted in respect of his Baltic possessions, and the current of proselytism runs more darkly, though, it is believed, not less strongly, than before. In May last, for example, a decree of the Riga Government announced, as from Imperial authority, "It is specially commanded that all persons, desirous of going over from the Lutheran to the Greek communion, shall be expressly informed by the local authorities, and that in the presence of their former clergy, that they have no temporal advantage whatever to expect by a change of religion, and that they shall remain in their previous *nexus* to their territorial superiors, as aforetime, which, being sanctioned by the laws of the empire, can never be abrogated." But, notwithstanding these fair-sounding words, the country is subjected as much as ever to the machinations of a set of fanatical emissaries, who, if unauthorised, are at least winked at, by the Russian authorities, and thus foster, unhindered, their destructive influence with the short-sighted and credulous peasantry, to whom they whisper, in palpable contradiction of the above ordnance. "Do you keep yourself quiet, and trust to our assurances! It is true no immediate benefit dare be conferred on you, because your lords would say, you were bribed; but, if you go over to the orthodox church of your Emperor, you may depend upon it, you shall, in due time, have your reward, which will consist, not only in your being set free from all your present duty-work, and other tributes to your masters, but in the making over to you of the proprietorship of those portions of land which you now occupy at their will and pleasure; and even should it be difficult to bring all this about under Nicholas, you may depend upon obtaining it at the accession of the next Emperor." "But how," say the people, "are we to know that our change will ever be made known to the Emperor?" "Oh!" reply the deceivers, "*inscribe your names in the Greek Church books*, and all is secure; sooner or later you will be as independent as your lords. Besides, there are vast tracts of country, much richer and more productive than Livonia, which the Emperor has determined to colonize *only with Greek Christians;* whoever, therefore, desires to become rich, has now the opportunity. See here," continue these wily spiritual recruiting sergeants, "see here, the pro-

duct of those lands, that you may judge for yourselves." And, hereupon, they open a show-box, furnished with a strong magnifying glass, and a picture, representing a single potatoe (smoking on a dish), large enough to satisfy the hunger of a whole family seated around it; or two stout fellows thrashing at one head of such Brobdignag wheat, that it seems to furnish a bushel of grain! Ignorance and credulity swallow the bait the more greedily, in consequence of the total failure of the potato, and the extreme paucity of return from the grain harvest of the past year, so that the experience of present famine naturally enhances the delights of prospective abundance; and the peasantry are forsaking, in crowds, the faith of their forefathers, and going over to the Greek Church! In former times, it was but permitted to the Greek priests to wander from place to place, with ambulatory chapels, for the purpose of administering the rites of their religion to the few members of their communion scattered here and there throughout these provinces. Now Greek churches are springing up by Government order in every district. Orders have been given to build sixty in Esthonia alone, and even the Lutheran clergy have been recently subjected to espionage and encroachment on their liberty of preaching, to a degree before unknown. The sudden removal, last summer, by an imperial order, of pastor J** (one of the most worthy and most highly esteemed of the Riga Lutheran clergy) from his pastorate in that city to one in *Siberia*, excited universal surprise and sympathy. He had been twenty-five years preacher in Riga, and was editor for many past years of a well-known journal called "The Letten Friend," which truly made good its claim to the title by its invariable tendency to promote the religious and mental culture of the lower classes of the people, and was eagerly read and circulated to the extent of many hundred copies. In addition to essays and intelligence calculated to inform and instruct, it also occasionally contained articles of a lighter and amusing character, and had recently, before the astounding catastrophe of its editor's real, though not ostensible banishment, contained an attractively written novel, founded for the most part on actual historical occurrences of the sixteenth century, during that period of religious disturbance which the Roman hierarchy stirred up amongst the Greek population of the then kingdom of Poland, and in which the neighbouring Letti were considerably involved. In this novel the Greek clergy fancied they could discover marked allusions to the present religious movements in Livonia. The writer was consequently called to strict account, and found deserving of being punished by deposition from his present post, and transference to Siberia, there to pursue his official calling in a country the farthest of all removed from European culture, and amongst a people who have scarcely passed the lowest step of human intelligence! The small and unimportant Greek school for priests which existed in Riga has been elevated into a seminary, in which, in future, the young Greek priests destined for Livonia are to be educated. The expense of building Greek churches, as well as the necessary school and priest houses, is imposed upon the landed proprietors, who are thus reduced to the mortifying necessity of promoting with their own money that religion which they contemn as false, and detest as a badge of their servitude! Conscious of inability to resist by force, yet unable calmly to bear the galling yoke, from which they cannot even temporarily withdraw themselves by residing in foreign countries (permission to travel being obtained always with much expense and trouble, and never for a long period), the Livonian nobles determined some time ago to offer their estates in a body to the Emperor for purchase, for which purpose a deputation preceded to St. Petersburg, with sanguine hopes that the Emperor would gladly grasp at the opportunity of obtaining, as lord of the soil, free and unhindered power to proselytise *en masse*. But they were mistaken; Nicholas declined the offer, probably unwilling to furnish all Europe with so convincing a proof of the felt *désagrèmens* of Russian sway, and the Livonian nobles, by their certainly unpatriotic and ungenerous intended abandonment of their poorer brethren in the faith, have but drawn on themselves the suspicion of disaffection and a more strict surveillance from the authorities. How all may terminate is known only to Him who so often brings good out of evil, but private letters depict the country as in a state of much ferment, the nobles generally unwilling to forego agrarian privileges and claims on the peasantry, the relinquishment of which might possibly even yet check the torrent of proselytism, by countervailing the supposititious advantages it holds forth, and the few liberal-minded nobles are unable to effect any radical improvement. Lutherans by *principle* mourn for the defection, and tremble for its consequences, and the best friends of those valuable and once happy provinces are looking forward with grief and dismay to those "coming events," which, as it seems to them, already "cast their shadows before."

TACTICS OF THE MIDDLE PARTY.

The opposition offered to the election of Mr. Bright for Manchester is discreditable to one portion of his rival's supporters. The Conservative electors are justified in employing those means most likely to advance their ends. They would gain a great victory in the return of the Earl of Lincoln for the metropolis of Free Trade—the cradle of the League. They would enhance their triumph by giving politicians a stern proof that, amongst the manufacturing and mercantile classes, there was no such feeling as political gratitude, and no regard evinced for the most disinterested services. One of the members for Dorsetshire, in some of the tirades of the next session against the manufacturing interests, might adduce the poll-books in evidence of the cool cruelty with which the spinners of the North could dismiss an old and faithful servant. The return of the Earl of Lincoln for Manchester would help his party in many respects; but we cannot so very clearly see the precise objects to be gained by the Whig section of his Lordship's friends in South Lancashire. They, at least, will not plead the simplicity of being dazzled by the lustre of a coronet, and be-

reft of their reason by the shadow of a dukedom. The Earl of Lincoln is a young statesman of something over average talent; a reckless and daring gentleman—the very man for forlorn hopes, of which he has led several—but the most forlorn of all is his attempt on Manchester, which must unquestionably fail.

The proceeding has, however, given us a faint outline of the policy to be pursued by the "middle party" in the present session; for the speech of the noble Earl to the men of Manchester, on the 12th of January, may be regarded as the manifesto of Sir Robert Peel and his immediate followers. The party is not large, but a knowledge of what its leaders mean to do, or what they mean not to do, would be useful. The mantle of mystification has descended on the noble Earl, for he spoke nearly two hours without making more than one contribution to our information on this subject. An Egyptian short-hand writer, if acquainted with numerals, would have thus reported his address on brick, .0000001. Modern reporters are more voluminous, without in this case being greatly more intelligible. They were dealing with a speaker who abounded in negatives. With all his admiration for the Chinese free-traders, he would not press a reduction of the tea-duties until the Chancellor of the Exchequer found that step convenient, as if any Chancellor of the Exchequer ever had been known to advise a reduction of taxes. Without the slightest kindly remembrance of South Nottinghamshire, he was still more patiently disposed on malt; and, if the Chancellor of the Exchequer gave him a choice, he promised to take tea in preference. He engaged to oppose a ten hours' bill; and enlarged on the beneficence of sanatory reforms, and their necessity; but, although the avowed author of one bill on the subject, he would not now originate any measure, because he inclined to rely on the wisdom of the Cabinet. He had made up his mind respecting Ireland, and from his short official connexion with that country, some definite proposals might have been anticipated; but, as usual, the paragraph ends in a cloud, with a general and much-hackneied declaration in favour of civil rights for Ireland, equal to those enjoyed in England and Scotland. There is some difficulty in catching the meaning of the phrase, because England and Scotland do not have equal civil rights. Then there is no very ready way of defining the nature and extent of these rights. Lawyers live by differing respecting them. Assistant Barristers have been known to pronounce widely diverse judgments regarding their nature and extent. One worthy person, with a rental of nine pounds, sixteen shillings sterling annually, defines his civil right to be the privilege of sueing and being sued at his own cost, and of paying taxes. In a declaration of political opinions, by a young and rising statesman, the Irish electors, of whom there is a number in Manchester, were entitled to something less general than the phrase "equal civil rights," which is now the common property of all politicians, excepting Colonel Sibthorp; for Sir Robert Inglis, we think, has avowed his determination to give equal "civil rights" to all her Majesty's subjects.

The Earl of Lincoln was also devoid of precision in his treatise on the deficiencies of education. Having quoted from one report regarding the ignorance prevalent in some districts of Lancashire—a report that discloses utterly disgraceful facts—he stated, that the Prussian system, the system of Holland, or the Irish Educational Scheme, would not very probably be found suitable for England; without, however, describing any plan of general education that would meet the case of the English youth. Something must be done. Every body has been saying so for years, and it is a safe saying now. Something must be done: but we are no wiser of that information. The public want to know what is to be done, and what any man, who proposes to go and work for them, will undertake to perform. In this, however, as in other matters, the Earl of Lincoln rolls the stone back on Lord John Russell, and will not prescribe until he be called in. This assumption of mystery may suit the position of an old and tried statesman. The people take it from Sir Robert Peel, because they say he has a plan—he is never without one. But younger men should avoid this description of affectation. There is no doubt that the Earl of Lincoln is favourable to the defeated project of Sir James Graham for training the boys of England in genuflexion. He alleges that the plan, though defeated, was useful. From its ashes there sprung a thousand little schools. Even in its death it triumphed, for—and we beg that the proceeds of its triumph, the why and wherefore may be marked—for the members of the English Church subscribed one hundred thousand pounds for educational purposes! Surely there was nothing extraordinary in this. An accountant takes up his pen, marks a few figures, saying there are nine millions in connexion with that Church, and the sum total gives an average of *twopence and two-thirds of a penny* for each; and so many of them are rich persons that they will treble or quadruple that sum next year. Nay, but, good accountant, your figures may be true and your inference false. The Earl of Lincoln is to be one of the richest of these personages; and he denies that the sum can be increased. He tells you that the movement was most gigantic. The Church was awakened to a desperate effort on hearing the sad prevalence of ignorance. Heedless of the cost, the churchmen determined to strike one grand and decisive blow for mental enlightenment. They rose above payment by instalments. They decided to bring up all old arrears by one munificent contribution. They would not delay a duty so pressing and important as the intellectual and religious training of the young. They knew that temporal happiness and eternal peace to many were staked on the issue. They made this no matter of the mountain and the mouse. The treasurers staggered under the burden of contributions. Bankers were startled with the amount of their deposits. Noble Earls, such as Lincoln, were thrown altogether out of their calculations.

Perhaps even the Bench of Bishops were agreeably disappointed. And all this commotion was caused by a contribution of *twopence and two-thirds of a penny* from each person connected with the Church; neither weekly, monthly, nor even annually, but as a life subscription for the education of the people of England!

We do not misrepresent the noble Earl; for he said — "Gentlemen, recollect these were great and mighty efforts—*efforts which could not be repeated continually*, which could be only undertaken periodically; I DOUBT WHETHER IN A LIFETIME MANY AMONGST US COULD SEE TWO SUCH LARGE SUMS RAISED AGAIN IN A SIMILAR MANNER FOR THE SAME OBJECT."

We have more confidence in the generosity and earnestness of the members of the English Church than Earl Lincoln. Men are only yet in the infancy of these matters; and old men amongst us may survive to see greater good than statesmen anticipate. Let England be once thoroughly awakened to the blessings and advantages of instruction, and England will be shortly thereafter an educated country. The English Church could raise one million with the same apparent ease for this great purpose as one hundred thousand pounds. The noble Earl has surely never glanced at the summing up of the annual accounts of any one in five or six of our large missionary societies, and the ignorance of statesmen on such topics is peculiarly harassing, leaving them perpetually in blunders. The late Secretary for Ireland is at present the representative for some Scottish burghs. He found shelter at Hamilton when ejected at Newark. As a Scotch member, he may be supposed to know something of the proceedings in that country; where a body of people—small when compared with the Church of England, numbering not, probably, one tithe of her adherents, and having on their roll comparatively few names belonging to the wealthy or the noble of the land — have subscribed and paid, not a hundred thousand pounds, but sums that count by millions, for all the varied subjects of instruction; and though all has been done in from three to four years, they seem fresh and vigorous, unwearied and unexhausted, and none of them apparently a penny poorer than when they commenced. Their resources for educational, benevolent, and religious purposes, appear to be like the widow's barrel of meal and cruise of oil; but the noble Earl is probably as ignorant of that matter as of the accounts of missionary societies, the exertions of Dissenters, the existence of the Free Church, or the extent of those latent energies that, like her rich mines in ancient times, are hidden and unwrought in the bosom of England.

There was only one topic on which the speaker was precise and definite—the endowment of the Roman Catholic priests of Ireland; not out of the ecclesiastical resources of that country, but from some other fund, and we regret that the consolidated fund stands first in the way, and can be reached with the slightest trouble. There were three reasons adduced for granting this endowment. First, "that it was politic, wise, and just;" second, "that the conversion of the Roman Catholics was impossible;" third, "that it was cruel and painful to subject their priests to the temptations of the voluntary system." The policy of the proposal—its State-craft policy and its worldly wisdom—depend very much on circumstances. If the party to whom the noble Earl belongs intend, while acting as supporters of the Established Churches, to overthrow them, they are perhaps adopting the best means of attaining their end. The supposition is not altogether improbable. The policy of the matter, moreover, depends slightly on the opinion entertained by these gentlemen of society at large. If they really believe all men to be villains, as we are led to infer from this part of their manifesto to Manchester, then undoubtedly they may save money by paying a kind of "black mail" to influential persons in society, and the influence of the priesthood is not of a contracted character. The question, on the Earl of Lincoln's grounds, is to be considered without any reference to theological views. He is "a Protestant," and believes that there are "blessings" arising from his profession, which he "would rejoice in an opportunity of extending to the Roman Catholics of Ireland;" but, he adds, "I know that to be impossible." All theologians will agree, that to the Earl of Lincoln this is quite impossible. It is not his province to command such changes; but we are inclined to believe that, in the one single journey through Ireland, which, he says, was made by him, he did not try. We do not, of course, insinuate that the young statesman should take holy orders, as one of his colleagues, the late President of the Board of Trade, is said once to have intended; but there are many other means open to him, which he has not yet adopted; and, therefore, he is most incompetent to offer an opinion on the subject.

It is at once painful and instructive to notice with what shallow pertness this young man knocks the side out of the edifice piled on so much hypocrisy, from 1832 on to 1842, by his predecessors and their disciples. If the report be true that Sir Robert Peel has committed the guidance of his remnant to this pilot, they are in bad hands. The subject of Church Endowment, and Church and State-ism—that was made the key-stone of the Conservative party—is knocked out by their youngest leader. Others spoke of the necessity of supporting religion for its own sake, but he at once asserts the propriety of endowing its teachers, to render them loyal; and, to preserve them in that happy state, he said:—

"I do say, that it is not only a painful, but an improper, position for the ministers of religion to be placed in—those whose duty it is to counsel the weak, to reprove the wayward, to objurgate the licentious;—I say it is a cruel thing that these men should be placed under the temptation of pandering to the prejudices and the vices of their flock, with a view to their daily position."

This statement seems to be made generally of the ministers of religion, and is not merely one of the falsest, but one of the most impertinent quotations that can be extracted from any speech

ever made on the subject. Few things can be more unfortunate than the possibility that a person of so little judgment, and such limited knowledge of his fellow-men, may soon again be, what he was before—a member of the Cabinet. If, on the other hand, he confines the term "ministers of religion," in this instance, to the priests in Ireland, and offers them a "healing measure" wrapped in such insulting language, they must, as men of ordinary feeling, reject the boon. They cannot take a bribe so barely offered. The pill, at least, might have been sugared over, and the naked hook need scarcely have protruded beyond the bait so very glaringly. In whatever light we view the sentence, it is most unstatesmanlike, but not more so than one which follows:—

"It is of the most vital importance to this country, that the teachers and pastors, and those who lead these people, should lead them in the principles of loyalty to the Crown, and attachment to the country; and I do believe that, in order to attain so great an object, it would be an important and a national benefit to place in an independent and honourable position the Roman Catholic Clergy of Ireland."

This sentence implies that the Roman Catholic Clergy of Ireland do not, in the meantime, follow loyalty, and practise the virtues, on which the noble Earl places so great value: and that loyalty is one of those commodities purchaseable in St. Stephen's, like cotton on the Manchester Exchange, at so much per bale. Why does not some politician publish a price list for loyalty and the minor cardinal virtues advisable in clergymen, that we might be enabled to estimate the current value of the article in the market, and readily make up an account of the outlay necessary to suppress an agitation.

The Earl of Lincoln cannot be returned for Manchester, and his appearance there is another proof of his temerity, imprudence, and deficiency in habits of calculation. There is not a single measure of Manchester quality, to which he offers a slow and cold adhesion, that has not been warmly and zealously advocated by Mr. Bright. There are many most important objects connected merely with social reform that the latter supports, and the former opposes; and which Manchester means, we suppose, to carry. There are again such questions as education and these endowments, on which the country will have a good vote from Mr. Bright, and a bad one from his opponent. The subject requires little farther consideration, as the Conservative candidate will not appear on the hustings.

The interest attached to his speech arises entirely from his intimacy with Sir Robert Peel, who is not yet done with the political world. He means to settle the Irish Ecclesiastical question; and will adopt the plan most likely to accomplish that end. He gives an undoubted preference to the proposal for endowing the Roman Catholic clergy; but, if he finds the popular current running strongly against the project, he will adopt another course, and dis-endow. He will spread in that case a snare for the Whigs, into which they will fall, by pledging their party to the support of the existing Establishment, with, probably, a new variety of the appropriation clause; and then the great tactician will outbid them. This result depends, however, altogether on the character of the next election. A little carelessness on the part of constituencies—a shy reluctance to pledges—a noisy declamation against shibboleths—some play on the words "free and unfettered"—a few references to honour and consistency—an easy acceptance of candidates as they come; and, with Lord John Russell, Sir Robert Peel, and Lord George Bentinck favourable to the endowment of the priests, a vote of five to six hundred thousand pounds yearly, for that purpose, will be carried against a minority of less than one hundred members from all sides of the House, in 1849 or 1850; and the Irish Church will be flanked with outposts from Rome quite as extensive as the works within; for, while not a few priests will decline the gift on the terms, yet a number, and a gradually increasing number, will take the cheque and draw the money.

The Peel party, in other respects, have no fixed plan. They have not yet fully estimated their forces, and gathered again their scattered votes. On all the measures of social improvement and taxation their books are evidently clean; and they are waiting on for the cast-off and misfitted clothes of the Whigs, which, as usual, they expect to repair, remodel, and renovate into usable garments—taking credit for originality, and deserving credit for rendering practical the ideas of their natural enemies.

LITERARY REGISTER.

Savage Life and Scenes in Australia and New Zealand; being an Artist's Impressions of Countries and People at the Antipodes; with numerous Illustrations. By George French Angas. Two volumes, post octavo. London: Smith & Elder.

This is not the first time that we have had the pleasure of meeting with this clever pen and pencil sketcher, who, with nearly equal success, uses both implements. The book, as beseems an artist's work, is tastefully decorated, and, altogether, a handsome turn-out; and what is more to the purpose, some of the plates convey an idea of the wildness and grandeur of Australian scenery, which must be quite new to Europeans. We may specify the plate representing an elevated native tomb, on the margin of Lake Alexandrina—of which we are told "the wind makes dirge-like music amongst the reeds where those tombs stand, and blows chill across the dark and dreary lake, conveying a perfect idea of solitude, desolation, and death." Mr. Angas has had, in his artist-wanderings, considerable intercourse with the

natives, and is thus enabled to add a few more curious facts to the previous accounts of their character, manners, and modes of thinking. Many of the native chiefs and warriors, with their wives, sat to Mr. Angas for their portraits.

The whole book consists of *extractable* matter, as the author confines himself entirely to narrative and description; and we might easily find many samples quite as entertaining as those subjoined.

THE MISSIONARY STATION OF PEPEPE.

"At a bend of the river the romantic cottage of the missionary suddenly appeared in view. It was as lovely and secluded a spot as it is possible to imagine: the little cottage, built of *raupo*, with its white chimneys, and its garden full of flowers—of sweet English flowers, roses, stocks, and mignonette—was snugly perched on an elevated plateau overhanging the Waikato; and the access to it was by a small bridge, thrown across a glen of tree ferns, with a stream murmuring below.

"The interior of the cottage, which was constructed entirely by the natives, under the direction of Mr. Ashwell, is lined throughout with reeds, and divided into a number of small rooms, communicating one with another. The cottage, the situation, the people, and everything around them, were picturesque. Pepepe signifies *butterfly:* and surely the name is not misapplied to this lovely spot.

"The missionary and his wife received us with the utmost hospitality, and we remained with these worthy people during the next day.

"I had not long entered the house before a sweet little girl, with a very fair complexion and long flaxen ringlets, came running up to me. It was pleasant to hear, in this secluded spot, the prattle of a little English child: she lisped to us of the roses she had been gathering, and said that the rain had made them so pretty.

"Thus the prattler went on; when I observed, in the next apartment, upon a sofa, a delicate and sickly boy, who was suffering from a disease of the heart. 'Do you paint portraits?' enquired the father of me, with a look of almost agonising earnestness. I guessed his meaning, and glanced at the sick boy on the pink sofa. He said no more; but I felt that it was in my power to make the hearts of those anxious parents happy, for I know they expected to lose their child. * * *

"During my stay at Pepepe, the missionary sent for Te Paki, the old chief next in importance, in the Waikato districts, to Te Whero Whero: he arrived, with his wife, in a small canoe, from a *kainga*, about three miles up the river; and they had both arrayed themselves in their primitive costume, for the purpose of sitting to me for their portraits. Taki was formerly a great priest or *tohunga*, and one of the most eloquent speakers in Waikato. About ten years since, he began to entertain favourable opinions respecting Christianity; but a considerable time elapsed before he could break through his superstitious and heathen customs: the *tapu* had nearly as strong a hold upon his mind, as the idea of *caste* has upon that of the Hindoo. At length, he was induced to learn to read; his own son offering to be his teacher. After this, he entered into a violent dispute that arose respecting some land, and, for a time, appeared inclined altogether to forsake his newly-adopted religion; a quarrel about an eel pah then occupied his whole attention, and the death of his favourite son, who was drowned at Manukao, caused him to absent himself entirely from the Christian natives. He attributed the death of his son to the disrespect paid to the heathen *atuas*, or spirits; and as it was this lad who had taught him to read, he imagined the *atuas* had shown their anger, by punishing him in this manner. At length, however, he became a firm adherent to Christianity, gave up all his heathen notions and habits, and has ever since remained one of the most upright and conscientious chiefs of the Waikato.

"I also painted Te Amotutu, a young chief of Waikato, belonging to the Nga ti Pou tribe, who is related to Te Paki. He is a fine lad, not more than sixteen years of age, and, about a month ago, he was married to a pretty girl of Kaitote, to whom he had long been betrothed by his friends. The young bridegroom is very well satisfied with his bride; but she, unfortunately, is partial to another lad, whom the customs of his tribe forbid her to marry.

"In the afternoon, our natives were all impatient to start; for the rain had cleared off, and the blue sky was revealing itself in every direction, as the mists rolled up upon the sides of the woody mount of Taupiri; but Mr. Ashwell gave them a little pig for a feast, and they then readily consented to remain until the next day. Our chief, Wirihona, with his party, had started in two canoes early in the morning, and this made the others anxious to follow.

"During the evening, Mrs Ashwell played upon the piano, and several hymns were sung in the native language at their evening worship. Had it not been for the three little native domestics, (or rather *helps*) that were in the room, I could, for the moment, almost have fancied myself in England again. These girls, Mrs Ashwell had taught to read and sew, and they assisted her in the domestic arrangements of the mission station; they were droll, fat creatures; and whenever they wanted to pass across the room, they crept upon their hands and knees under the table. I made a sketch of the stoutest of the trio, who is described as a 'regular vixen.' The moment I had completed the sketch, it was shown to her; whereupon she instantly rushed out of the room, fancying she was bewitched."

The New Zealanders have acute feelings, strong affections, and even a high sense of honour and shame. The native character is illustrated by the following traits:—

"On arriving at the village or *kainga* of Ko Ngahokowitu, we found all the natives in a state of extraordinary excitement. We had observed numbers of people running in that direction along the margin of the river, from the different plantations; and, on inquiring, we learned that, an hour previouly to our arrival, the son of an influential chief had committed suicide by shooting himself with a musket.

"Our fellow-travellers, with Wirihona their chief, were all assembled, and we followed them to the shed where the act had been perpetrated, and where the body still lay as it fell, but covered with a blanket. The mourners were gathered round, and the women commenced crying most dolefully, wringing their hands and bending their bodies to the earth. We approached the body, and were permitted to remove the blanket from the face and breast: the countenance was perfectly placid, and the yellow tint of the skin, combined with the tattooing, gave the corpse almost the appearance of a waxen model. The deceased was a fine and well-made young man. He had placed the musket to his breast, and deliberately fired off the trigger with his toes, the bullet passing right through his lungs. Blood was still oozing from the orifice made by the bullet, and also from the mouth, and the body was quite warm.

"The cause of this sad occurrence was a case of adultery, which had taken place some time ago between this man and the wife of another person residing in the same village. The friends of this young man sent away the woman to a distant settlement, which caused the deceased to become gloomy and sullen. Some of the party having that morning reproached him with his conduct, he suddenly rose in an angry mood, and went unobserved to the spot where he destroyed himself.

"The tears shed by the mourners were marks of genuine grief: it was quite melancholy to observe the young man's uncle bending over the body and frequently placing his hands upon it, whilst the tears ran down his furrowed and tattooed cheeks. Only two other mourners approached close to the body—the sister and brothor of the deceased. The former I did not at first observe; she was sitting at the feet of the corpse, entirely wrapped in a portion of the blanket that covered it—the same drapery enveloping the living and the dead. The latter, a fine boy about twelve or fourteen, came in and sat down close to his uncle; he had striven to conceal his feelings for some time, but at

length he hid his face in his mat and cried bitterly. The old man saluted us most cordially; but his heart was too full to speak, and he only kept shaking his head as the tears wetted his wrinkled countenance.

"We left this scene of weeping, with which the heavily falling rain was in accordance, and returned to our canoes, from which we had to bail out the water.

"At Hopetui we landed and took shelter beneath a little tent that our chief, Wideona, had erected there. Sitting huddled together with his family, we found employment in bathing the eye of his little girl with warm water, the poor child having received a dreadful blow, that had caused the part to swell to the size of a pigeon's egg. These people are but very indifferent doctors. Amongst the heathen tribes they attempt to cure all diseases by witchcraft or sorcery; and these christian natives were actually rubbing the wound with their dirty fingers, while the mother wiped away the discharge from the eye with a piece of old blanket.

"A slight incident occurred in the tent, illustrative of native character. The chief caught a large spider on his blanket, and taking it by one leg held it carefully for a minute, and then let it go. I asked him why he did not destroy the spider? He replied—'He has done no wrong: if he had bitten me I should have killed him!'

"The entrance to the tent was shut in with a crowd of heads, amongst which were those of two old men, who were most anxious to sell us some eggs. The air of the little tent was insupportable; added to which, the whole family were successively chewing a large piece of filthy pork rind, which was handed from one to another, and had now been divested of nearly all the fat it previously contained.

"At Hopetui we met with a sister of Karaka or 'Clark,' the chief of Waikato heads, whose portrait I had painted when at Auckland. This portrait I showed to the old woman, who had not seen her brother for some time, when, to my surprise and amusement, she at once commenced a most affectionate *tangi* before the sketch; waving her hands in the usual manner, and uttering successively low whining sounds, expressive of her joy. After she had, as I imagined, satisfied herself with seeing the representation of her brother, I was about to replace the sketch in my portfolio, when she begged of Forsaith that she might be permitted to *tangi* over it in good earnest, saying, 'it was her brother—her brother; and she must *tangi* till the tears come;' and sure enough presently the tears did come, and the old woman wept and mourned, and waved her hands before the picture with as much apparent feeling as if her brother himself had thus suddenly appeared to her. * * * *

"In the evening Wirihona came into our tent, and we conversed about cannibalism. I inquired of him, through Forsaith, if he himself had ever partaken of human flesh? 'Yes,' he said, 'we have all eaten it, when we knew no better.'"

The visits to the missionary stations in New Zealand are not the least interesting part of these volumes. We are tempted by another of them.

"*Oct. 6th*—Late last evening we reached the hospitable roof of the Wesleyan mission station. Mr. Wallis, the missionary, was from home, but his wife received us most kindly, surrounded by a group of half a dozen fine rosy-cheeked children, who bore testimony, in their healthy and happy countenances, to the salubrity of the New Zealand climate.

"The mission station stands upon the side of a hill, sheltered from the westerly winds, and overlooking a valley, along which winds one of the many branches of the harbour. The scenery around is remarkably picturesque. The house is about a mile distant from the sea-shore, against which the Southern ocean beats in the winter with terrible fury. Along the black sand composing the beach, that small and delicate shell, *spirula Australis*, lay scattered in considerable abundance.

"In the afternoon I visited the chapel, where I found two classes, composed of persons of all ages, squatted on the floor, reading the Testament in the Maori language with the native teachers, and all intent on their books. They formed a strange-looking medley; here and there, the richly-tattooed face of a chief, and now and then, the wrinkled visage of a shrivelled old woman, varied the group. One poor decrepit soul was in mourning—I think it was for her husband; her weeds consisted of a profusion of shreds of red cloth tied round her head, and hanging in a bunch over her forehead. Both the native teachers wore European costume; one of them was strutting round his class, loudly vociferating to his pupils, dressed in a pair of military pantaloons, and a white blouse. The other and senior teacher was a mild little man, neatly tattooed, and dressed in an entire suit of faded black cloth: he gave out a hymn, and concluded the service with a prayer.

"*Oct. 7th*—All day at Waingaroa taking portraits of the principal chiefs. A *korero*, or gathering of the native orators, was held at the mission station, to meet Forsaith (a government agent); and the most distinguished of these individuals sat to me for their portraits. So great is the sensation created by the exercise of my art amongst these people, that during the entire day the court-yard has been crowded with natives, all anxious to have their likenesses taken, that they may go to England with those of the *Rangatiras:* upwards of thirty found their way into the room where I was engaged in painting, and the passage leading to it was crowded to excess, so that there was no getting in or out. In fact, what with Forsaith's government business, in which they are deeply interested, together with my painting, the whole settlement is in a state of unwonted excitement. The day is over; the chiefs have concluded their meeting, (at which many energetic and eloquent speeches have been delivered) and two of the principal leaders, Wiremu Nera (William Naylor) or Awaitaia, and Paratene Maioha, are sitting with me at the table, writing letters to the governor; they made me fold their letters for them, and have given me their signatures beneath their portraits. * * * I painted Paratene attired in an elegant robe of large size, ornamented with dog's hair, one of those from the southern island, and called by the natives *e parawai*. Before commencing my sketch, personal vanity overcame the grave orator, and the cannibal warrior of other days; he went into the parlour to Mrs Wallis, and said, 'Mother, let me have a glass, to see that my countenance is right:' being anxious to compose his features in a manner suitable to his own ideas of propriety, before he took his stand for so important a proceeding. Paratene is, notwithstanding numerous peculiarities, a sensible and intelligent man, and much esteemed by those Europeans to whom he is known."

Of a principal chief and distinguished warrior, who had professed Christianity, it is here said, "His character has been without a blemish; and if any native could be singled out as evidencing the power of the gospel truth he professes to believe, *Wiremu Nera* (the New Zealand pronounciation of William Naylor,) is the man."

In the course of his rambles, Mr. Angas stumbled upon a curious settlement in the wilds of New Zealand; but we must first indicate his approach to it.

"About four miles beyond Whakatumutumu, we reached the falls of Mokau, an exceedingly romantic spot, where that river dashes down a perpendicular wall of rock, from a height of about sixty feet, in one broad sheet of water. The rocky steeps on each side of the chasm are clothed with evergreens, amongst which the graceful *rimu* pine stands pre-eminent; high, broken rocks, resembling castles, fortresses, and towers, rise on the opposite side of the glen; and the surrounding hills are wild, and covered with fern. During the day, we passed many swamps, and followed the winding course of the river Mokau, along valleys surrounded by strange, desolate-looking hills, with rocks of micaceous schist cropping out. In various parts of the river, native weirs, for catching eels, are frequent; these the natives keep up with great care, as they also do their eel-pahs, for the reception of these fish. The importance and value of the eel-pahs is frequently a subject of dispute amongst the chiefs. At the summit of a steep hill, we met a party of slave-girls, travelling towards Whakatumutumu, heavily laden with baskets, con-

taining cakes of stinking maize. They were accompanied by a pretty-looking young woman, the daughter of one of the chiefs at Pari-pari, gaily attired in a string-mat, with a bunch of myrtle leaves in her ear. The grace and gentle bashfulness of this *rangatira* damsel were in strong contrast with the coarse and rude appearance of the half-clad slaves who were her fellow-travellers. * * * * At Pari-pari, there lives a European, named Lewis, who has married the daughter of Taonui, the principal chief of the district, and successor to Tariki. Under the auspices and protection of his father-in-law, Lewis enjoys his Robinson Crusoe-like life in perfect security. He has a hut of his own construction, together with a garden, and a flock of seventy goats, besides pigs, fowls, and other small domestic animals. During my stay, for a few days, at Pari-pari, I experienced every hospitality from Lewis, who took infinite trouble and pleasure in pointing out to me all the antiquities and remains of *pahs* and ornamental architecture in the neighbourhood. It was an unexpected treat to sup upon brown bread and milk—the former made by my host from the product of his last year's crop. The concluding dish at supper would appear less inviting to a European appetite, for it consisted of a quantity of fine plump grubs, nicely browned before the fire; and, repulsive as such an article of food might at first appear, they are not only agreeable in flavour, but resemble, in taste, the most delicious cream. Taonui's daughter had procured them from the decayed timber of the *rimu* pine, in the adjoining forest. At a small *pah*, not far distant from the abode of his *pakeha* Lewis, Taonui, the chief, has his residence. He is one of the most powerful and superstitious of the old heathen chiefs, and is scrupulously attached to the religion of the Tohunga; around his neck he usually wears a small flute, constructed out of the leg-bone of Pomare, a northern enemy of his tribe; and upon this instrument he frequently plays with peculiar satisfaction. * * * On the death of a favourite daughter, Te Whero Whero made a song, the substance of which was, that he would take off the scalps of all the chiefs, except Ngawaka, and fling them into his daughter's grave, to revenge her untimely death."

It would have given us much pleasure to have accompanied Mr. Angas farther in his Australian wanderings, but we must be content with recommending him to our readers as an exceedingly entertaining and instructive companion, and as one entirely devoid of pretension.

Ceylon: a General Description of the Island and its Inhabitants; with an Historical Sketch of the Conquest of the Colony by the English. By Henry Marshall, F.R.S.E., Deputy Inspector-General of Army Hospitals; Author of the *Military Miscellany*,* &c., &c. Post octavo. With a Map of Ceylon, &c., &c. London: Allan & Company.

THERE are extant several histories, or descriptions, of Ceylon; Mr. Marshall's valuable addition is, therefore, chiefly devoted to what he terms "the English period," or from the time when, in 1796, the island, or its maritime provinces, were taken from the Dutch, when the United Provinces, organised under the name of the Batavian Republic, had become the allies of France.

Mr. Marshall's introductory account of the island is brief, previous to the period that it was, in 1590, occupied by the Portuguese, the original discoverers, who had planted themselves in Ceylon, through the insidious arts and crooked policy which have too often characterised the dealings of Europeans with the native powers of India. The Kandyans, who expected deliverers, found the Dutch not a whit better than the Portuguese, if not more cruel and selfish; and, at the time when the British gained possession of the Island, the recollection of the grasping policy of the Portuguese, and the selfish rapacity and cruelty of the Dutch, made the King of Kandy forbid his people to have any intercourse with Europeans of any nation, as all were to be held alike treacherous and dishonourable. But, when the English commissioners arrived—after the capture of Trincomalee, and when the maritime provinces, so long held by the Portuguese and Dutch, had been seized—greater faith and friendship were professed for the English—professions which subsequent events showed to be false and hollow; though Kandyan treachery is, in this instance, not without apology.

Having briefly gone over the preliminary periods, and noticed the contests maintained, for centuries, with mutual pertinacity and cruelty, between the people of Kandy and the foreign encroachers who settled on the coasts, Mr. Marshall approaches the English period; and his lucid narrative of the negotiations and intrigues of the Anglo-Indian governors, or commissioners, presents an indirect exposition of the character and conduct of too many of the individuals who have administered the government of our Eastern colonies, and who, if sometimes outwitted by superior native craft, certainly never failed in their diplomacy from adherence to the maxim of honesty being the best policy. The intrigues of the Hon. Frederick North and the chiefs of the court of Kandy are an epitome—a "picture in little"—of much of the history of English diplomacy in India. It is not history to be nationally proud of. Mr. North's weak and underhand dealings with persons, at the court of Kandy, wholly unworthy of his confidence, resulted in the miserable and disgraceful affair best remembered by the catastrophe of Major Davie, and the troops who had the misfortune to be placed under the command of so inefficient an officer.

Mr. Marshall, who went to Ceylon in 1808, when an army was assembling to invade and conquer Kandy, must have had ample opportunities, during the thirteen years he was professionally engaged in the Kandyan provinces, to acquire the most minute information regarding the previous disasters, and the secret springs of action; and, after relating the whole proceedings, he is compelled to sum up—"Thus did the British Government, by the right of conquest, assume, without reservation, the same arbitrary and absolute authority over the Kandyan people which had, by immemorial usage, been possessed by the despotic kings of Kandy." "For some reason," he says in another place, "the Kandyans, of all grades, disliked the English." The reason, we should apprehend, is not difficult to find, if Mr. Marshall chose to seek it. He has been blamed for severity in his exposition of British policy and British officials in Ceylon; but if he has erred at all it is on the side of leniency. A historian does not sit down either to extenuate guilt or to apologise for imbecility.

The hostile sentiments of the Kandyans, who had waited in vain for the withdrawal of their professed friends and deliverers from their territory, again broke out into open violence; and the hostilities which followed were marked with equal atrocity on both sides—with this mighty difference, that the Ceylonese were fighting in defence of their national independence, and all that a people hold dear and sacred; and the English to maintain conquests obtained not always by the fairest means. Mr. Marshall

* See *Tait's Magazine* for June, 1846.

corroborates his own statements by the opinions of other writers. "No conduct," it is said in *Knighton's History of Ceylon*, "could justify the conduct of the English. . . . We may reasonably question, whether it would not have been more just and wise, altogether, to evacuate the interior, than to allow such a state of things to continue so long as they did." And Mr. Marshall adds, that the Kandyans were treated precisely as the Duke of Cumberland did the Highlanders after the Battle of Culloden.

Such things may not be pleasant to tell, but they are salutary to hear; and in their revelation consists much of the merit of Mr. Marshall's work, which we consider more valuable as admonition than as history. But, that we may not touch wholly on the dark side or dwell in generalities, we shall now select, as a specimen of the narrative, the description of the King of Kandy, who was deposed for many alleged reasons, but, in reality, because this measure was deemed necessary to the furtherance of British objects :—

"Sri Wickreme Rajah Singha, the deposed King of Kandy, was about five feet nine or ten inches in height, slightly corpulent, stoutly made, and muscular. He had a pleasant expression of countenance, a handsome beard, broad shoulders, and a full chest. His figure was manly, and his general appearance dignified. He did not appear to the writer to be deficient in intellect, and was generally much more affable and good-humoured than could be expected of a deposed king in a state of confinement. Having been placed on the throne by a professed friend, but in reality an inveterate, intriguing enemy, for the intriguer's own aggrandisement, his situation as king was attended with insuperable difficulties. Like a man blindfolded and in fetters, he could neither see nor move but as the adikar directed him. With a faithless minister, and a powerful, ambitious, hostile neighbour, who was ever ready to encourage traitors, provided he might benefit by the treason, his throne was surrounded by the most embarrassing perplexities—difficulties which would have required a person of great natural talents to surmount. The character of a native sovereign is so much influenced by that of the people over whom he rules, and particularly by the personal qualities of the persons by whom he governs, together with the circumstances under which he is placed, that it is often difficult to discover or to appreciate his natural disposition.

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"To enable the reader to judge fairly and impartially of the character of the King of Kandy, he should be tried by the standard of his own country, by the spirit of the Kandyan Government and the usages of Oriental despotisms, together with the circumstances in which he was placed. These conditions must be properly understood before a correct estimate can be made of the real merits of his case. Like Peter the Great of Russia, he was 'a despot by condition and necessity.' * * *

"The predominating feeling of his mind, after he was made a prisoner, was indignation at the treatment he had received from his own subjects, more especially the chiefs. 'Take care,' said he, 'of Eheylapola and Molligodda; they deceived me, and they will deceive you.' He gave Government an account of the places where his treasure was hidden; observing that it mattered little what became of it, providing the chiefs and people did not benefit by his property. He did not generally show any reluctance to discuss Kandyan matters. The writer of this sketch, who had been requested to visit him professionally, found him frank and affable, and willing to converse upon any subject which was started. In the course of conversation, he observed—'Had my people behaved as they ought to have done, I would have shown you whether I was a man or a woman. Twice during my reign have you obtained possession of the town of Kandy, and twice have you been very glad to get out of it.' *Writer:* 'Your people, it is true, did not make much resistance, on some of the routes to the capital; but the force in the Three and Four Corles behaved tolerably well.' *King:* 'It is of no use to talk of the taste of food after it is in the belly.' The King then asked the writer a number of questions, such as, How long he had been in Ceylon? How far he had come? How long he had been on board ship? And for what purpose he had left Europe? *Writer:* 'I belong to the medical department of the army, and my duties are chiefly to take care of sick soldiers.' *King:* 'You must be a good man, to travel so far for so commendable a purpose. Would you like to be at home?' *Writer:* 'Yes.' *King:* 'Think what is the exact form of your house; is it square or round?' *Writer:* 'My house is square.' *King:* 'Then you are at home, your thoughts being there; the mind is of the first moment—the body, though absent, being of comparatively little importance.' In the course of conversation, he entered upon a discussion in regard to the cause of thunder and lightning. Some allusion having been made to the severity of the King's punishments, he rather testily observed, 'I governed my kingdom according to the Shasters'—Hindoo or Brahminical law-books, of which the Institutes of Manu are said to have obtained the highest reputation. Manu professes to have great confidence in the utility of punishments. 'Punishment,' says he, 'governs all mankind; punishment alone preserves them; punishment awakes while their guards are asleep. The wise consider punishment as the perfection of justice. * * * The whole race of men is kept in order by punishment, for a guiltless man is hard to be found.'—*Laws of Manu.*

"On the 24th January, 1816, the King, with his family, embarked at Columbo, on board of H.M. ship Cornwallis, for Madras. He was taken to the waterside in the Governor's carriage, and his ladies were accommodated with palanquins. They were closely veiled as they went into the boat: and during their embarkation, which took up some time, the King stood by and assisted by giving orders to his own people, with much composure and presence of mind. He was very handsomely dressed; and his large trousers, drawn close upon his ankles, reminded the spectators of the figure of Rajah Singha, as given by Knox. The King embarked with his wives and mother-in-law, in the captain's barge, and the attendants in another. The wind was high, and the boats encountered a good deal of sea in their passage to the ship. They were all taken into the ship by means of an accommodation-chair. Some of the ladies were greatly alarmed, while others suffered much from sea-sickness. The King showed no indication of fear; and, considering that he was carried through a rough sea, which he had not been upon since his infancy, to an English man-of-war, which he had not seen before, it must be acknowledged that his whole deportment indicated considerable dignity and firmness of mind.

"He died at Vellore, on the afternoon of the 30th of January, 1832, aged fifty-two years, having been seventeen years a state prisoner. At the desire of the family, the body was conveyed to the place of burning before sunset, under the escort of a military guard, and accompanied by his male relatives and servants."

After the deposition of the King, the Kandyans were continually inquiring when the English intended to withdraw to the maritime provinces, to which the Portuguese and Dutch had been limited. They have not yet received a satisfactory answer to their question. The maritime provinces and the interior kingdom have been amalgamated under British dominion; but sundry attempts at insurrection evince that the Ceylonese are not yet conciliated, nor much better affected to British rule than those other tribes of the East, who are "biding their time."

Mr. Marshall's work is distinguished throughout by the same painstaking and minute examination of facts and authorities which formed a valuable feature in his more important recent work on the condition of the British army.

***Florentine History*, from the Earliest Authentic Records to the Accession of Ferdinand the Third, Grand Duke of Tuscany. By Henry Edward Napier, Captain in the Royal Navy, F. R. S. In six volumes: volume II. London: Moxon.**

No time has been lost in issuing Captain Napier's second volume, which brings the history down to the first years of the fifteenth century. A very long "Miscellaneous Chapter," referring to the social condition of the people, the habits, usages, literature, and the arts—forms, as in the preceding volume, a most interesting appendix or illustration; giving pith and marrow to the dry bones—the bare skeleton of public annals. If the history of all Italy were not implicated in the Florentine annals, and if the other States, by the skill of the historian, were not made to revolve like satellites around Florence, we should still fear that the work was cast upon too broad a scale; but, by free discursion, the historian contrives to keep alive the reader's interest, and to give an abundance of matter, which, if not always precisely relevant, is always instructive and entertaining. As a specimen of his style, we select the portrait of the Tribune Rienzi, which is executed at full-length, and with minuteness of finishing which might have adapted it to a history of the state in which Rienzi played his remarkable part:—

"About this period, considerable interest was excited in Florence, by the appearance of an embassy from the celebrated Nicola di Rienzi, tribune of the Roman people, whose bold, rapid, and somewhat theatrical career had become the wonder and admiration of Europe. The long-protracted absence of pontifical government had made Rome a scene of anarchy: no law, no justice, no civil protection; every man acted for himself alone, without reference to the safety or the rights of others: the two senators, Orsini and Colonna, each with his own faction, were hereditary and deadly enemies: the public revenue was plundered, the Pope defrauded, the streets infested with assassins, the roads with robbers, and pilgrims no longer visited the sacred shrines, for none were safe from violence: the ancient temples everywhere rose into fortresses, and nothing but war and slaughter were seen in the Eternal City. In the midst of this confusion appeared a certain Nicola, or Cola, son of one Lorenzo, or Rienzo, a petty innkeeper, and Madalena, a washerwoman of Rome. Cola di Rienzo's own exertions had already raised him to the rank of notary; his naturally refined intellect was cultivated until he became a perfect scholar; he excelled in all literary acquirements, and was gifted with powers of elocution far beyond the common standard. An enthusiastic admirer of ancient Rome, he existed only in her authors, revelled amidst her antiquities, deciphered her mouldering inscriptions, and lamented her fallen state; but, while still musing over her misfortunes, heroically resolved to accomplish her deliverance. His extraordinary abilities, displayed in an embassy to Avignon, where Petrarch is said to have been joined with him, so struck Pope Clement VI. that he immediately made him notary to the apostolical chamber at Rome, although deaf to the eloquence that would fain have persuaded him to return there. In this distinguished post Cola gained universal respect by his integrity, and soon began to declaim openly against the oppressors of his country. At a public meeting in the capitol he fearlessly reproached the leading factions with their crimes, but gained nothing except a blow from Andreozzo Colonna, and an indecent insult from an underling. His next feat was the exhibition of an allegorical picture on the walls of the capitol, which told the melancholy story of Rome, and the fate of more ancient nations under the withering effects of injustice; and when the people's attention was once excited, he suddenly poured forth one of those powerful strains of eloquence in which he so much excelled, and with all the spirit of the Gracchi, denounced the nobles and their disgraceful tyranny, even with more reason than those worthy and renowned citizens. On another occasion he produced a decree of the ancient senate which he had recently discovered, and showed it to the people as an act of that body investing Vespasian with the authority of Emperor. After this he again harangued them on the antique majesty of the Roman people, who made emperors their vicars, by clothing them with their own rights and power. 'These princes,' said he, 'only existed by the will of your ancestors, and you, you have allowed the two eyes of Rome to be torn away; you have allowed both Pope and Emperor to abandon your walls, and be no longer dependent on your will.' The consequence of this, as he told them, was banished peace, exhausted strength, discord, the blood of numbers shed in private war; and that city, once the queen of nations, reduced so low as to be their scorn and mockery. 'Romans,' he continued, 'you have no peace, your lands lie untilled; the jubilee approaches; you have no provisions; and if those who come as pilgrims to Rome should find you unprovided, they will carry the very stones away in the fury of their hunger, and even the stones will not suffice for such a multitude.' The people applauded and the nobles mocked him. Like the first Brutus, they even invited him for amusement to their revels, and made him harangue them like a mountebank, while they ridiculed his eloquent truths and fearless denunciations. Allegorical paintings were from time to time posted in various parts of the city, with corresponding labels, such as '*The hour of justice approaches—wait thou for her;*' and, '*Within a brief space the Romans will reassume their ancient and good state.*'

"But Rienzo was still ridiculed, and his proceedings considered as the mere visions of learned vanity. It was not with pictures and sententious matters, they said, that Rome could now be regenerated—something more was requisite. Cola was also of this opinion; and, seeing that the public mind, whether in gravity or mockery, was now alive to the subject, immediately resolved on more vigorous action. Secretly assembling a considerable number of the most determined spirits from every class, except the very highest nobility, he addressed them on the Aventine Hill, and conjured them to assist him in the deliverance of their common country. He unfolded his plans; assured them of the Pope's acquiesence; developed the resources of Rome and the wholesome vigour of an honest popular government; and then administering an oath to each, he dismissed the assembly.

"On the 19th of May, 1347, taking advantage of the potent Stefano Colonna's temporary absence, with most of his forces, Cola proceeded in solemn but unarmed procession to the capitol, where he laid his whole enterprise open before the assembled people. Shouts of enthusiastic approbation rolled through the crowd, and Rienzo was instantly invested with sovereign authority. Old Stefano Colonna soon returned, and haughtily refused to quit Rome again at the command of the dictator, whose orders he treated with contempt. On hearing this, Rienzo suddenly assembled the armed citizens, and, by a vigorous assault on the stronghold of Stefano, mastered all his forces, and compelled him to fly from the city with only a single domestic. The other barons succumbed; the town was guarded, fortified, and soon cleared of those ferocious bands of miscreants that had so long infested it under aristocratic license and protection. A parliament then assembled, which sanctioned every act, and bestowed on Rienzo the high-sounding titles of TRIBUNE OF THE PEOPLE, AND LIBERATOR OF ROME.

"Thus was Roman liberty for a moment restored, by a single member of her humblest class of citizens. Such is the power of eloquence, when tyranny prepares its way and honesty dictates its periods!" * * * "With all this excellence there was yet a certain vanity about Rienzo that argued weakness and instability. He assumed the pompous titles of '*Nicola the Severe and Clement*,' '*Liberator of Rome*,' '*The Zealous for the good of Italy*,' '*The Lover of the World*,' and '*The August Tribune.*' But upright magistrates were created, many chiefs of factions who disturbed the country were

executed, the noxious and nonjuring great were banished, and a gleam of tranquillity burst over the long-benighted city.

The fall of the vainglorious demagogue was much more rapid than his rise; yet we cannot help thinking that Captain Napier has hardly done justice to the genius of this remarkable man. The 14th century was rendered memorable in Florence by the great plague, and by the worse plague of the feuds of the Guelphs and Ghibelines, which so long disturbed and desolated the Italian States. This, too, was the era of Petrarch and Boccacio; so that there is no want of brilliant themes for the composition of this portion of the Florentine history. We have received the third volume, to which we will refer again.

The Gallery of Scripture Engravings, Historical and Landscape; with Descriptions, Historical, Biographical, and Pictorial. By John Kitto, D.D., &c. Vol. I. London; Fisher & Son.

This work is of the same size—a large quarto—with the numerous embellished volumes which the Messrs. Fisher & Co. have published. The engravings are numerous—above sixty in the present volume—and chiefly from paintings by the old Italian masters. The work is of a grave character; and, to suit this, Dr. Kitto to each plate has attached an explanatory and critical lecture, rather than a description, which combines, with popular biblical criticism, the historical, geographical, and miscellaneous notices incidental to the subject. The work is one which may be depended on both for fulness and accuracy of information. It will find a welcome in many an English home, both for its embellishments and its intrinsic literary merits.

NEW POEMS.

Heroic Odes and Bacchic Melodies. By George St. Edmonds. London: Thornton.

We have here a collection of verses, not in any way distinguishable from the numerous volumes of fugitive and occasional poems which, every year, or every month, issue from the press. Though it is delightful in spring to roam over the meadows, richly bedecked with primroses and daisies, it is impossible to loiter over every separate flower, expatiating on the delicacy of its form, or the beauty of its hues; and this must be our plea with many of the young contemporary versifiers, by whom silence ought not to be construed into neglect, but considered an absolute necessity in an age so fertile in verse.

EDUCATIONAL AND JUVENILE WORKS.

First Book of Astronomy, with Questions to each Page, &c. &c. By John L. Camstock, M.D. London: Adam Scott.

Heat, Light, and Electricity. By John L. Camstock and Richard D. Hoblyn. London: Adam Scott.

Portel's Conversational French Grammar. London: Houston & Stoneman.

Self-Education; or, the Value of Mental Culture. By William Robinson. 2d Edition. London: Hamilton & Co.

This little book, sensible in its outline and excellent in purpose, reads much like the lectures delivered to young men in provincial situations, and to show *advices* which used to be given to apprentices about the choice of companions, friends, wives, &c. Mr. Robinson recommends as best what he selects of books but one, which would in all departments require revisal, correction, and amendment. The drama is entirely excluded; and the most profane of the poets selected is Moyers.

Glimpses of the Wonderful. Miss Feries. London: Harvey & Darton.

This is a very neat juvenile quarto, with many beautiful illustrations, the subject being taken chiefly from natural history, though enterprise and adventure furnish a few of the diversified topics.

Euclid's Elements of Plain Geometry, as corrected by the late Alexander Ingram, Leith: with the Elements of Plain Trigonometry, and their Practical Application, adapted to the Use of Schools and Private Students, with numerous and appropriate Exercises annexed to each book. By James Trotter, of the Scottish Naval and Military Academy. Revised Edition. Edinburgh: Oliver & Boyd.

An excellent, sound, and remarkably cheap work this, which, besides being a useful school-book, may be made a valuable acquisition to every young mechanic and artizan who seeks to extend his knowledge and rise in his profession.

The Sikhs and Affghans, in connexion with India and Persia, immediately before, and after, the Death of Runjeet Singh. From the Journal of an Expedition to Kabul, through the Punjaub and the Khyber Pass. By Shahmet Ali, Persian Secretary with the Mission of Lieutenant-Colonel Wade, &c. &c., Political Resident in Malwa. London: John Murray.

Shahmet Ali, the class-fellow of Mohan Lal, and, probably, emulous of his literary and European fame, or fancying that Colonel Wade's native secretary had as much to tell Europe as the secretary of Sir Alexander Burnes, has produced his volume; but, under the disadvantage of coming second, and of not being so *native* as much of the Journal of Mohan Lal, whatever the cause may be.—Has it been spoiled by English top-dressing?

The African Wanderers; or, the Adventures of Carlos and Antonio: embracing interesting descriptions of the Manners and Customs of the Western Tribes, and the Natural Productions of the Country. By Mrs. R. Lee, Author of *Memoirs of Cuvier*, &c. &c. Small octavo, with Plates. London: Grant & Griffith, successors to Harris.

The author of this volume (formerly Mrs. Bowdich) may be presumed, from her own African wanderings, and her taste and acquirements in natural history, peculiarly well qualified for the office she has assumed. She has chosen to give her geographical lessons, and to make her appeal for Africa, through the medium of fiction—that is to say, her young heroes are invented for a special purpose, which they amply fulfil, though, perhaps, sticking rather too closely to the text set for them.

The Scientific Phenomena of Domestic Life familiarly explained. By Charles Foote Gower, Esq. Second Edition. Longman & Company.

As we have not seen the first edition of this little book, it may be proper to explain, that the second consists of

familiar descriptions of objects usually seen in the routine of daily life, but which excite little attention from being always before the eyes. Such are the frost on the window panes on a winter's morning, the steam from the boiling tea-kettle or hissing urn, or the many curious objects which pass unheeded on the daily rural walk. It is, in few words, an ampler illustration of the most of Mrs. Barbauld's *Eyes and No Eyes*, and will be useful in opening the eyes and fixing the attention of young readers, and students of natural science or physics.

PERIODICAL AND SERIAL WORKS.

Murray's Home and Colonial Library, No. 38.—Sir Francis Head's Journey across the Pampas.

Knight's Old English Worthies, Part XI. With Portraits of William Penn, Addison, Marlborough, Sir Christopher Wren, Sir Isaac Newton, and De Foe.—Frontispiece—the interior of St. Stephen's, Walbrook.

The Comic History of England, Part VI.

Royal Gems from the Mines of Europe. Engraved after National Pictures of the best Masters. Part VI.

The Christian in Palestine, Part VI.

The Legal Practitioner and Solicitor's Monthly Journal. London: Hastings. No. 2.—This seems a new legal periodical, the character of which we cannot describe, as we do not remember having seen either a prospectus or the first number.

PAMPHLETS AND TRACTS.

Outlines of Social Economy. London: Smith & Elder.

Education for the People: a Letter addressed to the Lord Bishop of Ripon. By the Rev. Scott F. Surtees.

Popular Education in England, with a Reply to the Letter of Mr. Edward Baines, Sen. By Robert Vaughan, D.D.

Education in Scotland: an Appeal to the Scottish People on their Scholastic and Academical Institutions. By John Stuart Blackie, Professor of the Latin Language in Marischal College, Aberdeen.

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.

Railways for the Many and not for the Few. By James Ward, Esq.

On the Communications between Europe and India, through Egypt.

Principles and Practice of Life Assurance. By John Sturrock, junior, Dundee.

Bible Emancipation; or, the extraordinary results of unfettered Bible printing, &c. &c. By Adam Thomson, D.D., Secretary to the Bible Press Company, Coldstream.

Funeral Sermon on Dr. Abercrombie. By the Rev. John Bruce, A.M.

Illustrations of Eating; displaying the omnivarous character of man, &c. &c. By a Beef-Eater.

Burns' Illustrated Catalogue.—This is a selection of the best wood engravings which have appeared in the Burns Fireside Library and other Libraries of this publisher. It makes a neat little table-book, and is to be sold very cheaply to purchasers to a fixed amount of the works illustrated. Many of the engravings are first-rate specimens of the art of wood-engraving.

The Cause of Blight and Pestilence in the Vegetable Creation, &c. &c. By John Parkins, M.D. Dr. Parkins does not appear much more successful in his investigation into the causes of the blight in the vegetable creation, and the murrain among cattle, than other inquirers; but his suggestions for remedies, and particularly for immediate attention to the fisheries, as a certain means of supplying food, which he thinks likely to be more and more deficient, are deserving of notice.

POLITICAL REGISTER.

The Session of Parliament was opened on the 19th ult. by her Majesty. The speech from the throne embraced few topics, and those few are very concisely treated; as if the Ministers intended to express their anxiety for short debates and an early finish of the business. The attention of Parliament is called, in the first sentences, to the "dearth of provisions which prevails in Ireland, and in parts of Scotland"; but an equal "dearth" prevails even in many parts of England. The expression is, we believe, applied not merely to the absolute cost of food, but also to the comparative means of buyers. One Buckinghamshire paper—the *News*—says, that the wages of farmers' labourers have been reduced, in one quarter of that county, from nine shillings to eight shillings per week; and even nine shillings, with bread at its present price, must leave a sad dearth of provisions in a labourer's family. In the second paragraph, Ministers say, that "outrages" in Ireland "have become more frequent, chiefly directed against property; and the transit of provisions has been rendered unsafe in some parts of the country;" while, in the third, they acknowledge "that in many of the most distressed districts, the patience and resignation of the people have been most exemplary." The patience of the people everywhere, with a few, certainly not serious, exceptions in Ireland, is most remarkable; and contrasts favourably with the conduct of the Continental population, under similar privations. The measures recommended for the alleviation of this distress are, the temporary repeal of the existing Corn-Laws; the use of sugar in breweries and distilleries; and the suspension of the Navigation Laws until 1st September next. Several measures are promised for the permanent improvement of Ireland, "and to lessen the pressure of that competition for land which has been the source of crime and misery." The only other measures promised in the speech relate to the improvement of towns. The Montpensier marriage and the occupation of Cracow have a paragraph each. The French business, we are told, has given rise to a correspondence; and the Austrian affair to a protest. The public were previously well acquainted with these matters; but speeches from the throne are seldom sources of information: their intelligence is always late. Taken as a programme of the Session, the speech promises short work to the

reporters and the reading public. The Whigs are adopting the policy which we ventured to anticipate for them: they are anxious to secure early hours and an easy life during the remainder of this Parliament; for the measure respecting towns, is the only thing promised of their own volition. The food measures are forced on them by the potato disease; and if the country had happily been exempted from that calamity, we might have had a blank year in Hansard. On the approved principles of the official school, there is little to be done after the supplies are voted. "Our party" is in power; and what more can be required? Education must necessarily have its proper share of attention, but is an exciting topic, which would disturb the peace of the country immediately before a general election; and it can wait. The bills for improving towns are most desirable, and might have been carried ere now—from the information collected and arranged at a large outlay to the public by several commissions. They are not, however, very likely to induce any considerable adverse agitation, for it will not be possible to raise a party in favour of fever. A few isolated individuals in different localities may consider their interests compromised by the measures; but they will command no sympathy from their neighbours, and will be unable to make up any available opposition against the Government. Petitions in support of narrow wynds, against scavengering, and light, and air, would be novelties in the House of Commons. Some credit and strength must be gained by this set of measures; and any opposition to them will be so futile and numerically weak that it can be disregarded. The bills, however, require to be watched; for many of those changes, recently styled improvements in towns, have had no title to the name. They have contributed to increase the rent, and reduce the accommodation of the poor. Splendid piles of buildings run through crowded localities have thrown poor families more densely back on the limited space reserved for them. Instead of serving even the better-paid classes of artizans, there can be no question that, in many large towns, their interests have suffered by improvements; but as so much time has been spent on the Government measures, and so much information accumulated respecting them, these evils must have been foreseen and may be avoided. Mr. Hume proposes the repeal of the timber-duties, as connected with these sanatory measures; but the Chancellor of the Exchequer says that they produce one million annually, and he cannot spare the money. It is, however, impossible to carry any useful measure for the improvement of towns and still retain the window-tax. Light, like air, is necessary to healthful existence; and if the Ministry wish credit for a good sanatory measure, they must put the window-tax out of the way.

The measures proposed to increase the supply and reduce the cost of grain were rapidly introduced. They experience no opposition, and have already been followed by a considerable fall in the price of barley, and a smaller reduction in the price of other grain. They are not, however, equal to the crisis, and we regret that the Government have not followed the counsel given them by Lord George Bentinck, and by wiser men, in employing a number of our national vessels for importing grain. The rules of political economy would not have been invaded by this operation; for while the interference of government in commercial transactions is to be deprecated, yet an exception may arise to any rule; and that exception has fully arisen in the shipping trade, when it is incompetent to transact the requisite business at any price. There are, at present, large parcels of corn and flour waiting freight to this country; and while the owners are, probably enough, losing the season of high prices, the public suffer by the delay. The operation could have been, and yet can be, easily arranged. If the Government import grain, they can charge the current freight and carry the proceeds to the public account. Their vessels are probably not well contrived for the stowage of cargoes, and their voyages may not be profitable in their immediate returns; but any loss under that head will be amply compensated; and we should like, for an omen of future good, to see those noble ships, built to destroy, employed at last in saving life.

The suspension of the navigation laws will not materially affect freights, because other importing nations adopted that step previously, and have probably succeeded in engaging all the spare shipping that this measure would have attracted to our ports.

The suspension of the corn duty will prevent the re-export of flour and grain to France and Belgium, and may slightly reduce the selling price, although not to the extent of the duty itself. We confidently expect prices to fall soon, and farther than the amount of duty now payable, but not in consequence alone of the suspension of this law, which may, however, attract supplies that would have been sent to other countries except for this precaution. In course of the session, a motion against the renewal of the law will be submitted to both Houses.

The most important of the three measures in its effect on prices, is the permission to use sugar in breweries. The measure is consistent with the strictest justice to the colonists; and it is probable that in all seasons a considerable quantity of sugar will be used in the manufacture of beer—not alone, but for mixture. In distillation, sugars will only be employed either when they have reached a lower price than they have generally obtained, or in seasons like the present, when grain is above its average value; as we believe there are disadvantages in mixing them with grain for that purpose. The refusal of the Chancellor of the Exchequer to admit the use of molasses in these works, on the ground that some trouble would be given to the excise in attending to the differential duties which must be charged, is one in many proofs of the strong tendency existing in his party to do things by halves. There could be no great difficulty in arranging the duties, or preventing fraud; and, although the subject is not of much public importance in ordinary seasons, yet for the emergency in this year even a small relief is of consequence. The duties on rum are to be reduced from 9s. 4d. to 8s. 4d. in England, 4s. 2d. in Scotland, and 3s. 2d. in Ireland. They will stand at 6d. per gallon over the tax on spirits in each country; and it is impossible to suppose that this change will not cause an extensive course of smuggling between Ireland and England. In home manufactured spirits it is probable that very little smuggling has occurred, because the quantity used in England is comparatively small; but rum is sold there to the extent of 3,000,000 gallons annually—while in Ireland and Scotland the entire quantity at present used does not exceed 60,000 gallons per annum. The inconvenience, and the immorality of smuggling will arise in this instance

from the very absurd usage of enacting entirely different laws, and widely differential duties for different and neighbouring portions of the same territory.

The resolution of Government not to suppress or to interfere with distillation and malting, in our present circumstances, has led to some animadversion both in and out of Parliament. On the grounds adduced by the Chancellor of the Exchequer, their resolution is indefensible; for he declines to forbid the use of grain in these works, "because it is not worth while." He read a letter from "an eminent distiller" in Ireland, who told him "that by far the greater proportion of barley that will be used by distillers for the rest of the season will be foreign;" and, on this authority, he says, "distillation from grain being practically stopped, it is not worth while to make any farther attempt that way." Now, the distiller did not say that distillation from grain was stopped, although foreign barley was substituted for English.—Foreign barley is grain; and, if it were not distilled, would be available for more useful and necessary purposes. The Government may very properly decline to move in this matter, if they believe that there is abundance of grain in the country, or available for this country, before the 1st September, to supply the population; but, if this be the case, then there has been, especially during December, a most unjustifiable degree of speculation in the grain trade. Unquestionably, there is, at present, an immense quantity of corn in all the large seaport towns. The rapid rise of prices was, therefore, not caused by consumption, but by the purchases of capitalists, or parties with a temporary command of capital, who had reason to anticipate an absolute scarcity of food, and very high prices, in the ordinary course of consumption, between this period and harvest. They have been, we trust, misled. We believe that their opinions are erroneous, and that recent prices will not be maintained; for the Government may be supposed to have examined the matter closely, and have not been satisfied with assurances from "eminent merchants" and "eminent distillers," very probably, also, "eminent speculators," before they decided to avoid interference with an unnecessary traffic, even at the risk of incurring absolute starvation to many thousands.

The parties who censure the Government in this matter have their remedy; and if they really fear that, from the use of grain in the production of beer and spirits, there will be a deficiency before harvest, they can keep their own hands clear from the transaction. It is an affair in which every man can be his own lawgiver.

The remedial measures to be proposed are not in our possession while we write; but as the poor-law system of England will fall under reconsideration, we expect that the Irish poor-law will be amended, so as, probably, to admit out-of-door relief. The adoption of this course would necessarily compel the landowners to improve their properties; but it would be virulently opposed by them. They have formed a confederation in Dublin—an Irish party—with its offices there and in London, its secretaries and its staff. In this instance, they have the support of Mr. O'Connell and his friends—including the great majority of the priesthood, and all the existing Repeal Association. This singular combination of a popular party with the landlords of the country, against a plan for preventing the starvation of families, and the production of those sad verdicts of coroners' juries—"died from want"—which, for some time, have been so common in Irish papers, might be successful in delaying the measure so as to render it useless for this season's emergency. They would incur a frightful responsibility; and, although many of them are sincere in their opposition to the proposal, yet they should remember that it is only a spur to make them work. It will be finally carried; but relief is needed now, rather than at the end of the session, for in Ireland, in some districts of Scotland, we fear, in several counties of England, there is not labour, or remuneration for labour, to support life at the present cost of living. In Ireland, especially, the labours of the field are suspended. We are come nigh to seed-time, and there have been no preparations made. The thorough disarrangement of the rotation of crops by the disappearance of potatoes perplexes many farmers. In a number of districts the holdings are so small, that any other system of husbandry can scarcely be adopted, except that previously pursued where the spade did the plough's work—and, perhaps, did it well. The emergency thus presses so closely, that little time is left for consideration, and none for profitless debating. So short, indeed, is the time, that there can be little space now between thought and action. Mr. Labouchere calculates the actual loss of potatoes and oats in Ireland at £15,916,000. This estimate, we think, is considerably over the truth; but, if we take off twenty per cent. for exaggeration, the balance is £12,000,000—a sum sufficient to stun any country, but especially Ireland. By the same mode of calculation, the loss in the Highland districts and Islands of Scotland would be £1,000,000. It is, therefore, impossible that the capital necessary to employ the people could be found within these districts, but they have the means of repaying the outlay without ultimate loss to the proprietary, and with great advantage to all public interests. Neither Ireland nor the Highlands of Scotland need charity, but loans; and there is a wide difference between the two—the distinction between "to beg" and "to borrow." The Irish landlords—or the Dublin Committee—require something, apparently, like a grant, which would not be valued, but wasted, if it were obtained. They will be all more grateful for money lent than for money given, when they find out that the first has been turned to good account, and remember that the latter would probably have been wasted. In another of their resolutions, this Committee cast upon the Government the responsibility of supporting the people, and the Government cannot escape the liability. They must provide against the recurrence of deaths by famine. It is impossible to tolerate habitual occurrences of that frightful character, until every resource has been exhausted. But the Government must present its alternative also. If the landlords cannot, or will not, bring their waste land under cultivation, they must resign its occupancy. There are noblemen on the Committee of Irish landlords who have around their mansions tracts of the finest land on their estates, laid out in pleasure-grounds, and inhabited almost solely by the beasts of the forest;—and how can they calmly remind the Government of the public responsibility to support their tenantry, when they have thus closed up the means of affording them employment?

The owner of a great game preserve cannot surely, with a clear conscience, say that he has done his utmost to prevent famine; when, in fact, he is doing everything

permitted by his circumstances to cause want and distress. The man prefers the plumage of his pheasants to the comfort of his labourers; and talks, nevertheless, most eloquently of public responsibilities and Government duty.

The people of Britain will pay any taxes, and support their representatives in voting any sum, rather than hear of more Skibbereens, or have the feeling that men are perishing from the earth by want. But they will insist on an economy of resources for the time to come; and they will give their aid now, in a useful form—in a manner that admits repayment—by a channel that will add to the wealth of Ireland, and secure, so far as human prudence can secure us, against such terrible visitations again. The landlords appeal to the country for assistance; and it is not a severe condition to ask from them waste lands, which they hold but do not occupy, at their present value. They will not be poorer men, when the transfer is made, than they now are; but profitable labour will be found for the people, and large additions will be made to the produce of the country.

The difficulties of the case are greatly enhanced by the pressure for time. Old land must be sown or planted, and new land brought under culture, and constant work and wages found for half a million of persons to harvest time. The crisis will make the character of the Whigs for business habits, if they get through it creditably; although it would have been wiser to have called Parliament together early in December, when all the foreshading of this calamity was seen, than have waited on to the last—risking ruin by long debates, and depending on the self-denial of members to abstain from tedious speeches and hopeless amendments.

The administrative talents of the Whigs have never, probably, equalled their intentions. Even in this Irish business, they have already blundered at the cost of the country. They have been, it appears, purchasing corn, and laying it up in depôts, like the Hebrew statesman of Egypt, against an evil day. There is, indeed, a remarkable difference between Henry Labouchere and Joseph the patriarch in one respect. The Chief Secretary for Egypt made his purchases when corn was plentiful and cheap, and sold when it became high; while the Chief Secretary for Ireland bought on as corn went up, with the resolution of selling when matters came to the worst; although there is not a corn-factor in Liverpool who could not have told him that this was the policy to bring matters prematurely to the worst, or to create a panic that would not otherwise have existed. It is true that purchases on Government account were made to follow the markets. Credit is taken for that precaution, although it would certainly have been a remarkable matter if they had preceded the market, and given more per quarter or per barrel than the current prices of the day. No small part of the mischief originates in these purchases having been made in this country, and in small parcels, for they thus fed speculation. Any merchant knows that the sale of a few hundred quarters or a few thousand bushels more or less in a day will give a brisk or a dull tone to the market; and make the difference of rising or falling prices. This process has been running on for weeks, perhaps for months, encouraging and sustaining a speculation, which, if it be not based on fact, is most injurious to all interests. A difficulty superior to the others, and over which the Government can have little control, will aggravate their trials. The circumstances of the Bank of France have become during December generally more embarassed than in the previous month. Our large imports of corn have been met by no corresponding export of manufactures, and must, therefore, be paid in bullion. In the third week of December there was in the Bank of England, in other English banks, and in the Banks of Ireland and Scotland, bullion to the value of two millions above the sum on hand at the corresponding period of last year. On the terms of the Currency Acts, several millions of gold, in addition to that sum, could be exported without reducing the real circulation. A tremor has, however, overspread the money market, and influential parties dread that all the spare stock will be insufficient. The Directors of the Bank of England, on the 14th December, raised their discounts to 3½ per cent. on bills of 95 days, and on the 21st to 4 per cent. These steps, in the circumstances of the country, were the best that they could have adopted; but their consequences, joined to a reduction of £1,200,000 in the bullion of the Bank during the month, have had a very serious result on the price of securities and the prospects of commerce, as a few quotations will show:—

	22d December, 1846.	23d January, 1847.
Consols	£93 5s.	£90 5s.
Reduced Three per Cent.	94	90 10
Bank of England Stock	206 10	204
India Stock	254	249 10
Great Western	128	121 5
London and North Western	194	191
Midland	127 10	120

Many smaller lines present greater reductions; and some, from local circumstances, have preserved their price. The preceding list, however, indicates sufficiently the pressure of the money market; and if it increase; in addition to the distress in Ireland, and of refugees from that country, the working hours of our manufacturing operatives may be farther reduced—their wages lessened, when bread is high—and the severity of that ordeal through which the country has to pass be indefinitely increased.

The currency question is considered dull, tedious, and uninteresting. Uninteresting: here is a miner toiling a hundred fathoms under the earth's surface; there is a blacksmith sweltering at a forge; yonder is a weaver labouring sixteen hours daily, for a pittance to sustain life, at his loom; a wearied female walks anxiously beside her spinning-frame; a hardy labourer is tending his plough—all are thoughtless of this grave subject; and yet, through all these classes, and every other class, an error in the currency may scatter dismay, idleness, and want.

These circumstances will utterly destroy the repose that the Ministers may have anticipated during this session. They will be, however, free from the annoyances of party opposition. The crisis is too serious to admit that, and all parties are willing rather to aid than to obstruct them in attempting to meet its great responsibilities. They may command assistance, they can reckon upon indulgence, and, if strengthening with their trial, they produce their promised measures, in a form calculated to meet existing, and ward away threatened calamities, they will deserve forgiveness for many shortcomings.

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GEORGE CRABBE.

BY GEORGE GILFILLAN, AUTHOR OF A "GALLERY OF LITERARY PORTRAITS."

To be the Poet of the waste places of Creation—to adopt the orphans of the Mighty Mother—to wed her dowerless daughters—to find out the beauty which has been spilt in tiny drops in her more unlovely regions—to echo the low music which arises from even her stillest and most sterile spots—was the mission of Crabbe, as a descriptive poet. He preferred the Leahs to the Rachels of Nature: and this he did not merely that his lot had cast him amid such scenes, and that early associations had taught him a profound interest in them, but apparently from native taste. He actually loved that beauty which stands shivering on the brink of barrenness—loved it for its timidity and its loneliness. Nay, he seemed to love barenness itself; brooding over its dull page till there arose from it a strange lustre, which his eye distinctly sees, and which in part he makes visible to his readers. It was even as the darkness of cells has been sometimes peopled to the view of the solitary prisoner, and spiders seemed angels, in the depths of his dungeon. We can fancy, too, in Crabbe's mind, a feeling of pity for those unloved spots, and those neglected glories. We can fancy him saying, "Let the gay and the aspiring mate with Nature in her towering altitudes, and flatter her more favoured scenes; I will go after her into her secret retirements, bring out her bashful beauties, praise what none are willing to praise, and love what there are very few to love." From his early circumstances besides, there had stolen over his soul a shade of settled though subdued gloom. And for sympathy with this, he betook himself to the sterner and sadder aspects of Nature, where he saw, or seemed to see, his own feelings reflected, as in a sea of melancholy faces, in dull skies, waste moorlands, the low beach, and the moaning of the waves upon it, as if weary of their eternal wanderings. Such, too, at moments, was the feeling of Burns, when he strode on the scaur of the Nith, and saw the waters red and turbid below; or walked in a windy day by the side of a plantation, and heard the "sound of a going" upon the tops of the trees: or when he exclaimed, with a calm simplicity of bitterness which is most affecting—

> "The leafless trees my fancy please,
> Their fate resembles mine."

Oh! where, indeed, can the unhappy repair, to escape from their own sorrows, or worse, from the unthinking glee or constitutional cheerfulness of others, more fitly than into the wastes and naked places of Nature? She will not then and there seem to insult them with her laughing luxuriance—her foliage fluttering, as if in vain display, with the glossy gilding of her flowers, or the sunny sparkle and song of her streamlets. But she will uplift a mightier and older voice. She will soothe them by a sterner ministry. She will teach them "old truths, abysmal truths, awful truths." She will answer their sighs by the groans of the Creation travelling in pain; suck up their tears in the sweat of her great agonies; reflect their tiny wrinkles in those deep stabs and scars on her forehead, which speak of struggle and contest; give back the gloom of their brows in the frowns of her forests, her mountain solitudes, and her waste midnight darkness; infuse something, too, of her own sublime expectancy into their spirits; and dismiss them from her society, it may be sadder, but certainly wiser men. How admirably is Nature suited to all moods of all men! In spring, she is gay with the light-hearted; in summer, gorgeous as its sun to those fiery spirits who seem made for a warmer day; in autumn, she spreads over all hearts a mellow and unearthly joy; and even in winter—when her temple is deserted of the frivolous and the timid, who quit it along with the smile of the sun—she attracts her own few but faithful votaries, who love her in her naked sculpture, as well as in her glowing pictorial hues, and who enjoy her solemn communion none the less that they enjoy it by themselves. To use the words of a forgotten poet, addressing Spring—

> "Thou op'st a storehouse for all hues of men.
> To hardihood thou, blustering from the North,
> Roll'st dark—hast sighs for them that would complain;
> Sharp winds to clear the head of wit and worth;
> And melody for those that follow mirth;
> Clouds for the gloomy; tears for those that weep;
> Flowers blighted in the bud for those that birth
> Untimely sorrow o'er; and skies where sweep
> Fleets of a thousand sail for them that plough the deep."

Crabbe, as a descriptive poet, differs from other modern masters of the art, alike in his selection of subjects, and in his mode of treating

the subjects he does select. Byron moves over nature with a fastidious and aristocratic step —touching only upon objects already interesting or ennobled, upon battle fields, castellated ruins, Italian palaces, or Alpine peaks. This, at least, is true of his "Childe Harold," and his earlier pieces. In the later productions of his pen, he goes to the opposite extreme, and alights, with a daring yet dainty foot, upon all shunned and forbidden things—reminds us of the raven in the Deluge, which found rest for the sole of her foot upon carcasses, where the dove durst not stand—rushes in where modesty and reserve alike have forbidden entrance—and ventures, though still not like a lost archangel, to tread the burning marle of Hell, the dim gulph of Hades, the shadowy ruins of the Pre-Adamitic world, and the crystal pavement of Heaven.—Moore practises a principle of more delicate selection, resembling some nice fly which should alight only upon flowers, whether natural or artificial, if so that flowers they seemed to be; thus, from sunny bowers, and moonlit roses, and gardens, and blushing skies, and ladies' dresses, does the Bard of Erin extract his finest poetry.—Shelley and Coleridge attach themselves almost exclusively to the great—understanding this term in a wide sense, as including much that is grotesque and much that is homely, which the magic of their genius sublimates to a proper pitch of keeping with the rest. Their usual walk is swelling and buskined: their common talk is of great rivers, great forests, great seas, great continents; or else of comets, suns, constellations, and firmaments—as that of all half-mad, wholly miserable, and opium-fed genius is apt to be.—Sir Walter Scott, who seldom grappled with the gloomier and grander features of his country's scenery, (did he ever describe Glenco or Foyers, or the wildernesses around Ben mac Dhui?) had—need we say? the most exquisite eye for all picturesque and romantic aspects, in sea, shore, or sky; and in the quick perception of this element of the picturesque lay his principal, if not only descriptive power.—Wordsworth, again, seems always to be standing above, though not stooping over, the objects he describes. He seldom looks up in rapt admiration of what is above; the bending furze-bush and the lowly broom—the nest lying in the level clover-field—the tarn sinking away seemingly before his eye into darker depths—the prospect from the mountain summit cast far beneath him; at highest, the star burning low upon the mountain's ridge, like an "untended watchfire:"—these are the objects which he loves to describe, and these may stand as emblems of his lowly yet aspiring genius.—Crabbe, on the other hand, "stoops to conquer" —nay, goes down on his knees, that he may more accurately describe such objects as the marsh given over to desolation from immemorial time—the slush left by the sea, and revealing the dead body of the suicide—the bare crag and the stunted tree, diversifying the scenery of the saline wilderness—the house on the heath, creaking in the storm, and telling strange stories of misery and crime—the pine in some wintry wood, which had acted as the gallows of some miserable man—the gorse surrounding with yellow light the encampment of the gypsies—the few timid flowers, or "weeds of glorious feature," which adorn the brink of ocean —the snow putting out the fire of the pauper, or lying unmelted on his pillow of death—the web of the spider blinding the cottager's window—the wheel turned by the meagre hand of contented or cursing penury—the cards trembling in the grasp of the desperate debauchee—the day stocking forming the cap by night, and the *garter at midnight*—the dunghill becoming the accidental grave of the drunkard—the poor-house of forty years ago, with its patched windows, its dirty environs, its moist and miserable walls, its inmates all snuff, and selfishness, and sin—the receptacle of the outlawed members of English society (how different from "Poosie Nancy's!"), with its gin-gendered quarrels, its appalling blasphemies, its deep debauches, its ferocity without fun, its huddled murders, and its shrieks of disease dumb in the uproar around—the Bedlam of forty years ago, with its straw on end under the restlessness of the insane; its music of groans, and shrieks and mutterings of still more melancholy meaning; its keepers cold and stern, as the snow-covered cliffs above the wintry cataract; its songs dying away in despairing gurgles down the miserable throat; its cells how devoid of monastic silence; its confusion worse confounded, of gibbering idiocy, monomania absorbed and absent from itself as well as from the world, and howling frenzy; its daylight saddened as it shines into the dim, vacant, or glaring eyes of those wretched men; and its moonbeams shedding a more congenial ray upon the solitude, or the sick-bed, or the death-bed of derangement:—such familiar faces of want, guilt, and woe—of nakedness, sterility, and shame, does Crabbe delight in showing us; and is, in very truth—

"Nature's sternest painter, yet the best."

In his mode of managing his descriptions, Crabbe is equally peculiar. Objects, in themselves counted commonplace or disgusting, frequently become impressive, and even sublime, when surrounded by interesting circumstances—when shown in the moonlight of memory—when linked to strong passion—or when touched by the ray of imagination. Then, in Emerson's words, even the corpse is found to have added a solemn ornament to the house where it lay. But it is the peculiarity and the daring of this poet, that he often, not always, tries us with truth and nothing but truth, as if to bring the question to an issue—whether, in Nature, absolute truth be not essential though severe poetry. On this question, certainly, issue was never so fully joined before. In even Wordsworth's eye there is a misty glimmer of imagination, through which all objects, low as well as high, are seen. Even his "five blue eggs" *gleam* upon him through a light which comes not from themselves —which comes, it may be, from the Great Bear, or Arcturus and his sons. And, when he does—as in some of his feebler verses—strive to see out of this medium, he drops his mantle, loses his vision, and describes little better than would

his own "Old Cumberland Beggar."—Shakspere in his witches' caldron, and Burns in his "haly table," are shockingly circumstantial;—but the element of imagination creeps in amid all the disgusting details, and the light that never was on sea or shore disdains not to rest on "eye of newt," "toe of frog," "baboon's blood," the garter that strangled the babe, the grey hairs sticking to the haft of the parricidal knife, and all the rest of the fell ingredients.—Crabbe, on the other hand, would have described the five blue eggs, and besides the materials of the nest, and the kind of hedge where it was built—like a bird-nesting schoolboy; but he would never have given the "gleam." He would, as accurately as Hecate, Canidia, or Cuttysark, have given an inventory of the ingredients of the hell-broth, or of the curiosities on the haly table, had they been presented to his eye; but could not have conceived them, nor would have slipped in, that one flashing word, that single cross ray of imagination, which it required to elevate and startle them into high ideal life. And yet in reading his pictures of poor-houses, &c. we are compelled to say, "Well, that is poetry after all, for it is truth; but it is poetry of comparatively a low order—it is the last gasp of the poetic spirit: and, moreover, perfect and matchless as it is in its kind, it is not worthy of the powers of its author, who can, and has, at other times risen into much loftier ground."

We may illustrate still farther what we mean by comparing the different ways in which Crabbe and Foster (certainly a *prose* poet) deal with a library. Crabbe describes minutely and successfully the outer features of the volumes, their colours, clasps, the stubborn ridges of their bindings, the illustrations which adorn them, &c. so well that you feel yourself among them, and they become sensible to touch almost as to sight. But there he stops, and sadly fails, we think, in bringing out the living and moral interest which gathers around a multitude of books, or even around a single volume. This Foster has amply done. The speaking silence of a number of books, where, though it were the wide Bodleian or Vatican, not one whisper could be heard, and yet, where, as in an antichamber, so many great spirits are waiting to deliver their messages—their churchyard stillness continuing even when their readers are moving to their pages, in joy or agony, as to the sound of martial instruments—their awaking, as from deep slumber, to speak with miraculous organ, like the shell which has only to be lifted, and "pleased it remembers its august abodes, and murmurs as the ocean murmurs there"—their power, so silent and sublime, of drawing tears, kindling blushes, awakening laughter, calming or quickening the motions of the life's blood, lulling to repose, or rousing to restlessness, often giving life to the soul, and sometimes giving death to the body—the meaning which radiates from their quiet countenances—the tale of shame or glory which their title pages tell—the memories suggested by the character of their authors, and of the readers who have throughout successive centuries perused them—the thrilling thoughts excited by the sight of names and notes inscribed on their margins or blank pages by hands long since mouldered in the dust, or by those dear to us as our life's blood, who had been snatched from our sides—the aspects of gaiety or of gloom connected with the bindings and the age of volumes—the effects of sunshine playing as if on a congregation of happy faces, making the duskiest shine, and the gloomiest be glad—or of shadow suffusing a sombre air over all—the joy of the proprietor of a large library who feels that Nebuchadnezzar watching great Babylon, or Napoleon reviewing his legions, will not stand comparison with himself seated amid the broad maps, and rich prints, and numerous volumes which his wealth has enabled him to collect, and his wisdom entitled him to enjoy—all such hieroglyphics of interest and meaning has Foster included and interpreted in one gloomy but noble meditation, and his introduction to Doddridge is the true "Poem on the Library."

In Crabbe's descriptions the great want is of selection. He writes inventories. He describes all that his eye sees with cold, stern, lingering accuracy—he marks down all the items of wretchedness, poverty, and vulgar sin—counts the rags of the mendicant—and, as Hazlitt has it, describes a cottage like one who has entered it to distrain for rent. His copies, consequently, would be as displeasing as their originals, were it not that imagination is so much less vivid than eyesight, that we can endure in picture what we cannot in reality, and that our own minds, while reading, can cast that softening and ideal veil over disgusting objects which the poet himself has not sought, or has failed to do. Just as in viewing even the actual scene, we might have seen it through the medium of imaginative illusion, so the same medium will more probably invest, and beautify its transcript in the pages of the poet.

As a moral poet and sketcher of men, Crabbe is characterised by a similar choice of subject, and the same stern fidelity. The mingled yarn of man's every-day life—the plain homely virtues, or the robust and burly vices of Englishmen—the quiet tears which fall on humble beds—the passions which flame up in lowly bosoms—the *amari aliquid*—the deep and permanent bitterness which lies at the heart of the down-trodden English poor—the comedies and tragedies of the fireside—the lovers' quarrels—the unhappy marriages—the vicissitudes of common fortunes—the early deaths—the odd characters—the lingering superstitions—all the elements, in short, which make up the simple annals of lowly or middling society, are the materials of this poet's song. Had he been a Scottish clergyman we should have said that he had versified his Session-book; and certainly many curious chapters of human life might be derived from such a document, and much light cast upon the devious windings and desperate wickedness of the heart, as well as upon that inextinguishable instinct of good which resides in it. Crabbe, perhaps, has confined himself too exclusively to this circle of common things which

he found lying around him. He has seldom burst its confines, and touched the loftier themes, and snatched the higher laurels which were also within his reach. He has contented himself with being a Lillo (with occasional touches of Shakspere) instead of something far greater. He has, however, in spite of this self-injustice, effected much. He has proved that a poet, who looks resolutely around him—who stays at home—who draws the realities which are near him, instead of the phantoms that are afar—who feels and records the passion and poetry of his daily life—may found a firm and enduring reputation. With the dubious exception of Cowper, no one has made out this point so effectually as Crabbe.

And in his mode of treating such themes, what strikes us first is his perfect coolness. Few poets have reached that calm of his which reminds us of Nature's own great quiet eye, looking down upon her monstrous births, her strange anomalies, and her more ungainly forms. Thus Crabbe sees the loathsome, and does not loathe—handles the horrible, and shudders not—feels with firm finger the palpitating pulse of the infanticide or the murderer—and snuffs a certain sweet odour in the evil savours of putrefying misery and crime. This delight, however, is not an inhuman, but entirely an artistic delight — perhaps, indeed, springing from the very strength and width of his sympathies. We admire as well as wonder at that almost *asbestos* quality of his mind, through which he retains his composure and critical circumspection so cool amid the conflagrations of passionate subjects, which might have burned others to ashes. Few, indeed, can walk through such fiery furnaces unscathed. But Crabbe—what an admirable physician had he made to a Lunatic Asylum! How severely would he have sifted out every grain of poetry from those tumultuous exposures of the human mind! What clean breasts had he forced the patients to make! What tales had he wrung out from them, to which Lewis' tales of terror were feeble and trite! How he would have commanded them, by his mild, steady, and piercing eye! And yet how calm would his brain have remained, when others, even of a more prosaic mould, were reeling in sympathy with the surrounding delirium! It were, indeed, worth while inquiring how much of this coolness resulted from Crabbe's early practice as a surgeon. That combination of warm inward sympathy and outward phlegm — of impulsive benevolence and mechanical activity—of heart all fire and manner all ice—which distinguishes his poetry, is very characteristic of the medical profession.

In correspondence with this, Crabbe generally leans to the darker side of things. This, perhaps, accounts for his favour in the sight of Byron, who saw his own eagle-eyed fury at man corroborated by Crabbe's stern and near-sighted vision. And it was accounted for partly by Crabbe's early profession, partly by his early circumstances, and partly by the clerical office he assumed. Nothing so tends to sour us with mankind as a general refusal on their part to give us bread. How can a man love a race which seems combined to starve him? This misanthropical influence Crabbe did not entirely escape. As a medical man, too, he had come in contact with little else than man's human miseries and diseases; and as a clergyman, he had occasion to see much sin and sorrow: and these, combining with the melancholy incidental to the poetic temperament, materially discoloured his view of life. He became a searcher of dark—of the darkest bosoms; and we see him sitting in the gloom of the hearts of thieves, murderers, and maniacs, and watching the remorse, rancour, fury, dull disgust, ungratified appetite, and ferocious or stupified despair, which are their inmates. And even when he pictures livelier scenes and happier characters, there steals over them a shade of sadness, reflected from his favourite subjects, as a dark, sinister countenance in a room will throw a gloom over many happy and beautiful faces beside it.

In his pictures of life, we find an unfrequent but true pathos. This is not often, however, of the profoundest or most heart-rending kind. The grief he paints is not that which refuses to be comforted—whose expressions, like Agamemnon's face, must be veiled—which dilates almost to despair, and complains almost to blasphemy—and which, when it looks to Heaven, it is

> "With that frantic air
> Which seems to ask if a God be there."

Crabbe's, as exhibited in "Phœbe Dawson," and other of his tales, is gentle, submissive; and its pathetic effects are produced by the simple recital of circumstances which might, and often have occurred. It reminds us of the pathos of "Rosamond Gray," that beautiful story of Lamb's, of which we once, we regret to say, presumptuously pronounced an unfavourable opinion, but which has since commended itself to our heart of hearts, and compelled that tribute in tears which we had denied it in words. Hazlitt is totally wrong when he says that Crabbe carves a tear to the life in marble, as if his pathos were hard and cold. Be it the statuary of woe—has it, consequently, no truth or power? Have the chiselled tears of the Niobe never awakened other tears, fresh and burning, from their fountain? Horace's *vis me flere*, &c., is not always a true principle. As the wit, who laughs not himself, often excites most laughter in others, so the calm recital of an affecting narrative acts as the meek rod of Moses applied to the rock, and is answered in gushing torrents. You close Crabbe's tale of grief, almost ashamed that you have left so quiet a thing pointed and starred with tears. His pages, while sometimes wet with pathos, are never moist with humour. His satire is often pointed with wit, and sometimes irritates into invective; but of that glad, genial, and bright-eyed thing we call humour (how well *named*, in its oily softness and gentle glitter!) he has little or none. Compare, in order to see this, his "Borough" with the "Annals of the Parish." How dry, though powerful, the one; how sappy the other! How profound the one; how pawky the other! Crabbe goes through his Borough, like a scavenger with a rough, stark,

and stiff besom, sweeping up all the filth: Galt, like a knowing watchman of the old school—a *canny Charlie*—keeping a sharp look-out, but not averse to a sly joke, and having an eye to the humours as well as misdemeanours of the streets. Even his wit is not of the finest grain. It deals too much in verbal quibbles, puns, and antitheses with their points broken off. His puns are neither good nor bad — the most fatal and anti-ideal description of a pun that can be given. His quibbles are good enough to have excited the laugh of his curate, or gardener; but he forgets that the public is not so indulgent. And though often treading in Pope's track, he wants entirely those touches of satire, at once the lightest and the most withering, as if dropped from the fingers of a malignant fairy—those faint whispers of poetic perdition—those drops of concentrated bitterness—those fatal bodkin-stabs—and those invectives, glittering all over with the polish of profound malignity—which are Pope's glory as a writer, and his shame as a man.

We have repeatedly expressed our opinion, that in Crabbe there lay a higher power than he ever exerted. We find evidence of this in his "Hall of Justice" and his "Eustace Grey." In these he is fairly in earnest. No longer dozing by his parlour fire over the "Newspaper," or napping in a corner of his "Library," or peeping in through the windows of the "Workhouse," or recording the select scandal of the "Borough"—he is away out into the wide and open fields of highest passion and imagination. What a tale that "Hall of Justice" hears—to be paralleled only in the "Thousand and One Nights of the Halls of Eblis!"—a tale of misery, rape, murder, and furious despair; told, too, in language of such lurid fire as has been seen to shine o'er the graves of the dead! But, in "Eustace Grey," our author's genius reaches its climax. Never was madness—in its misery—its remorse—the dark companions, "the ill-favoured ones," who cling to it in its wild way and will not let it go, although it curse them with the eloquence of Hell—the visions it sees—the scenery it creates and carries about with it in dreadful keeping—and the language it uses, high aspiring but broken, as the wing of a struck eagle—so strongly and meltingly revealed. And, yet, around the dismal tale there hangs the breath of beauty, and, like poor Lear, Sir Eustace goes about crowned with flowers—the flowers of earthly poetry—and of a hope which is not of the earth. And, at the close, we feel to the author all that strange gratitude which our souls are constituted to entertain to those who have most powerfully wrung and tortured them.

Would that Crabbe had given us a century of such things. We would have preferred to the "Tales of the Hall," "Tales of Greyling Hall," or more tidings from the "Hall of Justice." It had been a darker Decameron and brought out more effectually—what the "Village Poor-house," and the sketches of Elliott have since done—the passions, miseries, crushed aspirations, and latent poetry, which dwell in the hearts of the plundered poor; as well as the wretchedness which, more punctually than their veriest menial, waits often behind the chairs, and hands the golden dishes of the great.

We have not space nor time to dilate on his other works individually. We prefer, in glancing back upon them as a whole, trying to answer the following questions: 1st, What was Crabbe's object as a moral poet? 2dly, How far is he original as an artist? 3dly, What is his relative position to his great contemporaries? And, 4thly, what is likely to be his fate with posterity? 1st, His object.—The great distinction between man and man, and author and author, is purpose. It is the edge and point of character; it is the stamp and the superscription of genius; it is the direction on the letter of talent. Character without it is blunt and torpid. Talent without it is a letter, which, undirected, goes no whither. Genius without it is bullion, sluggish, splendid, uncirculating. Purpose yearns after and secures artistic culture. It gathers, as by a strong suction, all things which it needs into itself. It often invests art with a moral and religious aspect. This was strongly impressed upon us when lately seeing Macaulay and Wilson on one platform. How great the difference in point of native powers! How greater, alas! in point of purpose and cultivation! There is in Wilson's great, shaggy soul and body, what might make many Macaulays. But it has never been fully evolved. He has not done with his might what his hand found to do. He has been little else than a vast, lazy earth-god, pelting nuts in the summer woods, or gathering pebbles on the margins of the summer waters; or, rather, he rises up before his worshippers glorious and idle as Nebuchadnezzar's golden image. But, since Shakspere, no clearer, larger, sunnier soul has existed among men. And yet Macaulay, though manifestly belonging to an inferior race, mounted on this pedestal of purpose, stands higher than he. Crabbe's artistic object is tolerably clear, and has been already indicated. His moral purpose is not quite so apparent. Is it to satirise, or is it to reform vice? Is it pity, or is it contempt, that actuates his song? What are his plans for elevating the lower classes in the scale of society? Has he any, or does he believe in the possibility of their permanent elevation? Such questions are more easily asked than answered. We must say that we have failed to find in him any one overmastering, and earnest object, subjugating everything to itself, and producing that unity in all his works which the trunk of a tree gives to its smallest, its remotest, to even its withered leaves. And yet, without apparent intention, Crabbe has done good moral service. He has shed much light upon the condition of the poor. He has spoken in the name and stead of the poor dumb mouths that could not tell their own sorrows or sufferings to the world. He has opened the "mine," which Ebenezer Elliott and others, going to work with a firmer and more resolute purpose, have dug to its depths.

2dly, His originality.—This has been questioned

by some critics. He has been called a version, in coarser paper and print, of Goldsmith, Pope, and Cowper. His pathos comes from Goldsmith —his wit and satire from Pope—and his minute and literal description from Cowper. If this were true, it were as complimentary to him as his warmest admirer could wish. To combine the characteristic excellences of three true poets is no easy matter. But Crabbe has not combined them. His pathos wants altogether the naiveté of sentiment, and *curiosa felicitas* of expression which distinguish Goldsmith's "Deserted Village." He has something of Pope's terseness, but little of his subtlety, finish, or brilliant malice. And the motion of Cowper's mind and style in description differs as much from Crabbe's as the playful leaps and gambols of a kitten from the measured, downright, and indomitable pace of a hound—the one is the easiest, the other the severest, of describers. Resemblances, indeed, of a minor kind are to be found; but, still, Crabbe is as distinct from Goldsmith, Cowper, and Pope, as Byron from Scott, Wordsworth, and Coleridge.

Originality consists of two kinds—one, the power of inventing new materials; and the other, of dealing with old materials in a new way. We do not decide whether the first of these implies an act of absolute creation; it implies all we can conceive in an act of creative power, from elements bearing to the result the relation which the Alphabet does to the "Iliad" —genius brings forth its bright progeny, and we feel it to be new. In this case, you can no more anticipate the effect from the elements than you can, from the knowledge of the letters, anticipate the words which are to be compounded out of them. In the other kind of originality, the materials bear a larger proportion to the result —they form an appreciable quantity in our calculations of what it is to be. They are found for the poet, and all he has to do is, with skill and energy, to construct them. Take, for instance, Shakspere's "Tempest," and Coleridge's "Anciente Marinere"—of what more creative act can we conceive than is exemplified in these? Of course, we have all had beforehand ideas similar to a storm, a desert island, a witch, a magician, a mariner, a hermit, a wedding-guest; but these are only the Alphabet to the spirits of Shakspere and Coleridge. As the sun, from the invisible air, draws up in an instant all pomps of cloudy forms—paradises brighter than Eden mirrored in waters, which blush and tremble as their reflexion falls wooingly upon them—mountains, which seem to bury their snowy or rosy summits in the very heaven of heavens—throne-shaped splendours, worthy of angels to sit on them, flushing and fading in the west—seas of ærial blood and fire—momentary cloud-crowns and golden avenues, stretching away into the azure infinite beyond them;—so, from such stuff as dreams are made of, from the mere empty air, do these wondrous magicians build up their new worlds, where the laws of nature are repealed—where all things are changed without any being confused—where sound becomes dumb and silence eloquent—where the earth is empty, and the sky is peopled—where material beings are invisible, and where spiritual beings become gross and palpable to sense—where the skies are opening to show riches—where the isle is full of noises—where beings proper to this sphere of dream are met so often that you cease to fear them, however odd or monstrous—where magic has power to shut now the eyes of kings and now the great bright eye of ocean—where, at the bidding of the poet, new, complete, beautiful mythologies, down at one time sweep across the sea, and anon dance from the purple and mystic sky—where all things have a charmed life, the listening ground, the populous air, the still or the vexed sea, the human or the imaginary beings—and where, as in deep dreams, the most marvellous incidents are most easily credited, slide on most softly, and seem most native to the place, the circumstances, and the time. "This is creation," we exclaim: nor did Ferdinand seem to Miranda a fresher and braver creature than does to us each strange settler, whom genius has planted upon its own favourite isle. Critics may, indeed, take these imaginary beings—such as Caliban and Ariel—and analyse them into their constituent parts; but there will be some one element which escapes them—laughing, as it leaps away, at their baffled sagacity, and proclaiming the original power of its Creator: as in the chymical analysis of an *Aerolite*, amid the mere earthy constituents, there will still be something which declares its unearthly origin. Take Creation as meaning, not so much Deity bringing something out of nothing, as *filling the void with his Spirit*, and genius will seem a lower form of the same power.

The other kind of originality is, we think, that of Crabbe. It is magic at second-hand. He takes, not makes, his materials. He finds a good foundation—wood and stone in plenty—and he begins laboriously, successfully, and after a plan of his own, to build. If in any of his works he approaches to the higher property, it is in "Eustace Grey," who moves here and there, on his wild wanderings, as if to the rubbing of Aladdin's lamp.

This prepares us for coming to the third question, what is Crabbe's relative position to his great contemporary poets? We are compelled to put him in the second class. He is not a philosophic poet, like Wordsworth. He is not, like Shelley, a Vates, moving upon the uncertain but perpetual and furious wind of his inspirations. He is not, like Byron, a demoniac exceeding fierce, and dwelling among the tombs. He, is not, like Keats, a sweet and melancholy voice, a tune bodiless, bloodless—dying away upon the waste air, but for ever to be remembered as men remember a melody they have heard in youth. He is not, like Coleridge, all these almost by turns, and, besides, a Psalmist, singing at times strains so sublime and holy, that they might seem snatches of the song of Eden's cherubim, or caught in trance from the song of Moses and the Lamb. To this mystic brotherhood Crabbe must not be added. He ranks with

a lower but still lofty band—with Scott, (as a poet) and Moore, and Hunt, and Campbell, and Rogers, and Bowles, and James Montgomery, and Southey; and surely they nor he need be ashamed of each other, as they shine in one soft and peaceful cluster.

We are often tempted to pity poor posterity on this score. How is it to manage with the immense number of excellent works which this age has bequeathed, and is bequeathing it? How is it to economise its time so as to read a tithe of them? And should it in mere self-defence proceed to decimate, with what principle shall the process be carried on, and who shall be appointed to preside over it? Critics of the twenty-second century, be merciful as well as just. Pity the *disjecta membra* of those we thought mighty poets. Respect and fulfil our prophecies of immortality. If ye must carp and cavil, do not, at least, in mercy, abridge. Spare us the prospect of this last insult, an abridged copy of the "Pleasures of Hope," or "Don Juan," a *new* abridgement. If ye must operate in this way, be it on "Madoc Thehama," or the "Course of Time." Generously leave room for "O'Connor's Child" in the poet's corner of a journal, or for "Eustace Grey" in the space of a crown piece. Surely, living in the Millenium, and resting under your vines and fig-trees, you will have more time to read than we, in this bustling age, who move, live, eat, drink, *sleep, and die*, at railway speed. If not, we fear the case of many of our poets is hopeless, and that others, besides Satan Montgomery and the author of "Silent Love," would be wise to enjoy their present laurels, for verily there are none else for them.

Seriously, we hope that much of Crabbe's writing will every year become less and less readable, and less and less easily understood; till, in the milder day, men shall have difficulty in believing that such physical, mental, and moral degradation, as he describes, ever existed in Britain; and till, in future Encyclopædias, his name be found recorded as a powerful but barbarous writer, writing in a barbarous age. The like may be the case with many, who have busied themselves more in recalling the past or picturing the present, than in anticipating the future. But there are, or have been among us, a few who have plunged beyond their own period, nay, beyond "all ages"—who have seen and shown us the coming æras:

> "As in a cradled Hercules you trace
> The lines of empire in his infant face."

And their voice must go down, in tones becoming more authoritative as they last, and in volume becoming vaster as it rolls, like mighty thunderings and many waters, through the minster of all future time; in lower key, concerting with those now awful voices from within the veil, which have already shaken earth, and which uttered "once more," shall shake not earth only, but also heaven. High destiny! but not his whose portrait we have now drawn.

We have tried to draw his mental, but not his physical likeness. And yet it has all along been blended with our thoughts, like the figure of one known from childhood, like the figure of our own beloved and long-lost father. We see the venerable old man, newly returned from a botanical excursion, laden with flowers and weeds (for no one knew better than he that every weed is a flower—it is the secret of his poetry), with his high narrow forehead, his grey locks, his glancing shoe-buckles, his clean dress somewhat ruffled in the woods, his mild countenance, his simple abstracted air. We, too, become abstracted as we gaze, following in thought the outline of his history—his early struggles—his love—his adventures in London—his journal, where, on the brink of starvation, he wrote the affecting words "*O Sally for you*"—his rescue by Burke—his taking orders—his return to his native place—his mounting the pulpit stairs, not caring what his old enemies thought of him or his sermon—his marriage—the entry, more melancholy by far than the other, made years after in reference to it, "*yet happiness was denied*"—the publication of his different works—the various charges he occupied—his child-like surprise at getting so much money for the "Tales of the Hall"—his visit to Scotland—his mistaking the Highland chiefs for foreigners, and bespeaking them in bad French—his figure as he went, dogged by the *caddie* through the lanes of the auld town of Edinburgh, which he preferred infinitely to the new—the "aul' fule" he made of himself in pursuit of a second wife, &c., &c.; so absent do we become in thinking over all this, that it disturbs his abstraction; he starts, stares, asks us in to his parsonage, and we are about to accept the offer, when we awake, and, lo! it is a dream.

THE STORY OF LUKE WILLINGHAM:

A "CIVIL" PASSAGE IN THE CIVIL WARS.

BY HANNAH LAWRANCE.

NOTWITHSTANDING all that may be said in favour of our present neck-or-nothing mode of travelling, it is very questionable whether, on the whole, the sober, steady, jog-trot way of our forefathers was not, after all, more pleasant; whether caged up in "the Wonder, a new coach, carrying four inside," one hundred years ago, or proceeding quietly along, riding-coated and saddle-bagged, on a "good-pacing nag," two hundred years ago, there was not much pleasurable excitement, and probably more enjoyment.

Pleasant was it—more especially to the equestrian—to trot along the high road at the sober rate of seven or eight miles an hour. "Snail's pace!" cries the indignant reader who has just arrived in London from Manchester, and, after dinner, intends setting out to join an evening party at Bath. Yes, good reader, pleasant, I say, to mark each object on the high road, and each beautiful prospect as it gradually opened on the view; and pleasant was it to stop at each roadside village, and hear the news that had just set the little community all talking

together; and pleasant was it to have time to contemplate the old manor-houses, the yet older churches, and have time to hear the stories of the ghosts that haunted the one, or the saints who were believed to watch over the other;—above all, right pleasant often were the companions who shared the toils of the way, and many an important friendship was, in former times, the result of an accidental rencontre on the same road.

This is, certainly, the bright side of the view, and we think the bright predominated; but, as

"Every white must have its blacke,
And every swete its soure,"

so, what with bad roads, or lame horses, or wrong directions, the poor traveller sometimes came, in the midst of his journey to a stand-still; while, as to companions, he sometimes met with "clerks of St. Nicholas," instead of honest men and good Christians, who gave him, at least, some cause for thankfulness, inasmuch as they had spared his life, although they had relieved him of his money.

It was the fate of the hero of our story to prove both the sweets and the sours of the mode of travelling first; and as worthy Mr. Fleming, whose father knew him well, set down the whole account in his commonplace book, among divers anecdotes related "by a most credible gentlewoman," and reminiscences of the days of the Parliament, "told me by mine highly honoured father," or by "worthy Master Ashford, who dyed in 1696-7, aged fourscore," we will take the liberty of copying it—in our own words, however, as the good old gentleman occasionally is rather prosy—for the benefit of our readers.

Pleasantly, on his good roan steed, although alone, and the sun was setting, trotted young Luke Willingham along a bye-road that led to Newport Pagnel. He was wrapped in a large travelling cloak, fastened round the waist by a broad leathern band, in which were two pistols; and the reason that these were so conspicuous might probably have been found in the contents of the small leathern mail which was carefully strapped before him on the saddle. He was a fine open-countenanced young man, and as onward he went, he beguiled the way by singing, not one of the scoffing cavalier ballads—for Luke Willingham's cap was decked with a large bow of dark blue ribbon, the badge of the Parliament—but a sober rhyme, that prophesied the success of the good cause, and eulogised the stedfast bravery of the Parliament soldiers; and, intent on his song, two horsemen approached almost beside him, ere he was aware of their coming. The one was a young gentleman, at least so the fineness of his cloak and the rich lace of his band seemed to prove; the other, who followed closely, seemed the servant with his master's mail and cloak-bag.

The gentleman bowed courteously to Luke. "We seem quite alone here," said he, in a pleasant voice; "but I trust the road is safe."

"More safe than two months ago," replied Luke Willingham, laughing, "thanks to Colonel Cromwell and his gallant Ironsides. In truth, worthy Sir, when I last came this road, I was fain to wait for Cornet Winslow and his company, for fear of Sir Charles Lucas and his crew."

"There's little fear of them now, truly," said the gentleman; "but still, I trust we shall get to Newport before nightfall. I should be loath to meet any to say 'stand and deliver,' seeing that my servant hath some valuables there," and he pointed with his riding whip towards the mail.

"And little should I like to meet them," answered Luke Willingham, smiling; "but a good half hour's ride will bring us into Newport, and methinks there is no cause for fear."

"You are bound to London, I suppose," said the gentleman, carelessly.

"Yes, good Sir, and I would I might reach there to-night; but Heaven forfend that I should not reach the Silver Unicorn by to-morrow at noon."

"You are the young man, then, that came down to Northampton, in company with worthy Master Armisted, the draper, three days ago, are you not?" said the gentleman.

"The same, good Sir," replied Luke, "and I ought to have returned with him, only he is a day beyond his time."

"And yet, would it not have been better to have waited for him? There is he, and his man Ralph, and his 'prentice Gilbert, and you are quite alone, and with this;" and the gentleman carelessly touched the mail that was strapped on Luke's saddle.

"Why, truly, good Sir," said he, "it is perhaps foolhardy, but what could I do? I have solemnly promised Master Forster—and he hath been a good master to me—to be home by to-morrow noon, and never while he liveth, by God's grace, will Luke Willingham break his word."

"Well said, my gallant London 'prentice," said the gentleman, smiling; "and do you serve good Master Forster of Ludgate, over against Martin Church? Though I know him not, I well know his workmanship, for he made Sir William Houghton's tall standing cup and cover—a beautiful cup."

Luke Willingham's eyes sparkled at the praises bestowed on the master who had been as a father to him. "Ye say well, Sir; for few, I trow, can equal my good master in working both gold and silver. I would ye had seen the gold pouncet-box I took to Sir William Houghton."

"Ay, old Sir William spareth no cost in such things," said the gentleman, laughing. "Well, what say ye to his gold chain, that precious relic always worn, on Sundays and high days, over his cut velvet gown? Soothly, had Sir Charles Lucas's troops reached Houghton Pleasaunce, as they intended, that chain, I'll warrant me, had been carried to Oxford."

"And it would have broken the poor old gentleman's heart," replied Luke Willingham. "It is, indeed, a beautiful chain, though very ancient, and I marvel not he sets such store by it."

"'Twas said it had been broken, and 'twas thought a bad omen; but we won the day out yonder, so it boded no ill to the good cause."

"O, no, and it will soon be mended and re-burnished; for Sir William must have it back against his daughter's wedding. Heaven grant I reach London safely."

"Yea! my 'prentice bold; what, is Sir William's precious chain there?" said the gentleman, again touching the mail with his riding whip.

Poor Luke hesitated, and looked anxiously at his questioner. He had been so completely thrown off his guard by the familiar courtesy of his companion, that ere he was

aware he had acknowledged what had been urged upon him as of the utmost importance to conceal.

"Why, my gallant 'prentice, dost think I am a knight of the road, or what is doubtless worse, some of Sir Charles Lucas's troopers, who, in spite of the round-heads, are prowling about for plunder?" said the gentleman in his blandest tone.

"Surely not, good Sir, surely not;" cried Luke Willingham.

A loud laugh burst from the servant, who, coming close behind, tightly seized the poor young man's arms, while the gentleman deliberately proceeded to unfasten the mail. "Sir William will find the omen true, dearly beloved," said he. "You know it is nothing new for the saints to fall into tribulation, or to meet with wolves in sheep's clothing,"

"Wolves in sheep's clothing, indeed!" cried Luke Willingham, with a violent effort disengaging one of his arms, and seizing the pistol at his belt, but the pretended gentleman was armed as well as he.

"Peace, dearly beloved," said he, loudly laughing, "and take joyfully the spoiling of your goods, as precious Master Case or Dr. Cornelius Burgess would say. Nay, no resistance, for the chain is doomed, ay! doomed to become the property of his sacred Majesty; better fitted, I trow, for him, than for a canting, psalm-singing, old, round-head knight."

It was in vain that Luke Willingham resisted to the utmost, and called loudly for aid; the precious box was wrested from him; and with a violent blow on his right arm, from the short carabine which the pretended gentleman drew from under his cloak, they galloped off, loudly laughing, down a narrow lane.

Exhausted by the struggle, overwhelmed, too, by the suddenness and greatness of his loss, poor Luke Willingham sat motionless; nor had he wholly recovered his consciousness when a friendly hand took the bridle-rein, and, gently leading him toward a bank by the road-side, carefully assisted him to dismount.

"Thanks, kind friend," murmured Luke faintly; "if I have fallen among thieves, I have also met with the good Samaritan."

"Then let me, like him, see you to a place of safety," said a kind voice, "and then you shall tell me how you were robbed, and what they have taken."

"O, good Sir—of what is more valuable than aught beside! Sir William Houghton's precious gold chain, and the parcel-gilt porringers. But, O! that chain, which I promised Sir William but this morning that I would never lose, save with my life."

"And who, think you, were the robbers; and how many?"

"O, kind Sir, only two wicked, raging, cavaliers! Good Sir, I feel quite strong again. Will you aid me to pursue them? They went over yonder; and there are but two."

"My poor young man, you are sorely wounded," said the kind friend, whom Luke now perceived to be a middle-aged gentleman, "and all unfit to pursue robbers. Describe them to me, and perchance we may find them out."

Luke Willingham, with many lamentations over his hard fortune, did so, and the gentleman, turning to his serving man who had just ridden up, said angrily, "I feared so; ay, they are at their usual work again."

"Good Sir, do you think you know them?" cried Luke earnestly. "O! if you could but recover me that precious chain, what amends could I, or my good master, or poor Grace," he added falteringly, "ever make you."

"And who is Grace?" said the gentleman kindly.

"Good Master Forster's daughter," said Luke hesitatingly, "but O! how shall I ever meet her again, after this sad loss!"

The gentleman was evidently interested in the young man's story, and touched with his deep sorrow. He advised him to remount his horse, and bade his servant lead him gently toward a farm house, a short distance down the lane the two cavaliers had gone. "Farewell," said he, "and keep your heart up, perchance all may yet be well."

Ere long, Luke arrived at the farm house, and was led gently in by the servant and the farmer.

"And who is he?" cried the farmer, recognising the Parliamentary colours on poor Luke's cap,—"a prisoner? Methought all such doings were put a stop to, for a month at least. More's the pity."

"He is no prisoner, but one whom my worshipful master desires you to treat with all kindness," said the serving-man sharply; "but hath Major Hobart been seen about here this evening?"

"Ay, marry hath he—he passed by here not a half hour since, laughing, bless his merry heart, and singing 'round-headed rascals go dig' at the top of his voice. It did my old heart good to hear him."

"Any one with him?"

"A taller one than he, on a grey horse. They were going down yonder, to the old place, I'll warrant."

"Then thither we must go, so farewell goodman. But stop—I may as well take your pistols, young man, for you cannot use them, and I may." The servant did so, and hastily mounting Luke's horse, rode off.

"You've fallen in with good luck, youngster, for such a worshipful gentleman to bid me treat you with all kindness," said the farmer surlily, as he placed refreshment before his guest. "What, hast been wounded on the highway?"

"Robbed and wounded," replied Luke Willingham, turning from the proffered refreshment; "but O! that precious gold chain."

"Gold chain?" repeated the farmer, looking earnestly at his guest. "Is it old Sir William Houghton's?"

"Alas! it is," said Luke, bitterly.

"Saints be praised," cried the farmer, rubbing his hands, "Major Hobart hath won his wager. Last week he swore by all the saints, and his sacred Majesty to boot, that the ranting old round-head's chain should never get safe to London, and he hath won! What kind of a man stopped you?"

"One who seemed like a gentleman, and spoke like one," said Luke, angrily.

"Ay, 'twas he—why, he could have talked to you in your own jargon for an hour together. Well, success to good Major Hobart: for I can tell you, your chain will be at Oxford ere to-morrow morning, as a present to our good king—ha! ha!"

"And who was the gentleman who sent me hither?" said Luke, looking anxiously round—for he was feeble, and without means of defence, and evidently under the roof of a bitter political opponent.

"Aha! one who is no favourite with your crew, I trow. Hast ever heard of Sir Marmaduke Sherrington, of Sherrington Manor house over yonder?"

Yes; Luke had indeed heard of *him*, for he was viewed as one of the most powerful supporters of the royalist party in all the country round; and he, too, of all the neighbouring gentry who held the same views, was the one most dreaded by Sir William Houghton, who, old and feeble, felt, that when the contest again broke out, little chance would he have against a neighbour, not only equal in wealth and tenantry, but in the prime of life, and already distinguished as a gallant soldier.

The farmer, whose obtuse faculties were probably sharpened by political and religious enmity, seemed to read the young man's thoughts. "Ay," said he, chuckling, "Sir Marmaduke will keep you safe, I'll warrant."

"Why should he?" said Luke.

"*Why* should he?" cried the farmer; "why, if you come from London you can, mayhap, tell the council at Oxford somewhat of what your devilish crew mean to set about next. 'Twas not out of love to *you*, I promise you, that Sir Marmaduke sent you here. But you must take it for your pains, youngster, as a judgment, as Dr. Swillwell saith, on those who despise holy mother Church, and follow after canting and psalm-singing."

"But he treated me most kindly, and told me he would himself seek after the robbers," said Luke, rather expressing his thoughts aloud, than intending a reply.

"Why! did he?" said the farmer. "Well, that passes my understanding; and yet I was always mortal 'cute at finding out things. Sir Marmaduke is a gentleman to keep his word, as all the country round knows; and he isn't given to tricks and cunning ways, that make a man laugh till his sides ache, like Major Hobart. But he's Church and King to the back bone — ay, Church and King for ever!" The farmer could not do less than empty the tankard, which had stood untasted by his guest, to this toast; and having already done the same many times in the course of the day, the malt produced its usual effect, and he sank in his great wicker chair, still grunting in disturbed slumber these potent words.

An anxious hour did Luke Willingham pass. Should he attempt to escape? The high road was not far off, and once upon that he should be safe. But then, there were voices in the adjoining room—the farm-servants were doubtless there, and he was utterly unarmed. Even his horse had been carried off, and he was still too weak to walk far. And yet, if he stayed, what were Sir Marmaduke's intentions towards him? Was he indeed the good Samaritan he appeared to be, or the fierce and bitter Cavalier, furious at the late defeat of the royalist force, and reckless of all but the success of the royal cause? O! how long the time seemed; and how did he start at each lightest sound.

At length the tramp of approaching horsemen was heard. Yes, of more than two; and while the farmer hastily started up, still rubbing his eyes, and went out to meet them, poor Luke's anxiety became agony.

In they came. Sir Marmaduke, his servant bearing the very mail—how did Luke's heart beat at the sight of it—and three or four of Sir Charles Lucas's troops—well did he know the red coat faced with yellow, and the scarlet plume—while, casting an exulting look towards his guest, the old farmer brought up the rear.

"Is this your property, young man?" said Sir Marmaduke, as the servant placed the mail on the table.

"It is, worshipful Sir."

"Look over the contents then, and see that nothing is missing."

With a trembling hand, Luke Willingham unfastened the straps, and took out the precious contents—the two parcel-gilt porringers, the broken pestel spoons, the gold pouncet-box, still smelling of musk and ambergris, and in its curious old shagreen case, the highly-prized gold chain. "All is safe, worshipful Sir," said Luke, looking up in Sir Marmaduke's face with intense anxiety, and tremblingly awaiting the reply.

"Then take them, my poor young man," said the knight kindly. "Heaven forbid that we should rob defenceless travellers on the highway. Make ready, and my servant shall see you safe into Newport. Go," continued he, turning to the trooper, "and tell Major Hobart that I am satisfied; but for his speech to me he must answer another day."

"That will he, worshipful Sir," said the chief trooper; "but if such strict hand is to be kept over loyal gentlemen, we may be fain to join Colonel Cromwell's troops, and hear sermons by the hour-glass, and pay for all that we have."

"As you list," replied Sir Marmaduke sternly; "but be assured of this, that while I continue in this county, all attempts to spoil peaceable travellers, whether made by the meanest trooper, or by Sir Charles Lucas himself, will I put down."

The troopers departed, muttering threats, and followed to the gate by the astonished farmer, while Luke Willingham, with gayful heart, carefully re-fastened his restored mail, and prepared to depart. "Worshipful Sir," said he—and his voice faltered, and his eyes filled with tears—"what can I say? Words, indeed, are easy; but I would I could show my gratitude in somewhat more substantial than mere words. You have been more than the good Samaritan to me, albeit a Cavalier. Would I could make you a fitting return!"

"Nay, thank me not, young man, for a mere act of justice," replied Sir Marmaduke; "'tis well if I have convinced you that a Cavalier is not always a wolf in sheep's clothing. Farewell."

"O worthy Sir," said Luke Willingham, and his voice faltered with deep emotion, "that I might also give you proof that a Puritan is no canting knave. Good Sir, God alone knows how our contest may end; but, should trouble or danger happen—as who knows what is before us?—even to you, forget not, I pray you, the Silver Unicorn, near Ludgate, nor the name of Luke Willingham."

In safety, with his precious consignment, and by the appointed time, did Luke Willingham return to his master's house, where he told, to a wondering auditory, the tale of his attack and deliverance.

"We must show our sense of that honourable gentleman's kindness," said Master Forster, "by sending him forthwith some token of our gratitude."

There was much consultation as to what this token should be. At length a thumb-ring, with an emerald set therein—the emerald being considered to betoken sincerity and kindness—was made; and when Luke, a few weeks after, but in company with Cornet Winslow, and some dozen of his Ironsides, set off on his journey to take

back to Sir William Houghton his plate, and his precious chain, he himself, on his return, went to Sherrington manor-house, to offer his token of acknowledgment.

The account which he there heard, however, greatly distressed him. Sir Marmaduke had been called out by Major Hobart, and had been severely wounded by him—indeed so severely, that he could not be seen. Luke, therefore, was enforced to leave the ring with the steward, praying him to deliver it into the knight's own hand.

Again the war broke out in that quarter, and all communication between the contending parties was stayed. Little farther information could Luke therefore receive; but the little which he obtained, through his friend the clothier, still farther distressed him. Strange stories respecting Sir Marmaduke's conduct in the matter of the London 'prentice had been spread abroad—even that he had not been true to his principles, and, therefore, for a large bribe, had taken his part. So, indignant at such falsehoods, the worthy knight had gone to Oxford, to demand an inquiry before the king himself. Greatly did Luke grieve at this, and anxiously did he make inquiry. At length it was said that Sir Marmaduke Sherrington had returned to Sherrington manor-house, and that he was actively engaged in raising a troop of horse. This was the last intelligence he ever obtained, and years passed away, but nothing could he learn of his benefactor.

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More than eight years passed away—eventful years. The battle of Naseby had crushed the hopes of the King; succeeding events completed his overthrow; the very name of Monarch was abolished, and the final efforts of the royalists to place the son on that throne from whence the father had been driven were paralysed by that "crowning mercy," the battle of Worcester. And now, under the protection of him, whose sword had given peace to the land, after ten years' conflict, that Monarch by nature's sovereignty, that "ruler by God's grace, and the might of his own soul," trade had revived, commerce was rapidly extending, and London, once more, as in the days of her Plantagenets, feasted her wealthy traders and her merchant princes.

And pleasant and prosperous had these eventful years been to Luke Willingham. He had, after the laudable custom of many a worthy 'prentice, married his master's daughter, pretty Grace Forster, and had been taken into partnership by his master. And now, wearied with the gains of business, as well as its cares, Master Forster had retired to "a garden house"—that coveted possession in those days of the retired citizen—out by Moorsfields; and the Silver Unicorn, which for so many years had swung before the goldsmith's door, now displayed the name of Luke Willingham.

It was before this sign that a meanly dressed man, wrapt in a threadbare cloak, stopped one bitter November afternoon, just as the twilight was coming on, and the streets were beginning to be deserted by the afternoon passengers. Master Willingham, for so he was now called, was standing beside the counter, keeping shop in the absence of his apprentices, and playing with his little girl. His attention was soon attracted by this stranger, who, cautiously, but evidently with much anxiety, kept peeping into the shop. As there were many suspicious persons, indeed strong thieves, about, since the battle of Worcester had compelled the Cavaliers to disband their regiments, his first thought was that some one of these might be waiting an opportunity to rob the shop; he, therefore, cautiously approached nearer the door.

Still the man seemed to linger—perhaps unable to go on—for he looked worn and feeble; and as he drew the threadbare cloak more closely round him as the wind blew keenly up Ludgate Hill, the long, slender finger of a hand that had evidently never been occupied in labour, became visible. "Poor fellow," said Luke Willingham, "he is, doubtless, some ruined Cavalier." He drew out a bright shilling, and putting it into the hand of his little girl, he bade her carry it to the poor man, and return immediately.

Pleased with her errand, little Grace bounded to the door, and touched the stranger's hand with the coin. "Father sends you this, poor man," said she.

The stranger started. "Is that your father yonder, little maiden?" said he.

"Yes; but he hath sent you this, poor man—this!" repeated little Grace, holding up the bright new shilling, and marvelling the stranger did not immediately take it.

"Then give this to him, my little maiden," said he; "but be sure and give it only into his hands."

The little girl bounded in, breathless with delight and wonder. "Look, father, look at this beautiful ring which the poor man hath sent you."

Scarcely a glance did Luke Willingham cast on the ring, for well did he know who stood a houseless, perchance a penniless, wanderer before his door. "O welcome, good Sir," cried he, as he almost dragged the stranger in. "Thank God that I can, in some small measure, repay your great kindness to me!"

And Sir Marmaduke came in; and he laid aside his threadbare cloak, and sat down at Luke Willingham's comfortable fireside, in the great arm-chair that Master Forster used to occupy. And joyfully did Luke's pretty wife busy herself to prepare with her own hands a possit for the cold and weary wanderer; while Luke brought out the best standing silver cup, and a flask of the choicest Canary; and a pleasant evening after his dangers and wanderings did Sir Marmaduke Sherrington spend, as seated in the great arm-chair, with the younger Luke Willingham on his knee, and little Grace standing close beside, her bright blue eyes upturned wonderingly in his face, he listened to the story of Luke's success in his trade.

Less fortunate had been the lot of the worthy knight. With devotion worthy a far better cause, he had followed the fortunes of the Stuarts, even to the battle of Worcester. In this last contest he had been wounded, and had been nursed by some royalists, from whom, on his recovery, he learned that all who had taken part in it were under sentence of outlawry. On quitting them, he determined to make his way to London, justly considering that he would be safer there, than while wandering about the country; and after a long and weary journey, he arrived just in time to learn that some cavalier friends had chartered a small vessel, ostensibly with hardware for Holland, but with the intention of running her to Dunkirk, that they might join the exiled King.

As Sir Marmaduke was evidently most anxious to leave England—although he soon found that the story of the outlawry of him and his companions had no foundation—Luke Willingham laboured anxiously to provide his benefactor

with every comfort for his voyage, and with whatever might be useful to him during his sojourn in France. Providence, however, had ordered otherwise; for, on the very day previous to the vessel's sailing, poor Sir Marmaduke took to his bed. He was seized with a violent ague fit, brought on, doubtless, by the privations he had undergone, and for many long weeks did he linger between life and death.

It was during this time that Mistress Willingham, who, during his whole illness, nursed him, as though he had been her father, perceived that something was on his mind. She observed, also, how anxious he was about that threadbare cloak; even at the first of his illness, carrying it up to his chamber with him, and placing it carefully under his pillow. This, at first, scarcely excited surprise; for she thought that perhaps it had been given him by the King, or that it had been worn by him, and among the Cavaliers, she well knew that a garment, thus honoured, acquired from thenceforth a character almost of sacredness. But during that period of his illness, when Sir Marmaduke's mind wandered, it then became evident that somewhat—perhaps papers, perhaps valuables—was concealed in that cloak, and that there rested a solemn responsibility on the poor Cavalier's mind, to convey it to its appointed destination. Happily for the unconscious sufferer, Luke's wife respected the secret of her guest; and as, when he slowly recovered his senses, he made no allusion to it, Grace Willingham took heed never even to hint her suspicions.

Spring had now advanced, and with returning health Sir Marmaduke Sherrington expressed his earnest wishes to reach France. There were, however, now many difficulties in the way, which had not before existed. The Parliament had just declared war against Holland, no vessels could therefore be chartered for a Dutch port; besides, so strict a search was made at each English port, in consequence of the fresh plots of the Cavaliers, that it was scarcely possible for any one of their number to leave England. Still, as summer drew nigh, the anxieties of Sir Marmaduke increased, and willingly, even at the price of half his living, would Luke Willingham have aided his benefactor. No effort did he leave untried. He applied to all the city friends who could assist him; he sought interviews with those members of the Council who seemed less bitter against the royalist party; he even caused inquiry to be made of Secretary Thurloe, whether a Cavalier gentleman, on giving good security, might be allowed to leave the kingdom; but, when the name of Sir Marmaduke Sherrington was given, a decided negative was immediately returned.

But Luke Willingham was still determined to persevere, although many of his friends urged him to desist; nor did he even relax his efforts when sent for by Secretary Thurloe, and rebuked for his exertions on behalf of a malignant, who, but for Luke Willingham's well-known principles, would have been, ere now, committed to prison. Nothing, however, could turn the silversmith from his purpose; and, as the last resource, he determined to appeal to that great man who, though crownless, and as yet undignified with the proud title of "Lord Protector of the Commonwealth of England," was yet more than king. The fame of Luke Willingham, as a silversmith, had reached Whitehall, and he had been lately employed to furnish some ornamental plate for the Lord General. His name, therefore, was known; and, with anxious heart, thither he proceeded, determined to solicit an interview and prefer his petition.

The Lord General received Luke Willingham kindly; and he forthwith detailed the whole story of his adventures on that eventful night, and concluded by earnestly praying that the Cavalier Knight might be allowed to leave the country. There was much in this strife of courtesy and kindness that appealed powerfully to the truly English heart of that great man. The prayer was granted, and joyfully did Luke Willingham return home.

The joy of Sir Marmaduke Sherrington, now that his wish was obtained, was, however, strangely mingled with sorrow. He seemed under great anxiety of mind; but not until the evening before his departure did he tell the cause. It was then that, calling Luke Willingham to his chamber, he told him that he had been intrusted with a certain box, under a solemn promise to convey it into the hands of one who was now in France. "This, my kind friend, I could easily have done, but for my sad illness," said he; "but now, with the strict search that will be made, both of my luggage and person, all attempt to convey it away would be impossible."

It would so indeed, for the box, though small, was deep; and readily did Luke Willingham now perceive the reason why Sir Marmaduke kept such unceasing watch over his threadbare cloak. "Good Sir," replied he, "I would willingly take charge of it—only, by the same faith which I have shown toward yourself, I am pledged to the cause of the Commonwealth."

Sir Marmaduke smiled sadly. "Heaven forbid I should ask you," said he; "but jewels, not papers, are here enclosed—jewels of great value; and, as such, most anxious am I to secure them."

He broke the seal that secured the red ribbon wherewith the box was tied, and drew forth what seemed part of an ornament of large diamonds.

"Nay, good Sir," interrupted Luke Willingham, "it needs not that I should see them, seeing that I have nought to do save to keep them safely. Close the box, therefore, I pray you; seal it with your own seal, and should ten, twenty, thirty years pass away, it shall still be safely kept until you yourself come, or send a trusty messenger to reclaim it."

Sir Marmaduke did as his kind friend advised him. He fastened the red ribbon three times round the box, and sealed it at each end with the figure of a dolphin, which was the family crest. "I will send this same seal, Sir," said he, "should I not be able to return in time; and now farewell, my kind friend," continued he; "heaven grant we may ere long meet again."

Sir Marmaduke set forth on his voyage, followed by the good wishes and prayers of the family with whom he had so long sojourned, and arrived safely in France.

Continued prosperity, during the rule of the Protector, followed Luke Willingham. His exertions in behalf of his friend had given him additional favour in the eyes of that great man, and ere long the Silver Unicorn, resilvered on the occasion, supported with his fore feet the arms of the Commonwealth, while "silversmith to the Lord Protector" was inscribed below. In a good old age, Master Forster died, leaving the bulk of his fortune to his son-in-law, and Luke was pointed out by his neighbours as one of the most fortunate young men of their acquain-

tance, and what was more, as one who well deserved his good fortune.

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Ten, twenty years, even five-and-twenty, passed away, but Sir Marmaduke Sherrington never came back to claim his precious deposit. Eventful years were these. The King had returned "to enjoy his own again," and the great men of the Commonwealth, and the great principles of the Commonwealth, were become a scoff and a mockery to those who, pensioners of the French court, had lost all sympathy with England and Englishmen. And now did the wheel of fortune begin to turn with the "silversmith to the Lord Protector;" at first his troubles came but slowly on, chiefly in the form of loss of old customers, who, anxious to ingratiate themselves with the Court, could not bear even to have a spoon or a mere bodkin from the shop of him who had supplied plate to the "arch-traitor" Cromwell. Ere long, however, he found himself a marked man; for as Luke Willingham's principles had not been taken up for sake of lucre, he was not prepared for worldly advantage to change them; so he became an object of suspicion to some of his more vehemently loyal neighbours, and many a story was told of his republican opinions, and he was almost openly accused of endeavours to plot against the State.

Manfully, however, did Luke Willingham struggle on. He was conscious of integrity; and he still trusted he should surmount these unjust suspicions when the plague year came; and not only during its continuance was all stop put to business, but the inhabitants of London, impoverished and dispirited, had little inclination to purchase mere articles of luxury. And then came the fire of London: and, anxiously as the mighty column of fire slowly, steadily, but irresistibly advanced up Cheapside, day after day, did the poor silversmith fear, and yet sometimes hoped that his dwelling—his own property—might be saved.

At length the flames seized on old St. Pauls; and now the inhabitants of Ludgate began in good earnest to remove their property. It was then remarked that Luke Willingham was exceedingly anxious to secure the contents of a certain closet; and much surprise was expressed by those who aided him in removing, when they saw him quitting his home with a small bundle under his arm.

"I should be well pleased to open that bundle," said the constable of the ward to a bystander; "there'd be hanging matter found therein, I doubt me not, for some half dozen of your canting Round-heads." Little did he imagine that the box, committed to the care of the puritan silversmith by a Cavalier, was the object of his suspicion.

Luke Willingham's home shared the fate of the many hundred others; and, until the necessary arrangements could be made for rebuilding the city, our poor silversmith was enforced to remain idle—thankful, however, that his stock had been saved, and that none of his family had sustained injury.

At length the city slowly arose from her ashes; and anxiously did each tradesman seek to re-occupy his former shop. But while no obstacle was placed in the way of his neighbours, Luke Willingham's offer was peremptorily refused. The land on which his home had stood belonged to the Dean and Chapter of Westminster, in whose eyes, naturally enough, "the silversmith to the Lord Protector" found no favour; so Master Sheldon's offer (he was a distant relation of the bishop) was accepted; and poor Luke Willingham was compelled to see the place where he had dwelt for more than twenty happy years in possession of another, and the Silver Unicorn swinging from the door, but with a stranger's name beneath it.

In his reduced circumstances, it was difficult to obtain a suitable house; for the new ones built along the chief streets were more expensive than his means would allow; nor would his company assist him, as was usual in such cases, for his religious opinions were against him.

In the present day, change of residence is not so injurious as it was in those times, when the same family often carried on the same business, in the same house, for almost a century; and poor Luke Willingham found to his cost, when at length he opened a small shop in Bucklersbury, that scarcely one of his old customers came; but that he had, as it were, to begin the world anew. And during all these changes, nothing could he learn of Sir Marmaduke Sherrington. That worthy knight had not returned from France at the Restoration; and from some of the cavaliers, of whom Luke inquired, he learned that he was on ill terms with some of the King's friends, and it was even thought had retired to Holland. But then, again, it was said he had visited Sherrington Manor House; and that he had again set out, none could tell whither. "My duty is clear, however," said Luke Willingham sadly to himself; "it is still to keep the box;—but good Sir Marmaduke, that ye would reclaim it!"

Meanwhile, in the midst of all his troubles, and all his anxieties, his daughter Grace grew up a beautiful young woman; and often would poor Luke Willingham look proudly at her, as he marked the admiration she excited; little dreaming of the greater trouble of which her beauty would be the source. Most unfortunately—perhaps Grace scarcely thought so—the beauty of the silversmith's daughter attracted the notice of Alderman Stanton's eldest son, as she sat plying her needle in the shop during the absence of her father. This young man was the darling son, heir of all the ambitious hopes, as well as the property of the haughty old man; but when he found him determined to reject the hand of a wealthy city heiress, and learnt from his own lips, that it was for love of the puritan silversmith's daughter, the rage of the father exceeded all bounds, and chasing the son with fiercest anger from his presence, he vowed never to rest until he had completed the ruin of the unfortunate Luke Willingham.

At this period, too easily could this threat be accomplished. There were pains and penalties attached to almost every right which we now enjoy unrestrainedly; there were informers, in closest disguise, to keep watch over the intended victim, and discover or invent what might best effect that end; and there were justices, too, armed with full power to act as both judge and jury, and who knew that the Court would well reward an excess of zeal and activity. And so it came to pass with poor Luke Willingham. Information after information was laid against him, under the Corporation and Conventicle Acts; articles were exhibited against him in the ecclesiastical courts; he was fined, and distressed, and almost sold up, when worthy Mr. Ashurst, who had long known and honoured him, together with Sir Samuel Bar-

nardiston, who had often suffered in the same cause, determined together to take a shop for him just over against the Royal Exchange, where, as the Alderman of Cornhill was of their own opinions, the poor silversmith would, at least, be secure of legal protection.

Thankful to his kind friends for their aid, here Luke Willingham once more set up the Silver Unicorn, and for a third time began trade again; and prosperity, at last, seemed about to revisit him. His eldest son, by the same kind help of Mr. Ashurst, was sent out as an agent of the Turkey Company; his younger was bringing up to his own trade; and even Grace, by her exquisite embroidery, aided in relieving the expenses of the family. Poor Grace! she had a deep trouble of her own, but, still, she was too affectionate a daughter not to rejoice in the returning comfort of her father.

But all this time, Alderman Stanton was not idle. He had been deeply mortified to find that his unremitting persecution had drawn the attention of two of the wealthiest and most honourable of the London merchants to his intended victim; and had actually been the means of re-establishing him. He hated those two honourable gentlemen too, who prospered even through these trying times, and in spite of repeated fines, as though by the express blessing of God; and anxiously did that vindictive old man seek their ruin.

"I would we could get a search-warrant for Master Willingham's house," said Keating, a man well known at this period, for the sad eminence of being the most cunning and unscrupulous of all the London informers, as he duly signed his depositions, and the alderman duly signed the warrants, to distrain the goods of ten quakers charged with the unbearable wickedness of holding a silent meeting. "I would, your worship, we could have a search-warrant against *him*, for it might go far to prove an independent plot, as well as a presbyterian; and such things, your worship knows, are well taken by the Court."

Yes, well did Alderman Stanton know it; but a search-warrant, even in these times, could not be obtained without some ground for it. So Keating forthwith hired himself as porter to poor Luke Willingham, who, deceived by the forged certificate he pretended to bring from worthy Mr. Astie, late minister in Suffolk, trusted much to him, and spoke out more freely than he otherwise would have done. Still there was nothing that could be made ground of accusation against Luke Willingham, nor could aught suspicious be discovered, although Keating listened outside the window at night, and opened and re-sealed each letter that came; and even opened the poor silversmith's strong chest with a false key, and made strict search therein.

At length, weary of longer waiting, the pretended porter one evening came to his master, and with well-affected surprise and sorrow, acquainted him that he had just discovered that a search-warrant, on plea of discovering treasonable papers, was about to be sent down to the house; and he earnestly entreated him, therefore, to take the chance ere the morrow of removing whatever he most wished to conceal.

Poor Luke Willingham was thunderstruck at the intelligence; for well did he know the powerful enemy to whom he owed this new misfortune. With many lamentations, mixed with proffers of service, the porter took his leave for the night; and then the poor silversmith, overwhelmed with the thoughts of the coming trial, sat down —not to plan how to protect his own property—but to secure that precious box for Sir Marmaduke Sherrington. Sadly he took it from its safe hiding-place in the little closet, within the corner cupboard, but which he knew would be no hiding-place on the morrow, when bedchambers, more than any other rooms, were strictly searched, often even to the pulling down of the wainscot; and as he anxiously looked at it, who should wonder that regret should arise in his mind when he thought of the risk he had run in securing jewels for one who perchance might be dead, and when but only two or three of those diamonds would have availed to set him free from his difficulties. This was but a passing thought. "My word is pledged for twenty, even for thirty years, to keep it," said he, and he returned to the sitting-room.

There sat Grace, still engaged, although the evening was far advanced, on her broidery, for it was to be taken home early on the morrow; and as the poor silversmith cast his eyes on the table they fixed upon a small pasteboard box, in which the various more delicate articles of ladies' dress, such as point or embroidered cuffs, were carried.

"Dear Grace," said he, as the sudden thought struck him, "there is one thing which presses heavily on my mind, and of which I must at last make you my confidant;" and forthwith he detailed how the box had been left in his care, how anxious he was for its safety, and how he thought, if placed in the small pasteboard box, it might be carried away without suspicion ere the officers came.

Grace took the box, packed it carefully up with some skeins of silk, and laid her finished work, which was to be carried to Madam Ashurst, on the top; and then, little thinking, though overwhelmed with sorrow, of the greater sorrow the morning would bring, the father and daughter sat down to their humble meal.

Joyfully did Keating, now that his plan had succeeded so well, (and who had listened to the colloquy of the father and daughter, safely concealed in the closet on the staircase), now proceed to Alderman Stanton. "We shall not require a *search*-warrant to-morrow, your worship," said he, "for if we take fair mistress Grace into custody, as she leaves the house, it will be sufficient." Well pleased was the vindictive old man; he signed the warrant for the apprehension of "Grace Willingham, spinster, daughter of Luke Willingham," with right good will, and then went to rest.

Early on the morrow, though not so early as to awaken suspicion, the door of the poor silversmith was softly opened, and, wrapped in her mantle and hood, Grace Willingham came forth. "God grant you success," whispered the anxious father, as he closed the door.

Alas! two doors off stood Keating and the two officers charged with the execution of the warrant. This poor young woman was rudely seized, the box snatched from her, and entrance was forcibly made into her father's shop. "Wherefore is this?" cried Luke Willingham, looking wildly at his daughter, and thunderstruck at the sight of his own servant, apparently foremost in the outrage.

"Ah! worthy Master Willingham," cried the informer, laughing, "we have caught you at last, and, methinks, there's hanging matter for a dozen at least, in this box."

Yes! there was the very box, snatched for ever from him; and the story how he became possessed of it, would it be believed? Could it be thought that a Puritan would, for so long, and with so great care, take charge of jewels—most valuable jewels—for a Cavalier? and he, although twice brought to the verge of bankruptcy, never even had attempted to pledge them. No! surely no one would believe that story; but the jewels would be viewed as the produce of ill-gotten gains—perchance of absolute robbery. And, O! how would his enemies—the enemies of the cause—exult.

It was to be a high day, that day, in the city; for his sacred Majesty had promised to dine with the Lord Mayor at his own house. So, anxious to display his zeal and activity in so worthy a cause, and, perchance, to obtain notice of the Court, Keating determined to take his poor prisoner, not to the alderman of the Ward, but to Guildhall; regardless of her earnest prayers not to be made a gazing-stock along the streets.

Onward they went, followed by a fast-increasing crowd; while poor Grace tried to draw the hood more closely over her face, and her tears fell thick and fast from the long silken lashes. But his brutal plan was unsuccessful; for the beautiful young woman, as she was dragged along the streets, became an object of warmest pity to all, and loud and violent was the clamour against the hated informer. At the corner of King Street, the crowd had increased so greatly as to stop the way; and Keating, fearful of being overborne, called loudly for aid. The confusion increased: "What is this?" said an old gentleman, leaning out of his heavy velvet coach, "what is that affray about?"

Poor Grace! surely she recognised that voice, though more than twenty years had passed since she heard it; surely she remembered that face, though the brow was wrinkled, and the locks had become quite white. "Good Sir Marmaduke," cried she, attempting to spring forward, "good Sir Marmaduke, God hath sent you hither in our greatest need. It is for your box—your box left with my father—that I am now a prisoner."

The old man gazed earnestly on the young maiden's pale but beautiful features. "What! is it my little Grace Willingham?" said he.

"Aye, your honour," interrupted Keating, "and on her way to Guildhall, to answer for *this*," holding up the box.

"My own box," cried the astonished old man; "but, Grace, my dear maiden, how is this?" Poor Grace was hurried on by the officers; and the old knight followed to Guildhall.

There was some objection among the subordinates as to allowing him to enter; but Sir John Starling, who remembered the cavalier knight when in France, led him, with all courtesy, to the table where the aldermen were seated. "I am come to lay claim to that box," said Sir Marmaduke Sherrington; "that box which, twenty-three years ago, tied by my own hands, and sealed with my own seal, I delivered into the keeping of my good friend, Luke Willingham. The jewels contained therein belong to our gracious King; being the diamond hat-band worn by my late dear and honoured master, his father, and the diamond George. These, just before the flight from Oxford, were delivered into the hands of brave Colonel Wyndham, from whom, when mortally wounded, I received them. It was not until the eve of the fatal battle of Worcester, that I met his majesty, and then he thought they would be more secure in my keeping than in his. They were broken from their setting that they might be placed in a smaller compass; and, after enduring much trouble and anxiety to secure them, I gave them, when I quitted England three-and-twenty years ago, into the hands of good Luke Willingham. On the Restoration, I sent to his sacred Majesty to notify with whom they had been left; and when, after long absence from England, seven years ago I visited London, I was told that Luke Willingham had gone, none knew whither; nor could my most earnest inquiries discover him.—Open the box, therefore, and you will find therein eight large rose diamonds, twenty-six smaller ones, and nineteen brilliants."

"It is quite correct," said the sitting alderman, as the precious contents were counted out before him, "there is no charge against this young woman, she must be set at liberty."

"And we will return together, my dear Grace," said the old knight, leading her away, "and we will tell your good father all. Good Luke Willingham, how I long to see him!"

* * * * *

"Odds fish, man," cried the merry monarch, now rather approaching the state sometimes called "glorious," as he balanced, with unsteady hand, the slender Venice glass on the evening of this eventful day. "'Twas a capital story about the puritan silversmith and the old Cavalier. But to think how I wanted money when I first came over, and yet some thousand pounds worth were lying in that old box."

"Whose fault was that, Rowley?" cried Buckingham. "I well remember the old knight's letter coming; 'tis nothing but a prosing rigmarole, said you, and cast it into the fire. No wonder Sir Marmaduke took it ill, and kept away from Court. Now I'll tell you what to do to please him: make Luke Willingham, silversmith to his Majesty."

"Heaven forbid your sacred Majesty," cried the Lord Mayor, utterly horror-struck, "'tis a Puritan, and a Round-head!"

"Nay, my sacred Majesty doth will it," answered Charles, laughing; "poor fellow, he hath been my jewel keeper it seems, for three-and-twenty years, and a right honest one too; so methinks I will. Moreover, he was silversmith, was he not, to old Noll?"

"He was, your sacred Majesty," replied the sorely-troubled Lord Mayor.

"Well then," cried Charles, quietly tossing off his glass, and balancing it on his finger, "'twill be just the thing, for it will give him a Rowland—ha Georgie! will it not?—'A Rowland for an Oliver.'"

And so it was, to the great wonder both of royalists and Whigs; nor least of all to Luke Willingham himself. He indeed viewed it as no great honour, but in these unsettled times, as a security, its value was great. So under the especial protection of the Duke of Buckingham, whose whim it just now was to conciliate the Nonconformists, Luke returned to his original shop, and beneath the shadow of the original Silver Unicorn, carried on business long and most prosperously, none daring to make him afraid. Nor ever, in the darkest times did

Luke Willingham seek to disguise his principles, and great and striking was his reward.

As to Sir Marmaduke Sherrington, he settled once more at Sherrington Manor House, where Grace Willingham was a frequent guest. Early on the death of Alderman Stanton she was married to his son, and when Sir Marmaduke died, full of years, she became the Lady of Sherrington Manor.

BALLADS FROM SCOTTISH HISTORY.—No. II.

BLACK AGNES OF DUNBAR.

THE lady had a swarthy cheek, and glossy raven hair,
And eyebrows dark, in feathery streak, springing like arches rare:
Full gleamingly her flashing eye lit up her smile of scorn,
As forth her MAIDEN TRAIN she led upon the wall that morn.
"Now, by my *foy!*" quoth MONTAGUE, who spied her from afar,
"I trow what WARDER we have here—BLACK AGNES OF DUNBAR!"

Shrill crew the cock; the war-trump harsh a shriller echo gave,
As MONTAGUE his challenge wound, and brandish'd high his glaive:
"Surrender, lady! for thy lord, I wot, is far from hence;—
The surest hold can hardly stand where women make defence!"
"Defy thee, then, proud MONTAGUE! and all thy men at war!"
With loud derisive laugh replied BLACK AGNES OF DUNBAR.

"'Twere a fair mark," cried LINCOLN WILL, "to hit a tooth of pearl,
Or, with a cloth-yard shaft, to spill the gloss of yonder curl!"
"Beshrew thy heart, thou coward knave! and durst thou blur my name
With thy goose-barb?" said MONTAGUE;—"I blush for very shame!"
"How now, my Masters!—quail your hearts before a woman's star?"
Loud shouted then, with scoff and taunt, BLACK AGNES OF DUNBAR.

"Bring forth, bring forth the engines fierce!—hurl ye the massive stone!—
Bid stauncheons crash, and splinter oak, till some good breach be shown!
Poise high the ram!—the crumbling wall shall totter to its fall!
We'll know what cheer my Lord of March fends for his lady's hall!"
"Grammercy! what a dust is here!—Slow maidens that ye are!
Go! wipe it, with a napkin, off!" quoth AGNES OF DUNBAR.

"If needs we must—why, then—THE SOW! Advance beneath its shield!
Few strokes of its rude strength, I trow, shall make yon proud dame yield!"
The engine stands against the wall—the warriors lurk within—
The ponderous log is ready swung, its thunders to begin—
When, from the Bartizan above—"Proud MONTAGUE, bewar'!
Thy sow may farrow ere her time!" cried AGNES OF DUNBAR.

A cloud-like darkness, from on high, fell o'er that fated shed—
'Twas but an instant, and a crash, and they within were—dead!
"I told thee," said that saucy dame—as limbs, from bodies torn—
Steel panoplies and bruised mail—and plumes from knighthood shorn—
Were dash'd before the falling mass—"I thus thy sport should mar;—
I redd ye e'er again to flout with AGNES OF DUNBAR!"

What dame is she, of daring mould, stands up for SCOTLAND still,
When ev'ry fastness, far and wide, the tyrant foemen fill?
When HALIDON'S dire fight had thinned our country's proud array,
And bitter FATE in malice grinned on SCOTIA'S evil day?
In fields of strife that lady's LORD fights on with many a scar—
The grandchild of the GLORIOUS BRUCE is AGNES OF DUNBAR!

A ruin crumbles on the verge of dark basaltic rocks,
From out whose breast, in clouds, emerge the sea-birds' plumy flocks—
Though scarce a shred of that old wall lingers a tale to tell,
Yet AGNES, and her MAIDENS tall, are there remembered well;
For, while TRADITION'S pulse beats true to glory and to war,
A guerdon of renown is due BLACK AGNES OF DUNBAR.

MACDUFF.

ORTHOGRAPHIC MUTINEERS.*

BY THOMAS DE QUINCEY.

As we are all of us crazy when the wind sits in some particular quarter, let not Mr. Landor be angry with me for suggesting that he is outrageously crazy upon the one solitary subject of spelling. It occurs to me, as a plausible solution of his fury upon this point, that perhaps in his earliest school-days, when it is understood that he was exceedingly pugnacious, he may have detested spelling, and (like Roberte the Deville†) have found it more satisfactory for all parties, that when the presumptuous schoolmaster differed from him on the spelling of a word, the question between them should be settled by a stand-up fight. Both parties would have the victory at times: and if, according to Pope's expression, "justice rul'd the ball," the schoolmaster (who is always a villain) would be floored three times out of four; no great matter whether wrong or not upon the immediate point of spelling discussed. It is in this way, viz. from the irregular adjudications upon litigated spelling, which must have arisen under such a mode of investigating the matter, that we may account for Mr. Landor's being sometimes in the right, but too often (with regard to long words) egregiously in the wrong. As he grew stronger and taller, he would be coming more and more amongst polysyllables, and more and more would be getting the upper hand of the schoolmaster; so that at length he would have it all his own way; one round would decide the turn-up; and thenceforwards his spelling would become frightful. Now, I myself detested spelling as much as all people ought to do, except Continental compositors, who have extra fees for doctoring the lame spelling of ladies and gentlemen. But, unhappily, I had no power to thump the schoolmaster into a conviction of his own absurdities; which, however, I greatly desired to do. Still, my nature, powerless at that time for any active recusancy, was strong for passive resistance; and *that* is the hardest to conquer. I took one lesson of this infernal art, and then declined ever to take a second; and, in fact, I never *did*. Well I remember that unique morning's experience. It was the first page of Entick's Dictionary that I had to get by heart; a sweet sentimental task; and not, as may be fancied, the spelling only, but the horrid attempts of this depraved Entick to explain the supposed meaning of words that probably had none; many of these, it is my belief, Entick himself forged. Among the strange, grim-looking words, to whose acquaintance I was introduced on that unhappy morning, were *abalienate* and *ablaqueation*—most respectable words, I am fully persuaded, but so exceedingly retired in their habits, that I never once had the honour of meeting either of them in any book, pamphlet, journal, whether in prose or numerous verse, though haunting such society myself all my life. I also formed the acquaintance, at that time, of the word *abacus*, which, as a Latin word, I have often used, but, as an English one, I really never had occasion to spell, until this very moment. Yet, after all, what harm comes of such obstinate recusancy against orthography? I was an "occasional conformist;" I conformed for one morning, and never more. But, for all that, I spell as well as my neighbours; and I can spell *ablaqueation* besides, which I suspect that some of them can *not*.

My own spelling, therefore, went right, because I was left to nature, with strict neutrality on the part of the authorities. Mr. Landor's too often went wrong, because he was thrown into a perverse channel by his continued triumphs over the prostrate schoolmaster. To toss up, as it were, for the spelling of a word, by the best of nine rounds, inevitably left the impression that chance governed all; and this accounts for the extreme capriciousness of Landor.

It is a work for a separate dictionary in quarto to record *all* the proposed revolutions in spelling, through which our English blood, either at home or in America, has thrown off, at times, the surplus energy that consumed it. I conceive this to be a sort of cutaneous affection, like nettle-rash, or ring-worm, through which the patient gains relief for his own nervous distraction, whilst, in fact, he does no harm to anybody: for usually he forgets his own reforms, and if *he* should not, everybody else *does*. Not to travel back into the seventeenth century, and the noble army of shorthand writers who have all made war upon orthography, for secret purposes of their own, even in the last century, and in the present, what a list of eminent rebels against the spelling-book might be called up to answer for their wickedness at the bar of the Old Bailey, if anybody would be kind enough to make it a felony! Cowper, for instance, too modest and too pensive to raise upon any subject an open standard of rebellion, yet, in quiet Olney, made a small *émeute* as to

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* With a special reference to the Works of Walter Savage Landor.

† "*Roberte the Deville*:"—See the old metrical romance of that name: it belongs to the fourteenth century, and was printed some thirty years ago, with wood engravings of the illuminations. Roberte, however, took the liberty of murdering *his* schoolmaster. But could he well do less? Being a reigning Duke's son, and after the rebellious schoolmaster had said—

"*Syr, ye bee too bolde:*
And therewith tooke a rodde hym for to chaste."

Upon which the meek Robin, without using any bad language as the schoolmaster had done, simply took out a long dagger "*hym for to chaste*," which he did effectually. The schoolmaster gave no bad language after that.

the word "Grecian." Everybody else was content with one "*e*;" but he, recollecting the cornucopia of *es*, which Providence had thought fit to empty upon the mother word *Greece*, deemed it shocking to disinherit the poor child of its hereditary wealth, and wrote it, therefore, *Greecian* throughout his Homer. Such a modest reform the sternest old Tory could not find in his heart to denounce. But some contagion must have collected about this word *Greece*; for the next man, who had much occasion to use it—viz. Mitford*—who wrote that "History of Greece" so eccentric, and so eccentrically praised by Lord Byron, absolutely took to spelling like a heathen, slashed right and left against decent old English words, until, in fact, the whole of Entick's Dictionary (*ablaqueation* and all) was ready to swear the peace against him. Mitford, in course of time, slept with his fathers; his grave, I trust, not haunted by the injured words whom he had tomahawked; and, at this present moment, the Bishop of St. David's reigneth in his stead. His Lordship, bound over to episcopal decorum, has hitherto been sparing in his assaults upon pure old English words: but one may trace the insurrectionary taint, passing down from Cowper through the word *Grecian*, in many of his Anglo-Hellenic forms. For instance, he insists on our saying—not *Heracleidæ* and *Pelopidæ*, as we all used to do—but *Heracleids* and *Pelopids*. A list of my Lord's barbarities, in many other cases, upon unprotected words, poor shivering aliens that fall into his power, when thrown upon the coast of his diocese, I had—*had*, I say, for, alas! *fuit Ilium*.

Yet, really, one is ashamed to linger on cases so mild as those, coming, as one does, in the order of atrocity, to Elphinstone, to Noah Webster, a Yankee—which word means, not an American, but that separate order of Americans, growing in Massachussets, Rhode Island, or Connecticut, in fact, a New Englander*—and to the rabid Ritson. Noah would naturally have reduced us all to an antidiluvian simplicity. Shem, Ham, and Japhet, probably separated in consequence of perverse varieties in spelling; so that orthographical unity might seem to him one condition for preventing national schisms. But as to the rabid Ritson, who can describe his vagaries? What great arithmetician can furnish an index to his absurdities, or what great decipherer furnish a key to the principles of these absurdities? In his very title pages, nay, in the most obstinate of ancient technicalities, he showed his cloven foot to the astonished reader. Some of his many works were printed in *Pall-Mall*; now, as the world is pleased to pronounce that word *Pel-Mel*, thus and no otherwise (said Ritson) it shall be spelled for ever. Whereas, on the contrary, some men would have said: The spelling is well enough, it is the public pronunciation which is wrong. This ought to be *Paul-Maul*; or, perhaps—agreeably to the sound which we give to the *a* in such words as *what, quantity, want*—still better, and with more gallantry, *Poll-Moll*. The word Mr., again, in Ritson's reformation, must have astonished the Post-office. He insisted that this cabalistical-looking form, which might as reasonably be translated into *monster*, was a direct fraud on the national language, quite as bad as clipping the Queen's coinage. How, then, *should* it be written? Reader! reader! that you will ask such a question! *mister*, of course; and mind that you put no capital *m*; unless, indeed, you are speaking of some great gun, some mister of misters, such as Mr. Pitt of old, or perhaps a reformer of spelling. The plural, again, of such words as *romance, age, horse*, he wrote *romanceës, ageës, horseës*; and upon the following equitable consideration; that, inasmuch as the *e* final in the singular is mute, that is, by a general vote of the nation has been allowed to retire upon a superannuation allowance, it is abominable to call it back upon active service—like the modern Chelsea pensioners—as must be done, if it is to bear the whole weight of a separate syllable like *ces*. Consequently, if the nation and Parliament mean to keep faith, they are bound to hire a stout young *e* to run in the traces with the old original *e*, taking the whole work off his aged shoulders. Volumes would not suffice to exhaust the madness of Ritson upon this subject. And there was this peculiarity in his madness, over and above its clamorous ferocity, that being no classical scholar (a meagre self-taught Latinist, and no Grecian at all) though

* Mitford, who was the brother of a man better known than himself to the public eye, viz., Lord Redesdale, may be considered a very unfortunate author. His work upon Greece, which Lord Byron celebrated for its "wrath and its partiality," really had those merits: choleric it was in excess, and as entirely partial, as nearly perfect in its injustice, as human infirmity would allow. Nothing is truly perfect in this shocking world; absolute injustice, alas! the perfection of wrong, must not be looked for until we reach some high Platonic form of polity. Then shall we revel and bask in a vertical sun of iniquity. Meantime, I *will* say—that to satisfy all bilious and unreasonable men, a better historian of Greece, than Mitford, could not be fancied. And yet, at the very moment when he was stepping into his harvest of popularity, down comes one of those omnivorous Germans that, by reading everything, and a trifle besides, contrive to throw really learned men—and perhaps better thinkers than themselves—into the shade. Ottfried Mueller, with other archæologists and travellers into Hellas, gave new aspects to the very purposes of Grecian history. Do you hear, reader? not new answers, but new questions. And Mitford, that was gradually displacing the unlearned Gillies, &c., was himself displaced by those who intrigued with Germany. His other work on "the Harmony of Language," though one of the many that attempted, and the few that accomplished, the distinction between accent and quantity, or learnedly appreciated the metrical science of Milton, was yet, in my hearing, pronounced utterly unintelligible, by the best *practical* commentator on Milton, viz., the best reproducer of his exquisite effects in blank verse, that any generation since Milton has been able to show. Mr. Mitford was one of the many accomplished scholars that are ill-used. Had he possessed the splendid powers of the Landor, he would have raised a clatter on the armour of modern society, such as Samson threatened to the giant Harapha. For, in many respects, he resembled the Landor: he had much of his learning—he had the same extensive access to books and influential circles in great cities—the same gloomy disdain of popular falsehoods or common-places—and the same disposition to run a muck against all nations, languages, and spelling-books.

* "In fact, a New Englander." This explanation, upon a matter familiar to the well-informed, it is proper to repeat occasionally, because we English exceedingly perplex and confound the Americans by calling, for instance, a Virginian or a Kentuck by the name of Yankee, whilst that term was originally introduced as antithetic to these more southern States.

profound as a black-letter scholar, he cared not one straw for ethnographic relations of words, nor for unity of analogy, which are the principles that generally have governed reformers of spelling. He was an attorney, and moved constantly under the *monomaniac* idea that an action lay on behalf of misused letters, mutes, liquids, vowels, and diphthongs, against somebody or other (John Doe, was it, or Richard Roe?) for trespass on any rights of theirs which an attorney might trace, and of course for any direct outrage upon their persons. Yet no man was more systematically an offender in both ways than himself; tying up one leg of a quadruped word, and forcing it to run upon three; cutting off noses and ears, if he fancied that equity required it; and living in eternal hot water with a language which he pretended eternally to protect.

And yet all these fellows were nothing in comparison of Mr.* Pinkerton. The most of these men did but ruin the national *spelling*; but Pinkerton—the monster Pinkerton—proposed a revolution which would have left us nothing to spell. It is almost incredible—if a book regularly printed and published, bought and sold, did not remain to attest the fact—that this horrid barbarian seriously proposed, as a glorious discovery for refining our language, the following plan. All people were content with the compass of the English language: its range of expression was equal to anything: but, unfortunately, as compared with the sweet orchestral languages of the south — Spanish the stately, and Italian the lovely—it wanted rhythmus and melody. Clearly, then, the one supplementary grace, which it remained for modern art to give, is that every one should add at discretion *o* and *a*, *ino* and *ano*, to the end of the English words. The language, in its old days, should be taught *struttare struttissimamente*. As a specimen, Mr. Pinkerton favoured us with his own version of a famous passage in Addison, viz., "The Vision of Mirza." The passage, which begins thus, "As I sat on the top of a rock," being translated into, "As I satto on the toppino of a rocko," &c. But *luckilissime* this *proposalio* of the *absurdissimo Pinkertonio*† was not *adoptado* by *anybody-ini whatever-ano*.

Mr. Landor is more learned and probably more consistent in his assaults upon the established spelling than most of these elder reformers. But *that* does not make him either learned enough or consistent enough. He never ascends into Anglo-Saxon, or the many cognate languages of the Teutonic family, which is indispensable to a searching inquest upon our language; he does not put forward in this direction even the slender qualifications of Horne Tooke. But Greek and Latin are quite unequal, when disjoined from the elder wheels in our etymological system, to the working of the total machinery of the English language. Mr. Landor proceeds upon no fixed principles in his changes. Sometimes it is on the principle of internal analogy with itself, that he would distort or retrotort the language; sometimes on the principle of external analogy with its roots; sometimes on the principle of euphony, or of metrical convenience. Even within such principles he is not uniform. All well-built English scholars, for instance, know that the word *feálty* cannot be made into a dissyllable: trissyllabic it ever was* with the elder poets—Spencer, Milton, &c.; and so it is amongst all the modern poets who have taken any pains with their English studies: *e. g.*

> "The eagle, lord of land and sea,
> Stoop'd down—to pay him fe-al-ty."

It is dreadful to hear a man say *feal-ty* in any case; but here it is luckily impossible. Now, Mr. Landor generally is correct, and trisects the word; but once, at least, he bisects it. I complain, besides, that Mr. Landor, in urging the authority of Milton for orthographic innovations, does not always distinguish as to Milton's motives. It is true, as he contends, that, in some instances, Milton reformed the spelling in obedience to the Italian precedent: and certainly without blame; as in *sovran*, *sdeign*, which ought not to be printed (as it is) with an elision before the *s*, as if short for disdain; but in other instances Milton's motive had no reference to etymology. Sometimes it was this. In Milton's day, the modern use of Italics was nearly unknown. Everybody is aware that, in our authorised version of the Bible, published in Milton's infancy, Italics are never once used for the purpose of emphasis—but exclusively to indicate such words or auxiliary forms as, though implied and *virtually* present in the original, are not textually expressed, but must be so in English, from the different genius of the language.† Now, this want of a proper technical resource amongst the compositors of the age, for indicating a peculiar stress upon a word, evidently drove Milton into some perplexity for a compen-

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* Pinkerton published one of his earliest volumes, under this title—"Rimes, by Mr. Pinkerton," not having the fear of Ritson before his eyes. And, for once, we have reason to thank Ritson for his remark—that the form Mr. might just as well be read *Monster*. Pinkerton in this point was a perfect monster. As to the word *Rimes*, instead of *Rhymes*, he had something to stand upon: the Greek *rhythmos* was certainly the remote fountain; but the proximate fountain must have been the Italian *rima*.

† This most extravagant of all experiments on language is brought forward in the "*Letters of Literature*, by Robert Heron." But Robert Heron is a *pseudonyme* for John Pinkerton; and I have been told that Pinkerton's motive for assuming it was—because *Heron* had been the maiden name of his mother. Poor lady, she would have stared to find herself, in old age, transformed into Mistressina Heronilla. What most amuses one in pursuing the steps of such an attempt at refinement, is its reception by "Jack" in the navy.

* "*It ever was*"—and, of course, being (as there is no need to tell Mr. Landor) a form obtained by contraction from *fidelitas*.

† Of this a ludicrous illustration is mentioned by the writer once known to the public as *Trinity Jones*. Some young clergyman, unacquainted with the technical use of italics by the original compositors of James the First's Bible, on coming to the 27th verse, chap. xiii. of 1st Kings, "And he" (viz. the old prophet of Bethel) "spake to his sons, saying, Saddle me the ass. And they saddled *him*;" (where the italic *him* simply meant that this word was involved, but not expressed, in the original), read it, "And they saddled HIM;" as though these undutiful sons, instead of saddling the donkey, had saddled the old prophet. In fact, the old gentleman's directions are not quite without an opening for a filial misconception, if the reader examines them as closely as *I* examine words.

satory contrivance. It was unusually requisite for *him*, with his elaborate metrical system and his divine ear, to have an art for throwing attention upon his accents, and upon his muffling of accents. When, for instance, he wishes to direct a bright jet of emphasis upon the possessive pronoun *their*, he writes it as we now write it. But, when he wishes to take off the accent, he writes it *thir*.* Like Ritson, he writes *therefor* and *wherefor* without the final *e*; not regarding the analogy, but singly the metrical quantity: for it was shocking to his classical feeling that a sound so short to the ear should be represented to the eye by so long a combination as *fore*; and the more so, because uneducated people did then, and do now, often equilibrate the accent between the two syllables, or rather make the *quantity* long in both syllables, whilst giving an overbalance of the *accent* to the last. The "Paradise Lost," being printed during Milton's blindness, did not receive the full and consistent benefit of his spelling reforms, which (as I have contended) certainly arose partly in the imperfections of typography at that æra; but such changes as had happened most to impress his ear with a sense of their importance, he took a special trouble, even under all the disadvantages of his darkness, to have rigorously adopted. He must have astonished the compositors, though not quite so much as the tiger-cat Ritson or the Mr. (viz. monster) Pinkerton—each after *his* kind—astonished *their* compositors.

But the caprice of Mr. Landor is shown most of all upon Greek names. *Nous autres* say "Aristotle," and are quite content with it, until we migrate into some extra-superfine world; but this title will not do for *him:* "Aristoteles" it must be. And why so? Because, answers the Landor, if once I consent to say Aristotle, then I am pledged to go the whole hog; and perhaps the next man I meet is Empedocles, whom, in that case, I must call Empedocle. Well, do so. *Call* him Empedocle; it will not break his back, which seems broad enough. But, now, mark the contradictions in which Mr. Landor is soon landed. He says, as everybody says, Terence, and not Terentius, Horace and not Horatius; but he must leave off such horrid practices, because he dares not call Lucretius by the analogous name of Lucrece, since *that* would be putting a she instead of a he; nor Propertius by the name of Properce, because *that* would be speaking French instead of English. Next he says, and continually he says, Virgil for Virgilius. But, on that principle, he ought to say Valer for Valerius; and yet again he ought *not*; because, as he says Tully and not Tull for Tullius, so also is he bound, in Christian equity, to say Valery for Valer; but he cannot say either Valer or Valery. So here we are in a mess. Thirdly, I charge him with saying Ovid for Ovidius: which *I* do, which everybody does, but which *he* must not do; for, if he means to persist in *that*, then, upon his own argument from analogy, he must call Didius Julianus by the shocking name of *Did*, which is the same thing as Tit—since T is D soft. Did was a very great man indeed, and for a very short time indeed. Probably Did was the only man that ever bade for an empire, and no mistake, at a public auction. Think of Did's bidding for the Roman empire: nay, think also of Did's having the lot actually knocked down to him; and of Did's going home to dinner with the lot in his pocket. It makes one perspire to think that, if the reader or myself had been living at that time, and had been prompted by some whim within us to bid against him, we—that is, he or I—should actually have come down to posterity by the abominable name of Anti-Did. All of us in England say Livy when speaking of the great historian, not Livius. Yet Livius Andronicus it would be impossible to indulge with that brotherly name of Livy. Marcus Antonius is called—not by Shakspere only, but by all the world—Mark Antony; but who is it that ever called Marcus Brutus by the affectionate name of Mark Brute? "Keep your distance," we say, to that very doubtful brute, "and expect no pet names from us." Finally, apply the principle of abbreviation, involved in the names Pliny, Livy, Tully, all substituting *y* for *ius*, to Marius—that grimmest of grim visions that rises up to us from the phantasmagoria of Roman history. Figure to yourself, reader, that truculent face, trenched and scarred with hostile swords, carrying thunder in its ominous eye-brows, and frightening armies a mile off with its scowl, being saluted by the tenderest of feminine names, as "My Mary."

Not only, therefore, is Mr. Landor inconsistent in these innovations, but the innovations themselves, supposing them all harmonised and established, would but plough up the landmarks of old hereditary feelings. We learn oftentimes, by a man's bearing a good-natured sobriquet amongst his comrades, that he is a kind-hearted, social creature, popular with them all! And it is an illustration of the same tendency, that the scale of popularity for the classical authors amongst our fathers, is registered tolerably well, in a gross general way, by the difference between having and *not* having a familiar name. If we except the first Cæsar, the mighty Caius Julius, who was too majestic to invite familiarity, though too gracious to have repelled it, there is no author whom our forefathers loved, but has won a sort of Christian name in the land. Homer, and Hesiod, and Pindar, we all say; we cancel the alien *us*; but we never say Theocrit for Theocritus. Anacreon remains rigidly Grecian marble; but *that* is only because his name is not of a plastic form—else everybody loves the sad old fellow. The same bar to familiarity existed in the names of the tragic poets, except perhaps for Æschylus; who, however, like Cæsar, is too awful for a caressing name. But Roman names were, generally, more flexible. Livy and Sallust have ever been favourites with men: Livy with everybody; Sallust, in a degree that may be called extravagant, with many celebrated Frenchmen, as the President des Brosses, and in our own days

* He uses this and similar artifices, in fact, as the damper in a modern piano-forte, for modifying the swell of the intonation.

with M. Lerminier, a most eloquent and original writer ("*Etudes Historiques*"); and two centuries ago, with the greatest of men, John Milton, in a degree that seems to me absolutely mysterious. These writers are baptized into our society—have gained a settlement in our parish: when you call a man Jack, and not Mr. John, it's plain you like him. But, as to the gloomy Tacitus, our fathers liked him not. He was too vinegar a fellow for them; nothing hearty or genial about him; he thought ill of everybody; and we all suspect that, for those times, he was perhaps the worst of the bunch himself. Accordingly, this Tacitus, because he remained so perfectly tacit for our jolly old forefathers' ears, never slipped into the name Tacit for their mouths; nor ever will, I predict, for the mouths of posterity. Coming to the Roman poets, I must grant that three great ones, viz., Lucretius, Statius, and Valerius Flaccus, have not been complimented with the freedom of our city, as they should have been, in a gold box. I regret, also, the ill fortune, in this respect, of Catullus, if he was really the author of that grand headlong dithyrambic, the Atys: he certainly ought to have been ennobled by the title of Catull. Looking to very much of his writings, much more I regret the case of Plautus: and I am sure that if her Majesty would warrant his bearing the name and arms of *Plaut* in all time coming, it would gratify many of us. As to the rest, or those that anybody cares about, Horace, Virgil, Ovid, Lucan, Martial, Claudian, all have been raised to the peerage. Ovid was the great poetic favourite of Milton; and not without a philosophic ground: his festal gaiety, and the brilliant velocity of his *aurora borealis* intellect, forming a deep natural equipoise to the mighty gloom and solemn planetary movement in the mind of the other; like the wedding of male and female counterparts. Ovid was, therefore, rightly Milton's favourite. But the favourite of all the world is Horace. Were there ten peerages, were there three blue ribbons, vacant, he ought to have them all.

Besides, if Mr. Landor could issue decrees, and even harmonise his decrees for reforming our Anglo-Grecian spelling—decrees which no Council of Trent could execute, without first rebuilding the Holy office of the Inquisition—still there would be little accomplished. The names of all continental Europe are often in confusion, from different causes, when Anglicised: German names are rarely spelled rightly by the *laity* of our isle: Polish and Hungarian never. Many foreign towns have in England what botanists would call *trivial* names; Leghorn, for instance, Florence, Madrid, Lisbon, Vienna, Munich, Antwerp, Brussels, the Hague—all unintelligible names to the savage Continental native. Then, if Mr. Landor reads as much of Anglo-Indian books as I do, he must be aware that, for many years back, they have all been at sixes and sevens; so that now most Hindoo words are in masquerade, and we shall soon require *English* pundits in Leadenhall Street.*

How does he like, for instance, *Sipahee* the modern form for *Sepoy?* or *Tepheen* for *Tiffin?* At this rate of metamorphosis, absorbing even the consecrated names of social meals, we shall soon cease to understand what that *disjune* was which his sacred Majesty graciously accepted at Tillietudlem. But even elder forms of oriental speech are as little harmonised in Christendom. A few leagues of travelling make the Hebrew unintelligible to us; and the Bible becomes a Delphic mystery to Englishmen amongst the countrymen of Luther. Solomon is there called Salamo; Sampson is called Simson, though probably he never published an edition of Euclid. Nay, even in this native isle of ours, you may be at cross purposes on the Bible with your own brother. I am, myself, next door neighbour to Westmoreland, being a Lancashire man; and, one day, I was talking with a Westmoreland farmer, whom, of course, I ought to have understood very well; but I had no chance with him: for I could not make out who that *No* was, concerning *whom* or concerning *which*, he persisted in talking. It seemed to me, from the context, that *No* must be a man, and by no means a chair; but so very negative a name, you perceive, furnished no positive hints for solving the problem. I said as much to the farmer, who stared in stupefaction. "What," cried he, "did a far-larn'd man, like you, fresh from Oxford, never hear of *No*, an old gentleman that should have been drowned, but was *not*, when all his folk were drowned?" "Never, so help me Jupiter," was my reply: "never heard of him to this hour, any more than of *Yes*, an old gentleman that should have been hanged, but was *not*, when all his folk were hanged. *Populous No*—I had read of in the Prophets; but that was *not* an old gentleman." It turned out that the farmer and all his compatriots in bonny Martindale had been taught at the parish school to rob the Patriarch Noah of one clear moiety appertaining in fee simple to that ancient name. But afterwards I found that the farmer was not so entirely absurd as he had seemed. The Septuagint, indeed, is clearly against him; for *there*, as plain as a pike-staff, the farmer might have read Nωε. But, on the other hand, Pope, not quite so great a scholar as he was a poet, yet still a fair one, *always* made Noah into a monosyllable; and that seems to argue an old English usage; though I really believe Pope's reason for adhering to such

* The reasons for this anarchy in the naturalisation of Eastern words are to be sought in three causes: 1. In national rivalships: French travellers in India, like Jacquemont, &c., as they will not adopt our English First Meridian, will not, of course, adopt our English spelling. In one of Paul Richter's novels a man assumes the First Meridian to lie generally, not through Greenwich, but through his own skull, and always through his own study. I have myself long suspected the Magnetic Pole to lie under a friend's wine-cellar, from the vibrating movement which I have remarked constantly going on in his cluster of keys towards that particular point. Really, the French, like Sir Anthony Absolute, must "get an atmosphere of their own," such is their hatred to holding anything in common with us. 2. They are to be sought in local *Indian* differences of pronunciation. 3. In the variety of our own British population—soldiers, missionaries, merchants, who are unlearned or half-learned—scholars, really learned, but often fantastically learned, and lastly (as you may swear) young ladies—anxious, above all things, to mistify us outside barbarians.

an absurdity was with a prospective view to the rhymes *blow*, or *row*, or *stow*, (an important idea to the Ark) which struck him as *likely* words, in case of any call for writing about Noah.

The long and the short of it is—that the whole world lies in heresy or schism on the subject of orthography. All climates alike groan under heterography. It is absolutely of no use to begin with one's own grandmother in such labors of reformation. It is toil thrown away : and as nearly hopeless a task as the proverb insinuates that it is to attempt a reformation in that old lady's mode of eating eggs. She laughs at one. She has a vain conceit that she is able, out of her own proper resources, to do both, viz., the spelling and the eating of the eggs. And all that remains for philosophers, like Mr. Landor and myself, is—to turn away in sorrow rather than in anger, dropping a silent tear for the poor old lady's infatuation.

THE SYCAMORES OF SCOTLAND.

BY MRS. CHARLES TINSLEY.

[Gardening was one of the favourite pursuits of Mary Stuart. She had brought from France a little sycamore plant—the first, according to tradition, which had ever been seen in Scotland;—this she planted in the gardens of Holyrood, and from this parent stem arose the beautiful groves of sycamore which are now met with in Scotland.]

Lift up your stately heads,
Beautiful trees!
Crowned by the sun's glad light,
Woo'd by the breeze;
Shoot your broad branches far
In the free air;
Strike your roots deep and wide,
Loved everywhere!

Ye are hallowed to thousands
By *her* love, that bore
The plant whence ye sprang
From a sunnier shore;—
Did she watch o'er that alien,
And sadly rejoice
While it bloom'd as her land were
The land of its choice?

Did her thoughts—ever graceful—
Her heart—often sore—
Mark, with sorrow, the contrast
Its fate to hers bore?

Growing hourly and daily
In beauty and strength,
The stranger-tree flourished
Right bravely at length.

But she, yet more beautiful,
She, yet more strong—
In the woman's endurance
Proved hardly and long—
She found that her native soil
Round her had thrown
The mildews and shadows
Of darkness alone.

O spirit of beauty!
Thy lessons, though stern,
Were such as immortal things
Only may learn:
Trees yet bravely flourish,
And suns brightly shine,
In a world where hearts pine for
The glory of thine.

THE WAR-HORSE.

BY GOODWYN BARMBY.

With a snort and a tramp, the war-horse came,
Like a thunder cloud, with his eyes of flame;
The steam of his breath was a mist around,
And his snort was the bray of the trumpet's sound;
His tramp was like march of ten thousand men,
And its echoes like march of another ten,
And down his flanks, in a steaming flood,
The sweat it ran, and the sweat was blood.

A stallion as black was that steed as night,
Save on fetlocked forehead a star of white,
And his deep-set eyes were two fires of flame;
And his name like the cloud whence their lightning came;
And his chest was the force of a mighty storm;
And the air from his breath was fiercely warm;
And his snort was the blast of a clarion far,
As he sniffed the battle and neighed ha! ha!

With a toss of his mane, and a flash of his eyes,
Over the plain that black horse flies,
And each tramp of his hoof leaves a print of blood,
And cities are crushed in the sanguine mud;
And o'er man and woman, and little child,
He tramps till the plain is with corpses wild;
His course it is ruin, and death beside,
And he swims each stream with a crimson tide.

No bridle, no saddle, no harness hath he,
And his mouth foams froth, but his mouth is free:
He tosses his head with a wild steed's pride,
Afar in a desert without a guide;—
But his path is ruin, his tread is death,
His hoofs are bloody, and hot his breath,
And that hell-black steed has a kindred guide,
For 'tis Satan that hell-black steed doth ride.

THE TWO MILLIONAIRES.

TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN OF ZSCHOKKE, BY SARAH FRY.

When I was a young man completing my studies at Jena (ah, woe is me! many and many a year has passed in tears and sunshine since) one of my most agreeable acquaintance was old Forest Counsellor *Von Röder*n, and some of my pleasantest hours were spent in his house. We used to assemble once or twice a week, a tolerably large circle, consisting partly of men like himself in the service of the State "angesteltle"—though when, and where, and how two-thirds of these served I never could make out, nor how the State could want such an army of them, for truly of those "angesteltle" in most German States their name is legion—and partly of such of the students as were less addicted to the uproarious merriment then and now in fashion among the Bürseken. Even some of the "roaring boys" would now and then like a quiet evening at the Counsellor's, by way of relief to their wilder carousals, though somewhat in the proportion of Falstaff's bread to his sack. The Counsellor was a kind-hearted, cheerful old man, at peace with himself and all the world, perhaps because the world had gone well with him, or, perhaps, that from a natural felicity of temperament he had gone well with the world, never raising his expectations too high either of himself or others, and, therefore, escaping the ossifying and acidulating process so actively at work with those who have tasted too often of hope deceived, whether with or without any fault of their own. He never pretended to give entertainments; the refreshments, besides the glass or two of punch offered at parting, were limited to a cup of coffee, or of the anomalous beverage so innocently accepted by our kinsfolk the Germans, under the name of tea, and concocted in the proportion of a spoonful of the herb to a gallon of water. Many of the guests used to qualify the mixture with lemon, wine, or vanilla, which I wondered at till I tasted it in its primitive state, and then I held all means lawful which should make it taste of something. There was no want of amusement, though we neither declaimed tragedies, slandered our neighbours, nor played at cards. There was difference enough of age, temper, condition, and character among us to give variety to the conversation on whatever subject it chanced to fall; and when the discussion threatened to become too warm, the amenity of our host acted as a kind of general dulcifier of all acerbities, and brought about, if not an agreement of principle, an agreement to differ. One of the most successful means of producing this desirable result was the Counsellor's reminiscences of his earlier life. He possessed much of the talents "*de coutier*," so highly valued as an accomplishment of society by our neighbours. Some of his narratives I thought worth while transcribing, though I have small expectation of rendering them as agreeable to a reader as they were to a hearer.

The conversation fell one evening on Rousseau's writings, and his own character—his morbid susceptibility—his scorn, whether real or affected, of the rich and great—his proud poverty—and the contradiction between his misanthropy and his zeal for the reformation of society.

Some defended the unhappy philosopher, whose whole life was a continual warfare with himself and others, and blamed the friends who had not understood him. Others justified the friends, and asked which of his champions could honestly assert he could have kept on good terms with him for a month. The effects of opulence and indigence on the minds of gifted and right-minded men came incidentally under discussion. What would Rousseau have been had he been born to purple and fine linen—to be served instead of serving? "I remember a story, or rather a couple of stories," said the Counsellor, "which have some reference to the subject of your dispute. I will not say they will settle it, but they may furnish some farther argument. Both are singular in their way. One was the best-executed practical joke I ever heard of. The heroes of both were friends of my youth, and one of them is still one of my best and dearest." Listen if you like—learn if you can!

CHAPTER I.

THE BANKER AND THE GROCER.

Among my intimates at the University of Inbruggen, Casimir Morn was the most distinguished by nature and fortune; one had given him a handsome person, considerable talents, and an excellent heart; the other a rich banker for a father, that the value of the diamond might not be impaired for want of a fit setting. Before entering the University he had travelled through the greater part of Germany, France, and Italy. His mind, already cultivated and enlarged, preserved him from contamination by the coarser excesses of the wilder part of his fellow students; while the succouring hand held out, to the more necessitous, attested that his temperance was the result not of prudence only but of choice.

Half a year before he left the University, I accompanied him in the vacation to his father's house. The elder Morn was banker to the Court, and lived in great splendour in the electoral city of Cassel, where he was visited by what are called the first people in the city.

Near Morn's house, or rather palace, stood an old dilapidated gloomy-looking house, the abode of one Romanus, a grocer—a miserly old curmudgeon, who had the reputation of possessing the best-filled coffers and the prettiest daughter in the city. He was said to be a millionaire; yet he continued to weigh out coffee, pepper, cheese, and treacle, with his own hand—nay, if he were disabled, the fair fingers of the fair Caroline were pressed into the service, for a shopman had never been admitted behind the counter of Herr Romanus.

Casimir Morn and the pretty groceress had played together as neighbours' children, and seemed by no means inclined to drop the acquaintance, now that they had ceased to be children. The banker, however, began to make somewhat of a wry face at the familiar tone of the young people towards each other. He was aspiring in his views, and thought of purchasing a patent of nobility; and then, with the magic *Von* before his name, and his own handsome face and figure, his son might look for a better quartering in his escutcheon than a sugar loaf and Swiss cheese parted per pale. The grocer, on the other

hand, might perhaps have held it expedient to keep the flies from buzzing too near his sweets; and, no doubt, it was with this view that he always charged Casimir treble the usual price, whenever he made the purchase of any of the other's wares the pretence for entering the shop. But Casimir, who was honestly and seriously in love, had no intention that affairs should remain on this ambiguous footing. On the contrary, he gravely assured his father that if ever he brought home a wife it must be Caroline Romanus, and Caroline assured *her* father that no young man was endurable to her eyes saving and excepting Casimir Morn. The banker loved his only son. He had nothing personally to object to the roses and the lilies, forget-me-not eyes and raven curls of Caroline, and saw something greatly to admire in her father's million. Finding his son resolute, he was inclined to give way. Herr Romanus had, on his side, nothing to say against the banker's son. His father carried on the first business in the electorate; and when, to these considerations, was added, that the lovers had already sworn fidelity to all eternity and beyond, it must be confessed that the marriage was highly expedient. Who would have guessed that we were all reckoning without our host?

The unlooked-for obstacle arose in the shape of a grave proposal of Herr Romanus, that his future son-in-law—the handsome, graceful Casimir, the darling of the fair, with all his university honours blushing thick upon him—should forthwith renounce the flowery paths of literature, forsake the thornier crown awaiting the successful pursuit of severer science, and, donning a white apron, serve sugar and snuff for the remainder of his days! Herr Romanus had no faith in any pursuit above or below a counter. Learning was nothing in his eyes; "the service," no better than legalised thieving; banking, gambling according to law.

The banker was furious. His son, to whom his natural and acquired advantages, and his own connexions with the Court, opened the way to the first employments in the State, who had already been named Referendary to the High Court of something or other—for the first six months without salary certainly, but with the positive assurance of speedy advancement;—and now came this ridiculous old grocer, with the preposterous demand that he should renounce all these splendid prospects (the patent of nobility included), and sell treacle and herrings at three farthings a-piece to the worthy burghers of ——. Was ever a lover reduced to such an absurd dilemma before! At three-and-twenty, it is hard to say what would not be undertaken for a fair and beloved maiden;—batteries might be stormed, wounds and death defied, a desert held as a paradise, Satan himself dared to mortal combat; all might be borne;—but to sink from a minister of state in expectation, to a seller of tea, coffee, tobacco, and snuff, was worse than battery, desert, death, and the duel!

It struck me as somewhat odd, that instead of breaking off at once with the absurd old humourist, the proud banker should in private counsel his son to capitulate. Caroline, however, herself opposed her father's whim. It was agreed that Casimir should return to the University for half-a-year; and, in the meantime, every engine should be set to work to soften the heart of Herr Romanus, including tears, fainting, and threats of going into a consumption.

CHAPTER II.

THE GROCER RISES IN THE SCALE—THE BANKER KICKS THE BEAM.

Caroline Romanus was a diligent correspondent. Casimir was informed of everything that happened in the good city of ——, except what he most desired to know—viz., that Herr Romanus had changed his mind. But no; the old man was as immoveable as the wooden negro at his own door. His son-in-law must be a grocer: he had said it, and he stuck to it. The only consolatory part of Caroline's letter was the concluding paragraph—"After all, we can wait a little; I am only sixteen, and you three-and-twenty."

Four months had thus passed away, when one morning Casimir burst into my room with an open letter in his hand, and consternation in his countenance. It was from the banker Morn, and contained this laconic and astounding information:—"I am a bankrupt and a fugitive: I must leave —— directly. I am going to England, and thence to the West Indies. The ten thousand florins, secured to you by the enclosed paper, you will receive on application. It is all I have been able to save for you from the wreck."

Very naturally, such an unexpected blow of fate had a tendency to lengthen the visage even of a lover of three-and-twenty. The sum transmitted was not a third part of his mother's fortune which had been secured to Casimir. I attempted some words of consolation. He made a sign to me to be silent, and passing his hand rapidly over his brow—"Do not mistake me," said he, faltering; "it is not the poverty I feel, but the disgrace. And do not attempt to console me for either: for one there is no consolation, and for the other no need of it. I should despise myself if the mere loss of wealth could sadden the future to me. Help to divert my thoughts for to-day, if you can; to-morrow I shall not need your help."

On the morrow, I had invited a few of our common friends to drink a glass of punch in my rooms: Casimir was of the party; and one of the most cheerful. He related his misfortune himself; and if pity and vows of friendship till death could console one for unmerited ill-luck, he had plenty of it. Only one of the company, Engelbert, one of the best heads amongst us, came up to him laughing. "You are all fools together," said he. "For my part, I congratulate you that you are rid of your cumbersome money. You will find out now what you are really good for, which you never would have done had you remained the rich banker's son; and I know you are sterling! A millionaire, a prince, and a pretty girl, are three things of which one can never say whether, setting aside the strong box, the tinsel, and the fair face, they have any intrinsic value or not."

There was a general outcry against Engelbert's opinions. I myself saw only a sort of crazy enthusiasm in the doctrine he here advanced, particularly when he went on to say—

"If I had the formation of society, only born blockheads, those crippled in body or in mind, and old people, should receive money from the State; and when they died, it should return to the State. On the other hand, those young and vigorous in mind and body should not have a farthing. They should feed themselves by the sweat of their brow. We should then see real greatness, instead

of the tawdry trumpery that goes by the name amongst us. The servants of the State—generals, priests, and the rest—should be simply clad, live on simple food, and dwell in modest houses, that the real value of the men might be understood, and the people no longer misled by the tags and frippery now used to disguise their moral poverty. The wisest, the bravest, the most active, the most virtuous, should be called the richest, for they *are* so. In my Utopia, the poor in spirit should be the millionaires. But we live in a perverted world. It is said that Fortune is blind in her gifts. But I say that what we call her blindness is Divine wisdom: to the blockhead is given wealth; to talent and merit, the beggar's staff—only as a due adjustment of the balance."

"What," cried one of the auditors, "shall I then labour for nothing? I rejoice in my powers of mind and body, because, by their exertion, I may acquire power and wealth."

"That," replied Engelbert, "is to dig for sand with a spade of pure gold. You will end by sending a bullet through your own head."

"I care little for power or wealth," said Casimir. "I am quite of Engelbert's opinion. I will be of some worth by myself, and am content if my merit be acknowledged."

"You are not at all of my opinion," cried Engelbert. "How acknowledged? What is it to me if I shine like the sun, and the world maintain I am as black as a coal? Men are self-seekers through feebleness of mind; and none troubles himself really much about the other. We must love them but out of compassion."

"No, no," exclaimed Casimir; "man is naturally good and noble, and, therefore, my fellow-men are dear to me. I should not like to live in a world, such as it appears to you."

"Poor Casimir Morn, you are born to misanthropy," was Engelbert's reply.

"You are all dreaming together," said I, interposing. "The world is neither so good nor so evil as you make it out. Everything has its light and dark side; rain to-day, sunshine to-morrow. Take, like reasonable people, the life as it is, not as you wish it to be, and learn moderation in all things. The middle path is the best."

Engelbert laughed, and patted me on the cheek, as one does to a child who talks with an affectation of prudence unsuited to its years, raised his glass, and, clinking it against mine, "Rödern," said he, "you are a capital fellow; you will get on famously with your moderate plan, and always swim with the tide; rejoice in clean swaddling clothes, and cry over broken soap bubbles. You will find things neither too right nor too wrong."

I relate this conversation because the result made it remarkable. Engelbert, as it turned out, had spoken like one inspired, and prophesied to us all round.

Casimir returned to ———. His father's splendid house, with all belonging to it, had been already sold. The whole city cried out upon the runaway banker, and pitied the son, except the old grocer. He had lost eight thousand dollars by Morn's bankruptcy. At first, he had comforted himself with the hope that Casimir would be able to make it up to him out of his mother's fortune; but, when the young man frankly confessed that the same cause had deprived him of the greater part of this fortune, the old man laughed deridingly. "Whistle me another tune from that, young man," said he, twirling his queer-looking wig round and round upon his head, as he was wont on similar occasions. "Your father, Herr Casimir, is a clever fellow! He would make a capital Finance Minister! What would you wager, now, that he has brought his sheep to dry land in time?" and here Romanus dropped the fingers of his right hand into the hollow of his left, with a significant look, as if counting money. "How long is it to be before he makes his appearance amongst us again as a rich man?"

Casimir coloured deeply. "His father," he said, "had been unfortunate—thoughtless, perhaps—but he was no deliberate deceiver."

When Romanus saw that Casimir was really unable to pay the eight thousand dollars, he demanded, without ceremony, all he had in part payment at least.

"How, then, am I to live?" asked the young man. "As yet I receive no salary from my appointment."

"My heavens!" whined the miser, "you are a learned man, Herr Casimir. You may be secretary to somebody; but what is to become of me? Oh! I am a poor, ruined old man, driven out of house and home. If I am to lose all this monstrous sum, I and my poor child must beg from door to door."

"Indeed, are you really poor?" cried Morn. "No, you shall not beg. Take my little capital into your trade, and give me Caroline's hand. Make of me what you will. Industry and economy will soon make up for the past. We shall be the happiest people in the world."

Casimir said this with so much warmth and evident sincerity, that the old grocer was, to use a homely phrase, fairly dumbfoundered.

"What," said he at length in his harshest tone, "is it a matter of rejoicing that your honourable papa then has cheated me out of my whole property? And, to reward such honest dealing, I shall give you my daughter, shall I? Your humble servant! If your worthy father has made me a beggar, I will hold no beggar's wedding in my house, I promise you. Be so good as to take yourself off will you? And, if I may be so bold as to ask a favour, I would beg that you never darken my doors again. I wash my hands of you. I have not brought up my girl to fling her into the arms of the first fellow without a penny in his pocket that has the impudence to ask her."

And this was the result of poor Casimir's interview with Herr Romanus.

CHAPTER III.

HOPE AND CONSOLATION.

Whichever way the unfortunate young man turned, he heard execrations on his father's name. Those who, during the banker's prosperity, had been his basest flatterers, now distinguished themselves by the bitterness and violence of their reproaches. In consequence, the news of his father's death, which reached Casimir a few months after, brought with it a kind of melancholy consolation, notwithstanding his unfeigned sorrow. The unfortunate banker died at Antwerp of inflammation of the lungs, which had been neglected probably in the overwhelming griefs and vexations consequent on his bankruptcy. The death of Morn at least put an end to the storm of hos-

tility, and the worthy people of —— even found some expressions of pity for the son at last.

Casimir's courage rose again, after the first stunning effects of the blow, with that elastic vigour natural to his age. When the storm had somewhat blown over, he addressed himself for employment to some former friends of his family, and met with a civil reception from all. His appointment as Referendary to the Electoral Chamber was confirmed.

"You must study at the law, Roman and financial," said the Minister, "and I will think of you in time. Of course, as youngest in the office, you must work without salary. But, in a year or two, I hope we shall be able to do something for you. You are still very young; one cannot expect much at four-and-twenty!"

Morn was well contented for the time. He fixed himself in a respectable citizen's house, right opposite the once splendid dwelling of his family — less haunted by the memory of former magnificence than allured by the vision of Caroline's blue eyes and rose-tinted cheek; for, although the old chandler had prohibited him from crossing his threshold, he could not prevent eyes from visiting as they listed.

Casimir's sitting room and that used by Caroline Romanus were, by good fortune, exactly opposite, and when the sun shone, not a corner of either was invisible to the other. Each knew when the other came in or went out, how they were employed, when they were glad, when they were sorry. After the fashion of maidens of her class in Germany, Caroline's constant seat, when not employed in household duties, was perched up at the window; so there was nothing very remarkable in her preferring her knitting needles to all other employment. Never, even among her country-women, was there such an indefatigable knitter.

Within a year's time, the language of looks and signs had been brought to such perfection that all they thought, wished, hoped, or feared, was mutually understood, without exchanging a word.

Cheered by the glad eye and radiant smile of the fair and faithful Caroline, young Morn laboured with unwearied diligence, not only in his own peculiar vocation, but was always ready to assist the superiors in office, who having easier employment and more pay, found, of course, less leisure, with their accounts, memorials, minutes, &c. &c. He stood, therefore, high in the good graces of his colleagues, every one eulogised his talents and acquirements, asked his advice, and accepted his services; and, in return, no one in the city received more invitations to balls, soirées, and pic-nics.

The fathers praised his ready head and ready hand, the daughters declared that he sang admirably, waltzed divinely, and declaimed like an angel, in their private theatricals; but alas! in spite of this universal favour, Casimir Morn remained, at six-and-twenty, the generally-esteemed but unpaid junior Referendary of the Electoral Chamber of ——.

"Never mind," as Caroline's unfailing topic of consolation; "you are *but* six-and-twenty, and I am just nineteen." The lovely Caroline was now in the full bloom, and beyond dispute the fairest maiden in the city. The fame of her beauty and her probable wealth even reached the Court. Princes and Counts, with unimpeachable quarterings, condescended to press with their noble feet the very dirty pavement before the low, dark, strong-flavoured shop of grocer Romanus; and what was more, to shed the light of their countenance on the cunning, miserly, old curmudgeon himself. A beauty like Caroline, and the heiress of a million, was well worth the sacrifice of all the genealogies, orders, and diplomas in ——. Yet, neither counts, barons, knights, state, war, court, chamber, justice (civil and criminal), finance, police, church, or public instruction—privy or public counsellor, could touch the heart of the old grocer, or his charming heiress. On the one hand, Herr Romanus adhered with the obstinacy of a whole herd of mules to his resolution of finding or making his future son-in-law a grocer; and on the other, the damsel herself was as indifferent to the galaxy of stars in the Court firmament as if they had been so many farthing rushlights in her papa's shop.

All her pretty coquetries, her winning glances, and gracious smiles—for which counts and counsellors looked and sighed in vain—were lavished, unasked for and by the dozen, on the honorary junior Referendary of the Electoral Chamber.

This ought to have been consolation enough; but, when two more years had passed over his head, without bringing any alteration in his prospects, Casimir's brow began to cloud sometimes, and other sighs than those of love to steal from his bosom. Old Romanus was as immoveable as a rock to lovers' entreaties, and the Minister seemed to have forgotten him altogether. Morn was an admirable labourer in the official vineyard, a man of the strictest honour, of the clearest head—these were facts that no one ventured to gainsay—and yet, when a place became vacant, no one thought any more of the untainted honour, the clear head, and gratuitous labours of the unpaid Referendary, Casimir Morn, than if there had been no such merits in existence, or no need of them in the electoral city of ——. People had their sons, or their nephews, or their cousins thirty times removed, to provide for; young men, who had neither served half so long nor deserved half so well, were continually put over his head; and if he made any complaint, he was answered by a silent shrug, or a head-shaking at the nepotism of some brother-official, or grave exclamations at the ingratitude of great men, sweetened, perhaps, by a vague assurance that although the omission of his name had been unavoidable *this time*, another he might depend, &c. &c.

No sooner, however, was the complainant's back turned, than the *complainee* was amazed at the assurance with which such claims were advanced, as if Mr. Casimir Morn really looked on himself as their equal, as if his pretensions admitted of any comparison with those of Von this, and Von the other! If people of *that class* were wanted they would be called for, and so forth. With all his clear-headedness, Morn was of those thoroughly good-hearted people who forgive as easily as they are injured. In the blind-man's buff game of fortune, somehow they are always buff—are paid for real hard service by a friendly pressure of the hand or a cordial word—and run through fire and water for their friends, to get nothing but the singeing and the sousing for their pains. They cannot comprehend such a thing as smiling treachery; and the astonishing readiness with which some will be guilty of the basest compliances, for the meanest objects, is absolutely incredible to them. Morn looked willingly on the bright

side of human life, and would gladly have ignored the existence of the shadow altogether. The belief in the moral purity of his fellow-men was a positive necessity for him.

He bore his lot, therefore, with patience, if not with pleasure—at least so he said to himself, "his merit was acknowledged and loved." That it should be so often and so oddly passed over in the distribution of the loaves and fishes of office, did certainly appear to him unjust; yet in his own heart he doubted whether, after all, the fault might not be his own. He thought his services ought to speak for him instead of his lips; he was not fond of showing himself in a great man's antichamber, which, indeed, he seldom or never entered, unless business called him there; courteous and obliging by nature and habit, he was yet more frank in the exposition of his opinions than beseemed an expectant; and, more than all, he had an honourable reserve in speaking of his circumstances; and if he allowed his acquaintance to think him, or to pretend they thought him much richer than he was, the weakness had its origin in a pardonable if not a praiseworthy motive. Perhaps others were esteemed more in need of advancement than himself, and *therefore* he was passed over.—Poor Morn!

He still lived opposite Romanus's house, and the blue heaven of Caroline's eyes still rained on him light and life. One morning in March—it was his birth-day—and she made her appearance early at the window, wearing in her bosom the nosegay of snow-drops, of which she made a yearly imaginary offering to her lover. To-day you are eight-and-twenty, and I twenty, she telegraphed—the pretty fingers lingered in tracing the last word. Twenty is not a desperate age, certainly; but yet, when a girl has not only made up her mind for the last four years to be married, but actually fixed on the man, to turn her back upon the "teens" is a step in a maiden's life, particularly when we consider that another twenty might pass before Krämer Romanus would alter his mind. In the meantime, Caroline's beauty was at its height; by a necessary deduction the next step must be downwards, and "I am growing an old bachelor," sighed Casimir. He turned from the window, and sat down on the sofa with his back to the light.

BETTER PROSPECTS.

Some one knocked at the door. It was a servant of Privy Counsellor Count Von Bitterblolt, &c. &c. &c., who brought a gracious intimation that his lord wished to say a few words in private to Referendary Casimir Morn. "A few words in private" from Count Von Bitterblolt, the confidential minister of his Highness the Elector, was no small honour. Casimir flew to him on the wings of curiosity and expectation. He was received by the favourite with extraordinary graciousness. The Count had the gift of appearing excessively amiable and condescending towards his inferiors when he wanted to gain a point by them, and as outrageously insolent and arrogant when his point was gained; he not only, like another great man, his countryman, threw away the peel when he had sucked the orange, but kicked it into the gutter.

"It is his Highness's wish, my dear young friend," began Count Von Bitterblolt, "that his newly-acquired territory should as much as possible be principally assimilated to the old. In ursuance of this object, there must be a new survey made of the domain with all its regalities, rights, and privileges, and a certain conformity of administration introduced, and projects for a new system of taxation, suitable to the nature of the acquired lands, and the exigencies of the State, be drawn up. His Highness has already appointed an extraordinary commission. The affair, my dear Mr. Morn, is a delicate and a difficult one. The two Chamber Counsellors at the head of it are men advanced in life. They will never bring the business to an end. I have said as much to his Highness. But they are old and faithful servants of the State, and cannot be passed over; though, between ourselves, my dear young friend," in a charming tone of confidence added the Count, "two more unfit men could scarcely be found. To give perhaps a little more vivacity to their proceedings, it has also pleased his Highness to join my son to the commission, though, I give you my honour, I really opposed the appointment. I thought it my duty to do so. But princes, you know, my dear Sir, do not love contradiction, and our excellent Elector is no exception. Unfortunately, my son's health is exceedingly delicate. I foresee the business will be horribly spun out, and that must not be. I have, therefore, thought of associating you, my dear Referendary, as secretary to the commission. Your expenses, of course, will be paid; and if my son, with your assistance, accomplishes his task, as I have no doubt he will, to the satisfaction of his Highness, it will create a most admirable opportunity for bringing your uncommon merit to the observation of his Highness. I have already proposed to myself the pleasure of conferring on you the first vacant office in the newly-acquired domain."

Morn, as may well be supposed, readily closed with the offer, the motives of which he perceived easily enough. The two elderly gentlemen were a couple of superannuated old blockheads, only thrust in to give a colour to the appointment of the young Von Bitterblolt, a raw youth not long from the University, totally ignorant of that or any other business. From these premises might be deduced the very obvious conclusion, that the whole weight of the employment must fall on the shoulders of Mr. Secretary Morn. No matter, he was not afraid of labour; no doubt the Minister must feel the weight of his services, and would reward them accordingly! The exceeding liberality of the Count in paying his expenses was not at present a matter of indifference to him. As he had served the State for four years without fee or reward, the interest of his little capital had been insufficient even for his moderate expenses. Every year saw consequently a portion of the capital itself sunk, which again diminished the interest, which tended farther to the impoverishment of Mr. Casimir Morn.

He took a tender leave of his Caroline, and left —— with the noble Commissioners, full of the most animating hopes. It will be taken for granted that he had previously arranged a plan of correspondence with his beloved, and even this was not so simple a matter as it may at first appear, since the cunning old millionaire, by way of teaching his daughter the right value of money, had hit upon the admirable plan of never giving her a farthing; consequently, the cost of the correspondence fell wholly upon Morn. Casimir's life in the capital of the new province was pretty much what it had been at the Electoral. He laboured hard in his vocation, made few acquaintances, that he might avoid useless expense, re-

freshed himself by a walk in the evening, and finished the day by reading a letter from, or writing one to his second self.

An accidental circumstance procured him another amusement shortly after. The rooms next to his in the hotel where he had taken up his abode were occupied by a foreigner, whom he usually encountered at the *table d'hôte*, where he never spoke; and, after retiring for the night, Casimir used to hear him walking up and down his bed chamber for hours together. The stranger was a pale, elegant young man, apparently about Morn's own age, was attended by two servants, and had lived nearly three weeks in the town, where, however, he seemed neither to know nor wish to know a single individual. He bore the name of Devereux—an Englishman, therefore, Morn concluded, and, one day, addressed him in his native language, partly out of a good desire to enliven the melancholy-looking stranger, and partly because he was glad of an opportunity to practise his English.

The Briton looked at him with surprise and some appearance of pleasure, and answered courteously but briefly, and then fell back into his former silence. During the dinner, Casimir observed the stranger casting penetrating glances towards him, and, when it was over, he came suddenly up to him, saying, "Will you allow me to speak with you a moment alone?"

Casimir took him immediately into his own room.

"I am about to make a very odd request to a stranger," began the Englishman, abruptly; "but it will not be mended by circumlocution. A letter of credit I expected to find here has been delayed by some strange accident. I have a pressing necessity to set out immediately for Amsterdam, and I am without money. Can you, or will you, lend a hundred louis d'ors? On my arrival at Amsterdam, you shall receive it again directly, with what interest you please."

Casimir was taken somewhat by surprise. He expressed none, however; but, after a short pause, said—"I have not so much about me; but I could procure it within fourteen days."

"You will oblige me more than I can express; you save me from a most unpleasant embarrassment," returned the Englishman, who shook Morn heartily by the hand, and left him. The whole affair had scarcely occupied five minutes. When he was alone, Casimir began to feel he had been a little over hasty in his promise. A hundred louis d'ors were neither more nor less than the fourth part of his whole property. He shook his head. The Englishman's face announced honesty; he looked like anything but an adventurer; still, a hundred louis were the fourth part of his capital, and to put it at once in the power of a total stranger, on the strength of a pleasing countenance, was rather a thoughtless proceeding.—"Well," was the conclusion of Morn's soliloquy, "well, my opinion is that he will *not* deceive me; and if he should?—well, it will be the first time in my life, and the last."

Apparently this was not the only grief the stranger had on his mind; for, notwithstanding the promised assistance, Morn heard him at night again pacing his chamber in the same unquiet manner, and uttering heavy sighs, almost groans.

"The man is very unhappy; he must be worse off than I am," thought Morn. "A mere money embarrassment can never cause such heavy sorrow. He shall have the louis, however."

The next day Devereux appeared at table as usual, his countenance overshadowed with a yet deeper melancholy, and he was as silent as before. Morn, who felt unaccountably attached to him, endeavoured, by everything in his power, to enliven him. When he could be induced to talk, Devereux seemed quite a different person—his features brightened, his whole deportment became attractive in no common degree. The two young men went out after dinner to walk together, and Morn was still more charmed with his new acquaintance. Devereux was more than an agreeable companion; his mental powers, considerable in themselves, had received every advantage from cultivation. The stores of ancient and modern literature were familiar to both, and formed, with the fate and laws of nations, their chief topics of discourse. When Casimir had finished his day's task, Devereux came constantly to his room, and remained, till deep in the night, in conversation with him. Of the promised loan not a syllable was said on either side. Morn spoke openly of himself, of his past and present hopes and prospects. His companion was less communicative; but he learnt so much, in return, that Devereux had left his native land in consequence of a tragical occurrence, deeply affecting his future life, and was travelling in the hope of dissipating a heavy sorrow!

The intercourse of the two young men taught Morn, for the first time, the value of a friend. His letters to the fair Romanus were almost as full of praises of his Devereux as of love for herself. His pretty mistress was half jealous of the agreeable stranger. In the meantime, Morn's louis d'ors came to hand, and were immediately carried by him into Devereux's room. The latter gave him, in return, a written acknowledgment of the obligation, and the address of his family in England.

"If I die before I can repay you," said he, "that is, within a few weeks, forward the paper, with this letter, directly."

He put a sealed letter into Morn's hands as he spoke, and then turned the conversation to some indifferent subject. They parted shortly after, almost in silence, with a fervent pressure of the hand, and carrying with them remembrances and feelings beneficial alike to both.

CHAPTER IV.

THE ELECTORAL BIRTH-DAY.

The loss of Devereux's society was more felt by Morn than he thought possible after so short an acquaintance. He had parted with a companion whom he really loved—a friend, whose views and sentiments harmonised so admirably with his own, that in losing him he seemed to lose the better half of himself. His official labours became more then ever a necessity to him; they served to divert and calm his thoughts. Devereux and Caroline filled his heart entirely. "I am really a most fortunate man," cried he, in his enthusiasm of love and friendship. "I love, and am loved by two of the noblest beings in the world."

After the lapse of seven busy months, the report of Cabinet and Privy Counsellor, Von Bitterblolt, was ended, and the Commissioners returned to the electoral residence. His Highness, the Elector, was so well content with the work that he bestowed heaven knows what order on the young Count Heinrich Von Bitterblolt, and made

an addition to the pension of the two reverend seniors who had served as ballast to the official vessel. Secretary Morn was the only person forgotten; he had done nothing for a recompense, but deserved it. The Counts of Bitterblolt, indeed, father and son, were profuse in expressions of gratitude, and to prove it, invited him to dinner. Fraülein Von Bitterblolt also found the Secretary exceedingly agreeable; if he had been of noble, instead of plebeian origin, he might, perhaps, have found the daughter more grateful than the father. So soon, however, as the Cabinet Counsellor remarked the interest the young lady took in the handsome Secretary, he held it advisable to invite him seldomer, and gradually not at all. Morn found it necessary to put the Minister modestly in mind of his promise of an appointment in the newly-acquired province, whereupon his Excellency clapped him on the shoulder in the most friendly manner in the world, and assured him he would take care of him.

"I have spoken of your talents and services more than once to his Highness," said he. "Wait till the birthday, when the greatest number of advancements are made; I make no doubt your name will stand first on the list."

How could Morn feel less than satisfied? He looked upon his patent as good as made out, particularly when the Minister proceeded to ask him what kind of place would be most agreeable to him. He thought of Caroline, and replied with great frankness that he would certainly prefer remaining in the residence. "It shall be thought farther of," said his Excellency. "I should gladly have seen a man like you, my dear Mr. Morn, in one of the first posts in the new province; but if you prefer remaining with us, I am afraid it will be rather more difficult to provide for you suitably in the capital. However, we shall see. The old Chamber Counsellor, Balder, might, indeed, be pensioned off. Would that suit you?"

"I would not wish for more," returned Morn, his face glowing with pleasure.

"Excellent," said the Minister, and dismissed him with the best grace in the world.

Gilded by such hopes, the winter glided away. Caroline was as faithful and fair as ever; and if ever mistrust found entrance in Casimir's heart, a look or smile from the opposite window made it summer again. At length came March, the long-looked-for month that had given his Highness, the Elector, to an admiring world. The list of promotions was published; patents for new appointments made out; the streets were full of people riding and driving about to congratulate or be congratulated. Morn made a point of remaining at home, that he might not miss the messenger from the Electoral Chancery. The customary "compliment" for the bearer of the princely graces lay wrapt in paper ready on the table. Noon, evening; still no messenger. His servant was despatched to the court printer for the list—no such name as Morn was to be found, and no messenger came to correct an error of the press. Dinners and balls in honour of the day were given in all parts of the city; the streets were gay with lights and music; nobody troubled themselves about poor Morn and his frustrated hopes. He sat down in the pouting corner of his sofa, and groaned from the bottom of his heart.

Morn had not passed a more unhappy night since his father's death. Six long years had he served the State faithfully and diligently, fed only on the thinnest of all diets, hope; through his silent help, others, with not half his talents or acquirements, had gained credit and substantial reward; young Von Bitterblolt had been made Chamber President for the very service Morn had performed. He saw that his industry, his talents, his knowledge, availed him nothing. Men who were not only ignorant and incapable, but known to be so, passed him everywhere in the race, if they had "connexions," or had found some surer way of recommending themselves than by merit and service.

To Caroline's hand he must renounce all pretension. By the perversest of all destinies, her constancy and unswerving faith but added to his sorrow. His social creed had received a cruel shock. The egotism of the greater part of mankind, the want of integrity in their relations with each other, appeared in their full hatefulness. The recollection of all the promises made but to be broken, the hollow professions, the false smiles, all the spoken and acted lies of the last six years, made him sick at heart. All that he had hitherto laboured to excuse in others—their prejudice, their rapacity, their paltry pride, their envy, their shameful blackening all better and purer than themselves, now shone out in all their native ugliness. He could no longer deceive himself; the greater part of the employés of ——— looked on their offices and emoluments but as the means of indulging their arrogance, their ambition, and animal excesses.

With respect to his plans for the future, all was uncertainty. Even had he been so inclined, it was no longer in his power, with his diminished resources, to labour gratuitously in his present employment; and it was repugnant to him to seek any other in this city. He longed to flee far away to seek some distant village, where none knew him, and earn a living by the labour of his hands. It was sweet to dream of shunning all mankind as long as life should last, and think only of Devereux and Caroline, as of two nobler spirits among thousands of miserable creatures, all so many willing sacrifices to the meanest passions. According to the custom of the place, and the people amongst whom he had lived, Morn ought to have put a good, or at least a smiling face, upon his disappointment, congratulated others on their better fortune, and tried to knit up again the ravelled skein of his claims and expectations; instead of this, he wrote a laconic note to the head of his department to signify his renunciation of the office he held in the service of his Highness, the Elector of ——, endorsed all the documents relating to it in his possession, and then went to bed and slept soundly.

The next morning, the servant of the house brought him two notes and a bouquet of snow-drops. He now recollected that it was his birth-day, and breathed a heavy sigh. One of the notes was from Caroline, the other from President Von Bitterblolt. Morn knew the handwriting of both. "First for the bitters," said he, and opened the President's billet. Almost unconsciously to himself, a secret hope had found a corner of his breast to nestle in, that his loss would be regretted, that he would be entreated to do nothing hastily, that he would try to retain him by giving new and surer expectations: he had half forgiven him already. Nothing of the sort. His Excellency the President "regretted, in courteous terms, that Mr. Morn had taken such a resolution, acknowledged the

receipt of the documents, and remained his humble servant." "So that is the reward of six years' gratuitous service," said he, bitterly, and he flung the President's official verbiage aside. Caroline's note accompanying the bouquet was kind as ever, but there was a tone of sadness in it. The same topic of consolation had been so often repeated! He went to the window, Caroline was already at hers: Casimir pressed the flowers to his lips and his heart, and retreated to his musing corner again. This city he must, and would leave, and try his fortune elsewhere. Many were the projects he revolved in his mind. His only grief would be the parting from the angel of his childhood—the tenderly-beloved Caroline. He was still engaged in a long and most touching conversation with her in imagination, when a loud knock at his door, and the voices of several persons without, aroused him from his reverie. The door opened, and four men stumbled in, bearing between them two large and apparently very heavy chests. To the question of where were they to put down their burden, Morn answered by another—where did they get it from? It belonged to the gentleman who had just come post to ——. Morn's first thought was of Devereux; and Devereux himself it was, who entered in his travelling dress, just as the porters left the room.

"I have been long enough away to learn your full value," was Devereux's exclamation, when the first greetings were over; "let me take up my abode with you at once; you will find room for a friend."

Devereux's sudden appearance was balm to the wounded heart of Casimir: joy almost deprived him of speech. "I have but this room and a bed-room," said he; "if you can find accommodation on so small a scale, I shall be but too happy to share them with you."

"But how is it you confine yourself within such narrow limits?" asked the Englishman, greatly astonished.

"They are quite as extensive as my means permit," answered Morn, smiling.

"But, I have been greatly deceived. I thought you must be rich, as you parted so readily with a hundred Louis d'ors."

"A friendly heart is always rich to a friend. It was a fourth of my whole property. If you had asked for more you should have had it. You wanted it."

Devereux looked at him for some time in silence, and then advancing, grasped his hand with an earnest cordiality more expressive than words. "My servants I will despatch to the next house," said he, "but I remain with you in any corner you can spare. Had I been aware how you were situated, I should not have come upon you so suddenly."

The matter was soon arranged, a bed prepared by the side of Morn's, and a supper bespoken from the next tavern. Before the night was passed, the hearts of both were freely poured out to each other. Devereux related his own history. He had been passionately in love with a young lady who returned his love, but whose family, from some causes too long to explain here, were on the worst terms with his own. A mutual friend of the families, Devereux's oldest and best loved companion, had offered his mediation; and Devereux himself, in the unsuspicious confidence of friendship, had done everything in his power to facilitate his meetings with his mistress. The lady's charms had proved too powerful for the friend's faith; he sought her for himself, and won so far upon her relations, that the unhappy girl had only escaped their persecutions by her sudden death. Whisper of suicide got about. The betrayed and wretched lover forced his treacherous friend into a duel; they fought at Calais, where Devereux had been left for dead upon the field. Many months elapsed before his outward wounds were healed; those of the mind were incurable. His physicians had recommended travelling; all places had become alike to him; and, unable to find rest in any, he had wandered almost all over Europe, when an accidental delay in his remittances had detained him in the town where he had encountered Morn.

It was now Casimir's turn to relate what had befallen him since their meeting, and he had now, at least, the satisfaction of detailing his wrongs to a sympathising ear.

"You have been deceived only by the common herd of egotists, the rabble of humanity, but I by the friend of my infancy. Your beloved yet lives, and lives for you—the silent grave hides mine; you may find a remedy, I never can. You would gladly renounce the world you say—do so, but let me share your solitude. But, I repeat, your case admits of remedy."

"Remedy, what remedy?" echoed Morn. "Good heaven, my dear Devereux, how little you know of people in this country."

"The people in this country are very like the people in every other country," replied Devereux. "I can put it in your power to take a revenge worthy of them at least," added he, after a pause, and with a bitter smile.

"How so?"

"Only give me your word to throw no obstacle in my way, and I will bring the whole pack on all fours in a very short time. The old miser shall give you his daughter, the Minister shall offer you all the ribbons and trumpery in his gift, and that without witchcraft. Fair and virtuous maidens may be won by other qualifications than beauty or honesty; honours and dignities are not always, or often, the reward of talents, or knowledge, or industry."

"But explain yourself a little—what is it you propose to do?"

"Oh, the means will be very simple. Come, your word that you will not thwart me in my project of making fools of the dignitaries in this good and electoral city. I will use no dishonest means."

"Well, be it as you will, I have little reason to spare them, heaven knows! What is your plan of operations?"

"I must first know my men. Let me become acquainted with the field before I show my line of battle. As a preliminary, however, you will do me the favour to make use of my new carriage; I shall put another pair of horses to it to-morrow; you must drive about, while I keep in the back ground, and draw the public attention on you as much as possible. As to your lovely neighbour, give her to understand that you have had a large sum bequeathed you in England."

Morn shook his head, not altogether pleased, and yet unable to restrain his laughter. He had given his word to humour Devereux's whim, and as to the sentence of the "residence," when the hoax should be known, he troubled himself little about that. Whatever were the results, he had made up his mind to leave the dominions of his Highness the Elector. Perhaps the punch, which had served as a supplement to their repast, might have had

something to do, both with the proposal, and its acceptance.

THE EQUIPAGE.

On the following morning Devereux was early up and dressed.

"We will begin operations this morning," said he. "Ah, Morn, you may be happy again, but I"—his brow clouded, and he was silent for some minutes. "Well, I must look for consolation in the happiness of my friends henceforth. With you and your Caroline I will hope at least for peace."

Morn would fain have obtained some further explanation of his strange freak, but Devereux was immoveable—vanished, he knew not whither, shortly after, and appeared no more for the greater part of the day. Instead of Devereux came his German servant, Felix, to present himself to his new master, and set forth his new qualifications.

"Do not forget the principles, faith and honesty," said Morn, when he had listened to the enunciation of his valet's capabilities.

"Honesty, I can promise you, Sir," was the answer, "and fidelity you will inspire me with."

The answer pleased, and Felix was installed with Morn under the same conditions as those agreed upon with Devereux.

Towards noon Count Von Krebs's name was announced. The young courtier advanced to Morn with open arms. "My dear fellow, how are you?—It is a whole century since we met. First let me congratulate you on your acquisition, though it is my own loss. Ah! my two glorious bays. But your Homme d'Affaires is a clever fellow—up to every point about a horse; you have a glorious purchase. Upon my soul I loved these two creatures as my heart's blood; if I had not outrun my income confoundedly of late the Elector himself should not have had them for his whole stud."

"Have you been paid, my lord count," stammered Morn, his face flushing scarlet, "or must I—"

"All right my dear friend, not a word of that," cried the count; "I came with a very different purpose. Baron Von Wolpern would insist upon my recommending his place, Dreileben, to you, as your agent there says you are on the look out for an investment; but on my honour, though I could not refuse one friend, it goes against my conscience to palm off such a desert on another. It will not bring one-and-a-half per cent., and he asks a hundred and fifty thousand guilders for it. Do you know the place at all?"

"No," said Morn, curious to hear what would come next.

"I entreat you, then, by all that is sacred, to go and look at the wilderness; not a hamlet to be seen for some miles round, nothing under your windows in front but the Rhine, nothing behind but mountain and forest. One look will be enough to frighten you off the bargain, unless you have a mind to send a bullet through your head from sheer ennui, before you have lived there a month; then, indeed, you could not do better than buy Dreileben. Now, with the property Dame Fortune has flung in your lap, you are entitled to look for something better. There is my estate, for instance, a real principality you must admit—a splendid locale, in the midst of corn fields, a soil like a garden, right of forest, vineyards, meadows, territorial jurisdiction, and you shall have it for a hundred and ninety thousand, cash down. Just reflect a little, and only three quarters of an hour's drive from the residence. Heavens, what sums it has cost me in improvements. I have an account here—ah, no, confound it, I have the worst memory, I must have left it in my desk; but, my dear fellow, why not come and see for yourself—come, give me your promise—name your time."

Much in the same style did the noble count run on for some time longer. Morn perceived that Devereux had really commenced operations, as he said. He promised gravely to come and look at the estate at his earliest convenience, and Count Krebs took leave with the most lavish assurances of regard. At dinner time, Devereux made his appearance, evidently extremely diverted with the farce he was acting. Morn, on the contrary, was more depressed. "You will make mankind yet more contemptible in my eyes," said he. "Not a week ago, this very Count Krebs held me unworthy of a look. I was never more surprised than when I saw him enter my room."

"If men seem more contemptible to you, my friend," answered Devereux, "the fault is their's, not mine. The witty count was pointed out to me by the master of the hotel where I sent my servants, as having horses which he was desirous of parting with, and the animals are really worth what I gave for them. When the hotel-keeper heard that they were for you, and that you had become a rich man, he praised you up to the skies. When I inquired about an estate, a broker made his bow in less than a quarter of an hour, and offered me ten, at least, every one being, as he swore, a perfect paradise. Count Krebs swore, by all his gods, that you were neither more nor less than a saint; that you deserved, years ago, to be made Prime Minister; that things would have looked very different in the Electorate, and nobody knows what besides. It is long since I have been so much amused. Come, my friend, cheer up, and play out the play. We must make all the puppets dance to the same tune."

In due time, Devereux's splendid new equipage drove up to the door, with Felix behind, in a rich livery. Count Krebs's horses really merited his eulogium; they were superb animals. The whole street was in commotion, almost every inhabitant loitering about the causeway, or standing at their windows, to discover the owner of so magnificent a "turn-out." But, when Morn appeared, and was assisted in by his gaily-attired servant, there was no end of the conjectures and inquiries. It will be easily supposed that the fair Caroline was neither the least anxious nor the least interested.

"I'd give these six kreutzers, ay, that I would, the whole six, to know whom that carriage belongs to," said old Romanus, jingling in his hand the kreutzers he had just received for a red herring.

"That is easily learnt," replied his daughter. "Frau Weber (Morn's landlady) must know."

"To be sure, she must, my child," said the old gentleman, buttoning up his coin in a great hurry, as if he feared to be taken at his word,—"and I'll go and ask her—that costs nothing."

"O, my heavens, who should it belong to but to the Referendary! Haven't you heard of his extraordinary good luck then? Well, I don't begrudge it him, for he is really an angel of a man, and has just got a whole waggonful of

gold from England. They say he's now the richest man in the dominions of our gracious Elector. His servant told me so himself, and he had it from the English merchant who is stopping in the house."

The old miser stared with leaden eye and open mouth, as if suddenly afflicted with lock-jaw, and, without another word, went home again, and sat himself down in silence in the grimy leather-bottomed chair in the back of his shop. Caroline came dancing down to hear the news. For a long time, her father gave her no answer. He had made it a law to himself never to mention Morn's name.

"Oh, Lord!" groaned he, at last, "to think of such a piece of luck befalling a paltry, lounging, good-for-nothing son of a good-for-nothing father, who has cheated me out of my whole property; while a poor old honest man like me must toil and moil night and day to scrape a few pence together. Is that justice, is that the reward of honesty?" and he looked ready to cry.

"But who knows whether it's true or no?" said the worthy elder, brightening with the thought. "Waggon full of money? pooh!—from England? pooh!—by a lucky speculation? pooh, pooh, pooh! I was not born yesterday, Frau Weba." And Herr Romanus plucked off his queer-looking little jasey, twirled it about, as in great mental agitation he was wont, and rubbed his hands together till the dry, withered member threatened to ignite.

Many were the conjectures and remarks to which Morn's gay equipage gave rise that day. It had even excited the notice of the Elector, as Morn drove past the palace. On the two succeeding days the "excitement" increased. Devereux had given out that his friend had gained a considerable sum in England; and when he began to inquire about an estate, the word considerable acquired a more "considerable" meaning. Count Krebs, who always dealt in superlatives, swore by all the saints in the calendar, that Morn was become the richest individual in that part of Germany; he played with his hundred thousands; he must own whole provinces in the East and West Indies, &c. &c. There is nothing to which people like better to give credit than to the incredible. It is no uncommon thing to see an upright, simple-minded man, held very cheap; but to take a fool or a lunatic for a saint, is the easiest thing in the world. People can find absurdity in the wisest man, with all the facility imaginable; but let a Cagliostro undertake to work a miracle, and he is run after by high and low. If it had been said, Morn had got a hundred thousand guilders, people would have doubted—but millions, that produced conviction at once.

"It is intelligible enough now why Morn gave up his place as Referendary," said the President Von Bitterblolt, to his father, the Privy Counsellor. "I thought at first that he had taken offence at the omission of his name among the promotions."

"In fact, it is awkward enough that he was passed over," returned the Privy Counsellor; "but who can always tell how things may turn out? We might have made room for him well enough. There's your sister, too. I really think the girl has taken a fancy to him, and, as the matter now stands, she could hardly do better for herself."

"Nor for any of us, papa. Could not we find some excuse for the past?"

The father and the son laid their heads together. The Privy Counsellor took the first opportunity of praising the rare talents and services of the ex-Referendary to his Highness the Elector. Such a man must, by all means, remain in the service of the state, particularly as Morn had lately gained a large fortune by some fortunate speculations in England. It would be a shame if so much wealth should be squandered out of the country, &c. &c.

"Hum," said the Elector, "I was wondering what made you all so suddenly zealous in Morn's favour. The Finance Minister, Rabe, was quite eloquent inh is praise but a little while ago."

This speech went like an arrow to the Privy Counsellor's heart; for the Baron Von Rabe had also a daughter to marry, and he, too, wanted money.

"Rabe even maintained," continued his Highness, "that Morn, as secretary to the commission of survey in the new territory, had done the whole work, while others pocketed the reward and the credit."

The Privy Counsellor smiled with affected indifference, while turning sick with fear and rage; and swore in his heart of hearts, war to the knife to the Finance Minister Von Rabe. Morn, in the meantime, had received an invitation to pay the Finance Minister a visit.

"I am delighted, my dear Sir, that my heartfelt wishes for your advantage seem likely at last to be fulfilled," said the Minister, with his most gracious smile. "There was a strong opposition *somewhere*. I was never more surprised than when I heard you had been so unaccountably passed over. I felt it my duty to make a representation on the subject to his Highness the Elector himself; in fact, I told him frankly that the post of President of the Chamber, which Von Bitterblolt contrived to appropriate to himself, was yours by every rule of justice. In consequence of my remonstrance, his Highness has been graciously pleased to fix you in my department; and I have now the honour to present Privy Finance Counsellor Morn with the diploma of his appointment."

Morn laid the diploma on a table near him without opening it; thanked the Minister for his condescension; and with a smile, that was bitter in spite of himself, begged leave respectfully to decline all and every appointment of the kind.

He was scarcely at home again before the carriage of Count Von Bitterblolt stopped at his door.

"You see I have come in search of you myself at last," said the Count, bestowing a paternal embrace on Casimir. "Where have you hidden yourself this century? We must not forget each other in this way. Von Rabe has played me a shameful trick in getting you appointed in his department instead of mine. I shall never forgive him for it. Apropos, my daughter will never forgive *me*, if I forget her message. She gives a ball on Wednesday, and charged me to give you a special invitation. You will not fail her, I hope; ladies, you know, will not hear of disappointments on these occasions."

Countess Ida Von Bitterblolt met with one this time, however. Casimir Morn met the Privy Counsellor's superabundant courtesies with cold politeness; and his Excellency was beaten out of the field for the present, though not absolutely deprived of hope for the future. Morn's misanthropy was on the increase: he despised alike their present flattery, and their former scorn; of the two, the flattery was the more offensive, and the more his would-

to-friends endeavoured to exalt him, the more deeply humiliated he felt. He longed for nothing so much as for solitude, that he might escape the sight and hearing of their sickening baseness.

"The miserable wretches," he exclaimed, "do they take me for one of themselves? My six years' service availed me nothing, but the mere report of wealth brings them about me like crows scenting at a carrion. I might be a fool—a villain—no matter, I am supposed to be a millionaire, and there is not a quality of heart or mind which they are not willing to give me credit for. The comedy is too disgusting, Devereux."

"It is capital sport," replied Devereux. "But the master stroke is still to be played. The conquest of the fair Romanus is yet to be achieved."

CHAP. V.

THE VICTORY.

The conquest was already half made before the friends began the attack. Old Romanus, who had hitherto made it a rule to avoid all mention of Morn's name, had it now on his lips from morning till night. There could be no doubt of the million any longer; the whole city rung with the news—he had refused an appointment in the Ministry, and the Minister of Finance, von Rabe, and his excellency Count von Bilterblolt, were ready politely to cut each other's throats, to obtain Casimir Morn for a son-in-law.

"They say he will choose Countess Ida," said Caroline, slyly affecting an air of dejection, and glancing her bright blue eyes on her father.

The old gentleman made no answer, but nodded his head with a cunning look, and reckoned some imaginary sum with his fingers. "Pah, pah, all stuff—nonsense—what has she got, I ask; what has she got? Nothing! a ruined family, root and branch! How that pleases me in the lad Morn; he has got his money by honest trade, but his father was a rogue, an arrant rogue, and has made us as poor as Job, my girl. I shall never get a penny of all he owed me."

There was a knock at the door, and the well-known stranger, the Englishman Devereux, entered. Caroline blushed like a carnation, and Herr Romanus opened his eyes and mouth.

"I have a little business to transact with you, Herr Romanus, if you have no objection," said the stranger, with a courteous bow. "You might find it highly advantageous."

"Business; I am at your Lordship's service. Do me the great honour to sit down."

"Mr. Casimir Morn, whose affairs in England I have had the honour of managing, wishing to retire from business, as he finds his income amply sufficient, ('So, so, so,' muttered Romanus,) has been to view the estate of Dreileben, which is understood to be for sale; he seems inclined to purchase it."

"How, he indeed!—Dreileben!—but why Dreileben?—it's a large purchase, ticklish speculation, very: they will ask a confounded price, eh?"

"Mr. Morn has taken a fancy to it, and the name pleases him. He has often said it would be a Paradise for two, or perhaps three friends, who would desire to pass their lives together. By the three he means himself, his future wife, and one esteemed friend, under which appellation he is good enough to understand me."

Caroline's blood mounted again to her temples; what could be the matter with her?

"But you are perfectly right about the price, Mr. Romanus. Baron Von Wolpern demands no less a sum than a hundred and fifty thousand guilders; or, ready money, a hundred and thirty thousand. Mr. Morn will pay ready money, but,"—

"Ready money, a hundred and thirty thousand! so, so! an excellent young—an *excellent* young man."

"Still the price seems enormous. He wishes that the bargain should be concluded by some one who understands the business better than he does. He would be willing to reward the trouble of any person inclined to act as his agent in this matter, by a gratification of a hundred guilders for every thousand abated in the purchase-money. Now, he maintains that there is not a man in the city so well qualified to transact business of this nature as Mr. Romanus."

"Your humble servant," said the old man, glancing suspiciously at his visiter. He could not understand any one *giving* away even civility for nothing. "Now, if you would have the goodness to take this commission on yourself."

"Hundred for every thousand: I am at your lordship's command."

"It is a matter of extreme vexation to Mr. Morn that he has not been on such good terms with you of late years as formerly."

"Trifles, tut—mere trifles, mere trifles."

"He told me, that at first it was his intention to have put his little capital in your hands instead of employing it in England; and indeed, after that he would have proposed a speculation in the English funds, but your coldness towards him—"

"Trifles, I tell you, thunder and lightning!—mere trifles; and how should I know what he meant?" said the old man, half crying. "Why was he so hard-hearted to a poor man like me, as not to say a word about it when he was rolling in gold?"

"But, to return to this affair of Dreileben; are you inclined to undertake it?"

Romanus walked up and down the room with his hands behind him, muttering and grumbling to himself for some minutes. "I'll do it," said he, at length; "the profit is small, very small, but times are bad, very bad: an honest tradesman must not let anything slip through his fingers."

In eight days the purchase was completed. Herr Romanus made a snug little profit of a thousand guilders, and went quite cheerfully to Casimir to announce the conclusion of the business, and congratulate him on his acquisition.

"And we may be good friends again, my worthy Mr. Casimir," said the old man with a smile, yet somewhat embarrassed.

"I desire nothing more earnestly, Mr. Romanus," said Casimir, warmly. "Grant me but one favour—make me and your daughter happy at once."

"It can't be, Mr. Morn. Haven't I told you over and over again, that the money I lost through your father has made me as poor as a church mouse."

"Not so very poor, I should hope," said Morn, smiling.

"A beggar, Sir; I tell you, a downright beggar. Ah,

worthy Mr. Casimir, you are a rich man now, and you are an honourable man; you wont let a poor old man like me suffer; you'll make up my loss to me?"

"Well, and if I do—then?"

"Then I'll thank you on my knees."

"But, your daughter?"

"And the interest for seven years?"

"Well, and the interest—then?

"Then the whole city will say, what a worthy, honest, excellent, upright man you are."

"But Caroline?"

"And you must not forget that I gave your father the eight thousand dollars in gold. Oh, Mr. Casimir, louis d'ors and carolines, all gold, all full weight. If you had seen them. Heaven forgive me my sins! I would not swear, Mr. Casimir, but it makes my old eyes run over to think of it!"

"But if I give you fifteen hundred carolines for one Caroline? For your daughter, Caroline?"

"I beg your pardon, but, with the interest, it would be above two thousand!"

"And if I did not hesitate to give you the two thousand, as soon as your daughter"—

"You are jesting with me, Mr. Morn. You see what little I have I want myself. I have been obliged to run in debt. Your father's bankruptcy was the ruin of me. I can give the girl nothing but what she carries on her back."

"Be it so, I will take her on your own terms."

"Why, then I—I must ask the girl herself."

Herr Romanus betook himself to his daughter. Morn was ready to dance for joy. He flew like one beside himself to Devereux, to relate his success, and ask his sympathy, and Devereux gave it heartily.

Within eight days, the marriage contract was drawn out and signed, and the lovely Caroline Romanus became a yet lovelier Caroline Morn. Till Dreileben was ready for their reception, Devereux had taken care to provide a suitable residence in the town.

CHAPTER VI.

THE FIRST OF APRIL.

"The joke must be carried through," said the Englishman. "The whole city bows down before you, dear Morn; even the Court itself courts your friendship. We will turn over a new leaf now. I shall give you out for poor, and see what sort of a grimace your dear friends will make then. And when the contemptible crew have sunk themselves as low as possible, we will turn our backs upon them for ever. I have let Baron Von Wolpern into the secret, for I must chastise the old curmudgeon, your father-in-law, for the Jew's bargain he has driven with you. No remonstrance—he deserves it."

Devereux told the simple truth. The whole town were bowing to the ground before the supposed Millionaire. And how should people, accustomed from their very childhood to value wealth, show, luxury, above all other earthly good, do otherwise?—how feel anything but admiration and reverence for the amiable young man, who possessed the prettiest wife, the finest estate in the territory, and a million? The noblest and stiffest backs in the city bent in homage to this new luminary. Every one was solicitous for the notice of Herr Von Morn; every lip instinctively uttered the noble prefix, without asking for the patent. Ministers, Grand everythings, and Count everybodies, loaded him with invitations. At some of the fêtes where he was most pressingly invited, the electoral family were present; the noble hosts were solicitous to present Herr Von Morn to their Highnesses, and their Highnesses' reception was most gracious; but, strange to say, the object of all these flattering attentions felt anything but flattered. Not for what he *was*, but for what he *had*, were all these caresses lavished; and it was with no small violence to his feelings that he constrained himself to go through the disgusting farce.

"I can bear it no longer," said Morn on one occasion, when a stronger dose of incense than ordinary had been offered up; and Devereux in reply said, "We must carry it through; I shall give you out for poor."

Towards the latter end of March, Devereux had gone about with a look of affected anxiety, and dropped mysterious hints of bad news from England. He spoke of certain speculations being subject to enormous losses, as well as enormous gains. "It was fortunate he had so many powerful friends in ——," and so forth. Baron Von Wolpern was seen to shake his head and look thoughtful, when the sale of Dreileben was talked of—"the purchase-money was not *yet* paid down." It was whispered that Morn's splendid new equipage would be disposed of *privately*: the town-house was announced to be let. The news flew like wildfire through the town, with a thousand additions. On the *first of April* the matter was placed beyond a doubt, by Morn's driving about to all his new friends, among whom it became known with wonderful rapidity, that from some he had requested *loans*, from others securities, or their good offices with the Elector for an appointment, &c. All those who, but four and twenty hours before, had overwhelmed him with offers of service, and half-stifled him with embraces, were in consternation at this new state of affairs. Some were "grieved beyond measure," in proper courtly phrase, others excused themselves coldly—"they made it a rule never to be surety for any one;" they had no interest; some smiled with scarcely concealed malicious pleasure at the sudden vanishing of the fairy treasure. One thing was evident, there was neither credit, money, nor interest, left in the whole city.

A splendid ball and supper at the house of his Excellency Count Von Bilterblolt, at which Herr and Frau Von Morn were to have been present, was, for some unexplained cause, adjourned *sine die*. With old Romanus the result of all this was rather more serious than was intended. To him came Baron Von Wolpern one fine morning, accompanied by a lawyer of eminence, and politely requested of him, as negotiator in the purchase of Dreileben, security for the payment of the sum agreed on.

Romanus had certainly given no written surety for his son-in-law; but in his eagerness to gripe the proffered gain, he had verbally, and pretty plainly given it to be understood, that to hasten the purchase, he was ready to make advances; but nothing was farther from his thoughts than to be taken at his word. The evil reports that had been before flying about town had sorely disquieted him, and Morn's evasive answers to the questions he put to him had by no means tended to still the perturbation of his spirit. But when the Baron and his lawyer made their appearance, he was driven well-nigh crazy! In a few

hours after the Baron's visit, he had a fit of apoplexy—the very mention of a physician made him furious, and the evening saw the end of his cares and his life together.

CHAPTER VII.

DREILEBEN.

This sudden death changed the whole aspect of affairs. Romanus left enormous wealth behind him, much more than had been expected. Casimir Morn had now really become the Millionaire for which his rich and whimsical friend had compelled him to pass. Dreileben had been bought in Morn's name, but the money had been furnished by Devereux, to whom, by an agreement between him and Morn, it had been immediately conveyed. Almost as much disgusted with the world as his friend, Devereux had resolved to end his days in some agreeable solitude. The charge of overlooking the estate was to be Morn's; he had positively refused to accept any gift from his English friend. Both were now, nearly, equally wealthy, but their plan of life remained the same. On the other hand, the worthy citizens of —— faced about with as much rapidity as if struck by a conjuror's wand:—"It was the first of April when we heard of this sudden loss; ah the arch jester, it was really too bad, but admirably done too!" High and low enjoyed the joke alike; Morn's doors were again besieged with visiters; wealth and credit returned in a wonderfully short time; the acceptance of securities and recommendations was pressed as the greatest possible favour to the givers; and as to dinners, balls, concerts, &c. &c., there was no end of them.

"I am heart-sick at all this," said Morn. "Come Caroline, come Devereux, let us to Dreileben, and forget these whited mockeries. I have been long enough a dupe. What more have I to do in the world, as it is called? Why should I be any longer a witness of these hollow jugglerics, the sport of their false smiles? Be wise as Solomon; pure as an angel; sacrifice yourself for society; be a model of disinterestedness and beneficence—but poor in this world's goods, and you are nothing, or worse than nothing! Every blockhead will be exalted above you—every cold-hearted egotist sneer you down—every, even acknowledged scoundrel, be honoured and caressed before you, if he but possess that mightiest of talismans—wealth."

As soon as the business of the inheritance was arranged, and the house and business of old Romanus disposed of, Morn left the city in company with his wife and his friend, and has never since been known to enter it.

About six years after these occurrences, I had occasion to pay a visit to the electoral city. I knew that my old university friend, Casimir Morn, had formerly held some appointment there, and was rejoicing in the prospect of renewing my acquaintance with him. My earliest inquiries were concerning him. Few knew anything about him; at last I learnt that he was living at Dreileben, brooding over his money-bags, as his father-in-law had done before him, and keeping up no intercourse whatever with his neighbours. As soon as I had gathered these particulars, I got into a chaise one fine morning, and drove to Dreileben, musing and lamenting by the way on the perverse accident that could have changed my open-hearted, open-handed school friend, into that most pitiful of created beings—a miser.

The road lay through a succession of richly-cultivated fields to a forest, where, as the peasants informed us, the mansion was situated—on the banks of the Rhine. When I entered the forest, however, I found it no forest, but a delightful compromise between park and garden, adorned on every side with graceful temples, the rarest plants, and exquisite groups of statuary in the purest marble. The expense of creating such a place must have been enormous. A spacious and magnificent house, with extensive outbuildings for agricultural purposes, stood before me, approached over a wide lawn smooth as velvet, and skirted by a magnificent orangery. Everywhere I saw traces of an almost royal outlay; guided, however, by a noble taste: none whatever of the avarice attributed to the possessor.

As I was getting out of the carriage a servant in a rich livery advanced to meet me, and, in answer to my inquiries for his master, was—"Very sorry, but the family had left Dreileben that morning early, and were not expected back for some days." As there was no help for it I returned to town; in another week I repeated the attempt, but with no better success; the family were still absent. As my stay in the city was limited, I felt greatly vexed at my failure, and could not help expressing it in the circle I joined in the evening. I was answered by a general laugh.

"If you were to go twenty times to Dreileben," said one of the party to me, "you would get the same reception. You might have been spared the trouble of going if you had mentioned your intention beforehand. No one, be he who he may, is ever admitted within their doors. They have telescopes planted at certain points commanding the road, so that they are never to be taken by surprise. All the servants are previously instructed, and as soon as any one of them spies a visiter he runs in to warn his misanthrophical masters."

Thus informed I wrote to Morn, expressing my desire to see him once more, and entreating that he would make me an exception to his general rule. I received a courteous answer, and the assurance that for me he would be at home; the day and the hour when I should be expected were punctually named.

When I came within sight of the house, Morn advanced to meet me, with his beautiful wife on his arm. Both received me with a kindness and cordiality I had little expected, after all I had heard, and presented me to their friend Devereux; he was a young man about Morn's own age, of a graceful and highly prepossessing exterior, and anything but *cynical* in appearance. In a quarter of an hour we were the best friends in the world. I was entertertained with a magnificence that I have not always found even in princely palaces. The interior of the house corresponded with the costliness of the arrangements without. The library was splendid; the walls of all the larger rooms adorned with masterpieces of the greatest painters; and a music-room furnished with the finest instruments. In my honour there was a concert such as I have seldom heard from amateurs. The upper servants were all musical, and the heads of the family performers of no ordinary pretensions.

Morn had two lovely children; Devereux was still a bachelor, and announced his determination of dying one. "And you are really happy here in your beautiful retirement?" said I, inquiringly, when we were sitting in a pavilion in the garden, overlooking the lordly Rhine.

Morn smiled. "Why not? We form our own world here, and it is our happiness to know nothing of the other by experience. If we feel any curiosity about the proceedings of the fools, there are the newspapers to inform us. We prefer, however, to learn what the nobler spirits of other times have thought, or invented, or done; to learn it in the immortal legacy of works they have bequeathed us. All that Nature, Art, and Science afford of fairest and noblest surrounds us here. What is wanting to our Heaven? Intercourse with the rapacious, mentally crippled, corrupt, self-seeking herd without, would sully its purity, and make us partakers in their well-deserved misery. Well is it for those who can free themselves from the coil, and living with and for themselves, look on the sayings and doings of what you call the world, as on a theatrical spectacle, in which they are spectators, not actors."

These expressions led to a conversation on the true social relations of the wise; and it was then that Morn related his own and Devereux's stories, as I have repeated them to you.

"But with such ample means as you possess," said I, "what beneficent influence might you not exercise within your sphere! Would it not be a nobler happiness to use the abundance of your wealth in creating a paradise for others, instead of lavishing it on your own?"

Morn's brow clouded, and he shook his head. "What would you have?" said he. "Men are to be rendered happy by thought and action, not by money; but how many seek happiness thus? who honour the search in others? Did I not waste the fairest years of my life in the vain hope of thus winning men's love and respect? Are not voluptuousness, avarice, vanity, and vulgar riot, alike predominant, from the palace to the cottage? In great or in little states, is it the ablest, the most honest, that are found at the head of affairs, or the richest, or best connected, as it is called? Are not the highest offices, affecting the weal or woe of millions, invariably the apanage of the latter, or the prey of the vilest intrigantes? Does not the history of all times and nations teach us that hatred and persecution has been the invariable portion dealt out, to the most virtuous and disinterested, by the rabble, in purple and fine linen, who rule the destinies of nations? And is it for such miserable wretches as these you would have me sacrifice my peace, and give up my tranquil bliss for the vain dream of making them wiser or better? No! I can love a *man*, but I despise *men* with my whole heart and soul."

Morn was evidently highly excited on this subject. His wife and Devereux joined chorus.

What could I do against this triple alliance, but—hold my tongue? The good people were not altogether in the wrong, and hence made the not very uncommon mistake of fancying themselves entirely in the right. I saw that by debating the point, though I might chagrin, I should not convert them. The trio were extremely susceptible by nature, and the life they were leading tended to nourish the defect. If Rousseau had been a Millionaire like Morn, with his lacerated heart and his gloomy views of life, he would have led the same life in France as Morn did on the banks of the Rhine; and opulence would have been, in his hands, but a means of indulging his egotistical dreams on a larger scale.

When the Counsellor had concluded the history of his first Millionaire, Morn's conduct was warmly discussed and variously commented on. All agreed that his scorn of the world and absolute seclusion must be looked upon as a *revenge* taken for its previous neglect, when the chances turned in his favour; but, while some of the circle held him perfectly justifiable, if not praiseworthy, in such indulgence of his feelings, others censured him loudly; had his circumstances been different, he might have been excused; but the withdrawal from all intercourse with his fellows, pardonable as self-defence in a poor man, was sheer egotism and narrow-heartedness in a rich one."

"Rich or poor," said one, "every man has a right to seek his own happiness in his own way, provided he injure no one in the means selected."

"Will you tell us how a man, gifted alike by nature and fortune, can withdraw himself from the active duties of life, *without* injuring a great many?" retorted an anti-Mornite.

"It is easy to be philanthropic in theory," said another, "but, honestly speaking, which of us would be inclined to sacrifice himself for the good of society, supposing his own views of happiness to consist in the renunciation of it?—Would you; or you; or you?"

"Besides, Morn did not reject the world till the world rejected him," added the first speaker.

"That is, he was cheated by a few knaves, from whom no one in their senses would have expected anything else, and he did not find everybody ready to make prompt acknowledgment of his merits and services, some of them being, by the bye, known only to those interested in concealing them."

THE TIME OF DAY.

BY GOODWYN BARMBY.

When morning red is raying—
Then 'tis the time of day;
When children blithe are playing—
Then 'tis the time of day;
When gentle lambs are feeding,
And birds their songs are leading,
And lovely flowers are seeding—
Then 'tis the time of day.

When noontide suns are beaming—
Then 'tis the time of day;
When school-boys' eyes are gleaming—
Then 'tis the time of day;
When kine rest in the meadows,
And earth has lost its shadows,
And sunbeams are God's ladders—
Then 'tis the time of day.

When purple evening gloameth—
Then 'tis the time of day;
When John with Mary roameth—
Then 'tis the time of day;
When sheep are folded meetly,
And flower-cups closed up neatly,
And nightingales sing sweetly—
Then 'tis the time of day.

Whenever loved is Nature—
Then 'tis the time of day;
Whenever bless'd a creature—
Then 'tis the time of day;
Whenever sin is shriven,
Whenever grace is given,
Then earth's clock strikes from heaven!
And 'tis the time of day.

"GOOD NIGHT" AND "FAREWELL."

BY MRS. CHARLES TINSLEY.

A MOTHER knelt at midnight, in devotion,
Beside the cradled sleep of a fair child;
From her deep eyes spake out her soul's emotion,
As their glance fell upon the lips that smiled;
And, pressing hers betwixt the locks of light,
She whispered—"Sweet, good night!"

Then to depart, even as the words were spoken,
She turned, yet backward came and looked once more
Into the sunny face;—some fond dream, broken
In the dark past, her soul was brooding o'er;
And solemnly she murmured—"Who may tell
If now I breathe farewell!

"Thou hadst a sister, boy, with curled hair flowing,
And dimpled cheeks all rosy as thine own;
At eve I pressed them in soft slumber glowing,
And when I kissed them next their touch was stone!
From lip, and eye, and brow, the soul had fled—
My beautiful was dead!

"We missed the merry ring of her sweet laughter
In the changed home with sudden moanings filled;
And thence for evermore through time's hereafter
The deep, warm current of our hope was chilled;
And in earth's beauty—robb'd of earthly trust—
We saw the taint of dust!

"Wilt *thou* bound forth to meet me in the morning
With the glad step and voice I joy to hear?
Or will death's icy bonds, all others scorning,
Fetter those graceful limbs in darkness here?
The parting words we need who now may tell—
Good night, or—fare thee well?

"Away, away dark fears! all unavailing
Is the grave-haunted watch of the bereft;
Still for the spirit, in its time of failing,
The written promise of our God is left;
And thou!—art thou not slumbering in His sight?—
Good night! sweet love, good night!"

SUNBEAMS.

Where lark ye, Sunbeams? The young dawn is here,
But lustreless and chill;
The gorgeous moments of your sway draw near,
Where are you lingering still?

In the East! in the East! 'tis an ocean of haze
That our path to the crest of high Heaven delays,
Yet we come! yet we come! through the barrier we strive,
As the spirit mortality's bondage must rive.
Already faint blushes on morn's pallid cheek
The approach of the Sun to her Palace bespeak:
Soon the Earth will rejoice in a full tide of bliss
When we kindle her brow with the touch of our kiss.

Then haste, blest Sunbeams! for your warmth we pine!
Tears drown the vales below;
The green boughs sadly to the soil decline;
The streamlets voiceless flow.

We are here! we are here! on the mountains we light,
And chase from their peaks the dark banners of night;
To the broad-spreading valleys we swiftly descend,
O'er the banks of the rivers in gladness we bend,
And the waves sweetly laugh till all dimples they move,
While the flowers turn to welcome us constant in love.
O'er the thick forests now, half affrighted, we brush,
And down the slop'd meadows delightedly rush.

Yet these are all inanimate,—not things
Which vital influence breathe:
Is there aught living that to motion springs
When you around it wreathe?

Ask the fish through the bright-running waters that throng;
Ask the birds in the lone woods just starting to song;
Ask the young lambs that gambol o'er turf wet with dew,
And the flocks which are turning to pasture anew;
Ask the deer, ask the peasant—and they will reply,
Every heart leaps with rapture when we crowd on high:
Not a thing, not a being but fresh impulse wakes,
When our spell thrills the streamlets, the woodlands, the brakes.

But 'tis not scenes like these, which most require
Your cheering aid, but where
Man bids his dwellings, Babel-like, aspire
To cradle withering care!

Round the fanes of his god now our halo we cast;
The proud turrets of Royalty frown'd as we past,
But we bound them with lustre and roused them from sleep—
Then on to each structure of beauty we sweep;
From the high-stretching column look down, and behold
How the dank mists and smoke the dense city enfold;
And rallying our splendours, triumphant we pour
Like the steed to the fight, like the surge to the shore!

These are abodes of wealth, but seek ye not
Want's cold and mournful den!
Must it alone by solace be forgot
Which cheers the desert glen?

No! we smile on the poor, as we smile on the rich,
Though oft vainly we strive the worn heart to bewitch.
To the door of his hut the ill-fated one crawls,
And basks in our rays as we rest on his walls—
Walls so darken'd and bare that we quiver and wane,
For our loveliness mocks desolation and pain.
Ah! we waken a gleam on the face, but *within*
May be warring with sorrow, or dark clouds of sin!

Now youth comes forth, and to his blooming cheek
Fresh hues and health you call;
While on bent age's forehead hoar and bleak,
With reverend grace you fall.

We pierce to his side as he sits by the hearth,
And extinguish the flame as we revel in mirth;
But we warm him instead with bright dreams of his prime,
While through sunshine he tracks each past footstep of time.
On the cottager's porch we caressingly dance
Through his rose-circled lattice half sportively glance,
Till we lure forth his children before us to play,
And recall him once more to the toils of the day.

Earth has array'd her in a robe of light—
O'er all her realms ye glow:
Her myriad beings to their aims unite.
What, Sunbeams, mark ye now?

The infant, whom we the first glimpses have shown
Of a world that to him is untried and unknown:
The bridal, whose pleasure our glories illume,
Where *we* only are heeded—nought reck'd yet of gloom:
The Grave, to whose shelter all human must wend,—
While the souls of the blest to their Eden ascend,
Where the Sun of Eternity brightens on high,
Till our beams in its lustre wax faded and die!

LLANGOLLEN.

THE ROMANCE OF WAR; OR, THE HIGHLANDERS IN SPAIN.*

Although this romance were inferior in structure and execution to what we find it, "The Highlanders in Spain" would still have a claim to attention from its nationality. The principal characters are Scottish, and so, in great measure, is the scene of action. The heroes of the story, Ronald Stuart and Lewis Lisle, with the *henchman*—the Sancho, or Strap of the former—Evan Iverach, the son of the hereditary piper of the Stuarts of Lochisla, leave Scotland in their prime of youth, to brave the fortunes of war in the Peninsula; and return, as we hope one day to learn, to repose beneath their well-won laurels, and enjoy their faithful loves by the banks of Lochisla, and on the braes of Inchavon: hope to learn —for at present we leave them, or, rather, they desert their courteous readers on the field of Toulouse. If the critics are dissatisfied with our monthly "*to be continued*," it is hard to say how they may relish the same irritating announcement at the close of three volumes. Perhaps the age of the Grand Cyrus—of Mademoiselle Scuderi and Richardson—is about to revive, and we are to get romances in ten or twenty volumes. So much the better, if the interest be kept alive as in the Highlanders in Spain. The author, in his preface, states that the "veritable histories and military details" are the result of the actual experience of one who served in the Highland regiment which figures the most conspicuously in the story, and that most of the military operations, and, we should suppose, many of the characters, will be familiar to Peninsular veterans. The commanders and field-officers are, indeed, generally brought out under their real names, as Cameron of Fassifern, or "the Chief," as that officer was sportively called; and of the Major Macdonald—who was for ever talking of the brave deeds done in Egypt some years before—and others of "the mess," if we have not the name fairly spelled, we have the unmistakeable mark. But to the story:—For time immemorial a family feud had existed between the Stewarts of Lochisla and the Lisles of Inchavon, both great landed proprietors in Perthshire—though the wings of the former, a proud, irritable Highlander, had been well clipped; first, by the sacrifices entailed on the family by its Jacobitism, and latterly by the arts of a certain Eneas Macquirk, W.S., the laird's Edinburgh agent. Sir Allan Lisle was of better commingled blood and judgment, and of more moderate politics. For him, the family quarrel with the Stuarts might have died in peace; but not so felt the fiery Gael. The tale has been told a hundred times, and will be told a hundred more, of the son and daughter of such belligerent houses falling deeply in love, "a Capulet and a Montague." And here again was young Ronald, the only child and sole representative of the far-famed Stuart of Lochisla, ardently in love with the fair Alice of Inchavon, who, sweet and dutiful girl as she was, had bestowed her heart on the handsome youth of "the proud dark eye and haughty lip," before she had found time to consult her father.

"In Alice Lisle, Ronald found a pretty and agreeable playmate in youth, but a still more agreeable companion for a solitary ramble as they advanced in years: and he discovered in her splendid dark eyes and glossy black hair, charms which he beheld not at home in his father's mountain tower.

"In the merry laugh and the gentle voice of Alice, Ronald found a charm to wean him from the tower of Lochisla; and the hours he spent in her society, or in watching the windows of her father's house, were supposed to be spent in search of the black-cock and the fleet roes of Benmore; and many a satirical observation he endured, in consequence of bringing home an empty game-bag after a whole day's absence with his gun."

After many a happy ramble by stream and greenwood, the lovers held one sad, last meeting; for Ronald had come to say farewell before he assumed the "Garb of old Gaul," as an ensign in the Gordon Highlanders. The lovers were surprised in their rendezvous by Sir Allan, who was rating Ronald roundly, when, by a lucky accident, he, in his wrath, popped over the high rocky bank into the Isla. Nothing could be more opportune. He was, of course, rescued by Ronald, who, in reward of a sound ducking, obtained, though tacitly, the approbation of Sir Allan to the courtship he had clandestinely paid to Alice. Nay, the Baronet even attempted to mollify the doughty Lochisla; and the respective characters of the educated Saxon gentleman, and the proud, ill-taught, irascible, and ireful Celtic chieftain, are well brought out in the conversation which took place when Sir Allan made fruitless advances for reconciliation. Stern vengeance was finally denounced against Ronald by his sire if he dared to think more of the daughter of the enemy of his race.

But Ronald is *boune* for the wars: he has pledged his vows anew; he has taken his last fond leave of the weeping Alice, of his father's towers, and of his devoted clansfolk—in the exact way in which such ceremonies should be conducted in a romance descriptive of Scottish and Highland manners. Edinburgh, its surrounding scenery, its ancient grandeur, and proud recollections, next sweep on before us, together with its fashionable modern society, and the accomplished Miss Macquirks, whose French and Italian songs sounded much less sweetly in Ronald's ears than the woodnotes wild of the "Birks of Invermay," as warbled by Alice; though the young ladies were delighted to see themselves escorted, and their parties brightened, by the uniform of "a gay Gordon."

While in the Castle of Edinburgh, Ronald made the acquaintance of a young French officer—a prisoner of war; whose path he afterwards romantically crosses, when Victor d'Estouville, high in rank, was fighting in Spain under the banner of Napoleon.

Ronald embarked at Leith for Lisbon; and it is not the romance, but the far more certain misery, of war, that is seen in the despair of heart-broken mothers, parting, at the ship's side, for ever from their sons, just enlisted in the "Gordons," and destined, after fearful hardships, to leave their bones whitening on the fields of Spain.

And now commence the campaigning adventures; and we shall quote, as a fair specimen of "The Highlanders in Spain," the adventures of a day, when Ronald with his comrades were hastening on to join their regiment, then in Estremadura, under the command of Sir Rowland Hill:—

* By James Grant, Esq., late 62d Regiment. 3 vols. London: Colburn.

"From a sleep into which he had sunk, he was soon awakened by the warning pipe for the march, which passed close beneath the window, and then grew fainter in sound as Macdonuil-dhu strode on arousing his comrades from their billets, and the wild notes died away in the dark and narrow streets of the city. The Major sprang up at the well-known sound, and Ronald, although wearied and unrefreshed, prepared to follow him.

"'Confound this fashion of Lord Wellington's! this marching always an hour before day-break,' muttered Campbell. 'The morning is so chilly and cold that my very teeth chatter, and—the devil! my canteen is empty,' he added, shaking the little wooden barrel which went by that name, and one of which every officer and soldier on service carried slung in a shoulder belt. 'Shake your canteen, my boy; is there a shot in the locker?'

"Luckily for the thirsty commander, Ronald's last day's allowance of ration rum was untouched, and they now quaffed it between them to the regimental toast—'Here's to the Highlandmen, shoulder to shoulder!' a sentiment well known among the Scottish mountaineers as a true military toast.

"On leaving behind the town of Albuquerque, the sound of distant firing in front warned them of their nearer approach to the place of their destination and the scene of actual hostilities. As they advanced, the sharp but scattered reports of musketry, and now and then the deeper boom of a field-piece, came floating towards them on the breeze which swept along the level places; but an eminence, upon which the ancient castle of Zagala is situated, obstructed their view of the hostile operations, and they pressed eagerly forward to gain the height, full of excitement and glee.

"'Welcome to Spain,' cried an officer of the 13th Light Dragoons, who came galloping up from the rear, and reined in his jaded charger by the marching Highlanders for a few minutes. 'There is brave sport going on in front; press forward, my boys, and you will be in at the death, as we used to say at home in old Kent.'

"'What is going on in advance?' asked the major; 'are *Ours* engaged?'

"'I have little doubt that they are; Cameron never lags behind, you know. I was left in the rear at Albuquerque on duty, and am now hurrying forward to join the 13th, who belong to Long's cavalry brigade. They are now driving a party of plundering French out of La Nava; you will have a view of the whole affair when you gain the top of the hill. But I must not delay here; adieu!' and dashing the spurs into his horse, he disappeared behind the ruinous castle.

"'Forward, men! double quick. Let us gain the top of the brae,' cried Campbell, urging forward with cudgel and spur a miserable Rosinante which he had procured at Lisbon.

"Carrying their muskets at the long trail, the Highlanders advanced with that quick trot so habitual to the Scottish mountaineers, which soon brought them beneath the grass-grown battlements and mouldering towers of Zagala, from the eminence of which they now had an extensive view to the southward.

"The horizon extended to about six or eight leagues, and all within that ample circle was waste and barren land, where the plough had been unknown for an age, and where nought seemed to flourish but weeds and little laurel bushes.

"The ruddy sun was setting in the west behind the lofty Sierra de Moutanches, the dark ridges of which rose behind the high city and castelated rock of Albuquerque; the sky in every direction was a clear cold blue, save around the sun, where large masses of gold and purple clouds seemed resting on the curved outline on the mountains, over which and through every opening the rays fell aslant, and were reflected by the arms of the troops who occupied the level plain, over which shone the long line of its setting splendour. From the height of Zagala they beheld the operations in front.

"A party of five hundred French infantry were rapidly retreating toward the cork wood, exposed to the fire of two twelve-pound field pieces and the charges of the cavalry brigade under General Long; who took every opportunity of breaking among the little band through the gaps formed by the cannon shot, which made complete lanes through their compact mass. The French retired with admirable coolness and bravery, keeping up a hot and rapid fire from four sides on the cavalry, who often charged them at full speed, brandishing their sabres, but were forced to recoil; and no sooner was a gap made in a face of a solid square, by the fall of a file, than it was instantly filled by another. And thus leaving behind them a line of killed and wounded, they continued their retreat towards Merida, where their main body lay, disputing every foot of ground with desperate courage, until they reached the cork wood, which being unfavourable for the movements of the cavalry, the latter were obliged to retire with considerable loss.

"'Hurrah!' cried Campbell, flourishing his stick, 'I have not seen this sort of work for this year and more. You see, Stuart, that a solid square of bold infantry may laugh at a charge of horse, who must recoil from their bayonets as water from a rock. There are the 9th and 13th Light Dragoons, and the fire of the French seems to have cooled their chivalry a little, and shown them that a sabre is nothing against brown Bess with a bayonet on her muzzle. They are retiring towards us after doing, however, all that brave hearts could do. Poor fellows! many of them are lying rolling about wounded and in agony, or already dead, near the skirts of that confounded copse, by which the frog-eaters have escaped. But where are *ours?* I do not see Howard's brigade.'

"'Yonder they are, Major,' replied Ronald, 'halted on the level place behind the ruined village. I see the bonnets of the Highlanders and the colours.'

"'Ay, I see them now. Yonder they are, sure enough: and the old Half-hundred and the 71st light bobs, with the tartan trews and hummel bonnets, all as spruce as ever, bivouacked comfortably on the bare earth as of old. We shall have the pleasure of passing the night without even a tent to keep the dew off us. *Carajo!* as the Spaniard says: you will now taste the delights of soldiering in good earnest, as I did first in Egypt with old Sir Ralph Abercrombie.'

"'We are seen by them. I hear the sound of the pipes, and they are waving their bonnets in welcome,' said Alister Macdonald.

"'Blow up your bags, Macdonuildhu, and let them hear the bray of the drones,' cried Campbell, whacking the sides of his nag to urge her onward. 'Push forward brave lads! we will be with Fassifern and our comrades in a few minutes more.'

"Skirting the miserable village of La Nava, they soon arrived at the ground over which the advanced picquet of the enemy had retired. Two dead bodies attracted the eye of Ronald, as he passed over them, and being the first men he had ever seen slain, and in so revolting a manner, they made an impression on his mind which was not easily effaced. They were young and good-looking men, and the same cannon-shot had mowed them both down. A complete hole was made in the body of one, and his entrails were scattered about; the legs of the other were carried away, and lay a few yards off, with a ball near them half buried in the turf. Their grenadier caps, each adorned with a brass eagle and red plume, had fallen off, and the frightful distortion of their livid features, with the wild glare of their white and glassy eyes, struck Ronald with a feeling of horror and compassion, which it was long ere he could forget.

"'Queer work this!' said the Major, coolly looking at them over his horse's flank, 'and you don't seem to admire it much, Stuart: but you are a young soldier yet, and will get used to it by and bye. Nothing hardens either the heart or the hide so much as a campaign or two. I learned that in Egypt.'

"'Puir callants! what would their mothers think were they to see their bairns as they lie here noo?' soliloquised Evan, looking after them ruefully.

"'It would be an awfu' sicht for them, or ony o' the peaceable folk at hame,' replied another soldier. 'But what can these twa queer chields, wi' the muckle brimmed hats, be wanting wi' them?'

"'The Spanish dogs! Would to Heaven I might be allowed to shoot them dead,' vociferated Campbell, making

a motion with his hand towards the bear-skin covering of his holsters. 'The scoundrels! they are come to rob and strip the dead.'

"Two Spanish peasants had approached the bodies, about which they exercised their hands so busily, that they soon plundered them of knapsacks, accoutrements, uniform, and everything, leaving the mutilated bodies, stripped to the skin, and exposed on the plain, while they made off towards La Nava with their spoil."

Such is the romance of war! There were, however, cordial and joyous meetings and welcomings when the hard day's work was over:—

"There was scarcely an officer or private of the new comers but was met and greeted by some kinsman or old friend, whose canteen of ration rum or Lisbon wine was at his service; and loud were the shouts of laughter and merriment that arose on all sides. Eager and earnest were the inquiries about village homes and paternal hearths in 'the land of the mountain and the flood,' and to many a Jean, Jessy, and Tibby, were the wooden canteens drained to their dregs! but although the fun 'grew fast and furious' amongst many, there were some whose hearts grew sad at the intelligence which their comrades brought, of some grey head, which they loved and revered, being laid in the dust in some old and well-remembered kirk-yard; or of a faithless Jenny, who preferred a lover at home to one far away in Spain.

"As the shades of night darkened over the plain of La Nava, the sounds died away; and stretching their bare legs on the dewy earth, the hardy Highlanders reposed between the pyramids of firelocks and bayonets that glittered in the red glare of the watch-fires, lighted at certain distances throughout the bivouac, which became quiet for the night, after strong picquets had been posted in the direction of Merida, where fifteen hundred French under the command of General Dombrouski (a Pole in Buonaparte's service) were quartered. Rolled up in a cloak and blanket, Ronald laid himself down like the rest, with the basket-hilt of his claymore for a pillow and clay for his bed; but to sleep in a situation so new and uncomfortable was almost impossible, and he often raised his head to view the strange scene around him.

"The ruddy blaze of the fires was cast upon the worn uniform, faded tartan, and sun-burned knees and faces of the soldiers, giving a strong light and shade, which increased the picturesque and romantic appearance of the bivouac. The arms of the sentries flashed in the light as they paced slowly to and fro on their posts; and farther off were seen the motionless forms of the cavalry videttes, appearing like black equestrian statues in the distance, standing perfectly still, with their long dark cloaks flowing over their horses' flanks; but as the night grew darker, and the light of the watch-fires waned, these distant objects could be no longer discerned.

The bright stars were twinkling in the dark blue sky, and among them a red planet in the west, (the *Tonthena* of Ossian,) which Ronald used to watch for hours at midnight from the battlements of the tower at Lochisla, while listening to the ancient tales of war or woe related by Donald Iverach.

He thought sadly of his home, and of poor Alice Lisle. He gazed upon her miniature until the flickering light of the fire failed him, and then dropped into an uneasy slumber, from which he was startled more than once by the deep howling of wild dogs, or other animals, from that part of the plain where the dead bodies of the slain lay uninterred.

The storm rose, and the rain began about midnight to fall in torrents, and at dawn Ronald found himself steeped in a puddle of water:—

"It became fair about day-break, and Ronald, unable to remain longer on the ground, where the water was actually forming in puddles around him, arose; and, so wet was the soil, that the impression made by the weight of his body was almost immediately filled with water. His limbs were so benumbed and stiff that he could scarcely move, and his clothing was drenched through the blanket and cloak in which he had been muffled up. The soldiers, worn out with the fatigues of the preceding day, lay still until the last moment for rest, and slept in ranks, close together for warmth, with their muskets under their great-coats, and their knapsacks beneath their heads for pillows. Here and there, apart from the rest, one might be seen with his miserable wife and two or three little children huddled close beside him, all nestling under the solitary blanket (provided by Government for each man), from which the steam arose in a column, owing to the heat of their bodies acting on the rain-soaked covering.

"The distant sentinels and cavalry videttes were standing motionless and silent at intervals along the plain, where banks of white mist were rolling slowly in the yellow lustre of the morning sun, the rising light of which was gilding the summits of the mountains above Albuquerque. All was misery and unutterable discomfort. Ronald wrung the water from the feathers of his bonnet, and kept himself in motion to dry his regimentals and underclothing which stuck close to his skin. He now perceived that, in addition to his blanket, Evan had during the storm cast over him his own greatcoat, standing out the misery of the night in his thin uniform. When he met Ronald's eye, he was shivering with cold, exhaustion, and want of sleep.

"'O Evan! my faithful but foolish fellow, what is this you have done? Did you really strip yourself for me, and pass the night thus exposed?' exclaimed Ronald, his heart overflowing with tumultuous feelings at the kindness of his humble follower and old friend.

"'I thocht ye would be cauld, sir,' replied Evan, his teeth chattering while he spoke, "and my heart bled to see ye lying there like a beast of the field on the dreary muir in siccan a miserable and eerie nicht. For me, it mattered naething, for neither my name nor bluid are gentle.'"

The superior officers had found no better accommodation. "Where is the Colonel?" asked Ronald of his faithful vassal.

"'Lying yonder on the bieldy side of his horse.'

"'And Mr. Macdonald?'

"'Is sleeping by the bieldy side of the Major, and a burn of water rinnin round them. Och, sirs! its awfu' wark this for gentlemen's sons.'

"'Rouse, Alister,' said Ronald, stirring him with his sword; 'we shall get under arms immediately. I see through the mist yonder that Howard is preparing to mount.'"

The bivouac was roused by the roll of the drums, and the troops stood to their arms, and, without food, commenced their march. Some of the familiar sights were too harrowing for the young soldier. On the previous night he had seen two men cut down, and their slaughter had ever since haunted his mind:—

"The scattered bones of two skeletons were discovered, red and raw as they had been left by wild animals, which had been busy upon them the livelong night. Yesterday they were active young soldiers, animated probably with spirit, courage, and many a noble sentiment—to-day they were bare skeletons left to bleach unburied on the plain, as the troops had no time to inter them. The old campaigners faced them with comparative indifference; but there was altogether something rather appalling to so young a soldier as Ronald in the lesson of war and mortality before him, and gloomy feelings, which he endeavoured to shake off, took possession of his mind."

The troops marched on; Merida was seen in the distance, where Dombrouski, a Pole, in the service of France, was awaiting the British; but, when he saw General Hill's division advance, he drew off.

"A small ration was now served out to the half-famished soldiers, and thousands of fires were lit in every direction, while all the camp-kettles and pans were put into requisition for cooking, and the axes, saws, and bill-hooks of the pioneers made devastation among the underwood and wild groves to procure fuel.

"The miserable ration consisted of a few ounces of flour and flesh, given to each man alike without distinction. The flesh was that of ill-fed, jaded, and wearied bullocks, which had become too old for agricultural labour, driven up rapidly after the army. Those given to each regiment were instantly shot through the head, flayed, and in a twinkling served out in the allotted quantities, which were placed warm in the camp kettles to boil almost before the circulation of the blood or the vibration of the fibres had ceased.

"This was the usual way in which the military rations were served out in Spain, killed and eaten when the animals were in a state of fever from long and hasty journeys, tough and hard as board leather, in consequence of age, ill-feeding, and want of proper cooking."

Such, again, is the reality, if not the romance of war. More fortunate than many of his brother officers, Ronald obtained the shelter of an old dilapidated house in the suburbs :—

"As the room had no fire-place, Evan made one by means of two stones placed in the centre of the floor. Between them was kindled a fire with one of the doors which Ronald had torn down, and hewn in pieces with his sword.

"The smoke filled the place, and rolled in volumes out at every aperture. A large stone, and Evan's knapsack set on end, composed the furniture; and seated thus, they set about the discussion of their meal, which, when cooked, was but a sorry mess, being merely the tough flesh boiled with the flour, without the aid of a single vegetable—tasteless and insipid; but hunger is said to be 'the best sauce,' and they dispatched it with infinite relish. Each had produced his knife, fork, and spoon, from his haversack—a strong bag of coarse linen, in which provisions are carried on service—and their dinner-set was complete.

"'Hech me, sirs! I would rather sup sour crowdy at the ingle nowk o' auld Lochiels, than chow sic fushionless trash as this,' said Evan, with strong contempt, as he sat squatted on the floor, taking his share of the provision out of a camp-kettle lid, and scarcely seen amid the smoke. 'It micht pass muster wi' a puir ebield like me, but I trow it's no for sic as you, Maister Ronald, or you, Maister Macdonald, or ony gentleman o' that ilk.' * * *

"'It's an unco thing to march far wi' an empty wame, and fecht fasting; it makes my very heart loup like a laverock when I think o' the braw Scotch brechan and kail that the miserable folk here ken nacthing aboot. Oh, it's a puir hole this Spain, I think, either to fecht or forage in.'"

After their unsavoury repast, Ronald and his companion walked out to examine the town. In returning to their quarters, the friends rescued a Spanish officer, who, while serenading a lady, had been set upon by a band of assassins; and much comes of the adventure, besides the introduction of Ronald to Donna Catalina, the beautiful and most grateful sister of Don Alvaro—the gentleman whose life had been saved by the gallantry of Ronald and his friend. The Spaniard, as a first mark of his sense of their services, proposed to transfer them from their miserable quarters to his own residence. How much of what follows is the embellishment of romance, how much exact description, we pretend not to say :—

"They halted before a large mansion, ornamented with lofty columns and broad balconies, upon which the tall windows opened; through the curtains bright rays of light streamed into the dark street. Alvaro applied his hand to the large knocker hanging on the entrance door, which appeared more like the portal of a prison than that of a hidalgo's residence—being low, arched, and studded with iron nails.

"'*Quien es?*' said a voice within.

"'*Gente de paz!*' replied Alvaro, while the light from the passage flashed through a little panel which was drawn aside, and through which they were continually scrutinised.

"The door was immediately opened by an aged and wrinkled female servant, whose bright black eyes contrasted strangely with her skin, which was shrivelled and yellow as an old drum-head. Old Dame Agnes, lamp in hand, led them along a passage, up a broad wooden staircase and into a noble and spacious apartment, which displayed the usual combination of elegance and discomfort, so common in the houses of Spanish nobles. The ceiling presented beautifully-painted panels, and a gorgeous cornice of gilded stucco, supported by pilasters of the Corinthian order; while the floor from which they rose was composed of large square red tiles. Four large casements looked towards the Plaza: they were glazed with glass—a luxury in Spain—but their shutters were rough deal boards, which were barely concealed by the rich white curtains overhanging them. The furniture was oak—massive, clumsy, and old as the days of Don Quixote. Upon the panels of the ceiling, the bases of the pillars, and other places, appeared the blazonry of coats armorial, displaying the alliances of the family of Villa Franca.

"On the table, beside a guitar, castanets, music books, &c., stood a large silver candelabrum, bearing four tall candles, the flames of which flickered in the currents of air flowing through many a chink and crany, as if to remind the three British officers that it was at home only that comfort was to be found. Heat was diffused through the room by means of a pan of glowing charcoal placed in the centre of the floor; and a lady, who sat with her feet resting upon it in the Spanish manner, rose at their entrance.

"As she stood erect, her velvet mantilla fell from her white shoulders, displaying a round and exquisitely-moulded form, tall and full, yet light and graceful. The noble contour of her head, and the delicate outline of her features, were shown by the removal of her black lace veil, which she threw back, permitting it to hang sweeping down behind, giving her that stately and dignified air so common to the Spanish ladies, but of which our own are so deficient, owing, probably, to the extreme stiffness of their head dress. Her skin was fair, exceedingly so for a Spaniard, but the glossy curls of the deepest black falling on her neck, rendered it yet more so by contrast. Her crimson lips, and the fine form of her nostrils; her white transparent brow, and full dark eyes, shining with inexpressible brilliance, struck the three Scots mute with surprise—almost with awe. So showy a beauty had not met their gaze since their departure from Edinburgh; and even Ronald, while keeping his hand within the breast of his coat upon the miniature of Alice, felt his heart beneath it strangely moved at the sight of the fair Spaniard."

No common romance can move on without the help of some incredible monster, some arch-villain, to work the machinery. Such a one had already been encountered by Ronald in his march to Estremadura. It was the same wretch who led the bravoes that had assailed Don Alvaro on the preceding night; and who now, on the march, shot the Scottish ensign from behind a thicket of evergreens, which overhung the road :—

"Ronald Stuart, staggering backwards, fell prostrate and bleeding at the feet of his comrades, from whom burst a wild shout of rage and surprise; but the strictness of British discipline prevented any man from moving in search of the assassin.

"'Hell's fury!' cried Colonel Cameron, spurring his horse to the spot, while his eyes shot fire. 'Search the bushes: forward, men! Do not fire in case of alarming the rear of the column; but fix bayonets, slay, hew, cut to pieces, whoever you find.'

"With mingled curses and shouts, a hundred Highlanders dashed through the thicket; but their heavy knapsacks and the tall plumes of their bonnets impeded their movements in piercing the twisted and tangled branches of the thickly-leaved laurels. They searched the grove through and through, beating the bushes in every direction; but no trace of the assassin was found,

save a broad-brimmed *sombrero*, bearing the figure of the Virgin stamped in pewter, fastened to the band encircling it, which Alister Macdonald found near a gigantic laurel bush, in the midst of the umbrageous branches of which its owner lurked unseen.

"'It is the hat of Cifuentes—the vagabond of our last night's adventure'—said Alister, hewing a passage through the bushes with his sword, and regaining the regiment.

"'I would you had brought his head rather. O that it was within the reach of my trusty stick! I would scorn to wet Andrea with his base blood.' A frown of rage contracted the broad brow of Campbell while he spoke, holding in one hand a steel Highland pistol, which he had drawn from his holsters for the purpose of executing dire vengeance, had opportunity offered.

"'By all the powers above!' cried Alister, with fierce and stern energy, 'if ever this accursed Spaniard crosses my path, I will make his head fly from his shoulders, as I would a thistle from its stalk! nor shall all the corregidors and alcaldes in Spain prevent me. But how is Stuart? Poor fellow! he looks very pale. Has he lost much blood?'

"Ronald, supported on the arm of Evan Iverach, stood erect within a circle formed by the officers, who crowded round, while one of the regimental surgeons examined his left arm, which had been wounded by the shot.

"'O, gude sake! be gentle wi' him, Doctor!' said honest Evan, in great anguish."

And every one was gentle; and Ronald was consigned to the yet more gentle leeching of Donna Catalina. The presence of her uncle, the fat prior, gave decorum to the arrangement; but that worthy seldom came in the way of Catalina and her charge—a handsome youth, who had come to fight for her country, and who but last night had saved the life of her brother. What follows is touching. It is not the romance of war, indeed, but the reality of natural sentiment—

"Weak and exhausted from the loss of blood, and his head buzzing with Mendizabal's discourse, right glad was Ronald when he found himself in a comfortable and splendid couch—Catalina's own, which she had resigned for his use as the best in the house—with its curtains drawn round for the night: and he forgot, in a dreamy and uneasy slumber, the exciting passages of the last few days, the danger of his wound, and the sunny eyes of the donna.

"The tolling bells of a neighbouring steeple awakened him early next morning, and brought his mind back to the world, and a long chain of disagreeable thoughts.

"There is scarcely anything which makes one feel so much from home as the sound of a strange church bell; and the deep and hollow ding-dong which rung from the Gothic steeple of San Juan was very different from the merry rattle of the well-known kirk bell at Lochisla. Ronald thought of that village bell, and the noble peasantry whom it was wont to call to prayer; and the association brought a gush of fond and sad recollections into his mind. He felt himself, as it were, deserted in a strange country—among a people of whose language he knew almost nothing: he looked round him, and his apartment appeared strange and foreign—every object it presented was new and peculiar to his eye. He thought of Scotland—of HOME—home, with all its ten thousand dear and deeply-impressed associations, until he wept like a child, and his mind became a prey to most profound and intense dejection; suffering from the home sickness an acuteness and agony of feeling which only those can know who have been so unhappy as to experience this amiable feeling; one which exists all-powerfully in the hearts of the Scots, who, although great travellers and wanderers from home, ever turn their thoughts, fondly and sadly, to the lofty mountains, the green forests, and the rushing rivers which they first beheld when young, and to the grassy sod that covers the dust of their warrior ancestors, and which they wish to cover their own, when they follow them 'to the land of the leal.'

"The feverish state of his body had communicated itself to his mind; and for several days and nights, in the solitude of his chamber, he brooded over the memory of his native place, enduring the acuteness of the nostalgia in no small degree: and even the fair Catalina, with her songs, her guitar, and her castanets, failed to enliven him, at least for a time; his whole pleasure—and a gloomy pleasure it was—being to brood over the memory of his far-off home. The dreams that haunted the broken slumbers, which the pain of his wound permitted him to snatch, served but to increase the disorder; and often from a pleasing vision of his paternal tower, with its mountain loch and pathless pine forests—of his white-haired sire as he first beheld him—or of Alice Lisle, smiling and beautiful, with her bright eyes and curling tresses, twining her arms endearingly round him, and laying her soft cheek to his—he was awakened by some confounded circumstance, which again brought on him the painful and soul-absorbing lethargy, which weighed down every faculty, rendering him careless of every present object save the miniature of Alice."

Gradually Ronald recovered, and slowly began to feel that he had been venturing too far. "Yes," he said to himself, "if I would preserve a true heart, and my allegiance to Alice, I must fly from you, Catalina."—

"While he reasoned thus with himself, Catalina raised her dark and laughing eyes to his, while she struck the chords of her instrument, and sang a few words of a very beautiful Spanish air. So melodious was her tone, so graceful her manner, so winning the expression of eye, who can wonder that Ronald's resolution melted like snow in the sunshine, and that he felt himself vanquished? Poor Alice! With an air of tenderness and embarrassment, he took the little hand of the donna within his own. She read in his eye the thoughts that passed through his mind: she cast down her long jetty lashes, while a rich bloom suffused her soft cheek. Ronald was about to murmur forth something—in fact, he knew not what—when a loud knocking at the outer gate of the mansion, and the sound of a well-known voice, aroused him.

"'Unbar the yett this instant, ye aul' doited gomeral! I will see my Maister in spite o' ye,' cried Evan impatiently, while Agnes delayed unbarring the door to so boisterous a visiter.

"'*Caramba, senor! Quien es?*' she repeated.

"'Gudewife, I speak nae language but my ain; so ye needna waste your wind by speirin' questions that I canna answer.'

"At Ronald's desire, the old housekeeper undid the door, which was well secured by many a bar and lock; and he immediately saw the waving plumes of Evan's bonnet dancing above the shrubbery, as he came hastily towards the fountain, with his musket at the long trail, and his uniform and accoutrements covered with the dust of a long day's march. His joy was unbounded on seeing his master, and rapid and quick were the earnest inquiries he made, without waiting for answers, concerning his wound, and how he had been treated 'by the unco folk he had been left to bide amang—begging the bonnie leddy's pardon.'"

An old newspaper, which was found among Evan's dispatches, came opportunely to cover Ronald's disloyalty; for it announced, amongst its other lying chronicles, the intended marriage of Lord Hyndford—there was then a Lord Hyndford—with the only daughter of Sir Allan Lisle. The brother of that young lady, we should have told had now arrived in Spain, like Ronald, an ensign in the "Gordons"; and Louis Lisle was the earliest friend of Ronald.

Though swerving from his fealty himself, Ronald claimed the privilege of his sex to be madly wroth with the faithlessness of Alice;—"Hyndford — Carmichael, Earl of Hyndford! Ay! the glitter of the coronet has more charms for her than a subaltern's epaulet. But I would not be my father's son if I thought more of her." And now, like a true man, Mr. Ensign Stuart, when about to be deprived of his mistress, not through his own inconstancy

but her faithlessness, felt the full value of what he had been wilfully throwing away. But this is the romance of printed romances, and our business is with the romance of war. Some of that romance is too horrible, too revolting, to be placed before the reader; though that such scenes have passed, nay, are frequent in lands where this scourge is raging, is but too true. Among these passages is the fate of Donna Catalina, which even a more practised fictionist would not, in all its dreadful horrors, have ventured to present so nakedly. It would have required no ordinary skill to have rendered the catastrophe of Catalina fit for representation in a work of entertainment. It is enough that this beautiful creature became the victim of the monster-villain of the story. But private sorrow and affection must give way to public duty. Almarez was to be taken; and the British General baffled for a time, at last succeeded in carrying the forts. One of these had been gallantly defended by D'Estouville, the French officer, with whom, when a prisoner of war, Ronald had become acquainted in Edinburgh Castle.

We cannot give the long conversation of the officers, aliens in nation but friends in heart, when they met for the last time, and under the most painful circumstances. Life was ebbing fast with D'Estouville, but his spirit was unchanged:—

"He spoke now with more difficulty, and at longer intervals, 'Glory to France, and long life to the great Emperor, and I trust he will think Major D'Estouville has done his duty. Almarez I defended to the last; and Maurice, had you not cut the pontoon we might have effected our retreat. The Emperor would have saved four hundred soldiers of his noble old Guard.'

"'And your life, Victor'—

"'A mere bagatelle! I lay it down in his service.'

"'*Vive l' Empereur!*' cried one of his soldiers, who lay within hearing on their pallets of straw. The shout was taken up by many, and echoed through distant parts of the Chapel. D'Estouville's eye flashed brightly, he waved his hand as he would have brandished his sword, and, exhausted with speaking, and the emotions which the gallant battle cry aroused within him, he again sank backwards, and by the spasms which crossed his pallid features, they saw too surely that the moment of death was nigh. Again, rousing himself from his lethargy, he beckoned to Ronald, who knelt down beside him.

"'I would speak to you of Diane de Montmichel,' he whispered, in tremulous and broken accents. 'Her husband, Monsieur le Baron—de Clappourknuis—the letter I gave you at Truxillo; ah! *mon ami*, do you not understand me?'

"'Indeed I do not, D'Estouville.'

"'The hand of the grim king of terrors is upon me: the sands of life are ebbing fast, and my voice will fail me soon. Monsieur le Baron—'

"'Is released from the Castle of Albuquerque, and has passed over to the French lines. Think not of these, D'Estouville.'

"'I—I would give you a message to Diane.'

"'Alas, how can I ever deliver it?'

"'Find means, *croix Dieu!*' muttered he piteously. 'Kneel closer to me. I depend on your honour, Monsieur Stuart. Diane—Diane'—

"'What of her? Say—say ere it be too late!'

"But there was no reply. What the Frenchman would have said expired on his lips, and he fell back speechless on the hard knapsack which formed his pillow.

"He never spoke again; but in a few minutes died, and without a struggle."

We might multiply such descriptions, but it is enough to have exhibited the general character of the "Highlanders in Spain." Of connected story, there is little, and even the incidents are of a desultory kind, as the author takes up whatever theme may serve for a sketch of military operations or scenic description. We should have liked to show our readers some of the stronger points—the Passes of the Pyrennees, or the Passage of the Nive—but cannot even quote the account of the brave enterprise of the hero, Ronald, and the small and gallant party which he led on a most hazardous service, though it is the closing scene, and one of the most finished, as a picture of actual war, in the volumes.

When our heroes have, in the three volumes yet to come, fought their way through France, conquered at Waterloo, and returned to Scotland, we may, perhaps, meet them again. Meanwhile, as a farewell to the "Romance of War," we give a glimpse of the field of Vittoria on the day after the battle:—

"As Ronald passed slowly onwards to that part of the heights whence he expected to have a view of the whole battle-field, he beheld the officer whom he had encountered lying dead, pierced with a score of bayonet wounds. A soldier of the light company lay dead across him, with his face literally dashed to pieces by a blow from the butt-end of a musket, and so much was he disfigured that it was impossible to recognise him. Close by a piper of the 71st lay dead with his pipe under his arm; his blood had formed a black pool around him of more than a yard square. Hundreds were lying everywhere in the same condition; but further details would only prove tiresome or revolting.

"With much difficulty Stuart gained the extremity of the ridge, and the whole soul-stirring display of the field of Vittoria burst at once upon his gaze, extending over a space of ground fully six miles in length. Truly thicker than leaves in autumn, the bodies of men were strewed along the whole length of the hostile armies. The warm light of the setting sun was beaming on the mountain tops; but its lustre had long since faded on the sylvan vale of the Zadorra, where the shadows of evening were setting on the pale faces of the dead and the dying. The plains of Vittoria, too, were growing dark, but at the first view Ronald was enabled to perceive, and his heart beat proudly while he did so, that the allies had conquered, and the boastful story of the Gaul was false.

"Afar off he beheld dense clouds of dust rolling along the roads which led to Pampeluna and Bayonne. There the glistening arms were flashing in the light of the western sky, as the brigades of British cavalry swept on like whirlwinds, charging and driving before them *sabre à la main* the confused masses of French infantry, who, when their position was abandoned, retired hurriedly towards the main roads for France. He saw his own division far down the plain driving a column like a herd of sheep along the banks of the river towards Vittoria, beyond which they pursued them, until the smoke of the conflict, and the dust which marked its route, were hidden by the cloud of night.

"But long before this he had begun to descend the hills, and weak and wearied as he was, he found it no easy task to scramble among the furze, briars, and brambles, with which their sides were covered. At the foot of them he found many men of his own regiment lying dead. These had been slain by the fire of a few field pieces, which the French had brought to bear upon them while moving towards Puebla. The moon broke forth when he reached the bank of the Zadorra, which he forded, the water rising up to his waist. * * * *

"No shrieks now saluted his ears as he passed over the plain; but groans, deep and harrowing groans of agony, and half-muttered cries for water, or pious ejaculations, were heard on every side; while the ghastly and distorted faces, the glazed and upturned eyes, the black and bloody wounds of the dead, appeared horrible as the pale light of the moon fell on them. The vast field, although so many thousand men lay prostrate upon it, was, comparatively speaking, still; and to Ronald there seemed something sad and awful in the silence which succeeded the ear-deafening roar of the battle which had rung there the livelong day. Many a strong hand was stretched there powerless, and many a gallant heart, which had beat high with hope and bravery in the morning, lay there cold enough at night.

"Little think the good folk at home—those who for days would be haunted by the memory of some sudden death which possibly they had witnessed in the streets—little do these good people imagine, or perhaps care for, the mighty amount of misery accumulated on a single battle-field, and the woe it may carry into many a happy home and domestic circle. But the agony of dying men and the tears of women are alike forgotten and unheeded, when forts fire, cities illuminate, balls are given, and mails sweep along decorated with flags and laurels in honour of a victory."

JOAN OF ARC.*

In reference to M. Michelet's History of France.

BY THOMAS DE QUINCEY.

WHAT is to be thought of *her?* What is to be thought of the poor shepherd girl from the hills and forests of Lorraine, that—like the Hebrew shepherd boy from the hills and forests of Judæa—rose suddenly out of the quiet, out of the safety, out of the religious inspiration, rooted in deep pastoral solitudes, to a station in the van of armies, and to the more perilous station at the right hand of kings? The Hebrew boy inaugurated his patriotic mission by an *act*, by a victorious *act*, such as no man could deny. But so did the girl of Lorraine, if we read her story as it was read by those who saw her nearest. Adverse armies bore witness to the boy as no pretender: but so they did to the gentle girl. Judged by the voices of all who saw them *from a station of good will*, both were found true and loyal to any promises involved in their first acts. Enemies it was that made the difference between their subsequent fortunes. The boy rose—to a splendour and a noon-day prosperity, both personal and public, that rang through the records of his people, and became a bye-word amongst his posterity for a thousand years, until the sceptre was departing from Judah. The poor, forsaken girl, on the contrary, drank not herself from that cup of rest which she had secured for France. She never sang together with the songs that rose in her native Domrémy, as echoes to the departing steps of invaders. She mingled not in the festal dances at Vaucouleurs which celebrated in rapture the redemption of France. No! for her voice was then silent: No! for her feet were dust. Pure, innocent, noble-hearted girl! whom, from earliest youth, ever I believed in as full of truth and self-sacrifice, this was amongst the strongest pledges for *thy* side, that never once—no, not for a moment of weakness—didst thou revel in the vision of coronets and honour from man. Coronets for thee! Oh no! Honours, if they come when all is over, are for those that share thy blood.† Daughter of Domrémy, when the gratitude of thy king shall awaken, thou wilt be sleeping the sleep of the dead. Call her, King of France, but she will not hear thee! Cite her by thy apparitors to come and receive a robe of honour, but she will be found *en contumace*. When the thunders of universal France, as even yet may happen, shall proclaim the grandeur of the poor shepherd girl that gave up all for her country—thy ear, young shepherd girl, will have been deaf for five centuries. To suffer and to do, that was thy portion in this life; to *do*—never for thyself, always for others; to *suffer*—never in the persons of generous champions, always in thy own:—that was thy destiny; and not for a moment was it hidden from thyself. Life, thou said'st, is short: and the sleep, which is in the grave, is long! Let me use that life, so transitory, for the glory of those heavenly dreams destined to comfort the sleep which is so long. This pure creature—pure from every suspicion of even a visionary self-interest, even as she was pure in senses more obvious—never once did this holy child, as regarded herself, relax from her belief in the darkness that was travelling to meet her. She might not prefigure the very manner of her death; she saw not in vision perhaps the aërial altitude of the fiery scaffold, the spectators without end on every road pouring into Rouen as to a coronation, the surging smoke, the volleying flames, the hostile faces all around, the pitying eye that lurked but here and there until nature and imperishable truth broke loose from artificial restraints; these might not be apparent through the mists of the hurrying future. But the voice that called her to death, *that* she heard for ever.

Great was the throne of France even in those days, and great was he that sate upon it: but well Joanna knew that not the throne, nor he that sate upon it, was for *her;* but, on the con-

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* *Arc*:—Modern France, that should know a great deal better than myself, insists that the name is not d'Arc, *i. e.* of Arc, but *Darc*. Now it happens sometimes, that if a person, whose position guarantees his access to the best information, will content himself with gloomy dogmatism, striking the table with his fist, and saying in a terrific voice—"It is so; and there's an end of it,"—one bows deferentially, and submits. But if, unhappily for himself, won by this docility, he relents too amiably into reasons and arguments, probably one raises an insurrection against him that may never be crushed; for in the fields of logic one can skirmish, perhaps, as well as he. Had he confined himself to dogmatism; he would have entrenched his position in darkness, and have hidden his own vulnerable points. But, coming down to base reasons, he lets in light, and one sees where to plant the blows. Now, the worshipful reason of modern France for disturbing the old received spelling, is—that Jean Hordal, a descendant of *La Pucelle's* brother, spelled the name *Darc*, in 1612. But what of that? Beside the chances that M. Hordal might be a gigantic blockhead, it is notorious that what small matter of spelling Providence had thought fit to disburse amongst man in the seventeenth century, was all monopolised by printers: in France, much more so.

† *Those that share thy blood*:—a collateral relative of Joanna's was subsequently ennobled by the title of *du Lys*.

trary, that she was for *them*; not she by them, but they by her, should rise from the dust. Gorgeous were the lilies of France, and for centuries had the privilege to spread their beauty over land and sea, until, in another century, the wrath of God and man combined to wither them; but well Joanna knew, early at Domrémy she had read that bitter truth, that the lilies of France would decorate no garland for *her*. Flower nor bud, bell nor blossom, would ever bloom for *her*.

But stop. What reason is there for taking up this subject of Joanna precisely in this spring of 1847? Might it not have been left till the spring of 1947? or, perhaps, left till called for? Yes, but it *is* called for; and clamorously. You are aware, reader, that amongst the many original thinkers, whom modern France has produced, one of the reputed leaders is M. Michelet. All these writers are of a revolutionary cast; not in a political sense merely, but in all senses: mad, oftentimes, as March hares; crazy with the laughing-gas of recovered liberty; drunk with the wine-cup of their mighty Revolution; snorting, whinnying, throwing up their heels, like wild horses in the boundless Pampas, and running races of defiance with snipes, or with the winds, or with their own shadows, if they can find nothing else to challenge. Some time or other, I, that have leisure to read, may introduce *you*, that have not, to two or three dozen of these writers; of whom I can assure you beforehand that they are often profound, and at intervals are even as impassioned as if they were come of our best English blood, and sometimes (because it is not pleasant that people should be too easy to understand) almost as obscure as if they had been suckled by transcendental German nurses. But now, confining our attention to M. Michelet—who is quite sufficient to lead a man into a gallop, requiring two relays, at least, of fresh readers;—we in England—who know him best by his worst book, the book against Priests, &c., which has been most circulated—know him disadvantageously. That book is a rhapsody of incoherence. M. Michelet was light-headed, I believe, when he wrote it: and it is well that his keepers overtook him in time to intercept a second part. But his *History of France* is quite another thing. A man, in whatsoever craft he sails, cannot stretch away out of sight when he is linked to the windings of the shore by towing ropes of history. Facts, and the consequences of facts, draw the writer back to the falconer's lure from the giddiest heights of speculation. Here, therefore—in his *France*—if not always free from flightiness, if now and then off like a rocket for an airy wheel in the clouds, M. Michelet, with natural politeness, never forgets that he has left a large audience waiting for him on earth, and gazing upwards in anxiety for his return: return, therefore, he does. But History, though clear of certain temptations in one direction, has separate dangers of its own. It is impossible so to write a History of France, or of England—works becoming every hour more indispensable to the inevitably-political man of this day—without perilous openings for assault. If I, for instance, on the part of England, should happen to turn my labours into that channel, and (on the model of Lord Percy going to Chevy Chase)—

> ——— "A vow to God should make
> My pleasure in the Michelet woods
> Three summer days to take,"

—propably from simple delirium, I might hunt M. Michelet into *delirium tremens*. Two strong angels stand by the side of History, whether French History or English, as heraldic supporters: the angel of Research on the left hand, that must read millions of dusty parchments, and of pages blotted with lies; the angel of Meditation on the right hand, that must cleanse these lying records with fire, even as of old the draperies of *asbestos* were cleansed, and must quicken them into regenerated life. Willingly I acknowledge that no man will ever avoid innumerable errors of detail: with so vast a compass of ground to traverse, this is impossible: but such errors (though I have a bushel on hand, at M. Michelet's service) are not the game I chase: it is the bitter and unfair spirit in which M. Michelet writes against England. Even *that*, after all, is but my secondary object: the real one is Joanna, the Pucelle d'Orleans, for herself.

I am not going to write the History of *La Pucelle*: to do this, or even circumstantially to report the history of her persecution and bitter death, of her struggle with false witnesses and with ensnaring judges, it would be necessary to have before us *all* the documents, and, therefore, the collection only now forthcoming in Paris. But *my* purpose is narrower. There have been great thinkers, disdaining the careless judgments of contemporaries, who have thrown themselves boldly on the judgment of a far posterity, that should have had time to review, to ponder, to compare. There have been great actors on the stage of tragic humanity that might, with the same depth of confidence, have appealed from the levity of compatriot friends—too heartless for the sublime interest of their story, and too impatient for the labour of sifting its perplexities—to the magnanimity and justice of enemies. To this class belongs the Maid of Arc. The Romans were too faithful to the ideal of grandeur in themselves not to relent, after a generation or two, before the grandeur of Hannibal. Mithridates—a more doubtful person—yet, merely for the magic perseverance of his indomitable malice, won from the same Romans the only real honour that ever he received on earth. And we English have ever shown the same homage to stubborn enmity. To work unflinchingly for the ruin of England; to say through life, by word and by deed—*Delenda est Anglia Victrix!* that one purpose of malice, faithfully pursued, has quartered some people upon our national funds of homage as by a perpetual annuity. Better than an inheritance of service rendered to England herself, has sometimes proved the most insane hatred to England. Hyder Ali, even his far inferior son

Tippoo, and Napoleon—have all benefitted by this disposition amongst ourselves to exaggerate the merit of diabolic enmity. Not one of these men was ever capable, in a solitary instance, of praising an enemy—[what do you say to *that*, reader?] and yet, in *their* behalf, we consent to forget, not their crimes only, but (which is worse) their hideous bigotry and anti-magnanimous egotism; for nationality it was not. Suffrein, and some half dozen of other French nautical heroes, because rightly they did us all the mischief they could, [which was really great] are names justly reverenced in England. On the same principle, La Pucelle d'Orleans, the victorious enemy of England, has been destined to receive her deepest commemoration from the magnanimous justice of Englishmen.

Joanna, as we in England should call her, but, according to her own statement, Jeanne (or, as M. Michelet asserts, Jean*) d'Arc, was born at Domrémy, a village on the marches of Lorraine and Champagne, and dependent upon the town of Vaucouleurs. I have called her a Lorrainer, not simply because the word is prettier, but because Champagne too odiously reminds us English of what are for *us* imaginary wines, which, undoubtedly, *La Pucelle* tasted as rarely as we English; we English, because the Champagne of London is chiefly grown in Devonshire; *La Pucelle*, because the Champagne of Champagne never, by any chance, flowed into the fountain of Domrémy, from which only she drank. M. Michelet will have her to be a *Champenoise*, and for no better reason than that she "took after her father," who happened to be a *Champenois*. I am sure she did *not:* for her father was a filthy old fellow, whom I shall soon teach the judicious reader to hate. But, (says M. Michelet, arguing the case physiologically) "she had none of the Lorrainian asperity;" no, it seems she had only "the gentleness of Champagne, its simplicity mingled with sense and acuteness, as you find it in Joinville." All these things she had; and she was worth a thousand Joinvilles, meaning either the prince so called, or the fine old crusader. But still, though I love Joanna dearly, I cannot shut my eyes entirely to the Lorraine element of "asperity" in her nature. No; really now, she must have had a shade of *that*, though very slightly developed—a mere soupçon, as French cooks express it in speaking of cayonne pepper, when she caused so many of our English throats to be cut. But could she do less? No: I always say so; but still you never saw a person kill even a trout with a perfectly "Champagne" face of "gentleness and simplicity," though often, no doubt, with considerable "acuteness." All your cooks and butchers wear a *Lorraine* cast of expression.

These disputes, however, turn on refinements too nice. Domrémy stood upon the frontiers; and, like other frontiers, produced a *mixed* race representing the *cis* and the *trans*. A river (it is true) formed the boundary line at this point—the river Meuse; and *that* in old days might have divided the populations; but in these days it did not—there were bridges, there were ferries, and weddings crossed from the right bank to the left. Here lay two great roads, not so much for travellers, that were few, as for armies that were too many by half. These two roads, one of which was the great high road between France and Germany, *decussated* at this very point; which is a learned way of saying that they formed a St. Andrew's cross, or letter of X. I hope the compositor will choose a good large X, in which case the point of intersection, the *locus* of conflux for these four diverging arms, will finish the reader's geographical education, by showing him to a hair's breadth where it was that Domrémy stood. These roads, so grandly situated, as great trunk arteries between two mighty realms,* and haunted for ever by wars or rumours of wars, decussated (for anything I know to the contrary) absolutely under Joanna's bed-room window; one rolling away to the right, past Monsieur D'Arc's old barn, and the other, unaccountably preferring, (but there's no disputing about tastes), to sweep round that odious man's odious pigstye to the left.

Things being situated as is here laid down, viz. in respect of the decussation, and in respect of Joanna's bed-room; it follows that, if she had dropped her glove by accident from her chamber window into the very bull's-eye of the target, in the centre of X, not one of several great potentates could (though all animated by the sincerest desires for the peace of Europe) have possibly come to any clear understanding on the question of whom the glove was meant for. Whence the candid reader perceives at once the necessity for at least four bloody wars. Falling indeed a little farther, as, for instance, into the pigstye, the glove could not have furnished to the most peppery prince any shadow of excuse for arming: he would not have had a leg to stand upon in taking such a perverse line of conduct. But, if it fell (as by the hypothesis it did) into the one sole point of ground common to four kings, it is clear that, instead of no leg to stand upon, eight separate legs would have had no ground to stand upon unless by treading on each other's toes. The philosopher, therefore, sees clearly the necessity of a war, and regrets that sometimes nations do not wait for grounds of war so solid.

* "*Jean*":—M. Michelet asserts that there was a mystical meaning at that æra in calling a child *Jean;* it implied a secret commendation of a child, if not a dedication, to St. John the Evangelist, the beloved disciple, the apostle of love and mysterious visions. But, really, as the name was so exceedingly common, few people will detect a mystery in calling a *boy* by the name of Jack, though it *does* seem mysterious to call a girl Jack. It may be less so in France, where a beautiful practice has always prevailed of giving to a boy his mother's name—preceded and strengthened by a male name, as *Charles Anne, Victor Victoire*. In cases where a mother's memory has been unusually dear to a son, this vocal memento of her, locked into the circle of his own name, gives to it the tenderness of a testamentary relique, or a funeral ring. I presume, therefore, that *la Pucelle* must have borne the baptismal names of Jeanne Jean; the latter with no reference to so sublime a person as St. John, but simply to some relative.

* And reminding one of that inscription, so justly admired by Paul Richter, which a Russian Czarina placed on a guide post near Moscow—*This is the road that leads to Constantinople.*

In the circumstances supposed, though the four kings might be unable to see their way clearly without the help of gunpowder to any decision upon Joanna's intention, she—poor thing!—never could mistake her intentions for a moment. All her love was for France; and, therefore, any glove she might drop into the *quadrivium* must be wickedly missent by the post-office, if it found its way to any king but the king of France.

On whatever side of the border chance had thrown Joanna, the same love to France would have been nurtured. For it is a strange fact, noticed by M. Michelet and others, that the Dukes of Bar and Lorraine had for generations pursued the policy of eternal warfare with France on their own account, yet also of eternal amity and league with France in case anybody else presumed to attack her. Let peace settle upon France, and before long you might rely upon seeing the little vixen Lorraine flying at the throat of France. Let France be assailed by a formidable enemy, and instantly you saw a Duke of Lorraine or Bar insisting on having his throat cut in support of France; which favour accordingly was cheerfully granted to them in three great successive battles by the English and by the Turkish Sultan, viz., at Crécy, at Nicopolis, and at Agincourt.

This sympathy with France during great eclipses in those that during ordinary seasons were always teasing her with brawls and guerrilla inroads, strengthened the natural piety to France of those that were confessedly the children of her own house. The outposts of France, as one may call the great frontier provinces, were of all localities the most devoted to the Fleurs de Lys. To witness, at any great crisis, the generous devotion to these lilies of the little fiery cousin that in gentler weather was for ever tilting at her breast, could not but fan the zeal of the legitimate daughter: whilst to occupy a post of honour on the frontiers against an old hereditary enemy of France, would naturally have stimulated this zeal by a sentiment of martial pride, had there even been no other stimulant to zeal by a sense of danger always threatening, and of hatred always smouldering. That great four-headed road was a perpetual memento to patriotic ardour. To say, this way lies the road to Paris—and that other way to Aix-la-Chapelle, this to Prague, that to Vienna—nourished the warfare of the heart by daily ministrations of sense. The eye that watched for the gleams of lance or helmet from the hostile frontier, the ear that listened for the groaning of wheels, made the highroad itself, with its relations to centres so remote, into a manual of patriotic enmity.

The situation, therefore, *locally* of Joanna was full of profound suggestions to a heart that listened for the stealthy steps of change and fear that too surely were in motion. But if the place were grand, the times, the burthen of the times, was far more so. The air overhead in its upper chambers was *hurtling* with the obscure sound; was dark with sullen fermenting of storms that had been gathering for a hundred and thirty years. The battle of Agincourt in Joanna's childhood had re-opened the wounds of France. Crécy and Poictiers, those withering overthrows for the chivalry of France, had been tranquillised by more than half a century; but this resurrection of their trumpet wails made the whole series of battles and endless skirmishes take their stations as parts in one drama. The graves that had closed sixty years ago, seemed to fly open in sympathy with a sorrow that echoed their own. The monarchy of France laboured in extremity, rocked and reeled like a ship fighting with the darkness of monsoons. The madness of the poor King (Charles VI.) falling in at such a crisis, like the case of women labouring in childbirth during the storming of a city, trebled the awfulness of the time. Even the wild story of the incident which had immediately occasioned the explosion of this madness—the case of a man unknown, gloomy, and perhaps maniacal himself, coming out of a forest at noonday, laying his hand upon the bridle of the King's horse, checking him for a moment to say, "Oh, King, thou art betrayed," and then vanishing no man knew whither, as he had appeared for no man knew what—fell in with the universal prostration of mind that laid France on her knees as before the slow unweaving of some ancient prophetic doom. The famines, the extraordinary diseases, the insurrections of the peasantry up and down Europe, these were chords struck from the same mysterious harp; but these were transitory chords. There had been others of deeper and more ominous sound. The termination of the crusades, the destruction of the Templars, the Papal interdicts, the tragedies caused or suffered by the House of Anjou, by the Emperor—these were full of a more permanent significance; but since then the colossal figure of feudalism was seen standing as it were on tiptoe at Crécy for flight from earth: that was a revolution unparalleled; yet *that* was a trifle by comparison with the more fearful revolutions that were mining below the Church. By her own internal schisms, by the abominable spectacle of a double Pope—so that no man, except through political bias, could even guess which was Heaven's vicegerent, and which the creature of hell—she was already rehearsing, as in still earlier forms she had rehearsed, the first rent in her foundations (reserved for the coming century) which no man should ever heal.

These were the loftiest peaks of the cloudland in the skies that to the scientific gazer first caught the colours of the *new* morning in advance. But the whole vast range alike of sweeping glooms overhead, dwelt upon all meditative minds, even those that could not distinguish the altitudes nor decipher the forms. It was, therefore, not her own age alone, as affected by its immediate calamities, that lay with such weight upon Joanna's mind; but her own age, as one section in a vast mysterious drama, unweaving through a century back, and drawing nearer continually to crisis after crisis. Cataracts and rapids were heard roaring a-head; and signs were seen far back, by help of old men's memories, which answered secretly to signs now coming forward on the eye,

even as locks answer to keys. It was not wonderful that in such a haunted solitude, with such a haunted heart, Joanne should see angelic visions, and hear angelic voices. These voices whispered to her the duty, imposed upon herself, of delivering France. Five years she listened to these monitory voices with internal struggles. At length she could resist no longer. Doubt gave way; and she left her home in order to present herself at the Dauphin's court.

The education of this poor girl was mean according to the present standard; was ineffably grand, according to a purer philosophic standard; and only not good for our age, because for us it would be unattainable. She read nothing, for she could not read; but she had heard others read parts of the Roman martyrology. She wept in sympathy with the sad *Miserere*s of the Romish chaunting; she rose to heaven with the glad triumphant *Gloria in Excelcis*: she drew her comfort and her vital strength from the rites of her church. But, next after these spiritual advantages, she owed most to the advantages of her situation. The fountain of Domrémy was on the brink of a boundless forest; and it was haunted to that degree by fairies that the parish priest (*curé*) was obliged to read mass there once a-year, in order to keep them in any decent bounds. Fairies are important, even in a statistical view; certain weeds mark poverty in the soil, fairies mark its solitude. As surely as the wolf retires before cities, does the fairy sequester herself from the haunts of licensed victuallers. A village is too much for her nervous delicacy: at most, she can tolerate a distant view of a hamlet. We may judge, therefore, by the uneasiness and extra trouble which they gave to the parson, in what strength the fairies mustered at Domrémy, and, by a satisfactory consequence, how thinly sown with men and women must have been that region even in its inhabited spots. But the forests of Domrémy—those were the glories of the land: for, in them abode mysterious powers and ancient secrets that towered into tragic strength. "Abbeys there were, and abbey windows, dim and dimly seen — as Moorish temples of the Hindoos," that exercised even princely power both in Lorraine and in the German Diets. These had their sweet bells that pierced the forests for many a league at matins or vespers, and each its own dreamy legend. Few enough, and scattered enough, were these abbeys, in no degree to disturb the deep solitude of the region; many enough to spread a net-work or awning of Christian sanctity over what else might have seemed a heathen wilderness. This sort of religious talisman being secured, a man the most afraid of ghosts (like myself, suppose, or the reader), becomes armed into courage to wander for days in their sylvan recesses. The mountains of the Vosges on the eastern frontier of France, have never attracted much notice from Europe, except in 1813—14, for a few brief months, when they fell within Napoleon's line of defence against the Allies. But they are interesting for this, amongst other features—that they do not, like some loftier ranges, repel woods: the forests and they are on sociable terms. *Live and let live* is their motto. For this reason, in part, these tracts in Lorraine were a favourite hunting ground with the Carlovingian princes. About six hundred years before Joanna's childhood, Charlemagne was known to have hunted there. That, of itself, was a grand incident in the traditions of a forest or a chace. In these vast forests, also, were to be found (if the race was not extinct) those mysterious fawns that tempted solitary hunters into visionary and perilous pursuits. Here was seen, at intervals, that ancient stag who was already nine hundred years old, at the least, but possibly a hundred or two more, when met by Charlemagne; and the thing was put beyond doubt by the inscription upon his golden collar. I believe Charlemagne knighted the stag; and, if ever he is met again by a king, he ought to be made an earl—or, being upon the marches of France, a marquess. Observe, I don't absolutely vouch for all these things: my own opinion varies. On a fine breezy forenoon I am audaciously sceptical; but as twilight sets in, my credulity becomes equal to anything that could be desired. And I have heard candid sportsmen declare that, outside of these very forests near the Vosges, they laughed loudly at all the dim tales connected with their haunted solitudes; but, on reaching a spot notoriously eighteen miles deep within them, they agreed with Sir Roger de Coverley that a good deal might be said on both sides.

Such traditions, or any others that (like the stag) connect distant generations with each other, are, for that cause, sublime; and the sense of the shadowy, connected with such appearances that reveal themselves or not according to circumstances, leaves a colouring of sanctity over ancient forests, even in those minds that utterly reject the legend as a fact.

But, apart from all distinct stories of that order, in any solitary frontier between two great empires, as here, for instance, or in the desert between Syria and the Euphrates, there is an inevitable tendency, in minds of any deep sensibility to people the solitudes with phantom images of powers that were of old so vast. Joanna, therefore, in her quiet occupation of a shepherdess, would be led continually to brood over the political condition of her country, by the traditions of the past no less than by the mementoes of the local present.

M. Michelet, indeed, says that La Pucelle was *not* a shepherdess. I beg his pardon: she *was*. What he rests upon, I guess pretty well: it is the evidence of a woman called Haumette, the most confidential friend of Joanna. Now, she is a good witness, and a good girl, and I like her; for she makes a natural and affectionate report of Joanna's ordinary life. But still, however good she may be as a witness, Joanna is better; and she, when speaking to the Dauphin, calls herself in the Latin report *Bergereta*. Even Haumette confesses that Joanna tended sheep in her girlhood. And I believe, that, if Miss Haumette

were taking coffee alone with me this very evening (February 12, 1847)—in which there would be no subject for scandal or for maiden blushes, because I am an intense philosopher, and Miss H. would be hard upon 450 years old—she would admit the following comment upon her evidence to be right. A Frenchman, about thirty years ago, M. Simond, in his *Travels*, mentioned incidentally the following hideous scene as one steadily observed and watched by himself in France at a period some trifle before the French Revolution:—A peasant was ploughing; and the team that drew his plough was a donkey and a woman. Both were regularly harnessed: both pulled alike. This is bad enough: but the Frenchman adds—that, in distributing his lashes, the peasant was obviously desirous of being impartial: or, if either of the yoke-fellows had a right to complain, certainly it was not the donkey. Now, in any country, where such degradation of females could be tolerated by the state of manners, a woman of delicacy would shrink from acknowledging, either for herself or her friend, that she had ever been addicted to any mode of labour not strictly domestic; because, if once owning herself a prædial servant, she would be sensible that this confession extended by probability in the hearer's thoughts to having incurred indignities of this horrible kind. Haumette clearly thinks it more dignified for Joanna to have been darning the stockings of her horny-hoofed father, Monsieur D'Arc, than keeping sheep, lest she might then be suspected of having ever done something worse. But, luckily, there was no danger of *that*: Joanna never was in service; and my opinion is that her father should have mended his own stockings, since probably he was the party to make the holes in them, as many a better man than D'Arc does; meaning by *that* not myself, because, though certainly a better man than D'Arc, I protest against doing anything of the kind. If I lived even with Friday in Juan Fernandez, either Friday must do all the darning, or else it must go undone. The better men that I meant were the sailors in the British Navy, every man of whom mends his own stockings. Who else is to do it? Do you suppose, reader, that the junior lords of the Admiralty are under articles to darn for the Navy?

The reason, meantime, for my systematic hatred of D'Arc is this. There was a story current in France before the Revolution, framed to ridicule the pauper aristocracy, who happened to have long pedigrees and short rent rolls, viz., that a head of such a house, dating from the Crusades, was overheard saying to his son, a Chevalier of St. Louis, "*Chevalier, as-tu donné au cochon à manger?*" Now, it is clearly made out by the surviving evidence, that D'Arc would much have preferred continuing to say—"*Ma fille, as-tu donné au cochon à manger?*" to saying "*Pucelle d'Orléans, as-tu sauvé les fleurs-de-lys?*" There is an old English copy of verses which argues thus:

> "If the man, that turnips cries,
> Cry not when his father dies—
> Then 'tis plain the man had rather
> Have a turnip than his father."

I cannot say that the logic of these verses was ever *entirely* to my satisfaction. I do not see my way through it as clearly as could be wished. But I see my way most clearly through D'Arc; and the result is—that he would greatly have preferred not merely a turnip to his father, but the saving a pound or so of bacon to saving the Oriflamme of France.

It is probable (as M. Michelet suggests) that the title of Virgin, or *Pucelle*, had in itself, and apart from the miraculous stories about her, a secret power over the rude soldiery and partisan chiefs of that period; for, in such a person, they saw a representative manifestation of the Virgin Mary, who, in a course of centuries, had grown steadily upon the popular heart.

As to Joanna's supernatural detection of the Dauphin (Charles VII.) amongst three hundred lords and knights, I am surprised at the credulity which could ever lend itself to that theatrical juggle. Who admires more than myself the sublime enthusiasm, the rapturous faith in herself, of this pure creature? But I admire not stage artifices, which not *La Pucelle*, but the Court, must have arranged; nor can surrender myself a dupe to a conjuror's *leger-de-main*, such as may be seen every day for a shilling. Southey's "Joan of Arc" was published in 1796. Twenty years after, talking with Southey, I was surprised to find him still owning a secret bias in favour of Joan, founded on her detection of the Dauphin. The story, for the benefit of the reader new to the case, was this:—*La Pucelle* was first made known to the Dauphin, and presented to his Court, at Chinon: and here came her first trial. She was to find out the royal personage amongst the whole ark of clean and unclean creatures. Failing in this *coup d' essai*, she would not simply disappoint many a beating heart in the glittering crowd that on different motives yearned for her success, but she would ruin herself—and, as the oracle within had told her, would ruin France. Our own sovereign lady Victoria rehearses annually a trial not so severe in degree, but the same in kind. She "pricks" for sheriffs. Joanna pricked for a king. But observe the difference: our own lady pricks for two men out of three; Joanna for one man out of three hundred. Happy Lady of the islands and the orient!—she *can* go astray in her choice only by one half; to the extent of one half she *must* have the satisfaction of being right. And yet, even with these tight limits to the misery of a boundless discretion, permit me, liege Lady, with all loyalty, to submit—that now and then you prick with your pin the wrong man. But the poor child from Domrémy, shrinking under the gaze of a dazzling court—not because dazzling (for in visions she had seen those that were more so), but because some of them wore a scoffing smile on their features—how should *she* throw her line into so deep a river to angle for a king, where many a gay creature was sporting that masqueraded as kings in dress? Nay, even more than any true king would have done: for,

in Southey's version of the story, the Dauphin says, by way of trying the virgin's magnetic sympathy with royalty,

> ——— "on the throne,
> I the while mingling with the menial throng,
> Some courtier shall be seated."

This usurper is even crowned: "the jewell'd crown shines on a menial's head." But really, that is "*un peu fort;*" and the mob of spectators might raise a scruple whether our friend the jackdaw upon the throne, and the Dauphin himself, were not grazing the shins of treason. For the Dauphin could not lend more than belonged to him. According to the popular notion, he had no crown for himself, but, at most, a *petit écu*, worth thirty pence; consequently none to lend, on any pretence whatever, until the consecrated Maid should take him to Rheims. This was the *popular* notion in France. The same notion as to the indispensableness of a coronation prevails widely in England. But, certainly, it was the Dauphin's interest to support the popular notion, as he meant to use the services of Joanna. For, if he were king already, what was it that she could do for him beyond Orleans? And above all, if he were king without a coronation, and without the oil from the sacred ampulla, what advantage was yet open to him by celerity above his competitor the English boy? Now was to be a race for a coronation: he that should win *that* race, carried the superstition of France along with him. Trouble us not, lawyer, with your quillets. We are illegal blockheads; so thoroughly without law, that we don't know even if we have a right to be blockheads; and our mind is made up—that the first man drawn from the oven of coronation at Rheims, is the man that is baked into a king. All others are counterfeits, made of base Indian meal—damaged by sea-water.

(To be continued.)

HOWITT'S HOMES AND HAUNTS OF THE POETS.*

THIS work forms an agreeable sequel to Mr. Howitt's book, entitled "*Visits to Remarkable Places*"—visits, in other words, to the Homes and Haunts of Poets and other distinguished men, and to the scenes of memorable events. Strongly, as if by anticipation, as Mr. Howitt protests against the idea, his new book is, if not the actual lives of the most eminent British poets, at least, the likest thing possible to such a performance; with, however, the attractive and novel addition of minute descriptions of their abodes, generally made from personal survey, and with those feelings of admiration and profound reverence which lend grace and charm to the subject, however slightly it may be treated.

Some of the lives or notices are necessarily meagre, from the very multiplicity of the series. An account of all the poets of distinguished eminence, from Chaucer to Tennyson inclusive, must, however slightly given, be no small literary feat; and if the reader is ever disposed to complain of scanty or imperfect information, he should call to mind the magnitude of the undertaking. For here we find criticism, biography, and the author's own opinions—in place and out of place—just and unjust—besides the ostensible object of the volumes, and a good deal of what Mr. Howitt terms "blowing of the trumpet of a generous indignation," into the adder-ear of a perverse generation. This, in some of his works, is a rather favourite pastime with Mr. Howitt; though, when in season, as it often is, it becomes a useful and commendable duty. How he does vituperate Horace Walpole, and reproach the whole English nation (of which one-half had never heard even the name of Chatterton), as the sole authors of all the "calamities" of that ill-fated and marvellous youth; and how he does, in many an animated page, vindicate the right of poets and literary men to liberal rewards in hard cash, as well as *post obits* on fame and posterity—or, in other words, to riches and immortality! Why should not the poets found families, and obtain large estates, and be exalted by station and title, as well as statesmen, warriors, merchants, and lawyers? We can give no satisfactory answer to Mr. Howitt's interrogatory; but, at the same time, would advise every young man devoting himself to the unthrifty calling of poetry, to make up his mind to its prescribed, unsubstantial, but still glorious rewards. The world will never grudge to the poor the reversion of Heaven—nor to the poets the rich inheritance of an interminable earthly fame. All besides, we apprehend, must be left to time and chance—to Time, which rescued the "Paradise Lost," and the "Lyrical Ballads," from neglect—to Chance, which made "The Days" of Du Bartas the most popular poem of its age, as "The Course of Time," if one may judge by numerous editions quickly sold off, is of ours.

Mr. Howitt discourses on this topic energetically and almost passionately, though, we fear, to no good end. The world will not be scolded out of its errors, or into the renunciation of its false idols. It is, besides, entitled to praise for late signs of improvement in its treatment of the poets. It better and much more speedily appreciates their respective deserts; though the poets should remember that they form no exception, and would be socially degraded if they did, to the universal law that "Providence helps those that help themselves;" and that every man, whatever his genius, must be the architect of his own

* "Homes and Haunts of the most eminent British Poets." By William Howitt. The Illustrations by W. and G. Measom. London: Bentley.

worldly fortune. It is this great law, which makes so many passages, in the records which Mr. Howitt has drawn up, so very painful, that one would have wished them unwritten, nor proofs so broadly presented of the brightest genius being too often allied with the feeblest powers of self-control, and, at least in earlier life, with a very imperfect development of the moral sentiments.

The first portion of a work need not detain us for which the author has prepared himself by diligent study, not only of the accredited or classical lives of the poets, but by collecting all the miscellaneous information which was to be gathered concerning them from every possible source, as well as by pilgrimages extending over the length and breadth of the land. Of Chaucer, he had nothing new to tell; but his visit to the romantic and beautiful Irish home of Spenser, fills a few pages with pleasant description. The haunts of Shakspere in London, much as has been, and will be, said about them, remain nearly conjectural; and besides, Mr. Howitt had previously led his readers to Stratford-on-Avon. What he said on that occasion, he still thinks so just, that he treats us to it a second time. As the anniversary of the Shakspere, or of what he calls "*The Eat-and-Swill Clubs*," is fast drawing on, we may here quote an apt specimen of the vein of "virtuous indignation" belonging to our author's idiosyncrasy, and in which he rather shines—premising that in a poor schoolboy of Stratford he had seen a reputed descendant of Shakspere's sister, Joan Hart, whom he singled out among several lads, from a supposed resemblance to the busts of the poet. "Which," he inquires, "of all the hosts of admirers of Shakspere, who have plenty of money, will think of giving that lad an education and a fair chance of raising himself in the world?" Again we quote—

"Seven years have gone over since this was written, and what has been the effect? The Shakspere Club have gone down to Stratford, and feasted and guzzled *in honour of Shakspere;* and the *representatives* of Shakspere in the place have been left in their poverty. There seems to be some odd association of ideas in the minds of Englishmen on the subject of doing honour to genius. To reward warriors, and lawyers, and politicians—places, titles, and estates are given. To reward poets and philosophers, the property which they honestly, and with *the toil of their whole lives* create, is taken from them; and that which should form an estate for their descendants to all posterity, and become a monument of fame to the nation, is conferred on booksellers. The copyright of authors, or, in other words, the right to the property which they made, was taken away in the reign of Queen Anne, '*for the benefit of literature*'—so says the Act. Let the same principle, in God's name, be carried out into all other professions, and we shall soon come to an understanding on the subject. Take a lord's or a squire's land from him and his family for ever, after a given number of years, *for the benefit of aristocracy*—take the farmer's plough and team, his harrows and his corn, for the benefit of agriculture—take the mill-owner's mills, with all their spinning-jennies and their cotton, and their wool, and their silk, and their own new inventions, for the benefit of manufacturing—take the merchant's ships and their cargoes—the shopkeeper's shop and his stores—the lawyer's parchment and his fees—the physician's and surgeon's physic and fees, for the benefit of commerce, trade, law, and physic; and let the clergy suffer no injury of neglect in this respect—let their churches, and their glebes, and tithes be taken for the benefit of religion—let them all go shares with the authors in this beautiful system of justice and encouragement, and then the whole posse will soon put their heads together, and give back to the author his rights, while they take care of their own. But till this be done—so long as the children, and descendants, and nearest successors of the author, are robbed by the State, while the poet and philosopher crown their country with glory, and fill it with happiness; and their country, in return, brands their children with disgrace, and fills them with emptiness—while they go in rags, and the bookseller in broad cloth—in leanness, and the bookseller, endowed by the State with the riches of their ancestors, in jolity and fat—so long let those who are anxious to do honour to the glorious names of our literature, honour them with some show of common sense and common feeling. Honour Shakspere, indeed! Has he not honoured himself sufficiently? * * * * * * *

"In the name of the national reputation, let this wretched and egotistic farce be put down by the good sense of the British public. If these people will not honour Shakspere by honouring his family, let them at least abstain from insulting their poverty and their neglect by this public parade, and this devouring of joints."

Something in this, Mr. Howitt; yet should we not like to see our Shakspere and Burns' Clubs quashed. They are, even in their lowest exhibitions, a purblind groping after good. Mr. Howitt is the more eloquent on this subject, as he has been baulked in his good intentions, and crossed in his humour. May it not also occur to him that he has perhaps, though with the best motives, done this poor lad more harm than good? He tells—

"Many visiters have desired to see the boy thus pointed out, and have made him presents, but he still remains unprovided for. A clergyman, about two years ago, wrote to me from the west of England, expressing the interest he felt in this youth whom he had seen at Stratford, and his anxious desire to have a subscription raised to educate him, and put him into some honourable way of life. He begged me to make a move, in which he would zealously co-operate, to interest a sufficient number of literary and influential individuals to agitate the question, and commence the subscription. I made the attempt, but in vain. * * * Let us trust that that time will come. I will not believe that this great and intellectual nation, which has given an estate and titles to the family of Marlborough, and the same to the families of Wellington, will refuse all such marks of honour to the Shakspere family. Shall the heroes of the sword alone be rewarded? Shall the heroes of the pen, those far nobler and diviner heroes, be treated with a penniless contempt? In this nation, the worship of military honours is fast subsiding—the perception of the greatness and beneficence of intellect is fast growing. * * * The money, I have said, which is spent in visiting the trumpery collected as his at Stratford, would have purchased a large estate for the descendants of the Shakspere family. That has not been done, and never will be done; but a penny a piece from every person in this kingdom, who has derived days and months of delight from the pages of Shakspere, would purchase an estate equal to that of Strathfieldsaye, or of Blenheim. What a glorious tribute would this be from the people of England to their great dramatic poet—the greatest dramatic poet in the world! How far would it rise above the tributes to violence and bloodshed! The tribute of a nation's love to pure and god-like intellect! This estate should not be appropriated on the feudal principle of primogeniture; should not be an estate of one, but of the family; should be vested in trustees, chosen by the people, to educate, and honourably settle in the world, every son and daughter of the Shaksperian family; and to support and comfort the old age of the unfortunate and decrepit of it."

This is a grand scheme! But though it were as practicable as it is visionary, what, in a few generations might be the result?

A family may be founded, an estate may be consolidated, but genius and talent are not devisable possessions; and who would like to see a rich, ennobled dunce representing Shakspere or Milton? On this topic Mr. Howitt suffers enthusiasm, and perhaps a little temper, to run away with his judgment; nor is he quite consistent in occasionally treating with contempt mere vulgar station, title, and wealth, while yet complaining that Nature's Aristocracy—the lights of the world—the salt of the earth—are defrauded of their rights by that ungrateful world, which they bless and benefit, because titles and estates are not heaped upon them. Since we are dealing in censure, we may as well exhaust the ungrateful theme. In several instances, Mr. Howitt, in his reports and revelations, goes rather beyond the line which a man in his circumstances should prescribe to himself; and we are pretty certain that cautious Scottish people at least, will, for some time, be on their guard against the

"Chields amang them takin' notes"

for the press, and reporting all their "clatters." Those, too, who obstruct Mr. Howitt's path in his researches or canvass, we would warn to bear in mind the motto of the Clan Chattan. Witness his denunciation of the Tighe family in all its branches, whose neglect of the memory of their accomplished relative, the poetess, would certainly have been more leniently treated had they shown more readiness in obliging their self-introduced literary visiter; whose name, probably, their Bœotian or Irish "ears polite" had never once heard. There is really no good cause for Mr. Howitt being wrathful, or even facetious, at the Honourable Mrs. Tighe happening to "lie in" at the time it suited him to visit Rosanna; or even with her husband, an Irish squire, though his deceased aunt-in-law had been a poetess, declining to leave the superintendence of his labourers, "to be bored and bothered with fellows going about the country, gathering stuff to make a book of." How should any mere Irish squire be expected to have the same appreciation of Mr. Howitt's "high calling" which many a Scottish peasant or poor schoolmaster would have had? His anger is out of proportion to the occasion. Literary gentlemen, whether of the new or old world, when presenting themselves to quiet families having few sympathies either with their tastes or their vocation, in such mode and time as suits their own convenience and personal objects, should be patient under a cold reception, or even an occasional rebuff, and thankful to find, what is too often a tax upon heavy good-nature or politeness, in the great majority of cases, cheerfully paid. But if hasty and resentful, where he fancies himself or his errand slighted, Mr. Howitt can also be warmly eulogistic. His notice of Mr. Savage Landor, for example, is a continued panegyric. Who could have imagined that Mr. Landor had been not only so very great an author and poet, but so illustrious a benefactor of the race, if not the very greatest man and writer now alive? Or who can equal—who compete with him, as he is here represented?—"strong in mind and body," and "sent into the world, strong to teach."

Little, we have said, remained that was new to tell of the great poets; but our author relates the old tale in its main incidents in a way that must attract listeners who hear it for the first time, and even interest those familiar with the old histories. Nor has he neglected any fair means of enhancing the attraction of his records. The life of Addison, for instance, gives us not only Holland House as it stood when inhabited by one who, if no eminent poet, does very well to fill the niche of a poet, but presents the complete interior of that celebrated mansion or temple, as it is now to be seen, and as the "Haunt" of Campbell, Moore, Macaulay, Rogers—and in another sense, of Brougham.——Dryden, Pope, and Gray escape rather easily from our author's moral and critical tribunal. Not so Swift, against whom he has imbibed, to the full, the popular prejudice, if it may not be called popular spite; looking on this strange human anomaly much oftener through the bleared spectacles of Johnson than with the calm, deep, and far-sighted eyes of Sir Walter Scott. Had Mr. Howitt, instead of consulting so many one-sided memoirs and critiques of Swift, taken the trouble to peruse his Journal to Stella alone, and his private letters, not to his noble and literary friends in England, but to those humble individuals in Ireland, whom he really liked and trusted, he would have had the means of far more accurately estimating a character composed of so many discordant elements. As we thus cannot altogether agree with Mr. Howitt's strictures on Swift, we turn to what is less disturbing, merely exclaiming with Hazlitt, "When shall we have such another Rector of Laracor?"

"Laracor is about two English miles from Trim. It lies in a drearyish sort of farming country, and to Swift, full of ambition, and accustomed to town life, and the stirring politics of the time, with which he was so much mixed up, one must have thought must prove a perfect desert. There is no village there, nor does there appear to have been one. It was a mere church and parsonage, and huts were very likely scattered about here and there, as they are now. The church still stands; one of the old, plain, barn-like structures of this part of the country, with a low belfrey. The grave-yard is pretty well filled with head-stones and tombs, and some that seem to belong to good families. The church-yard is surrounded by a wall and trees, and in a thatched cottage at the gate lives the sexton. He said he had built the house himself; and that he was seventy-five or so; and his wife, who had been on the spot fifty years, as old; but that the incumbent, a Mr. Irvine, was eighty-four, and that he was but the third from Swift. Swift held it fifty-five years, the next incumbent nearly as long, and this clergyman thirty-six, or thereabouts. It must, therefore, be a healthy place. The old man complained that all the gentry who used to live near were gone away. His wife used to get £20 at Christmas, for Christmas boxes, 'and now she does not get even a cup o' tay. Poor creature! and she so fond of the tay!' Like his house at Dublin, Swift's house here is gone. There remains only one tall, thick ruin of a wall. 'What is that?' I asked of a man at a cottage door close by. 'It's been there from the time of the Dane,' said he. For a moment I imagined he meant the Danes, but soon recollected myself. Close to it, at the side of the high road, is a clear spring under some bushes, and margined with great stones, which they call 'the Dane's cellar,' and the 'Dane's well.' Swift has not lost his popularity yet with the people. 'He was a very

good man to the poor,' say they. 'He was a fine bright man.' This, however, is all the remains of his place here."

It is such incidental glimpses of the social condition and intellectual state of the people whom he met in the course of his researches, which, as we think, together with his own opinions on the aspects of existing society, that will mainly interest the reading class in Mr. Howitt's new work. Save the imitations found in stories, and pictures in dramas, one seldom now finds in books much of what the people really say, do, or think; and no sort of knowledge can be more desirable. Now, our author often reports his conversations with persons of what are called the lower classes; and, next to these colloquies, one likes to hear what an intelligent and free-spoken stranger thinks of the new life which he observed in Scotland, and sometimes with fully as much keenness as charity. What, nationally, may prove the most offensive passage in these volumes occurs in the Life of Thomson; and yet it is salutary to know the very worst that can be said of us, especially on points on which the Scottish people and their clergy so greatly pride themselves. The landscape of Ednam, the poet's birth-place, found no favour in the stranger's eyes. There are few trees—and upon one fine and redeeming feature, the outline of the Cheviots, Mr. Howitt has not deigned to glance. He could have been in no poetical mood on the morning he visited Ednam.

From the gloom and despondency of Chatterton's life and death, we are scarcely relieved by the piteous story of poor Goldsmith, whose personal character our author appreciates kindly, and, therefore, truly. But is the literary life really so miserable and hopeless a condition as to vindicate the moral which is drawn from the history of Goldsmith—often at his worst a very happy being—and one who, with a little more worldly prudence and moral firmness, might have always been so? It is thus that his story is rounded off:—

"From this time to the day of his death Goldsmith was regularly launched into the drudgery of literature; the most wearing, feverish, uncertain, and worst remunerating life under the sun. To live in one long anxiety, and to die poor, was his lot, as it has been that of thousands of others. There are innocent minds who are filled with gladness at the sight of a goodly library; who feast on a well-bound row of books, as the lover of nature does on a poetical landscape, or on a bank of violets. For my part, I never see such a collection of books without an inward pang. They remind me of a catacomb; every volume is in my eyes but a bone in the great gathering of the remains of literary martyrs. When I call to mind the pleasure with which many of these books were written, followed by the agonies of disappointment they brought; the repulses and contempt of booksellers, to whom the authors had carried them in all the flush of their inexperience and of high hope; the cruel malice of the critics which assailed them—

'Those cut-throat bandits in the paths of fame;
Bloody dissectors, worse than ten Munros:—
He hacks to teach, they mangle to expose.'—BURNS.

When I think of the glorious hopes which accompanied their composition, and the terrible undeceiving which attended their publication; when I reflect how many of these fair tomes were written in bitterest poverty, with the most aching hearts, in the most cheerless homes; and how many others ruined the writers, who were tolerably well off before they put pen to paper; when I remember; on passing my eye along them, how many of them never were raised to their present rank and occupation till the unhappy authors were beyond the knowledge of it; when I see others which *had* their fame during the author's life-time, but enriched only the lucky bibliopole, and left the conscious producer of wealth only doubly poor by seeing it in the enjoyment of another; when I see those works which, while the author lived, were assailed as blasphemous and devilish, and are now the text-books of liberty and progress; and when I call to mind all the tears which have bedewed them, the sadness of soul, often leading to suicide, which has weighed down the immortal spirits which created them: I own that there is to me no such melancholy spectacle as a fine collection of books. Goldsmith had his full share of this baptism of literary wretchedness. I cannot follow him minutely through the years of book drudgery and all its attendant adventures."

Now Mr. Howitt, who is no longer an inexperienced author, in the flush of high hope, who has found the critics exceedingly good-natured—as authors, whatever he may think, very generally do—and "bibliopoles," moreover, fair, and often liberal tradesmen—ought to know better than this. Something of the same sort alloys an otherwise nobly-felt sketch of Burns, many of whose "Homes and Haunts" were faithfully explored. But these, and every incident in the life of Burns, must be familiar to most readers; and it will be more instructive to show what an intelligent stranger thinks of one of the latest forms in which national absurdity has produced itself among us, namely, in the passion for gigantic and expensive tombstones. In this kind of emulation, Dumfries, for its size, is not behind, if it does not take the lead, of any town in Scotland:—

"To our eyes, accustomed to such a different size and character of church-yard tombs, they are perfectly astonishing. I imagine there is stone enough in the funeral monuments of this church-yard to build a tolerable street of houses. You would think that all the giants, and, indeed, all the *great* people of all sorts that Scotland had ever produced had here chosen their sepulture. Such ambitious and gigantic structures of free-stone, some red, some white, for dyers, ironmongers, gardeners, slaters, glaziers, and the like, are, I imagine, nowhere else to be seen. There are vintners who have tombs and obelisks fit for genuine Egyptian Pharaohs; and slaters and carpenters, who were accustomed to climb high when alive, have left monuments significant of their soaring character. These far outvie and overlook those of generals, writers to the signet, esquires, and bailiffs of the city.

"Your first view of this church-yard strikes you by the strange aspect of these ponderous monuments. A row of very ancient ones, in fact, stands on the wall next to the street. Two of them most dilapidated, and of deep red stone, have a very singular look. They have Latin inscriptions, which are equally dilapidated. Another, one to Francis Irving, fairly exhausts the Latin tongue with his host of virtues, and then takes to English, thus:—

'King James the First me Balive named;
Dumfries ort since me Provost claimed;
God has for me a crown reserved,
For king and country have I served.'".

The mausoleum of Burns is not forgotten; and those who have seen the poet's statue must rejoice to hear that "Nature, as if resenting this wretched caricature of her son, has already begun to deface and corrode it."

In going over Mr. Howitt's work, we have advisedly adverted rather to what is new and characteristic than to what may be described as a

thrice or a ten-times-told tale, however well or gracefully related. This principle leads us, in the sketch of Shelley, to notice rather the amusing small things Mr. Howitt ferreted out at Great Marlowe, where the poet resided for a time, than the analysis of Shelley's poetry and the record of the leading events of his brief life.

Mrs. Shelley has described her husband's way of life in this dull place—Mr. Howitt their abode as he saw it; and the strange memories which, after only twenty-eight years, remain of the poet.

The story of Shelley's death had never reached Great Marlowe, or, we should rather imagine, that stupid portion of the Marloweans, to whom Mr. Howitt's inquiries were so fruitlessly addressed. Once he was tantalized by a slow, pompous, solemn-looking personage, whom he set down as the Squire of Great Marlowe; and driven fairly frantic by this ludicrous final interview, which took place just as he was about to start—

"His house was in the main street—a long stuccoed dwelling, of that species of nondescript architecture which once was thought Gothic, because it had pointed windows and battlements. It must have been, then, a spacious and a very pleasant residence. It is now, as is the lot of most places in which poets have lived, desolated and desecrated. It is divided into three tenements, a school, a private-house, and a pot-house. I entered the latter, and with a strange feeling. In a large room, with a boarded floor, and which had probably been Shelley's dining-room, was a sort of bar partitioned off, and a number of visiters were drinking on benches along the walls, which still bore traces, amid disfigurement and stains, of former taste. The garden behind had evidently been extensive and very pleasant. There were remains of fine evergreen trees, and of a mound on which grew some deciduous cypresses, where had evidently stood a summer-house. This was gone. * * * Amongst the poor of the town the remembrance of his benevolence and unassuming kindness had still chroniclers; but from the other classes little could be learned, and that not what the memory of such a man deserves. One old shopkeeper, not far from his house, remembered him, and 'hoped his children did not take after him.' 'Why?' 'Oh, he was a very bad man!'

* * * 'But pray what has become of this Mr. Shelley, then?' asked the man's wife, who had come from an inner room. 'He was drowned,' I replied. 'Oh! that's just what one might have expected. Drowned! Lud-a-mercy! ay, just what one might ha' said he'd come to. He was always on the water, always boating, boating—never easy but when he was in that boat. Do you know what a trick was played him by some wag?' 'No.' 'He called his boat "Vaga," and one morning he found the name lengthened by a piece of chalk, with the word "*bond*"—Vagabond. There are clever fellows here as well as in London, mind you. But Mr. Shelley was not offended.'. * * * It was in vain that I inquired amongst the class of little gentry in the place for information about Shelley—they knew nothing of any such person. At length, after much research, and the running to and fro of waiters from the inn, I was directed to an ancient surgeon, who had attended almost everybody for the last half century. I found him an old man of nearly ninety. He recollected Shelley, had attended him, but knew little about him. He was a very unsocial man, he said; kept no company but Mr. Peacock's, and that of his boat, and was seen reading as he went along. The old gentleman, however, kindly sent his servant to point out Shelley's house to me, and as I turned up the street I saw him standing bare-headed on the pavement before his door, in active discourse with various neighbours. My inquiries had evidently aroused the Marlowean curiosity. On coming up, the old gentleman inquired eagerly if I wanted to learn more yet about Mr. Shelley. I had learned little or nothing. I replied that I should be very happy. 'Then,' said he, 'come in, Sir, for I have sent for a gentleman who knows all about him.' I entered, and found a tall, well-dressed man, with a very solemn aspect. 'It is the squire of the place,' said I to myself. With a very solemn bow he arose, and with very solemn bows we sat down opposite to each other. 'I am happy to hear,' I said, 'that you knew Mr. Shelley, and can give me some particulars regarding his residence here.' 'I can, Sir,' he replied, with another solemn bow. I waited to hear news—but I waited in vain. That Mr. Shelley had lived there, and that his home was down the street, and that he was a very extraordinary man—he knew, and I knew; but that was all: not a word of his doings or his sayings at Marlowe come out of the solemn brain of that large solemn man. But at length a degree of interest appeared to gather in his cheeks and brighten in his eyes. 'Thank God!' I exclaimed, inwardly. 'The man is slow, but it is coming now.' His mouth opened, and he said, 'But pray, Sir, what became of that Mr. Shelley?' 'Good gracious!' I exclaimed. 'What, did you never hear? Did it never reach Marlowe—but thirty miles from London—that sad story of his death, which created a sensation throughout the civilised world?' No; the thing had never penetrated into the Boeotian denseness of that place! I rose up, and now bowed solemnly too. 'And pray, what family might he leave?' asked the solemn personage, as I was hasting away. 'You will learn that,' I said, still going away, 'in the Baronetage, if such a book ever reaches Marlowe.' I hastened to the inn where my chaise was standing ready for my departure, and was just in the act of entering it, when I heard a sort of outcry, perceived a sort of bustle behind me, and turning my head saw the tall and solemn man hasting, with huge and anxious strides, after me. 'You'll excuse me, Sir; you'll excuse me, I think; but I *could* relate to you a fact, and I think I *will* venture to relate to you a fact connected with the late Mr. Shelley.' 'Do,' said I. 'I think I *will*,' replied the tall stout man, heaving a deep sigh, and erecting himself to his full height, far above my head, and casting a most awful glance at the sky. 'I *think* I will—I *think* I may venture.' 'It is certainly something very sad and agonising,' I said to myself; 'but I wish he would only bring it out.' 'Well, then,' continued he, with another heave of his capacious chest, and another great glance at the distant horizon, 'I certainly will mention it. It was this. When Mr. Shelley left Marlowe, he ordered all his bills to be paid most honourably, certainly most honourably; and they were paid—all—except—mine! There, Sir! it is out; excuse it—excuse it; but I am glad it is out.' 'What! a bill! I exclaimed, in profoundest astonishment—'a bill!—was that all?' 'All, Sir! all! everything of the sort; every shilling, I assure you, has been paid, but my little account; and it was my fault; I don't know how in the world I forgot to send it in.' 'What,' said I, 'are you not the squire here? what are you?'

"'Oh, no, Sir; I am no squire here! I am a tradesman! I am—in the general way!'

"'Drive on!' I said, springing into the carriage, 'drive like the Dragon of Wantley out of this place—Shelley is remembered in Marlowe because there was one bill left unpaid!'—There, again, is fame!"

The sketch of Shelley is, like many others, written with a warm spirit of indulgence for the poet's perversities, if it be even allowed that Shelley's mind ever knew any improper bias. As much, or even more, though from causes quite opposite, would the wayward youth or boyhood of Shelley have needed that kind, enlightened, and fostering guardian friend, for want of whom Chatterton perished. He was a very wise and liberal-minded man who said, "He that spits against the wind spits in his own face." Such, in his early youth, was the fatal error of Shelley; and for all the hard names that can be given to his oppressors, the Oxford doctors, and however much they may deserve to be called "swine,"

who "allowed or encouraged all manner of crime and licentiousness," and saw nothing amiss while their "brutal pride" was not wounded by the exposure of their "ignorance." This is hard language, Friend Howitt.

There are other parts of the early history of Shelley which we hope he lived to regret, and which may admit of palliation, though never of uncompromising defence. But how full of consolation the thought, that as the intellect of men of genius ripens, their moral nature ever becomes more pure and elevated;—that the dross falls away, and the pure gold which it concealed gleams forth—that the latter years of many of those on Mr. Howitt's list, of Burns, of Byron, of Shelley, of Miss Landon, were their noblest or their most redeeming! They were all coming to themselves, all becoming what they were created to be.

To an early "Haunt" of one whose youthful life needs, and here finds great indulgence, we must now introduce our readers. This solitary and picturesque residence of Byron, when a very young boy, posseses the gloss of novelty and the freshness of nature. It seems to have been visited by Mr. Howitt in the soaking August of 1845.—Forty miles from Aberdeen, leading up through the fine scenery of Dee-side, lies the now provincially fashionable watering-place of Ballater—

"All up Deeside there is well-cultivated land, but, with the exception of this meadow, on which Ballater stands, all is now hill, dark forest, and moorland; while below, on the banks of the winding and rapid Dee, birch woods present themselves in that peculiar beauty so truly belonging to the Highlands. On your right, first looks out the dark height of Culbleen, mentioned by Byron in his earlier poems:—

'When I see some dark hill point its crest to the sky,
I think of the rocks that o'ershadow Culbleen;'

then

'Morven, streaked with snow;'

and Loch-na-garr lifts himself long and lofty over the lower chains that close the valley beyond Ballater.

"Ballater, though a neat village now, did not exist when Byron was here. There were a few cottages for the use of visiters near the other side of the present bridge, but those who came to drink the waters generally located themselves in farm-houses as near as they could to 'the wells,' which are two miles down the opposite bank of the Dee. Mrs. Byron chose her summer residence in one of the most thoroughly secluded and out-of-the-world spots which it was possible to find, perhaps, in the whole island. It lies four miles below Ballater, on the same side of the river as the spring, that is, two miles beyond 'the wells,' as they call them, some chalybeate springs which issue from the hills, and which now bring many people to Ballater in summer. You proceed to them along the feet of the hills, and at the feet also of a dark pine wood. The river is below you; above you are these mountain forests, and the way lies sometimes through the wood. Under beeches, which shade the way, there are benches set at intervals, so that a more charming walk, with the noble mountain views opposite to you, cannot well be conceived. At about two miles on the road, after passing under stupendous dark cliffs that show themselves above the craggy and steep forest, you find a couple of rows of houses, and here are the waters issuing out of pipes into stone basins. Going still forwards, you come out upon the wild moorlands. Above you, on the right hand, rise the desolate hills; below, on the left, wanders on the Dee, amid its birch woods; and the valley is one of those scenes of chaotic beauty, which, perhaps, the Highlands only show. It is a sea of heath-clad little hills, sprinkled with the bright green birch trees, and here and there a dark Scotch fir. It is a fairy land of purple beauty, such as seems to belong to old romance, and where the people of old romance might be met without wonder. And through all goes the sound of the river like a distant ocean. Those who have been in the Highlands know and recollect such scenes, so carpeted with the crimson heather, so beautified with the light hued fairy birch woods. Still the way leads on till you come to the Dee, where it makes a wide and splendid sweep deep below the bank on which you are, and then you wonder where can be Bellatrich, the house you seek, for you see no house at all! In the birch wood, however, you now discern one white cottage, and that must be it. No! To that cottage I went, and out came a woman with spectacles on, and her Bible open in her hand. I asked if she could tell me where Bellatrich was, and I expected her to say—'Here!' but she replied in a low, quiet voice, 'I will show you, for it is not easy to find.' And so on we went for another quarter of a mile; when coming to a little hidden valley, running at right angles from the river up into the moorlands, she showed me a smoke rising above the trees, and told me there I should find the house. And here was the place to which Byron's mother used to *retire* in the summer months from Aberdeen with her boy. The valley is divided by a wild brook hidden among green elders, and its slopes are hung with the native birch and a few oaks. At the upper end stands a farm house, but this is new; and the farmer, to show me the house in which Byron lived, took me into his farm-yard. The house Mrs. Byron inhabited is now a barn, or sort of hay-loft rather, in his yard. It was exactly one of the one-storied, long Highland huts, and is now included in the quadrangle of his farm-yard; but the bed in which Byron used to lie is still there. It is one of the deal cupboard sort of beds that are common in Highland huts. There it stands amongst his straw. He says many people come to see the place, and several have tried to buy the bed from him; but that he should think it quite a shame to sell it. Imagine, then, Mrs. Byron living here upwards of forty years ago, and Byron, a boy of about ten years of age; soon after which he left for England, to be converted out of a poor Highland boy into a Lord. There was probably another hut or so near, as there is now, but that was all. The house they lived in was but a hut itself. There was no Ballater then. * * * There was no carriage-road then. There was no cultivated meadow.—All was moorland, and woods, and wild mountains. There was a rude road at the margin of the river, but so stony that no carriage could exist upon it. Nay, this present farmer says, that when he came to live here, within these ten years, there was no road into this little hidden valley. There was no bridge over the brook, but they went through amid the great stones, and that without taking any trouble to put them aside. There was no garden, and there was no field. Around rose, as they do now, dark moorland mountains, and the little black-faced sheep and the black cattle roamed over the boggy, heathery, and birch-scattered valley, as they do still; except within the little circle of cultivation that the present tenant has made.—What a place for a civilised woman and her only son! How he got so far around as he did is to me a miracle. * * * Before, however, quitting this favourite scene of the early life of Byron, which he never again visited, I must notice it under the aspect which it happened to present to me from the particular time of my arrival. It was on the 18th of August, just one week after the commencement of the grouse-shooting season, and every inn on the road was crowded with sportsmen and their servants. Lord Castlereagh, on his way to his shooting-ground in Braemar, was my next door neighbour on the mail from Aberdeen; and his wide acquaintance with the sports of various countries, the *capercalzie* and bear-shooting of the north of Europe, in particular of Russia, made his descriptions of them, as well as of the deer-shooting of Braemar—his particular sport—very interesting. But the weather of that wet summer was at this time outrageously rainy, and from every wayside inn the lugubrious faces of sportsmen were visible. As we drew up, at the village of Banchory, the window was thronged with livery servants; and a gentleman at an open upper window, eyeing anxiously the showery clouds hanging upon the

hills, caught sight of Lord Castlereagh, and called out, in a tone of momentary animation, quickly relapsing into melancholy, 'Ha, Cass! are you there? Here I have been these four days, and nothing but this confounded rain. Not a foot have I yet been able to set upon the heath. There are six of us.'

"'Who is that who addresses you so familiarly?'

"'Oh! it is Sir John Guest! Poor Sir John! What a purgatory!'

"On went the coach. At Ballater, again thronged was the door with livery servants. The rain was falling in torrents; there were nine shooting gentlemen in the house, not one of whom could stir out."

The imagination of the reader may fill up this grand outline of the fit nursing-place of a great poet, how wayward soever was the man.

No disguise is made of Byron having contracted, in the opinion of Mr. Howitt, a marriage of convenience, but neither this nor anything else extenuates in his eyes the conduct of Lady Byron, who, he seems to think, was not the less bound to overlook the vices or eccentricities of her lord; especially now, that the world, which suffered nothing from them, is, in its late generous revulsion of feeling, disposed to forgive all, where formerly it would forgive nothing.

The second volume of the "Homes and Haunts" commences with Crabbe, whose life is compiled from the ample, excellent, and most interesting memoir written by the poet's son. On first acquaintance, Mr. Howitt would not allow Crabbe to be a poet at all; but he came to discover that Crabbe was a great and unique writer of some kind, and finally an eminent and a genuine poet. As such, he quotes verses from Crabbe's poems, which merited all the praise originally bestowed upon them by Mr. Jeffrey, whose generous criticism time has confirmed.

Hogg, to whose "Home" of Altrive a pilgrimage was made, every one allows to have been a poet, but settles for himself the shepherd's precise poetical attributes and rank among the legitimate offspring of the muses.

In the Memoir of Hogg, and indeed in every other, Mr. Howitt has suppressed no hasty and perhaps regretted charge, or more serious revelation which the hero or his friends may have made; nor fact, whether new or old, authentic or problematical, which can either enlarge the knowledge of his readers or gratify their curiosity. Thus the "Shepherd's" quarrels and squabbles with Mr. Blackwood, the bookseller, and his literary staff, are again brought forward at full length, and generally in Hogg's own words. The Shepherd, no doubt, had cause of complaint; but it must be remembered that here we have only one side of the story, so far at least as regards Mr. Blackwood individually. It is probable that these disclosures, or rippings up of old sores, are made upon principle, since Mr. Howitt condemns as an unpardonable, if not an immoral act, Moore's suppression of Byron's autobiography entrusted to him for publication; which suppression the English public has also resented, as most unjustifiably baulking its prurient curiosity. Yet Moore, we apprehend, has done worse things in his time; for we cannot believe that he would have been so weak as to destroy those remains—if totally destroyed they be—had not the memory and honour of Byron, as well as the entreaty of his relatives, demanded the sacrifice. The principle of telling all that he knows, and sometimes a little more than he can well establish, has led Mr. Howitt to relate the subjoined anecdote, after stating an elaborate though somewhat contradictory case which he has made out of L. E. L. having, throughout her whole bright, brief, and troubled literary career, been familiar with poisons, and with thoughts of suicide, and dying at last either from an over-dose of hydrocyanic acid, or from having mistaken that drug for a more harmless medicine:—

"There is a still more painful fact [than Miss Landon's acquaintance with distilling poisons] in existence, which, I believe, has never been before adverted to in print, but is unquestionable, which brings the matter more painfully home. During the agonies of mind which Miss Landon suffered, at a time when calumny was dealing very freely with her name, her old friend, and, for a long time, co-inmate, Miss Roberts, came one day, and found her very much agitated. 'Have those horrible reports,' she eagerly inquired, 'got into the papers, Miss Roberts?' Miss Roberts assured her they had not. 'If they do,' she exclaimed, opening a drawer in the table, and taking out a vial, 'I am resolved—here is my remedy!' The vial was a vial of prussic acid. This fact I have on the authority of the late Emma Roberts herself. There remains, therefore, no question that Miss Landon was well acquainted with the nature of prussic acid, for she kept it by her, and had declared, under circumstances of cruel excitement, her resolve to use it in a certain contingency. Being found, therefore, with an emptied vial of this very poison in her hand, and dead on the floor, can leave no rational doubt that she died by it, and by her own hand.

"But there remains the question whether she took it purposely, and it may be very strongly doubted that she did. From all that has transpired, it is more probable that she had taken it by mistake."

Mr. Howitt having raised up anew this unhappy and mysterious affair, and given his readers a strong impression that Mrs. Maclean was guilty of self-destruction, now sets himself—but, we fear, less successfully—to show that it may and must have been all mistake.

Except this singular anecdote, we learn nothing new of the gifted and unfortunate being whose life, as strongly as any upon record, illustrates the errors of genius, and the miseries of the false position in which literary people—authors by profession—too often place themselves, though the hard-hearted, thankless world, must bear the whole of a blame, which, to say the least, is fairly divisible. With a little more—we must not say of prudence and discretion, as these are cold-blooded qualities, which, by its dispensing power, genius is privileged to disclaim—but of the commonplace vulgar honesty which forbids a man to live above his means—with a little more self-respect and genuine, sturdy independence of spirit, how many of "the calamities of authors" might have been averted.

Mr. Howitt powerfully advocates the necessity of co-operation and combination among literary men against the publishers, and he gives authors, in their individual capacity, some good advice. But while the picture which he has drawn of them, and which we copy below, continues faithful-

ly be represent a great number, or a majority, of the craft, they must, we sadly fear, remain the degraded slaves which they either make themselves, or consent to become. Authorship has been neither degradation nor misery to such a man as Southey, plying cheerfully and indefatigably, day by day, his allotted task,—to Ebenezer Elliott with his sturdy independence, maintained by honest industry,—to Wordsworth, who married upon a bare hundred a-year—a pittance which must, in one month, have sent town-bred geniuses to forestall and pawn their wits, and prostrate themselves to the publishers—and to a hundred more men of undoubted genius, from whom high-minded integrity and self-respect have warded off the worst "calamities of authors." It is in speaking of Hogg that Mr. Howitt introduces this painful subject; for Hogg, too, had his full share of the "calamities of authors," though by one means or another, he contrived to get and to spend more money than all the Hoggs since the Field of Flodden. But he is not alone:—

"Scott, the most successful author of any age, though possessed of a good income independent of literature, died a bankrupt. Maginn, Hood, Blanchard, and a host of others, have yet to swell the history of the calamities of authors! Speaking again of a certain publisher, James says: 'The great fault of the man is that the more he can provoke an author by insolence and contempt he likes the better. Besides, he will never confess that he is in the wrong, else anything might be forgiven. No, no; the thing is impossible that he can ever be wrong! The poor author is not always in the wrong, but, "oh, he is the most insufferable beast!"' And the truth is, that authors are in the wrong. They are in the wrong not to have combined long ago, like other professions, for the maintenance of their common interests, and for the elevation of the character of the class. They are a rope of sand. Cliques and small coteries may, and do congregate, but there has ever been wanting amongst authors a comprehensive plan of union."

But Mr. Howitt has also exposed the class, as if he were a mere selfish publisher, when he thus launches forth:—

"You hear authors commonly spoken of by publishers as a most reckless, improvident, unprincipled, and contemptible set of men. This is the tone in which publishers are educated, it is the tone that pervades their publishing houses, it is the spirit and gospel of the Row. The authors of the present day are regarded by publishers exactly as they were in the days of Grub Street. In their eyes they are poor, helpless, and untractable devils; and whence arises this? It is because authors have taken no single step to place themselves on a different footing. Are authors now what authors were in the days of Grub Street? They are a far different body. They are a far more numerous and far more respectable body. We may safely assert, that there is no profession which includes so much talent, as there is none which diffuses such a vast amount of knowledge and intelligence through the world. They are the class, indeed, which are the enlighters, and modellers, and movers of society. Yet, strange to say, invincibly powerful in the public cause, they are weak as water in their own—capable of challenging offenders in the very highest places; arraigning at the public tribunal, lords, peers, or the very crowned heads themselves; and sure, when they have truth on their side, of being victorious: yet they lie prostrate in individual weakness at the feet of every well-fed seller of a book, and receive his kicks with an astonishing patience. Nay, they have not the shrewdness of our butchers and bakers, who hang together and grow rich; they are a set of Ishmaelites, whose hands are against every man of their own class, and every man's hand is against them. From behind the barricades of newspapers and reviews, they fire with murderous rage on each other, instead of turning their force on the common enemy.

"When we call to mind the men who are now actually living as members of the great community of authors, rich bankers, men of title and large estates, wealthy traders, ladies and gentlemen of the most respectable private fortunes, professional men, clearing large incomes by their professions distinct from literature, it must be confessed that the world has no such instance of infatuation to show as that of authors. Combine, and they may defy poverty and the world."

These "movers of society, and diffusers of knowledge," are, at the same time, pronounced a set of either imbeciles, or "Ishmaelites." Tailors and bakers, and cotton-spinners, can combine—though they have seldom made much by it—but the publishers, it appears, laugh to scorn the very idea of authors acting on a plan which, though highly lauded by Mr. Howitt, does not originate with him, and which, we are told, if carried into effect, would "rapidly change the tone of publishers"

"Towards men who had not only learned to respect themselves, but were resolved to establish respect for the body. 'Get authors to combine! Sooner,' exclaim both publishers and authors themselves, when such a notion is avowed, 'chain the winds, or make granite slabs out of sea-sand!' Yet, spite of this humiliating opinion of authors, let but a number of the most respectable names once unite for the purpose, and it will be seen that the rest of the worthy will flock around them, and that few would venture to stand alone, as individuals improvident, or indifferent to the interests and the character of the body.

"I have considered it my duty to corroborate the main opinions of James Hogg on this point. In the course of inquiries necessary for the writing of this work, I have had to stand on so many spots marked by the miseries of authors; in rooms where they have shed their own blood, or perished by poison in the hour of destitution or despair; by dismal pools, where they have plunged at midnight from starvation to death; or where, covered with fame, they have lain on their death-beds, with scarce any other covering; and I have vowed on those awful spots to call on my fellow-authors to come forward and vindicate their most glorious profession, and to found an association which shall give a motive to every member to respect the name he bears—that of a prophet and an apostle of truth to the world—and a hope of ultimate aid to him and his, if such aid be needful, as a right and not a boon."

Mr. Howitt here reports a conversation which took place between himself and the publisher of "a celebrated Review," on the relative merits of authors and publishers, which shews why the latter class despise the former; and, in the present condition of society—if in this respect society shall ever change—there is, it must be confessed, strong vindication, if not altogether sound reason, for the class-contempt.

Mr. Howitt, at this interview, overheard the publisher forbidding his clerk to open an account with a bookseller, when informed that the man was also "*an author*." But this, after all, might neither be "contempt" of authorship, as a profession, nor suspicion of the applicant's honesty, but the prudent apprehension of an experienced tradesman, who well knew, that in London, at least, the two callings are not likely to thrive in the same firm. A very popular author was next announced, and the publisher retired with him for a few minutes, after which

the conversation was thus resumed with Mr. Howitt:—

"*Publisher.*—'Well, you authors regard yourselves as the salt of the earth. It is you who are the great men of the world; you move society and propel civilization. We publishers are but good pudding-eaters and paymasters to you.'

"*Myself.*—'True enough; but *you* think that you are the master manufacturers, and *we* authors the poor devil artizans who really have no right to more than artizan wages.'

"*Publisher.*—'Ay, if you will take them as wages, and often before they are earned. Grant that you are the salt of the earth; methinks the salt has wonderfully lost its savour when it has to come with a manuscript in one hand, and hold out the other for the instant pay, or the kettle cannot boil. See, there now is a man just gone that will be a name these five hundred years hence; yet what does he come to me for? For a sovereign! I tell you candidly, that if no hero can be a hero to his valet de chambre, neither can an author be a hero to his publisher, when he comes *in forma pauperis* every day before him. For the life of me I cannot maintain an admiration of a man when, like a rat, he is always nibbling at my purse-strings, and especially when I know—and what publisher does not know it?—that give the coin before the work is done, and it never is done. I content myself with things as I find them, and I leave all homage to the reader.'"

What author, with candour, will deny that the publisher, in the main, was in the right? But association is to remedy all this. Now, we humbly think that effectual reform must begin, in the first place, with individual reformation.

To turn to lighter topics, Mr. Howitt, from some mistake in his geography or topography, what between hunger and fatigue, was nearly wrecked on his weary way to the birth-place of Hogg. He had imagined the distance from Moffat to Ettrick Kirk about six miles, and behold it proved sixteen, while the heights of Bodsbeck, which divide Moffatdale from Ettrick, proved something as formidable as the passes of the Alps, before they were smoothed by the engineering genius of Napoleon. Those who know the district will conclude that Mr. Howitt has either made the most of his adventure, or pity him as an Englishman, or half-cockney, bewildered in the bogs and hills, and left many more hours without "refreshment," or a "summat," than such delicate pedestrians are imagined to relish. The fine and wild scenery about the head of "Ettrick water," was altogether lost upon the exhausted traveller, and hunger had, for the time, banished his poetry, or he must have felt the pathos of the bleating lambs, just preparing to leave their dams and their native valley, for the cold, stern world of St. Boswell's or Melrose Fair, and the butcher's knife. He who has written of the "Seasons" might have been aware that the departure of the lambs is one of the most poetical events of the pastoral year.

The lions of the place, so far as Hogg is concerned, were visited and discussed; and then the intelligent and hospitable schoolmaster gave the literary traveller a three miles, or Scotch convoy, to the long-sought inn of Tushielaw.

Here, and in other places, Mr. Howitt falls into, perhaps, unavoidable blunders and mistakes; but they are of little consequence; while it is of the last to learn what the folks of the work-a-day world think of the *geniuses* who have been among them. Mr. Howitt saw next day all that was to be seen at and about Altrive, and listened to opinions of "the Shepherd," which, to say the least, were very natural in the quarter in which they originated, and would not be altogether unjust anywhere:—

"An old farmer and his wife in the neighbourhood, who seemed the last people in the world to admire poets or poetry, though very worthy people in their way, blamed Hogg extremely for taking Mount Benger. 'He was more fitted for books than for farming,' said they. 'Perhaps,' I observed, 'he did not find that little farm of Altrive enough to maintain him.' 'Why should he not?' asked they. 'He had nothing to do there but look after his little flock; that was all he had to care for; and that was the proper business of a man who called himself the Ettrick Shepherd; as though there was never a shepherd in Ettrick besides himself. And if he wanted more income, had not he his pen, and was not he very popular with the periodicals? But he was always wanting to take great farms, without any money to stock them. He was hand and glove with great men in Edinburgh—Professor Wilson, and Scott, and the like; he was aye going to Abbotsford and Lord Napier's, and so he thought himself a very great man too, and Mrs. Hogg thought herself a great woman, and looked down on her neighbours. These poets think nothing's good enough for them. Hogg paid the Duke no rent; but he caught his fish, and killed his game; he was a desperate fellow for fishing and shooting. If people did not do just what he wanted, he soon let them know his mind, and that without much ceremony. He wrote a very abusive letter to Sir Walter Scott, because he would not give him a poem to print when he asked him, and would not speak to him for months; and when he took Mount Benger, he wrote to his generous friend Mr. Grieve, of Ettrick, and desired him to send him £350 to stock the farm, which Mr. Grieve refused, because he knew that the scheme was a ruinous one; on which he wrote *him* a very abusive letter, and would not speak to him for years. The upshot was, that he failed, and paid eighteenpence in the pound; and yet the Duke, though he got no rent, allows the widow the rental of Altrive.

"It is curious to hear the estimation that a man is held in by his neighbours. * * * Hogg, who is admired by the more intellectual of his countrymen, is still, in the eyes of the now matter-of-fact sheep farmers of Ettrick and Yarrow, regarded only as an aspiring man, and bad farmer. They cannot comprehend why he should be so much more regarded than themselves, who are great at market, great on the hills, and pay every man, and lay up hard cash. Yet these men who pay eighteenpence in the pound have farms for nothing, and their families after them, and associate with lords and dukes. That is very odd, certainly."

There are many particulars given of Hogg's history, but none that can be new to Scottish, or to any curious readers; and for his real biography, save as we have it from his own questionable narrative, that still remains to be written, and probably now for ever will. Altrive was the scene or commencement of one of those episodes which, as we have previously intimated, give an air of freshness to the narrative of our author's wanderings, and for this reason we quote the passage in preference to much eloquent criticism, and literary disquisition of more ambitious character:—

"In many of my visits to the homes and haunts of the poets, I have fallen in with persons and things which I regret that I could not legitimately introduce, and which yet are so full of life that they deserve to be preserved. Exactly such a person did I meet with at Altrive Lake, at Mr. Scott's, the successor of Hogg. It was a jolly

wool-buyer. He was a stout, fine, jovial-looking man—one of that class who seem to go through the world seeing only the genial side of it, and drawing all the good out of it, as naturally as the sun draws out of the earth flowers and fruit. The hearty fellow was sitting at luncheon with Mr. Scott as I went in, and I was requested to join them. His large, well-fed person, and large, handsome face, seemed actually to glow and radiate with the fulness of this world's joyousness and prosperity. His head of rich, bushy, black hair, and his smooth black suit, both cut in town fashion, marked him as belonging to a more thronged and bustling region than those tawny, treeless, solitary hills. The moment I mentioned Hogg, and my object in visiting Altrive and Ettrick, the stranger's countenance lit up with a thorough high-flowing tide of rosy animation. 'Eh, but you should ha' had me in Ettrick wi' ye! I know every inch of all these hills and the country round. Haven't I bought the wool all over this country these twenty years? Hogg! Why, Sir, I've bought his wool many a time, and had many a merry "clash" and glass of toddy wi' him at this verra table.' Nothing would do but I must accept half his gig thence to Galashiels that evening, a distance of twenty miles. It was a very friendly offer, for it saved me much time. Our drive was a charming one, and my stout friend knowing all the country, and apparently everybody in it, he pointed out everything, and had a nod, a smile, a passing word for every one that we met or passed in their cottages by the road side. He pointed out the piece of a wall, the only remains of Hogg's old house at Mount Banger, adding—'Ay, I bought his wool.' We descended the Vale of Yarrow, passing through the beautiful woods of *Hangingshaw*. 'Ye'll remember,' said he 'what was said by some English noblemen in the rising in '45, when they heard that the lairds of Hangingshaw and Galashiels were among the Scotch conspirators. "These are ominous names," said they, "we'll have nothing to do with 'em;" and withdrew, and thereby saved their own necks.' So we went on, every few hundred yards bringing new histories of my jolly friend's wool-buying, and of matters which seemed nearly as important in his eyes. There was Newark tower, a beautiful object, standing on a lofty green mound on the other side of the Yarrow, the banks of which are most beautifully wooded. The tower, indeed, is included in the pleasure-grounds of Bowhill, a seat of the Duke of Buccleuch's, within sight; and you see neat walks running all along the river side for miles, amid the hanging woods, and looking most tempting. Opposite to Newark, my friend pointed out a farm-house. 'Do you know what that is?' 'A farm-house,' I replied. 'Ay, but what farm-house—that's the thing? Why, Sir, that's the house where Mungo Park lived, and where his brother now lives.'"

Sometimes we are tempted to fancy that this "jolly wool-dealer," who must be instantly recognised in his own locality, occasionally quizzed his literary companion.

"Do you see the meadow there below us, lying between those two streams," said the "jolly wool-buyer," and the father of Shakspeare might have been such a one. "Yes," replied his agreeable companion in a Galashiels gig:—

"'I buy all the wool of that farm.' I have no doubt if the jolly fellow had fallen in with the fairies on Carterhaugh, he would have tried to buy their wool.

"Ever and anon, out of the gig he sprung, and bolted into a house. Here there was a sudden burst of exclamations, a violent shaking of hands. Out he came again, and a whole troop of people after him. 'Well, but Mr. ——, don't you take my wool this time!' 'Oh, why not? what is it? what weight? what do you want?' 'It is so-and-so, and I want so much for it.' 'Oh, fie, man! I'll gie ye so much.' 'That's too little.' 'Well, that's what I'll gie; ye can send it if ye like the price;' and away we brushed. The man, all life and jollity, giving me a poke in the side with his elbow, and a knowing look, with—'He'll send it. It wont do to spend much time over these little luts;' and away we went. At one house, no sooner did he enter than out came a bonny lass with a glass and the whisky bottle, and most earnestly and respectfully pressing that I should take a glass. 'What could the bonny girl mean by being so urgent that I should take some of her whisky?' 'Oh,' said he, laughing heartily, 'it was because I told her that ye were a Free Church minister frae London, and they're mighty zealous Free Church folk here.'

"Well, there meet the Ettrick and Yarrow, and become the Tweed; and the meadow between is no other than that of *Carterhaugh;* you've heard of it in the old ballads."

It would be pleasant to give the *continuation*; yet as we are not quite sure but that Mr. Howitt has gone fully far enough in reporting confidences implied, if not exacted, we must curb our vein, though we should be comparatively venial offenders in following his seductive example. One certainly does like to hear some things one would dislike exceedingly to be the first to tell; but, fortunately, there are good-natured persons less scrupulous.

Another instance of this sort, which must not be let slip, occurs in the Memoir of Mrs. Hemans, whose temporary "Home," the *Dove's Nest*, delightfully situated near Windermere, was visited by our author, and

"Consists of but four rooms in front; two little sitting rooms, and two bedrooms over them. It is a little white battlemented affair, with a glass door. The woman of the house pointed out to me the chamber, that on the right hand as you face the house, at which Mrs. Hemans, she said, used to write, and which commands a fine view of the lake and its encircling hills. The woman is a regular character. She was very violent against steam, railroads, and all sorts of new-fangled things. She wondered what Parliament was about that they did not stop the steam. 'What are your Sir Robert Peels, your Grahams, and your Stanleys, good for, if they cannot stop the steam?' She would make them sit, if she could have her way, till they did some good; for they had done none yet. She almost preferred O'Connell to them; for he *did* get master of the queen.

"'You seem to be a great Radical,' I said.

"'Nay, nay!' she replied; 'I'm naw Radical. I stick fast to the Church; but I *am* a great politic! And what *will* all those navvies do when the railways are all made? What is to become of the poor boatman when there are nothing but steamers?'

"'Well, but has not Mr. Wordsworth written against the railroads?'

"'Ay, he may write; but there's more nor Mister Wordsworth, now-a-days. People are got too clever now; and if he writes there's twenty ready to write against him.'"

And again Mr. Howitt wakens his doleful dirge over the miseries of poets—"of the old melancholy story of genius fighting for the world, and borne down by the world, which should be its friend."

"Once more, and for the ten thousandth time under such circumstances, we must exclaim with Shakspeare—

"'O, what a noble mind is here o'erthrown!

We have here the bright, warm-hearted, fascinating girl of Bronwylfa, full of all the romance of life and the glorious visions of poetry, now sinking the martyr of the heart betrayed in its tenderest trust, doomed to labour like Pegasus in the peasant's cart and harness, perishing of exhaustion, and feeling that the unequal contest of life had yet left undeveloped the full affluence of the spirit. I could not avoid gazing again on the empty alcove, the beautiful prospect, and the wildly growing white rose, and feeling the full contagion of their and the good woman's melancholy.

"But at once, out broke the strange creature with a different look and tone—'And we have now got another writer lady down at Ambleside.'

"'A poet?'

"'Nay, nothing of the sort; another guess sort of person, I can tell you.'

"'Why, who is that?'

"'Who is that? why, Miss Martineau they call her. They tell me she wrote up the Reform Bill for Lord Brougham, and that she's come from the Lambtons here; and that she's writing now about the taxes. Can she stop the stream, eh? can she, think you? Nay, nay, I warrant, big and strong as she is. Ha! ha! good lauk! as I met her the other day walking along the muddy road below here—Is it a woman, or a man, or what sort of anim alis it? said I to myself. There she came, stride, stride—great heavy shoes—stout leather leggings on—and a knapsack on her back! Ha! ha! that's a *political comicalist*, they say. What's that? Do they mean that she can stop steam? But I said to my husband—Goodness! but that would have been a wife for you. Why, she'd a ploughed! and they say she mows her own grass, and digs her own cabbage and potatoes! Ha! ha! well, we see some queer 'uns here. Wordsworth should write a poem on her. What was Peter Bell to a comicalist?' The good woman laughed outrageously at the images she had raised in her own mind; and infected by her mirth, as I had been by her melancholy, I bade her good bye."

Mr. Howitt, also, saw in Dublin the lodging where Mrs. Hemans spent her last days; but this Memoir, like so many more, contains little or nothing that has not appeared in previous biographies, except the warm expression of the writer's homage and admiration. Yet how useful and pleasant to have so many scattered rays drawn into one focus!

Considerable space is allotted to Sir Walter Scott; and of Campbell we learn the strange and solitary new fact, that in Glasgow, where the poet has many surviving friends and relatives, no one can now point out the house in which he was born!

Mr. Howitt is not sparing of censure of Southey's defalcation from his original political creed; and for this he is justified, not by the Laureate's total change of opinion, unhappy as that might be, but by the keenness, the bitterness, and even malignity, of his feelings, towards those who, in an honest heart, cherished and avowed the sentiments of which he once had been the fearless champion and promulgator. It is just probable that the Messrs. Longman's shelves testify to the justice of Mr. Howitt's criticism of Southey's poetry, or, at least, of his long poems. They want the ethereal essence—the master-touch; and beautiful fancy and copious invention will never supply the want of soul and sentiment; the something truthful and *spiritual*, also is missed by the readers, for the second time, of "Thalaba" and the "Curse of Kehama."

The biography of Sir Walter Scott is abundantly eulogistic; but in the Life, or "Homes and Haunts" of Southey, the personal character of the baronet appears in a different light, and one which will not permit the English reader to forget that Scott was not only a sagacious "Norlan," but had been a lawyer in his youth, and what he in his Scottish characters would call "an auld sneck-drawer." It is altogether too bad, and yet so perverse is human nature, that one is tempted to laugh either at the bare-faced dissimulation of Scott, or the simplicity and credulity of Southey, as he who fooled him so egregiously must have done—but only in his sleeve. The short story is this:—Scott, in agony and horror at the idea of being himself disgraced, degraded, and made ridiculous, as he thought, by the ignominy of receiving the Laurel, and imagining that his literary reputation would be for ever damaged, if not blasted, and, on the other hand, mortally afraid of offending the royal patron who graciously intended him this mark of distinction and bounty, contrived to foist the dreaded honour upon Southey, his "dear friend." This piece of genuine life would have made a rich scene in a comedy by Sheridan. It requires no touch of embellishment or exaggeration. Mr. Howitt becomes dramatic, and almost facetious, upon this famous illustration of the nature of literary friendships. Southey had his own faults; and Mr. Howitt conceives it his bounden duty to point them out. The Laureate could call men as honest and enlightened as himself very hard names, and openly cherished the most bitter animosity against those who presumed to remain stedfast in the principles from which he had swerved so widely; but his nature was too essentially upright to have allowed him to betray "a dear friend" and "elder brother in the Muses," rather than incur the possible risk of losing one gleam of court favour;—the favour of the Regent—afterwards George IV.

We regret to learn that some parts of the Memoir of Southey have given offence, where Mr. Howitt could, we are certain, least have intended offence. As his recommendation is, however, not in the least likely to promote Mrs. Southey's chance for a pension, there might have been more delicacy in avoiding that subject altogether. Of Southey's errors he was constrained to speak.

Mr. Howitt has conceived a fanciful theory to account for what is peculiar in the poetry of Wordsworth, which he terms a system of "poetical quakerism," affirming that George Fox, had the gods made him poetical, would have written just such verses as the Bard of Rydal Mount. We opine that they would have much more resembled the verses of John Bunyan. No doubt much of the poetry of Wordsworth is the poetry of contemplation—of quietism, if not of transcendentalism—though we cannot imagine that he caught his inspiration from the Quaker theology. Differing widely as he does, and, from the constitution of the whole man, mental and physical, must have done, from Burns—the object, nevertheless, from early life of his fervent admiration—it was from the peasant-poet, the man of burning passions and headlong impulse, who, by the intuitions of untaught genius, threw himself daringly and unreservedly upon the bosom of Nature and Truth, in their lowliest and yet most holy and beautiful manifestations, that Wordsworth, as we think, first caught the idea of that theory of poetry which he has ingeniously promulgated in his prefaces, however imperfectly it may be developed in lyrics, which

emanate rather from a brooding, contemplative mind, than from the impassioned heart, and wild impulses of genius.

Mr. Howitt's speculation is, however, curious; and, if well-founded, proves that there can now be very little genuine Quakerism left among the settled-down, instead of the "centred-down," descendants of Fox and Naylor. If there were, half the business of Mark Lane must either change hands or stand still.

We should have been delighted to indicate the "Homes" of Cowper, often as they have been described; of Moore, of Leigh Hunt, the venerable Montgomery, and many others; but Ebenezer Elliott, the *Corn-Law Rhymer*, it would be sinful to pass altogether unnoticed, since his life teaches lessons as noble as those of his verse, and is itself an antidote to half "the calamities of authors."

A good many years since, *Tait's Magazine* contained an account of this remarkable, this truly great man, many of whose finest lyrical compositions have adorned its pages. But Elliott is a man of progress; "a sleepless soul." Yet no dreamer, no weakling, he, succumbing under the "*calamities of authors*," and grievously in want of a pension or a patron, sustains his life and his fortitude under the adversity which almost universally, according to Mr. Howitt, overwhelms genius. Elliott maintained with life and its common ills, a long and an arduous, but a manful struggle. But no one ever heard him rave about the world's neglect, or the hard lot of genius doomed to poverty. He came to Sheffield with a wife and children, poor as ever working-man can be—a harder conflict few men or poets have had, but he chose to help himself, and came off victorious, nay triumphant.

After visiting several of the haunts of Elliot around Sheffield, he is traced to the final resting-place of his brave and useful life, near Darfield, not far off the Railroad between Rotherham and Wakefield, and just beyond the village of Great Houghton, an antique farming hamlet.

"Elliott's house, which he has built, is a good stone house in the style of the country, with a flag roof, and is fit for gentleman or farmer. It occupies the top of a hill on the edge of a common. It has a good garden lying round it; the views from it are fine and very extensive, including distant towns and villages, and here and there a great mass of wood. There is a fine airiness about the situation; but the prospect of suitable society is not so easy to be perceived. One naturally connects the idea of Ebenezer Elliott and the brisk movements of a populous town; but he complains that the constant political excitements of a town had wearied him, and gave too much interruption to his literary enjoyments. Here certainly he has withdrawn to complete leisure for books and the country; and yet, if he need the intercourse with towns, the various railroads put half a dozen within the speediest access. He says that time, instead of hanging heavily, never went so fast with him. I found Ebenezer Elliot t standing at his porch, with his huge Newfoundland dog beside him. I merely introduced myself as an admirer of his poetry, who had a desire in passing to pay my respects to him. He gave me a very cordial welcome. We entered his room, and were soon deep in conversation. And we were soon too high in conversation; for our talk, amongst other things, turning on a certain class of society, I happened to say that, 'spite of all their faults as a class, many of them as individuals were very amiable people.' This was a little too much for him. The latent fire of the Corn-Law Rhymer blazed up; he started from his chair, and pacing to and fro with his hands at his back, exclaimed, 'Amiable men! amiable robbers! thieves! and murderers! Sir, I do not like to hear thieves, robbers, and murderers called amiable men. Amiable men indeed! Who are they that have ruined trade, made bread dear, made murder wholesale, put poverty into prison, and made crimes of ignorance and misery? Sir, I do not like to hear such terms used for such men!' I laughed, and said, 'Well, Mr. Elliott, you and I shall certainly not quarrel about any such people; and I ought not to sit talking thus as a perfect stranger—it creates a false position and false conclusions.' I then mentioned my name. He sprang across the room, caught hold of my offered hand with both his, gave it a great shake, and then hastened out to call Mrs. Elliot. Very soon Mrs. Elliot and a daughter appeared, and we were speedily afloat on an ocean of talk. * * * Were I at liberty to pen down the dialogue of that one afternoon, in all its freedom of remark, it would make the brightest but most startling chapter of these volumes. But that cannot be, and I must add nothing more to this article than simply to say, that in a strange place I should never have recognised Ebenezer Elliott by his portrait. There is no good one of him. He is somewhat above the middle height. He is sixty-five, but not old looking for his years. His hair is white, and his manner and tone, except when excited by those topics that rouse his indignation against cruelty and oppression, mild, soft, and full of feeling. Perhaps no man's spirit and presence are so entirely the spirit and presence of his poetry."

Of Professor Wilson we have a very meagre notice; or, rather, a few complimentary sentences, and a selection of the absurd or exaggerated stories, which are current regarding his alleged eccentricities. The following anecdote, though not more ridiculous than a hundred others of the sort, is new to us, or else forgotten, though Mr. Howitt must have found it somewhere; not that he is very particular about his authorities when a good story might be lost.

"It is also said, that, quite as a youth, he made an excursion of this kind, nobody knowing whither he had vanished, till a Paisley man, happening to enter an inn at Conway, to his amazement saw him acting as a waiter there. Information was immediately sent to his father, it is said, who hastened into Wales, and surprised John by his presence, requesting him to return forthwith home. But here the Boniface interfered, declaring that he could not part on any terms with his waiter, for such a waiter he never had in his house in his life. So active, so expert, so full of wit and good humour, that every one of his guests was charmed with him. In short, he was the making of the house, and go he should not. It was only when mine host was convinced who and what the youth was, and that it was only a lark, that he gave way and consented to his loss."

It must have been delightful to have seen Wilson, with a cork-screw in his hand, and a napkin over his arm, calling out "Anon, anon," to the thirsty customers, who could not but have liberally "tipped" the adroit and facetious waiter. If this story be not quite correct, it is almost a pity that anything so good should not be true.

Much in the same style, and almost as racy are the anecdotes of the amazement which the poets excite by their habit of loudly chanting their half-composed rhymes, by way, it is presumed, of getting on, or keeping up the steam. Campbell, in early life, we have heard, but scarce vouch for the fact, not only indulged in this sort of wild recitation, but swung the door of his room back-

wards—not as a Franklin, but a lyrical bellows—to the great alarm of his respective Edinburgh landladies, equally in terror for their lodger's wits and the door hinges. For forty years, Wordsworth has gone sounding on over the Cumberland hills and dales, or under his own laurels; and even the sober Southey's chant in his garden at Greta Lodge, led a visiter of his next door neighbour to inquire of his host, "Have you got bitterns here?" "Oh! no bitterns: only Southey spouting his verses."

Our readers must perceive that the "Homes and Haunts" is one of Mr. Howitt's greatest literary efforts. We must not omit to state that in the subordinate commercial view, merely as a bargain of print, paper, and decoration, "The Homes and Haunts," handsome, and even elegant externally, and no flimsy modern tomes, are deserving of praise and patronage: Altogether, the work will be quoted and referred to with more interest a hundred years hence, than at the present day. What would not one give for a similar work, by a contemporary of Chaucer, or of the luminaries of the Elizabethan era? Mr. Howitt, as their contemporary, has in many cases seen, with his own eyes, men only inferior to the very greatest of these.

There are several passages in the volumes which we have not noticed, but which Mr. Howitt should erase, if a second edition of his work be required.

THE CAUSE AND CURE OF CRIME.

NINETY-SEVEN years ago the House of Commons began a reformation of the criminal laws; but the bill passed by that branch of the Legislature was rejected in the Peers, and the subject was not reconsidered until more than half a century elapsed. The late Sir Samuel Romilly, in 1808, introduced and passed a bill to prevent the execution of pickpockets, who were convicted of success in their pursuits, on any single venture, to the value of five shillings. That gentleman, during the next ten years, wrought incessantly to soften the criminal law of England, which was then, and for many subsequent years, disgraceful to the country. In 1811 he succeeded in passing bills to abolish capital punishments for three classes of offences. He was also enabled to carry a bill in 1812, by which soldiers and sailors might beg on the streets, without incurring the risk of being hanged; for that was formerly the penalty incurred for street-begging in their case. Sir Samuel Romilly continued to press his amendments of the criminal law in each successive session without material success—for the Commons passed measures apparently to give the Peers an opportunity of rejecting them—until 1818, when he died, and his mantle descended on Sir James Mackintosh. He commenced to take charge of these measures in 1819, and for eleven years occupied the position vacated by Sir Samuel Romilly's death. Although opposed by Lord Castlereagh and Sir Robert Peel, he was enabled to reduce materially the number of red statutes in England's laws. In Castlereagh he found an honest and most unflinching opponent, and a steady consistent friend of the hangman; one who resisted, by force and fraud, to the last, any infringement, however slight, on the vested interest of that class of public functionaries. Sir Robert Peel, even at that early period in his history, exhibited a disposition to comply with the rising spirit of the times. He was perfectly willing to stand by the gallows while it was safe; but he gave most unequivocal evidence of a determination never to be a political martyr to the art of strangling. He has even, in recent years, frequently sought credit for his improvements of the penal laws, but they were never of a large or generous character. His first effort went only to substitute a record of the capital sentence for those cases in which it could not be inflicted, in place of the ordinary and solemn forms pursued. Then he carried a series of bills to consolidate the laws relating to capital punishments; but, even while thus engaged, he mitigated the punishment itself in the most parsimonious manner. No statesman could have dealt more tenderly by the hangman. He doled out mitigations of the law with a stinted hand like a political miser parting with the highest gems of the constitution. In one instance he raised the scale of capital punishment, in stealing out of a dwelling-house, from 40s. to 100s. The difference was that between a good and a bad silver watch, although a thief was not likely to weigh with a tradesman's eye the value of the article which his fingers clutched. There was no probability whatever of the criminal stealing up to £4 19s. 6d. *nett*, and leaving any light and portable article behind, that he might establish, if arrested, a good defence against being hanged. The intention in all such cases is the same; the thief is there to take all that he can get; he seldom leaves a balance out of respect to those from whom he pilfers; and Sir Robert Peel's improvement left hanging, not the punishment of demerit so much as of a fortunate run in a bad business. When he introduced his forgery bill in 1830, he was still faithful to the gallows. Although he had, ere then, deserted Oxford and Lord Eldon, he continued to be true to Ketch. In the Commons the capital punishment clauses were successfully opposed by Mr. Spring Rice—the present Lord Monteagle; but the Peers reinserted them, and the bill passed. Two years afterwards the Government carried a measure for expunging these clauses, except in two cases preserved by the Peers, faithful still in a year of faithlessness. In the same session, Mr. W. Ewart, who then represented Liverpool, and now represents Dumfries, introduced, and carried a most important bill for abolishing capital punishments in cases of sheep, cattle, and horse stealing, and larceny in dwellings. The legis-

lative fame of 1832 does not, therefore, rest entirely on the Reform Bill, for in other respects it was a productive season. Mr. Lennard carried a bill in 1833 to abolish capital punishment for housebreaking. In 1834 Mr. Ewart carried the abolition of death for returning from transportation; and in 1835 for sacrilege and letter-stealing. We are convinced that the services of Mr. Ewart, in the reformation of the criminal code, have been very insufficiently acknowledged. He is a worthy successor of Sir Samuel Romilly, and although he has laboured in a better time, yet it must not be forgotten that his efforts tended, in a considerable degree, to make the opportunity.

Lord John Russell subsequently reduced capital punishment to a few crimes of the greatest magnitude; and for several years the last punishment of the law has not been inflicted, except on murderers.

During the discussions, in and out of Parliament, on all these measures, example was said to be the grand aim and object of punishment. In the year 1785 there are said to have been ninety-seven persons executed in London alone for stealing out of shops; and the punishment in these cases could not have been inflicted for the *improvement* of the criminals. But in every instance down to Lord John Russell's speech, when introducing his measure, example has been pleaded as the great fruit of punishment. To deter the innocent from crime, the guilty are punished. We deny the propriety or soundness of this reasoning. Society has no right to punish any person for the good of another person or persons, or for its own benefit collectively. Example is a consequence of punishment, proceeding from it, necessarily and unavoidably, because we cannot prevent that; but still punishment can never be justly inflicted on this ground. A criminal may be justly punished, because he has violated the compact of his existence, and in the hope of improving his own character, but not with the purpose of improving the character of another individual. It is, however singular, that in secondary punishments, with "example," and the benefits of example running perpetually in the mind of the legislature, all means for obtaining that object should have been steadily neglected. The felon's fate affords to the evil disposed the smallest possible amount of warning. The criminal is closed up from public observation in the hulks, or consigned to the most distant colony. An air of mystery and even of romance is thrown around his fate. He may attain—by good conduct, the exercise of good abilities, or a few more than clever or less than honest movements—to distinction in the new world. He can, at the worst estimate, take to the woods, become a colonial Robin Hood, the hero of a hundred tales in the ballad poetry and traditions of Van Diemen's Land; to die at last in harness a free, bold, and desperate bush-ranger. Banishment, after all the horrors of the middle passage, is not a deplorable fate to the utterly lost and reckless castaway. It has its charms to the ignorant and immoral, who seldom read parliamentary debates; never open parliamentary blue books; and are, therefore, uninformed regarding the horrors of Norfolk Island. Transportation thus fails as an example. Its results are entirely lost upon the vagrant population, who are rising up to share them hereafter. They know and hear nothing of the earnings for which they are labouring, except such vague reports as rather convert in their imagination the land of banishment into a paradise of promise. One of the avowed objects of punishment—one at least of its beneficial consequences, when rightly administered, is thus entirely lost; and it cannot be supposed that another object and consequence—the improvement of the punished—is in the slightest degree advanced by transportation. There is more reason to believe that the system is founding, in New South Wales and Van Diemen's Land, an empire prodigal in crime. Colonies, peopled by the outcasts of British society, must be distinguished by the morals and the manners of our most abandoned classes; and we are surprised that Statesmen have never looked a century or half a century in advance on the picture of these states that may be drawn without much imaginative shading; if their population continue to be increased on the present plan, and in the existing proportions. Even the free emigration of some recent years has not been drawn from an intelligent or a pure class in society. The most ignorant and immoral classes have generally furnished the free emigrants under the Government schemes; and even with this aid, the felon still continues to bear a higher proportion to the free emigration than is generally supposed. In 1828, the population of New South Wales was made up in the following proportions:—

Natives of the colony	8,727
Free emigrants	4,673
	13,400
Persons who had been sent out as convicts, and free of servitude,	6,644
Convicts pardoned	886
Convicts	15,668
	36,598

The convict emigrants constituted at that period two-thirds of the population; and, although a considerable change has been accomplished since then in these proportions, yet the greater part of the emigrants have been drawn from an inferior class; and, in 1841, New South Wales society stood in the following proportions:—

Natives of the colony	29,441
Free emigrants	52,903
	82,344
Persons sent out as convicts, and free by servitude or pardon,	19,397
Convicts	26,977
	128,718

A rapid change had been effected; but, still, more than one-third of the population were or had been convicts, and more than one-half of the effective population—for the enumeration of free persons includes children under twelve years of age—while the convicts must all be adults. Even

of the children under twelve years of age, a number must be the descendants of convicts, who do not receive an education superior to that which brought their parents to the colony.

The population of Van Diemen's Land was, in 1838, divided into the following classes:—

Free	26,055
Convicts	18,133
	44,188

A considerable proportion of the inhabitants then free came out as convicts; and, as the children, under twelve years of age, are all enumerated amongst the free population, there can be no doubt that, in 1838, two-thirds of the effective colonists either were or had been convicts.

Emigration to the Australian colonies is very capricious. There is not that regular stream of outgoing persons that has set in towards the west; but, on the contrary, in some years, a great body of wanderers has been thrown out to the south; while in others, immediately following, the felons who went in chains outnumbered the freemen who sought that land as their choice. For several years, the free emigration to the Australian colonies was very large. We subjoin the numbers, from 1837 to 1842 :—

1837,	5,054	1840,	15,850
1838,	14,021	1841,	32,625
1839,	15,786	1842,	8,534

In 1843, the arrivals had fallen to 3,478, little more than a tenth of the immigration for 1841. In 1844, there were 2,229 emigrants to all the Australian colonies; but of these parties there were only 1,179 for Sydney, and one only for Van Diemen's Land—so that the penal colonies had altogether 1,180 free emigrants, or little more than one-half of the persons who settled in this group of new countries. The average number of convicts annually transported, from 1825 to 1841, was 2,865. In the latter year, the number was considerably diminished; and the practice of confining convicts under short sentences to the hulks has increased since that period. Still, this great empire annually transfers a large body of its worst and most pernicious members from the centre to its farthest extremity; with the view, we might suppose, of creating a new Sodom on earth, and constructing a society that might be pre-eminently distinguished as the plague-spot of the world. Are these persons, of whom a large proportion have become criminal from public and private neglect, deserving of consideration? Shall they be tossed aside, like the worthless weeds of society, to waste forgotten and unheeded? When the ship has sailed, with her freight of crime and misery to be flung upon a distant shore, is our duty fairly accomplished? Can all who have weight and influence in the world then wash their hands and say that they are innocent of the fate of the banished felons, whom the law gives up as irrecoverable? The proceedings in their case answer in a dreadful affirmative; and yet charity is anxious to give a negative in its quiet whispers. There is a singular intermingling of confidence and suspicion in the felon's doom. It says that they cannot be trusted as servants in the towns or the peopled parishes of Britain; but, in the lonely settler's home, they may be employed to watch his flocks, to conduct domestic matters, or to tend and *educate* his children; for, however many may be blinded to the fact, yet the household servants in no small degree *educate* the children of the family. The felon's doom says that we cannot trust criminals in the lowest departments of our home society; but we send them hence, ten thousand miles away, to represent our character, to support the dignity of our name, in another hemisphere, and to be the piles of an infant empire in the distant south. The fatality of the system arises partly from the resignation of the prisoner's improvement to chance, under the most unpromising circumstances. He is handed over as a slave to some sheep farmer; and, so far as the Government is concerned, no farther effort is made to improve his intellect or his morals. His future position bars him from any means of self-culture. There is no teacher in the wilds where his flocks are fed. No church nor chapel bell rings over these broad prairies to mark the hour or even the day of prayer. His companions are the dissolute and the wretched. Their converse is of the guilt of past and the sufferings of present days. In their communications villainy hardens crime; until the mind becomes almost irretrievably polluted. The master walks abroad armed to the teeth against his own servants. All mutual confidence is lost and destroyed; while negligence is met by brutality; and the law of kindness seldom comes to soften the felon's heart, and melt it down again into the pliancy of its yielding youth. The bold and the desperate rob, murder, and become bushrangers; while the weak and the timid degenerate into a condition of sullen apathy, by no means superior to that of the depraved and heathen natives who are fading away before the white man — the graves of whose race are the footmarks of *our* civilisation.

We fear that little can be done in this country even for the reformed and recovered felon. Society stamps its iron on his brow, and bids him "sin or die." Men who seek forgiveness every morn and eve; scarcely know what forgiveness means in their own practice. They are very willing to pardon theoretically. They have no objection to be abstractly forgiving: so long as the exercise of that grace interferes not with their own arrangements, they are willing to exercise it; but, whenever they are asked to restore the criminal to his former place in society, they learn their own weakness and the extent of his fall. Lord Brougham told in the House of Peers a few evenings ago an affecting story. A man had lived out his days of punishment. He was turned into the world; and, sensible that he would seek work and confidence vainly in his former neighbourhood, he wandered far, and found employment. For several months his conduct was irreproachable; but, ultimately, some "busybody" discovered his asylum, and disclosed

his secret. He was then obliged to abandon his employment, and commence the weary search, "without a character," for a new home. Society is ever saying thus to its crime-stained "sin or die." And one man cannot reproach another with the fact, which is the consequence of a natural prudence that might be, but seldom is, subjected to discriminating inquiry. Men do not forgive in the broad and full meaning of the term, by restoring the forgiven to that trust, and favour, and confidence that they once held.

Transportation might be advantageously commuted into punishment and employment in penitentiaries at home, where the prisoner's fate might not only be in some measure an example to others; but where subjected to moral and religious culture, instructed in some useful trade, inured to strict discipline, and accustomed to regular habits, he might become a valuable emigrant to some of our colonies.

The Governor of Glasgow prison, in some suggestions recently circulated by him, urges the substitution of imprisonment, with occasional employment out of doors, for transportation: and the removal of the prisoners to a colony only when their conduct, under the rigid discipline of a penitentiary at home, has in some measure re-established their character. This system, he says, would be more economical to the country than banishment; while it would be more beneficial to society, better for the individuals; and wiser for the colonists, who have a singular taste in favour of penal labour; and who deem an immigration of thieves and burglars conducive to the prosperity of their infant land.

Mr. Miller, to whose suggestions we have referred, estimates the annual cost of a transported felon to the country at £37 1s. 6d., and of an imprisoned criminal at £19, so the balance per annum in favour of imprisonment is £18 1s. 6d. in each case.

The amelioration of the criminal laws has been accompanied by improvement, not only in prison discipline, but also in prison accommodation. More attention has been recently bestowed and more money expended on the homes of the vicious, than on those of the virtuous and poor. We once had an opportunity of examining one of the largest penitentiaries in the country, immediately after visiting a densely peopled quarter of a large town. The contrast was painful. The cells in the penitentiary were small but comfortable. They were carefully warmed and ventilated. The food of the prisoners was abundant. Their clothes, by day and night, were clean and plentiful. They had the use of every appliance for securing and improving health. They had the benefits of secular and religious instruction provided for them; and, except for the silence of their solitary cells, they appeared to be in comparatively enviable circumstances. Without the prison walls—beneath them—honest men pined for food—the children of the industrious shivered in cold—the homes of poverty were damp and cheerless—and thousands, who had never come before a magistrate, lay down, at night, supperless, to seek uneasy rest on a bundle of straw, without a better covering than the ragged clothes of the day, in a small apartment, cold in winter, without ventilation in summer, surrounded by stagnant sewers, while fever was eating its fatal way round them on every side.

It seemed that, by some terrible error, the prisoners were petted, and those who should be the bulwarks of society were its outcasts, of whose honesty and toil the world was ashamed; for crime lived within a palace, and virtue vegetated in a hovel.

The number of persons committed for trial, in 1845, was—

For England,	24,303
Ireland,	16,696
Scotland,	3,537
	44,536

The proportion of committals to the population is much smaller in Scotland than in England, and in England than in Ireland. The convictions of 1845 were, to the committals, in Scotland, as 75.74 per cent; in England, as 71.60; while, in Ireland, 16,696 committals were followed by only 7,101 convictions. The number of persons committed for trial is only a small proportion of those who pass through our prisons; of whom the number for 1834, in England, was 100,000, and, in 1844, 126,000. The number for the three kingdoms, in that year, was equal to 1 in 120 of the population. While Scotland presents a smaller proportionate number of commitments than either of the other two divisions, yet its juvenile criminality considerably exceeds, from some cause not fully explained, that of England or Ireland; for, in 1845, the persons under sixteen years of age committed, were—

In England,	as 1 in 5.564	of the	inhabitants.
Ireland,	as 1 in 6.244	,,	,,
Scotland,	as 1 in 4.495	,,	,,

To whatever cause this bad pre-eminence in Scotland may be traceable, its removal must be desired; for, with all our improvements in prison discipline, gaols have only been converted from the nurseries to the causes of crime, and the distinction is not worth much to society. Crime must be checked before it reaches a prison, or, in this country, it will not be checked in very many instances. Imprisonment implies degradation, and secures an almost invariable rejection of every application for employment by those who wear its brand. In seeking to reduce our criminal statistics, we must therefore look to their source, and endeavour to divert the stream, ever flowing hitherto from that neglected and polluted fountain. Recent inquiries have shown undeniably that the great majority, nine-tenths of criminals are uneducated persons. That fact does not solve the question whether the mere elements of education reduce the tendency to crime; although we are surprised that it ever should have been a question. Mr. G. R. Porter, in his valuable work on the progress of the nation, remarks that the tendency of mere education, comprehending in the phrase the elemen-

tary branches of reading and writing—may not exercise any moral influence in preventing the disposition to crime; while yet, by opening up new sources of employment, they lessen the temptation in individuals. The statistical returns on this subject are, however, useful in showing the classes from which criminals are supplied. They are chiefly the uneducated. And in society we have a floating mass of juvenile paupers, existing in alarming numbers, and rising to occupy our penitentiaries—to supply New South Wales with slaves—or to die prematurely under the most cruel neglect ever tolerated in any nation. The Moabites who made their children burnt offerings to idols had an infatuated hope of accomplishing a great object by the sacrifice. The Hindoo mother committed her child to the sacred river, trusting that its waters would float her infant to Elysium. How many British mothers, more *enlightened*, without any similarly vague expectations, submit their children to the most fiery ordeal!—and no effort is made by the public authorities to restrain the iniquity; for this crime may be more frequently chargeable to the State than to the parent. Juvenile street-begging is the precursor of juvenile crime. Our common pauperism is the grand nursery of our too common guilt. It is not possible that an infant can be trained to all the artifices of alms-seeking, and exercise them from its earliest years, without contracting the contamination of crime, if left without any intellectual or moral instruction; and this is the case in almost every instance of juvenile pauperism. Death interferes, in the great majority of cases, to save the public from an intolerable burden. The vast majority of children, who are exposed from any causes to the miseries of street-begging, die early. Those alone who are of the stoutest mould can withstand the vicissitudes to which they are subjected. But it is surely a miserable comfort to find our mode of treatment fatal to so many individuals, who might have lived to usefulness in a yet half-peopled world. It can be no great recommendation of our present system that it shields the public from an overwhelming mass of crime, only by throwing those who seem to be regarded as the refuse of time into eternity, without the experience of a single real kindness, or an hour of proper instruction. Those who are desirous of reducing the crime of the country must begin with the lowest depths of society, and improve them. They may demand an alteration in our Poor laws, and they may seek for legislative improvement; but we have the utmost reliance in the disposition of the State to do good by halves and quarters; and so it will be ultimately found that the work, to be done well, must be done by the people themselves. In a pamphlet recently published,* (which we have received since part of these pages were in type), on this subject, the writer quotes a remark by Daniel Defoe—"That begging is a shame to any country; if the beggar is an unworthy object of charity, it is a shame that he should be *allowed* to beg; if a worthy object of charity, it is a shame that he should be *compelled* to beg." This was the opinion of a great man, promulgated two centuries ago, but promulgated for two centuries in vain, because it is an obvious truth which Statesmen have deemed it their interest to disregard. This negligence of Legislators by no means relieves the people from their responsibility. They can easily and economically check this evil; and the ragged schools of London and its vicinity are beginnings in a right course. These ragged schools, however, meeting only on two or three evenings of each week, are incompetent to perform the necessary work. They are not sufficiently comprehensive to embrace all the requisite objects. They offer instruction to the children of the poorest classes; but instruction without bread will not attain the end required. For that purpose, ragged schools must be converted into schools of industry, where the pupils will be taught and fed. Education to a child perishing for food is almost worthless; for the elements of reading and writing will not supply the immediate want of a quartern loaf; and it is little less than mockery to bid the destitute be taught, unless they are also invited to be fed. For some years in Scotland there have been two great schemes propounded for the relief of the misery accumulated and accumulating from the proverbial deficiency of the Poor-law in that country. The two schemes have two authors, both celebrated for their benevolence. Dr. Chalmers insists on bringing the Bible to the poor; and Dr. Alison urges us to give them bread. Between the two, an excellent system may be wrought out, for the two plans are parts of one efficient scheme; and in the pamphlet, from which we have already quoted, the necessity of union between them, and the manner in which they can be united through these industrial schools, is thus stated:—

"We agreed with both, and confess that we could never very well see how they seemed to disagree with each other. In, as it were, the presence of such men, I speak on this subject with unfeigned humility. The two schemes may go hand in hand; nay, more—like the twins of Siam—the presence of the one should insure the company of the other; and what, perhaps more than anything else, recommends this scheme both to our head and heart, is this—it furnishes a common walk for both these distinguished philanthropists. Under the self-same roof the temporal and the moral wants of our forlorn poor are provided for: both these Doctors meet most harmoniously in our school-room; Dr. Alison comes in with his bread—Dr. Chalmers with his Bible: here is food for the body—there for the soul. Dr. Alison's bread cannot be abused—Dr. Chalmers's Bible is heard by willing ears: and so this scheme, meeting the views of both, lays its hands upon them both."

We rejoice to find that, in Edinburgh, in Glasgow, and in several other towns, schools of this description have been, or are to be established. In Aberdeen, Dundee, and Perth, they have existed for some time, and proved highly beneficial. In Ireland—at least, in one of its large towns, Belfast—the plan is likely to be introduced. In London, there is reason to expect its wide and general adoption. Nothing can be easier than its introduction into such places as Leeds, Birmingham, and Liverpool. It has been said that

* A Plea for Ragged Schools. By the Rev. Thomas Guthrie.

no plain practical way of doing good, when presented to the people of Manchester, ever languished for want of funds; and these Industrial Schools, like all efficient instruments, are remarkably simple in their operation. We are indebted for their adoption to a criminal judge—Sheriff Watson of Aberdeen. Whatever good they may ultimately accomplish may be traced to the patient care with which that gentleman has watched their first beginnings. He was startled with the number of juvenile offenders brought before him in his official capacity; and found out practically that prison reformation was a change scarcely ever accomplished. In proposing to teach and feed the juvenile paupers of that city and neighbourhood, he met at first a limited encouragement. The project was thought to be visionary and expensive by those who forgot that its expense—and double its expense—was already incurred by the public, without obtaining one of its advantages. At the annual cost of a few hundred pounds, schools have been established and wrought, until the results may be best explained by an extract from one of Mr. Watson's letters to Mr. Hill, the superintendent of prisons:—

"We have now no begging children either in town or county. I was rather surprised at the effects produced in the county districts. During the three months preceding 6th July, 1846, upwards of a hundred children were found wandering in the county, and reported by the rural police. During the corresponding period of 1844, fifty were found. In the corresponding period of 1845, only eight; and from the 8th of June to the 5th of July none were found."

The routine pursued in the Aberdeen schools, which we regard as the model institutions, is so simple that it may be stated in a few words, extracted from the report of the County Prison Board of Aberdeen:—

"The peculiar feature of the Industrial Schools is the combination of instruction in useful employment with education and food. The children have three substantial meals a-day; three hours of lessons, and five hours of work suited to their ages. All the boys (and girls) return to their homes every evening. On Sundays, they receive their food as on other days, and attend public worship, and they have also religious instruction in school."

We should add that part of the time, on working days, is occupied very properly in recreation. The average expense

"Of each child is about £6 per annum; £3 12s. per annum, or about 2½d. a-day, being the cost of victuals for each; and the other expenses, such as rent, salaries, &c., being met by the additional £2 8s.

"From the above sum—£6 for each boy—there must be deducted the average earnings of each, which, for last year, amounted to £1 10s.—thus making the actual cost about £4 10s. for each. The earnings of some of the children are very small; others, according to the nature of the work, will make 3d. or 4d. a-day, and, in a few cases, even 6d.; but such cases are rare, and the work uncertain."

The schools were commenced in the year 1841; but since then a considerable number of the children have obtained situations, and their average attendance would probably never exceed three and a half to four years. Even if they were supplied with necessary clothing, of which some portion might be obtained without any additional charge, the expense would not exceed £6 yearly; or an average of £21 for each child; whilst a single convict costs £148 6s. for four years' punishment. The expense of educating seven children in these industrial schools is, therefore, paid for the punishment of one criminal by the present system; and if uncared for and untaught, we believe that the seven children would produce two or three criminals. But the annual cost of rearing these children falls on the public. They must defray the charges either in a regular or an irregular manner. They must tax themselves, or be taxed by the operations of the juvenile beggar and the juvenile thief. They cannot escape from the burden of supporting these young persons in the meantime; and it would be wiser to lay out the money in rendering them good members of society than in contracting farther and heavy liabilities by leaving them on the road to crime.

Economy and humanity are thus happily combined in pleading for the general establishment of these institutions. They would at once save money and character to the country. Our object has been to show the cheapest mode of eradicating crime; but it should not be forgotten that the means which prevent evil will accomplish good. The endeavours made to improve prison discipline, emanating principally from humane men in charge of our large gaols, deserve the utmost encouragement; but we cannot trust much to their efficiency; and we should not make crime and the police office the only avenues by which many can reach shelter, food, and instruction. We quote a passage from Mr. Guthrie's pamphlet, in which all the argument is most eloquently expressed:—

"For example, I was returning from a meeting one night, about twelve o'clock: it was a fierce blast of wind and rain. In Princes Street, a piteous voice and a shivering boy pressed me to buy a tract. I asked the child why he was out in such a night and at such an hour. He had not got his money; he dared not go home without it; he would rather sleep in a stair all night. I thought, as we passed a lamp, that I had seen him before. I asked him if he went to church. 'Sometimes to Mr. Guthrie's,' was his reply. On looking again, I now recognised him as one I had occasionally seen in the Cowgate Chapel. Muffled up to meet the weather, he did not recognise me. I asked him what his father was. 'I have no father, Sir; he is dead.' His mother? 'She is very poor.' 'But why keep you out here?' and then reluctantly the truth came out. I knew her well, and had visited her wretched dwelling. She was a tall, dark, gaunt, gipsey-looking woman, who, notwithstanding a cap, of which it could be but premised that it had once been white, and a gown that it had once been black, had still some traces of one who had seen better days; but now she was a drunkard; sin had turned her into a monster; and she would have beaten that poor child within an inch of death, if he had been short of the money, by her waste of which she starved him, and fed her own accursed vices. Now, by this anecdote illustrating to my stranger friend the situation of these unhappy children, I added that, nevertheless, they might get education, and secure some measure both of common and Christian knowledge. But mark how, and where. Not as in the days of our blessed Saviour, when the tender mother brought her child for His blessing. The gaoler brings them now. Their only passage to school is through the Police Office; their passport is a conviction of crime; and in this Christian and enlightened city it is only within the dark walls of a prison

that they are secure either of school or Bible. When one thinks of their own happy boys at home, bounding free on the green, and breathing the fresh air of heaven—or of the little fellow that climbs a father's knee, and asks the oft-repeated story of Moses or of Joseph—it is a sad thing to look in through the eyelet of a cell-door, on the weary solitude of a child spelling its way through the Bible. It makes one sick to hear men sing the praises of the fine education of our prisons. How much better and holier were it to tell us of an education that would save the necessity of a prison school? I like well to see the life-boat, with her brave and devoted crew; but with far more pleasure, from the window of my old country manse, I used to look out at the Bell Rock Tower, standing erect amid the stormy waters, where, in the mists of day the bell was rung, and in the darkness of the night the light was kindled; and thereby the mariners were not saved from the wreck, but saved from being wrecked at all. Instead of first punishing crime, and then, through means of a prison education, trying to prevent its repetition, we appeal to men's common sense, common interest, humanity, and Christianity, if it were not better to support a plan which would reverse this process, and seek to prevent, that there may be no occasion to punish."

We do not propose the institution of these schools by Act of Parliament. Benevolent men in different localities can easily arrange their establishment without statute. They might be incorporated with union workhouses and the Poor Law; but they will be more useful and more popular if they arise from the spontaneous contributions of subscribers in the several towns; for it is one of their greatest recommendations that they do not make paupers of the young people who attend them, but in some respects leave them dependent on their industry, and teach them habits of perseverance. From the schools at night the pupils go forth, not to be contaminated, but to reform others. They become juvenile reformers, instead of juvenile paupers. They acquire a liking for neatness and comfort, and try to extend them to home. They are often little missionaries, going up with the elements of good that they have acquired to the citadels of vice. They have friends in the camp of the enemy; and, when they plead for virtue, it is the pleading of a child—of a brother or a sister. But the most miserably poor are not necessarily vicious: and the return, at nightfall, of their once neglected children—now fed and clothed, and taught and happy—to the home of a desolate and widowed mother; or a sickly and disabled father, may be one of the few and the brightest pleasures still remaining to a scathed yet a feeling heart.

There is a higher class of arguments by which the establishment of these schools might be enforced—arguments that are not expressed by figures, and cannot be weighed against gold; but we have confined our remarks, principally, to the cost of crime, the limited probability of reforming criminals, the obvious source from which the great majority of convicts spring; and the necessity of cleansing the source, as the surest plan, and the only efficient plan, of reducing the cost, the extent, and the consequences of crime.

ARGUMENTS FOR THE REPEAL OF THE UNION.

BY JOHN O'CONNELL, M.P.

1. On the point of possible disagreements between two mutually independent parliaments—the one in Great Britain, the other in Ireland—as to peace and war, Mr. Speaker Foster (Speaker of the Irish Parliament) thus remarked, during the discussion, in the year 1799, of the first proposition of the Legislative Union:—

"As to peace and war, it is to be recollected that the sole and absolute power of making either rests with the executive. It is the King's prerogative. . . . But *from the balance of power to which the British constitution owes its great excellence*, the executive, though vested with power to act by declaring war, is forced to apply to parliament for means to carry it on, and, therefore, must consult their opinion. . . . Suppose the British parliament to approve a war, and that of Ireland to disapprove, the only difficulty which this difference of sentiment could create, would be, that the one who disapproved might withhold its supplies until it could be induced to acquiesce. It could not, by the refusal, stand clear of the miseries, and hazards, and losses of war, because the king's declaration involves it equally with Britain." . . . "Theory, and theory alone, says that the separate parliaments may disagree. But there is no one argument you can apply as showing a consequent necessity of consolidating them, that will not apply much stronger *for the consolidation of the two houses in each*; and the same arguments will all farther apply, with equal strength, to consolidate the two houses with the king, for fear of the national concerns being impeded by disagreement. Thus your arguments will end in the absurdity, that you must consolidate the three estates of each kingdom into one, for fear of a difference of opinion between them, arising from the exercise of their free judgments; that you must abandon the glorious constitution of a mixed government which you now enjoy, and adopt that of a single monarch, or single power, wherever it may rest, either in a monarch, an oligarchy, or a republic. But *practice*, which is a more steady guide than theory, tells you the reverse. In points of peace and war, the Irish parliament has never, even during centuries, differed in opinion with the British; though its power to do so has ever been as unlimited, and equally free, before as since the constitution of 1782. No! interest is a sure guide to nations; and it never was, nor ever can be, the interest of the smaller number to differ from the larger—of the weaker to differ from the more powerful on such a matter; and it is no rash prediction to say, that good sense, and even necessity, must soon reconcile the differing body, if unfortunately such an instance should occur.

"But, if we look into the principles of the British Constitution, we shall find there abundant reason not only to reject arguments of such a theory as would consolidate the legislatures, but even not to adopt such measure were it practicable. That constitution was not the work of one man, nor of one age: it has gradually softened down in the course of centuries into that perfection we now have—more by the collision of circumstances than by the efforts of human wisdom or foresight. That collision has imperceptibly formed a balance in its constituent parts, which, by the power of mutual checks, keeps each within its bounds, and preserves the whole in its true perfection.

"That balancing check is the true principle to which it owes its preservation—destroy it, and the whole is gone! Is it wrong, then, to look for similar good effects

from the same balancing principle in the connexion between the legislatures of the two islands, as in the connexion between the component parts of each legislature?"

2. To the objection that "Repeal of the Union would lead to the establishment in Ireland of the Catholic, as the State religion, and of Catholic ascendency," we shall answer in the words of a document of the Repeal Association drawn up three years ago by a Catholic member of that body; and assented to and adopted by the Committee, and by the Association itself.

"Against the assertion—that Repeal would lead to Catholic ascendency, there is a guarantee in all the declarations and acts of the Catholics of Ireland. Petitions, addresses, declarations, resolutions, speeches, every conceivable vehicle of human thought and human purpose, that have been adopted by even a section of that body, have uniformly, where at all referring to religious matters, declared our desire and demand for that entire liberty of conscience, which consists not merely in the permission to each man to worship his God in the face of day in the manner that he thinks best, or in opening the way to public station and employment, but in the entire abolition of all manner of compulsory payments by the members of one form of Christianity to the pastors, teachers, and support of any other. The Catholic prelates and clergy of the second order in Ireland have availed themselves of every opportunity to record their coincidence in these sentiments with the laity of their communion, and have continually added a declaration that they would not consent to be connected with the State. History is much too replete with instances of the evils that such connexion occasioned to the Catholic Church, to make us desire to see the cause of those evils brought into activity again. *We, Catholics, are bound then by our convictions, we are bound by our most solemn and thousand-fold repeated declarations, never to seek for religious ascendency, and never to accept it were it even offered; and we should be utterly faithless, and for ever disgraced, if we ever shrunk from the strictest interpretation of those engagements.*

"The Protestants of Ireland would have the additional guarantee of a nearly altogether Protestant House of Lords, and of the influence of the immense proportion of territorial influence which is in the hands of the members of that creed.

"They would farther have the guarantee of what takes place in Catholic countries abroad. In most of them, indeed, the Catholic religion is the religion of the state: but has been made so by no new enactment, being a matter of old institution. But in none of them is there any species of political exclusion whatsoever on account of difference of faith; and if the Protestant inhabitants have to pay towards Catholic purposes, inasmuch as a portion of the produce of the general taxes in those countries is devoted to such purposes by the government, they have at least the comfort of knowing that their Catholic neighbour, enjoying no exemption from taxation, pays equally indirectly with them, but fully as much towards *Protestant* purposes, the government making ample allocation for these last, as well as for the former. Regenerated Ireland would go a step beyond this; and having in her adversity made experience of the voluntary system, and found it admirable in ensuring zealous clergymen and attached flocks, would retain it in her prosperity, and set a brilliant example for the world's imitation."

To the foregoing we shall only add one remark. So great is the aversion of the vast majority of the Irish Catholics to any species of State connexion or State support for their Church, that it would be the most perfect insanity in any government to make a proposition having that tendency, as they would thereby incur odium and most determined opposition *in Ireland*, as well as in Great Britain.

3. To the objection that Irishmen are unfit to govern themselves, we do not condescend a reply.

4. To that which predicts our ruin if charged with the expenses of separate maintenance, we reply in our answer to the objection as to possible differences between these Parliaments in matters of finance.

The questions on which such differences may be supposed likely, are two, viz.: that as to debt-arrangements, and that as to proportionate contributions to the expenditure of the empire.

We shall surprise some of our readers by the statement we are going to make; but it is, nevertheless, true. Ireland contributes *beyond her due proportion* to that part of the general imperial expenditure which is exclusive of the charges on the National Debt. How she pays towards the latter we shall subsequently consider.

The following are the respective payments of the two countries, exclusive of the charges on debt.—We are constrained to take the year 1844, as being the last for which we have a distinct account of Irish expenditure. (See Acct. No. 3, at page 21, of Sess. Paper 652, of 1845.)

EXPENDITURE OF THE UNITED KINGDOM, YEAR 1844, (ended January, 1845.)

	GT. BRITAIN,	IRELAND.
	£	£
Civil List, Annuities, Pensions, Salaries, Allowances, Diplomatic Salaries & Pensions, Courts of Justice, and miscellaneous charges on the Consolidated Fund,	2,100,000	585,000
Army and Ordnance,	6,830,000	1,270,000
Miscellaneous on Annual Grants,	3,000,000	375,500
Navy,	5,858,000	Against this, set down our uncredited revenue payments, viz., 450,000
	17,788,000	2,680,500

This shows our proportion of payments on the expenditure (exclusive of that on debt) to be to the British as one to six and a half.

The "uncredited revenue payments" alluded to above are the following:—

Irish crown and quit rents, per annum, (these are *lumped* into the statement for Great Britain under this head, in the annual finance accounts),	£65,000
Duties paid in England on foreign goods imported through England into Ireland, and there consumed; also, some minor items of contribution,	about £400,000
	£465,000

which we have for the sake of round numbers, set down as £450,000 in the foregoing table.

Now, if what we stated in the January number of this Magazine be recalled to mind—viz., that the Parliamentary debates of 1842 record Peel and Goulburn's admission that the fiscal capability of Ireland, as compared with that of Great Britain, is no higher than about as *one to nine*, (a statement easily verified by comparing the accounts for each country in the yearly finance

returns), the largeness of the effort made by Ireland to contribute towards the general expenditure (clear of debt-charges) will be duly appreciated.

There is nothing to prevent her existing rates of contribution to that purpose being maintained in case of "Repeal." An international treaty could bind her to do so; and her only stipulation would be, that the monies thus levied should be spent at home, as far as the external emergencies of the empire might permit. In plainer words, that *no portion* of her revenue should be drafted over to England; but, if not wanted for state purposes abroad, should be spent for purposes of that description *in Ireland*.

5. As to debt-charges, her present payments under that head are specified in the annual finance accounts, only in so far as regards that portion of the debt which happens to be due to parties *resident in* Ireland. On their account, about £1,400,000 of Irish revenue (representing a capital of nearly forty millions) was disbursed in Ireland in the year 1844. But after discharge of this and the other items of State expenditure in Ireland, a sum of about £300,000 was remitted to England out of the same Irish revenue; and was there applicable to the debt-charges payable in that country. Ireland, therefore, contributed altogether about £1,700,000 to the total of twenty-nine millions required for the public creditor in that year.

In the article in the January number, already referred to, will be seen the reasons why Ireland should not be held accountable for any large proportion of the debt. She has, however, been made to pay all she could; as every shilling of her revenue-contributions that can be spared from the State-expenses in Ireland is, as we have before said, drafted over to Great Britain. The following will show to what an extent this drain has proceeded:—

Remittances from the British Exchequer to the Irish, and *vice versa*, from 1800 to 1845:—

From the British to the Irish Exchequer,	£7,495,862
From the *Irish* to the *British*,	36,785,453
Balance of Irish Remittances,	£19,289,591

Parliamentary Paper 652, *Session* 1845.

6. Were the Union repealed, the terms of contribution, both as to debt and other expenditure of the empire, would, of course, be arranged by treaty. The great object of Ireland is not so much the saving of expenditure as the having that expenditure made *in* Ireland. For this purpose, until such time as, by the natural effect of an operation progressing even now, sufficient stock should be transferred to the Irish account to bring up the Irish debt-payments *at home* to their due amount, it might be arranged that her payments in the other items of State-expenditure —as, for instance, on that of the Navy (in *Irish* harbours)—should be increased to the full amount of the sum, that, under the present arrangements, is inevitably drafted over to England.

Now, as to the *increased means* of payment. The Duties of Customs, Stamps, and Post Office are the same in Ireland as in Great Britain; and yet there is the following discrepancy in the respective Revenue returns given in the Finance Accounts:—

Great Britain,	£27,940,000
Ireland,	3,080,000

Now (the duties being the same, as we have premised), the respective returns, instead of being, as now, about as 9 to 1, would, if the people of the two countries were in anything like an *equally* prosperous condition, be in or about the proportions of the population, viz., as 2¼ to 1. This would add seven millions to the payments of Ireland on the above items alone!

The increased prosperity of the country would enable her to bear Income, Assessed, and Land Taxes, did the exigencies of the empire demand it; as well as to increase her payments on the Excise Duties. It is unnecessary to delay with a specific calculation of the united increase, sufficient being said to indicate its largeness.

The *probability* of it can scarce be doubted. It is because the general population of Ireland are at present too poor to consume a large amount of taxed articles, that the returns on those articles are small. The commonest experience of human nature tells us, that the moment a man finds himself better off than before, he enlarges his circle of comforts; and the increased quantity of tea, sugar, or other taxed articles with which he begins to provide himself, tells with beneficial effect upon the public revenue.

7. Sufficient, we trust, has been said to indicate the principles on which a fair arrangement might be come to, and be permanently established between the countries. It is quite obvious that the going any farther into details would be unnecessary trouble, until the principles are assented to. It must also be obvious that the objection as to our inability to maintain, unassisted, our own Government establishments, even in an enlarged state, are conclusively met.

Writing in the hurry of Parliamentary avocations, it is not easy—indeed, not practicable—to bestow patient and efficient revision on this argument in all its parts. However, on a very hasty review of what we have written in the present and the two last numbers of this Magazine, we are aware, indeed, of great imperfections, and want of sufficient connectedness, but not of omissions of any matters with which we had engaged to deal.

8. The Editorial comments on our last article require a few additional lines, even at the risk of being tedious.

With regard to the alleged prosperity of Belfast, the Editor does not seem to be aware that it is *comparative*—that is to say, that Belfast is prosperous *in comparison with* other parts of Ireland; but not absolutely. In the report of the Hand-Loom Weavers' Commission, a few years ago, Mr. Commissioner Muggeridge says that, "in common with all who have attempted the 'inquiry' before him, he could not state whether the linen trade were flourishing or no;" and among several testimonies — many conflicting,

but all pervaded by the same dubiousness—the following are given relative to the linen trade generally:—

"9. Mr. William Kirk, a member of the linen committee of the county Armagh, says—'I *think* the linen trade is increasing.'

"Mr. William Miller, a member of the linen committee of the county of Antrim, states—'There has been an increase in the linen trade of Ballymena within the last seven years, but nevertheless there has been, generally speaking, a decrease in the linen trade of Ireland during the same period.'

"Mr. Edward Sproule, a member of the county Tyrone committee, states—that 'the linen trade of Ulster is not so extensive as it was twenty years ago.'

"Messrs. William Orr & Sons, linen manufacturers at Loughgall, county Armagh, writes—'We consider it decreasing in many particulars, and that the Scotch are taking a great deal of it from us.'"—*Mr. Muggeridge's Report, Hand-Loom Weavers' Inquiry.*

"Mr. Moncrief: 'All the capital of all the manufacturers in Belfast would not equal one large capitalist in England.'"

The very controversy which Mr. Muggeridge states to exist in the North itself, on the subject of the alleged manufacturing prosperity of that part of Ireland, is an unfavourable sign. When a branch of industry is *really* flourishing in any country, it is generally *known* and *admitted*—not *guessed*—so to be. The following on this subject deserves attention—coming from such authority:

"The extent of this (the linen) manufacture stands in such relief from the usual absence of all manufacturing industry in Ireland, that we frequently attach to it a degree of importance, and an idea of absolute magnitude that it does not really possess. Thus we often hear the linen manufacture spoken of as being the staple of this country, whilst wool and cotton are in return the natural manufactures of the sister kingdom. In reality, however, Ireland is almost as much behind in this as in every other branch of industry. The town of Dundee alone is considered to manufacture as much linen as all Ireland, and the relation which the manufacture of flax bears in the three kingdoms, is exactly shown in the following table, which is extracted from the Report of the Factory Inspectors for 1839, since which period no sensible alteration has taken place.

"In England there were 169 mills, worked by 4,260 horse-power, and employing 16,573 persons.

"In Scotland 183 mills worked by 4,845 horse-power, and employing 17,897 persons.

"In Ireland 40 mills, worked by 1,980 horse-power, and employing 9,017 persons."—*Sir R. Kane's "Industrial Resources of Ireland."*

It is to be remarked, that manufacturing industry had a better chance in the North than in any other part of Ireland; as there was not that sectarian division and mutual aversion among the various classes of the population there, as in other provinces. The Protestant colonists of Ulster had no penal laws to restrict and hamper their industrial energies. The following table from the Annual Finance Accounts does not speak much for the present condition of the linen trade. We purposely omit the year 1845, lest the falling off should be attributed to the general distress of Ireland, which began in that year.

EXPORT TO FOREIGN COUNTRIES FROM IRELAND.

VALUE OF	1839.	1842.	1844.
	£	£	£
Linen Manufactures...	63,847	25,350	14,320
And Linen Yarn	172,602	110,486	36,915

10. The other editorial comments we must hurry over. The Editor says there is absenteeism in Scotland, yet she prospers. It is, however, much less in degree than in Ireland—as there are few of her great proprietors who do not spend some part of the year on their estates. And if she be prosperous in the Lowlands, it is well known that, in the Highlands and in the Isles, Irish distress has a melancholy parallel. The remark, that there is distress in France and Belgium, although they manage their own affairs, does not affect our argument—which was *not* that home-legislation would *prevent*, but that it would *mitigate* such a calamity as the present. Neither Frenchman nor Belgian were reduced so low as to be solely dependent upon the potato.

11. The argument that, as York does not demand a Parliament, Ireland should not, cannot have been brought forward in seriousness. We could furnish a *pendant* to it—viz. if general legislation for a large empire is best managed by a single body meeting in London, the less difficult and less extensive interests of the various muncipalities throughout the empire could be best managed by the single Corporation of London.

12. We do not object—far the contrary—to the advantage the Editor takes of our admission, that an Imperial Parliament *could* (if it *would*) do much of what we expect from a home-parliament—amongst other things, cause our monies to be spent at home, &c. &c. We deliberately made the admission. We would be glad to see ourselves deprived of that portion of our argument for "Repeal," which depends on the want of *active* good will on the part of the United Parliament. But the Editor's own good and high feeling deceives him. These things will *not* be done.

And now hastily concluding, we have to express a sincerely felt gratitude for the opportunity given, at *some* risk, for even this imperfect statement of the Repeal case. This instance of fairness is all the more appreciated, as it was entirely spontaneous, and, we regret to add, entirely unparalleled.

NOTES ON MR. O'CONNELL'S ARGUMENTS.

We have placed figures to the different paragraphs in Mr. O'Connell's argument for the purpose of more convenient reference.

No. 1 is an extract from an address of Mr. Speaker Foster's, in the Irish Parliament of 1799—one of the most corrupt Parliaments, according to Mr. O'Connell, Senior, that ever assembled anywhere; and we give very considerable credit to the statement. There can be no doubt that it was a Parliament swarming with borough-mongers, and the county constituency was very narrow. That Parliament was elected by a small

minority of the nation, dependent on England for physical support, and by no means likely to come to any serious difference with that country on questions of peace or war. Mr. Speaker Foster was doubtless one of "the envy of surrounding nations" men. He speaks of checks and balances in the constitution, as a watchmaker does of springs and wheels in a gold repeater. The machine, however, has been greatly changed since the day of his Speakership, and his authority is not now of great weight. The power of peace or war, like every other power, is virtually vested in the House of Commons. The purse is kept in that House; and no king will declare war against his enemy without a well-replenished purse. According to Mr. Speaker Foster's argument it might be advisable to increase the number of checks and balances, by still farther sub-dividing the empire; and in that case it would be quite possible to have the Lothians maintaining a war with Holland, and Fifeshire observing an armed neutrality. Even in the United States of America, under a federal form of Government, the peace or war and treaty-making power is vested in one Legislature; and the various States are obliged to obey the orders of the Congress.

2. Mr. O'Connell meets the fears expressed for Catholic ascendancy in Ireland by repeating some resolutions of the Repeal Association in favour of the voluntary system. We are not chargeable with discourtesy to the Roman Catholic Church in saying that the voluntaryism of its Irish members can only be circumstantial. They cannot be Voluntaries, in the ordinary meaning of the term, on principle. They could not, for example, denounce the connexion between Church and State as anti-scriptural and sinful; for in the great majority of Roman Catholic countries that connexion subsists, and even the Roman Pontiff is *ex officio* a temporal monarch. In reference to the statements respecting the endowment of Protestant Churches in Roman Catholic countries, we can only say that such endowments do not exist in Italy, Spain, Portugal, or Austria. In France there are Protestant endowments; but there a Protestant congregation cannot be formed without permission from the authorities; and Mr. O'Connell will, we believe, agree with us in saying that men should have liberty to worship when and where they please without permission of the Mayor. We refer to the subject because it has been introduced by Mr. O'Connell.

3. The answer to this objection is deservedly short. We did not advance the objections, and are not responsible for their character; but we can only say, that, if Irishmen be unfit to govern themselves, they must be still more unfit to govern us. Yet for years they maintained, with aid from Scotland, the Whig Ministry in power, against the will of England; and all our great measures, in recent times, have been carried against majorities of English Members.

4. We do not suppose that Ireland would necessarily be ruined by the expense of a separate maintenance; but we do not observe how it would save money by the arrangement. We believe that there are errors to be rectified in the Irish finances; but they are subjects for an account.—The rough outline of the statement may be given briefly. For no part of the charges on the difference between the British and Irish debt, at the date of the Union, should Ireland be responsible. That balance should be struck off the general responsibilities of the firm, and carried to the private account of Great Britain. For the balance of the debt, and the current expenses—exclusive of interest on the special debt of the senior partner in the firm—Ireland must bear its share. We do not ascribe the slightest value to Peel and Goulburn's estimate of the tax-paying capabilities of Ireland; and for the purposes of honest accounting no such estimates are necessary. The people of Britain must meet their special debt by special payments, and the general payments should be made from taxes common to the three divisions. Our views in favour of direct taxation leave us no great difficulty in settling the accounts. Considerable sums will always be raised by indirect taxes; but we believe that even in the next Parliament a considerable amount of indirect taxes will be commuted for immediate payment. Mr. O'Connell's estimate of £400,000 for duties paid in England or Scotland on goods used in Ireland is too small. We have before us a note of the duty-paid goods imported into Belfast last year; and although we have not cast up the precise sum, yet it strikes us that the amount there alone is not much short of the sum stated.

5. This paragraph belongs to the same class with the 4th, and needs a similar answer. If there be any blunder in the Irish accounts they are not irretrievably closed. They have been settled with the prudent and common foot-note, "errors excepted;" and if "errors" be established they can be rectified. Many of our readers are unprepared, we believe, for the statement, that nearly £40,000,000 of the debt is held in Ireland, and that the amount is gradually and rapidly increasing; although the circumstance does not show a wasting, but an accumulating process connected with Irish capital. Ireland does not want money, but enterprise, to complete her railways.

We need scarcely remind Mr. O'Connell that we could easily produce a larger balance of remittances from Scotland to England than he quotes from Ireland to England; but we endeavour by some means to bring back the money again, and are not absolutely unsuccessful. Ireland has all the elements of prosperity belonging to Scotland, and has no argument for a repeal of the Union that is inapplicable to this country.

6. The great object with Mr. O'Connell is to have national money expended in Ireland. Our object, on the other hand, is to have the national work done wherever it can be accomplished most efficiently and cheaply. The result of both objects, in this case, comes to nearly the same thing. Mr. O'Connell requires naval yards and military depots in Ireland; and because, for a

large portion of the imperial business, they would be most conveniently located in that country, we should like to see his wish gratified. And we have no doubt that, if the Irish people were rich, they would consume a greater quantity of taxable articles; but the way to make them richer is to give the farmer security for the fruit of his toil and improvements; to dissipate the idle dream, that capital employed in manufactures and commerce is insecure in that country; to render it—as it may be easily rendered—a more copiously producing land; to put its fields in heart, and its farms in order; to drain its bogs, and deepen its rivers; to make its leading highways of iron: to work in Ireland as everwhere else, is the way to riches.

7. Mr. O'Connell, in this paragraph, winds up his case; and we shall not express any opinion farther than is already contained in our notes, how far the case is made good; but

8. With the state of Belfast we are minutely acquainted; and our statement was not that Belfast was prosperous in comparison with other places in Ireland, but that it was absolutely so—or, at least, prosperous as compared with large towns in any other part of the world. Only two or three towns in Scotland or England have increased with equal rapidity since the date of the Union. Mr. Porter, in his "Progress of the Nation," page 176, says—

"For reasons already given, this method of showing the extension of other branches of the woollen manufacture is not equally available; but, when it is seen, that since the beginning of the century the population of the principal towns in Yorkshire has been far more than doubled, this fact must be taken as a strong corroboration of the opinion already expressed, as to the general prosperity of the manufacture.

	1801.	1841.
Population of Halifax,	63,434	130,743
Huddersfield,	14,848	38,454
Leeds,	53,162	152,054
Rochdale,	39,766	84,718"

Tried by the same rule, the prosperity of Belfast has been much greater than any of these towns. It is principally built on the estate of the Marquis of Donegall; and it was remarked at the death of the late Marquis—two years since—that the population had been multiplied by ten from his birth to his death—a large increase in the life of one man, who died without attaining to remarkable longevity. From 1824 to 1840, the population of the town and suburbs is said to have been doubled; and nobody suspects any increase of that kind respecting towns that are not absolutely prosperous.

9. We are pained to find Mr. O'Connell tossing Mr. Muggeridge's blue book of the handloom Commission at our head so unmercifully. We certainly thought that Muggeridge's report was never more to be resuscitated. An almanac of 1800 would have been higher authority. Mr. Kirk is a very well informed and very cautious gentleman, and Mr. Moncrieff had evidently mistaken the character of the Commissioners, who, we believe, were sane men; while Mr. Sproule merely committed the common error of mistaking Tyrone his own county, for Ulster. Sir R. Kane is, perhaps, the heaviest authority brought against us; but then he quoted from Porter and M'Culloch, neither of whom was acquainted with the subject. Sir R. Kane's work on the "Industrial Resources of Ireland," like his instructions "how to preserve potatoes" in 1845, is from beginning to end a mass of ill-digested crudities. He quoted, as we have said, from M'Culloch, who, in the edition of his Commercial Dictionary for 1846, page 789, says—

"The only real and effectual legislative encouragement the manufacture has ever met with, has been the reduction of the duties on flax and hemp, *and the relinquishing* of the *absurd attempts to force their growth at home.*"

This was written at a time when the Ulster Flax Society were making the most anxious efforts to extend the growth of flax—when they had raised its average quantity and value at least twenty-five per cent.—when the English manufacturers were regularly sending purchasers to that market—when the Belfast manufacturers had almost entirely ceased to import foreign flax—and when the value of that grown in Ulster alone averaged from £1,500,000 to £2, 000,000 annually. Mr. M'Culloch is, notwithstanding, a great commercial authority.

Dundee, we are told, manufactures as much linen as all Ireland—and for manufactures we should read exports, because Dundee buys more than it makes. It is very probable that a single nail manufacturer in Dudley uses up more iron than half-a-dozen pen-knife makers in Sheffield; but it does not follow that he does an equal or a greater business. The circumstances are similar in this case—Dundee makes a heavy, and Belfast a fine article. A yard of the one may be four, five, and sometimes ten times the price of the other. We presume that cambric handkerchiefs cost ten times the price of cotton bagging by the yard, and yet contain less than a tenth part of the material. The exports of linen from Ireland were:—

1800	34,563,868 yds.
1815	43,482,565 yds.
1825	55,113,265 yds.

Since then there have been no regular accounts kept; but the trade has increased in, at least, equal proportions, as we shall immediately see—and in that ratio the exports of 1845 would be 85,000,000 yards.

Mr. O'Connell quotes some statements regarding a decrease in the direct foreign exports, and, undoubtedly, the only direct trade—that to France—has fallen; but every person conversant with the business knows that the exports are made chiefly through Liverpool.

With regard to the number of flax mills, we, in Scotland, should not have to tell Mr. O'Connell, or Sir R. Kane, that they afford no criterion of the business transacted, because until recently, perhaps even yet, a great quantity of yarns was imported from England; while for many fabrics the yarn was hand-spun, and for some of the finest is even yet hand-spun. However, we find that the increase of flax mills in the three countries, from 1835 to 1839, was 45, of which 17 were in England, 13 in Scotland, and 15 in Ireland. The number stopped in the same period

was 23, of which 12 were in England, 7 in Scotland, and 4 in Ireland. The real increase, therefore, was 5 in England, 6 in Scotland, and 11 in Ireland. The increase of operatives employed was—

In England,	380
In Scotland,	4,488
In Ireland,	5,336

And though Sir R. Kane seems unacquainted with the fact, the difference in the eight years since 1839 is still greater.

10. The Scotch absenteeism is, we think, not less prejudicial or intense than the Irish; and our only object, in referring to France and Belgium, was to show that the Union was not the cause of existing suffering. We doubt even if the Repeal of the Union would not have increased these temporary, but terrible sufferings. Could Ireland have gone to the market to borrow eight millions in that confidence with which Sir Charles Wood talks of the sum? Could it have been obtained on Irish account alone at 3½ per cent.? We fear not.

11. We are anxious to see local affairs under local management; while general business can be most fitly transacted by a central body.

12. We have hopes that the mournful anticipations of our correspondent will not be fulfilled. Parliament, we trust, will rob him of his reasons for pressing this question. For our own part, we have merely given space for the statement of these reasons: and that we consider to have been just, both to those who seek, and those who resist this great change.

LITERARY REGISTER.

Travels in the Interior of Brazil, principally through the Northern Provinces, and the Gold and Diamond Districts, during the years 1836–1841. By GEORGE GARDNER, F.L.S., Superintendent of the Royal Botanic Gardens of Ceylon. Octavo, pp. 562. London: Reeve, Brothers.

THIS narrative of Travels is introduced with singular modesty. The author disclaims having given any better account of the wide Empire of Brazil than many previous travellers, but states that he has described portions of it that either remain unvisited or undescribed. The main object of his wanderings through "antres vast and deserts idle" was natural science, and especially botany, for which, during his medical studies, he had imbibed what may be termed a passion. The glowing descriptions which Humboldt had given of the magnificent scenery and rich Flora of the tropical regions he had traversed, determined the choice of Mr. Gardner; which was farther confirmed by the advice of Sir William T. Hooker. He was finally sent out under distinguished patronage, a missionary of science; and, with no little personal hardship, and some danger, he contrived to penetrate into little-visited, if not wholly unknown parts of the interior, besides those places on the coast which have often been described by European travellers. The narrative of his varied adventures, in those far-spread desultory wanderings, forms not only to the enthusiast botanist, but to the general reader, an exceedingly entertaining, and also instructive, book, from the new view which it gives of the society of Brazil—particularly in its less-known provinces. It is, however, from a middle region—neither well known nor very remote—that we glean our first specimen of Mr. Gardner's unpretending and agreeable narrative. The scene is on the Rio San Francisco:—

"The North Americans, particularly those of the back settlements, are celebrated for their inquisitiveness; but this seems to be a very general failing with all those who are shut out from frequent intercourse with strangers: a curious instance of this feeling occurred a few days after I returned to Penêdo. I had brought letters from Maccio to a gentleman who lived here with a married brother; they were among the most respectable people in the place. Although not yet eleven o'clock, I found the lady, a remarkably fine and good-looking woman, with her husband, busily engaged at cards, she lying in a hammock, while he was seated on a chair beside her; she had recently been smoking, an almost universal accomplishment among the ladies in the interior—as a long pipe was lying near her, and the floor beneath bore strong indications of excessive expectoration. I was desired to be seated, and was immediately inundated with a flood of questions from the good lady, who possessed a great volubility of tongue. Among a host of others, I may enumerate the following: What countryman are you? What is your name? How old are you? Are you a medical man? Are you married? Are your father and mother alive? Have you any sisters? What are their names? Have all your countrymen blue eyes? Have you churches and priests in your country? Do oranges and bananas grow there? &c. &c. If, however, she was inquisitive about my concerns, she was not much less disposed to tell me all that related to herself. Thus she informed me that she was married when she was nineteen years of age, that she was now five years married, and in that time had presented her husband with yearly gifts—all of whom were alive, with the exception of one. Her husband, she said, was thirty-six years of age, and she desired me to feel his pulse, as he was always complaining of bad health. I soon discovered his complaint to be indigestion—one of the most frequent ills that Brazilians are subject to; arising, no doubt, from the enormous quantities which they eat, and that generally not of the most digestive materials, as well as from the late heavy suppers which they indulge in. I had then to feel her pulse in turn, and she seemed quite pleased when I told her it was an excellent one. I afterwards became very intimate with them, and spent many agreeable hours in their society."

It is not a new discovery, that industry and science are more powerful to ward off scarcity, or actual famine, than a rich soil and favourable climate. At Peba, in this fine province, Mr. Gardner found the inhabitants in as low a condition as are at present all the Irish and Scottish Highlanders, and from causes not very dissimilar. Their chief food is fish and mandiocca, and the partial failure of both necessaries had thrown them into a state of starvation. Their modes of fishing do not seem anything in advance of those of the natives of New Holland.—Wherever Mr. Gardner went he found abundance of patients, and a very remarkable degree of ignorance and bigotry among the priests. At Ico, a considerable town in the interior province of Ceara, one of his frequent visiters was a priest, who was very inquisitive regarding all that related to England, and who asked the stranger if he was baptized. On being told that the stranger had been bap-

tized in the Protestant faith, the priest said, "Ah, then, you are a pagan." The pagan was, however, expected to cure all manner of diseases.

The last fifty or sixty years, or the events which they have witnessed, have produced, in all quarters of the world, a greater number of remarkable men than many previous generations. One of these is the Barão de Parnahiba, who, having risen from the lowest class of the people, now rules the province of Pianhy, in which he resides, with absolute sway; though, like so many others, it sends deputies to the National Chambers at Rio. The Barão possesses talents for government; and, though the enactment of some good laws has made him unpopular with the higher orders, his infringement of the principles of political economy, in a way which Lord George Bentinck might quote with approbation, has made him a favourite with those who like to get their beef or *farinha* at a law-prescribed rate. But, though compelling his neighbours to sell cheaply, he contrives to send his own cattle to a distant and better market. The history of this uneducated man is not a little curious. We quote only its commencement:—

"To those who are interested in the history of Brasil, a slight sketch of the life of so extraordinary a man as the Barão de Parnahiba may not be uninteresting, as his name is intimately connected with the establishment of the Independence of the Northern provinces. His father was a native of the Azores, and was very poor when he arrived in Brazil, but he soon married a lady possessed of a small property. Of the family resulting from this union, the subject of this notice was the eldest, being born in the year 1776. His only education consisted in being able to read and write, and in acquiring a slight knowledge of arithmetic. His first occupation was that of a cowherd (vaqueiro) to his father, who died when he was only twenty years of age, leaving him a Fazenda worth about 1500 cruzados, (£200 sterling); during his childhood, he was brought up by a god-mother, who at her death left him another Fazenda of nearly equal value. After his father's death, not content with the occupation of vaqueiro, he began to purchase cattle, with the view of taking them to Bahia for sale, to which place he continued to go every year, till about twenty-five years ago; although from that period, up to the present, he has never failed to send annually a drove of cattle to the same market. Shortly after his father's death, he was enlisted, as was then the custom, into the cavalry militia: here he was soon advanced to the post of corporal, which he held for a long time; he was next elevated to the rank of ensign, and about the same time was appointed treasurer of the national rents. Occupied in this manner, he continued till the period of the declaration of Independence, when his name had acquired but little weight in the province, being better known for his cunning disposition and uncouth manners, than for any more eminent qualities. It was his custom to bestow gifts and attentions, and be very obsequious to all persons high in authority, such as governors, judges, &c., providing always men, horses, and provisions, to bring them up from the coast. In this manner he ingratiated himself into their favour, and after their arrival was always their most obedient servant; and without regard to their line of politics, was ever a staunch supporter of their measures: he made it his endeavour, on all occasions, to gain the good opinion of the religious part of the community, by showing himself to be a great friend to all that belonged to the church, on which account he was anxious to be appointed director of its festivals, on which he did not hesitate to spend considerable sums. In this manner he obtained the good-will and friendship of the priesthood."

By playing his part adroitly in the endless subsequent revolutions, the Barão, by adhering to the cause of the Emperor, promoted his own views of interest and ambition. Profiting by every turn of affairs, he gradually rose in station and influence, till created a noble on the coronation of the Emperor, and invested with the government of his province.

Our traveller found the Barão, or Governor, exceeding friendly and hospitable, during his long residence in a place which only one Englishman had visited previously. The life and habits of this chief are quite those of the head of a Highland clan some centuries since. "He dines," says Mr. Gardner, "quite in the old baronial fashion—his table, which is very long, extending from one end to the other of a large room. He sits in a chair at the head of it, and his guests are seated on long forms at each side, the lowest place being often filled by his commonest shepherds.

Those who select entertaining reading for young persons—which, at the same time, gives, or insinuates, useful information—will find much admirable material in this volume. Nowhere are more diverting tame monkeys, or such enormous boa-constrictors, to be heard of. One of the latter, a few days before Mr. Gardner reached a halting-place, had actually swallowed a horse,(!) and, of course, paid with its life the penalty of its voracity. One of the most attractive sections of the volume is an account of an expedition to the Diamond District, and the manner of working the mines and diamond washing, which is no longer a government monopoly—every man who chooses trying his own luck, and finding the usual reward of the great majority of those whose trade is gambling. The history of one is nearly that of all. Not one in a hundred thousand adventurers obtains the great prize.—Mankind have had abundant lessons of the superiority of honest, patient industry, to the precarious chance of lucky hits; and the miners of Brazil afford another warning to small and great speculators.

"I was assured," says the traveller—

"I was assured, by one of the most extensive miners in the district, that the excitement produced by this kind of life is like that of a gambler—whoever enters upon it never renounces it. The district which gives rise to this curious source of industry is comprised within the space of fourteen leagues square, and it is beneath the mark to state, that 10,000 individuals subsist entirely upon the product of diamonds and gold extracted from its soil. It is not, however, so much the miners, as the shopkeepers, who reap the greatest share of profit from this source of industry, all of whom trade more or less in diamonds and gold-dust; which they take from the miners in exchange, for the supply of their own wants, and those of their slaves. It is rare to meet with a miner who is not in debt to some shopkeeper, to whom he is bound to give in payment the product of his washings, at a lower rate than he could obtain, if he had the advantage of offering them in an open market to the highest bidder. The life of a shopkeeper, though not so exciting as that of a miner, is one, however, less subject to risk; he generally soon grows rich, while the poor miner struggles on in poverty, his greatest source of happiness existing in hopes that are seldom realised.

"Slaves are allowed to work, on their own account, on Sundays and holidays, not on the serviços of their masters, but anywhere else, except on the royal preserves; and it is was told to me as a remarkable fact, that most of the largest diamonds found in this district have been found by slaves on these occasions. It is not, however, an unfair inference to conclude, that as the blacks are most expert thieves, some of those stones at least have been stolen. Better opportunities now exist for more readily disposing of diamonds thus obtained, than when the working was entirely in the hands of the Government. In those days they were mostly disposed of clandestinely to contraband dealers, many of whom used to hide themselves in the mountains by day, and at night visit the

haunts of the slaves to purchase the stolen property; even the shopkeepers were deeply in these illicit transactions. The Juiz de Paz, who was during the period of my visit, one of the richest merchants in the city, owes his fortune to the following circumstance. At the time Brazil still remained under the dominion of Portugal, he was proprietor of a small shop, and occasionally made a journey to Rio de Janeiro to purchase goods. One evening, returning from one of these long journeys, having retired to rest earlier than usual, he heard some one knocking at his door, to which he at first paid no attention, concluding it only to be some customer, but, as the noise continued, he at last arose, when he saw a slave who had come to offer a large diamond for sale that weighed about two pennyweights and a third. The price asked for it was six hundred mil-reis, at that time equal to about £180 sterling; but not having so much money in his possession at the moment, he was obliged to borrow some for the occasion. Early next morning, he set off on his return to Rio de Janeiro with his purchase, stating to his friends that he had forgotten some important business which could only be settled by his presence. On reaching the capital, he found it necessary to use great caution in endeavouring to dispose of his prize, as all trade in diamonds was at that time contraband, any one found dealing in them being condemned to ten years' transportation to Angola, on the coast of Africa, his property being at the same time confiscated, and sold for the benefit of Government. At last he was prevailed to dispose of it for 20,000 mil-reis, about £6,000, which amount was paid to him in hard dollars. Never having seen so large a sum of money, he was perfectly astonished at its amount when it was brought to him, and, after regarding it for some time, he asked, with great simplicity, if it all belonged to him. Shortly afterwards, the individual who bought the diamond sold it for 40,000 mil-reis, and when the Juiz learned its great value, and found that he might have sold it for at least a third more than he received, his mortification, it is said, was so great as to affect his mind."

This man recovered from his chagrin, and is again active as ever in his old trade.

In the course of his perambulations Mr. Gardner twice visited the Organ Mountains—a view of which curious chain forms an appropriate frontispiece to his work. He was a zealous collector, and has been much more fortunate than most men of science, as he has not only secured, but transmitted, his vast treasures in safety to England.

As the institution of slavery in Brazil has lately been complicated with our commercial relations with that empire, we are glad to find an intelligent Englishman bearing the following testimony to the comparatively comfortable condition of the slaves:—

"Previous to my arrival in Brazil, I had been led to believe, from the reports that have been published in England, that the condition of the slave in that country was the most wretched that could be conceived; and the accounts which I heard, when I landed—from individual whom I now find to have been little informed on the point—tended to confirm that belief. A few years' residence in the country, during which I saw more than has fallen to the lot of most Europeans, has led me to alter very materially those early impressions. I am no advocate for the continuance of slavery; on the contrary, I should rejoice to see it swept from off the face of the earth—but I will never listen to those who represent the Brazilian slaveholder to be a cruel monster. My experience among them has been very great, and but very few acts of cruelty have come under my own observation. The very temperament of the Brazilian is adverse to its general occurrence. They are of a slow and indolent habit, which causes much to be overlooked in a slave, that by a people of a more active and ardent disposition would be severely punished. Europeans, who have this latter peculiarity more strongly inherent in them, are known to be not only the hardiest taskmasters, but the most severe punishers of the faults of their slaves.

"In Brazil, as in all other countries, there is more crime in large towns than in the agricultural districts. This arises from the greater facilities which exist in the former for obtaining ardent spirits; yet, among the black population, intoxication is not often observed, even dense as it is in Rio de Janeiro.

"On most of the plantations the slaves are well attended to, and appear to be very happy. Indeed, it is a characteristic of the negro, resulting no doubt from his careless disposition, that he very soon gets reconciled to his condition. I have conversed with slaves in all parts of the country, and have met with but very few who expressed any regret at having been taken from their own country, or a desire to return to it. On some of the large estates at which I have resided for short periods, the number of slaves often amounted to three or four hundred, and, but for my previous knowledge of their being such, I could never have found out, from my own observations, that they were slaves. I saw a set of contented and well-conditioned labourers turning out from their little huts, often surrounded by a small garden, and proceeding to their respective daily occupations, from which they returned in the evening, but not broken and bent down with the severity of their tasks. The condition of the domestic slave is, perhaps, even better than that of the others; his labour is but light, and he is certainly better fed and clothed."

Mr. Gardner, however, throws doubt over his statements when he speaks of the general dread subsisting of revolt among the black population, and talks of the "ascertained mental inferiority" of the negroes. It is from the numerous and free mixed race, who unite "the superior intellect of the white with the inferiority and cunning of the black," that he anticipates the greatest future mischief. From the "savage rapacity" of this race, the whites, whom it hates, are doomed to suffer. Such unqualified assumptions are liable to grave doubts.

Tales of Female Heroism. London: James Burns.

One of Mr. Burns's attractively got up books, professing to illustrate "the fortitude and devotion of which women are capable, rather in a feminine and domestic aspect than a brilliant one." Notwithstanding the enthusiasm that might be enkindled at the theme, the book is rather a dull one. The stories of Lady Grisell Baillie, Winnifred Countess of Nithsdale, and Flora Macdonald, are somewhat threadbare in themselves, and, in this instance, by no means improved in the telling. Lady Grissel, for instance, is served up from an unpublished volume by Lady Murray of Stanhope, written about the middle of the last century; the tale has been twenty times told since then with twice the spirit. From this commemoration of the heroic daughter and preserver of a persecuted Whig (Sir Patrick Home of Polwarth)—and from a memoir of Madame Larochejacquelein besides, we might perhaps have anticipated that this little volume was free from the usual faults of Mr. Burns's series. Our delusion was dissipated, when we encountered the following sentences in the memoir of Lady Banks, who defended Corfe Castle against Oliver Cromwell.

"The historian of the siege records that they made shirts of the surplice, broke up the organ, and used the pipes as cases for powder and shot; while the lead of the roof was rolled into shot, and fired against the castle,

"All this *profanation*, however, did them no service. The shot took little effect on the walls of the castle, *and made no impression on Lady Banks*, who was as determined as ever to hold out."

These statements are evidently taken for an awful sacrilege on the part of Oliver, and something like miraculous

intervention in favour of Lady Banks; and remind us in no slight degree of the burlesque fugitive verses:—

"How Claverse, fell chiel,
Was in league wi' the diel,
For a ball stotit anee aff his wame
At Lindores."

In Scotland, where we do not consecrate stone and lime, we have perhaps a different vocabulary of "profanation." But, after all, what was there worse in rolling up the consecrated lead, and converting it into consecrated shot, on the part of Cromwell, than in the exhibition of a consecrated banner on the battlements of Corfe Castle by Lady Banks? The tameness of the composition of these tales annoys us, but the marks of haste and carelessness they betray are insufferable. For instance, what an agglomeration of relative pronouns have we here:—"He bestowed a paternal embrace on his child. Before this final separation, he caused it to be baptised under the name of Henrietta Anne. Thus having relieved Exeter, and made some provision for the support of the young princess, he left it under the care of her governess, Lady Morton."

The Doctor. Volume VI. Longman & Company.

This volume of Southey's detached thoughts and table-talk, for so may the "Doctor" be described, comes before the public with many claims to affectionate and grateful attention. It contains the last utterances, almost the dying words of one who, for nearly a half century, had largely contributed to the common stock of literature, much of what tends to make mankind wiser, happier, and better; and must be prized as a relic, had it no other claim to consideration. The MS., with several more, was bequeathed, or in the distribution of Southey's property, fell to the share of his eldest daughter, whom he used to call his "right hand." This MS. is sufficient to furnish a seventh volume, which is shortly to appear; and both volumes, as nearly as possible, in the way and order which the author designed.

The Doctor's personal and domestic history makes small advancement in Vol. VI., though he tells his children his opinions on balls and music, and sundry disputed questions of social morals. But the contents in general consist of the same kind of miscellaneous matter as what were called the "Interchapters" of the previous five volumes; the results of Southey's antiquarian and recondite reading; the after-fruits gleaned from the many tons of ancient and black letter tomes which on his death, and the sale of the more saleable part of his library were, we have been informed, sent to the London market. The volume thus offers desirable extracts in all modes and styles, the humourous, the quaint, the quibbling and crotchety, the grave and serious, the light and trivial. Wandering from theme to theme,

At its own sweet will—

it forms, as a whole, very charming and edifying snatch-reading. To prove that Southey was wholly not one-sided in his latter politics, we give one brief extract, which forms the close of a discourse on the word breeches, and the *Anti-Jacobin Review*:—

"Mr. Stephens having in his Memoirs of Horne Tooke used the word Small-clothes, is thus reprehended for it by the indignant Censor:—

"His *breeches*, he calls *small-clothes*—the first time we have seen this bastard term, the offspring of gross ideas and disgusting affectation in print in anything like a book.—It is scandalous to see men of education thus employing the most vulgar language, and corrupting their native tongue by the introduction of illegitimate words. But this is the age of affectation.—Even our fish-women and milk-maids affect to blush at the only word which can express this part of a man's dress, and lisp *small-clothes* with as many airs as a would-be woman of fashion is accustomed to display. That this folly is indebted for its birth to grossness of imagination in those who evince it, will not admit of a doubt. From the same source arises the ridiculous and too frequent use of a French word for a part of female dress; as if the mere change of language could operate a change either in the thing expressed, or in the idea annexed to the expression! Surely, surely English women, who are justly celebrated for good sense and decorous manners, should rise superior to such pitiful, such paltry, such low-minded affectation.

"I ought to be grateful to the 'Anti-Jacobin Review.' It assists in teaching me my duty to my neighbour, and enabling me to live in charity with all men. For I might perhaps think that nothing could be so wrong-headed as Leigh Hunt, so wrong-hearted as Cobbett, so foolish as the one, so blackguard as the other, so impudently conceited as both—if it were not for the 'Anti-Jacobin.' I might believe that nothing could be so bad as the coarse, bloody, and brutal spirit of the vulgar 'Jacobin'—if it were not for the 'Anti-Jacobin.'

"Blessings on the man for his love of pure English. It is to be expected that he will make great progress in it, through his familiarity with fish-women and milk-maids; for it implies no common degree of familiarity with those interesting classes to talk to them about breeches, and discover that they prefer to call them small-clothes.

"But wherefore did he not instruct us by which monosyllable he would express the female garment, 'which is, indeed, the sister to a shirt,' as an old poet says; and which he hath left unnamed, for there are two by which it is denominated. Such a discussion would be worthy both of his good sense, and his decorous style."

China: Political, Commercial, and Social. By R. Montgomery Martin. Part I. London: Madden, 1847.

We have here from the pen of, perhaps, our ablest colonial statist, the promise of a very able work, in an admirably digested form, on the subject of China. Mr. Martin went out, several years ago, to the colony of Hong Kong, in the capacity of Colonial Treasurer; and, latterly convinced of the error this country had committed in planting her footsteps upon that barren rock, when the fruitful island of Chusan might have been found at her disposal, he patriotically sacrificed his official position and prospects in order to proceed home and urge his views upon the Government. It would have been singular if a writer, who had added so voluminously to our information on colonial subjects, could have returned from a field of such importance to our commerce, under circumstances so peculiarly calculated to quicken his powers and habits of observation, without being prepared to add largely to our knowledge of China. Gutzlaff and the missionaries, in supplying the fruits of personal adventure, have certainly contributed new views of manners, customs, and general affairs, in China; but, really, there are few other works we possess which contain much beyond the relations in books of embassy and travel, one or two centuries old; and they are chiefly valuable in confirming many points we had long set down amongst the tales and tricks of travellers. The volumes of Sir John T. Davies, the British Resident at Hong Kong, do

not, in particular, afford us anything like the amount of personal observation we were entitled to expect from one who, after having accompanied two of the only three embassies to China, had fortified his knowledge of the country by a lengthened residence. By comparing it with the previous works of Du Halde and the Jesuits, Martanus, and Marco Polo, we find it little other than a compilation. It is gratifying, therefore, to find Mr. Montgomery Martin addressing himself at once to the most striking deficiency in British-Chinese statistics and intelligence—the great commercial topics which the subject involves. The time may come when the importance of our having a hold on China for colonial purposes can no longer be overlooked. And, although the first part of his publication before us relates only, as yet, to a portion of this department, yet, as involving the topography, population, productions, government, revenue, and banking system—and the treaties and intercourse with England, Russia, France, America—description of the consular ports of Canton, Amoy, Foochoo, Ningpo, and Shanghai; also of Hong Kong, Chusan, Macao, and Keachta—it brings out a valuable mass of important matter. The author's painstaking character and accuracy are established. His style is clear and unembarassed, if not brilliant. And a work under his name cannot fail in taking rank as an authority on a subject like this. The present part is illustrated with a fine map. But we cannot say much for the typography.

Christmas Holidays in Rome. Edited by the Rev. Wm. Ingraham Kip, M.A.; Rev. W. Sewell. London: Longmans. 1847.

There is no mistaking the character of this little volume, to which the Rev. Mr. Sewell, "to make assurance doubly sure," has attached his name. Heralded by a poetical motto from the *Lyra Apostolica;* with one preface dated from Exeter College, and another dated from Albany on Christmas; and written by a reverend gentleman who announces himself as author of "The Double Witness of the Church," "The Lenten Fast," &c., the book is likely to be regarded as edifying in Puseyite circles, where the *tendimus in latium* will always secure it a welcome. The *via media* is, however, observed throughout with tolerable decency. The writer states that he has "endeavoured to look at the Church of Rome without prejudice; and while his investigation strengthened the unfavourable view he before had of the practical working of that system, he still has not withheld his tribute of praise from anything he saw which was truly Catholic." As Mr. Kip avowedly had for "his primary object in visiting Rome" "to witness the Christmas services," his notion of what is Catholic is easy to be defined. And yet he quotes irreverently of friars—

"White, black, and grey, with all their trumpery."

And talks scornfully of indulgences:—

"One of the most fatal of their doctrines is that of indulgences. It seems to be expressed so broadly and unequivocally; and there can be but one way of understanding it. Over the door of almost every church is the inscription—Indulgentia plenaria quotidiana perpetua pro vivis et defunctus."—p. 274.

The admiration of our author for the Papal Government is boundless and breathless. "The theory on which the Roman Government is founded is," he says, "a noble one—that of rendering everything subsidiary to religion. The whole object and aim of the civil authorities is the advancement of their faith. And since they are clothed with despotic power to accomplish this end, we should suppose they would wield an overpowering influence for the spiritual benefit of the people." There is some spirit in Mr. Kip's observations, but they sadly overlay one another with manifest contradictions.

Christmas in the Olden Time, or the Wassail-Bowl. By John Mills, Author of the "Old English Gentleman," &c. &c. With Illustrations by Duncan, Engraved by Dinton. London: Hurst.

1846—7 has received no better Christmas story—things which now happily appear as regularly in December as turkey and chine, roast beef and plum-pudding—no better Christmas story, if any so genial and purely English, as the "Wassail-Bowl." It pictures the revival of "a right merry Christmas" by the Squire—"a fine old English gentleman"—who assembled his neighbours, tenants, and dependents, to feast and revel in his ancient baronial hall as his forefathers long before the battle of Hastings had done. That nothing may be wanting, sufficient *diablerie*, or spiritual machinery, is brought into play, while the great moral of steadiness and temperance is inculcated by one of the actors, Tom Bright by name, having been in early life subjected to all the fantasies and agonies of *delirium tremens*, and relating his own history in his reformed old age for the benefit of the amazed listeners by the Squire's Yule log. In Tom's tale there is a good deal of wild and bold, but, at the same time, ill-regulated imagination. It is so much easier to complicate marvellous incidents of this sort than to unravel them.

The "Wassail-Bowl" is wound up with an animated description of the popular Christmas games of Merry Old England, in which young and old, rich and poor, engage; and is further enlivened with some joyous carols. Altogether, there is a heartiness and warmth about this story "for an English fireside," which ought and will secure it a cordial welcome. We rejoice to see a very neat one-volume edition of Mr. Mill's popular "Old English Gentleman"—a fiction as original as it is racy and national—and the first, as it is likely long to remain the best tale illustrative of English Field Sports in the language.

The History of Don Quixote de la Mancha. London: James Burns. 1847.

Slightly curtailed of its fair proportions—and endowed with all the external advantages of Mr. Burns's admirable taste as a publisher—we have here a new edition of the immortal work of Cervantes, divested of cumbrous matter, and revised for general reading. The object was, to place in the hands of the mass of our reading population—and especially of the youth of England—an edition of Cervantes in a convenient yet not too condensed form; and that object has been accomplished.

Reflections on the Career of the late Premier. Blackwood, Edinburgh and London. 1847.

This performance is very like painting dead game, and it is about the most superfluous task an author could propose to himself. He only makes out, after 122 superbly printed pages, that Sir Robert's course has been anything but open, sincere, and consistent; and we marvel

that he could ever have screwed up his resolution to the pitch of undertaking these lucubrations, since it is hardly possible he could have expected anybody to differ from him on the subject. The author, of course, is triumphant in carrying his point; all that we have to say is, that it is one of those points on which every one is agreed. The publishers have done their part. No work could be more handsomely got up.

EDUCATIONAL AND JUVENILE WORKS.

Simple Arithmetic, as connected with the National Coinage, Weights, and Measures. By Henry Taylor (3d edition). London: Groombridge. 1847.

A SUFFICIENT attestation of the merits of that part of this work which relates to the current coinage of the realm, is the fact of its having originally found a place in the *Banker's Magazine*. Its object is to establish a decimally-arranged scheme of calculation for money, weights, and measures.

1. *Elements of Geometry, symbolically arranged* (2d edition). London: John Murray.
2. *The First Principles of Algebra.* London: John Murray.
3. *Progressive Geography for Children* (4th edition). London: John Murray.

THE two first of these little school books are published by command of the Lords of the Admiralty, for the use of the Boys of Greenwich Hospital. The *Geometry*, by means of its abbreviations and symbolical signs, forms a highly condensed epitome, equal to Euclid's Elements, consisting of eighty-six propositions, advancing as near as Euclid towards the unsoluble problem of the Quadrature of the Circle. It is followed up by a short set of exercises. The *Algebra*, besides all the simpler rules, fractions, involution, and evolution, presents the several theories of the equations, arithmetical and geometrical progression, and the operations on Surds; and is, with the few exercises appended, an excellent School Compendium. The *Geography* is of great merit as an initiatory work, from the simplicity and effectiveness of its construction. It is amply illustrated with little skeleton maps; has tables of heights of mountains, lengths of rivers, and even an index; and will be found a useful first book.

PAMPHLETS AND TRACTS.

The Doctrine of Jehovah. Addressed to the Parsis. A sermon. Preached on the occasion of the baptism of two youths of this tribe, in May, 1839. By John Wilson, D.D. Third edition. Edinburgh: White.

The Drainage Act; an Analysis and Exposition of the Act 9 and 10 Victoria, cap. 101, with an Appendix. By William Stuart Walker, Esq., Advocate. Blackwoods, London and Edinburgh. 1847.

MR. WALKER is favourably known for his analysis of public acts. His pamphlet on the recent Poor Law is of acknowledged usefulness. The present analysis, amidst the rush of applicants for drainage loans, cannot be much less so. Digested into proper chapters, according to the nature of the provisions; and accompanied by an Appendix containing the Act itself, with all its necessary official forms and documents; as well as an ample Index; we can securely recommend Mr. Walker's Exposition.

Remarks on the Consequences of the Entire Change of our Colonial Policy in British North America. Blackwoods, Edinburgh and London. 1847.

THE faint struggle which the Canadas made in resistance of Free Trade has, now that it has passed irrevocably, changed, and most naturally, into a demand for free trade in its fullest extent—not the shadow without the reality. This is but just. And the author has shown, by a careful consideration of all the restrictions still left affecting the Canadas, that their position under the new measures is an unfair one, so long as the Navigation Laws are unrepealed, and their intercourse restricted almost exclusively to Britain, instead of being extended, as it ought, to all the markets of the world.

POLITICAL REGISTER.

THE topics of public interest during the month have been famine, fever, railways, the factory bill, the budget, the French quarrel, and the Mexican war.

General Taylor, who was, till recently, Appropriator-in-Chief for the United States in the expedition against Mexico, sent a letter to a friend, who transmitted it to a newspaper, and thus it came out that the General could not do what he was required to accomplish, from the want of money and of men. The letter discloses several State secrets, and may serve to enlighten the Americans respecting the cost of "a fighting character." They have now passed a resolution of thanks, and voted medals for Monterey; and, before going farther, they should call in the bills and square the accounts. General Taylor says that they cannot afford to capture the city of Mexico. He has neither men nor money—nothing to fit him for the task but the will; and no man could be more willing to rob his neighbour for the purpose of his party than the unworthy successor of Washington in the command of the United States forces.

The discussion on the Montpensier marriage has generated a miserable squabble between M. Guizot and the Marquis of Normanby; in which M. Guizot, although Premier of France, does not seem to have acted "like a diplomatist." We, of course, do not mean that either of the contending parties should have followed the example of a late Irish Attorney-General; thrown down his brief, trampled his wig, cast away his gown, bought powder and a pistol, and sought the aid of "a friend;" but M. Guizot has confessed a shabby transaction, and that is not diplomatic. The sting of his crime rests in the confession. M. Guizot might have cheated his rival; and few of his order would have censured his conduct. Diplomatists live to cheat each other; and a Prime Minister of France could not be blamed for pursuing his vocation; but it was worse than a crime—it was a blunder to confess. The French Court are irritated now with the Marquis of Normanby, because they believe that he favours the opposition. They even wish for a treaty of peace with the

British Court, if a clause be inserted for the removal of Normanby. The clause will not be inserted, and the treaty will not, therefore, be signed; but a war between the courts, fortunately, does not break the peace between the nations.

The Budget shows the usual fortune of the Whigs. With a surplus of nearly three millions on the year's transactions, they are obliged to borrow largely to meet the calls from Ireland. A sum of two millions has been already paid for Irish relief; and the estimate until harvest is eight millions more. This is the great fact of the Budget—an increase of the national debt by eight millions, and the repeal of no taxes. Mr. Hume was anxious to free copper ore from a small impost yielding £40,000 yearly; but even that sum could not be spared; and, as in the estimates for next year, the ends scarcely meet, there is little hope in the future for the tea associations—for the anti-malt tax societies—for the repeal of the window tax—the reduction of the duty on wood—the abolition of the paper duty—or the commutation of the tax on newspapers; while the income tax is a perpetuity. Mr. Muntz, the member for Birmingham, the boldest man in the House, proposed to meet the difficulty with "cash down." He insisted that every year should stand on its own merits, and that we should pay now instead of hereafter for our benevolence. The rule would be useful. It would have been well for us if our immediate ancestors had only obtained the benefit of Mr. Muntz's advice, and followed it. If the last war had been paid for in cash, its expenses would have been reduced by one-half or three-fourths.

The second reading of the ten hours' bill was carried by a large majority. The bill may be amended to eleven hours by the Government, but with that exception it will be passed. It appears that 1 in 13 of all the Manchester mills are standing; that one-third of the number are working short time; that 1 in 15 of the operatives are idle; and one-third of the remainder are on short time. The operation of the ten hours' bill would equalise this state of matters, and would take no more from the aggregate working hours, or the collective wages, than the recent speculations in cotton and the stagnation in business have taken already.

Lord George Bentinck's railway resolutions produced the great debate of the month, and, we suppose, of the session. A ministerial crisis was produced. Meetings of the Irish Members were held at the Premier's. The Cabinet threatened to resign; and the country party intimated their willingness to take office. Many hard words were exchanged; and the thinking part of the world were amused to find the Whigs, who have been manufacturing great railway schemes for Ireland, during the last ten years, so crotchetty on the subject at last. During the debate, the minor Whig speakers denounced the scheme as visionary and utopian. The Chancellor of the Exchequer even declared that one-fourth of the money required for constructing railways, and only one-fourth, would be paid for labour! After reading the speeches, we were tempted to ask what could have induced the Whigs in past years to have employed Commissioners—to have paid money—and, in January last, to have held Cabinet Councils for the promotion of this bad system; for the whole project must have been viciously bad; because the details could have been altered in Committee. So far as we comprehend the scheme, it included—

1. Power to lend not more than £16,000,000 to railway companies in Ireland during the next four years.

2. On condition that these companies paid one-third of the cost of their works from other sources, as the shareholders' guarantee for the Government's two-thirds.

3. And that the line was approved by a Government Commission.

4. That the Government claim should be considered as a first mortgage, preferable to all other debts.

5. That the advance should bear interest at three and a-half per cent.

So we concluded that our share of the public money to be involved in Irish railways would be safe, if the returns paid even two and a-half per cent. We knew, of course, that large sums of money had to be paid for Ireland, and we thought it more reasonable that the people should be employed in doing something—making a railway even—than in carrying stones from one plot on a hill, for the profitless exercise of removing them back again.

The most virtuous indignation was, however, expressed against the plan, as being a horrid system of spoliation. The member for South Lancashire called it a scheme to tax the industrious people of England for the benefit of Irish landowners; forgetting, evidently, that the industrious people have been taxed ere now, in the same way, for the benefit of Liverpool merchants. Even the Member for Renfrewshire insisted that the landlords of Ireland should be compelled to perform their duty before relief was sought for the people of that country; although relief had sometimes been sought for Paisley, while yet the landlords of Renfrewshire had only done their duty "indifferently well."

Finally, 332 members voted against the second reading, thus depriving the country of the amusement to be derived from a Bentinck Ministry, destroying the *iniquitous* bill, and convincing most people, out of the House, at the same time, that the success of a motion depends more upon the mover than the measure.

We understand that some changes are to be made on the Government plans, and that a part of this hated bill may be ingrafted on them.

Notwithstanding the noble efforts made by private individuals and public benevolence—a benevolence measured by millions, a million monthly, an advance that few communities could meet—famine and fever are thinning the hovels, and crowding the grave-yards of Ireland. Even in the north and west of Scotland, where, for the summer, more than two hundred thousand persons must be supported by private benevolence, there is reason to fear that disease has, in many instances, sprung from absolute want; while, in Ireland, nothing yet told equals, we fear, the horrors that may be revealed before harvest time.

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TAIT'S EDINBURGH MAGAZINE.

APRIL, 1847.

THE COUNSELLOR'S FAMILY.

A TALE ILLUSTRATIVE OF THE DOMESTIC MANNERS OF GERMAN SWITZERLAND.

BY MADAME WOLFENSBERGER.*

It was the last day in June, when, with many tears, and an infinite deal of pleasure, I bade adieu to my schoolfellows at a German boarding-school, where I had passed two years in learning, under a sort of military discipline, every variety of accomplishment, from the making of artificial flowers and paste-board boxes, to philosophy, ballet-dancing, and metaphysics, with good German and tolerable French. In the two last I had alone made any considerable progress, when I was recalled to my home at Z——, one of the principal towns of German Switzerland; for my father thought he had already spent too much money on my education, and my mother was impatient to clasp me again in her arms. For my part I soon forgot my schoolfellows in the joyful hope of meeting her, and my favourite brother Albert, and my little sister Cleopha on the morrow.

Of my father I had no very distinct idea, for, according to the usual habits of most of his fellow-citizens, he was all day, except at dinner, in his office, and all the evening in a coffee-house, or a club. I knew that he did not belong to one of the five or six rich families who consider themselves the chiefs of our little world, and, priding themselves on a certain indefinable kind of nobility, devote their principal energies to maintain their money undiminished, which they have mostly gained by trade, and their blood, without the contamination of inferior alliances. But still he was a town-counsellor, and one of the most respectable and wealthy citizens of Z——. His father had been burgomaster, or chief magistrate, and he had inherited a property of not less than five thousand pounds, with a handsome old house in a principal street, near the outskirts of the town, with a pretty garden, court-yard, and running fountain. It contained two flats, or apartments, besides that occupied by his family, which were together let for sixty pounds a year, so that, with the profits of his business as a silk merchant, (a trade in which even the five or six noble families are engaged), and his place of town-counsellor, which brought him somewhat less than twenty pounds a year, my father was a rich man. Yet, excepting the extraordinary effort he had made in sending me, to please my mother, to a German academy, he rigidly maintained the customs of his ancestors, like the rest of his fellow-citizens; which, I had learned enough from my schoolfellows to know, were very different from the habits of great towns in other countries.

My brother Albert, a handsome youth of seventeen, came to meet me as far as Strasbourg; and I shall never forget my joy, when, at the end of my journey, I sprang from the Diligence, and was clasped in my mother's arms. My father had left his office an hour sooner than usual, to accompany her and my little sister Cleopha to receive me in the great yard of the post-house, and his broad happy face was bright with smiles as he kissed me in his turn; and even our maid Rosa, who was there to carry my baggage, shook me like an old friend by the hand.

I thought our white-washed house had never looked so bright and gay, as when, surrounded by my family, all laughing and talking together, we approached it, and entered its old paved passage. The walls of the staircase were only white-washed, but though it was common to three families, the walnut tree steps and huge linen closets on the landing-places were all bright with hard rubbing. Nor did the extraordinary cleanliness of our dwelling-house on the third story strike me less forcibly. My German school had been clean and orderly, but my father's house was the perfection of neatness, and tears filled my mother's eyes when I admired it—for all the niceties of the household resulted from the labour of her own hands. She, and a charwoman, and her servant, had all been busily employed for more than a week in putting things in order for my reception.

"Now I have got you to help me in my household affairs, dearest," she said; "I need no longer get up at five o'clock in the morning."

I looked at my mother anxiously. Pale, delicate, and prematurely old, she seemed little equal to labour of any kind, and yet her small hand

* Late Miss Burdon, authoress of "the Forresters," "the Ward of the Crown," &c. &c.

was spoilt by toil. Her sweet unpretending manner, though it could not be called graceful, was as decidedly that of a gentlewoman as any one I had seen since my absence. I remembered she was gifted with an extraordinary talent for music, which, as no singing societies existed in her time, had never been cultivated; and, even as a child, I had venerated her for the calm good nature with which she had ruled our rebellious humours. I kissed her, and told her "it was pleasant to me to think the time was at last come when I could be useful, I hoped, to her in many ways."

As I looked around me, it seemed not a day had passed since my departure. All things remained the same. Our household consisted only of one maid, and a lad, who, when not employed in the office, kept the garden in order. Rosa was a native of Aargau, and wore the white linen sleeves, black boddice, and two long tresses of plaited hair down her back, which are the costume of her canton. Whilst I was a child, neither my brother nor I had ever known the imprisonment of a nursery, nor the tyranny of a nursery-maid; and I found my little sister was allowed to run alone to and fro to the town day-school, and to play on the street during holidays with her companions, or to do little errands for her mother, just as I and all my playfellows had done half a dozen years before. Her hands and arms had lost their beauty for want of gloves, but nobody cared for that, for she was the best knitter and reader of her class, and the merriest little creature living.

The walnut tree chairs and tables wore as bright a polish as formerly—the stuff-covered sofa, and the small square carpet, spread under the table before it, were still as good as new—the geraniums and cactus were in blow, as in former years, in the window—my father's spitting-box stood in its accustomed corner—and the huge old blue and white stove, which had warmed our forefathers, still occupied nearly a quarter of the room. My father's mother, an old lady in a clean lace cap, cotton gown, and silk apron, who arose to welcome me, held the same eternal stocking in her hand which she had been knitting ever since I remembered her. It was her custom to sit all day in a little projecting window, commanding a view up and down the street—nor did she leave it till my mother told us that supper was ready in the dining-room. She then led the way through the adjoining bed-rooms, which were those of the family; though the curtainless beds, covered down flat, with white coverlids, trimmed with lace and embroidery, had no appearance of ever being occupied, and no other evidence appeared of the chambers being used as dormitories. In fact, I well knew that in my mother's establishment the affairs of the toilet were conducted with the utmost simplicity, and that all the bed-rooms were open as passage rooms to all the family from an early hour of the day.

We spent a merry evening; though our supper only consisted of soup and a fried omelette—and we were all in bed and asleep before half-past ten o'clock.

The following day was my father's name-day, which it was the custom to celebrate as a fête, by giving what is called a family party, to which none but relations are invited. As eating and drinking are the principal amusements on such occasions, we were all very busy during the day in making the necessary culinary preparations. My little sister was sent into the town on different commissions, which greatly delighted her, because the pastry-cook gave her a tart, and the grocer a handful of raisins. It was my task to go in search of the most important articles, and especially of certain little cakes resembling wafers, called huppli, which are an indispensable part of a desert. They are sold for ten a halfpenny: and a good woman who made them was in the habit of coming once a fortnight to fill the little tin box in which my mother kept them on her stove to preserve their crispness; but for some reason she had delayed her visit, and at the last moment I was sent in quest of her. The great difficulty in Swiss housekeeping is to know where things can be purchased. If you want a piece of roast pig you must clamber up a dozen flights of dark stairs, where your nose is regaled by a combination of refreshing odours, till, after knocking at half a dozen wrong doors, you arrive at a bed-room, heated to suffocation by an enormous stove, where an old woman in a night-cap will undertake to furnish you not only with the pig in question, but with every variety of wild swine, and tame swine, of venison, game, and poultry, hot and cold, with sauces, or without; and in spite of the stairs, and the smells, and the stove, and the night-cap, when the old woman's productions arrive on your table they would tempt the appetite of the most fastidious epicure. Though I saw shoals of fish in our lake basking happily in the sunshine, I began to imagine that not a single fish out of water was to be found throughout the whole town, when I discovered by accident that an ample supply was to be procured, not at a fishmonger's, for that with us is an unknown trade, but in a shipmaster's cellar. Mushrooms I purchased at a milliner's; whilst, in another shop, I found pens and candles, oil colours, and Parmisan cheese on the same shelves; and though the grocer would have supplied me to my heart's content with tea and Bologna sausages, he could not furnish me with an ounce either of barley or rice. Almonds and raisins he condescends to sell, but dates and figs he leaves to the apothecary, who likewise keeps a plentiful supply of pot herbs, which are not to be discovered in any other corner of the town. The varieties of bread are without end, and every individual baker excels in some particular kind. One has a reputation for short bread, another for long; one makes tea cakes, another twist; the conductor of a Diligence sells the best white bread in the town, and the depôt for country brown loaves is in a tailor's front parlour. My last task was to purchase the huppli. I naturally concluded they were to be found in a shop. But in vain I walked up and down the steep old narrow street to which I had been directed—no visible traces either of the old woman or her huppli were to be found. In des-

pair I applied to a man sawing fire-wood before an open door—and my hopes revived when, though I did not know her name, I found she had a town reputation, and the woodcutter laid down his saw to point out her dwelling. Great was my astonishment when, instead of a pastry-cook's, I was directed to a barber's shop in quest of the favourite cakes. Undismayed, however, by the image of the bewigged and mustachioed gentleman in the window, I ventured to put my head in at the door, and pronounce the magic word huppli, which had so far proved my passport on this voyage of discovery. In answer to my inquiry, a pretty Birmese maid, with two long tails like a Chinese, directed me to the third story of the mansion. I was forthwith forwarded into a dark passage, from whence led a yet darker staircase. At the summit of this almost perpendicular ascent, after knocking at a door and repeating my password, a little girl ushered me into a very gloomy, but remarkably clean kitchen; a wood fire was blazing on the hearth—a most unusual sight in this land of stoves—before which stood paste of various descriptions. In an inner room I found my worthy cake merchant, not behind a counter, but seated at a round table with her sister and her servant, with great cups of coffee before them, and a huge dish of fried potatoes in the middle of the uncovered table, from which they were very amicably eating in concert with their respective iron spoons, which conveyed the vegetable to their mouth without the intervention of a plate.

I was most joyfully received. A great tin box full of huppli was quickly produced, and the portion I desired enveloped, with many pins and much difficulty, in two odd bits of paper. I then took my departure with my own parcel down the mysterious labyrinth by which I had ascended, no longer astonished at the cheapness of my cakes, when I found no money was to be added to their intrinsic value either for shop rent, or errand boy, or paper, or twine—and thus, though there is no want of elegant shops in Z——, hundreds of honest people gain a livelihood by their industry, without the risk of capital, or the necessity of making an appearance.

I found everything in order for our party when I reached home. The drawing-room was opened on this extraordinary occasion. It was the largest chamber in our suite of apartments. Its doors were of solid walnut tree; its stuccoed ceiling, and the crimson satin damask on its walls, to match the stiff-backed sofa and chairs, were all in the old French taste. Its boarded floor had no carpet, except a square piece under the table before the sofa; but its white muslin curtains, a handsome mirror, with a time-piece beneath it, and a few pictures by the Swiss landscape painters, Gessner, Wüest, and Hiss, now all dead, gave it an air of gaiety and comfort. The tea things were placed ready on the table, and a dumb waiter near was well furnished with China plates and little dishes of sweetmeats. Several pretty presents, worked for my father on his name-day, by his female relatives, lay on a little table; and, whilst we were examining these, the company invited for the evening arrived.

Everybody entered unannounced; for our maid, Rosa, knew nothing about such ceremonies. The company consisted of my father's sister and her husband, Mr. Staatsrath Schindler, a worthy man, and a state counsellor, with a salary of a hundred a-year. The lady was a little, thin, peevish woman, without a tooth in her head. My mother's brother, a president of some council or another, with his wife, Mrs. President Grossman, came next; and then a retired director of something and his lady, a first cousin of my grandmother's, whom we all called Frau Base, and everybody else honoured with the title of Frau Alt Director. All the gentlemen wore their surtouts, except my father, who appeared in his dressing-gown without any apology. The ladies had brought the stockings they were knitting, which, after carefully depositing their gloves in their pockets, they had just produced, when Rosa made her appearance with a tea-kettle and a burning lamp under it. We displayed the luxury of a silver tea-pot and sugar-basin on this occasion, but sugar-tongs there were none. My mother made the tea. It was very weak, and all green. None of the gentlemen drank it; and after a little laughing about "October tea," my mother gave me a sign to follow her, and we both left the room. To my surprise, I found we were to go down to the cellar, in search of wine, which, as my father liked it cool, he insisted should never be brought up till the last moment. This done, we re-entered the drawing-room in state with our bottles; the maid following with a basket of bread, a dish of sliced Bologna sausage, and a tray of large glasses, which my mother went round and filled for each gentleman, not only at first, but every time they were empty.

Whilst my father and his friends were drinking wine, and talking over the politics of the Canton, at one side of the room, the ladies, when their tea was finished, sat, every one with a little plate of sweetmeats before her, discussing the private affairs of the same community. To have judged by their comments, the morals of their neighbours were in a very lax condition.

"Have you heard this terrible business of Mrs. Oberrichter Hotz? Everybody declares there must be a divorce," said Mrs. President Grossman.

"I always knew how it would be," returned Mrs. Staatsrath Schindler, with a malicious smile.

"She is an intimate friend of Mrs. Mang's, is she not?" inquired my mother.

"Oh yes," returned Mrs. Staatsrath; "they suit each other perfectly. They are both learned ladies—both so clever—they do nothing but spend their husbands' money for dress, and sit on a sofa and read all day long."

"Frau Mang wrote me some verses on my little dog that died, and they were very pretty indeed," said the good-natured Frau Base; "they were all about moonshine and dew, and something about angels and roses at the end, I could not quite understand."

"Indeed!" rejoined my mother; "she is a charming woman; and if she is cleverer than other people, she has no pretension."

"I beg your pardon, Frau Meyer," said the sour Mrs. Staatsrath; "I quite forgot you were an advocate for all the modern improvements in female education, and schools where German professors give lectures on history, and young ladies learn gymnastics, and everything but what our mothers thought useful. For my part, I am sorry I cannot be of your opinion; for I am sure the men don't like it. My husband would never have married a woman that was not a good cook for all the gold in the Canton."

"And I never see much good in wasting money for music masters," said Mrs. Grossman, who could not distinguish a waltz from a dead march: "when the girls have nobody to play to but one another. It is different in Paris and London, where they say men and women meet in large parties; but with us, I am sure such accomplishments are all lost time, except a young woman means to give lessons at sevenpence an hour to buy her own clothes."

My mother made no reply, but took the first opportunity of leaving the room, when I had to support a thorough cross-questioning from all the ladies present, as to all I had seen, done, and heard, during my absence. I was at first somewhat disconcerted; but I soon learnt that it is the universal practice to fill up all pauses in conversation by asking questions. In about ten minutes, this was put a stop to by my mother's returning and announcing supper.

My father immediately gave his arm to Mrs. Staatsrath, and the rest of the company followed in due order. A prettily arranged glass basket of fruit and flowers in the middle of the table, with plenty of silver spoons and forks, made all look gay, though everything was served on common white ware. A light soup was first served round, and then a deep dish of stew, called Spanish soup—composed of beef and cabbage, and sausages and ham—was presented to everybody by the maid. It was the business of my little sister and myself to change the plates—it is not the custom in our town to change the knives and forks. Everybody wipes them on their bread. My mother several times disappeared into the kitchen, which nobody remarked, and when she had resumed her place, a large flat cold patty, of somewhat solid paste, filled with a cold savoury jelly, made its appearance on one dish, and four roast ducks, stuffed with potatoes, on another.

My father cut up the birds on a pewter dish beside him, and they were then handed round. Everybody eat as if it was the first meal in the day, and drank in proportion. Each gentleman had a bottle of common wine beside him, but after the roast, it was my father's duty to draw the corks of various superior sorts, such as fine Winterthur wine of 1834, wine from the Lake of Geneva, and lastly, Champagne, and then to go round and fill the glasses of all the company as fast as they were emptied. A great dish of whipped cream, fashioned into the form of a hen upon its nest, then made its appearance, flanked by two dishes of sweet cakes and pastry, which excited loud exclamations of delight from my little sister, without her parents thinking it at all necessary to check her mirth; and finally, when all other eatables were removed, two plates of the Huppli, it had cost me so much trouble to find, and two plates of segars, were placed on the table.

The Staatsrath said something about hoping smoking was not disagreeable to my mother, at which my father and all the ladies laughed, and then every gentleman lighted a segar, and commenced puffing away in good earnest, till it was soon scarcely possible to see across the room. The company was then very merry, and began to drink toasts, the first of which was my father's health. At this everybody arose, and everybody knocked their glass against everybody else's glass; and as the tables were very long, there was a considerable crowding, and stretching, and confusion, before it was perfectly accomplished. This, however, was scarcely done, when the President thought it necessary to propose my mother's health, in consequence of which my father had again to proceed to the drawing of corks, and the same knocking of glasses ensued, only with more noise and confusion than before. A good many bottles of wine were drank, and a considerable number of segars disappeared in smoke, but I do not remember that anything particularly witty or amusing was said by anybody during the whole evening. At eleven o'clock, the company arose to depart. The ladies being then duly enveloped in bonnets and shawls, each gentleman slipped a shilling for himself and his wife into our maid Rosa's hand. If he had been a bachelor, he would only have been expected to give sixpence. After which they all trotted off home—a maid and a lantern leading the way before each couple.

After my residence in Germany, nothing appeared to me so extraordinary during the whole evening, as the coarse old German dialect in which the conversation was carried on. I understood it, because it was the language of my childhood; yet it grated with unpleasant harshness on my ears. But of this I dared not say a syllable; for I well knew everybody was proud of it, and that the ladies would rather have spoken French than good German.

The ground floor of my father's house was occupied by a certain Dr. Keller, a druggist. Though a druggist cannot enter the first society in our town, and holds a very inferior place in the scale of gentility compared to my father, still, if he has good connexions and is rich, he is considered in some measure as a gentleman. But Dr. Keller did not strive to make the most of his position. His wife only associated with a few old women of no particular class, and he kept no society at all, except in a beer-house, or a caffé. We saluted them when we met, and that was all; but my brother had formed an intimacy with a young student from the country, who boarded in the family.

One lovely summer evening, I walked with my mother to a rustic tea garden, kept by a pleasant

innkeeper, on a beautiful point of the mountain above the town, to drink our coffee, and eat a certain kind of cake made of fried butter. By accident, we found my brother already there with his friend, Ulmer, sitting under the trellised vines, where there were more than fifty other people assembled, enjoying the prospect, with each a segar in his mouth, and a large bottle of beer between them. They could not avoid making room for us at their table, as all the others were full. Ulmer was then about seventeen, and one of the handsomest, noblest looking youths I had ever beheld. He entered at once without awkward diffidence into an agreeable conversation with my mother. I said little; but I listened attentively, and I soon discovered with delight that his mind was amply stored with the knowledge of which I had only caught glimpses during the last two years of my life.

He walked home with us by the clear light of the moon that summer evening, and my mother was so pleased with the young man's company, that she invited him to visit us sometimes with her son. Two days afterwards, Albert brought him to breakfast. This meal with us was very simple, consisting of nothing but good hot coffee and boiling milk, with a loaf of bread, from which every one could cut at pleasure, all served in the commonest utensils, without a table cloth; but Ulmer declared it was quite a feast.

"I was always used to coffee at home," he said laughing, "but Dr. Keller is not so extravagant."

"What does he give you then?" was my mother's simple question.

"Oh, you know he has a country house," returned the young man, "and he grows wild Endive enough there, to make what he calls coffee enough for a whole regiment; but we have that only as a treat in the afternoon. In the morning we have a soup of water thickened with flour burnt brown, with fat bacon, or onions fried in grease, to give a relish to bread and hot water."

"I would protest against such treatment," said my brother impetuously.

"It is no use; it is the custom of the house," was Ulmer's reply.

"I hope your dinner is better than your breakfast," demanded my mother.

"Every day, since I have been there, we have regularly had two pounds of beef, cooked three hours in two gallons of water, which, when coloured with bread crusts, is called soup; and as the two servant maids and the farming lad dine at the same table with us, in the old Swiss style, you may suppose the portion of meat that falls to my share is not very large. Luckily, we have a great dish of potatoes and fried onions, and another of chopped spinach, swimming in black looking grease, to make up for deficiences."

"But, of course, on a Sunday," said my mother, "you have better fare?"

"Oh, the Doctor then regales us with a piece of his country-fed pork, dried in the wood smoke of the kitchen chimney, till it is as black as a coal, with the addition of sour kraut, made from his own cabbages, and half decayed, or a dish of last year's French beans dried in the oven for winter consumption, and which, when stewed in grease, have all the appearance of half tanned leather."

We all laughed heartily at this description, and my mother declared she was astonished to hear that the Doctor, with his fortune, kept such a bad table, as many of our little shopkeepers lived much better. Out of compassion for Ulmer, my brother frequently invited him for the future; for, though we lived simply, our boiled beef, and bacon, and sour kraut, were all good of their kind, and such fare was frequently varied by roast meat, or delicate fried sausages. During many of his visits, he found me alone, for my mother had her society, or kind of club, which met once a-week, and the members of which had been selected by her parents in her childhood. My grandmother had also her society, on another day, and not only were all strangers excluded from both assemblies, but no other member of the family was permitted to appear in them. So far is this division of society carried, that two sisters have never the same acquaintances. If a morning visiter came to me, or my grandmother, my mother left the room; and we, in our turn, did the same. My father had his society, or Gesellschaft, also, which met at a coffee-house, and though he sometimes invited one or two gentlemen to dinner, they never called afterwards. My mother's Gesellschaft was what is called a mixed Gesellschaft—that is, the husbands of the ladies formed a part of it; but I invariably remarked, these gentlemen never made their appearance in the weekly assemblies, except on the occasion of some fête, when they were sure of getting a good solid supper, as they probably preferred their segar and their wine, in a coffee-room, to the tea and sweetmeats with which their ladies refreshed themselves. In fact, I heard every one, young or old, who belonged to these societies, complain of their stupidity. Those who are intimate cannot talk familiarly in the presence of others, and the conversation is commonly confined to dress or scandal. As such a system extends from the highest to the lowest classes, and most of our ladies have an absolute horror of female strangers, it cannot be expected that society should make any progress. As I had full liberty to dispose of myself as I pleased, several evenings in the week, I saw a great deal of Ulmer, and our acquaintance gradually ripened into love. One of my old schoolfellows, who lived opposite to us, was always ready to join me in a walk, and either she or my brother easily contrived to let Ulmer know where he was to meet us.

Our next step was to organise a Gesellschaft for ourselves. My mother made not the slightest objection to this, though it was composed of five young gentlemen and five young ladies, all under eighteen, and some of the former were known to be the most dissipated in the town. But their families were of the same standing, or rather superior to my own; and we had all been at the same town day-school, and had been partners at our juvenile balls. I was not yet fifteen; but,

if my parents considered me still a child, they were very much mistaken! Oh, those were happy days, when, without fathers or mothers to restrain our mirth, we made an excursion to dine, or pass the evening, at one of those inns which, in every part of Switzerland, have public and private apartments ever ready for such parties. A betrothal, a wedding, or any family anniversary, is generally celebrated by a dinner at a country inn; and to us such a festival was the summit of felicity. I shall never forget one party which was given by myself and my companions in honour of a member of our society, who was about to leave us to join a Swiss mercantile house in Milan. The expenses were equally divided amongst our parents. The two open carriages that were to convey us stood ready before our doors at six o'clock on a brilliant sunny morning in August. Our mothers were up to give us our coffee before our departure, and to be sure that we were nicely dressed; and that was all the care they took about us. I had been up at dawn, to arrange my hair in the nicest order, and thought I was as elegant as a Parisian belle, in a new white muslin dress, black silk scarf, and transparent straw bonnet. Moreover, Ulmer sat opposite to me in the carriage; and, though he never told me I was very pretty, he looked as if he thought so.

We arrived at our place of destination about nine o'clock. It was a large, old, gable-ended house, which, in the last century, had been the country residence of a burgomaster; but, at this time, it belonged to a peasant, who used it as an inn. It stood on the banks of the Lake of Zurich, in the midst of the most highly cultivated scenery, yet surrounded by old forests, that reached to the edge of its orchards, then laden with fruit, and from whence there was a superb view of the upper lake, and a long range of Alps eternally covered with snow. We found an excellent breakfast of coffee, rich new milk, delicious butter, bee and pear honey, and several varieties of bread, awaiting us on a long table in the garden, to which we did honour, with much mirth and admirable appetites. The sun was very hot; and, when our repast was finished, we all agreed to wander in the neighbouring forest till dinner was ready at one o'clock. Sometimes we beguiled the time by singing in chorus, sometimes by different games, and, at last, we happily discovered a large bed of hurtle berries, and found ample occupation in gathering the fruit for one another. Yet this did not spoil our appetites for dinner, which we ate in what had been the old burgomaster's best parlour. The young men drank, at least, a bottle of wine and a bottle of beer each; yet, as both were very weak, their spirits were only agreeably elevated. We then had coffee, and the gentlemen smoked and played at bowls without their coats, whilst the young ladies admired their skill.

It was near sunset when we re-entered the carriages to return home, and a merry drive we had, for our esquires sang in chorus the whole way. But I believe none had been so truly, so entirely happy, as Ulmer and myself. He had found an opportunity of openly declaring his attachment, and I, for my part, first knew what it was to be thoroughly in love.

My mother never sought my confidence; her mind was fully occupied by her household concerns. She never seemed to remember that a young daughter might have need of her guidance and her counsel. In fact, I was left entirely to follow my own pleasure, when I had fulfilled certain duties that were expected of me. One of these was the boiling down about two hundred pounds of fine fresh butter, for winter consumption in the cooking of vegetables, and the frying of all kinds of cakes, meat, and omelettes.

It is a dangerous operation, even above our close kitchen fire-places, and is usually performed in enormous kettles over a fire in the open air, when it is necessary to ladle the liquid butter perpetually up and down, to prevent its boiling over. My grandmother and I were busily employed in this occupation, with each a great pan before us, at separate fires in the court-yard, on the morning after Ulmer had confessed his love, when I was suddenly startled by his approaching us. My grandmother coldly returned his salutation; and, though I blushed redder than the fire had already made me, I could scarcely answer his inquiries concerning my health after the fatigues of the previous day.

"I am going to the theatre this evening," he whispered at length; "do contrive to come."

I looked at my grandmother, to ascertain if she had heard his proposal: I looked at Ulmer, whilst he pressed me to comply with his wishes. It certainly was a most unlucky moment to choose for making love. I forgot my cauldron, the butter boiled over; in one moment the flames sprang up like a burning mountain, and with a scream I called to my grandmother to escape. But she had the presence of mind to prevent further mischief, by ladling away at her own kettle as indefatigably as ever. Ulmer dragged me back from the flames, which in another moment would have caught my dress; and, seizing a bucket of water that stood near, he was about to empty it on the blazing butter, when my grandmother screamed out, "No water, no water, or it will fly out on all sides! Take your coat, or any thing else to smother the flames!"

Ulmer probably did not admire this alternative, but, tearing down from a neighbouring line an armful of my grandmother's winter quilted petticoats, which, with fifty pairs of knit worsted stockings, were hung out to take the air, he threw the whole into the middle of the flames. The fire was extinguished; but the screams of the old lady were more violent than ever. Poor Ulmer offered many apologies, till, perceiving they only made matters worse, he left me, with a malicious smile, to get out of my difficulties as well as I could. All idea of escaping to the theatre for that night was at an end.

I observed that, whenever Ulmer afterwards made his appearance in the house, my grand-

mother regarded him with a very unfriendly eye. She frequently, likewise, gave my mother hints about the precocity of girls brought up in foreign boarding schools. "It was different in her days," she said, "when girls staid at home, and learnt their duty, and nothing but their duty."

"Ah," answered my sweet mother, with a sigh, "it would have made me truly happy had I been taught music at least."

"And what good would it have done you?" inquired the old lady peevishly. "I am sure your husband wanted nothing but a pretty, obedient housekeeper, and an honourable, well-born mother for his children, when he married; so music would have been quite thrown away."

"It would have been a comfort to myself in many sad and solitary hours," she returned gently.

"And would have taken up time you might have employed much better," said my grandmother, sharply. "I am sure a good mistress of a family has enough to do, to wash and dress her children, and look after her maid, and keep her silver and all her glass and china in order, and attend to the cellar, and receive the interest from the peasants who have borrowed her husband's money, and keep the accounts, and see to the cooking, and the linen, and the beds, to say nothing of darning and knitting stockings, or of the great wash, which is a serious affair."

I soon learnt that, as my grandmother said, the great wash was indeed a very serious affair. Luckily, it happened only twice a-year, for it occupied at least a fortnight, and threw the whole household into confusion. My father was the only one in the establishment who escaped without some share of the labour, but even he was not allowed to receive a visiter during the period it lasted. As there were often more than *two thousand* articles in the wash, three washerwomen and three ironing women were kept constantly busy. My grandmother, my mother, and myself laboured as if our bread depended upon getting up fine linen, whilst my little sister, to her great delight, staid at home from school, to hang up small articles to dry in the garret, which, in every Swiss house, is appropriated to this purpose.

Yet there can be no economy in such a practice; for, to say nothing of the large provision of clothes and linen necessary for six months' use, the vast consumption of the helpers on these occasions must likewise be taken into account. Every woman brings a huge bundle of her own clothes to wash at her employer's expense; they have spirits and bread during the night, as much as they please, and each woman has six meals and three bottles of wine a-day. In addition to all this, they steal without mercy; and one old woman, in passing my father on the door step, happening to slip her foot, the basket hidden under her shawl came to the ground, and sundry bottles of wine, and soap, and candles, &c., rolled far and wide.

My father, who had long vowed vengeance against the great wash, was in a terrible rage; and, had it not been for my grandmother, would at once have put an end to the nuisance, as he always called it. But he had not courage to inflict such a stroke upon her in her old age, and he left matters to take their course, only keeping more than ever from home, and going more than usual to the wine houses. Young as I was, I could not help remarking that such is an inevitable consequence of a man's not finding his home agreeable or amusing. My mother, who had never been out of her native town, in spite of her gentle character and natural talents, was incapable of rendering it so. She did not know how to set about it, and could have found no assistance from her neighbours. In fact, the men find it irksome, when not seeking to make love, to be obliged to make themselves agreeable in female society, and the women consider the presence of men a disagreeable restraint.

At first, after my return home, I tried to amuse my brother by music and singing, so as to keep him at home in an evening; and Ulmer came to practise trios; and I taught my little sister to waltz with them; and even my poor mother, who was a delighted spectator, sometimes joined in a chorus or dance with her son. But though all seemed delighted, it did not last long. Albert's comrades laughed at him, when they heard he spent his evenings with his mother and sister, and dragged him off, night after night, to some coffee or beer house, till he gradually lost the habit of returning at all to his house, in his leisure hours, and his manners acquired a negligent rudeness, the consciousness of which made him shrink from entering all polished society. His absence likewise kept Ulmer much away; and as winter approached, I rarely saw him, except on Sunday evenings, in our Gesellschaft, or when by accident he joined me in my box when I went to the theatre with my friend Meena, whose company was thought sufficient protection. He never failed on these occasions to walk home with me, when his attendance was sanctioned by the presence of our maid Rosa, and her luminous lantern.

But maids will make their observations; and moreover in our town, they are famous for announcing such observations as soon as possible to their acquaintance in general. Many a reputation depends on their good word. In fact, a solitary servant, who with us is commonly on very familiar terms with her mistress, and is too old to hope to marry, has little to amuse her but the affairs of the family where she serves, which it is her chief relaxation to recount to all the maids of the neighbourhood, whom she meets when she goes to wash her salad or her linen, at the public fountain. The fountain, without exaggeration, may be called the maids' coffee-house, for there the affairs of the whole town are discussed without respect to persons, the most petty scandal is eagerly recounted and greedily devoured, the characters of all the masters and mistresses in the town decided, and their private weaknesses and real qualities better understood, than by their most intimate friends of their own class.

And poor Rosa, without thinking she was doing any harm, felt particularly proud in announcing to her most intimate friend that her young mistress had got a lover; her intimate friend announced it to the whole town; and the whole town, anxious to ascertain the truth of the report, offered their congratulations to my father and mother wherever they went. They both positively denied it, but nobody believed them; and my mother began to have serious suspicions of the state of the case, when the same story was repeated to her by my grandmother, who had heard it from Rosa, whilst they were knitting and chatting together during my mother's absence in her Gesellschaft.

She was very thoughtful for several days, but I only imagined she shared in my anxiety as to my appearance at our first winter ball. I had more than a dozen times admired my clear, white muslin dress, and the roses for my hair, and thought the time would never arrive for Ulmer to tell me how well I looked in them; when, the evening before this important assembly, as I sat working a pair of slippers as a new-year's gift for my brother, my mother suddenly broke silence by asking me if any young man had yet offered to escort me to the ball?

"Yes, mother," I replied, "Ulmer is coming to fetch me."

I knew there was nothing wrong in this, for it was only in accordance with a universal custom, and yet I blushed deeply. "I feared so," was her soft reply, and she then again continued her knitting in silence.

"Mother," I ventured to say at length, "you don't seem to like Ulmer so well as formerly; yet no one speaks ill of him."

"I know nothing against him, dearest Lisa," she replied; "but your father does not like him for his daughter's husband, and he is very angry that all the town speaks of him as your lover; yet you have never told me a word of this!"

"My dear, dear mother, you never asked me anything till now," I returned, "and Ulmer thought, as we are so young, we had better let our attachment remain a secret till his studies and examinations are over."

"Yet everybody knows it except your parents," was the reply. "But, indeed, my child, I was wrong never to think of such a thing, when I knew you were so much together; for your father will never consent to your marrying a young man of a country family, and whose parents have nine other sons and daughters to divide their inheritance with him."

"But Ulmer is very clever, and will make a fortune," I ventured to observe.

"Perhaps so, when you are an old woman," she said; "but a physician without an inheritance must be a clever man indeed, to keep a wife and children as you have been brought up, not to speak of making a fortune, when only paid thirteen pence, or, at most, two shillings a-visit."

"But Dr. Snell keeps his carriage, and has built a fine house," I timidly rejoined.

"Yes, my dear, because he is the first operator in the country, has married a rich wife, and is old enough to be Ulmer's father. But a young student is another affair, and the sooner you forget him the better."

"My dear kind mother, do not say so," I replied, bursting into tears; "we are both very young, let us at least hope."

"No, Lisa," she said, taking my hand tenderly in hers, "I would comfort you if I could, but there is no hope. Your father has a rich friend to whom he has long promised you, and he will never hear of any one else for your husband. But do not cry, dearest Lisa, I too had a first love, whom I was obliged by family reasons to give up—and yet—you see—I have been very happy with your father."

I looked at my poor mother, and in spite of her faded cheek and lustreless eye, I felt, for the first time, that she had once had young feelings like my own. But they had been crushed; and the broken heart, which had been capable of the tenderest sympathies and the most devoted attachment, had been left to learn, by habit, to support with meekness a conventional marriage, unhallowed by a unity of sentiment or one of tastes.

Her eyes were full of tears. Though her long attention to the petty cares of her household, without even the occasional refreshment of any nobler pursuit, had deadened both her thoughts and her feelings, she could not assist to sacrifice her daughter as she had been sacrificed without self-reproach. Yet she knew it must be done, and she succeeded at length in persuading me of the folly of attempting to resist my father's will. I sent my brother to Ulmer, to tell him what had passed; to forbid his coming to escort me to the ball, or dancing with me on the following evening. Few women who have ceased to dance think of going to a ball in my native town, and mothers rarely accompany their daughters to such assemblies, to which a partner's escort, or that of a male relative, is sufficient. My father went with me that night; but still Ulmer found means once unobserved to approach me, and to exchange a few hurried words. It was for the last time.

I learnt, a month afterwards, that instead of pursuing the medical profession, he had been suddenly invited to join a relative, who had a large cotton manufactory in the neighbourhood of Naples. I have heard once since, that he has grown suddenly rich; but it was only when it was too late for any change of his fortunes to influence mine.

Such was the termination of my first love!

ALFRED TENNYSON.

BY GEORGE GILFILLAN, AUTHOR OF A "GALLERY OF LITERARY PORTRAITS."

THE subject of the following sketch seems a signal example of the intimate relation which sometimes exists between original genius, and a shrinking, sensitive, and morbid nature. We see in all his writings the struggle of a strong intellect to "turn and wind the fiery Pegasus," of a most capricious, volatile, and dream-driven imagination. Tennyson is a curious combination of impulse, strength, and delicacy approaching to weakness. Could we conceive, not an Eolian harp, but a grand piano, played on by the swift fingers of the blast, it would give us some image of the sweet, subtle, tender, powerful, and changeful movements of his verse, in which are wedded artificial elegance, artistic skill, and wild, impetuous impulse. It is the voice and lute of Ariel; but heard not in a solitary and enchanted island, but in a modern drawing-room, with beautiful women bending round, and moss-roses breathing, in their faint fragrance, through the half-opened windows. Here, indeed, lies the paradox of our author's genius. He is haunted, on the one hand, by images of ideal and colossal grandeur, coming upon him from the isle of the Syrens, the caves of the Kraken, the heights of Ida, the solemn cycles of Cathay, the riches of the Arabian heaven; but, on the other hand, his fancy loves, better than is manly or beseeming, the tricksy elegancies of artificial life—the "white sofas" of his study—the trim walks of his garden—the luxuries of female dress—and all the tiny comforts and beauties which nestle round an English parlour. From the sublime to the snug, and *vice versa*, is with him but a single step. This moment toying on the carpet with his cat, he is the next soaring with a roe over the valley of diamonds. We may liken him to the sea-shell which, sitting complacently and undistinguished amid the commonplace ornaments of the mantelpiece, has only to be lifted to give forth from its smooth ear the far-rugged boom of the ocean breakers. In this union of feminine feebleness and imaginative strength, he much resembles John Keats, who at one time could hew out the vast figure of the dethroned Saturn, "quiet as a stone," with the force of a Michael Angelo, and, again, with all the gusto of a milliner, describe the undressing of his heroine in the "Eve of St. Agnes." Indeed, although we have ascribed, and we think justly, original genius to Tennyson, there is much in his mind, too, of the imitative and the composite. He adds the occasional langour, the luxury of descriptive beauty, the feminine tone, the tender melancholy, the grand aspirations, perpetually checked and chilled by the access of morbid weakness, and the mannerisms of style which distinguish Keats, to much of the simplicity and the philosophic tone of Wordsworth, the peculiar rhythm and obscurity of Coleridge, and a portion of the quaintness and allegorizing tendency which were common with the Donnes, Withers, and Quarleses, of the seventeenth century. What is peculiar to himself is a certain carol, light in air and tone, but profound in burden. Hence his little lyrics—such as "Oriana," "Mariana at the Moated Grange," the "Talking Oak," the "May Queen"—are among his most original and striking productions. They tell tales of deep tragedy, or they convey lessons of wide significance, or they paint vivid and complete pictures, in a few lively touches, and by a few airy words, as if caught in dropping from the sky. By sobs of sound, by half hints of meaning, by light, hurrying strokes on the ruddy chords of the heart, by a ringing of changes on certain words and phrases, he sways us as if with the united powers of music and poetry. Our readers will, in illustration of this, remember his nameless little song, beginning

> "Break, break, break,
> On thy cold gray crags, O sea!"

which is a mood of his own mind, faithfully rendered into sweet and simple verse. It is in composition no more complicated or elaborate than a house built by a child, but melts you, as that house would, were you to see it after the dear infant's death. But than this he has higher moods, and nobler, though still imperfect aspirations. In his "Two Voices," he approaches the question of all ages—Whence Evil? And if he, no more than other speculators, unties, he casts a soft and mellow light around this Gordian knot. This poem is no fancy piece, but manifestly a transcript from his own personal experience. He has sunk into one of those melancholy moods incident to his order of mind, and has become "aweary of the sun," and of all the sun shines upon—especially of his own miserable idiosyncracy. There slides in at that dark hour a still small voice: how different from that which thrilled on Elijah's ear in the caves of Horeb! It is the voice of that awful lady whom De Quincey calls *Mater tenebrarum*, our lady of darkness. It hints at suicide as the only remedy for human woes.

> "Thou art so full of misery,
> Were it not better not to be?"

And then there follows an eager and uneasy interlocution between the "dark and barren voice," and the soul of the writer, half spurning, and half holding parley with its suggestions. Seldom, truly, since the speech by which Despair in Spenser enforces the same sad argument, did misanthropy breathe a more withering blight over humanity and human hopes; seldom did unfortunate, by a shorter and readier road reach the conclusion, "there is one remedy for all," than in the utterances of this voice. Death in it looks lovely; nay, the one lovely thing in the universe. Again and again the poet is ready to yield to the desire of his own heart, thus seconded by the mystic voice, and, in the words of one who

often listened to the same accents to "lie down like a tired child, and weep away this life of care." But again and again the better element of his nature resists the temptation, and beats back the melancholy voice. At length, raising himself from his lethargy, he rises, looks forth—it is the Sabbath morn, and, as he sees the peaceful multitudes moving on to the house of God, and as, like the Anciente Mariner, he "blesses them unaware," straightway the spell is broken, the "dull and bitter voice is gone," and, hark!

> "A second voice is at his ear,
> A little whisper, silver-clear,"

and it gives him a hidden and humble hope, which spreads a quiet heaven within his soul. Now he can go forth into the fields, and

> "Wonder at the bounteous hours,
> The slow result of winter showers,
> *You scarce can see the grass for flowers.*"

All nature calls upon him to rejoice, and to the eye of his heart, at least, the riddle is read. Nay, we put it to every heart if this do not, more than many elaborate argumentations, touch the core of the difficulty. "Look up," said Leigh Hunt to Carlyle, when he had been taking the darker side of the question, and they had both come out under the brilliance of a starry night, "look up, and find your answer there!" And although the reply failed to convince the party addressed, who, looking aloft at the sparkling azure, after a pause, rejoined, with a deep sigh, and in tones we can well imagine, so melancholy and far withdrawn, "Oh! it's a sad sight;" yet, apart from the divine discoveries, it was the true and only answer. The beauty, whether of Tennyson's fields—where we "scarce can see the grass for flowers,"—or of Leigh Hunt's skies, "whose unwithered countenance is young as on creation's day," and where we find an infinite answer to our petty cavils—is enough to soothe, if not to satisfy, to teach us the perfect patience of expectancy, if not the full assurance of faith.

Tennyson, in some of his poems as well as this, reveals in himself a current of thought tending towards very deep and dark subjects. This springs partly from the metaphysical bias of his intellect, and partly from the morbid emotions of his heart. And yet he seems generally to toy and trifle with such tremendous themes, to touch them lightly and hurriedly, as one might hot iron, at once eager and reluctant to intermeddle with them. Nevertheless, there is a perilous stuff about his heart, and upon his verse lies a "melancholy compounded of many simples." He is not the poet of hope, or of action, or of passion, but of sentiment, of pensive and prying curiosity, or of simple stationary wonder, in view of the great sights and mysteries of Nature and man. He has never thrown himself amid the heats and hubbub of society, but remained alone, musing with a quiet but observant eye upon the tempestuous pageant which is sweeping past him, and concerning himself little with the political or religious controversies of his age. There are, too, in some of his writings, mild and subdued vestiges of a wounded spirit, of a heart that has been disappointed, of an ambition that has been repressed, of an intellect that has wrestled with doubt, difficulty, and disease.

In Locksley Hall, for instance, he tells a tale of unfortunate passion with a gusto and depth of feeling, which (unless we misconstrue the mark of the branding iron) betray more than a fictitious interest in the theme. It is a poem breathing the spirit, and not much inferior to Byron's "Dream," in all but that clear concentration of misery which bends over it like a bare and burning heaven over a bare and burning desert. Locksley Hall, again, is turbid and obscure in language, wild and distracted in feeling. The wind is down, but the sea still runs high. You see in it the passion pawing like a lion who has newly missed his prey, not fixed as yet in a marble form of still and hopeless disappointment. The lover, after a season of absence, returns to the scene of his early education and hapless love, where of yore he

> "Wandered, nourishing a youth sublime
> With the fairy tales of science, and the long result of time."

A feeling, cognate with, and yet more imperious than those his high aspirations, springs up in his mind. It arises in spring like the crest of a singing bird. It is the feeling of love for Amy his cousin, sole daughter of her father's house and heart. The feeling is mutual, and the current of their true love flows smoothly on, till interrupted by the interference of relatives. Thus far he remembers calmly; but here recollection strikes the fierce chord of disappointment, and he bursts impetuously forth—

> "O, my cousin, shallow-hearted. O, my Amy, mine no more.
> O, the dreary, dreary moorland. O, the barren, barren shore."

Darting then one hasty and almost vindictive glance down her future history, he predicts that she shall lower to the level of the clown she has wedded, and that he will use his victim a little better than his dog or his horse. Nay, she will become

> "Old and formal, suited to her petty part;
> With her little hoard of maxims, preaching down a daughter's heart."

But himself, alas! what is to become of him? Live he must—suicide is too base a back door out of existence for his brave spirit. But what to do with this bitter boon of being? There follow some wild and half-insane stanzas expressive of the ambitions and uncertainties of his soul. It is the Cyclops mad with blindness, and groping at the sides of his cave. He will hate and despise all women, or, at least, all British maidens. He will return to the orient land, whose "larger constellations" saw a father die. He will, in his despair, take some savage woman who shall rear his dusky race. But no—the despair is momentary—he may not mate with a squalid savage; he will rather revive old intellectual ambitions, and renew old aspirations, for he feels within him that the "crescent promise of his spirit has

not set." It is resolved—but, ere he goes, let every ray of remaining love and misery go forth in one last accusing, avenging look at the scene of his disappointment and the centre of his woe.

"Howsoever these things be, a long farewell to Locksley Hall.
Now, for me, the woods may wither; now, for me, the roof-tree fall.
Comes a vapour from the margin, blackening over heath and holt;
Cramming all the blast before it, in its breast a thunderbolt.
Let it fall on Locksley Hall, with rain, or hail, or fire, or snow,
For a mighty wind arises, roaring seaward, and I go."

And thus the ballad closes, leaving, however, with us the inevitable impression that the unfortunate lover is not done with Locksley Hall nor its bitter memories, that Doubting Castle is not down, nor giant Despair dead—that the calls of the curlews around it will still resound in his ears, and the pale face of its Amy, still unutterably beloved, will come back upon his dreams—that the iron has entered into his soul—and that his life and his misery are henceforth commensurate and the same.

Among the more remarkable of Tennyson's poems, besides those already mentioned, are "The Poet," "Dora," "Recollections of the Arabian Nights," "Œnone," "The Lotos Eaters," "Ulysses," "Godiva;" and "The Vision of Sin." "The Poet" was written when the author was young, and when the high ideal of his art was just dawning upon his mind. It is needless to say that his view of the powers and influences of poetry is different with what prevails with many in our era. Poetry is, with him, no glittering foil to be wielded gaily on gala days. It is, or ought to be, a sharp two-edged sword. It is not a baton in the hand of coarse authority—it is a magic rod. It is not a morning flush in the sky of youth, that shall fade in the sun of science—it is a consuming and imperishable fire. It is not a mere amusement for young love-sick men and women—it is as serious as death, and longer than life. It is tuned philosophy—winged science—fact on fire—"truth springing from earth"—high thought—voluntarily moving harmonious numbers. His "Poet" is "dowered with the hate of hate, the scorn of scorn, the love of love," and his words "shake the world."

The author, when he wrote "The Poet," was fresh from school, and from Shelley, his early idol. Ere writing "Dora" he had become conversant with the severer charms of Wordsworth; and that poem contains in it not one figure or flower—is bare, literal, and pathetic as the book of Ruth. Its poetry is that which lies in all natural life, which, like a deep quiet pool, has only to be disturbed in the slightest degree to send up in dance those bells and bubbles which give it instantly ideal beauty and interest, and lo! the pool becomes a poem!

His "Recollections of the Arabian Nights" is a poem of that species which connects itself perpetually, in feeling and memory, with the original work, whose quintessence it collects. It speaks out the sentiments of millions of thankful hearts. We feel in it what a noble thing was the Arabian mind—like the Arabian soil, "all the Sun's"—like the Arabian climate, fervid, golden—like the Arabian horse, light, elegant, etherial, swift as the wind. "O, for the golden prime of good Haroun Alras-chid!" O for one look—though it were the last—of that Persian maid, whom the poet has painted in words vivid as colours, palpable almost as sense. Talk of enchantment! The "Thousand-and-one Nights" is one enchantment—more powerful than the lamp of Alladin, or the Open Sesame of Ali Baba. The author, were he *one*—not many—is a magician—a genii—greater than Scott, than Cervantes, equal to Shakespere himself. What poetry, passion, pathos, beauty of sentiment, elegance of costume, ingenuity of contrivance, wit, humour, farce, interest, variety, tact in transition, sunniness of spirit, dream-like wealth of imagination, incidental but precious light cast upon customs, manners, history, religion—everything, in short, that can amuse or amaze, instruct or delight, the human spirit! Like the Pilgrim's Progress—devoured by boys, it is a devout study for bearded men.

Tennyson has expressed, especially, the moonlight voluptuousness of tone and spirit which breathes around those delicious productions, as well as the lavish magnificence of dress and decoration, of furniture and architecture, which were worthy of the witch element, the sunny climate, and the early enchanted era, where and when they were written. But we doubt if he mates adequately with that more potent and terrible magic which haunts their higher regions, as in the sublime picture of the Prince's daughter fighting with the Enchanter in mid air, or in the mysterious grandeur which follows all the Adventures of Aboulfaouris. With this, too, indeed, he must have sympathy; for it is evident that he abundantly fulfils Coleridge's test of a genuine lover of the Arabian Nights. "Do you admire," said the author of Kubla Khan to Hazlitt, "the Thousand-and-one Nights?" No; was the answer. "That's because you *don't dream*." But surely, since the "noticeable man, with large grey eyes," awoke in death from his long life-dream, no poet has arisen of whom the word were more true than of Tennyson, whether in reproach or commendation, asleep or awake—"Behold this dreamer cometh."

In "Œnone," we find him up on the heights of Ida, with the large foot-prints of gods and goddesses still upon its sward, and the citadel and town of Troy, as yet unfallen, as yet unassailed, visible from its summit. Here the poet sees a vision of his own—a vision which, recorded in verse, forms a high third with Wordsworth's "Laodamia" and Keats's "Hyperion," in the classical style. Less austere and magnificent than the poem of Keats, which seems not so much a torso of earthly art as a splinter fallen from some other exploded world—less chaste, polished, and spiritual, than Laodamia, that Elgin marble set in Elysian light, it surpasses both in picturesque

distinctness and pathetic power. The story is essentially that of "Locksley Hall," but the scene is not the flat and sandy moorland of Lincolnshire, but the green gorges and lawns of Ida. The deceived lover is Œnone, daughter of a River God. She has been deceived by Paris, and her plaint is the poem. Melancholy, her song as that of a disappointed woman—melodious, as that of an aggrieved goddess. It is to Ida, her mother mountain, that she breathes her sorrow. She tells her of her lover's matchless beauty—of her yielding up her heart to him—of the Deities descending to receive the golden apple from his hands—of his deciding it to Venus, upon the promise of the "fairest and most loving wife in Greece"—of his abandonment of Œnone, and of her despair. Again and again, in her agony, she cries for Death; but the grim shadow, too busy in hewing down the happy, will not turn aside at her miserable bidding. Her despair at last becomes fury; her tears begin to burn; she will arise; she will leave her dreadful solitude—

> "I will rise, and go
> Down into Troy, and, ere the stars come forth,
> Talk with the wild Cassandra; for she says
> A fire dances before her, and a sound
> Rings ever in her ears of armed men.
> What this may be I know not; but I know
> That, wheresoe'er I am, by night and day
> All earth and air seems only burning fire."

And fancy follows Œnone to Ilium, and sees the two beautiful broken-hearted maidens meeting, like two melancholy flames, upon one funeral pile, mingling their hot tears, exchanging their sad stories, and joining, in desperate exultation, at the prospect of the ruin which is already darkening, like a tempest, round the towers and temples of Troy. It is pleasant to find from such productions that, after all, the poetry of Greece is not dead—that the oaks of Delphos and Dodona have not shed all their oracular leaves—that the lightnings in Jove's hand are still warm—and the snows of Olympus are yet clear and bright, shining over the waste of years—that Mercury's feet are winged still—and still is Apollo's hair unshorn—that the Mythology of Homer, long dead to belief, is still alive to the airy purposes of poetry—that, though the "dreadful Infant's hand" hath smitten down the gods upon the capitol, it has left them the freedom of the Parnassian Hill; and that a Wordsworth, or a Tennyson, may even now, by inclining the ear of imagination, hear the River God plunging in Scamander—Œnone wailing upon Ida—Old Triton blowing his wreathed horn; for never was a truth more certain than that

> "A thing of beauty is a joy for ever."

We had intended to say something of his "Lotos-eaters," but are afraid to break in upon its charmed rest—to disturb its sleepy spell—to venture on that land "in which it seemed always afternoon"—or to stir its melancholy, mild-eyed inhabitants. We will pass it by, treading so softly that the "blind mole may not hear a footfall." We must beware of slumbering, and we could hardly but be dull on the enchanted ground.

While the "Lotos-eaters" breathes the very spirit of luxurious repose, and seems, to apply his own words, a perfect poem in "perfect rest," "Ulysses" is the incarnation of restlessness and insatiable activity. Sick of Ithaca, Argus, Telemachus, and *(sub rosa)* of Penelope too, the old much-enduring Mariner King, is again panting for untried dangers and undiscovered lands.

> "My purpose holds,
> To sail beyond the sunset, and the baths
> Of all the western stars, until I die."

Tennyson, with his fine artistic instinct, saw that the idea of Ulysses at rest was an incongruous thought, and has chosen rather to picture him journeying ever onwards toward Infinity or Death—

> "It may be that the gulphs will wash us down—
> It may be, we shall reach the happy isles,
> And see the great Achilles, whom we know."

And with breathless interest, and a feeling approaching the sublime, we watch the grey-headed Monarch stepping, with his few aged followers, into the bark, which is to be their home till death, and stretching away toward Eternity. And every heart and imagination cry out after him—"Go, and return no more."

"Godiva" is an old story newly told—a delicate business delicately handled—the final and illuminated version of an ancient and world-famous tradition. Its beauty is, that, like its heroine, it is "clothed on with chastity." It represses the imagination as gently and effectually as her naked virtue did the eye. We hold our breath, and shut every window of our fancy, till the great ride be over. And in this trial and triumph of female resolution and virtue, the poet would have us believe that Nature herself sympathised—that the light was bashful, and the sun ashamed, and the wind hushed, till the great pilgrimage was past—and that, when it ended, a sigh of satisfaction, wide as the circle of earth and heaven, proclaimed Godiva's victory.

The "Vision of Sin" strikes, we think, upon a stronger, though darker, chord than any of his other poems. There are in it impenetrable obscurities, but, like jet black ornaments, some may think them dearer for their darkness. You cannot, says Hazlitt, make "an allegory go on all fours." A vision must be hazy—a ghost should surely be a shadow. Enough, if there be a meaning in the mystery, an oracle speaking through the gloom. The dream is that of a youth, who is seen riding to the gate of a palace, from which

> "Came a child of Sin,
> And took him by the curls, and led him in."

He is lost straightway in mad and wicked revel, tempestuously yet musically described. Meanwhile, unheeded by the revellers, a "vapour, *(the mist of darkness!)* heavy, hueless, formless, cold," is floating slowly on toward the palace. At length it touches the gate, and the dream changes, and such a change!

> "I saw
> A grey and gap-toothed man, as lean as Death,
> Who slowly rode across a withered heath,
> And lighted at a ruined inn."

And lighted there, he utters his bitter and blasted

feelings in lines, for which we have not room; but reminding us, from their fierce irony, their misanthropy, their thrice-drugged despair, of Swift's "Legion Club;" and—as in that wicked, wondrous poem—a light sparkle of contemptuous levity glimmers with a ghastly sheen over the putrid pool of malice and misery below, and cannot all disguise the workings of that remorse, which is not repentance. At length this sad evil utterance dies away in the throat of the expiring sinner, and behind his consummated ruin there arises a "mystic mountain range," along which voices are heard lamenting, or seeking to explain the causes of his ruin. One says—

> "Behold, it was a crime
> Of sense, avenged by sense, that wove with time."

Another—

> "The crime of sense became
> The crime of malice, and is equal blame."

A third—

> "He had not wholly quenched his power—
> A little grain of conscience made him sour."

And thus at length, in a darkness visible of mystery and grandeur, the "Vision of Sin" closes:—

> "At last I heard a voice upon the slope
> Cry to the summit, Is there any hope?
> To which an answer pealed from that high land,
> But in a tongue no man could understand;
> And on the glimmering limit, far withdrawn,
> God made himself an *awful rose of dawn*."

A reply there is; but whether in the affirmative or negative we do not know. A revelation there is; but whether it be an interference in behalf of the sinner, or a display, in ruddy light, of God's righteousness in his punishment, is left in deep uncertainty. Tennyson, like Addison in his "Vision of Mirza," ventures not to withdraw the veil from the left side of the eternal ocean. He leaves the curtain to be the painting. He permits the imagination of the reader to figure, if it dare, shapes of beauty, or forms of fiery wrath, upon the "awful rose of dawn," as upon a vast background. It is his only to start the thrilling suggestion.

After all, we have considerable misgivings about placing Tennyson—for what he has hitherto done—among our great poets. We cheerfully accord him great powers; but he is, as yet, guiltless of great achievements. His genius is bold, but is waylaid at almost every step by the timidity and weakness of his temperament. His utterance is not proportionate to his vision. He sometimes reminds us of a dumb man with important tidings within, but only able to express them by gestures, starts, sobs, and tears. His works are loopholes, not windows, through which intense glimpses come and go, but no broad, clear, and rounded prospect is commanded. As a thinker, he often seems like one who should perversely pause a hundred feet from the summit of a lofty hill, and refuse to ascend higher. "Up! the breezes call thee—the clouds marshal thy way—the glorious prospect waits thee, as a bride for her husband—angels or gods may meet thee on the top—it may be thy Mountain of Transfiguration." But, no; the pensive or wilful poet chooses to remain below.

Nevertheless, the eye of genius is flashing in Tennyson's head, and his ear is unstopped, whether to the harmonies of nature, or to the still sad music of humanity. We care not much in which of the tracks he has already cut out, he may choose to walk; but we would prefer if he were persuaded more frequently to see visions and dream dreams—like his "Vision of Sin"—imbued with high purpose, and forming the Modern Metamorphoses of truth. We have no hope that he will ever be, in the low sense, a popular poet, or that to him the task is allotted of extracting music from the railway train, or of setting in song the "fairy tales of science"—the great astronomical or geological discoveries of the age. Nor is he likely ever to write anything which, like the poems of Burns, or Campbell, can go directly to the heart of the entire nation. For no "Song of the Shirt" even, need we look from him. But the imaginativeness of his nature, the deep vein of his moral sentiment, the bias given to his mind by his early reading, the airy charm of his versification, and the seclusion in which he lives, like a flower in its own peculiar jar, all seem to prepare him for becoming a great spiritual dreamer, who might write not only "Recollections of the Arabian Nights," but Arabian Nights themselves, equally graceful in costume, but impressed with a deeper sentiment, chastened into severer taste, and warmed with a holier flame. Success to such pregnant slumbers! soft be the pillow as that of his own "Sleeping Beauty;" may every syrup of strength and sweetness drop upon his eyelids, and may his dreams be such as to banish sleep from many an eye, and to people the hearts of millions with beauty!

On the whole, perhaps Tennyson is less a prophet than an artist. And this alone would serve better to reconcile us to his silence, should it turn out that his poetic career is over. The loss of even the finest artist may be supplied—that of a prophet, who has been cut off in the midst of his mission, or whose words some envious influence or circumstance has snatched from his lips, is irreparable. In the one case, it is but a painter's pencil that is broken; in the other, it is a magic rod shivered. Still, even as an artist, Tennyson has not yet done himself full justice, nor built up any structure so shapely, complete, and living, as may perpetuate his name.

Alfred Tennyson is the son of an English clergyman in Lincolnshire. He is of a retiring disposition, and seldom, though sometimes, emerges from his retirement into the literary coteries of London. And yet welcome is he ever among them — with his eager physiognomy, his dark hair and eyes, and his small, black tobacco pipe. Some years ago, we met a brother of his in Dumfries, who bore, we were told, a marked, though miniature resemblance to him—a beautiful painter and an expert versifier, after the style of Alfred.

The particulars of his literary career are familiar to most. His first production was a small volume of poems, published in 1831. Praised in the *Westminster* elaborately, and extravagantly eulogised in the *Englishman's Magazine* (a perio-

dical conducted by William Kennedy, but long since defunct, and which, according to some malicious persons, died of this same article)—it was sadly mangled by less-generous critics. *Blackwood's Magazine* doled it out some severely-sifted praise; and the author, in his next volume, rhymed back his ingratitude in the well-known lines to "Rusty, musty, fusty, crusty Christopher," whose blame he forgave, but whose praise he could not. Meanwhile, he was quietly forming a small but zealous cohort of admirers; and some of his poems, such as "Mariana," &c., were universally read and appreciated. His second production was less successful, and deserved to be less successful, than the first. It was stuffed with wilful impertinencies and affectations. His critics told him he wrote ill, and he answered them by writing worse. His third exhibited a very different spirit. It consisted of a selection from his two former volumes, and a number of additional pieces—the principal of which we have already analysed. In his selection, he winnows his former works with a very salutary severity; but what has he done with that delectable strain of the "Syrens"? We think he has acted well in stabling and shutting up his "Krakens" in their dim, ocean mangers; but we are not so willing to part with that beautiful sisterhood, and hope to see them again at no distant day, standing in their lovely isle, and singing—

"Come hither, come hither, and be our lords,
For merry brides are we.
We will kiss sweet kisses and speak sweet words.
* * * * *
Ye will not find so happy a shore,
Weary mariners all the world o'er.
Oh fly, oh fly no more."

The name of Tennyson always suggests to us those of Browning and Bayley. Of the works of Browning, with the exception of his brilliant "Paracelsus," we are shamefully ignorant. But we have read "Festus": and who that has read has ever forgotten that prodigious poem? It is a Giant's Dream—say rather it is the work of a Lunatic Angel. Everything reels around you. As you enter, you find yourself in the centre of a tumultuous dance, in which Comets, Planets, and Stars are confounded. It is the "Faust" dreamed over again—with dread or ludicrous variations, all the poet's own. You find in it all contradictions reconciled—all improbabilities accomplished—all opposites paired—all formulas swallowed—all darings of thought and language attempted. "What can come next?" is your incessant question, as you turn over its prodigious pages. "Is it *we*, or is it the author that is mad?" is another and rather ticklish inquiry, that irresistibly suggests itself; for madness, we feel, there is somewhere. It is, however, the madness of genius. It proclaims a furnace of soul heated seven times hotter than even that of commonly-gifted men. And whether the author lays the scene in Earth, or Hades, or Hell, or "Anywhere;" and whatever monstrous extravagancies of imagery and language he perpetrates, (as when he speaks of "*feeding on buttered thunder*,") you feel you have to do with a powerful, capricious, ungovernable, fearless, and original spirit, who has dashed to pieces all the tables of common criticism, and whose only literary law is the great and awful soul within himself.

With Bayley, "silver is of no account." Golden images are even more plentiful than words. His figures rush out impetuously, like the pent breath of a diver, in thick, tumultuous succession. His pictures of nocturnal scenes, of the glories of the stars, are, in our judgment, unsurpassed in the compass of poetry. His soul and song swell up uniformly, and seem to fill the concave of the skies. It is as though a star were to break forth into singing, and proclaim the praises of her sister-orbs. So, with "harp, with harp, and voice of psalms," does Bayley's genius hymn the heavens.

A deep religion there is in "Festus," notwithstanding all his theoretical crotchets, and artistic absurdities. It is a boy of twenty wrestling with the mystery of the universe; and it is our wonder that he wrestles so faithfully and so nobly. We have no sympathy with his sentiments, but every sympathy with the spirit which animates and adds beauty to all.

Still, "Festus" is a perilous pledge—a glove too gigantic for a youth to throw down. If he redeem it fully, he will prove himself to be, as Coleridge said of Shakspere, "if he had grown to his full height, which he never did, he had not been a man, but a monster." If he do not redeem it, we may be compelled to call him (in another sense) a monstrous, not a manlike, birth; and his greatness may, after all, only be that of a huge hydrocephalic head—the token of powerful disease, and not of vigorous life and health. But we hope better things. We trust that, by stern self-culture, self-denial, and mild strong exercise given to his powers, he may rank—nay, does he not rank already?—with those of whom Keats speaks—

"But other spirits there do stand apart
Upon the forehead of the age to come;
These, these will give the world another heart
And other pulses.
Hear ye not the hum
Of mighty workings?
Listen awhile, ye nations, and be dumb."

SUCCESS IN LIFE.

AN ESSAY. BY JOHN ROBERTSON.

"MAK' siller,* Jock—honestly if you can; but mak' siller, Jock," is the advice said to have been given by a Scotch laird to his son. This story could not have become trite if it had not been true. No doubt, it faithfully represents a class of men existing in Scotland and everywhere

* Silver, money.

else, and the advice they give their sons. The father has seen many years and many men, and looks forth anxiously for his son upon the wide and wild world. Before the boy there lies an inchanted island, full of sirens which are devils—a bandit wilderness—a treacherous battle-field—the caves of the fairies—the halls of Eblis, where whirl the victims of the burning hearts. The boy is setting out alone on the sunlit isle of film called life, on which he floats amidst the infinitudes of space and time, and grey-haired experience supplies paternal solicitude with the advice, anyhow "Mak' siller, Jock."

Disappointment, misery, and madness may be prevented by showing youth what money will and will not do for them in the present day, in this commercial country. There are men who construct their lives on a disregard of money. Such men are often made to feel much suffering from the lofty but hardy career they have chosen. But the staple men and women of society seek only to test themselves by success in life—success as understood by the average opinion of their age and generation. Thousands of parents impress nothing on their children more than the glory of making their fortunes. They do not discriminate the limits to the powers of new-made fortunes. There is a far loftier test of success in life than public opinion, as expressed by the reception and consequence awarded to a man in society. However, it may be well to show how fatally the power of money may be over-estimated even in reference to this test. The advice of the laird to his son is a joke which the English people have against their brothers the Scotch, and is just as nationally true as the account of the origin of the new half-farthings, which says they were invented to provide Scotchmen with a coin which they would give away in charity. A discriminating estimate of what money really cannot do for a man was perhaps never more needful than to the present generation of English youth. Perhaps some observant and thoughtful young men may be prevented from venturing on the sea of commercial speculation—a sea in which sharks swim, and over which cormorants hover—by learning that, after all, gold is not an all-powerful god.

Great Britain contains an immense number of self-raised men. They are so numerous, as all men who have an extensive acquaintance know, that it is scarcely a distinction, and never ought to be made a boast. They are the men in the ascendant in this country at this hour. Among the country squires, who read little beyond their county newspapers, there prevails a mythos of the day. They believe that Richard Cobden and George Hudson served behind the same counter at York. They see the old families vanishing into insignificance before Factory Lords and Railway Kings. The baronial castle moulders in the awful presence of the counter and the till. Most self-raised men are silent about themselves; but go into the haunts of men, with companions who have been in active life thirty years. Anecdotic biography tells the same tales in every town from Inverness to Penzance. In the Inverness wool market, they show you shrewd and ruddy-faced men who were common shepherds, and now hold farms measured by scores of miles, and own flocks numbering more thousands of sheep than make the boast of Prince Esterhazy. In the Scotch and English manufacturing towns, you are introduced to men who kept stalls in the market-place, and now own splendid mansions and huge manufactories. With a tone which has long ceased to be used in reference to the owners of ducal coronets with their strawberry leaves, men tell you that Jones or Smith can say "My Railway." Such is the sublime of this age of iron. In science and in letters, as in commerce, everywhere the lions are self-raised men. It would be hazardous to say that all the men of real, as distinguished from conventional, consequence of the present day are themselves self-raised men, or the sons of men who have owed everything to themselves; but this observation is not very far from the truth. The men who seem most important are very different from the men who are, and *they* generally are the builders of their own fortunes. Our countrymen are, for the first time in the history of the world, making a mile in a minute the rate of the best travelling. The workers of the wonder are men of personal and individual enterprise and skill. The nobility of a Watt, a Stephenson, or a Hudson—the first, the representative of sublime genius; the next, of enterprising talent; the last, of commercial shrewdness—cannot be put by a royal hand upon the outsides of their heads, but has been infused by Heaven into the structures of their brains. Commercial freedom, which proclaims that all men shall produce what they can produce best, and exchange with all around the globe for what they need most—the law of nature—has become the ascendant law of commercial nations, and the men who have wrought the revolution are all men who owe everything to themselves. Truth has made the thoughts of Adam Smith stronger than the sceptres of Kings; and though dead he still reigns. Richard Cobden was a bagman, and yet, strengthened by the truths of Adam Smith, premiers and legislators have been his clerks. A weaver boy, and a coffee-house keeper, have been nobly distinguished among the pens and tongues which won the beneficial change. The function of the bar is merely one of routine in the great work of civilisation, yet it derives a dignity from the splendours of gladiatorial intellect which it exhibits. With few exceptions, the splendid intellects of the bar are men self-educated and self-advanced; or men who could never have entered their profession without the aid of the fellowships of the universities. The Army and Navy have little to do with what is noblest and highest in the work of the age. However this may be, their real power is wielded much more than is supposed by the men of personal qualities. In science, we learn the same tale. *This* best of geological describers tells us his observations as a journeyman stone-mason—*that* profound investigator into electricity was a

bookbinder's apprentice. The last half-century has witnessed one of the holiest feats in the records of time. Missionaries have encircled the whole earth, teaching the divine doctrine of self-sacrifice in the Cross of Christ. Amidst the darkness of the human lot, this cross is lifted up, and the sun gleams on no land where it is not. A Godlike work this! Of course, we all know that the missionaries were "cobblers, and ploughmen, and such like fellows." The largest share of the work of advancement is done by the Press—meaning by this word the writers of books as well as the writers of *leaders*. In the present day, we have seen a revolution effected in the whole aspect of English history—the work of writers who are sons of the people. A pamphleteer has made correspondence accessible to the poor. All our statesmen profess the elevation of the labouring classes to be the chief end of their efforts, and they were taught this beneficent lesson by the Press. In Philosophy, great things have been done to give clearness to the methods of seeking truth—a revolt has been proclaimed from the materialistic systems of the eighteenth century—a distressed cry has been raised for higher spiritual truths; and the sway in this grand empire of mind can never be wielded by any but great and clear spirits. In short, the men who have emancipated the slave, taught temperance to nations, started thought on electric wings on a race with light, brought correspondence and literature within the reach of the poorest, and practically annihilated the barriers of space and time—the nobility of fact—are the children of the people. They are our greatest proprietors. They own the ships whose white sails shine in the sun on every sea. Their's are the roads of iron, the laboratories of the arts, the sanctuaries of skill, the shrines of labour, and the books which ennoble the living race of men, and hold the seeds of the glories of the coming time.

Most of the men who raise themselves hold their tongues about it. Next in paltriness to the meanness of being ashamed of a lot and origin from the oppressed and not the oppressing classes, is the vanity which induces some self-raised men to hold up themselves as wonders. It is nothing wonderful for a man in this country and age to be able to say he kept a shop, or drove a cart, and is an author, a landlord, or a member of Parliament. Men who, finding themselves provosts or mayors, brag of having been errand-boys—editors, who tell us they once were packmen—"representatives of the press," who once were tailors—law lords, who formerly were newspaper reporters—merchants worth a million, who began life with half-a-crown—should know that in these feats, in this country and age, there is nothing marvellous. Of course, there are pleasant contrasts in their lives which these gentlemen must enjoy. Alfred Tennyson says truly—

—"This is truth, the poet sings,
That a sorrow's crown of sorrow is remembering happier things."

However, it is also true that contrast supplies the crown to pleasure. There is a rest in the dignity of the judicial bench peculiarly felt by the man who swept a shop every morning for years in his boyhood. Honours from the hand of royalty must be greatly heightened to the man who has been much kicked about in the kennel of poverty.

People exaggerate very much the advantages derived from being born to the beginnings of education and capital. People over-estimate the disadvantages of being born to a humble look-out. Many men—of whom it is said "Ah! their fathers were born before them"—would have done quite as well had they come into the world by Sir Thomas Brown's favourite process of sprouting like trees. Men who hold their tongues for fifty years about their early day, find themselves surrounded by a generation who honour them with the respect given to old-established, hereditary, and time-honoured importance. The huge factory, with its square bulk, tall chimneys, and countless windows, has been seen by the new generation all their days. Every day, in childhood and youth, they have seen the old grey-headed gentleman to whom it belongs trotting past, followed by his liveried servant, or driven in his stately carriage. Few know, and none realise the fact, that this dignified personage was once a keen-eyed boy, selling hanks of worsted from his stall in the market place of his native town.

Vanity is garrulous, and pride is silent: most autobiographies tell best by a man's own family fireside. Wise men will not detract from the impression of their energy, produced by their success, by an exposure of their vanity.

Money is power—and so is beauty, talent, not to name knowledge. But they mistake hugely, who make money—honestly if they can, but make it at all events. Some men found their lives on the observation that poor men are of no account. They think the poor man is the only real nobody. Money, as power, becomes their object. To make money, it is only needful to postpone enjoyment. Once five pounds a-head of the world, a man is rich; and, if he has sense, may make every sovereign work for him. However, they make a great mistake who, in their eagerness to acquire wealth, allow the least suspicion of unscrupulousness or of selfishness to be associated with their names. What chastity is to women, integrity is to men. No man ever recovers a suspicion of his integrity. At the bar and in the senate, the man who has made a slip of memory in reference to a document, a bargain, or an incident in an election, finds himself, however rich, shunned—his juniors in standing, and his inferiors in talents, are promoted over his head—and his advancement up the natural steps of his career is a generation behind his contemporaries. An atmosphere of cold suspicion surrounds him. His words never reach the hearts of others. On leaving his lips they become ice, so cold is the air in which he lives. Whatever the wealth of a man may be, if he is generally deemed selfish and sharp, he is made to breathe scorn, and his sky rains rotten eggs. Some of

the wealthiest men in the City of London are seldom named without contempt, because they have nothing in them but money and the qualities which make it. A considerable and ostentatious outlay in charity is necessary to prevent such men from being pelted with moral mud. Generous minds regard them as essentially of creatures of prey, and the sharks, vultures, and harpies of the zoology of man.

The making of a fortune enables a man to cross the chasm which separates too widely the gentle from the handicraft classes. His money just does this, and no more. But the newly enriched man stores the future with mortifications for himself, who fancies his mere wealth will gain him distinction in the circles of gentlemen. The tone of good society is equality. Birth, wealth, beauty, talents, may constitute eligibility for society; but to be distinguished in it, persons must be admired for admirable, and liked for agreeable qualities. Inferiority of manners would cause Plutus to be cut, and Crœsus to be sent to Coventry. There are very rich people who are never asked anywhere. There are many people, of the oldest families, who are never asked into the best houses of their own party, in their own county. Clever men and beautiful women there are in hundreds, who are courted everywhere. Success in society depends on nothing so much as agreeableness. It is recorded that, at a country house in Roxburghshire, one of the richest women in England, and enjoying the rank of a Duchess, was received by the lady guests with "the cold shoulder." To the interference of the son of an Edinburgh attorney—a poet and novellist—insolvent at the time, she owed it, if she obtained civility and courtesy. The parties were the Duchess of St. Albans and Sir Walter Scott. A man can scarcely come among gentlewomen and gentlemen more disadvantageously than shaking his purse in their faces. When a newly enriched lady enters a room, her head gleaming with diamonds, the emotion she inspires is very different from respect, regard, or reverence.

James Pritchard was the son of a farmer. Shrewd and energetic, he raised himself from being a shop-boy to have freehold properties in half-a-dozen counties. His name figures as a director on railway and insurance companies. The walls of the rooms and stairs of his mansion, near Portman Square, were covered with good pictures. His equipage cut a dash in the Parks. He travelled about among the watering-places at home, or over the Continent, during the autumn. In the spring, he occupied his mansion, and gave good dinners and gay quadrille parties. At the public dinners of charities, his name figured among the list of stewards—an honour which costs some ten or twenty guineas. He had been admitted into several learned societies, which seldom black-ball any obscure and unknown man; and the name of Mr. James Pritchard was sure to appear in the lists of those present at the entertainments of their presidents. He never met with any man of real importance of any kind whom he did not immediately ask to dinner. He saw poets and peers at his table. However, somehow his guests were a very changeable set; the poets forgot to call, and the peers tried to borrow money of him. Nothing could be more condescending than their familiarity in calling him Pritchard, only it was disagreeable their being in want of a hundred pounds for a few days. However, James Pritchard, Esquire, felt his way, deemed himself an established man, and had his name proposed at some of the most fashionable clubs. He was black-balled. It must be a mistake. He had been unfortunate in his proposers. He was proposed again by a nobleman, and seconded by a great banker. He was doubly and trebly black-balled. He was struck down in his hour of pride. Nothing was alleged against him. The sole reason was, he was nothing but a man of wealth. Destitute of the refined culture which adapts a man for the society of educated men, they would not receive his wealth as a qualification for it. There was nothing noble about him, and they did not respect him: he possessed merely the economical, and was rejected for the want of the intellectual and social qualifications. Thus James Pritchard became a damaged man.

Forty years ago and more, there was seen on the streets of a great manufacturing city, a smart boy driving a milk cart. Energetic, resolute, persevering, and vain, the boy became a clerk, a manufacturer, a squire. But the gentry of his neighbourhood were slow to visit him. The lord-lieutenant of the county did not back his application for admission to the magistracy. The pretensions of the upstart milk-boy were scoffed at by his rivals. Robert Anderson was not a man to bear a slight. He would enter parliament. He would scale a height from which he could repay scorn with scorn. Robert Anderson stood several unsuccessful contests. At length, by feeing lawyers, treating electors, and expending thousands of pounds, Robert Anderson, Esquire, of Twisthall, saw on his letters the affix, M.P. His proud step and lofty gait made people who looked after him on the streets, in the first days of his triumph, say—"that man thinks he has no equal." He entered the House of Commons, and he was elected into a first-rate club. His dream of greatness was soon over. The distinguished men of the House, the chiefs of his party, did not condescend to know him. His leader would ask him questions on commercial subjects in conversation in the House, and, meeting him half an hour afterwards in the street would *cut* him. Robert Anderson, Esq., of Twisthall, Member of Parliament, sat in his club alone over his wine, a nobody. The hum of cheerful parties filled the coffee-room, and he was solitary. All the gentlemen around him were his equals; many of them his superiors; none of them his dependents. On the topics all were discussing, he could throw no light. Why should any one listen to him? He could not give zest to the cookery, and flavour to the wine, with flashes of wit and humour; and the lovers of pleasure would not waste their time with him. His manners

were not vulgar, but they were not attractive. Robert Anderson found himself in the House a vote, and in the club, if not a bore, a nothing. A feeling of his insignificance flashed scathingly on the quivering pride of Robert Anderson. Mere wealth would not do; mere wealth could not bring even worldly success. His brain gave way under the perception. In his insanity he fancied his wealth had flown. A cloud must always rest on what it would be too painful to look upon, his sudden death and untimely grave.

To conclude, after the manner of Marmontel in his tales, and the old divines in the sermons, with a moral lesson, or practical application. For the mere ends of a worldly ambition, money alone will not do. Our age has many vices, and there are numerous votaries of Mammon addicted to this sordid vice. But they are a class by themselves, like the gamblers, the tuft-hunters, the profligates. They are only a portion of the people of this generation. When a Joseph Somes dies, the greatest of shipowners, the signals of mourning are seen on every vessel from London Bridge to Blackwall. However, he was the hero of none but the money makers of the shipping interest. When met at a west-end dinner table, he was merely a rich unknown. At the stations of his iron kingdom, the Railway King is saluted with royal honours. Every hat is taken off to him, and the train stops at a wave of his hand. In a committee of the House of Commons, he is merely a curious specimen of the commercial class. True it is that twenty thousand pounds are subscribed as a testimonial to him; justly, because the subscribers owe many thousands to his talents as an administrator of railway companies. However, he again is only a favourite of a class. His testimonial is deemed a disgrace to the age. While he lived, Thomas Clarkson had no testimonial. His appearance was not a signal for uncovering, and there were no fleets in mourning on the day of his interment. But in the whole of the shipping, or of the railway interests, perhaps there is not to be found a man who would even compare their most successful representatives with the hero of a generous cause. Admiration is the due of the man who knows, to a voyage, how long a ship will be serviceable, or him who can combine two or three bad railways into one good one. But it is the hero who devotes himself to something nobler than the gilding or crowning of his own selfishness—who makes light where there was darkness—and righteousness where there was oppression, at whose name disinterested hearts swell reverently. The conception of a man devoting himself in youth a living sacrifice to a benevolent end, forces from the faltering lips of all the best spirits the epithet godlike.

Men admire in classes. The votaries of gold worship the most successful money-grubbers. People of literary tastes admire the builders of the most beautiful fabrics of words. The money lovers pity the men of letters as poor fellows, who cannot give dinners. The taste of the admirer dictates the object of his admiration. Hundreds make the wealth of the man their first inquiry after his name, and thousands never think of people in reference to their money. Many never realise to themselves at all the fact that a man is wealthy. All they think about is, whether they like him. The acquisition of wealth helps a man into the society of those who care more for his manners than his money. The reason is obvious. He who has nothing but his money to give has nothing to bestow but that which can seldom be offered without insult, and scarcely ever accepted without degradation. The well-bred man is apparelled in a robe of gracefulness. His gentle bearing, his chivalrous courtesies, his beautiful kindnesses, exalt and delight the giver and the receiver. Well-to-do people need to ward off the pains of life; they have plenty of dinners, carriages, mansions, parks. They need their ignorance lessened; and the man who gives them an idea they had not, truly adds to the only riches they want. The sum of the whole matter is, the intelligent, the sordid, the generous, all admire the chiefs of their own orders. No man can be the hero of all. Analyse society, and you find in it everywhere sordid, quackish, noble spirits. It is for a man to determine whose abuse he would prefer, whose praise he will seek; for he cannot serve both the bad and the good; and they alone are successful in life above all abuse, and all praise, who live for the celestial—well done!

MRS. THORNTON'S TRUTH AND FALSEHOOD.*

Were Mrs. Thornton aware of the storm of indignation which, from various quarters, has burst upon our devoted heads, for stopping short in the middle of her Romance, she could not fail, if literary fame be dear to her, to be highly gratified. For the abrupt termination of "Truth and Falsehood" in the pages of *Tait*, we have now to offer such explanation as must, we hope, be quite satisfactory; preliminary to a sketch of the conclusion of a story which proved so attractive to many of our readers as to provoke their ire by a temporary interruption. The truth is, that we were bound to insert Mrs. Gore's Tale, entitled "Temptation and Atonement," as early as possible, in order that it might be brought out in volumes by Mr. Colburn, at the beginning of the season; and, as one or other of the Tales must needs give way, Mrs. Gore's,

* "Truth and Falsehood," a Romance, by Elizabeth Thornton, authoress of "The Marchioness," "Lady Alice," &c. &c. three volumes. London: Chapman & Hall.

were it but for her seniority as an author, seemed entitled to precedence, independently of her stipulation with her London publisher. — And now for the close of a Romance most hopefully begun, and long continued in this Magazine; and which, by those who like to see handsome books in large type on their tables, may now be obtained, in three volumes, from the publishers.

Our readers will remember the critical circumstances in which we left the principal personages of the story; the mysterious murder of the villain De Sablons, the husband of the Lady Felsenberg; the dreadful suspicions which haunted the mind of that unhappy lady's son, Herman; and the friendly warning given by Queen Katharine to the whole family of an impending arrest by the French Government for "great harm done to a subject of France"—or, in other words, a suspicion of their being concerned in the murder of De Sablons.

Yet, as some of our readers may not have seen the commencement, it may be necessary, as briefly as possible, to recapitulate the leading incidents of the story:—About the beginning of the 16th century, Herman, a young soldier of Germany, who, as a vassal of the empire, had been serving in Spain, under Charles V., found himself, on a cold, stormy November night, in a miserable inn, between Pampeluna and Oleron. He was here joined next day by a certain Pedrillo, a muleteer, well known on the road and in the house, who, though he looked very like the rogue which he really was, proved lively and amusing, and gaily sped the time, by singing love romances to his guitar. Later in the day, another party of travellers reached the *venta*—mysterious characters, but, evidently, of high consideration; and to the principal personage, who was no other than Margaret of Valois, a daughter of France, and the Queen of Navarre, the young soldier was afterwards able to render the most invaluable service. A plan had been laid by the emissaries of the Emperor to capture and carry her back to Madrid, and she was now flying to the frontiers of France.

In this scheme, the muleteer was an instrument, though baffled by the superior address of Tornalina, the beautiful and clever niece of the mountain hunter, to whose cabin Pedrillo had wiled them, and by the bravery and gallantry of Herman; though as yet he knew nothing whatever of the high rank of the lady whose queenly bearing and evident distress had so deeply interested his feelings. After a hard chase, and at great peril, the unknown lady and her attendants safely reached the frontiers of France, and Herman took a respectful leave of the "Lady Marguerite," as he now heard her named. At parting, she presented him with a ring, requesting him if he ever needed a friend at the Court of France, to inquire for her in the household of the Duchess d' Alençon, when he might find the ring a powerful talisman. Herman, half in love with the all-accomplished mysterious stranger, hastened, nevertheless, to join his family at Felsenberg, in Germany—his widowed mother, still a young and lovely woman, his young sister, Gertrude, and Blanche, his cousin and betrothed. Sad change had been in his home. His mother, who, with many noble and amiable qualities, was more the creature of impulse than of reason, had, in his absence, been induced to contract a secret marriage with a young and very handsome and fascinating, but thoroughly worthless adventurer, whose only object was her great wealth. The profligate character and villanous schemes of her husband, De Sablons, could not long be concealed from the unhappy lady, who soon saw that in ruining the prospects of her children, she had allied herself to a wretch whom she now hated and despised; and whose heart, if heart he had, had been given to her niece, Blanche, even before her ill-omened and secret marriage. On the return of Herman—an event which should have diffused unbounded joy through the household—the hidden anguish of his mother increased. Every member of the family shunned the others. Confidence was destroyed; everything went wrong; a curse seemed to have fallen upon the house. The marriage had never been avowed by Lady Felsenberg; and upon the sudden death of the officiating priest, who with two servants, Esther and Barneck, devoted to their lady from her infancy, had been the only witnesses of her marriage, she formed the bold design of denying it, and braving her husband. And by the sophistry of passion, she justified herself in every means which might enable her to protect the interests of her children, and break her galling chains. This resolution gave rise to many trying scenes; but, for the moment, Lady Felsenberg triumphed, and the villain-husband awaited his time. Once the lady was waylaid, carried off by him and his associates, and rescued from imprisonment by her son. But her distress speedily became more complicated. In a few months, she must give birth to the child of this detested man. Her wretched condition was made known only to her maid, Esther, and to Blanche, her niece; and the infant, as soon as born, was sent to be nursed in a distant village. The family, from this time, lived almost in a state of siege, and took every precaution that the lady might evade the attempts and stratagems of De Sablons to get her again into his power.—Esther was a leading spirit in the household, and a native of England; and, by her suggestion, it was finally agreed that, under a feigned name, the family should seek a refuge in that country, while Herman returned to the army. Their English home, the old manor-house of Fenmoor, was situated on a high moor, or *down*, on the coast of Devonshire. Thither Herman escorted them, and here for a time they enjoyed quiet; but again De Sablons appeared. He had been reported killed in a duel; but now he was too surely seen lurking in disguise about the grounds, and his first act was to steal away the child whom he suspected to be his own, and who now, two years old, was living in the family as the *protegée* of Lady Felsenberg. The misery of the bereaved mother discovered to Herman and his sister, Gertrude, what Blanche alone certainly knew—viz., that the little Betta was the child of

their unfortunate mother, and the daughter of the basest of mankind. Here is distress enough. But that same night, the mangled body of De Sablons, the cause of so much misery, was found at the bottom of the cliff, near the dwelling of Lady Felsenberg; and Herman, who had been wandering on the shores was the secret witness of things which filled his mind with the most agonising suspicion. His mother—his wretched mother! —was she a murderess?

To this length the story had proceeded in *Tait's Magazine;* and to its pages the reader may look back for those full details and high-wrought dramatic scenes which we have barely indicated, and with which most of our readers must already be familiar.

The warning of Queen Katharine came too late to prevent the capture of Lady Felsenberg, Blanche, and Gertrude; but Herman, who had fortunately been absent, escaped, and speedily made every arrangement to discover whither they had been carried, and to follow them.

After a few hours of sleep, the party, consisting now of Herman, the servants Barneck and Fritz, with the little Betta, who had been restored—in the manner afterwards to be seen—were early astir, on their way to London, and *en route* for Paris, whither the prisoners had been taken.

Herman was charged by Queen Katharine with a private letter to the King of France; and also with a message and letter for his native sovereign the Emperor. The unfortunate Queen was at this time in the extremity of distress—her rival Anne Boleyn triumphant, and, as she believed, every one leagued against her and the true Church. Her cause and that of the true faith were identical; and both were menaced with destruction.

Leaving the little Betta under the care of a lady of the Court, Herman and his attendants in safety reached Paris, and found that the prisoners were confined in the Châtelet. To that prison he found means of admittance, and saw the whole beloved group; mother, sister, and his shy cousin, the cold-mannered though warm-hearted Blanche. They occupied a long, low-ceiled room, decently furnished; nor resembling a prison, save in the massy iron bars of the windows.

"An oaken table stood at the farther end, round which sat his mother, Blanche, and Gertrude; Esther on the tiled floor at their feet. At his appearance a joyful exclamation burst simultaneously from the whole group, who sprung up to greet a visiter so welcome. Even Blanche, the cold, shy Blanche, apparently obeying an involuntary impulse, with sparkling eyes rushed to meet the astonished young man, whose arms seemed also involuntarily stretched forth to enfold her; but, checking herself, she resumed her gravity, and with a deep blush retreated behind the others. Short as their separation had been, there was nevertheless much to ask and to tell.

"Many and eager were the questions respectively put nd answered. Foremost among them were those that related to the little Betta, whose bestowal in safety and comfort was a beam of sunshine amid the gloom which now enveloped the family, and tended much to calm and cheer them.

"'Would you believe, Herman,' said Gertrude, 'that *we* are accused of the death of De Sablons? That villanous Durochet has accused us of the crime! the better, doubtless, to screen himself; for I firmly believe he himself murdered him.'

"'For shame, Gertrude!' said Lady Felsenberg, sharply. 'How often must I say to you, "Judge not, lest ye be judged?" You have no proof whatever, yet you rashly dare to assert his guilt. God knows the sad secret,' she added gravely. 'The name of the guilty one will be published, and the crime punished, when His will shall ordain its disclosure. You will know the fatal truth but too soon.'"

From farther conversation, Herman learned that Durochet, the infamous friend or associate of De Sablons, was bringing witnesses from England to establish the charge of murder against them; while a kind-hearted priest, who visited them in prison, was seeking out able lawyers to defend them in the criminal court. Nothing more could meanwhile be done; and Herman, disengaged from his first duty, was proceeding to deliver the letters with which he had been charged, when, to his great vexation, he found that the one addressed to the King of France had disappeared. He had understood that it recommended him to the protection of the King, so that this was doubly vexatious. Lest the letter to the Emperor might also be lost, Herman at once gave it to the care of the Count de Preville, to whom he related the unhappy circumstances of his family. The Count gave him good hopes of defeating the machinations of Durochet, a man whom he described as a needy adventurer. Herman, he said, "belonged to a noble family: he had money in his purse." Had he been poor and obscure, as certainly would the Count have predicted that the decision of the criminal court would be against him. The hopes of Herman revived; nor could he quarrel with an administration of justice which, however partial or iniquitous, might benefit his mother, and defeat the nefarious schemes of Durochet.

Next morning, Herman was refused admittance to the Châtelet; and almost distracted and at a complete stand when he found that his only friend, De Preville, had left Paris for some weeks. He rambled on unheeding, until he accidentally found himself in the precincts of the palace; and this brings us back to the spirited opening of the romance, and the adventure on the frontier of Spain, when the young soldier had performed such gallant and signal service to the mysterious Lady Marguerite.

The ring which she had presented to him at parting, with such memorable words, at this moment accidentally caught his eye, and recalled the lady's voluntary promise, just as he was racking his brain to devise means of introducing himself to the presence of the royal Francis without the credentials of the Queen of England.

"Suddenly as he looked at it, his eye brightened, and hope awoke in his heart. With a light and quick step he returned again to the palace, soliloquising as he went, 'I will ask for the Lady Marguerite! Who knows but that she may be able to aid me? She said she had some influence at the French Court. Who knows, as she said, but the ring may prove a talisman to serve me at my need?'

"He crossed the great court, filled with a bustling crowd hastily moving in different directions, entered the

palace, and proceeded until he was stopped, when he inquired for the Lady Marguerite, and, to invite civility, at the same time offered a piece of money.

"'What Lady Marguerite?' said the man.

"'A lady in the service of, and living with, the King's sister,' replied Herman.

"'I know no such person; but pass on!' He did so, crossed another court and entered a hall, from which arose a broad staircase, guarded by a massive marble balustrade. At the foot of it stood two sentinels, who, on his approach, crossed their halberds to bar his passage.

"Again he made a demand to see the lady he was in quest of, presenting the same golden passport. After some hesitation they also suffered him to proceed. He mounted the broad stairs, and saw before him the open door of the guard chamber, in which a small number of officers were lounging. There seemed no end to his difficulties, for here he was rudely repulsed with an assurance that there was no Lady Marguerite in the service of the King's sister.

"Herman, with bitter feelings of grief and indignation swelling in his heart, at the deceit and ingratitude of the woman he had so well served in the hour of danger and difficulty, turned away, and was about to retreat in despair, when the figure of the lady presented itself to his memory as she had then appeared, grateful, gracious, and dignified.

"He recalled the whole of her conduct during that eventful day and night, and he finished his reverie on the top of the stairs by exclaiming aloud, 'It is impossible! she could not—would not have deceived me!'

"The officer appeared to be watching him, probably rendered curious by the eager yet embarrassed manner of the applicant. As Herman uttered this ejaculation, he said, 'How old is the lady you wish to find? She is of course young and handsome? I am afraid she has jilted you, sir!' he added with a smile.

"Spite of his smile of derision and his mocking mien, Herman turned again to him, described the lady, and repeated, ''Tis impossible that she should have deceived me. Truth and honour were stamped on her noble brow. She was a woman such as one seldom sees. She said she had influence at the court, and gave me this ring as a token of her gratitude, for a small service I had the good fortune to render her.'

"'Ha!' said the officer, as he looked at the ring, 'I begin to comprehend this affair. We have a Lady Marguerite, of whom we—of whom France is proud. She is, indeed, such a woman as one seldom sees. Good and great as she is beautiful. Follow me, sir. Had you sooner shown the ring, it would have saved you much trouble. You would have found it a passport no one would have dared to disobey!'

"Herman gladly followed him. They traversed the guard-room, passed through a long gallery into a saloon, where he requested him to wait, disappearing by a door on the opposite side. In a few minutes a young and elegant lady entered, arrayed in the singular but picturesque dress of a Navarrese gentlewoman. The deep black and gold fringe swinging round her slender ankles and white arms, from the ample folds of the satin petticoat and the hanging sleeves of the tight bodice, which set off to the utmost advantage the slender and graceful form it covered; aided in its effect by the light and transparent veil fastened to the comb at the back of the head, and falling to the ground in shadowy folds.

"As this graceful lady advanced, she fixed her large dark eyes on Herman, and said with a curtsy, 'You request an audience of her Highness the Queen of Navarre, sir?'

"'No, madam,' he replied in his turn, earnestly regarding the handsome creature who stood before him, 'it is the Lady Marguerite, who is in the service of the Duchesse D'Alençon. I had the pleasure some two years since to ——'

"He was interrupted by the dark-eyed lady, who, gaily clapping her hands, exclaimed with all the original *naïveté* of her character, 'It is—it is our master of the horse! our knight of the mountains, about whom we have said and sung so much, hardly hoping again to see him!'

"'Tornalina!' said the astonished young man. 'Is it, indeed, the handsome Spanish maiden transformed into a court lady?'

"'Indeed it is,' she replied, laughing. 'Don't you see that I was born to grace a court? How proudly I bear my gay plumage?'

"'Yes, truly! you are at once so like and so unlike what you were, that I was greatly puzzled, until your voice, and, above all, your laugh recalled to my memory the mountain maiden.'

"He was about to say more, but she hastily left him.

"Returning again, after a short absence, with a gay and laughing face, she said, 'Advance, noble knight of the galloping steed! I have orders to present you to her Highness the Duchesse D'Alençon, now Queen of Navarre. Advance, and see if you can discover the Lady Marguerite among the dames and damsels in her train.'"

To be brief, Herman was conducted into a magnificent apartment, in which were many beautiful and splendidly dressed ladies, and foremost among them was that noble dame, whose fair and lofty brow gave, rather than borrowed, distinction from the diadem by which it was encircled.

"Herman looked at her, and recognised the unforgotten Lady Marguerite in the Queen of Navarre, that firm and faithful protectress of the hunted and persecuted Protestants—their only steady and consistent friend in France.

* * * * * *

"Astonished and somewhat confused, Herman stood before the Queen of Navarre; but quickly reassured by the smiling welcome he met with, he bent his knee, and kissed the hand graciously extended towards him, as she said, 'Welcome, noble sir; we are glad to see again our own true knight! You sought us: what can we do to serve a gentleman to whom we deem ourselves greatly beholden?'

"Herman related the unhappy circumstances under which his family were placed.

"'How!' she exclaimed, 'confined! The Lady Felsenberg imprisoned. On what charge?'

"Herman hesitated, and at length stammered out a few words, that seemed to choke him, in explanation.

"'Murder!' she repeated with a start, 'but the accusation is false? they are doubtless innocent?'

"Again Herman cast down his eyes and hesitated. She looked at him earnestly for a moment, motioned to the ladies to retire, and as they retreated she said gravely, 'I am anxious to serve you, sir; but to enable me to do so you must be candid with me. There must be no reserve. Do you believe the charge to be a just one?'

"'Alas, your Highness!' he replied, 'I know not what to say; I have never dared to ask. I have always feared to inquire.'

"'I comprehend you, sir: it is a sufficient answer. Had you not believed it true, you would not have feared to inquire! Who was the person so mysteriously destroyed?'

"'He—he was—the husband of my mother,' said Herman, half suffocated by grief and shame.

"'Great God!—her husband!' exclaimed the Queen, with a painful contraction of the muscles of her face. 'I cannot, must not, will not plead for, or protect a woman who ——'

"She stopped. The pale and agitated countenance of the brave young man, to whom she owed a weighty obligation, moved her greatly. After a pause of silent reflection, she said, 'There is but one course to take in an affair like this. You must get this lady out of confinement. Effect her escape from Le Châtelet.'

"'Alas, madam!' he replied, 'I fear she will not consent: I have already proposed this plan.'

"'How! she will not consent to fly from condemnation, from death?'

"'No,' said Herman mournfully: 'she has never explained her motives for refusing to listen to my proposal, and, as I told your Highness, I have not dared to investigate. But I believe she thinks it her duty to submit to

punishment, to bow her head in humbleness to the will of God.'

"'May the holy saints have heed of us, but this is a strange affair!' exclaimed the Queen surprised, but apparently also greatly relieved; for her bright eyes sparkled, and her cheek again dimpled with a smile as she added, 'You described your lady mother as gentle, affectionate, and just, refusing to fly, though threatened with death, because she thinks it her duty to submit and suffer. Trust me, sir, this lady is no murderer! take comfort, sir, and courage. Be sure there is some unhappy combination of circumstances which will yet be explained. Meantime, depend on us, we will do all we can to aid you.'

"'Heaven bless you, madam!' he replied, 'for the hope, the relief, you have given to my heavy heart.'"

In farther conversation, the Queen explained the strange circumstances in which she had been placed by treachery, when Herman so opportunely came to her rescue, and through her rendered great service to France and to the Protestant cause.

The King entered the drawing-room, and his royal sister obtained his signature to an order for the free admission of Herman and his friends to the prisoners in the Châtelet. He was then dismissed, with the gracious assurance from the Queen of Navarre of her anxiety to serve and assist him; and he was farther ordered freely to apply to her, through his old acquaintance, now the "Lady Tornalina," the ready minister of the Queen's will; her favourite and confidential attendant.

Daily consultations were now held at the Châtelet, and arrangements made for the approaching trial. For this purpose, it was necessary that Herman should learn every minute circumstance connected with the death of De Sablons; but his mother maintained a pertinacious silence.

"With a strange pertinacity which almost argued a shaken intellect, she declared she would have no human help, but would leave her cause to God. If it was the Almighty will that she should be condemned, she would bend to the decree unmurmuring. She should rejoice, she said, if she were acquitted, for her children's sake, but she would not seek to save herself by human agency.

"'For my children only is it that I grieve, that I fear,' she murmured, bursting into tears. 'I never hoped, I did not expect ever to have seen you, Herman, again; but you came. I resigned myself to the will of God, and he sent you to comfort me. Even my little Betta, perhaps ——' She paused, the subject was one she feared to touch. With an effort to recover her composure she ceased to weep, and added in a low, but solemn tone, 'Whatever is to come, His will be done!'

"They had been so engrossed by the deep interest of the terrible subject they were discussing, that they thought not of the auditors to whom the astounding facts implied by their words were thus abruptly revealed. Their attention was drawn to the two young women by the broken sobs of Gertrude, which alone disturbed the mournful silence which now reigned in the prison chamber.

"Blanche shed no tears, but sat pale and still, with an expression of suffering on her face, and a wildness in her eye, that was far more alarming. Herman rose and went to her. She put her two hands into his, and leaned her head against his side, but spoke not.

"'Dear Blanche,' he said, kissing the hands with which she grasped his own, 'take courage.'

"Tears at length came to relieve her overcharged heart, and she murmured as she wept, 'Oh, Herman, do *you* take courage! Strive to bear up! It is for you I —I suffer.'

"Poor Blanche! she had a double portion of misery to endure; for she loved, and always loved the man to whom she had been betrothed, although so long estranged from him. So cold, so guarded, had her conduct been that he knew it not. But she had watched him with the earnest eye of affection—had seen him become pale and thin under the pressure of a secret sorrow, which he had told to none. This was now revealed; and with the true sympathy of a gentle nature, and a loving heart, she felt the full extent of what he must have suffered.

"Greatly affected by this proof of sensibility on the part of a woman whom he still loved, although he thought she cared not for him, he stood silently beside her, half inclined to ask her why she had blighted the happiness of one for whose sorrows she could still so keenly feel. But at this moment the warder's key grating in the look, and the creaking of the iron bolts, announced the necessity of separating. With a heavy sigh he quitted her, to bestow a kind caress and a few words of comfort on his mother and Gertrude. He left the room, and they felt, as the door closed on him, that they were indeed prisoners."

On the two following days Herman endeavoured to shake his mother's obstinate and determined silence, but in vain; and on the third he was alarmed to find himself, by the alleged counter-order of the king, refused admission to the prisoners. He hurried to the palace, where Tornalina, warmly sympathising in his distress, at once introduced him to her royal mistress. The Queen could form no idea of the cause of this interference and obstruction to her wishes:—

"'It is the more unfortunate,' she added, 'since the King is at Blois. His absence leaves me powerless. I know not what to do.'

"'Shall I summon Pedrillo, your Highness?' said Tornalina, who stood behind her chair. 'He will, at least, be able to ferret out the name of the presumptuous person who has thus dared to brave you.'

"'Do so,' said the Queen.

"'Pedrillo!' exclaimed Herman. 'Not the Pedrillo who——'

Tornalina gravely nodded her head in the affirmative, as she left the room, not now disposed to laugh, for affairs appeared to be taking an ill aspect for the protegé of the Queen, who was, of course, her protegé also; as were all who sought refuge from persecution and oppression in the benevolent influence so kindly and steadily exerted by the good Marguerite.

"'Yes,' she said, in reply to Herman's half-uttered question; 'Pedrillo, the Biscayan *arriero*. He has been some time in our service, and is one of our most useful agents.'

"'But your Majesty is aware of his treachery?' said Herman.—'That he would——'

"'Yes,' she said quietly with a smile, 'he would have sold me to your Imperial master. He told me so himself. The knave is frank enough. He recommended himself first to our notice by his musical talents, which are considerable. He is a clever fellow; he has wit enough to know his own interest; *that* binds him to us. At once crafty, intelligent, and unscrupulous, he aids us in our plans, as a better man neither could nor would do. Such men are but too necessary—indispensable in the present state of affairs in this country.'

"Herman looked surprised, but he said nothing. 'You would scarcely believe,' she continued, 'how much good that bad man enables me to do—traitor and spy, as were the real names he merited when he called himself a muleteer and traveller's guide, over the mountains which separate France from Spain.'

"As she finished speaking, Pedrillo entered, dressed in the green and gold uniform worn by that class of persons known by the name of supernumeraries, and whose occupation was better understood than capable of definition—'secret service men'—of whom many were retained in almost every nobleman's establishment in France, and a still greater number in royal households, during the sixteenth century.

"Pedrillo received his instructions, such explanations as were necessary, and, with an earnest injunction to lose no time, and spare no pains in gaining information, was dismissed. Herman departed with him.

"As soon as they quitted the royal presence, he turned to Herman, and exclaimed, with a laugh, 'Ha! Senor caballero! we little dreamed of meeting again in this gay city when we separated in the mountains.'

"'No,' said Herman, dryly."

Our readers, of course, do not need to learn more of this adroit and useful Spanish rogue, with whom they made acquaintance in the earlier part of the tale. Herman, in the meanwhile, kept closely to his quarters, impatiently waiting for the intelligence which he expected from the Queen's clever emissary. A good description of the French capital occurs here, as Paris might have been seen, in all the filth, misery, and insecurity of the reign of Francis and his brother, and, indeed, until a much later date. One night Herman, worn out with waiting, took a ramble through the dark, desolate, unpaved streets, where the wolves acted the part of scavengers. On returning to his inn, he was told by honest Fritz that the *schelm* Pedrillo was seeking him :—

"'Pedrillo!' exclaimed Herman, joyfully, anticipating a termination to the wearying suspense he had endured for the last three days.

"'Ya, it is that blackguard, sure enough,' said Fritz, not altogether pleased with his master, for the welcome he seemed disposed to give their ancient enemy.

"Herman hastily entered, and found Pedrillo stretched out and fast asleep on a wooden settle in the anti-room of his apartment, no longer arrayed in his handsome uniform, but covered with a tattered suit of byegone finery, which had once belonged to a gentleman. As Herman roused him, he exclaimed, 'Ha! Senor caballero! I am glad you are come, for I am wasting precious time. Not indeed that a little sleep will do me any harm. I have had none these two nights past, so busy I have been in your service, camarado!

"'Your garments have got a little seedy in my service,' said Herman, prudently resolved not to take offence at the impudent familiarity with which he was addressed.

"'O! *por Santiago!*' he replied, 'it would not do to visit some of my friends with a good coat on my back, unless I had made up my mind to go home without one. But let us to business, Senor; for, by all the devils! we have no child's play before us, nor a baby to deal with. We have opposed to us neither more nor less than a man more powerful than the King. We must fight the King's minister and master, the Abbé Duprat. And I have had a hint,' he added, while a sullen shade clouded his face, 'that, if we are beaten in the contest, I shall run the risk of being discarded from a good and profitable service. Then, on the other hand, I am promised great things when we get our kingdom of Navarre. At present, you know, we have only the title, your imperial master kindly regulating its affairs, and receiving its revenues for us. My royal lady will move heaven and earth rather than give up the cause of any one she undertakes to protect.

"'This is strange,' said Herman. 'What interest can the minister have in this affair? Is his love of justice so stern that———'

"'Justice!' interrupted Pedrillo, with a mocking laugh. 'By the holy innocents, to whose company you belong, *hermano!* you seem well acquainted with this sinless city, and the doves which build their nests in it. But you will know better by and bye.

"'Do you know in what degree of relationship you stand to the house of St. Ange?'

"'No,' replied Herman. 'I know my mother is allied to them, but very remotely I believe, and we have never had any intercourse with them.'

"'But you know one of them?'

"'No. None.'

"'Nor Durochet?'

"'Durochet—yes,' said Herman, 'I know him.'

"'Durochet St. Ange is your relative, and a principal witness against you in the approaching trial for the murder of another St. Ange, his half brother (the illegitimate son of his father and an Italian woman), who called himself the Chevalier de Sablons.'

"Herman sat listening in silent astonishment, and Pedrillo continued: 'It is lucky for you, Senor, that her Highness of Navarre selected *me* in this affair. They are few who have patience and perseverance enough—to say nothing of the address, tact, and knowledge of the world requisite to dive, as I have done, into the secret recesses of men's minds, and brought up their hidden secrets. You see I am already better acquainted with your family and affairs than yourself!'

"'Now, this Durochet St. Ange is a clever fellow, who knows the world better than—some others I could name. He has wisely resolved to play the jackal, and help the lion to hunt down the prey he could not seize alone. The lion he has chosen is sufficiently strong, being, as I told you, the Abbé Duprat, who, already named for the next red hat that may be vacant, is of course looking, like all other cardinals, towards the papal crown.'

"'Now, the road to Reme being a very expensive one, money is necessary; and as France cannot directly and conveniently supply the great demands made on it at once by the King and the Cardinal, the prudent churchman is obliged to cast about for indirect means of supply, and, of course, eagerly prepares to grasp the booty held out to him in this affair. Since a conviction of felony obtained against you, the property belonging to you is confiscated to the state, and naturally falls into his hands.'

"'This is all nonsense!' said Herman, who had hitherto listened in silence. 'I may be—I am ignorant of the mean trickery and dirty artifices which you say men even of the highest rank resort to here to ensure success to their plans. But I know well that the property of my mother can never be confiscated by the rulers of France, being as it is situated in and belonging to the empire of Germany.'

"'Your mother is a subject of Francis the First,' said Pedrillo doggedly, somewhat nettled by the tone of contempt with which Herman spoke. 'A woman follows her husband's class and country. When she married a Frenchman, she became a Frenchwoman, and, though the property in Germany may be safe, all that is here will be forfeit to the crown.'

"'So be it, we have none in France.'

"'Humph!' said Pedrillo, 'it were better, perhaps, for you, Senor, that this were true, for then Monsieur Duprat would scarcely take the trouble to regulate your affairs, and interest himself in them so warmly as he condescends to do now. But these St. Anges were a wealthy, and once a numerous family. No less than three principal members of it fell at the battle of Pavia. The death of a paralytic old man and a feeble infant, which happened during the last year, has placed your mother and Durochet St. Ange next in succession to the large estates in Languedoc and Guienne, of which your wise relative consents to be satisfied with a portion, abandoning the rest to the lion for the use of his paw. Besides this, as an additional stimulant, Durochet St. Ange is goaded on by either love or hate—I could not ascertain which. But there is some young female belonging to your family who has roused strong feelings in his heart, and activity in his brain, which ardently prompt him in his efforts to obtain possession of her person.

"'Now, *caballero*, you better know your position: I leave you to judge whether I have been idle during the last three days, and whether you will not need the exertion of all my address, activity, and knowledge of the world, of which you appear to think so little.'

"The concluding part of this speech was not lost on Herman, for it bore the force of truth; and brought to his recollection the words of the Queen of Navarre, when she said he aided her as a better man neither could nor would."

We cannot show how the character of Pedrillo, one of the best in the tale, is brought out. He counselled Herman, meanwhile, to disguise himself, and shift his quarters. Very suspicious characters had been in quest of him, the supposed emissaries of Duprat. Next evening Herman and Fritz, both metamorphosed, secretly left the *auberge* where they had lodged. This leads to some strange and wild incidents and adventures, and introduces several new characters, and, in particular, Michelette—the presiding genius of a den of iniquity—who, formed for better things, is sunk into the lowest debasement, but is finally renovated and purified by the force of her last and strongest affection, maternal love, and the gratitude to Herman which that sentiment inspired. We can neither give entire, nor yet mutilate, or injure by abridgment, the powerful scenes which depict Michelette engaged to betray Herman into the hands of his enemies, but becoming, through the working of her womanly sensibilities, his most zealous and useful auxiliary. The impulse of motherly affection, uncontrolled by reason or principle, had led her to undertake the commission of the foulest crimes against the generous young stranger, to serve whom she was now ready to lay down her life.

Meanwhile the day of trial was drawing on, and while the Queen of Navarre felt and lamented her want of power to cope with the Abbé Duprat, Pedrillo put every engine to work to counteract the plottings of the enemy. Many subsidiary scenes pass before us, in which the manners and characters of the period are revived and dramatised in the narrative. In the course of these scenes Herman discovers more of the intrigue set on foot to confiscate the family estates by the conviction of his mother.

Almost in despair, and unable to form any plan of action, he had one night thrown himself upon his couch, and, thoroughly exhausted, fallen asleep. But fate was hurrying on the events which involved all his hopes and fears.—

"Scarcely had he slept two hours, when he was roused by a loud knocking at the door. He arose and looked from the window, which, however, only allowed him to see the glare of lighted torches, and to hear the sound of men's voices in the street below.

"It was the untiring Pedrillo, guarded by a sufficient number of men to ensure his safety in traversing the streets at this late hour, it being now between three and four o'clock. He had returned, in obedience to instructions he had found waiting for him, to inform Herman that the preparations for the trial had been hurried on, and it was to take place at the *Tournelles* on the morrow—that is, on the day that would dawn in a few hours; consequently no time was to be lost.

"Moreover, he informed him that the accusation against himself and the other members of the family had been abandoned; why or wherefore he knew not; but Lady Felsenberg was alone to be tried. Surprised and agitated, to sleep again was out of the question with Herman, who arose, dressed himself, and, after a short consultation with Pedrillo, they set off together to the Sieur de Moleville, who was to conduct the defence of the accused.

"All was still as they passed along, the red torch-light throwing a gloomy glare on the mean and miserable huts of the poorer burghers, and on the dead and lofty walls which surrounded the dwellings of the higher class. The scavenger wolves were again at their work, but they fled at the sound of footsteps and voices."

The affair had already made a great noise in Paris, and at an early hour the Court was crowded with a brilliant auditory. It was known that the Queen of Navarre took a warm interest in the case, and whispered that the Minister, who was known to be more powerful than Francis himself, was opposed to her:—

"The Judges entered and took their seats. The officers of the Court placed themselves, and the *Huissiers* brought in the prisoner. Once again Herman beheld his mother. She was alone; neither Gertrude nor Blanche were with her. Once again, with grief and anxiety, he fixed his eyes upon her face. She was grave and pale, but calm and self-possessed.

"The Sieur de Moleville, her advocate, stood as near her as the regulations of the Court admitted, and towards him also Herman now tried to force a passage through the obstructing crowd, but did not succeed."

The customary forms of criminal justice were gone through. The first point to be established was that the prisoner, as the wife of De Sablons, was a subject of France. Lady Felsenberg's advocate point blank denied the marriage, which he challenged the opposite party to establish, either by authentic documents or credible witnesses:—

"Silence ensued, succeeded by the low tone of the voices of the Judges, who appeared to be somewhat embarrassed. A joyful murmur ran through the ranks of the lady's friends, whose voices brightened as they whispered to each other. The blank countenances and discontented silence of their opponents alike announced that the marriage could not be proved. * * * * * At length the long faces of the prosecutors cleared again, telling that an expedient had been found to overcome the impediment opposed to their progress. A *Huissier* called aloud, 'Henri, Baron de Montmorency, you are summoned to appear.'

"A tall and noble-looking man arose, but an air of embarrassment and vexation marked his face: he seemed to hesitate, and, after a pause of apparent indecision, he reseated himself behind a number of persons, who crowded before him as if to hide his movements. It appeared he had been endeavouring to make his way out, when he was intercepted by the wardens, and brought back.

"Once again was heard the summons to Henri, Baron de Montmorency, to appear. Slowly, reluctantly, and with an air of chagrin, he replied to the questions of the Court. The first was, 'Were you acquainted with le Sieur de Hautecombe, a gentleman of Picardy?'

"To this he replied, 'I was.'

"'Were you present at his marriage in 1505?'

"This he also answered in the affirmative.

"'Look at the prisoner. Is she the lady to whom he was united?'

"Herman trembled when he heard his father's name mentioned, and now eagerly watched the face of the Baron, as he turned, in obedience to the command of the Court, towards the lady, whose pale face was now flushed with painful excitement, as her eyes met those of this most unwilling witness. His glance rested on her but an instant, when he said somewhat equivocally, 'I cannot recognise in this lady the slim and lovely girl who was the bride of le Sieur de Hautecombe.'

"'You know that bride was Frances Gertrude, Countess of Felsenberg?'

"'I do,' at length came slowly and unwillingly from his lips.

"This was enough. The first marriage constituted her a Frenchwoman, and rendered her amenable to the laws of France.

"All obstacles to the trial thus removed, the witnesses were called. The first was Durochet. He related succinctly but clearly all the circumstances attending the

career of the deceased, whose inseparable companion he had been, from their first introduction, by the Baroness Mühlhausen, to the prisoner, at the Castle of Felsenberg, until his death. He represented De Sablons as devotedly attached to the woman whom he had won by the extraordinary accomplishments, natural and acquired, which distinguished him.

"'Eminently handsome in face and person,' said Durochet, 'manly, brave, and graceful, he might have won any woman's love. He had the misfortune to win that of the prisoner. It was a fatal conquest. With the same facility with which she had bestowed her hand, almost unsought, on my lost friend and relative, did she, by a caprice the most unaccountable, suffer indifference first, and then hatred, to supersede the affection she for a short time entertained for her husband. Instigated by this feeling, and anxious to recover her freedom, she availed herself of her power over her servants, who were the only witnesses of the marriage, to deny it. My lamented friend learned her determination with grief and astonishment. But it was her will, and finding her inflexible, he gave way and ceased to oppose her, until he learned that his wife had given birth to a child. Paternal love, and the sacred duties of a father, then roused him from the apathy which had succeeded the sorrows of his blighted affection, and he followed her to England, where she had concealed herself under the name of St. Amand, determined to rescue his child from the power of a woman so unprincipled.

"'He succeeded in removing the little girl, and placed her, with the servant who attended her, in the cottage of fishermen on the coast of Devonshire. Unhappily, this woman, his wife, whom he still loved, alas! too well, prevailed on him to let her take leave of the child ere he removed it from the country. I saw him, on the evening of the third September, leading the child towards the gate of Fenton Manor. On the morning of the fourth, I found his lifeless body on the beach, beneath the cliff on which that house stands, inhabited by the prisoner and her family.'"

Other witnesses were examined; but on the first day of the trial nothing occurred materially to criminate the prisoner, who was carried back to the Châtelet under a strong escort, as if a rescue had been apprehended. Next day, among the first witnesses examined was Father Guiseppe, one of the monks of Fenmoor Abbey, who, having knowledge of surgery, had early seen and examined the body of the murdered man, whose death he believed to be owing to a contusion on the skull.

"'Were there no traces of poison on the stomach, or signs of it on the body?'

"'None,' replied the witness to this question of the Court. 'Death was the result of the fractured skull, which might have been done by a fall from the cliff, or a blow from some blunt instrument. My own belief is, that he was destroyed before he was flung over the cliff.'

"A low murmur ran through the Court at this declaration, but subsided into a silence the most profound as he proceeded.

"'The clothes of the deceased were in such disarray, torn and displaced, as to show there had been a struggle. There were rushes, and a sprig of rosemary in his shoes, and this was within his vest.'

"The article produced was a lady's stocking, made of fine brown cloth, embroidered with gold thread, and laced with a ribbon with golden tags. From the quality of the cloth, it was decided to be the produce of an Eastern loom, Europe at that time fabricating none but coarse woollen goods.

"The second witness, Hannah Binks, was now recalled, and again questioned through an interpreter (Father Guiseppe needed none). She readily, and at once, recognised the stocking as belonging to Lady Felsenberg. She had seen that, and others similar to it, often in the hands of Esther, Lady Felsenberg's woman, she said, for the ribbons often broke, and were replaced with fresh ones. Once a pair was lost, and a terrible fuss was made about it; for Esther declared that no tailor, either in England or France, knew how to make a lady's stocking, and Madame St. Amand would not wear one that had the shadow of a wrinkle. She could throw no farther light on the subject, and was again dismissed; and there was a pause in the proceedings.

"This continued some time; something seemed to go wrong with the prosecuting party. An embarrassment evidently existed, from the frequent little consultations among them, carried on in a voice so low as to be inaudible beyond the immediate vicinity of the speakers. A whisper ran through the Court that an important witness had disappeared, and could not be found. Nearly an hour of this suspense and anxiety to both parties passed.

"At length the gloom on the faces of the discomfited prosecutors began to clear up. A little bustle took place, and the long-waited for appeared. He was a man of middle age and ordinary appearance, except that his countenance bore an expression of what might be called ferocious cunning, and a singular twinkling of his small black eyes. He was dressed as one belonging to the middle class of Frenchmen, one of whom he declared himself; by name Jean Marie Bontonnier, by trade a merchant, trading with foreign countries, but not in the most direct or open manner, as appeared on examination. He was, in fact, a smuggler."

After relating many preliminary circumstances, this witness stated, that while resting himself amidst the fearn and heath, near the orchard wall of the Manor-house of Fenmoor, he saw a man in the dress of a monk let himself into the orchard.

"He went on to state that he saw no other person, or heard any unusual sound, till half an hour after the curfew tolled from the Abbey, when his attention was again aroused by hearing a key grating in the lock of the door, followed by a sweeping sound, as if something was trailing on the ground. His curiosity being excited, he half rose, and moved nearer; but, in doing so, the slight noise he made seemed to alarm these persons, whoever they were; for they instantly retreated within the orchard, leaving the burden they were drawing without. On approaching, he discovered it to be the body of a man, and, on farther inspection, knew it to be the same person he had seen enter an hour or two before. Finding that he was dead, he was induced to search his pockets for papers, or something that might serve to throw light on an affair so mysterious. In the pocket of a leathern vest he found a document, which he now produced. Scarcely had he secured it when the door again opened, and two persons came so hastily forth that he had scarcely time to throw himself down among the fern; which he did partly from fear, being alone, and partly from a wish to see what these people were about. But, almost immediately after he had done so, the signal he had been waiting for sounded, and he was obliged to go.

"He was now questioned with regard to the persons he said had been occupied in trailing the body of the deceased on the ground: were they men or women? He declared he could not say positively, but he thought one of them was a woman—a lady, for he heard the rustling of silk.

"It was suggested it might have been the serge of the monk's frock which occasioned this sound.

"'No, no,' he replied; 'the night was still. It was the *whispering* sound of a silken garment.'

"How painfully did these words recall to Herman's recollection the events of that terrible evening, when he too, in the solemn stillness of the air, had heard the 'whispering of the silken garment.' The paper was now read aloud which had been found on the person of the deceased. It was an acknowledgment of the marriage of Lady Felsenberg, signed by herself and her two servants, Johann Barneck and Esther Griffindale."

One might fancy the case closed here; but no. Scarce had the buzz of the Court subsided when Barneck, the faithful old servant of the

Countess Felsenberg, arose in his place, and aloud proclaimed himself the murderer.

"Herman looked at him with astonishment. This truth-loving, upright old man, with a calm face uttering deliberately the most decided falsehood! Too well he knew he was not guilty. Unable to decide whether his intellect was shaken by grief and anxiety, or that he had resolved on sacrificing himself to save his mistress; he, however, strove to soothe him and keep him quiet. 'Sit down, my good Barneck,' he said gently.

"'No, sir,' he replied. 'I must not sit down till I have finished what I have to do. I killed this man,' he repeated loudly.

"A murmur of surprise ran through the Court, and every eye was turned towards him.

"'You, old man?' said the prosecutor, 'you killed him, at the instigation of the prisoner? you poisoned him?'

"No!' he replied firmly, 'not at the instigation of the prisoner, nor by poison. I killed him with a blow: I hated him; I wished him dead, and I killed him!'

"Herman, now convinced that his reason had given way, tried again to keep him quiet, but he did not succeed. The Court appeared but little inclined to listen to him, but he persisted in declaring that he alone was guilty.

At length he was placed at the bar and questioned, 'With what instrument were you armed?'

"'None! I had no weapon. I struck him with my hand.'

"'You, old man?' again said the prosecutor, 'weak and infirm! The deceased is described as a strong man in the prime of life. How then could you have destroyed him, unless by poison?'

"'There is always means to do a thing you wish to do. I have said I hated him, and wished him dead, but I did not poison him. Did not the reverend physician, Father Giuseppe, declare he did not die by poison? If only a young and strong man could have killed him, how could the Gräfin—a lady—a delicate lady, have done it? As I hope for mercy—not here, but hereafter, my lady never, in any way, instigated me to do the deed! neither by look nor word.'

"Again a murmur of astonishment ran through the Court as Barneck, in his strange *patois* of mingled French and German, which yet, by dint of the energetic earnestness with which he spoke, he contrived to render intelligible; while he continued thus to plead for the accused, and against himself, he was listened to with the greatest attention, and a warm interest in the fate of this singular old man was created in every good heart that heard him.

"By order of the Court he was now examined, occasionally by an interpreter."

It is needless to follow the old man's false but well-connected story. At one point he blundered, and then refused to speak more. He had "confessed his crime," he said, and was ready to suffer for it. He had no more to say.

"Herman now turned his eyes, from the face of Barneck, to that of his mother, to see what effect this tale would produce on her. Her head was bent down, and she appeared to be weeping. At this moment a little bustle took place near one of the entrances, and Esther Griffindale was brought in. The face of Barneck visibly changed at sight of her, and he said in a loud voice, 'Esther Griffindale knows nothing of this. I never told her, or any one else, that I killed the Chevalier de Sablons.

"Esther looked pale, and trembled as she entered; but on hearing these words, her head was bent down, so that no one could see what effect they produced on her.

"They were about to interrogate her, when the Countess arose from her seat, wiping the tears from her eyes, her face alternately flushing, and fading to a death-like paleness. After a pause, during which she seemed to have subdued her emotion, she addressed the Court. Every eye was fixed upon her, with the keenest, the most intense interest, as she now stood, dignified and graceful, the very prototype of a *lady*. Her face was now again pale, but her dark eye sparkled with excitement.

"A tremor of hope and fear seemed to take possession of her friends, and almost to subdue her enemies, as the voice of this handsome, and still young-looking woman, arraigned for murder—the murder of her husband—broke on the awful stillness of the Court, and she said, in tones sweet and clear, but tremulous with emotion, 'Oh my Judges and Gentlemen of the Court, let Barneck be removed from the bar! The faithful, the devoted old man, is no criminal; he has but accused himself in the vain hope of saving me, who alone am guilty. I acknowledge that the Chevalier De Sablons was my husband, and that I destroyed him.'

"She paused, struggling for composure, while a shiver of horror seemed to pervade the whole mass of auditors, as she made this dreadful confession. She then continued, 'I will not strive to palliate the crime, by dwelling on the vices of my victim. But I owe it to myself, to my family, and the friends unhappily but too much interested in my fate, to explain the circumstances that led to this fatal, but unpremeditated deed.

"'I need not relate how the intelligence reached me: I will only say, that not more than three months after this ill-fated union, I received proofs the most convincing, that the person to whom I had bound myself, in the full faith of his being a man of honour and a gentleman, was base-born, vicious, and unprincipled. From what he had already done to others, I was too well prepared for what he would endeavour to do to me and mine. I knew he would ruin and disgrace us. I knew too certainly that the man I had made my husband was, and would be, my worst enemy, and that I must guard against him as such. I was unhappy, but I thought not of denying his claims, till the death of the priest who married us. No sooner did this event reach my ears, than I resolved to deny the marriage. Rashly and imprudently did I form these fetters, rashly and imprudently I determined to break them.

"'Blinded by false reasoning, I believed it right and just to use the same weapons as those which had been employed against me. I boldly outraged truth, and declared publicly that he was not my husband. Baffled and defeated in his plans, he vowed revenge. The God of justice aided him, and punished me: I gave birth to his child—secretly and unknown even to my other children; and to avoid his schemes of vengeance, I quitted my home and took refuge in England. He found me out, came into the neighbourhood in disguise, seduced my servants, and stole my child. In the first burst of my grief, he came to me secretly, acknowledged that the child was in his power, forced from me a confession that she was my daughter—and his; and offered to restore her to me, on condition of my signing the declaration which has been read. I consented, but not till he had bound himself by oaths the most tremendous, not to take her from me again. He left the paper and returned the next evening, the fourth of September, bearing under his cloak, asleep, my—my little Betta. I took her from him, and did not notice that he locked the door by which he entered.

"'I laid the child down, and when he had again repeated the oaths, by which he bound himself to leave us unmolested, I gave him the paper, signed by myself and the two witnesses. As soon as he had secured it, he turned to me with a sneering and scornful laugh, and said, "Now, Madam, we have got through the ceromony of swearing, you will find I shall keep my oaths, at least as well as you did those you took at the altar." He then took up the child in his arms, and drawing a key from his pocket, unlocked a door at the other end of the room.' The lady paused, put her hand to her forehead, sighed heavily, and then went on.

"'God only knows how agonising is the pang that fills the heart—how fearful the frenzy that seizes the brain of the mother about to lose her child! God only, who created them, knows how powerful are the ties by which they are united! He was quitting the room. I flew to the door by which he had entered to call for help to seize him and rescue the child. It was locked, the key gone. I took up a footstool from the floor and struck him with all my strength—on the head. He fell——'

"Again she stopped, and put her hand to her forehead.

"'I know not,' she went on, once more breaking a

silence so profound that a pin might have been heard to drop. 'I have never known whether he died by that blow, or whether I repeated it. I have tried to recollect what followed. I think there must have been a struggle; but it is all vague, dim, and indistinct. This is all I can tell, all I know of the terrible transaction.'

"A question was put by the Court, to which no answer was returned; the prisoner had fainted. Senseless and motionless, she was borne out by the officials.

"The horror and indignation which her confession had at first excited, subsided as she proceeded in her narrative; and now, at its conclusion, sentiments of pity and regret alone seemed to reign among her auditors."

Esther, the loyal maid, was now examined, and no doubt remained of the guilt of the prisoner; but sentence was deferred till it could be read in her presence in open court. All hope had expired, but Herman in desperation was once again about to consult the advocate, when he encountered Pedrillo on the stairs. The *ci-devant* roguish and impudent muleteer was now a changed man. He had become respectful and sympathising. At this time he had to communicate a plan for the escape of Madame Felsenberg; and he produced a monk's dress, and an order for the admission of Father Grégoire St. Simon to her prison chamber. With great peril and difficulty Herman, assuming the disguise provided for him, made his way to the chamber of his hapless mother, who was found sunk in the deep torpid sleep which follows great mental exhaustion.

"Beside her mother, sleeping too, lay Gertrude, but so sadly altered that hardly would he have known her elsewhere. Her round, plump, Hebe-like form wasted and thin, her dark eyes sunk in their sockets, and surrounded by a livid circle, denoting extreme debility. Her cheek was hollow and wan; and a hoarse low cough slightly disturbed her from time to time, and was followed by a moan, but without waking her. One thin, transparent hand clasped that of Lady Felsenberg, the other was round her mother's neck, and tears were still visible on her faded cheeks.

"For a while Herman gazed fixedly on this scene with heart-breaking sorrow. He believed he saw death written on the brow of Gertrude—the lovely, the gay, the blooming Gertrude; the playmate, the companion of his childhood, his affectionate and steady friend—like his mother, she too was doomed. There was yet another whom his sad heart sought, once—still dear; alas! too dear, as he felt in this hour of deep affliction, when the heart pines for sympathy and love.

"He turned his heavy eye around the chamber. Blanche was standing at a distance from the bed. At the sound of an approaching footstep she raised her finger to her lip, as an injunction for silence. She was harassed, care-worn, and thin, but appeared to be in tolerable health. He looked at her for a moment, and then turned away and retreated. The sight of her now seemed to produce none but the bitterest feelings in his mind. Already worn and weakened by what he had lately undergone, he was in no fit state to encounter such a scene as this, and the prospect of what was before him.

"He seated himself at the end of the outer room; a dark and sullen shade clouded his face. His spirit sunk, his courage and his faith in a just and protecting Providence were gone. The fiend Despair took possession of him; he cursed his existence, and the Power that created him. 'To suffer thus,' he muttered. 'I shall be a beggar: dishonoured, unallied, uncared for by any one. What had they, what had I done, to merit such a fate? Why should I bear it? why should I live?'

"He believed himself unheard, alone: it was not so. Blanche had seen the sullen shadow on his brow, his gloomy eye, and trembled. Softly closing the door of the bed-room, she went to him, stood near, and watched him. Absorbed in his own wretchedness, he heeded, he saw her not. She placed herself before him, and said gently, 'Take courage, Herman; all is not yet lost!'"

Long explanations of past misunderstandings followed; both were soothed, reassured, and fortified, and Blanche even ventured to speak of hope. The Queen of Navarre was a true and powerful friend; and the death of De Sablons, unpremeditated, could not by any one be considered a murder.

Lady Felsenberg herself declared to Herman that, since the crisis of her fate she had known more peace of mind than for many months. The burthen of secret guilt no longer oppressed her conscience. She had confessed her crime, and she had saved her faithful servant from the fate he covsted, to rescue her from shame and death.

The Queen of Navarre was deeply concerned at the result of the trial; but did not desist from her good offices. The crime she regarded as one committed by a frantic mother in a moment of frenzy, and she believed that Lady Felsenberg's death would be a judicial murder. She consulted with Count Laval on the best means of rescuing the victim of the avarice and intrigues of Duprat. She owed Herman a large debt of gratitude; and now her feelings were as deeply interested for his mother, about to die a felon's death, and she a queen and sister of the King of France, unable to protect the unhappy lady, or even to procrastinate her fate, till the pleasure of the absent king should be known. For the execution was to be precipitated lest the arrival of Francis might wrest the victim from the minister who was to profit so largely by her death. The Queen, almost in despair, inquired of the Count if nothing could be done even to delay the intended mockery of justice.

"'I know not, indeed, your Highness,' said the Count thoughtfully, and speaking slowly, 'unless—unless some impediment should arise, some accident happen, on the passage of the prisoner from the Châtelet to the Tournelles.'

"'Accident!' said the Queen, with a face suddenly changing from the grave and anxious expression, to one of cheerfulness and hope, readily catching the idea. 'Ah yes: it is not impossible but some accident might delay the sentence;—I must go forth to-morrow. At what hour is the prisoner to be brought into Court?'

"'At eight o'clock.'

"'Ah! we must also go forth at an early hour. We have pressing affairs to regulate.'

"'We must not interfere with the officers of justice,' said the Count with a grave face.

"'Oh no: certainly not! We have far too much respect for the laws. But among other things, we have a visit of ceremony to make, and must have a sufficient escort—a guard of honour,' replied the lady, with a tone equally grave, but a sort of dimpling round her handsome mouth showed indications of a smile. 'If you commanded the escort, Count, and you knew our business to be urgent, would you not clear the way for us?'

"'Assuredly, Madam! It would be my duty to obey your Highness's commands.'

"'And if, in clearing the road for us to pass, a few of the lieges should be upset—how could it be helped?' now laughing outright, like a true woman as she was, delighted with the idea of at once defeating the plans of the minister whom she hated, rescuing his destined victim, in whose fate she was so warmly interested, and repaying thus the obligation she owed to the young Count Herman.

"The Count de Laval, still trying to look grave, could not, however, prevent his mouth from exhibiting its

ample width, and the strong white teeth which garnished it, as he replied, 'I shall endeavour to execute the orders of your Majesty in such a way as will defeat the plans of a bad man, without showing disrespect to the laws. There were many noble gentlemen in Court to-day who listened to the poor lady's tale with pity and sympathy, and who would gladly show their chivalry in such a cause. Fear not that we shall fail to do our best to serve your Highness and her.'

"With a low bow he prepared to depart.

"'We shall confidently rely on your skill and prowess, noble Captain of our hosts, when we go forth in our war-chariots to smite the Philistines,' she said gaily."

And the plan succeeded to admiration, though the agency of many persons was required to carry it forward, and, above all, that of Pedrillo and Michelette.

For some time after the wild rescue of Lady Felsenberg in the streets of Paris, to effect which force, fire, and craft were all required—her fate remained a mystery. By the vicissitudes of romance, she had, in the meanwhile, met Durochet, and also on his death-bed the smuggler, who had been the principal witness against her; and in the exercise of exalted Christian charity, their victim was enabled to return them good for evil.

How the one villain finally destroyed the other; how Durochet became the victim of the guilty instrument he had suborned is now become an incident as hackneyed in romance as the story of the Kilkenny cats. We turn to something more attractive and natural than such melo-dramatic conflicts. —The agitating scenes through which he had passed on the trial, and at the rescue, had thrown Herman into a violent delirious fever, which lasted for a fortnight. But the crisis was happily past. He awoke from a long refreshing sleep, weak, but perfectly collected.

"'Tell me, Fritz,' he said, 'was it a dream—was it all a dream?'

"'I dare say it was, sir, for you had many dreams lately, and wild enough they were.'

"'I thought I was at Felsenberg ——'

"'That was a dream, sure enough!' said Fritz, looking round the mean and coarsely furnished chamber.

"'Gertrude and Blanche, my—my cousin were weeping over me because I was ill, and my mother ——'

"Suddenly he paused. Instead of swallowing the contents of the cup the man held to his lips, he grasped with all the little strength he had the arm that held it, and said in a slow hesitating manner, as if afraid to ask the question which hovered on his lips. 'Tell me, Fritz, my mother ——'

"'Safe and well, noble sir!' replied Fritz."

The invalid, impatient to see his friends, insisted upon getting up, and to soothe him Fritz pretended to go in search of his clothes.

We have already spoken of Michelette, that unfortunate mother who had been bound to Herman and his relatives by the strongest ties of gratitude; and his promise to attempt the release of her beloved, if prodigal son, from the galleys. This scene occurs on that promise being redeemed.

"Soon the sound of whispering voices near him caught his ear, as he lay waiting in expectation of his man's return. A female came to the side of the bed: he looked eagerly up at her. It was Michelette. With a sort of vague feeling of disappointment, he turned his eyes away. At the opposite side, another fluttering petticoat appeared. Again he looked up, and murmured, as he stretched forth his arms, 'It was *not* all a dream! It was Blanche, my own, my betrothed Blanche, whose tears fell on my face!'

"It was, indeed, the now happy Blanche who knelt beside his bed. * * * * *

"Not more than another week passed ere the invalid was seated beside the fire in his chamber, anticipating with much satisfaction the return of Michelette with food, for which he was waiting with some impatience.

"The door opened, the hungry man looked up, but it was Pedrillo who entered, followed by a young man of rather singular appearance; for, although the nascent beard on his face scarcely announced the age of manhood, there were nevertheless on it traces of sorrow, and such deep dejection, as it is painful to see at any age, but tenfold more so when stamped on a youthful countenance. There was a downcast look, the eye appeared to be raised unwillingly, as if oppressed by shame or fear; and when for a moment he looked around, it was with a wild and hurried glance, as if he expected to find a foe in every one who approached.

"Although his cheek was swarthy and sunburned, and his complexion of that sallow hue which indicates ill health of body, or deep discontent of mind, in all other respects the features and form of the youth were good, his frame strong and symmetrically built, his features regular and well-fashioned.

"'Now, noble sir!' said Pedrillo, as he entered, addressing Herman with the recently-acquired polish of his manners and language, which bespoke his ambition to elevate himself to a higher place in society, and to become a gentleman—'now, noble sir, knowing the strong interest you feel on the subject, I have brought you one who can give you the information you wish to obtain. This young man can tell you what probability there is of getting Michel Dumarais released from the galleys.'

"'Speak, my friend!' he added, turning to the stranger; but the youth only directed towards him and Herman one of his wild and hurried glances, coloured deeply through the dark tints of his bronzed cheek, and remained silent.

"A moment afterwards, his face seemed totally changed in its expression; his eye lighted up, sparkled with animation, with joy, and confidence. He sprang forward towards the door on the opposite side of the room, which had just been opened by Michelette, who entered, bearing the food for which Herman waited.

"'Mother! my mother!' exclaimed the youth.

"Michelette stood for a moment still, pale, and trembling. The basin she held fell from her hands, and she too sprang forward.

"A meeting like this may be better imagined than described. When the poor mother's sobs and tears of joy, and her rapid alternations from lamentation to rejoicing had a little abated, she quitted her son, and threw herself at the feet of Herman, exclaiming, as she clasped his knees, 'Oh, noble gentleman, 'tis to you I owe this blessed hour! I knew you would do it! I knew you would keep your word. My husband doubted, but *I* never did. No; I knew if you lived, my poor Michel would be set free, and come to me again! But not yet—I did not expect him yet! no, not for a long time—and he is here! here! May God fill your own heart with the same joy you have bestowed on me. He is here! he is here!' she repeated, springing up to throw her arms again round the neck of her son, and then draw him towards the door, exclaiming, 'Come Michel, come! Let us go to your father!'"

Six weeks had passed since the trial, and Herman was fully restored to health, when one day, impatient of Pedrillo's long absence, he set out in quest of that bustling and important personage, in order to learn what chance there was of his mother obtaining a pardon, and being at liberty to leave her place of concealment and refuge among the sisterhood of "Our Lady of Mercy." At first Pedrillo held out no hope. The Minister was all powerful; the Queen of Navarre

had no influence whatever, and several noblemen, her partisans, were now in the Bastille for the part they had taken in the rescue of Lady Felsenberg. But strange things have happened in Courts, especially in Bourbon Courts; and having painted the dismal side of the case as if to tantalise the hearer, Pedrillo, after a pause, continued—

"'Notwithstanding these ugly circumstances, we need not despair; for we have another friend, powerful as the mighty minister, ably and willingly fighting by our side.'

"'Indeed!' said Herman, astonished. 'Who may this be?'

"'I will tell you. Do you remember one morning, about two months since, as we were passing through the *Rue des Minimes*, a quarrel had taken place between a large dog and a little one, which would have terminated ill for the smaller combatant but for your interference? Do you remember this?'

"'Yes, yes,' replied Herman somewhat peevishly. 'I recollect something about an ugly cur, and a screaming woman: what has that to do with the subject on which we were speaking?'

"'Ah, noble sir,' said Pedrillo, with great gravity, 'I told you then, and I repeat it now, that, when you know the world as well as I do, you will learn to respect a dog, if it be the pet of a great lady, as I suspected that lady to be you call a screaming woman, by the civil insolence with which she thanked you for rescuing her darling; although, through accident or caprice she was unattended. I followed her, and found I was right. She *was* a great lady; and that interesting little animal you so irreverently name an ugly cur is our powerful and steady friend, whose influence is alone able to cope with the ambition of the minister; and to effect what the persevering and earnest entreaties of the Queen of Navarre, the heroic exertions of some of the most distinguished men in France, and, though last not least, the crafty stratagems and unrivalled talents of Pedro Benares—what all these powerful engines united could not effect, this little dog will do. Yes; confidently I assert the fact, *Coco* will beat the minister!'

"While Pedrillo spoke thus, Herman sat gazing at him, unable to decide whether he had been drinking too freely, or was only amusing himself with a sorry sort of jesting.

"'You do not understand this affair, noble sir,' he continued; 'I will explain it to you. When I found how desperate was our position, how utterly unavailing our attempts to remedy it, I recollected the affair of the fighting dogs, and hope again awoke in my heart. I have said, I ascertained who the lady was. I asked an audience; it was accorded. I had the satisfaction to learn that *Coco* had suffered no serious injury; and I took the opportunity to relate the perilous situation in which your family were placed, as well as yourself, who had so promptly come forward to his rescue. She listened to me with the most gracious condescension, and an air of interest in my tale that cheered me greatly.'

"'And this lady—who is she?'

"'Please to let me go on, noble sir. The lady listened in silence till I narrated all that had been done, and my fears that all hope was lost, when she broke in on my tale with a scornful curl on her lip, and said quietly, but decidedly, "Oh no, indeed; Monsieur Duprat is not so omnipotent as you believe him to be; and I am sure it is quite impossible the suit of her Highness of Navarre should ultimately fail. I will inquire about it." I was then dismissed; and I departed uttering silent blessings on the little rumpled nose, which plainly indicated to me the triumph of our cause, and the downfall of the minister. He has had the ill fortune to displease *her*, and his fate is decided.'

"'And who is this lady, if this be not all a jest?' said Herman again.

"'Who is the lady?' repeated Pedrillo. 'Who should she be but Mademoiselle de Heilly, about to be created Duchesse D'Estampes, the King's darling, and the mistress of *Coco*.'

"'You believe she will obtain a pardon for my mother?'

"'No; I believe there will be no pardon in the case. When ladies undertake reform, it is generally a radical one; they dislike half measures. *This* lady is a fair sample of her sex. She took up your cause, and set to work vigorously. It is little more than a week since I was honoured with my first audience, and she has already made some of the judicial puppets dance to a strange tune, by the activity with which she has been pulling the wires that move them. This is all I can tell you. To-morrow I shall know more: I am commanded to attend her early in the morning.'"

Next day Pedrillo—now as the lover of Tornalina, become a more virtuous man, and in his manners and dress almost a gentleman—was enabled to congratulate Herman on the restoration of his family to safety, wealth, and rank! and ordered him to kiss the hand of *Coco's* mistress. Herman kissed instead the hand of the Queen of Navarre.

The closing scenes of the romance are as pleasing and graceful as the opening is effective and spirited. Ten years after the above date, on a bright and beautiful September morning, a lady and gentleman, accompanied by a few armed and mounted attendants, were traversing the little kingdom of Navarre.

"The principal person of this little band of travellers was a handsome and noble-looking man, of a dignified and military air, apparently about thirty years of age. He was mounted on a strong and spirited horse, on which was also seated a sweet-faced and lovely female, a few years younger.

"The path they had entered at the foot of the hills, as they mounted, led them through some beautiful sylvan scenery, where the rocky substratum, occasionally 'cropping out,' in strange fantastic shapes, amid the tangled foliage of brush-wood, and wild creepers, which partially clothed them, now and then gave place to the deep shade of a thick-set group of high trees. As they rode slowly on, the gentleman turned to his companion with an animated countenance, about to express his admiration, but on looking at her he said, 'Thou art indifferent to this beautiful scenery. Why is thy face so pensive, my precious Blanche?'

"'I was thinking of our home,' she replied, 'of our children, of our noble boy, and my tiny Minna, and all the dear inmates of Felsenberg. It is a year since I left them.'

"'Ah!' said he, 'you grudge the time I have devoted to finding out this Conde Benares, whose address I have unfortunately lost.'

"'Grudge!' repeated the lady, 'what a word! When did I ever grudge anything which contributed to your pleasure?'

"'Never, dearest! Thou hast ever been to me a consoling angel in affliction, a sweet companion in my joyous hours.'

* * * * * *

"So absorbed were they in the subject of their colloquy that the way had been forgotten, till it terminated in a grassy glade. While they hesitated which way to turn, the voices of laughing, shouting children were heard not far distant. They advanced in the direction of these cheerful and pleasant sounds, and soon came to the spot where a merry little group were assembled, under the spreading branches of an enormous chestnut, from the shaking boughs of which the ripe fruit, enveloped in its thick green rind, came pelting down like a hailstorm about their ears. At every fresh volley, new shouts of laughter echoed through the woods, and a scramble began among them, in their eagerness to fill the wicker baskets which stood near.

"As the travellers appeared, a handsome and healthy-looking peasant, apparently about five or six-and-twenty,

descended from the tree, and replied to their questions with much civility and intelligence, in the French language, with which he appeared much more familiar than with Spanish, or the ordinary *patois* of the district.

" ' We have been travelling many hours,' said the gentleman. ' Is there no place near where we may get food for ourselves and our horses ?'

" ' None, sir,' was the reply, ' unless you consent to accept such fare as my wife can set before you with a hearty welcome.'

" The hospitality so frankly offered was thankfully accepted, and they followed him to his home, a rustic but roomy cottage, with its little homestead, in which were some cows and pigs ; surrounded and sheltered by olive and chestnut trees. On many of these the vines were clinging for support to sustain the heavy clusters of ripe grapes, swelling amid the leaves with cheering promise of an ample harvest, creating pleasant ideas of bright wine, and good cheer for the coming winter. A good-looking young woman stood smiling at the door, who gave the strangers a cordial welcome, and hastened to set before them the best she had to offer—chestnut soup, game, ham, and fruit ; all excellent, as the hungry travellers proved by the rapidity with which they were despatched.

" ' This appears to be the abode of peace and plenty,' said the gentleman to his host. ' Were those your children gathering chestnuts ?'

" ' Two of them,' he replied. ' The two rosy-faced, black-eyed boys of seven and eight years are my sons ; and I have a chubby girl asleep in the next room, little more than a year old.'

" ' You ought to be a happy man,' observed the traveller : ' you have many blessings.'

" ' I *am* a happy man !' he said with some emotion. ' I am also a thankful man, grateful for those blessings which it has pleased Heaven to bestow upon me.' "

This happy peasant was the son of Michelette ; the youth redeemed from the galleys to virtue and happiness. But the travellers did not yet know this ; and the man went away, he said, to meet his mother, who was bringing home provisions for the family from the market town, with the help of a very stubborn mule. The children began to sing an air—a song which Herman well remembered as the composition of Pedrillo.

" ' Your children must have had musical instruction ?' observed he.

" ' Yes—oh, yes,' replied Lila, the hostess ; ' everybody knows something of music here. It would be considered a disgrace to be quite ignorant of it. My Lord, the Grand Forester, is a great musician. That air my boys are singing is one he composed himself. ' The maid with the starry eyes' is said to be a lady of the Court. He is terribly in love, and has been hoping to marry her these many years ; but she will not consent to quit the Queen and the young Princess Jeanne, her daughter. She is greatly attached to them both.'

" ' Ha !' said the traveller, apparently surprised, his face lighting up with an expression of curiosity and interest, ' what is her name ?'

" ' She is called the Lady Tornalina.'

" ' And my Lord, the Grand Forester ?'

" ' The Conde Benares.'

" The travellers exchanged a glance, which spoke their satisfaction ; and the hostess was assailed with a multitude of questions on a subject which appeared equally interesting to both parties. Lila, once set a-going on what appeared to be a darling theme, continued to narrate, with extraordinary volubility, in her own native *patois*, the great and wonderful revolution my Lord, the Grand Forester, had effected in the morals and manners of the people of the district, since he had resided at the Castle of Bellamontes.

" While she was speaking, the children brought in a huge basket of chestnuts between them, stumbled at the door, and spread its whole contents on the cottage floor.

" ' Ah, Gallopinos ! Thou naughty Mico. This is the way with thee always ?' she exclaimed, laughing, and helping to pick up the scattered fruit. ' There, away with them to the granary.'

" ' Your son is called Michel ?' said the stranger, as the children carried off the basket. ' May I inquire your husband's name ?'

" ' Galbinos,' she replied.

" He looked disappointed, but, after a moment's pause, he said, ' He is a Frenchman—has he always borne that name ?'

" She seemed to hesitate, and her face slightly flushed, as she replied, somewhat evasively, ' He is a Frenchman. He has always been called Galbinos.'

" Without waiting for farther questions, she resumed the narrative, which had been interrupted by the entrance of the children :—

" ' Oh, if you had known this country before my Lord, the Grand Forester, took charge of it,' she said, ' you would scarcely believe it the same place. Such frightful robberies and murders used to be committed ! Neither rich nor poor were safe. I could tell you such terrible tales. Nobody worked. The people lived by thieving, and yet many of them were half-starved. Those who would fain have earned an honest living could find nothing to do. But now it is very different. Musicians are always welcome, but my Lord will have no beggars. Everybody willing to work is employed and paid.

" In religious matters, too, there is a great change. We have no people now trying to ruin and destroy each other, because they happen to think differently on religious subjects. At first some of the priests, who had been used to rule the people, were very refractory. But they soon found it was quite useless to stand out against my Lord. He was always sure, in the end, to get the better of them, by hook or by crook, and have his own way.

" ' He never inquires whether a man is a Catholic or a Calvinista. All are protected alike, and have their own chapels and ministers.

" ' Ah !' she exclaimed, after a moment's pause, with great animation and a sparkling eye, ' it would do your heart good to go through some of our villages on a Sunday, and see how merrily the people clack the castenets, and spring, with clean and happy faces, in the dance, beneath the chestnut trees, or on the open green when the sun is down ; instead of the half-starved, dirty, and wicked wretches that used to lounge about. Ah, my Lord is a clever man ! It is curious to see, sometimes, what strange ways he takes to make people do what is right, and settles all quarrels so peaceably. He will have no fighting. He says only fools fight ; clever men have no need to do so.'

" The two boys now entered with another basket laden as before, when, at the sound of a snapping whip which was heard without, they both exclaimed, ' Father, father !' abandoned the basket, and rushed out to meet him ; the little girl, who had crept into the room unnoticed, scrambling after them on her hands and knees, in a crab-like movement.

" Soon the joyous group appeared at the door, and again the host, with the little girl in his arms, respectfully saluted the travellers, apparently pleased to find them still there.

" ' This is the lady and gentleman, mother, who I told you had honoured our cottage with their presence,' he said, turning to a pale, small-featured woman behind him.

" ' Honoured, indeed !' she said, earnestly gazing at the strangers as she advanced. ' I am not mistaken : it is our noble benefactor the Count of Felsenberg, and Madame Blanche, his wife. Oh, this is a happy day, Michel !'

" ' Michelette !' exclaimed the lady and gentleman together."

This was a happy meeting to all parties. An excellent supper was provided by Michelette and her daughter-in-law ; and Michel, gradually gathering confidence, told his noble guests his own story, and many anecdotes of that great social reformer, the Conde Benares, *alias* Pedrillo, who had taken the kindest interest in his fortunes and

those of his mother. As the party rode forward next morning, Herman sank into a fit of deep musing, and Blanche at last inquired what so intensely occupied his thoughts—

"'I was thinking,' he replied, 'that this low-born, self-educated Pedrillo, whom I so despised, and who has had none of the advantages I have had, is, nevertheless, a far greater man, a more useful individual, a better member of society, than myself.'

"'Pedrillo a better, a greater man than you?' said the astonished wife. 'You, so distinguished as a general, standing so high in the esteem of the Emperor, and the opinion of the world!'

"'Yes; I am renowned as a man of the sword, one of those for whom Pedrillo entertained a great contempt: I begin to think he was not altogether wrong. The true way to estimate a man is by the degree in which he benefits others, the proportion of happiness he bestows on his fellow mortals. What have I ever done for such a purpose? My business has been to devise the readiest means to destroy them. This man stands far above me, as the benefactor of mankind.'

"'Nay, Herman!' she said warmly, 'this is unjust to yourself, and the warrior's noble calling.'"

Blanche eloquently pleaded the soldier's cause, and maintained the dignity and utility of his vocation. And *her* soldier has now returned, and that for ever, from the military service of the Emperor, which had carried them into Spain.

They have reached their home. Their little son, the young heir of Felsenberg,

"Sprang forward with a joyful shout, holding his little sister with one hand, to welcome his father and his mother, while, with the other, he nearly tore Aunt Gertrude's dress off, in his eagerness to make her keep pace with his own bounding steps. Gertrude—once more the gay, the laughing, and now the darling *Aunt* Gertrude—who cried and laughed by turns, at sight of the long absent and beloved brother and sister; while Lady Felsenberg, with a heart swelling with joy and thankfulness, stood struggling to suppress and subdue the wild rush of affectionate impulse which she now mistrusted, having learned, by bitter experience, that the unrestrained indulgence of even maternal affection may produce evil.

"There, too, stood another young aunt, a slender, graceful, and lovely girl of thirteen, the little Betta of our tale.

"What a happy group was that which assembled round the supper-table, in the hall at Felsenberg, on that evening; where the servants of the household crowded in, disputing with each other the privilege of waiting on them. Foremost among them were Esther and Fritz. But one white head, one attached heart, was sadly missed. The good, the faithful old Barneck, was sleeping in peace beneath the ancient elms."

Thus happily closes "*Truth and Falsehood*"—a romance which displays throughout considerable inventive power, accurate conception, and nice discrimination of character—no mean literary accomplishment; and, above all, the rare merit of sustaining unabated to the last page the interest excited by the first. The volumes contain another story, but of inferior excellence. It relates the adventures of a pair of female Crusoes, and has the moral merit of showing that, thrown upon their own resources, women are not such very helpless creatures as they themselves imagine; and also that, in the sex, many sterling qualities may lurk under a vulgar or unrefined exterior.

THE TEARS OF ENGLAND!

BY GOODWYN BARMBY.

England weeps! she weeps with grief;
Tear-drops stain her cheek's bright hue;
Faded is her rose's leaf—
Dimmed her eyes of Saxon blue.

England weeps! and tear-drops fall
On her shoulder tresses fair,
Darkening to a shadowy pall,
Her bright shades of Saxon hair.

England weeps! and drear her wail
Fitful flits in sobs of woe;
Windsor's towers and Avon's Vale,
Hear them, as they come and go.

Through the towns she takes her way,
Sighing to the good and wise,
Showing where the foul courts lay,
Tear-stained cheeks and swollen eyes.

Through the country lanes she goes,
Where the peasants starve and fret,
Weeping forth her bosom's throes,
With red eyes and lashes wet.

In the gilded mansions high,
Scalding tears of pride she weeps;
In the dark low hovels nigh,
Sorrow's shower her bosom steeps.

One tear fell on pauper's bier,
While she sobbed a mournful moan,
Startling up that church-yard drear,
But the chill damp turned it stone.

One tear fell where senates meet,
England's woes and wrongs to list;—
Fell it at the speaker's feet,
Then that tear dissolved in mist.

One tear fell on trader's board,
In the mart of fashion's whirl—
And the trader thanked the Lord—
And then sold it as a pearl.

One tear on the poet's breast
Also fell—a glorious curse!
Grieved he much, but did his best
When he rhymed it in a verse.

Other tears fell fast and long,
Like full showers of Heaven's rain,
Sweet in sorrow, as sad song—
When the bard dies in a strain.

One tear fell where gallows stood,
And that tear was dark with woe;
One tear was a drop of blood,
And it fell at Peterloo.

Fell those tears as from the sky,
Falls the fastly-coming shower,
Ere the thunder booms on high,
And the lightning gleams in power.

And as birds fly to and fro,
While as yet the tempest sleeps,
By signs taught of coming woe—
Mark the sign when England weeps!

Deepest sorrow comes from ill,
Retribution follows years,
And the times their signs fulfil—
England's woes and England's tears.

FOTHERINGAY.

Village of sad old thoughts! to memory dear—
Whose wreck of grandeur lures the wanderer here,
And woos his heart, though wide his path may be,
To give one lingering look, one sigh to thee—
What crowding fancies flit around thy name,
And lend morne music to the voice of fame!
When the York's castle, with its guarded towers,
Frown'd down defiance on Time's creeping hours—
When many a gallant knight, in proud array,
Won smiles from beauty in the wild tourney—
And the pale rose, high March's emblem flower,
Grew sweet and lovely, in each favour'd bower.

Was it not here, where Nene quiescent flows,
The fair Valentia nurs'd her early woes?
Maid, bride, and widow, in one mournful day;
Her gladdening dream of joy was swept away,
When gallant Pembroke lost a noble life,
In knightly prowess, in the lists of strife.
Poor, gentle lady! brief had been to thee
The fawning breezelet and the sunny sea;
And bright, yet treacherous, were the syren smiles
That wreathed thy brow, from hope's alluring isles!

And here—through mist of time, the vision sees
The York's proud banner curling in the breeze:
Here Neville's daughter dwelt, the widowed dame
Of proud Plantagenet, of kingly name,
Who fell, when fortune, in unfavouring hour,
In Wakefield's fight, smiled on Lancaster's flower;
Till fickle soon, on Tewkesbury's bloody plain,
The white rose triumph'd o'er the red again!

And here, too, bloom'd, in native beauty fair,
The embryo bride of high Lancaster's heir.
Far from the sickening scenes of struggling men,
She traced thy quiet banks, soft, winding Nene!
And oft, perchance—as thought would dubious roam
From the calm sheiter of her castle home,
To England's blood-red plains, and England's woes,
Through the fierce hate of each ambitious Rose—
Perchance, the pitying wish might warm her breast,
To be the purchase of her country's rest,
To smile the guardian power, the mutual friend,
And teach the rebel dyes to meet and blend!
And well, in after days, that wish was tried,
For York's pale rose became Lancaster's bride!

But years roll on in Fancy's busy train,
And, mournful Fotheringay! we meet again.
Past is the rage of war—the hate of foes—
And the same sunshine smiles on either rose.
Proud stand old England's oaks—her pastures green—
And firm the sceptre of her virgin Queen.
No longer darkly scowls the stranger's brow,
For all is welcome—all is gladness now.
But thou art changed—hast *thou* alone no voice
To bid the hearts of England's sons rejoice?
What gloom hath gather'd on thy peaceful shore,
That look'd so smiling and so calm of yore?
Where is thy lovely train—thy gallant knights—
Thy dance—thy banquets—and thy mimic fights?
Dark frown thy castle walls; and sad and slow,
With alter'd music seems thy stream to flow.
Erst dancing Nene! when last I view'd thy tide,
'Twas glad and laughing as a new-made bride.

Is it, then, so? and is yon castle now,
Within whose walls once beam'd the regal brow—
Where once the Minstrel's voice in flowing song,
With his wild measure, bore brave hearts along;
Where lovely eyes once shone with witching rays,
And held souls captive with their syren gaze;—
Say, is yon castle now the prison scene
Of Scotland's beautiful, ill-fated Queen?

Village of sad old thoughts! the days have been
When thou wert not, as now, a lonely scene,
On which the eye, with mournful vision, dwells,
Dimm'd by the tale thy alter'd aspect tells.
Yes! there's a voice, which tells a brighter day
Once dawn'd on thee, peaceful Fotheringay!
Oh! ask not—ask not: gaze around thee here,
And watch the drooping eye—the silent tear.
Why is the village maiden's cheek so pale?
Why deaf her ear to love's beguiling tale?
Why is the glance of yon young peasant dim?
And his old father grey—what aileth him?
And childhood's sports—wild, innocent, and gay—
O village drear! have they, too, passed away?
Alas! mock not at woe—to-morrow's sky,
Sweet though it smile, will see fair Mary die.

Poor, gentle Mary! rich, perchance, the dower
That fortune gave thee, as Earth's loveliest flower;
But fatal, too, for pity never felt
England's proud Queen, for forms where beauty dwelt.
A few bright summer skies, serene and blue,
Smiled sweetly on thee, when thy hopes first grew;
But in a land—oh! not thy native own,
Unlike in clime, in feeling, and in tone.
Yet thou didst well to love those glittering skies,
Where haughtiest nobles lived but in thy eyes;
Where love's warm words, so sweet to woman's ear,
Were softly spoken, with a faltering fear;
Where thou wert all—the beautiful—the bright—
The warrior's worship, and the bard's delight!
And if, with dazzling beauty, such as thine,
Thou brought'st some gifts, unmeet at virtue's shrine;
If some past errors stain the page of fame,
Where truth's stern pen hath mark'd thy suffering name;
Oh! those dark hours, within thy lonely cell,
Of grief and memory, did atone them well!

The vision fades from Fancy's dreamy view,
And forms ideal darken into true.
Where erst thy castle frowned, in fortune's day,
I stand and muse, now lonely Fotheringay!
Few are the relics left, that speak to me
Of ancient splendour, as allied to thee.
Gone is thy pride; and, but for Mary's name,
We scarce should hear thee in the voice of fame.
Hers is the spell that draws the wanderer here—
Hers is the tale that claims the pensive tear—
Hers the sad fate, that, to eternal day,
Shall mar the tale of great Eliza's sway.

Farewell!—but ere I pass, O gentle tide,
Whose murmuring waters beautifully glide—
Who giv'st fresh beauty to each lovely scene
That boasts thy presence, melancholy Nene;
Whether by woodland glen, or opening meads,
Where the far landscape distantly recedes;
Or by some sacred pile, or ruin'd tower,
The lonely slave of Time's tyrannic power;
O gentle river! sad farewell to thee,
For thou hast been a playmate thing to me;
And oft, in evenings still, and breezes fair,
Our skiff's light sail unclothed her bosom bare,
And 'long thy quiet shores, in twilight grey,
We laugh'd and sung the happy hours away.
Farewell to thee! and long, when Time shall spread
His broader wings extended o'er my head,
Sweet thoughts shall dwell, at memory's guardian shrine,
Sacred to thee, and those lone haunts of thine;
And, 'mid the hurrying scenes of struggling men,
One sigh shall still be thine, loved, winding Nen!

J. D. W.

MILTON *VERSUS* SOUTHEY AND LANDOR.

BY THOMAS DE QUINCEY.

THIS conversation is doubly interesting: interesting by its subject, interesting by its interlocutors; for the subject is Milton, whilst the interlocutors are *Southey* and *Landor*. If a British gentleman, when taking his pleasure in his well-armed yacht, descries, in some foreign waters, a noble vessel, from the Thames or the Clyde, riding peaceably at anchor—and soon after, two smart-looking clippers, with rakish masts, bearing down upon her in company—he slackens sail: his suspicions are slightly raised; they have not shown their teeth as yet, and perhaps all is right; but there can be no harm in looking a little closer; and, assuredly, if he finds any mischief in the wind against his countryman, he will show *his* teeth also; and, please the wind, will take up such a position as to rake both of these pirates by turns. The two dialogists are introduced walking out after breakfast, "each his Milton in his pocket;" and says Southey, "Let us collect all the graver faults we can lay our hands upon, without a too minute and troublesome research;"—just so; there would be danger in *that*—help might put off from shore;—"not," says he, "in the spirit of Johnson, but in our own." Johnson, we may suppose, is some old ruffian well known upon that coast; and "*faults*" may be a flash term for what the Americans call "notions." A part of the cargo it clearly is; and one is not surprised to hear Landor, whilst assenting to the general plan of attack, suggesting in a whisper, "that they should abase their eyes in reverence to so great a man, without absolutely closing them;" which I take to mean—that, without trusting entirely to their boarders, or absolutely closing their ports, they should depress their guns and fire down into the hold, in respect of the vessel attacked standing so high out of the water. After such plain speaking, nobody can wonder much at the junior pirate (Landor) muttering, "It will be difficult for us always to refrain." Of course it will: *refraining* was no part of the business, I should fancy, taught by that same buccaneer, Johnson. There is mischief, you see, reader, singing in the air—"miching malhecho"—and it is our business to watch it.

But, before coming to the main attack, I must suffer myself to be detained for a few moments by what Mr. L. premises upon the "moral" of any great fable, and the relation which it bears, or *should* bear, to the solution of such a fable. Philosophic criticism is so far improved, that, at this day, few people, who have reflected at all upon such subjects, but are agreed as to one point: viz., that in metaphysical language the moral of an epos or a drama should be *immanent*, not *transient*; or, otherwise, that it should be vitally distributed through the whole organization of the tree, not gathered or secreted into a sort of red berry or *racemus*, pendent at the end of its boughs. This view Mr. Landor himself takes, as a general view; but, strange to say, by some Landorian perverseness, where there occurs a memorable exception to this rule (as in the "Paradise Lost"), in that case he insists upon the rule in its rigour—the rule, and nothing *but* the rule. Where, on the contrary, the rule does really and obviously take effect (as in the "Iliad" and "Odyssey"), there he insists upon an exceptional case. There *is* a moral, in *his* opinion, hanging like a tassel of gold bullion from the "Iliad;"—and what is it? Something so fantastic, that I decline to repeat it. As well might he have said, that the moral of "Othello" was—"*Try Warren's Blacking!*" There is no moral, little or big, foul or fair, to the "Iliad." Up to the 17th book, the moral might seem dimly to be this—"Gentlemen, keep the peace: you see what comes of quarrelling." But *there* this moral ceases;—there is now a break of guage; the narrow guage takes place after this; whilst up to this point, the broad guage—viz., the wrath of Achilles, growing out of his turn-up with Agamemnon—had carried us smoothly along without need to shift our luggage. There is no more quarrelling after Book 17, how then can there be any more moral from quarrelling? If you insist on *my* telling *you* what is the moral of the "Iliad," I insist upon *your* telling *me* what is the moral of a rattlesnake or the moral of Niagara. I suppose the moral is—that you must get out of their way, if you mean to moralise much longer. The going-up (or anabasis) of the Greeks against Troy, was a *fact;* and a pretty dense fact; and, by accident, the very first in which all Greece had a common interest. It was a joint-stock concern—a representative expedition—whereas, previously there had been none; for even the Argonautic expedition, which is rather of the darkest, implied no confederation except amongst individuals. How could it? For the Argo is supposed to have measured only twenty-seven tons: how she would have been classed at Lloyd's is hard to say, but certainly not as A 1. There was no state-cabin; everybody, demi-gods and all, pigged in the steerage amongst beans and bacon. Greece was naturally proud of having crossed the herring-pond, small as it was, in search of an entrenched enemy; proud also of having licked him "into Almighty smash;" this was sufficient; or if an impertinent moralist sought for something more, doubtless the moral must have lain in the booty. A peach is the moral of a peach, and moral enough; but if a man *will* have something better—a moral within a moral—why, there is the peach-stone, and its kernel, out of which he may make ratafia, which seems to be the ultimate morality that *can* be extracted from a peach. Mr. Archdeacon Williams, indeed, of the Edinburgh Academy, has published an *octavo* opinion upon the case, which asserts that the moral of the Trojan war was (to borrow a phrase from children) *tit for tat*. It was a case of retaliation for

crimes against Hellas, committed by Troy in an earlier generation. It may be so; Nemesis knows best. But this moral, if it concerns the total expedition to the Troad, cannot concern the "Iliad," which does not take up matters from so early a period, nor go on to the final catastrophe of Ilium.

Now, as to the "Paradise Lost," it happens that there is—whether there ought to be or not—a pure golden moral, distinctly announced, separately contemplated, and the very weightiest ever uttered by man or realised by fable. It is a moral rather for the drama of a world than for a human poem. And this moral is made the more prominent and memorable by the grandeur of its annunciation. The jewel is not more splendid in itself than in its setting. Excepting the well-known passage on Athenian oratory in the "Paradise Regained," there is none even in Milton where the metrical pomp is made so effectually to aid the pomp of the sentiment. Hearken to the way in which a roll of dactyles is made to settle, like the swell of the advancing tide, into the long thunder of billows breaking for leagues against the shore:

> "That to the height of this great argument
> I may assert eternal Providence."——

Hear what a motion, what a tumult, is given by the dactylic close to each of the introductory lines! And how massily is the whole locked up into the peace of heaven, as the aerial arch of a viaduct is locked up into tranquil stability by its key-stone, through the deep spondaic close,

> "And justify the ways of God to man."

That is the moral of the Miltonic epos; and as much grander than any other moral *formally* illustrated by poets, as heaven is higher than earth.

But the most singular moral, which Mr. Landor anywhere discovers, is in his own poem of "*Gebir*." Whether he still adheres to it, does not appear from the present edition. But I remember distinctly, in the original edition, a Preface (now withdrawn) in which he made his acknowledgements to some book read at a Welsh Inn for the outline of the story; and as to the moral, he declared it to be an exposition of that most mysterious offence, *Over-Colonisation*. Much I mused, in my youthful simplicity, upon this criminal novelty. What might it be? Could I, by mistake, have committed it myself? Was it a felony, or a misdemeanour?—liable to transportation, or only to fine and imprisonment? Neither in the Decemviral Tables, nor in the Code of Justinian, nor the maritime Code of Oleron, nor in the Canon Law, nor the Code Napoleon, nor our own Statutes at large, nor in Jeremy Bentham, had I read of such a crime as a possibility. Undoubtedly the vermin, locally called *Squatters*,* both in the wilds of America and Australia, who preoccupy other men's estates, have latterly illustrated the logical possibility of such an offence; but they were quite unknown at the æra of Gebir. Even Dalica, who knew as much wickedness as most people, would have stared at this unheard-of villainy, and have asked, as eagerly as *I* did—"What is it now? Let's have a shy at it in Egypt." I, indeed, knew a case, but Dalica did *not*, of shocking over-colonisation. It was the case, which even yet occurs on out-of-the-way roads, where a man, unjustly big, mounts into the inside of a stage-coach already sufficiently crowded. In streets and squares, where men could give him a wide berth, they had tolerated the injustice of his person; but now, in a chamber so confined, the length and breadth of his wickedness shines revealed to every eye. And if the coach should upset, which it would not be the less likely to do for having *him* on board, somebody or other (perhaps myself) must lie beneath this monster, like Enceladus under Mount Etna, calling upon Jove to come quickly with a few thunderbolts and destroy both man and mountain, both *succubus* and *incubus*, if no other relief offered. Meantime, the only case of over-colonisation notorious to all Europe, is that which some German traveller (Riedesel, I think) has reported so eagerly, in ridicule of our supposed English credulity; viz. —the case of the foreign swindler, who advertised that he would get into a quart bottle, filled Drury Lane, pocketed the admission money, and decamped, protesting (in his adieus to the spectators) that "it lacerated his heart to disappoint so many noble islanders; but that on his next visit he would make full reparation by getting into a vinegar cruet." Now, here certainly was a case of over-colonisation, not perpetrated, but meditated. Yet, when one examines this case, the crime consisted by no means in doing it, but in *not* doing it; by no means in getting into the bottle, but in *not* getting into it. The foreign contractor would have been probably a very unhappy man, had he fulfilled his contract by over-colonising the bottle, but he would have been decidedly a more virtuous man. He would have redeemed his pledge; and, if he had even died in the bottle, we should have honoured him as a "*vir bonus, cum malâ fortunâ compositus*;" as a man of honour matched in single duel with calamity, and also as the best of conjurors. Over-colonisation, therefore, except in the one case of the stage-coach, is apparently no crime; and the offence of King Gebir, in my eyes, remains a mystery to this day.

What next solicits notice is in the nature of a digression: it is a kind of parenthesis on Wordsworth.

"*Landor*.—When it was a matter of wonder how Keats, who was ignorant of Greek, could have written his "Hyperion," Shelley, whom envy never touched, gave as a reason—'because he *was* a Greek.' Wordsworth, being asked his opinion of the same poem, called it, scoffingly, 'a pretty piece of paganism;' yet he himself, in the best verses he ever wrote—and beautiful ones they are—reverts to the powerful influence of the 'pagan creed.'"

* *Squatters*:—They are a sort of self-elected warming-pans. What we in England mean by the political term "*warming-pans*," are men who occupy, by consent, some official place, or Parliamentary seat, until the proper claimant is old enough in law to assume his rights. When the true man comes to bed, the warming-pan respectfully turns out. But these ultra-marine warming-pans *wouldn't* turn out. They showed fight, and would'nt hear of the true man, even as a bed-fellow.

Here are nine lines exactly in the original type. Now, nine tailors are ranked, by great masters of algebra, as = one man; such is the received equation; or, as it is expressed, with more liveliness, in an old English drama, by a man who meets and quarrels with eighteen tailors—"Come, hang it! I'll fight you *both*." But, whatever be the algebraic ratio of tailors to men, it is clear that nine Landorian lines are not always equal to the delivery of one accurate truth, or to a successful conflict with three or four signal errors. Firstly—Shelley's reason, if it ever was assigned, is irrelevant as regards any question that must have been intended. It could not have been meant to ask—Why was the "Hyperion" so Grecian in its spirit? for it is anything but Grecian. We should praise it falsely to call it so; for the feeble, though elegant, mythology of Greece was incapable of breeding anything so deep as the mysterious portents that, in the "Hyperion," run before and accompany the passing away of divine immemorial dynasties. Nothing can be more impressive than the picture of Saturn in his palsy of affliction, and of the mighty goddess his grand-daughter, or than the secret signs of coming woe in the palace of Hyperion. These things grew from darker creeds than Greece had ever known since the elder traditions of Prometheus—creeds that sent down their sounding plummets into far deeper wells within the human spirit. What had been meant, by the question proposed to Shelley, was no doubt—How so young a man as Keats, not having had the advantage of a regular classical education, could have been so much at home in the details of the *elder* mythology? Tooke's "Pantheon" might have been obtained by favour of any English schoolboy, and Dumoustier's "*Lettres à Emilie sur la Mythologie*" by favour of very many young ladies; but these, according to my recollection of them, would hardly have sufficed. Spence's "*Polymetis*," however, might have been had by favour of any good library; and the "*Bibliotheca*" of Apollodorus, who is the cock of the walk on this subject, might have been read by favour of a Latin translation, supposing Keats really unequal to the easy Greek text. There is no wonder in the case; nor, if there had been, would Shelley's kind remark have solved it. The *treatment* of the facts must, in any case, have been due to Keats's genius, so as to be the same whether he had studied Greek or not: the *facts*, apart from the treatment, must in any case have been had from a book. Secondly—Let Mr. Landor rely upon it—that Wordsworth never said the thing ascribed to him here as any formal judgment, or what Scottish law would call *deliverance*, upon the "Hyperion." As to what he might have said incidentally and collaterally; the meaning of words is so entirely affected by their position in a conversation—what followed, what went before—that five words dislocated from their context never would be received as evidence in the Queen's Bench. The court which, of all others, least strictly weighs its rules of evidence, is the female tea-table; yet even that tribunal would require the deponent to strengthen his evidence, if he had only five detached words to produce. Wordsworth is a very proud man, as he has good reason to be; and perhaps it was I, myself, who once said in print of him—that it is not the correct way of speaking, to say that Wordsworth is as proud as Lucifer; but, inversely, to say of Lucifer that some people have conceived him to be as proud as Wordsworth. But, if proud, Wordsworth is not haughty, is not ostentatious, is not anxious for display, is not arrogant, and, least of all, is he capable of descending to envy. Who or what is it that *he* should be envious of? Does anybody suppose that Wordsworth would be jealous of Archimedes if he now walked upon earth, or Michael Angelo, or Milton? Nature does not repeat herself. Be assured she will never make a second Wordsworth. Any of us would be jealous of his own duplicate; and, if I had a *doppelganger*, who went about personating me, copying me, and pirating me, philosopher as I am, I might (if the Court of Chancery would not grant an injunction against him) be so far carried away by jealousy as to attempt the crime of murder upon his carcass; and no great matter as regards HIM. But it would be a sad thing for *me* to find myself hanged; and for what, I beseech you? for murdering a sham, that was either nobody at all, or oneself repeated once too often. But if you show to Wordsworth a man as great as himself, still that great man will not be much *like* Wordsworth—the great man will not be Wordsworth's *doppelganger*. If not *impar* (as you say) he will be *dispar*; and why, then, should Wordsworth be jealous of him, unless he is jealous of the sun, and of Abd el Kader, and of Mr. Waghorn—all of whom carry off a great deal of any spare admiration which Europe has to dispose of. But suddenly it strikes me that we are all proud, every man of us; and I daresay with some reason for it, "be the same more or less." For I never came to know any man in my whole life intimately, who could not do something or other better than anybody else. The only man amongst us that is thoroughly free from pride, that you may at all seasons rely on as a pattern of humility, is the pickpocket. That man is so admirable in his temper, and so used to pocketing anything whatever which Providence sends in his way, that he will even pocket a kicking, or anything in that line of favours which you are pleased to bestow. The smallest donations are by him thankfully received, provided only that you, whilst half-blind with anger in kicking him round a figure of eight, like a dexterous skater, will but allow *him* (which is no more than fair) to have a second "shy" at your pretty Indian pocket-handkerchief, so as to convince you, on cooler reflection, that he does not *always* miss. Thirdly—Mr. Landor leaves it doubtful what verses those are of Wordsworth's which celebrate the power "of the Pagan creed;" whether that sonnet in which Wordsworth wishes to exchange for glimpses of human life, *then and in those circumstances*, "forlorn," the sight

> "——Of Proteus coming from the sea,
> And hear old Triton wind his wreathed horn;"

whether this, or the passage on the Greek mytho-

logy in "The Excursion." Whichever he means, I am the last man to deny that it is beautiful, and especially if he means the latter. But it is no presumption to deny firmly Mr. Landor's assertion, that these are "the best verses Wordsworth ever wrote." Bless the man!

> "There are a thousand such elsewhere,
> As worthy of your wonder:"—

Elsewhere, I mean, in Wordsworth's poems. In reality it is *impossible* that these should be the best; for even if, in the executive part, they were so, which is not the case, the very nature of the thought, of the feeling, and of the relation, which binds it to the general theme, and the nature of that theme itself, forbid the possibility of merits so high. The whole movement of the feeling is fanciful: it neither appeals to what is deepest in human sensibilities, nor is meant to do so. The result, indeed, serves only to show Mr. Landor's slender acquaintance with Wordsworth. And what is worse than being slenderly acquainted, he is erroneously acquainted even with these two short breathings from the Wordsworthian shell. He mistakes the logic. Wordsworth does not celebrate any power at all in Paganism. Old Triton indeed! he's little better, in respect of the terrific, than a mail-coach guard, nor half as good, if you allow the guard his official seat, a coal-black night, lamps blazing back upon his royal scarlet, and his blunderbuss correctly slung. Triton would not stay, I engage, for a second look at the old Portsmouth mail, as once I knew it. But, alas! better things than ever stood on Triton's pins are now as little able to stand up for themselves, or to startle the silent fields in darkness, with the sudden flash of their glory—gone before it had fully come—as Triton is to play the Freyschütz chorus on his humbug of a horn. But the logic of Wordsworth is this—not that the Greek mythology is potent; on the contrary, that it is weaker than cowslip tea, and would not agitate the nerves of a hen-sparrow; but that, weak as it is—nay, by means of that very weakness—it does but the better serve to measure the weakness of something which *he* thinks yet weaker—viz. the death-like torpor of London society in 1808, benumbed by conventional apathy and worldliness—

> "Heavy as frost, and deep almost as life."

This seems a digression from Milton, who is properly the subject of this colloquy. But, luckily, it is not one of *my* sins. Mr. Landor is lord within the house of his own book; he pays all accounts whatever; and readers that have either a bill, or bill of exceptions, to tender against the concern, must draw upon *him*. To Milton he returns upon a very dangerous topic indeed—viz. the structure of his blank verse. I know of none that is so trying to a wary man's nerves. You might as well tax Mozart with harshness in the divinest passages of "Don Giovanni," as Milton with any such offence against metrical science. Be assured, it is yourself that do not read with understanding, not Milton that by possibility can be found deaf to the demands of perfect harmony. You are tempted, after walking round a line threescore times, to exclaim at last—"Well, if the Fiend himself should rise up before me at this very moment, in this very study of mine, and say that no screw was loose in that line, then would I reply—'Sir, with submission, you are ——.'" "What!" suppose the Fiend suddenly to demand in thunder; "what am I?" "Horribly wrong," you wish exceedingly to say; but, recollecting that some people are choleric in argument, you confine yourself to the polite answer—"That, with deference to his better education, you conceive him to lie;"—that's a bad word to drop your voice upon in talking with a fiend, and you hasten to add—"under a slight, a *very* slight mistake." Ay, you might venture on that opinion with a fiend. But how if an angel should undertake the case? And angelic was the ear of Milton. Many are the *primâ facie* anomalous lines in Milton; many are the suspicious lines, which in many a book I have seen many a critic peering into, with eyes made up for mischief, yet with a misgiving that all was not quite safe, very much like an old raven looking down a marrow-bone. In fact, such is the metrical skill of the man, and such the perfection of his metrical sensibility, that, on any attempt to take liberties with a passage of his, you feel as when coming, in a forest, upon what seems a dead lion; perhaps he may *not* be dead, but only sleeping; nay, perhaps he may *not* be sleeping, but only shamming. And you have a jealousy, as to Milton, even in the most flagrant case of almost palpable error, that, after all, there may be a plot in it. You may be put down with shame by some man reading the line otherwise, reading it with a different emphasis, a different cæsura, or perhaps a different suspension of the voice, so as to bring out a new and self-justifying effect. It must be added, that, in reviewing Milton's metre, it is quite necessary to have such books as "Nares's English Orthoëpy" (*in a late edition*), and others of that class, lying on the table; because the accentuation of Milton's age was, in many words, entirely different from ours. And Mr. Landor is not free from some suspicion of inattention as to this point. Over and above this accentual difference, the practice of our elder dramatists in the resolution of the final *tion* (which now is uniformly pronounced *shon*), will be found exceedingly important to the appreciation of a writer's verse. *Contribution*, which now is necessarily pronounced as a word of four syllables, would then, in verse, have five, being read into *con-tri-bu-ce-on*. Many readers will recollect another word, which for years brought John Kemble into hot water with the pit of Drury Lane. It was the plural of the word ache. This is generally made a dissyllable by the Elizabethan dramatists; it occurs in the "Tempest." Prospero says—

> "I'll fill thy bones with aches."

What follows, which I do not remember *literatim*, is such metrically as to *require* two syllables for aches. But how, then, was this to be pronounced? Kemble thought *akies* would sound

ludicrous; *aitches* therefore he called it: and always the pit howled like a famished *menagerie*, as they did also when he chose (and he constantly chose) to pronounce *beard* like *bird*. Many of these niceties must be known, before a critic can ever allow *himself* to believe that he is right in *obelizing*, or in marking with so much as a ? any verse whatever of Milton's. And there are some of these niceties, I am satisfied, not even yet fully investigated.

It is, however, to be borne in mind, after all allowances and provisional reservations have been made, that Bentley's hypothesis (injudiciously as it was managed by that great scholar) has really a truth of fact to stand upon. Not only must Milton have composed his three greatest poems, the two "Paradises" and the "Samson," in a state of blindness—but subsequently, in the correction of the proofs, he must have suffered still more from this conflict with darkness, and, consequently, from this dependence upon careless readers. This is Bentley's *case*: as lawyers say, "My lord, that is my case." It is possible enough to *write* correctly in the dark, as I myself often do, when losing or missing my lucifers—which, like some elder lucifers, are always rebelliously straying into places where they *can* have no business. But it is quite impossible to *correct a proof* in the dark. At least, if there *is* such an art, it must be a section of the black art. Bentley gained from Pope that admirable epithet of *slashing*, ["*the ribbalds—from slashing Bentley down to piddling Theobalds*," i. e. *Tibbalds* as it was pronounced], altogether from his edition of the "Paradise Lost." This the doctor founded on his own hypothesis as to the advantage taken of Milton's blindness; and corresponding was the havoc which he made of the text. In fact, on the really just allegation that Milton must have used the services of an amanuensis; and the plausible one that this amanuensis, being often weary of his task, would be likely to neglect punctilious accuracy; and the most improbable allegation that this weary person would also be very conceited, and add much rubbish of his own; Bentley resigned himself luxuriously, without the whisper of a scruple, to his own sense of what was or was not poetic, which sense happened to be that of the adder for music. The deaf adder heareth not though the musician charm ever so wisely. No scholarship, which so far beyond other men Bentley had, could gain him the imaginative sensibility which, in a degree so far beyond average men, he wanted. Consequently, the world never before beheld such a scene of massacre as his "Paradise Lost" exhibited. He laid himself down to his work of extermination like the brawniest of reapers going in steadily with his sickle, coat stripped off, and shirt sleeves tucked up, to deal with an acre of barley. One duty, and no other, rested upon *his* conscience; one voice he heard—Slash away, and hew down the rotten growths of this abominable amanuensis. The carnage was like that after a pitched battle. The very finest passages in every book of the poem were marked by italics, as dedicated to fire and slaughter. "Slashing Dick" went through the whole forest, like a woodman marking with white paint the giant trees that must all come down in a month or so. And one naturally reverts to a passage in the poem itself, where God the Father is supposed to say to his Filial assessor on the heavenly throne, when marking the desolating progress of Sin and Death,—

> "See with what havoc these fell dogs advance
> To ravage this fair world."

But still this inhuman extravagance of Bentley, in following out his hypothesis, does not exonerate *us* from bearing in mind so much truth as that hypothesis really must have had, from the pitiable difficulties of the great poet's situation.

My own opinion, therefore, upon the line, for instance, from "Paradise Regained," which Mr. Landor appears to have indicated for the reader's amazement, viz.:—

> "As well might recommend
> *Such solitude before choicest society*,"

is—that it escaped revision from some accident calling off the ear of Milton whilst in the act of having the proof read to him. Mr. Landor silently prints it in italics, without assigning his objection; but, of course, that objection must be—that the line has one foot too much. It is an Alexandrine, such as Dryden scattered so profusely, without asking himself why; but which Milton never tolerates except in the choruses of the Samson.

> "*Not difficult, if thou hearken to me*"—

is one of the lines which Mr. Landor thinks that "no authority will reconcile" to our ears. I think otherwise. The cæsura is meant to fall not with the comma after *difficult*, but after *thou*; and there is a most effective and grand suspension intended. It is Satan who speaks—Satan in the wilderness; and he marks, as he wishes to mark, the tremendous opposition of attitude between the two parties to the temptation.

> "Not difficult if *thou*——"

there let the reader pause, as if pulling up suddenly four horses in harness, and throwing them on their haunches—not difficult if thou (in some mysterious sense the son of God); and then, as with a burst of thunder, again giving the reins to your *quadriga*,

> "———hearken to me:"

that is, to me, that am the Prince of the Air, and able to perform all my promises for those that hearken to my temptations.

Two lines are cited under the same ban of irreconcileability to our ears, but on a very different plea. The first of these lines is—

> "*Launcelot, or Pellias, or Pellinore*;"

The other

> "*Quintius, Fabricius, Curius, Regulus.*"

The reader will readily suppose that both are objected to as "roll-calls of proper names." Now, it is very true that nothing is more offensive to the mind than the practice of mechanically packing into metrical successions, as if packing a

portmanteau, names without meaning or significance to the feelings. No man ever carried that atrocity so far as Boileau, a fact of which Mr. Landor is well aware; and slight is the sanction or excuse that can be drawn from *him*. But it must not be forgotten that Virgil, so scrupulous in finish of composition, committed this fault. I remember a passage ending

"——Noëmonaque Prytaninque;"

but, having no Virgil within reach, I cannot at this moment quote it accurately. Homer, with more excuse, however, from the rudeness of his age, is a deadly offender in this way. But the cases from Milton are very different. Milton was incapable of the Homeric or Virgilian blemish. The objection to such rolling musquetry of names is, that unless interspersed with epithets, or broken into irregular groups by brief circumstances of parentage, country, or romantic incident, they stand audaciously perking up their heads like lots in a catalogue, arrow-headed palisades, or young larches in a nursery ground, all occupying the same space, all drawn up in line, all mere iterations of each other. But in

"*Quintius, Fabricius, Curius, Regulus,*"

though certainly not a good line *when insulated*, (better, however, in its connexion with the entire succession of which it forms part) the apology is, that the massy weight of the separate characters enables them to stand like granite pillars or pyramids, proud of their self-supporting independency.

Mr. Landor makes one correction by a simple improvement in the punctuation, which has a very fine effect. Rarely has so large a result been distributed through a sentence by so slight a change. It is in the "Samson." Samson says, speaking of himself (as elsewhere) with that profound pathos, which to all hearts invests Milton's own situation in the days of his old age, when he was composing that drama—

"Ask for this great deliverer now, and find him
Eyeless in Gaza at the mill with slaves."

Thus it is usually printed; that is, without a comma in the latter line; but, says Landor, "there ought to be commas after *eyeless*, after *Gaza*, after *mill*." And why? because thus "the grief of Samson is aggravated at every member of the sentence." He (like Milton) was—1. blind; 2. in a city of triumphant enemies; 3. working for daily bread; 4. herding with slaves; Samson literally, and Milton with those whom politically he regarded as such.

Mr. Landor is perfectly wrong, I must take the liberty of saying, when he demurs to the line in "Paradise Regained:"

"*From that placid aspect and meek regard,*"

on the ground that "*meek regard* conveys no new idea to *placid aspect*." But *aspect* is the countenance of Christ when passive to the gaze of others: *regard* is the same countenance in active contemplation of those others whom he loves or pities. The *placid aspect* expresses, therefore, the divine rest; the *meek regard* expresses the divine benignity: the one is the self-absorption of the total Godhead, the other the eternal emanation of the Filial Godhead.

"By what ingenuity," says Landor, "can we erect into a verse—

'*In the bosom of bliss, and light of light?*'"

Now really it is by my watch exactly three minutes too late for *him* to make that objection. The court cannot receive it now; for the line just this moment cited, the ink being hardly yet dry, is of the same identical structure. The usual iambic flow is disturbed in both lines by the very same ripple, viz., a trochee in the second foot, *placid* in the one line, *bosom* in the other. They are a sort of *snags*, such as lie in the current of the Mississippi. *There* they do nothing but mischief. Here, when the lines are read in their entire *nexus*, the disturbance stretches forwards and backwards with good effect on the music. Besides, if it did *not*, one is willing to take a *snag* from Milton, but one does not altogether like being *snagged* by the Mississippi. One sees no particular reason for bearing it, if one only knew how to be revenged on a river.

But, of these metrical skirmishes, though full of importance to the impassioned text of a great poet (for mysterious is the life that connects all modes of passion with rhythmus), let us suppose the casual reader to have had enough. And now at closing, for the sake of change, let us treat him to a harlequin trick upon another theme. Did the reader ever happen to see a sheriff's officer arresting an honest gentleman, who was doing no manner of harm to gentle or simple, and immediately afterwards a second sheriff's officer arresting the first—by which means that second officer merits for himself a place in history; for at the same moment he liberates a deserving creature (since an arrested officer cannot possibly bag his prisoner), and he also avenges the insult put upon that worthy man? Perhaps the reader did *not* ever see such a sight; and, growing personal, he asks *me*, in return, if *I* ever saw it. To say the truth, I never *did*; except once, in a too-flattering dream; and though I applauded so loudly as even to waken myself, and shouted "*encore*," yet all went for nothing; and I am still waiting for that splendid exemplification of retributive justice. But why? Why should it be a spectacle so uncommon? For surely those official arresters of men must want arresting at times as well as better people. At least, however, *en attendant*, one may luxuriate in the vision of such a thing; and the reader shall now see such a vision rehearsed. He shall see Mr. Landor arresting Milton—Milton, of all men!—for a flaw in his Roman erudition; and then he shall see me instantly stepping up, tapping Mr. Landor on the shoulder, and saying, "Officer, you 're wanted;" whilst to Milton I say, touching my hat, "Now, sir, be off; run for your life, whilst I hold this man in custody, lest he should fasten on you again."

What Milton had said, speaking of the "*watchful* cherubim," was—

"Four faces each
Had, *like a double Janus*;"

Upon which Southey—but, of course, Landor, ventriloquising through Southey—says, "Better left this to the imagination: double Januses are queer figures." Not at all. On the contrary, they became so common, that finally there were no other. Rome, in her days of childhood, contented herself with a two-faced Janus; but, about the time of the first or second Cæsar, a very ancient statue of Janus was exhumed, which had four faces. Ever afterwards, this sacred resurgent statue became the model for any possible Janus that could show himself in good company. The *quadrifrons Janus* was now the orthodox Janus; and it would have been as much a sacrilege to rob him of any single face, as to rob a king's statue * of its horse. One thing may recall this to Mr. Landor's memory. I think it was Nero, but certainly it was one of the first six Cæsars, that built, or that finished, a magnificent temple to Janus; and each face was so managed as to point down an avenue leading to a separate market-place. Now, that there were *four* market-places, I will make oath before any Justice of the Peace. One was called the *Forum Julium*, one the *Forum Augustum*, a third the *Forum Transitorium*: what the fourth was called is best known to itself, for really I forget. But if anybody says that perhaps it was called the *Forum Landorium*, I am not the man to object; for few names have deserved such an honour more, whether from those that then looked forward into futurity with one face, or from our posterity that will look back into the vanishing past with another.

LIVES OF LORD LOVAT AND FORBES OF CULLODEN.†

Some one, whose opinion Mr. Burton considers authoritative on literary subjects, suggested to him the biography of the famous (or infamous) Lord Lovat, as offering many curious and remarkable incidents and traits for delineation. He acted upon the hint; but to exhibit the diamond with the foil, the antidote with the bane, he has coupled the life of the excellent and patriotic President Forbes with that of the crafty and flagitious Highland Chief; and thus, by contrast, given a more complete and effective picture, both of the individuals and the society in which they acted their parts, than could have been exhibited in solitary portraiture. No diligence of research, no pains in investigating, comparing and weighing evidence, have been spared in accomplishing the onerous task; and yet Mr. Burton has laboured, as we think, under some disadvantages; as every biographer must who sets out, not alone with strong moral disapprobation of the character of his hero, but with what looks very like decided antipathy. In this predicament, which is one perhaps inevitable to a mind of rectitude, stands Mr. Burton in relation to the reckless, yet wily and versatile, Simon; who, after all, is hardly to be fairly measured by the standard of morality and honour which might be applicable to a cultivated Lowland gentleman of the same period. Having no common sympathies with his hero, and, as it appears to us, but an imperfect appreciation of some of the finer points of the Highland character, indulgence was not to be looked for. Nay more, our author appears to entertain decided Anti-Celtic or Saxon dislikes, not merely to the perfidious Jacobite Chief, but to the whole nation or tribe, their institutions, habits, and pursuits. The poetical elements of clan life and clan society, and the heroic virtues of the wild Celt—for he had his virtues—either find little favour, or are regarded as something worthless, if not debasing. The blind devotion and loyalty of the clansman to his Chief seems looked upon as fanatical idiotcy—which, perhaps, it often was; the generous chivalry of the patriarchal head of the tribe as a mocking phantom—which, for generations past, it has not seldom proved. In short, all that has made the Highlands and its clans, of late, so captivating to Southerns, and, indeed, to all Europe—their wild poetry, their inspiring legends, and intense nationality—are as nothing to Lovat's philosophical, acute, and law-trained biographer, who, even if he should believe, cares little "whether Fingal has lived, or Ossian sung." Now, this manner of viewing the subject—though, no doubt, the true and correct one—is much better fitted "to point a moral" than "to adorn a tale." Yet there is so much of variety and vicissitude in the fortunes of Lovat—so many strong contrasts and discordant elements in his anomalous character—and so much that is stirring and novel in the life and scenes in which he figures, that his history required no embellishments of fiction or fancy. In the memoir, the author professes the strictest adherence to facts well established; rejecting all traditional and equivocal statements and narrations. Thus much less pains than he has bestowed might have produced an amusing and flashy book, wanting only in authenticity and sober sense. Nor can we accuse the acute, if somewhat severe, Saxon or Hanoverian Judge Burton of doing the smallest injustice to his Highland hero, however we may

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* *A king's statue*:—Till very lately, the etiquette of Europe was, that none but royal persons could have equestrian statues. Lord Hopetoun, the reader will object, is allowed to have a horse, in St. Andrew's Square, Edinburgh. True, but observe that he is not allowed to mount him. The first person, so far as I remember, that, not being royal, has, in our island, seated himself comfortably in the saddle, is the Duke of Wellington.

† "Lives of Simon Lord Lovat and Duncan Forbes of Culloden; from Original Sources." By John Hill Burton, Advocate, author of the "Life of David Hume." London: Chapman & Hall.

regret that the subject was not found more congenial to his tastes.

Besides the immense pains bestowed in the examination of such original documents as might illustrate his main design, Mr. Burton's researches and speculations throw much light upon the political and social condition of Scotland at the momentous period of which he treats; and especially upon the internal state of the Highlands. It is, however, surprising that so little, that is at once new and strictly personal, should be remembered about a man who acted so prominent a part as Lovat—remembered, at least, in his own domains, where the representatives of many of the leading families of his tribe still remain in their ancestral homes.

The Chiefs of the Frasers, like so many more clan heads, are of Norman descent, and there had been a long line of Lord Lovats before. About the close of the 17th century, Simon, though but a poor kinsman of the Chief, found himself—after his father, however—next in succession to the peerage and the wide estates of the family. There was, indeed, an heiress living, but Lovat was a male fief, and it long was, and perhaps still is, a maxim with the Frasers, that "*Lassie heir no richt heir.*" The Baron of Bradwardine had stout notions on this head, and so had James Boswell, as well as the Frasers and other clans. However all this may be, the future head of the Frasers was educated at King's College, Aberdeen; that is, he attended there for a session or two, and ever afterwards, when it suited him, proved his *Humanity* by not inapt classical quotations. History is, however, silent as to where his strangely-perverted or involuted mind received the first elements of that education, which, it has been alleged, was completed in Jesuit seminaries, as well as in the closets and purlieus of St. James's, St. Germains, and even Versailles. Of the numerous documents which Mr. Burton has examined, the most curious is a tract entitled "Memoirs of the Life of Lord Lovat," which is beyond question a genuine autobiography. It was written in French, of which language Simon, among his other accomplishments, was a complete master, and exactly in that style of vain-glory and rhodomontade which might have been looked for from its author. How vigorously and purely the semi-barbarian, the Gael, whose mother-tongue was Erse, uses the best forms of the Saxon language is seen in the free quotations made from his remarkable correspondence. Mr. Burton proves that Simon was a man of great natural ability, and shows him to have possessed considerable learning and accomplishment, and rather indeed, we think, overrates his intellect. It is a poor mark of a man's understanding that he has not sense enough to be, even in a worldly sense, honest. With a little more seeming probity and consistency, with less of a decided natural genius for finesse, and even a vulgar, if not an honourable appreciation of the maxim, that "Honesty is the best policy," Simon, the trickster between parties and factions, who finally outwitted himself, might not only have accomplished all his selfish objects, but have gone down to a peaceful grave with the character of a true Whig patriot, and a worthy private gentleman—a Chief among ten thousand. But his restless genius actually rioted in petty intrigue; and he failed at length, from the belief that he could dupe every one whom he chose to play with—that the Chief of the Frasers had more policy or cunning than all the other Jacobite and Hanoverian leaders put together. Yet, from the first, there were either strong doubts or a perfect knowledge of his character; but each of his party friends fell into the common error, that a man false to all the world, would yet, from gratitude and affection, be true to him. The favour and influence which he acquired with persons of every nation and class, whom it suited him to use or cultivate, from the palace of Louis Quatorze to the hovel of the clan-follower, is, however, more, as we imagine, to be attributed to those plausible and ingratiating manners which he could so gracefully assume—which is, indeed, the common gift of his station and country—than to force of intellect or deep sagacity. He read tolerably well the obvious characters of men; he comprehended their interests; he divined their wishes; took adroit advantage of circumstances as they arose; and, by complaisance and skilful flattery, won his way. The Highlanders, like their congeners, the Irish, even when the fiercest and least civilized, could also be the most ingratiating of men when it so pleased or suited them. And bred in or about a Chief's petty court, looked upon as the future head of the clan, there was no fear that Lovat should either want

> "The ease
> That marks security to please,"

or fail in the arts of gaining popularity. After the commission of those unmanly and black crimes which should have branded him for ever with infamy, and banished him from all respectable society, he found powerful and willing friends in the House of Argyle, and friends or kindly neighbours in, among others, John and Duncan Forbes of Culloden. Had he only kept clear of Jacobite intrigues, and remained content with what his first treacheries had gained for him from the new dynasty, he might have remained to his dying hour on the best terms with the most honourable and worthy of "the Elector's" party. His personal villanies and treacheries could have been overlooked, but his political sins were not to be forgiven; and thus the crafty Simon, who fairly outwitted himself at last, was, much against his will, raised to the honours of the block and the dignity of martyrdom. His story may be briefly told:—He and his father, "Thomas of Beaufort," were the reigning Chief's poor kinsmen. The Chief himself, Lord Lovat, appears to have been an imbecile person, and they had his ear, and were continually about him. On a visit to London, whither young "Captain Simon" accompanied him, Lord Lovat, it is said by his instigation or example, plunged into such a course of dissipation that he died shortly afterwards, his death-bed soothed by the pious discourse and

consolations of Thomas. Upon this, Lovat being a male fief, the father claimed the estates, and assumed the title, while Simon was named "the Master of Lovat," the customary style of heirs-apparent in Scotland. In defiance of the law, and of the powerful family of Athole, the nearest relatives of the young heiress, Simon finally managed, though after a struggle of many years, by violence, fraud, long litigation, and the basest political treachery, to obtain possession of the wide region, called the "Lovat country," and finally also established his claim to the peerage. Both claims might, indeed, have been found just or legal, if preferred by a Whig claimant; but were much otherwise in a suspected Jacobite, which Captain Simon then was.

Simon at first tried peaceful, if not very honourable, means to accomplish his objects. He persuaded the young heiress to elope with him. This scheme misgave, and her uncles of Athole at once removed her for safety from his pursuit from Castle Dounie to Dunkeld, and set on foot negotiations for her immediate marriage with Lord Saltoun; also a Fraser, though the head of a Lowland family. The common name might, it was imagined, conciliate the clan. But Simon, the "true heir," though still a very young man, had by this time made himself so popular among his tribe by his bold, daring, reckless character, and the most unscrupulous acts, that he was both loved and feared. He held a commission in the army, but the better to secure his interests, without leave asked, he returned to "the Fraser country," and forthwith drew around him a band of brave and desperate partisans, ready and willing to do his hests, and in so doing no doubt believing themselves only doing the duty of faithful and loyal clansmen. Among their first achievements was encountering, routing, and capturing Lord Saltoun, Lord Mungo Murray, and other gentlemen who had come north to visit Lady Lovat, the mother of the heiress, and a daughter of the House of Athole. The bulletin in which this victory was afterwards recorded by "the Master" is worthy of Napoleon in his first campaigns.

Simon and his band by this time, in defiance of the law courts and the executive, held a sort of military possession of the country, secretly abetted by the great majority of the clan. And this victory was decisive. On the same evening hundreds flocked to the standard of the "Master," in arms for his father's rights and his own; and the captive lords, after being all night confined in the hold of Fanellan, and having their eyes regaled with the tall gallows erected in front of it for their especial benefit, were next day imprisoned in the island of Aigas, a small islet in the river Beauly, and near Castle Dounie. On the night of the skirmish that castle, the principal residence of the family, was seized, the lady made prisoner, and those horrible and revolting scenes polluted the "roof-tree" of the Lovats, which go far to vindicate whatever Mr. Burton has said of the ruffianism and brutality of contemporary Highland society. In the latter part of his life, however, Lovat denied the foul crimes here alleged against him, and for which he was long pursued by the rigour of the law, and the vengeance of the House of Athole. The forced marriage was at all events set aside by himself, and during the long protracted life of the unhappy lady, he contracted two more unions, one of which, with their entire approbation and countenance, made him a kinsman of the family of Argyle. It has been alleged that Lady Lovat forgave and was reconciled to the ruffianly felon, who, in the perpetration of what would seem a purely gratuitous crime, seems more like a wretch under the influence of demoniac possession, than a reasonable being, acting even upon the basest of conceivable human motives. The unfortunate woman remained in his power; and if ever reconciled, her magnanimity only blackens his guilt, when we are told that he at last treated the brutal assault and forced ceremony as a youthful frolic, which no whit impeded him, when the time came, from contracting alliances which might better advance his views of interest or ambition.

Making war support itself, Simon and his followers continued to defy the law, and laugh at, elude, and defeat the military sent out to apprehend him, his father, and their adherents. But this exciting predatory life was not without its troubles; and as the interest of the Campbell's was not sufficient to insure the outlawed Simon's safety, when the accession of Queen Anne gave fresh hopes to the Jacobites, and brought the Atholes into favour, he was compelled to take new measures. The elder Lovat, also outlawed, had by this time been gathered to his father-chiefs in the Priory of Beauly; and Simon, as good a politician as a warrior, was now not only highly popular among the "commoners," but had consolidated his power, and linked the interests of all the "gentle" Frasers to his own, by granting to each, according to his rank or standing, a bond for a large sum to be paid, when, by their fidelity and assistance, he should be put in possession of his hereditary domains. But, in the meanwhile, notwithstanding these subsidized auxiliaries, his body-guard, and irregular troops—the "men of the belt," and the gillies—the Chief deemed it prudent to retire beyond seas. In France he engaged in those intrigues in which his peculiar genius was ever so fertile. He sold, or attempted to sell, the Jacobites to the Hanoverian Government, and *vice versa;* but, in spite of his cunning, placed himself in so equivocal and ticklish a position, that he was more than once compelled abruptly to change the scene. While protesting himself the most devoted of Jacobites, Lovat was so strongly suspected by the Court of St. Germains, that during much of his long residence in France, he was, if not actually at one time in the Bastille, under strict *surveillance.* But very little, save what appears in his diplomatic correspondence, is known of this period of Simon's life. It is, however, said that he not only took orders, and became a popular preacher, discoursing with great unction, but was received into the Society of the Jesuits. No man could be better qualified to play the part of Tartuffe.—All this

while Lovat did not neglect his interests in the Highlands, though his correspondence was impeded by the suspicions of all parties. He, when occasion offered, addressed elaborate epistles to the clan, alternately flattering their prejudices, holding out great promises, or menacing them with his displeasure and vengeance if they failed in their loyalty and attachment to their chief. One of these state-papers, written at a subsequent period in London, when Lovat's services in the Rebellion of 1715, or "Mar's year," had raised him high in the favour of the Hanoverian Government, and gained many of his fondest ambitions, may serve as a specimen of his dignified and heroic style, and of accomplishments certainly above the average of his northern compeers.

"'To the Honourable the Gentlemen of the name of Fraser.

"'My Dear Friends—Since by all appearances this is the last time of my life I shall have occasion to write to you, I being now very ill of a dangerous fever; I do declare to you before God, before whom I must appear, and all of us at the great day of Judgment, that I loved you all; I mean you and all the rest of my kindred and family, who are for the standing of their chief and name; and as I loved you, so I loved all my faithful commons in general, more than I did my own life, or health, or comfort, or satisfaction: and God, to whom I must answer, knows that my greatest desire, and the greatest happiness I proposed to myself under Heaven, was to make you all live happy, and make my poor commons flourish; and that it was my constant principle to think myself much happier with a hundred pounds, and see you all live well at your ease about me, than have ten thousand pounds a-year, and see you in want or misery. I did faithfully design, and resolve to make up and put at their ease, Alexander Fraser of Phopachy, and James Fraser of Castle Ladders, and their families; and whatever disputes might ever be betwixt them and me, which our mutual hot temper occasioned, joined with the malice and calumny of both our enemies, I take God to witness, I loved those two brave men as I did my own life, for their great zeal and fidelity they showed for their chief and kindred. I did likewise resolve to support the families of Struy, Foyers, and Culduthel's families; and to the lasting praise of Culduthel and his familie, I never knew himself to swerve from his faithful zeal for his chief and kindred, nor none of his familie, for which I hope God will bless him and them, and their posterity. I did likewise design to make my poor commons live at their ease, and have them always well clothed, and well armed after the Highland manner, and not to suffer them to wear low country clothes, but make them live like their forefathers, with the use of their arms, that they might always be in condition to defend themselves against their enemies, and to do service to their friends, especially to the Great Duke of Argyle and to his worthy brother the Earl of Islay, and to that glorious and noble family, who were always our constant and faithful friends; and I conjure you, and all honest Frasers, to be zealous and faithful friends and servants to the family of Argyle and their friends, whilst a Campbell and a Fraser subsists. If it be God's will, that for the punishment of my great and many sins, and the sins of my kindred, I should now depart this life, before I put these just and good resolutions in execution; yet I hope that God in his mercy will inspire you and all honest Frasers, to stand by, and be faithful to my Cousin Inveralahie, and the other heirs male of my family, and to venture your lives and fortunes, to put him, or my nearest heirs male, named in my testament, written by John Jacks, in the full possession of the estates and honours of my forefathers, which is the only way to preserve you from the wicked designs of the family of Tarbat and Glengarry, joined to the family of Athol. And you may depend upon it, and you and your posterity will see it and find it, that if you do not keep stedfast to your chief, I mean the heir male of my family; but weakly or falsely for little private interest and views, abandon your duty to your name, and suffer a pretended heiress and her Mackenzie children to possess your country and the true right of the heirs male, they will certainly in less than an age chase you all by slight and might, as well gentlemen as commons, out of your native country, which will be possessed by the Mackenzies and the Macdonalds; and you will be like the miserable unnatural Jews, scattered and vagabonds throughout the unhappy kingdom of Scotland, and the poor wives and children that remains of the name, without a head or protection, when they are told the traditions of their family, will be cursing from their hearts the persons and memory of those unnatural, cowardly, knavish men, who sold and abandoned their chief, their name, their birthright, and their country, for a false and foolish present gain, even as the most of Scots people curse this day, those who sold them, and their country to the English, by the fatal Union, which I hope will not last long.

"'I make my earnest and dying prayers to God Almighty, that he may in his mercy, through the merits of Christ Jesus, save you and all my poor people, whom I always found honest and zealous to me and their duty, from that blindness of heart, that will inevitably bring those ruins and disgraces upon you and your posterity; and I pray that Almighty and merciful God, who has often miraculously saved my family and name from utter ruin, may give you the spirit of courage, of zeal, and of fidelity that you owe to your chief, to your name, to yourselves, to your children, and to your country; and may the most merciful and adorable Trinity, Father, Son, and Holy Spirit, three persons, one God, save all your souls eternally, through the blood of Christ Jesus, our blessed Lord Saviour, to whom I heartily recommend you.

"'I desire that this letter may be kept in a box, at Beaufort, or Maniack, and read once a-year by the heir male, or a principal gentleman of the name, to all honest Frasers that will continue faithful to the duty I have enjoined in this above-written letter, to whom, with you and all honest Frasers, and my other friends, I leave my tender and affectionate blessing, and bid you my kind and last farewell.

"'Lovat.

"'London, the 5th of April, 1718.'"

We leave the reader to peruse at length, in the original work, the adventures and achievements of Lovat, in his escape from France, and his prowess against the "Jacobite rebels." So well had he recommended himself to the Government, and so powerfully was he befriended by sound Whigs and true Protestants, that he was made Sheriff of Inverness-shire, and otherwise held, what might be called, in such hands, most dangerous power; for Mr. Burton appears quite right in believing that Simon's inclinations were always with the Jacobite party.

Interest, ambition, and the love of intrigue for its own sake, led him astray; but his heart ever reverted to its first love. And, besides, he had nothing more to gain from the new dynasty for the personal aggrandizement of Simon Fraser—Lord Lovat. His estates were secured, his peerage was recognised, he enjoyed offices of high trust; and he longed for another scene on which to display his talents and power, and to show all Europe that he could make and unmake kings.—And the Stuarts could make him a Duke; while he had nothing more to expect from the House of Brunswick. When his equivocal conduct led the Government to strip him of the important offices which he ought never to have held, anger and revenge farther stimulated his loyalty to the old race, and his hatred of the new dynasty.

But to the very last, till disguise and hypocrisy were no longer possible, his protestations of loyalty and devotion to King George became earnest and fervent exactly in proportion to his treachery. Viewed in connexion with his actions, his almost open doings, his solemn asseverations to Duncan Forbes, at the period of the rebellion in 1745, look more like the effects of dotage, than the policy or dissimulation of a man of sound mind; or else past experience had led Lovat to entertain a very false idea of the understanding of his friends and of his own consummate powers of deception. Indeed, the almost diverting effrontery which, at times, marked his conduct and correspondence, occasionally compels the reader, in spite of himself, to lay aside his virtuous indignation, and give way to laughter at the venerable Lovat's impudent duplicity—as one might at the trickeries of a rascally valet in a well-acted farce, or the whine and cunning of an Irish beggar. Though the old fox was only at last caught in a trap of his own baiting, it must be felt that he was *very* old, cruelly hunted down, and that he died "game." These considerations insensibly soften the reader; and, at last, mollify the virtuous severity of the biographer, who even goes the length of stigmatizing Lovat's execution as a disgrace to the weak, and, therefore, cruel government which sanctioned so uncalled for a punishment.

But the private life of Simon, and the picture given of the society in which he was a master-spirit, will be more interesting to the general reader, than the low and corrupt state of law and government in Scotland at this disturbed period, or the merely political tergiversation of the leaders of the rival factions, and the plots, conspiracies, and projects attempted or accomplished.

When the "wars were over," the title and estates secured, and the rents paid without military execution, the Sheriff added, we are told, some of the luxuries of civilised life to the barbarous pomp of Castle Dounie, now called Beaufort Castle:

"He kept a coach, and became very partial in his letters to occasional allusions to his 'chariot.' With what additional greatness this wonderful engine invested him, we may gather from Burt, who, on the first appearance of a coach in that district, represents the people as bowing to the powdered coachman, in deep reverence to one who held in his hands the means of guiding so wonderful a machine. Of the adaptation of his coach to Highland roads, we have a very full statement in a letter from himself, describing his journey to Edinburgh in 1740, to make arrangements as to his entail.

"'For two days before I came away, one of my coach mares, as she was stepping into the park, dropped down dead, as if she had been shot with a cannon-ball. The next day, when I went to bid farewell to Dunballoch's family and Achnagairns, one of the hind-wheels of my chariot broke in pieces—that kept me two days to get new wheels. * * * I brought my wheelwright with me the length of Avemore in case of accidents, and there I parted with him because he declared that my chariot would go safe enough to London; but I was not eight miles from the place when, on the plain road, the axletree of the hind-wheels broke in two, so that my girls were forced to go on bare horses behind footmen, and I was obliged to ride myself, though I was very tender, and the day very cold. I came with that equipage to Ruthven late at night, and my chariot was pulled there by force of men, where I got an English wheelwright and a smith, who wrought two days in mending my chariot; and after paying very dear for their work and for my quarters two nights, I was not gone four miles from Ruthven when it broke again, so that I was in a miserable condition till I came to Dalnakeardach, where my honest landlord, Charles M'Glassian, told me, that the Duke of Atholl had two as good workmen at Blair, as were in the kingdom, and that I would get my chariot as well mended there as at London; accordingly, I went there and staid a night, and got my chariot very well mended by a good wright and good smith. I thought then I was pretty secure till I came to this place. I was storm-stayed two days at Castle Drummond, by the most tempestuous weather of wind and rain that I ever remember to see. The Duchess of Perth and Lady Mary Drummond were excessively kind and civil to my daughters and to me, and sent their Chamberlane to conduct me to Dunblane, who happened to be very useful to us that day; for I was not three miles gone from Castle Drummond, when the axletree of my fore-wheels broke in two, in the midst of the hill, betwixt Drummond and the Bridge of Erdoch, and we were forced to sit on the hill with a boisterous day, till Chamberlain Drummond was so kind as to go down to the Strath and bring wrights, and carts, and smiths, to our assistance, who dragged us to the plain, where we were forced to stay five or six hours till there was a new axletree made, so that it was dark night before we came to Dumblaine, which is but eight miles from Castle Drummond, and we were all much fatigued. The next day we came to Lithgow, and the day after that we arrived here; so that we were twelve days on our journey by our misfortunes, which was seven days more than ordinary; and I bless God we are all in pretty good health, and I found my son in good health, and much improven.'

"He lived chiefly at Castle Dounie, where he was surrounded by all the main elements of his pride and enjoyment; but he did not entirely separate himself from the world. He frequently visited Edinburgh, in considerable pomp, and went occasionally to London."

From the period that Lovat's most fervent and most false protestations of innocence could no longer save him, and when "the embargo," as he terms it, was taken off his tongue, by finding himself proscribed, denounced as a traitor, and compelled to retreat to the fastnesses of the interior of his country, the narrative becomes full of interest. The battle of Culloden had been fought, and with it fell the last hopes of the Jacobites. On the fatal morning of "Culloden's dark day" he was living at Gortuleg, in Stratherick, and not many miles distant from the field of battle. He was too soon apprised of the fatal result, by the crowds of the wounded and fugitive pressing westward, and after a brief interview with the fugitive Prince Charles, he hastened to the refuge he had prepared in an island in Loch Muily; in his way to which retreat, it is said, he beheld, from a hill-top, his Castle, many miles distant, in flames, and illuminating the night with its blaze. He was a man of fourscore, steeped in adversity, and in a condition in which neither fraud nor violence could longer aid him; so Mr. Burton, moved by natural compassion and admiration of his spirit and fortitude, relents over the baited hero.

The last scenes of Lovat's life are as full of his peculiar character as those of his busiest years; and here, happily, the good points come the most prominently forth. There is, besides, little doubt

that Lovat was upheld by the sustaining belief that he was a high-minded and distinguished martyr in the cause of his country and of his true Prince, and had been so ill-used by the government that he said, had Kouli Khan invaded Scotland, he would have been justified in joining him with his clan. However fallacious these notions, they gave keeping, and even dignity, to his conduct during his imprisonment and trial:

"The examination of the witnesses commenced on the 9th of March, 1747, and occupied five days. Lovat's conduct, throughout, was that of a dignified old man persecuted by fate, and borne to the ground by the oppressive strength of his enemies. Sometimes he was pathetic, occasionally impressively indignant, but never querulous nor captious. He showed no disposition to catch hold of mere points of form; but was always ready to waive his right to their strict fulfilment, and to let the real business proceed uninterrupted. In general, he was grave and decorous, and but one pleasantry escaped him;—when he was asked if he had any questions to put to Sir Everard Fawkener, when examined as a witness, he said, 'No, only that I am Sir Everard's humble servant, and wish him joy of his young lady.'

"He made several appeals calculated to move commiseration for his grey hairs. 'My lords,' he said, at the commencement, 'I have not had the use of my limbs these three years; I cannot see, I cannot hear; and I beg, if your lordships have a mind I should have any chance of my life, that you will allow either my counsel or solicitors to examine my witnesses, and to cross-examine those produced on behalf of the Crown, and to take notes.'"

A few anecdotes, and some of Simon's *bon mots*, are related before we reach the last scene of all. A rich and easy humour is as natural to the Highlander as to the Irishman, and Lovat possessed a large share of this national characteristic, though his pleasantry at this time must have been somewhat forced. It is pathetically said, and as if the writer had more sympathy with the tender and the inspiring illusions of clanship than we have given him credit for:—

"Occasionally his thoughts were far off among his mountains, and his heart swelled with the thought of the greatness that there still hallowed his name. He said he would have his body entombed in the church of Kirkhill, which had been the family place of burial for centuries, and that he had at one time left, in a codicil to his will, a sum to pay all the pipers from John O'Groat's house to Edinburgh to play before his body, and if this were not permitted by the government, yet the old women would cry the coronach; 'And then,' he said, 'there will be old crying and clapping of hands, for I am one of the greatest chiefs in the Highlands.' He made himself a favourite with the warders. On the evening before his execution he took a cordial pipe and a glass of wine with them, and on their drinking to him 'a good journey,' he said 'Amen,' and then knocking the ashes out of his pipe, thus moralised: 'Now, gentlemen, the end of all human grandeur is like this snuff of tobacco.' There was more than one striking instance, while he was in the Tower, of his power of securing the affection and attachment of those by whom he was surrounded. When General Williamson, the lieutenant-colonel of the fortress, visited him on the same evening, he desired to bid farewell to that gentleman's daughter, but was told that she was so much overcome by sorrow for his fate, as to be unfit to support an interview. 'God bless the dear child,' he said, 'and make her eternally happy, for she is a kind-hearted, good lass.' He desired the attendance of Mr Baker, the chaplain of the Sardinian ambassador, and declared 'that he died in the faith of the Roman Catholic Church; that he adhered to the rock upon which Christ built his church; to St. Peter, and the succession of pastors from him down to the present time; and that he rejected and renounced all sects and communities that were rejected by the Church.' But even on this solemn question he showed his old propensities. When asked if he was a Jesuit, he said, 'No—a Jansenist;' evidently out of a spirit of mystification."

The latter part of the volume is occupied with the life of Duncan Forbes, long the friend and neighbour of Lovat, and a character to whom his biographer can frankly give unreserved esteem and laudation. The virtuous and patriotic Lord President serves, as we have said, as an antidote to the bane of the Highland chief. Historically and biographically the Memoirs of Forbes are instructive; but they, of course, want the romantic interest of the varied life of that anomalous specimen of humanity, Simon, Lord Lovat.

We regret that we can afford space but to a very brief specimen of the Life of Forbes, and this shall be rather what illustrates the Lowland and legal society of the period—one of *High Jinks*—than the excellent and consistent character of the individual.

"Let us now take a general glance at the social habits of Duncan Forbes in early life. Among them, conviviality occupied a far more prominent place than social moralists of the present day would consider compatible with the decorum of a high official person, professing serious religious opinions. Not few are the indications throughout his correspondence of the influence of wine; indeed, he seems, in his novitiate, before he became a crown lawyer, to have been a prime ringleader among jolly fellows. His friend, John Macfarlane, apparently the same gentleman who was Lovat's law agent, writing to him on the 21st of April, 1715, complains in moving terms of the decay of hilarity since his departure, and says, 'a tappit hen, a bird as peculiar to you, as the eagle to Jove, has not been seen among us since that event.' Apparently, much about the same time, his friend Dr. Clark addresses him with the following mystical reference to his convivial powers:—

"'RINGLEADER OF RACCABITES.—We have enjoyed such a physical peace of mind since we were delivered from thy usurped tyrannical government, that it's the constant prayer of the body, "may the month of May last for ever." We have been at no little pains to point out the reason of your appearance, as astronomers do of a comet, and after long and diligent inquiries we have agreed that as the church militant was to be pestered with an Antichrist, so the body physical was to suffer under some such scourge, for the sin of dullness. I have a great many arguments which induce me to believe you are the man (the beast I mean), and I intend to write a dissertation which shall evince it to demonstration.'

"The following little statement in a letter to his brother, tells its own story in a very few words: 'I am so uneasy that I cannot write much, though to make you easy, Clarky, who is with me says, "Deel care, if ye had drunk less at denner, you would not complain." His *causa scientiæ* that my disease is, that he who dined with me is as sick as I.'

"The demands, indeed, which society then made, on a man who had a head capable both of standing claret and entertaining company, were very formidable; and if he was rising in the world, gaining golden opinions among men, and showing his aptitude for high stations, he had to drink all the larger draughts of wine, to show that he was not deficient in that main element of public greatness. Drinking through a session with his lawyer brethren, in Edinburgh would be no light task. When he went north, he would have to recommence convivialities to keep up the family influence among the Highland chiefs, and the Barons of Moray; and as the northern air has the reputation of counteracting the effects of intoxicating draughts, the potations of Edinburgh would have to be balanced by

wider and deeper libations at Inverness. That his constitution sometimes felt the pressure of these laborious enjoyments, we find from such occasional passages as the following, from a letter dated Inverness, 26th of September, 1716, and addressed apparently to one of his jovial friends in Edinburgh. 'For my own part I am almost wearied of this wicked world; one wish, and but one I had when I left you concerning myself, that I might enjoy eight days free of company and claret. How I have succeeded you may guess by this, that though to-day it be just a month since I saw you, I have not yet buckled a shoe, that is, I have not been one day out of my boots.'

"When in the north he would have to do duty side by side with his brother the Laird, whose feats in this department of human exertion were so distinguished even in that age, that he was honoured with the name of Bumper John, to distinguish him from all other Lairds of Culloden."

Great research and pains have evidently been taken with both Lives; and what might have easily, and even profitably, been drawn out into several volumes, is condensed in a work, which, besides the variety which it offers, gives a new, and a more solid character to the series of which it forms a portion—a work which is, in many parts, as entertaining as romance, and, in all, as improving as historical biography ever is when written by a well-informed and able man.

THE EXILE OF CULLODEN.*

(For Music.)

BY MRS. CHARLES TINSLEY.

"To his blue hills, that rose in view
As o'er the deep his galley bore,
He often turned, and cried 'Adieu!—
I'll never see Lochaber more!'"
LOCHIEL'S FAREWELL.

"O MY country! O my country!" sighed an exile, on the dull shore
Of the alien land where in his wild grief he stood;
"Beloved! shall I never see thy mountains or thy glens more,
The bold leap of thy tarns, or thy depths of waving wood?

"Why knew I not how dear thou wert, my beautiful, my own land!
Till left to pine all hopeless of a glad return to thee?
Till far across the ocean borne, with broken heart and foiled hand,
I saw thee in the distance fading?—Woe! Woe for me!

"O let none deem I'd now recal the service to my prince paid;
Would, would for him I'd fallen on Drummossie's dreary plain!
For that I droop beneath the strong regret upon my soul laid
By the heavy thought that never more shall I look on thee again!

"O my country! my country! all my hopes of heaven and earth lie
Embosomed in the depths of thy freedom-breathing hills!
I cannot pray, as once I prayed, beneath my own home's blue sky!
Nor triumph in the love whose thought with grief my spirit fills.

"My father—looked he stern when told his son had shared that field's blood?
My mother—drooped, she heart-crushed, when she learned his sad fate first?
My fair-haired sister—does she pine for the playmate of her childhood?
And the old, blind piper find his days with double darkness curst?

"They'll miss me! they'll miss me!—ah! right well are they girded round
With tokens that shall thrall them through the dark days to be!—
My little boat beside the loch—will they leave it where it lies bound,
Or loose it from its moorings with a kind thought of me?

"O my country! my country! one trust amid this gloom I keep—
Thou'lt do thy sons the justice their stern foemen deny;
Thou'lt believe, if it was hard with branded name to seek their death-sleep,
It was harder, oh! far harder from thy loved hills to die!

"O Scotland! O Scotland! my heart is aye with thine and thee!"
Sighed the Exile once more ere he sank in his last rest;
And that heart, in its truth, was a bright type of the good and free,
The fate-shadowed of their land—but its bravest and best!

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* Very few of the brave chiefs, who were driven into exile after the Battle of Culloden, survived long to lament their banishment. Pining for his own free hills, Lochiel died early; and, perhaps, none of the exiles were animated by the hopes that still continued to bear up the stout-hearted Hamilton of Bangour. One young gentleman, a native of the Highlands, who had just finished his education at the University, carried away by enthusiasm, joined the cause of the Stuarts. After the fatal battle, he endured, in common with a few companions, a variety of hardships and perils, until they finally escaped to France. In the land of the stranger, he drooped day by day—passing his whole time in wandering by the sea-shore, and gazing wistfully in the direction of his own beloved country; watching the clouds that floated over him, and fondly deeming they had once hung over his native mountains. All the efforts of his companions to cheer him were unavailing; and at length, desiring to be wrapped in his plaid, he calmly expired. He was interred by his sorrowing countrymen in the obscure nook assigned to the *heretic*, and the spot was long afterwards pointed out as the grave of the home-sick Scotchman.

THE OLD COUNTRY AND THE NEW COUNTRY;

OR, HOME COLONISATION AND EMIGRATION.

BY GOODWYN BARMBY.

THE Old Country is a dear place. Ten thousand thousand recollections hover round it. Its genius sits enthroned with the hoary locks of antiquity waving o'er its brow, and its white beard, like an Alpine snow-fall, flowing upon its mountainous breast. Its sun is the old familiar face of God looking down, with a fatherly smile, from the skies of providence. The long shadowed ghosts of the past preside over it. Not a foot of ground, not a clod of earth, but is instinct with memories. It was those acres which Cincinnatus ploughed. It was there Falkland fought, and Hampden fell. It was underneath that apple-tree that Newton sat, and along that furrow that Robert Burns, singing an old Scotch lilt, drove the ploughshare. Dearer still to those who have not loved the country, nor philsophy, nor the muse, there is the homestead of their fathers' fathers. There is the scene of their loves, and of their labours, and of their worship. There they lived, and there they are buried. Shall we say, then, to the bones of our fathers, "Let us arise, and go hence?"

The New Country is a strange place. Its flowers, its birds, its forests, are all wonderfully strange. What to us are the old ancestral towers of the past! They had their dungeons, and thumbscrews. The future—it is to the New Country. The great To-come beckons us onwards to its shores. Its wide plains are not worn out and widowed, but virgin and fertile. If the Old Country has its memories of the patriot and of the hero, the New Country has its soil unwatered with human blood, and its primeval forests unechoing with the cry of woe. If the one is more hallowed by the recollections of man, the other is more consecrated by the solitude with God. Shall we say to the bones of our fathers, "Let us arise and go hence?" The over-crowded town is already built over their remains. Their place knows them not. Their spirits no more walk in the charmed moonlight around the haunts of their life. The grot no more echoes. As with paganism, the oracular voices have ceased. No more the nymph sanctifies the fountain; no more the dryad, the tree; no more the oread, the mountain. The old faith has fled. We believe not as our fathers believed. The world is like a mother in travail, groaning with the deliverance of a new birth; and the New Country is the inheritance of its child; for the Old Country is all allotted out. The gates of its domains are all shut, except to the golden key. "No admission here, except on business," is the bull of anathema which is fulminated by its church. Its password is Shibboleth. If a syllable, a letter, is uttered contrary to the convention of its pronunciation, there is exclusion and death.

Far different is it with the New Country. There, there is an inheritance for all. Thitherward the spirit of Columbus guides the voyager. There are the unfelled forests, the ocean lakes the unclaimed, rentless lands, and the unborn empires. There are the sons of those pilgrim fathers who dared the wintry seas for a free conscience and a home, the citizens of a giant nation. There is a city of refuge for the saint; there is freedom from tyrants for the patriot; there is a common country for all the nations of the earth. The promises of the New Country are great. It is a gospel land, promising deliverance to the captive, freedom to those who are bound, meat to those who are hungry, and the preaching of the acceptable year of the Lord. Its green prairies, its sunny savannas, exclaim to the husbandman, "Put in the seed, and the harvest shall be great." Its vast forests are the beams and rafters for future cities. If the Old Country has its Hampden, and its Tell, and its Hofer, the New Country has its Washington, its Bolivar, and its Toussaint L'Ouverture. If the Old Country has had its good, it has also had its evil; and its evil is now very great. Its memories are not much to the landless, the poor, and the starving. To such it is but a *memento mori*. There is a grand May-be, however, for the new land. Its prospective is ever glorious. It may commence its progress with a chart, by which it may avoid the unfortunate routes of the Old Country. What grand laws, what holy institutions, may not be predicted it! It is yet young, and the future is before it, with all the lessons of the past, to pioneer it on its triumphal march.

It may be said that there is untilled land in this old England, in this ancient Europe. It is too true; for there it is beseeching the plough and the spade, and no one to hear it. Waste land, as it is called, it has always some owner, some lord of the manor, some monopolist. Otherwise it has that terrible drainage called rent. It is rent which comes with a huge mouth annually swallowing unfortunate farmers. It is rent which out-taxes all taxation. It is rent, which in Europe levies itself upon improvement, and which either prohibits or burthens it. Let a farmer build a house, and his rent is raised. Let him prosper in his crops, and the landlord will take an additional benefit. Let him buy Liebig, and he shall pay over and over again the cost of the book. In young America it is different. There land may be purchased at a cheap rate; not rented, but bought out. There, no grasping landlord, no capricious steward, shall make him fear. He may sit under his own vine and his own fig-tree, with none to make him afraid. There, even, in some parts, there is land for the mere cultivation. There are acres to be obtained freely, provided they are cultured within a certain term, and unburthened by taxation, and exempted from military service, for many years. This is a great boon. There is nothing like this in Europe. Its land is not to be had, or it is so burthened, that

it is scarcely worth the having. Its soil might be so fertilised as to support millions upon millions more of inhabitants; but those who require the products of fertility have not the capital to produce them. Population increases. There are more mouths to feed daily. Machinery is extended. Human industry is more and more driven from the labour market. The land becomes the cry of the millions. If possible, be it had in the old country; if not, in the new.

A great crisis must, sooner or later, arise from these causes, unless remedial measures are instituted. Volcanic throes ever and anon agitate society. St. Simonism, Chartism, Communism, prophesy. Free trade, like the winds of heaven, may flow over the world, but change is not changeable. Reform will not rest satisfied with commercial freedom only, great as may be its benefits. The unemployed must have employment. The landless must have land. Sooner or later these great questions must have a terrific issue, unless they are prevented by a more general and equal distribution of the surplus industrial population upon the land, either at home or abroad. As Vesuvius answers Etna, and Hecla takes up the echo, flame for flame, and lava for lava, so did the great rebellion, as it is called in this England, conveyed in its principles in the bosoms of the Puritan emigrants, from sire to son, flame forth in the American insurrection, and thence carried on by Lafayette and the Gallic allies of Washington, burst out in the grand conflagration of the French Revolution. Nor are the volcanic powers in society now dead. They are only dormant. As sure as sympathy for good or for evil is Nature's wonderful law, so surely will the elements of the French Revolution again terribly arise at some other point, as one flaming mountain thunders to another, unless the human atmosphere is cooled by the more gentle processes of the purification of nature. Our evils are more social than political. It is not so much the form of government, whether monarchical or republican, of which we complain, as of the miserable inequalities of our social state. The remedy for this, we again repeat, is a new system of location upon the land, either by colonisation at home or by emigration abroad.

The greatest obstacle to agricultural success in this country is the deficiency of capital employed in accordance with the extent of farms. The land is held in large farms by tenants who do not employ half the required manure and labour to cultivate them properly. To remove this, two principal plans offer themselves—

First, SMALL FARMS.

Second, FARMING BY ASSOCIATION.

The plan of small farms, and its near neighbour, the allotment system, is the sorry Eldorado of the Agrarians. Its most obvious result would be an approximation to the Conacreism, and Middlemen, of starving Ireland. Small farms would also be a return to something like Patriarchalism, a past societary state. They existed when the spinning wheel went round in the cottage. They were contemporaries of the home-spun. When they were, there was no power-loom—Arkwright was not, nor Crompton. They would be a retreat from the congregation of the manufacturing system of the present, only to the isolation of the agricultural system of the past. As combination is strength, isolation also is weakness. Supposing small farms were attainable, they would not be so desirable. The necessaries of life for an isolated family are not all that is wanting. The refinement of society is the result of the congregation of minds. Civilization is the child of municipality. The village has cradled intercourse, as the town has nursed liberty, and as the city has educated mankind in the arts, tastes, and amenities of existence. What is wanting, then, is a union of the manufacturing and of the agricultural spheres—that is to say, Farming by Association. Small farms would be backward—Associative Agriculture would be forward. The allotment system purchases its field. It is generally the worst piece of ground in the parish, and it has fixed upon it the most exorbitant price. An association purchasing a large farm would procure it proportionably cheaper, and secure soil, if not of the best, at least of an average quality. The capital of a small farmer must be limited. The capital of an association, wisely and legally constituted, might be illimitable. The small farmer must employ his neighbours, with the least skill and at the dearest rate. An agricultural association might erect its barns, granaries, and other buildings by contract, on the best plans and in the cheapest way. Matters managed on a small scale are always dearer and inferior. Affairs conducted on a large scale are, on the contrary, always superior and cheaper. In fine, the small farmer, isolated and struggling with an incapable amount of capital, manures insufficiently, tills incompletely, farms badly, competes at disadvantage in the market; while an agricultural association possessing large capital, employs the manure and the labour that is required by its land, and, resting upon its credit, meets the demand for its produce under the most favourable auspices. The tendency of the small farm is to be absorbed by a larger one, and to make the small farmer a labourer. The tendency of agricultural association is to absorb, and additionally fertilize the large farms, now incompletely cultured, and to raise labourers to the condition of farmers. The conclusion is evident, either in colonisation at home or in emigration abroad—the agricultural plan should be, Farming by Association.

It remains to be seen which is the most advantageous—British colonisation or American emigration. It has been shown that the Old Country and the New Country have both their poetry. In plain prose both have their advantages and disadvantages as well. When God has sent the sun and the storm, the gentle dew and the cutting hail, this soft zephyrous breeze and that biting north-wester, how can it be otherwise? He that would out-Hanibal Hanibal, must avoid Capua. It is a rough world this of ours everywhere, but, yet there is no place which has not its delicious

interests, and we must rough it up the mountain path, to view the sunrise from Chamouni.

The advantages of British Colonisation are—near and easy markets, an accustomed climate, and all the benefits which are derivable from an already compact society, a circulating monetary medium, and a known system of agriculture. Its disadvantages are—high-priced and high-rented land, often difficult to be procured in England, a heavy taxation, and an excessive competition. The advantages of American Emigration are, on the contrary, less, or rather little, competition, small taxes, and land cheaply and easily purchased, without the charge of rent. Its disadvantages are—far and difficult markets, a change of climate, and all those other disadvantages which proceed from a scanty and scattered population, an agriculture certainly requiring new attainment, and a money medium little circulating, and in some cases scarcely visible; and to these must be added the expenses and inconveniences of a trip over the Atlantic—no inconsiderable item. How, then, are we to decide? Are the advantages and disadvantages of British colonisation balanced, or are they not? Or which scale is the lighter, or which the heavier? We will not presume to decide. One must have made the experiment both ways to do that, and then the decision would be but the experience of an individual. We are content with showing that there is poetry both in the Old Country and in the New Country, and with simply pointing out that there are advantages and disadvantages both in British colonisation and in American emigration. Where the preponderance is, if any, each individual must decide for himself, and it is to one or other of these measures that the mass must look at the present imminent crisis.

One fact, in relation to this question, is, however, sure to us. It is this—that the advantages of both British colonisation and of American emigration would be increased, and their disadvantages lessened, by a systematic procedure based upon agricultural association. The benefits of farming by association over small and large farms have already been seen. In both British colonisation and American emigration, agricultural association, especially if joined with manufactures, and with its labourers located upon its farms, would additionally create a supply for its demand, and thus render itself mainly independent of the markets. In British colonisation, it would thus be removed from the influence of excessive competition; while, in American emigration, it would decrease the ill effect, which ever arises to the individual settler from a scanty circulation of the currency. It is association which has tunnelled our canals, arched our bridges, and laid down those roads of iron over which the steed of steam travels with a soul of fire; and it is association which must redeem our starving population, by putting that capital into the earth which, through God's sun and shower, shall grow up tenfold in golden corn fields. It is association which has been the life of our railways, and it is association which must vitalize our agriculture.

The Old Country is dear to us. We bid God bless its familiar face. Songs of "Auld langsyne" linger round it. Its very old Saxon words are music. It says, "Love me. Till me." It calls for the spade, and for the plough, and for the harrow. It says, "My sons are my masters, and they use me not well. I am their mother, and they desert me. I have nourished them, and they deny me food. I have worked for them, and they have laboured not for me."

The New Country is dear also. We garland it with hopes. It shall echo to our mother tongue. It is not a stranger, but a child. It is New England. It is not a foreign land. It is descended from our mother, and is our brother. It has vast territories, and it calls us thence. It says, "I have fertile prairies and sunny Savannas, come and culture them, and the red and golden maize is yours." It says, "I have more than I need; come, dig, and eat." It says, "I call a brother."

Association also joins in this. England of the hawthorn vales, Scotland of the heathered hills, and Erin, weeping the dew on her own green sod, hear her voice, and echo it from Massachusets's Bay to the Far West. "For one arm," says she, "you shall have many. For the strength of one, you shall have the power of a legion. Accept my help, and in the Old Country or in the New Country, there is land enough and food enough for all your children."

THE BURIAL OF RICHTER.

"Richter was buried by torch-light, the unfinished manuscript upon 'the Immortality of the Soul' borne upon his coffin, and the noble ode of Klopstock, 'Thou shalt arise, my soul,' was sung at the burial vault."—LIFE OF J. P. RICHTER.

"THOU shalt arise, my soul,"
Triumphantly they sung,
While dark above the noble dead
The heavy pall was flung.

While tears fell fast, like rain,
Beside the open tomb
Where but the flashing torch's flame
Paled the surrounding gloom.

No more for those who wept
Could earth its bloom unfold;
Breathless the loved one slept,
And the warm heart was cold.

Silent the voice that woke
Each spirit's hidden tone,
Filling the air with music
From the treasures of his own.

Pallid the noble brow
Where fame's proud wreath was set,
And thought, and holy love, and truth,
As rainbow-colours met.

Dim the bright speaking eye,
Filled with its starry ray,
Well might the crowd of mourners
Feel grief's most fainting sway.

But comfort for the sorrowing,
Who turned now from the dust,
Were not *his* ever-deathless words
Of hope, and faith, and trust.

Flowers, soon to fade and die,
Above the grave they flung,
While still, "Thou shalt arise, my soul,"
Triumphantly they sung.

EMMA B——.

THE LATE JAMES CALDER.

THE demise of the latest survivor of a band of Reformers—who, though they may have "fallen upon evil times," have not been passed over altogether uncommemorated in our columns—induces us to present a few particulars from the notes, with which a kind friend has been pleased to furnish us, of the life of the late James Calder. This able and unobtrusive coadjutor of Muir, Gerald, Skirving, and the other sufferers of our dark age of politics, died on the 20th of December last, in the 73d year of his age, after having passed through a life of strange vicissitude, in which were commingled successful study, political intrepidity, the adventures of a prisoner of war, and a connexion of some distinction with the public press.

Our informant, who appears to have been at considerable pains to collect from authentic sources the particulars with which he has favoured us respecting this eminent patriot, states that the birth of James Calder took place at Cromarty, 25th December, 1773.

A remarkable and even mysterious circumstance, one at least which was readily enough regarded as such towards the close of last century in the North of Scotland, is related as having occurred to Donald Calder, the father of the subject of our present notice, and which actually led to his becoming the founder of the town of Invergordon. It would seem that when but a herd boy in Monayshire, of about twelve years of age, Donald Calder dreamed that he was "set up" in business in a strange place—one which he had never beheld with his eyes—but of which the appearance became indelibly impressed on his memory. The young herd boy grew up to be a man, and the young man became a pedlar, and the pedlar ultimately settled down in business in the town of Cromarty; but the town of Cromarty was not the scene of his unforgotten vision; and it was while accidentally passing over the spot where the town of Invergordon now stands, that Donald Calder, recognising to his amazement the very landscape of his early dream, felt as if required by destiny to realise the prophetic intimation which had filled his mind since a boy. Of a sanguine temperament, deeply tinged with religious enthusiasm, Donald Calder felt little difficulty in accepting the vision, and relative discovery of its locality, as a call of fate; and he consequently applied to Sir John Gordon of Invergordon for liberty to found a town upon the site. Sir John at first naturally looked upon the project of the senior Calder as chimerical; for within the circuit of eleven miles round there existed but a few farm houses, whose scattered inmates could not promise much resort to the future "town." At length he granted a piece of land to Mr. Calder, who did not hesitate to erect a warehouse upon the feu, and even to stock it with a supply of articles suitable to the wants of the neighbourhood. He would appear to have met with some degree of success in this unpromising undertaking; for another, and another mercantile establishment speedily began to appear in the place, which was soon crowded with habitations, until out of this small and singular beginning arose the town or village of Invergordon.

James Calder was the eldest son of this enterprising and substantial country merchant. At an early age he manifested extraordinary abilities; for when at nine years of age, removed from the school of Cromarty to Fort George, in which fortress his maternal uncle, the Rev. James Stalker, was chaplain, he was able to write the Latin language with ease, as well as to converse in it with fluency. His education at Fort George became partially of a military character. It does not appear, however, that this was with any view to his ultimately joining the army. He was at all events, ere long, entered as an *Alumnus* of King's College, Aberdeen, and there contracted an acquaintance with several persons, who subsequently rose to eminence and distinction, amongst whom we may mention the late Right Hon. Sir James Mackintosh. Young Calder became an especial favourite, too, of Dr. Beattie, author of "The Minstrel," who expressed himself "surprised and delighted" to find his lectures taken down in short hand by a lad of fifteen.

It was at Aberdeen that James Calder made his public *debut* as a Reformer. His perusal of some of Mr. Fox's speeches is said to have determined the bias of his career. And "the boy Calder," as he was termed, soon became conspicuous for the dissemination of liberal principles in a neighbourhood where Reformers were scarcely to be found. The dismay and annoyance of the Tory gentlemen at the bold and unexpected declarations of the youth were evinced in the epithet—"the boy Calder"—which they sought to attach to his name.*

The Reformers of Edinburgh were, therefore, somewhat prepared to receive into their confidence "the boy Calder," when he proceeded to Edinburgh, in the eighteenth year of his age. He attended the law classes of the metropolis; and as was, and is, the custom with young men in this position, was at the same time clerk in the office of a Writer to the Signet. This person and his chief clerk (not Mr. Calder) are supposed to have been ingloriously immortalised by Sir Walter Scott in one of his Novels.

James Calder had destined himself to the bar, to which there is no reason to doubt that he would have attained, could he have brought his mind to consent to abandon the cause of Reform. His excellent private character and amiable disposition had, notwithstanding a difference of politics, endeared him to several persons of station and influence, who earnestly counselled him to renounce his political principles for the prospect of professional success. Even in the Lord Provost, by whom the meetings of the Edinburgh Convention

* *Vide* Tait's Magazine for Jan., 1837, p. 16.

were dispersed, Calder had a friend. And our informant possessed the assurance of the late Mr. M'Leod, of Cadboll, that Calder was singularly esteemed, even by political opponents. We may, while recounting these facts, revert to a defence of Mr. Calder, which, we are happy to learn, afforded him great satisfaction at the time of its appearance, against the misrepresentations in Miller's "Sketches and Legends of the North of Scotland." These misrepresentations caused him much annoyance, from his being described as "a wild and furious democrat—the terror of the surrounding country," which can hardly be reconciled to the fact of his having remained on terms of intimacy with all the principal families of the neighbourhood. The author of this book could have had no object to serve in making statements calculated to injure Mr. Calder, or to cause him pain. His political principles were probably identical with those of the "wild and furious democrat," whom he knew only by report; but often the report of persons who are to be benefited by political struggles concerning men who make them, is characterised by no quality less than that of gratitude.

No prospect of professional advancement proved adequate to induce young Calder to act, as he said, at variance with the dictates of his conscience; and, in April, 1793, he joined the "British Convention of Delegates of Friends of the People," sitting in Edinburgh; and, notwithstanding his youth, soon became signalised as one of its leading members. In November of the same year he was appointed one of a committee of four members, selected to devise means for the diffusion of political knowledge in the Highlands of Scotland.

On the dispersion of the Convention by the Lord Provost of Edinburgh, and a body of Constabulary, 5th December, 1793, Calder moved an adjournment to the Canongate. But the Reformers being traced thither also, their Committee resolved upon varying their place of meeting on each occasion; and to Calder was assigned the task of selecting places appropriate for the purpose. A circumstance of a rather ludicrous kind, in one instance, ensued. Mr. Calder having engaged for the place of meeting a cabinetmaker's workshop, situated in Nicolson Street, the Committee of the Convention appeared, seated at the worktables and benches, amidst a profusion of the workmen's tools, including adzes, hatchets, mallets, and hammers, when the sheriff of the county and two officers, by whom the meeting had been discovered, suddenly burst into the room. A single glimpse at the implements strewed around struck terror and consternation to the hearts of the officials, and assuming that they should instantly be attacked, they fled precipitately from the scene—spreading abroad their protestations that all the members were armed. With the aid of a suitable reinforcement, the meeting, however, was as quietly dispersed as on any previous occasion.

Calder himself, while at home on a visit, was, sometime afterwards, apprehended on a charge of sedition in virtue of a sheriff's warrant. The execution of the warrant had been, somewhat irregularly, committed to the military force instead of the civil power; and Calder was arrested by a corporal and two privates of the Sutherland Fencibles. Whilst on the march with his escort towards the gaol of Tain, he charmed the whole party so effectually by his conversation, that they abandoned all desire to be instrumental in his detention, and, reckless of the risk they themselves would have incurred had they been found guilty of a breach of duty, the captors actually sauntered apart from the prisoner, to afford an opportunity for his escape. Calder evinced no anxiety to avail himself of this chance of liberty; and the hot-blooded Highland corporal, provoked at his seeming obtuseness, even ventured so far, in the height of his magnanimity, as to run hastily up to him, exclaiming in Gaelic—"Can't you run, man! can't you run!" Mr. Calder used to relate that it cost him some trouble to convince these simple-minded Highlanders that it was his serious intention to go to gaol. And thither, by dint of considerable persuasion, he induced his unwilling captors to conduct him. From Tain he anticipated being forwarded to Edinburgh, where Gerald and Skirving were, by this time, arrested and confined. But whatever may have been the reason (and it never clearly appeared), he was simply bound over by the sheriff of the county to keep the peace, and discharged from custody. It is stated that the Lord Advocate considered it inexpedient to proceed farther against him.

Calder had been somewhat implicated in an occurrence arising out of a "clearing" of the inhabitants, effected some time previously, on certain farms in Ross-shire, for the purpose of converting them into sheep-walks. This "clearing" had led to riots on the part of the persons ejected from their homes and hearths. At all events they had risen up and driven away the sheep by whom they had been inhumanely supplanted. Several of the ringleaders were consequently lodged in gaol: but by the aid of a "born natural"—one of those hapless creatures afflicted with idiocy, of whom specimens are sometimes to be seen about our country villages—they had succeeded in effecting their escape. Their poor witless friend contrived to abstract the keys from the custody of a slumbering turnkey, to whom he faithfully restored them while still in the arms of Morpheus; but not before he had, in the meanwhile, set the prisoners free! The sheriff and other officials, inexpressibly annoyed at the circumstance, promulgated the offer of a large reward for having them retaken, branding them as "sheep-stealers" in the placards issued for the purpose. Young Calder's indignation was aroused at the application of such a term, under the circumstances, to persons, many of whom, to his own personal knowledge, were otherwise worthy and religious people; and the part taken by him in the affair consisted in having counter-placards privately posted, exhorting the inhabitants not to betray their countrymen. His appeals were effectual; none of the individuals concerned were re-

taken; they were even suffered eventually to return to their homes, without farther notice being taken of their conduct by the authorities. Amongst their number was a noted Celt, named Hugh Breck Mac—something; who, having vowed summary vengeance against a neighbour concerned in his original apprehension, might have been regarded as in rather an unfavourable position for keeping his resolution. But no sooner had the pursuit after the fugitives from gaol slackened, than Hugh Breck returned all the way from Perth on foot, for the express purpose of pouncing upon his foe; and having one night found a fitting opportunity of indulging his revenge without the usual fatal consequences, retreated once more to his hiding-place in Perth, without having visited any one in the district with the exception of Mr. Calder. The individual subjected to Hugh Breck's disciplinary vengeance applied, early on the succeeding morning, to his Lordship, the Sheriff, for a warrant against his assailant. "A warrant," exclaimed the Sheriff, "against Hugh Breck! Why man, *I* have offered a hundred pounds already to catch him, and where do *you* expect to do so?"

Calder was not restrained by the proceedings which had been directed against him in the north from forthwith repairing to Edinburgh, the scene of the political prosecutions against his friends. He arrived in time to rescue several of them from eminent peril, by collecting letters and papers emanating from different societies, which he took the precaution of destroying at his own lodgings. The greater part of a night was spent in the work of destruction; and when the domiciliary visits were paid, as paid they were, the proofs of connexion with Associations obnoxious to the Government had ceased to exist!

At the memorable trials which ensued, Calder rendered active assistance in the preparations for the defence. He sat at the bar with Joseph Gerald throughout the entire inquiry, arranging his papers, and privately administering to him, from time to time, small doses of spirit of lavendar combined with laudanum, upon pieces of sugar, for the purpose of stimulating and sustaining him in the delivery of his speech, which occupied four hours. Mr. Calder always mentioned this noble-minded man in terms expressive of the fondest admiration; and often would recite portions of his address on this occasion, particularly its solemn peroration, the effect of which was so overpowering that even the Judges on the Bench suffered some minutes to elapse ere they regained their composure. Calder passed with Gerald the night previous to the latter being sent away; and even within the precincts of the prison, the song

"Come, Sons of Freedom! no more let us mourn!"

was raised on the occasion. Calder was likewise one of the exculpatory witnesses on the trial of Marguerot.

The consequences of these unhappy prosecutions, as respected the victims of the law, are well and widely known; but less has been heard of the minor sufferings indirectly endured by others who were not arraigned. Of these Mr. Calder had his share. His prospects of admission to the Scottish Bar were blighted solely in consequence of his persevering fidelity to the cause of reform. In the previous year, the name of Thomas Muir, of Huntershill, had been struck off the roll of the Faculty of Advocates; and it was now distinctly enough announced that there was no admission to be expected for the name of the friend of Muir and of Muir's associates.

All hopes of an opening at the Bar being thus blighted and crushed, Calder foresaw no means of earning an independent livelihood without quitting his native country. He repaired, therefore, to London, ere he had yet attained his twenty-first year. On occasion of his departure, a large party of gentlemen embraced the opportunity of testifying their regard by escorting him to Leith. He was not long in London until he was engaged upon a newspaper called "The Oracle," at that time a well-known journal. But, in the course of a few months, he yielded to inducements offered him for undertaking a voyage to the Coast of Guinea; and it is singular enough, that he sailed in the capacity of Surgeon. He had, in point of fact, studied Medicine as ardently as law, or even politics, while sojourning in Edinburgh. The *Sugar Cane*, the vessel in which he went, was captured, whilst homeward-bound, by a French frigate, after an engagement of several hours' duration; in the course of which, Calder beheld a negro girl killed at his side by a cannon ball. He was carried, along with the ship's crew, to Guadaloupe; and there became accidentally serviceable in an affair of some importance to the liberties of the Islanders. It was at the time when that sanguinary Frenchman, Victor Hugues, was Governor of the Island; and while the tyranny of this man's rule instigated the secret indignation of the residents, the fear of his vengeance checked all their efforts for redress. Scarcely had Calder been a fortnight in confinement, when, won by his pleasing manners and conversation, the French Inspecting Surgeon directed his removal to the Hospital, from the dungeon in which he lay immured. The handsome conduct of the medical officer was dictated, as he himself expressed it, by the desire to see Calder "treated as a gentleman." And the change formed no trivial boon; for such was the construction of the cells in which the prisoners were confined, as to allow the inmates to lie on one side only. Calder gained even the good opinion of his gaolers, although it must be allowed that he accomplished this in rather a whimsical manner. He was in the habit of remonstrating with his fellow-prisoners respecting the anathemas they were daily accustomed to visit upon the French, and to instruct them to transfer their maledictions to William Pitt, who would not let the French alone. William Pitt accordingly became, to the infinite delight of their French custodiers, the subject of the sailors' imprecations, before the period that Calder left them, duly as the day came round. Shortly after his transference to the Hospital, Calder was still farther enlarged, having received permission to go abroad upon *parole*. He was frequently in-

vited to visit the leading people of the Island, and thus became acquainted with the smouldering animosity occasioned by the severe conduct of the Governor. The result was the production in English, from the pen of Mr. Calder, of a document which obtained some celebrity in its day; and which, translated into French by an officer serving on the Island, formed the memorable remonstrance from the merchants and other inhabitants of Guadaloupe to the Directory of France. The effect of this representation, on its reaching Paris, is matter of history. The Directory were obliged to recal their petty tyrant. But the risk thus encountered by a prisoner of war, in attempting to vanquish local oppression, must be too obvious to require animadversion. Mr. Calder was released by cartel, after three months' detention in Guadaloupe, and proceeded to Antigua, where he met with a warm reception. Amongst his friends in the island of Antigua were two brothers, extensive planters, who generously offered to guarantee him an income of £600 a-year, provided he would remain there as a teacher and lecturer. But finding him bent on departing, they delicately availed themselves of an opportunity to send privately on board of the vessel by which he was to sail a complete stock of clothes and linen for his use. The fate which awaited these warm-hearted brothers was tragical and distressing. They were British; but so devotedly attached to each other, that they became mutually plighted never to marry—never to separate—never to survive one another. One of them died a few years afterwards; the other immediately shot himself through the head: thus fearfully keeping his rash and romantic compact!

From Antigua, Calder returned to England, and again entered into connexion with the Press. His first engagement was on the London *Telegraph;* but, in the course of a short time, he entered the Gallery as a Parliamentary reporter on the *Times*. The "leading journal" was at that period held by the father of the present Mr. Walter. Mr. Calder's position on the staff of reporters endured for something less than a session. His extensive knowledge—more especially his acquaintance with the Continental languages—marked him out for a superior sphere of usefulness within the office. He was now confidentially employed by "The Whig Club," for some purpose which never transpired, for he never revealed it even to his nearest connexions. All that he ever seems to have felt himself at liberty to mention was the fact of his having spent a fortnight at Footscray, whither he had been invited by Sir Francis Burdett, who was then but a young man. The party to whom he was introduced by Sir Francis consisted of Arthur O'Connor, Horne Tooke, Dr. Parr, and other noted reformers. This meeting took place previous to the outbreaks in Ireland. It is probable, that O'Connor, though he did not avow it, was already aware of the movements in contemplation. In the course of conversation, the state of Ireland happened to be adverted to. O'Connor undertook to show by what means an insurrection might prove successful. He concluded the development of his plan, by observing triumphantly, "Thus, I have made provision for everything." "Not so, Mr. O'Connor," remarked Horne Tooke, "there is one thing for which you have made *no* provision." "What is that?" inquired O'Connor, surprised. "Why," replied the Author of the "Diversions of Purley," with a characteristic play upon language, "you have made no provision for provisions, the most difficult provision of all!" The declaration of the "Whig Club" was submitted to the consideration of Mr. Calder, at the meeting we have just described.

On the failure of the Irish Rebellion in 1798, although he entirely disapproved of the proceedings of its promoters, Mr. Calder did not refuse them in their adversity his sympathy and his aid. Amongst those whom he rescued from the pursuit of Government was M'Cabe, the disciplinarian of the Irish army. When M'Cabe's capture seemed imminent in London, he concealed him for a fortnight in his own lodgings. The Minister of the day, the celebrated Spencer Percival, appears to have made overtures to Mr. Calder, through a renegade rebel, whereby a bribe of a thousand pounds was offered for the information requisite to trace M'Cabe. The offer was indignantly spurned; and M'Cabe succeeded in reaching France in safety.

The career of Mr. Calder as an Editor of the London Press during this period was that of an active and consistent Reformer. Several of his early friends he saw rising superior to him in rank and in riches; but the stern independence of his principles precluded his taking the slightest step to follow them, which would have involved a deviation from the straightforward course which he uniformly pursued.

The *Englishman* was the principal Sunday paper towards the close of the war. Mr. Calder, by whom it was conducted, was joint proprietor of it along with Mr. Walter—and, while still conducting it in 1821, an eminent statesman, now deceased, intimated Mr. Canning's desire to have an interview with him. It was tolerably well understood that an official appointment, in which Mr. Calder's accurate knowledge of foreign parties and politics would become available, was likely to follow the interview thus requested. But the meeting was unhesitatingly declined.

After editing, for a short period, the *British Traveller*, Mr. Calder finally retired from active life, in 1824, a martyr to hereditary gout, and to a liver complaint contracted in Africa. He survived until December last; and at the time of his death had nearly completed his seventy-third year.

Such were the excessive kindness and benevolence of Mr. Calder's disposition, that they even advantaged his enemies. A slight instance of this we may venture to record. For years, he had been the frequent subject of espionage, and particularly of that of a person in the pay of the ministry connected with the public press. This man's character Mr. Calder knew. He, therefore, distrusted him. But when this person was seized with an illness, which proved to be a fatal one,

he promptly responded to his application for assistance. The dying wretch sent from his death-bed for his benefactor, and abjectly implored his forgiveness for having acted for years as a government spy upon his actions.

We could name more than one person now figuring in public life, by whom the advantages of Mr. Calder's encouragement and support were early experienced.

His talents and acquirements were extraordinary and extensive. In almost every branch of the arts and sciences he was a proficient. He was a universalist as respected languages; and such were the retentive powers of his memory, that nothing once heard or read ever afterwards escaped his recollection. He hence possessed an exhaustless fund of original anecdote. With these singular advantages, superadded to a perfect knowledge of all the remarkable characters and notable transactions of his times, his Autobiography would have added illustrations of value to the history of the age; but a considerate regard for the feelings of others, and a dread of inadvertently committing to paper circumstances shielded from publicity by the obligations of honour, caused him invariably to decline many liberal offers which were made him on this account. It is only five years ago, since £500 in cash, and half the profits of the work, were unavailingly offered him for a history of his life.

Though unknown as an author, Mr. Calder's literary labours were extensive. Grammars of the Portuguese, the Spanish, the French, and the German languages, now in constant use, came under his revision, as well as works on mathematics, on the construction of bridges, and in other departments of science. But the only person who ever publicly acknowledged his obligations of this kind to Mr. Calder, was the late Mr. Grant, with whom he was associated at Aberdeen, and who was the author of both Latin and English Grammars.

CHRYSOHOE.

A GREEK BALLAD. BY HERBERT JONES.

NOTE.—In the year A.D. 1207, an edict was issued from Venice authorising the nobles to equip armaments for the reduction of portions of the empire. Several islands were thus taken possession of as private estates by the victorious adventurers, the most celebrated of whom, Marco Sanuto at Naxos, assumed the title of Duke, and afterwards asserted his independence, waging deadly war with the neighbouring islands till the Archipelago was at length entirely reduced to submission by the Venetians. During one of these feuds the Duke's only son was sent against Milo with a fleet, but on landing the first object he beheld was the fair Chrysohoe, (so called from her long golden hair), only daughter of Sopyrus, King of Milo. He "saw and loved;"—the marriage ceremony was performed that same evening, and a peace concluded, which lasted during the too short life of the fair princess.

This story, handed down in the island as a tradition, would probably still have been regarded as a mere romantic legend, had it not been verified in the following interesting manner:—In 1840, the French Consul, who, twenty years before had been so fortunate as disinter the celebrated Milanese Venus, was requested by the Greek Government to superintend the excavation of a long range of subterraneous passages constructed in remote ages of antiquity. They had evidently at one period been used as tombs, on which account it was supposed valuable treasure might be discovered in their dark recesses. Nothing, however, was found, till the workmen, digging a few feet below the surface, uncovered the magnificent marble sarcophagus of Chrysohoe, bearing a long inscription in pure Homeric Greek.—H. J.

In the catacomb so dreary,
Almost lost, the torches burn,
Around few scatter'd fragments lying—
Bust or sculptur'd urn.
Old sarcophagus! who sleepeth
In its inner stony case?
Haste, clear away the dust of ages,
And the legend trace!
Lo! the King of Milo's daughter
Chrysohoe, princess fair,
In ancient Greek, as if it had been
Newly carven there!

Many ages, Chrysohoe,
With their changes have gone by,
Since, on the rocky isle of Milo,
Beamed thy sunny eye!
Since, amid the fabled islands,
Gem-like gleaming from the sea,
Ye sylph-like wander'd, with thy tresses
Golden, streaming free!

Sea-girt Milo, then a kingdom,
Deadly war with Naxos waged,
And each for victory in many
Contests fierce engaged.
Saith at length the Duke of Naxos
To his young and only son,
"We'll man a powerful fleet of galleys—
Milo must be won!"

When had come the morn appointed,
Pennons, flutter'ng in the breeze,
All by the Duke's brave son commanded
Sail the sparkling seas.
Proudly on the gallant navy,
Lightly skimming downwards, bore,
With hearts resolved to win or perish
On the hostile shore.

First the Prince beheld on landing
CHRYSOHOE lovely, there
Like angel, leaning on her father,
Each the other's care!
LOVE the warrior's heart hath vanquished,
Joy prevail'd on every side—
Instead of war, ere sunset faded,
She became his BRIDE!
* * * *
Open now the lid of marble
While the torches gleaming blaze—
Around the wondering spectators
Shrink back with amaze!
There, in loveliness, the princess
Lay embalmed, still young and fair,
In gorgeous robes, and downward flowing
Crispéd golden hair!
On her brow a golden circlet,
Jewels, too, of antique mould,
Adorn her as she charmed lyeth,
Lovely, as of old!
Fresh and fair, she seems but sleeping—
One can almost feel her breath—
Oh! comes no "prince" to break her slumber,
Say, can this be DEATH!

Ah! crumbling in the air, they quickly
Saw the vision melt away—
Now, in the marble cold, with jewels
Ashes mingled lay!

Yet thy dust, fair Chrysohoe,
Seemeth still to whisper PEACE,
And shadow forth the days a-coming,
When all war shall cease.
Pray, then, for the time so blesséd—
Soon may curséd strife be o'er!
And men, like brothers, love each other,
LOVE *shall* conquer WAR!

GOVERNMENT EDUCATION.

THE proceedings of the Whig Government, in reference to education, are inexplicable; except on the supposition, that they sincerely desire the instruction of the rising generation, and know not how to do the work. They cannot be charged with a wish to gain strength, in the country, by their extension of the national grants for education, unless they are endowed with more limited knowledge of the world than is indisputably placed to their credit. An expectation of winning to their party the bishops, and the ten or twelve thousand clergymen of the English Church, with their "multured" followers, could only explain their course, if they be denied the benefit of good intentions; and the Whig leaders surely cannot now hope to bribe the "Exeters" and "Londons" of the Anglican Church. The manner in which the Government have introduced their extended scheme is most objectionable. They were anxious to avoid an educational discussion in Parliament before its dissolution. They did not think the subject calculated to promote the quiet return of members to serve in the next Parliament; but in order to repress any tendencies of this description belonging to educational grants, they determined to act through the Committee of Council on Education, and have enveloped the country with a perfect whirlwind of agitation. Many men, who have not condemned the merits of the Government measure, loudly condemn the manner of its introduction. "The Commitee of Council on Education" may consist of very well-meaning persons, but they should not be employed, or allowed to usurp legislative functions. The issue of their late deliberations might be unexceptionable in every respect but one, and that may be fatal; for if Committees of this nature are permitted to turn their minutes into enactments, it is difficult to say where the practice is to stop. The Ministry and this Committee seem to think that the House of Commons exists only to pass money grants; while they can do very well without the House of Peers. They are the most reckless innovators on the Constitution. They set aside, without the benefit of statute, the Crown and the Coronets; while instead of leaving the Commons the virtue of their three readings, and all the discussions and amendments in committee, they merely bid them pay and ask no questions. The extent, the character, and the design of these minutes, give them more importance than is attached to the great majority of parliamentary bills. They will create a very large additional annual expenditure, calculated at different figures from half a million to a million and a-half. They change the nature of public patronage, and convey a great portion of it, in trust, to the clergy and managers of schools. They create a number of new and paid officials amongst the boys of the country, on a scale of costly extravagance. They propose to found, or to extend, a system of instruction which is to cover the land and uproot ignorance from every parish. The details of a measure so great and comprehensive should be submitted to parliament in the usual manner. The public should not even be drawn into the reception of a benefit by an "artful dodge." If its framers believe that their plan is good, they need not fear discussion; and they have acted unwisely in introducing it to the world in a robe of suspicious circumstances.

The scheme itself is not only extensive, but in many respects admirable. It secures a higher and reasonable remuneration to both female and male teachers, accompanied by the certainty of a retiring pension in old age, if the applicant has been, for fifteen years, engaged in the profession of teaching, and for seven years under Government inspection. It establishes a system of industrial school training, by attaching fields and gardens, workshops for trades, and kitchens and washhouses to the different schools. "Industrial schools" are indeed highly commendable in their own place, and the accomplishment of their own vocation; but the transmutation of all primary schools into "industrial" will be prejudicial rather than useful. Industrial schools are necessary for the neglected or the unfortunate, but they are unnecessary for the children of those amongst the working classes who, having health and profitable employment, so far as in them lies, perform the duties committed to their charge.

The minutes of the Committee also found system of apprenticeship to the trade of teachers amongst the young that is liable to the most miserable jobbing and perversion imaginable. At the age of thirteen, young boys and girls may be taken as monitors, or as apprentices to the trade of teaching. The apprenticeship continues for five years; and the salary to be paid to the apprentice is—

1st Year, ...	£10 0
2d ,, ...	12 10
3d ,, ...	15 0
4th ,, ...	17 10
5th ,, ...	20 0

At the close of the fifth year the apprentices will be entitled to an exhibition of £20 to £25, for the purpose of enabling them to attend the Normal Schools, and qualify themselves for teachers. For these salaried pupils the teacher—male or female—is to be allowed extra payment annually—

On one of	£5
,, two	9
,, three	12
All over three	3 each.

But there is to be only one apprentice allowed for twenty-five scholars—one prize to twenty-four blanks. To remove this obstacle to jobbing, or rather to extend the range of patronage, "monitorships" are to be appointed as a sort of non-commissioned apprentices, in the proportionate grade of sergeants to ensigns; but with a handsome salary extending over four years, and amounting—

For the first year, to	£5 0
,, second	7 10
,, third	10 0
,, fourth	12 10

The teachers are also to be allowed a payment for each of these monitors, amounting annually to—

For one	£2 10
,, two	4 0
,, three	6 0
Each additional over three	1 10

There can be no reasonable doubt entertained of the requisite number of apprentices and monitors being found. The teachers will pursue the business of training their successors with the utmost assiduity permitted by the minute. And they will not require to advertise for boys or girls. The female peasantry of the country would be well contented to have renewals of apprenticeships at the fifth year's salary. There are, unfortunately, few professions by which a young female, however honourably and industriously employed, can earn £20 annually. Hood's Shirtmaker never made that money. We believe that the farm labourers of Dorsetshire have not twenty pounds of yearly wages; and there are no grounds to suppose that in other counties the labourers are much more liberally paid.

The members of the Committee of Council on Education are not sufficiently obtuse to suppose that all the apprentice-schoolmasters and schoolmistresses, could find employment at their trade; and, therefore, they wisely propose to provide, for the "worst" hands, opportunities of obtaining employment in the public service. The public are to have the benefit of the dullest and lowest class of apprentices. Any kind of person may do with the public service. It can always work up the world's refuse. Yet, though the boys may be easily employed, we know not how this committee intend to dispose of the dull and well-behaved female apprentices. A very limited acquaintance with the ways of the world will be sufficient to convince any man of the almost inevitable and disgraceful jobbing that this measure would cause in every country parish. Does any party—even a member of committee or minister of state—exist with simplicity enough to believe that the brightest genius amongst the boys or girls of a school would have any chance for a monitorship, or apprenticeship, against the children of the landlord's gamekeeper—or the rector's gardener—or the poor dependent of the one or the other? We know not how it comes, but the mean-spirited amongst persons in these situations—and only the mean-spirited amongst them, for they are not all cursed with craven hearts—have invariably remarkably clever children. We never knew that rule fail, when anything was to be gained from its existence. Even in Universities, where there are public competitions and a check on patronage, these young people are invariably observed to be gifted with amazing abilities. True enough, when we get out into life, and have to take the world rough and smooth as it comes, they sink into an inglorious forgetfulness and nonentity. Their budding is always nipped by the frosts of spring; but not always before it has brought them some quiet patronage or snug sinecure, suited to their blighted blossoms, which promised fruit and yielded—dust. This general rule, we are morally certain, will be almost universal where the patronage is to be exercised, in a quiet manner, almost exclusively by the clergyman of the parish. To the rule, no doubt, there will be exceptions; because very impracticable and disinterested men sometimes obtain benefices; but still, as a general rule, we venture to affirm, that while poaching lasts, no peasant or small farmer suspected of the crime, will be ever discovered to be the parent of a clever child; and farther, that such persons as, having votes, venture to give them independently, or, having any opinions, express them openly, will never have the pleasure and satisfaction of rearing talented children.

There is not the slightest cause to anticipate that this class of payments to and for monitors and apprentices will facilitate the introduction of "independent intelligence" to the circle of future schoolmasters. The "cleverest" lads in English parish schools will not be salaried for being taught to teach on account of their smartness. The system is the most extensive foundation of small patronages that has ever been proposed. It is a bribe offered to the two Young Englands to be "a good boy" and "girl," punctual at church, expert in bowing and curtsying to the rector, the squire, the churchwarden, and their respective ladies. It is a great practical lesson to the little of dependence on the large; the most obvious increase of aristocratic influence that we can remember, and that through the despicable channel of petty patronage. The clerk's son and the beadle's daughter will, though only in the smallest degree of influence, and the dullest children of the parish, stand before the most wonderfully precocious youth in England whose father has the repute of being a *thinking* labourer. There can be no imaginable reason at least for making the schoolmaster's apprentice a parish prize. The wages paid to the shoemaker's apprentice would be abundantly sufficient if the plan, though it may be advanced by the Ministry from the purest motives, were not obviously intended by some party to ensure that the teachers of 1847 shall not be come of honest, upright "parentage," but be the "sons of sneaks."

We have already mentioned that the advantages of being received as a teacher or monitor do not terminate with the engagements at the primary school, or the normal institution. Even if the male or female Bœotians be utterly incompetent to teach others, the public service is open. In fact, the provision commencing at thirteen is on the "*aut vitam aut culpam*" scale. The young officials fall into a vested right for public support. So long as they keep well with the Church their bread is baked and buttered too. Of course they must be careful to obey this one provision: they must not keep a conscience. When the incumbent of the parish is Evangelical, they must oppose all Romeward tendencies, and warn youth against the snares and schism of Puseyism; while, on

the substitution of a gentleman of the ultramontane school—so to speak—they must become exceedingly formal, pay rigid attention to festivals, and learn the senior writing class to date letters, when they write by the penny post, as they do at St. Judith's, not so much in accordance with secular almanacs, as the calendar—an injunction that will be strictly observed on St. Valentine's eve. Where the Bishop or Archbishop and the incumbent hold diverse views, monitors, apprentices, teachers, and inspectors will be obliged to step cautiously; but in this world there is no such thing as perfection in happiness; and even with this disadvantage the teaching class will be tolerably fortunate, if they can only contrive not to have a conscience; that is indispensable.

The endowments to teachers, according to the minutes of the Committee of Council on Education, are dependent on several conditions. The recipient must have qualified himself by attendance at a Normal school under Government inspection; and he will receive from £15 to £30 per annum, in proportion to the time spent at the Normal Institution—the *minimum* being one year, and the *maximum* three years. But as bye and by the apprentices from primary schools will be coming into the Normal School market, backed by a Government endowment, all the future teachers will qualify for the maximum grant by three years' attendance at these secondary establishments.

The ultimate endowment from Government depends also upon the provision of a school-house and dwelling-house free of rent, and a payment from other sources of double the grant from the public funds. The endowment to female teachers is fixed at two-thirds of the grant to males. The income of the highest class of teachers will therefore be, for—

	Males.		Females.
Government Grant	£30	....	£20
On condition that the local payments amount at least to	60	....	40
Total income, with a free house	£90	....	£60

The local payments may exceed respectively £60 and £40. There is no limit to their magnitude; and as the world goes, these payments, including the rent-free house, with a retiring pension of *not more than two-thirds*, especially in country parishes, is a very desirable fate for third and fourth class people.

Even the lowest grade in the humblest districts coming under the system of Government aid is comfortable, compared with the condition of teachers hitherto in many districts; for the smallest incomes must be, for

	Males.		Females.
Government grant	£15	....	£10
On condition that the local payments are, in addition to a rent-free house, at least	30	....	20
	£45		£30

Even if the minute of the Committee of Council on Education be converted, through the opposition raised against the scheme, into waste paper, this tariff of teaching cannot be lost. The schoolmasters have gained a victory; and their triumph is deserved. They have been heretofore paid worse often than menial servants. The intellectual, moral, and religious training of society has been placed on public price lists not much higher than its scavengering. The work has, therefore, been ill done; for the world, if it please, may be assured, as a rule, that ill-paid work and bad work are very nearly equivalent terms. Teachers may have done their best; but the very best of starved and disheartened men is much under the effort that the same men could make if they found themselves placed in comfortable circumstances, and their profession appreciated. The Dissenters may succeed in overthrowing or modifying the general scheme; but they must respect the tariff.

Upon this system the Government schools will swallow up many of the Voluntary Establishments. The advantages to teachers are a competent salary, a rent-free house, fees for monitors and apprentices, their assistance in the business of teaching, and retiring pensions. In order to secure these advantages the school must be placed under Government inspection. There is no choice in that respect; and by the temptations applied not merely to teachers and managers, but also to parents and youth, the public scheme must draw within its folds the great majority of voluntary efforts. This originates the opposition to the plan, and makes the enmity earnest, intense, even fierce. The Dissenters of England feel the presence of sectarianism in the system. They say, first, that they are not placed on an equal footing with the Church; second, that they could not accept reparation of that evil but in one way; for they add, third, that the State has no right to interfere in religious teaching; while a very considerable party amongst them even hold that the State should not communicate any description of knowledge. We can form no idea of the State dissevered from the people, unless where might has entirely over-ridden right. *Vox populi* should be the ideal brand on the State's brow—the State itself being but a shadow, or another way of expressing the people. V.R. is marked upon its property: V.P. should be stamped on its actions. By this theory, the people, therefore, should not intermeddle with their own instruction. They should never step into the parent's place. The idea of supplying guidance to the orphan, of coming *in loco parentis*, must be, so far as the people are concerned, a false, unjust, even a dishonest and tyrannical, idea. There is no other end to the principle, if it be carried out. In fact, these gentlemen would leave the people, collectively, functions only superior to those of the common executioner. Within their range they would, indeed, embrace all police regulations, all means and appliances of punishment; while we doubt the justice of punishment until instruction be given. There are certainly no persons more sincere, more single-hearted, in promoting education, than the men to whom we refer, although they seem to have fallen into a wrong position respecting this question. Amongst the innumerable articles published during the dis-

cussion, we have even found this assertion made, that ignorance has no connexion with crime. After the statistics repeatedly adduced, one may stare at such an assertion, but cannot soberly commence its refutation.

Another class oppose the Government measure on the ground that, while the State may impart moral instruction, it should not interfere with religious teaching. Our moral training has a religious basis. Our morality is a branch of religion. There have been men at once strictly moral and strictly irreligious: strictly moral, if tried by the world's laws, and measured by its standard; but, even for that purpose, we should not like to trust a system of morals, having no connexion with religion in the training of a nation. Here, however, there is not the slightest difficulty. In the practical moral code with which, in administering law, the public have to do, there is no difference amongst religious sects. They all agree regarding the second table of the law. Those moral duties which may be most powerfully enforced by religious arguments have the unanimous belief of all Christians. To this point there are no doctrinal distinctions, and there need to be no sectarianism—no clerical *ex officio* control—and beyond its religious communities should carry the inculcation of their several tenets. The State represents the people; and to this point ninety-nine in each hundred of the people are of one mind; and, therefore, the State, without injustice, can thus far prosecute the work of instruction. But here the waters separate, and, in the intensely important field of theological discussion, make to themselves many deep and far-removed channels. The State can no longer act in a united capacity; for many of those whom it represents, unfortunately, care for none of these things; and many more are bitterly divided respecting their application and meaning. Even the Church of England leaves the State in a most anomalous position. Within the Diocese of Exeter it promotes Puseyism; in that of London it compromises and tolerates anything; in Chester we take it to be strictly evangelical. It has the high party and the low party; the high and dry, the low and damp; the fox-hunter and the organiser of missions; the gambler and the evangelist; the makers up of books for the Derby and Epsom, and the writer of small works for the Religious Tract Society. Its scheme of education is a *fac simile* on a reduced scale—an abridgement of its scheme for preaching. In one parish youths are to be educated with a serious reliance on lighted wax tapers; in the next parish they will be taught to hope in the *media via*, and have the candles without a light; in the third, they will be informed that until after twilight candles are unnecessary in public worship, and even then, that gas, where it may be had, is preferable. One clergyman will tell them that posture in ecclesiastical affairs is, like posture in military drilling, vastly important; while another will hold such instruction in utter derision. One will recommend the confessional, penance, and absolution, as the direct lines to pardon and peace; while the next will insist that they diverge from the narrow road, and lead to *termini* of an indifferent character. The distinctions in the Church of England are essentials. Their importance is scarcely over-estimated by the disputants; and their existence might have warned the Marquis of Lansdowne and his associates off the ground, where they can only be intruders. The insatiable desire to meddle with everything—the fear of being stigmatised as atheistical—some love of the Church—and an ardent zeal for its extension, as a political instrumentality—decided them to trespass, notwithstanding all the legible warnings posted up in recent times. They have worked clerical influence into their scheme at every turn. The inspectors are placed in dependence on the archbishop or bishop—the teachers on the incumbent—while the monitors and apprentices reap their privileges on condition of conforming with the rector's instructions. Their hopes and their livings hang on the clergyman's certificate. Their examinations on religious affairs are to be made by the clergyman, and their worldly prospects are entirely subjected to his will. It is not merely scholastic patronage that is thus handed over to the clergy; but also those "opportunities of employment in the public service" to which we have already referred. The extent of the patronage made over by this scheme is startling. Ten thousand parishes and ten thousand schools would produce little short of one apprentice for each annually. The term of apprenticeship is five years; but 125 scholars would not be a high average for each school, allowing five apprenticeships to be running simultaneously in each seminary of useful learning and future officials. Even half the number would be an intolerable burden. Where are they all to find situations, unless the Excise, the Customs, the Post Office, and every other department, be seized as preserves for the favoured young disciples of the church. This department of the scheme is an agency of the most terrible kind for establishing conformity, servility, and hypocrisy, in profitable places. But the same advantages are to be secured to Dissenters, say the supporters of the measure: and this, in the first place, is not true; and in the second, it is not good if it were true. We object to the use of civil patronage as a reward for religious attainments, either on the recommendation of Churchmen or of Dissenters. It is a revival of the Test and Corporation Act for low places. It does not say that a young man shall not, but that he cannot be made a letter-carrier, except on a religious condition; for we may be well assured that candidates will be found for every imaginable place, out of the hordes of ex-monitors and ex-apprentices by whom the public service is to be immediately invaded. We protest against the supposition that we would oppose this religious condition, or qualification, for letter-sorting in the General Post Office, if its attainment were practicable; but experience shows that all such attempts will prove aids to hypocrisy, rewards of servility, or of a cold, freezing, mindless submission to the functionaries of

a parish. The Dissenters say that they cannot avail themselves of the rewards of conformity with this system from conscientious reasons; and the justice meted out to them, even on this ground, is very equivocal in its character. The Church Establishment itself is not, on similar grounds, unjust to them. They are at perfect liberty to desert the Conventicle, to attend the Cathedral, and share its advantages whenever they please. In this sense, the Educational Scheme is not partial. In the same sense, Cranmer was not persecuted. But we hardly expect Whig statesmen in these days, on supporting a new connexion of Church and State, shabbily smuggled out of Parliament, to use this deception.

We deplore the necessity for opposing this scheme, because it contains many good features. There is, however, a necessity; for the whole plan could be wrought as a most ingenious instrument of State craft. Through the power of inspection, and the power of the clergy, the work of education might become a means of mental drilling into passive obedience, or anything else. The vitality of local exertion is encouraged only for the sake of the money it yields. All our education, like the espionage of Russia, will have a common centre; and through this electric telegraph, statesman and churchman will play such notes as they please on the future mind of the country. In laws for the poor, educational bills, statutes for everything, we have to resist a strong and painful tendency to centralization. Good government really consists with doing little for the people, and encouraging them to do much for themselves. Modern government is perpetually struggling to do everything—to control everything—to centralise all power—and to make all men puppets, stringed and pulled at the pleasure, and for the benefit of the spiders in the corner. There were several schemes by which the Whigs could have secured the instruction of the people, defied the imputation of unduly interfering in favour of any body, and rendered themselves truly the friends of education. They might have placed it, almost entirely, under local control, by providing a rate for local purposes, to be expended in proportion to the religious attachments of the rate-payers, wherever sectarian separation became unavoidable. This is one mode of obtaining education without injustice to any party. Neither Churchmen nor Dissenters could entertain a conscientious scruple to spend their own money, and the Legislature could have provided against their financial scruples. The advocates of the present proposition will at once say that everything would have been incomplete and disorderly, but they cannot prove it. What, after all, has Government done for education of an original character? Have not its officials invariably borrowed their ideas from local enterprise? Did they commence the establishment of normal schools? Were they first in pointing out an influence stronger than that of the birch in teaching? Are they the authors of the best, the most practical, the most captivating, and the most popular works on instruction? Have they not borrowed the best of all ideas, all practice, and all works from localities—from the provinces, and from private enterprise? They might, indeed, have made a generous rivalry and emulation between villages and parishes in educational arrangements. The spirit that has brought cricketing, golfing, and curling to perfection in this country—that is improving the art of ploughing—that is fattening bullocks, sheep, and pigs, for exhibition at the local shows of stock—might have been wrought for nobler ends. Do our rulers really believe that the people of England could never be brought to feel interested in exhibitions of mind? Do they suppose that Sussex could never be made proud of having better institutions for teaching than Essex? Can they really imagine that Sheffield and Leeds might not enter into a noble rivalry on the subject, and establish educational seminaries for themselves better and cheaper than any that Government will supply. But the men of red tape—the hangers-on in office—the army of London barristers will have matters differently managed. They never give great men to the country, or men who step out of the common walk. Cobbetts and Cobdens are not produced amongst them. They are decorous time-servers, whose ambition centres in quarterly cheques on the Bank of England. These men fear nothing more than popular control. They are the promoters of centralisation, partly because it admits their employment without banishing them from the clubs. They are also great friends of what they call order, and when they have established their schools for uniformity everywhere, they may quote and apply the words of a celebrated telegraphic despatch—"Order reigns at Warsaw;" but not the order that Freedom loves.

There was another plan left to the Government. They might have extended Sir Robert Peel's scheme for collegiate instruction in Ireland. They could have provided for secular education without interfering with spiritual instruction. Those who say that secular education, without religious influence, will not make men good members of society, are right; and we should deplore the establishment of any system that would preclude religious instruction: but those who are bearing Christianity to the farthest ends of earth, can surely secure its teaching at home. The English Dissenters are in their present strait for neglecting that amongst other duties. Mr. Middleton Hare, in a very able pamphlet directed against the Council's minutes, refers to the common oversight of using more zeal to convert the heathen in far lands than to instruct the poor, the ignorant, or the careless at home. The conduct of religious sects would almost justify the supposition that, in their opinion, the value of souls increased, by some geometrical measurement, in proportion to the distance of their locality from this country. We were shown, a few weeks ago, the first printing machine for China. It was constructed for a Missionary Society, who intend to use it in printing Chinese tracts. There were interesting associations connected with the machine and its double

cylinders. It was to be the unconscious author of a great revolution, and the precursor of changes and of liberty to one-third of the human race. While the Chinese Emperor was shrouded in mysterious and awful dignity from his subjects, and wrought for the benefit of priests and mandarins; a few mechanics, in a low-roofed workshop, many thousand miles removed from Pekin, in a *barbarous* land, were constructing a rival to his throne, or a rival to all of his power that is truly mischievous. The machine was an interesting, and it was also "a sad sight"; for on every side around its birth-place, and at every corner, rise gorgeous gin palaces, where the needy and the desperate—the heathen of London—pay away their money and their souls for the excitement of an hour. And those who send machines and missionaries to China have scarcely yet discovered the need for similar exertions at home. Their foreign missions have had their uses and their triumphs; but they would have been immeasurably more effective if they had been preceded or accompanied by home missions. The man who can put down the drinking usages of Wapping, and employ means for changing the habits and thoughts and principles of its people, is a very effective missionary to Canton; for as matters are, our naval and military specimens of Christianity do more, we fear, to confirm the heathen in Bhuddism, Brahminism, or any other conceivable degeneracy of belief, than an army of missionaries, or many printing machines, can undo.

We cannot suppose that, if the Government plan secured secular instruction, the religious element would be withheld. Surely those, whose agents are employed to propagate religion in every land, can attend to the religious training of the young at home; and thus no man could say that he was made to pay for propagating error, and had injury to his conscience by legislative intermeddling with his religious belief. By this means no person could complain of an "authorised" and "licensed," but as he thought "erroneous," catechism being taught at his expense. But Oxford and Galway — Sir Robert Inglis and Mr. O'Connell—would coalesce to oppose the scheme as "Godless" and "Atheistical." Such are the terms in which all similar schemes have been opposed. When Government proposes to teach all forms of religion, its scheme is called latitudinarian, and the language is well applied. When it proposes to favour one body and leave others out, the plan is called oppressive, and is well described. When it says to the people, we will provide for secular instruction, which is very directly our business; and we expect the churches to provide religious instruction, which is very directly their business; the proposal is called atheistical, and the charge is most unjust. It would be atheistical to profess, as the State has often professed, to teach religion, and yet to neglect the duty; but to undertake a specified, even though a secular department of instruction, and that alone, giving full warning of the extent and the omissions of its teaching, cannot be branded with that reproach. Gentlemen send their sons to learn civil engineering without making with their teachers any provision respecting the Church Catechism; and also without being charged with atheism. A master currier, or hatter, undertakes to teach an apprentice the mysteries of his profession, without saying a word for or against the rubric; and without incurring the guilt of atheism. If any set of men propose to obliterate religion entirely from the training of youth, they would commit, if they could, a fatal mistake, and amply earn the name applied to other parties for merely proposing to divide and subdivide education, as we divide other duties; assigning its part to the State—and to the Church, through its various communions, its peculiar and still more important department.

The Whigs had either of these schemes at their disposal, and under their consideration. They determined to reject both, and make one more desperate lounge for Church favour, while they also endeavoured to be doing good. They must fail in the first, and they may fail in the second object of their new crusade. The opposition to the grant out of doors will be exceedingly embarassing to members, because the time is ill chosen for the representative of a popular constituency to irritate any considerable number of the electors. A general election must be taken during the year; and thus no time will be given to heal breaches between the members and the voters. Altogether the measure is both improvident and imprudent. It proposes to waste large sums of money under the head of apprenticeships and monitorships, without any corresponding advantage, even if a mal-distribution of the patronage could be avoided. It undoubtedly creates a new and extensive church establishment at a period when the number of those who think such institutions altogether unnecessary is increasing. It places the education of England under the control of the clergy at a time when the Church can give no authoritative explanation of its tenets, and can scarcely say what it means or what it wants. It must operate against many educational institutions already formed and prospering in localities not long ago neglected. It involves a large annual vote at a time of financial embarrassment, and adds indefinitely to the array of public pensioners and dependents. It breaks down all the barriers of the Constitution, and at one blow reduces the House of Commons to the precise shape, form, and functions of the Prussian King's Parliamentary doll; while it abrogates the House of Peers, and brings their lordships down to the privilege of the Austrian Commons—the privilege of listening. The Government could have continued the former grants, or increased them on the old, imperfect, but less objectionable system. They might have adopted either of the alternatives which we have already mentioned, yielding an incomplete, but yet a useful system of instruction; and doing all, perhaps, that, without reference to opinions, however just, any Government can, in the existing state of public feeling, advantageously accomplish. The parties who lead the oppo-

sition to the proposed schemes would not, we believe, have opposed an extension of the present grants, or any plan which would have afforded assistance to merely secular instruction. Mr Baines of Leeds, the most active and the most influential opponent of the Government scheme in Yorkshire, was, we think, at one time, an advocate for Government aid in education. Many of the leaders in the Independent communion were unquestionably favourable to educational grants; and assistance in the establishment of their schools was generally accepted by them. The principles of the Wesleyan body do not lead them to reject Government aid on account of its source, but from some consideration of its quality and consequences: we may, however, conclude that eight-tenths of the English Dissenters now oppose this grant, which is coldly received, or virtually opposed, by a large section in the Church; and while we deplore the necessity of resisting a measure possessed of several excellent features, and professedly intended to work out an excellent object, yet there lurks so much mischief in this plan, that it should be defeated. The Government have only afforded the alternative of acceptance or rejection. They have left no opportunity for the amendment or the omission of clauses, and have thus denuded Parliament of its most important duty, in reference to a measure that would materially affect the well-being of society, and the character of the population. The distinction between an act of Parliament and a minute of a Committee of Council is very important, in this respect; that a bill offered to Parliament may be analysed, the corn may be picked from the chaff and preserved; but the Committee permit no such liberties with their produce. They do not consult the House, but merely ask the money. They plan, and Parliament pays. The common remedies for a proposal of varied quality are thus forbidden; and nothing remains except a refusal of the grant.

A combination of the Dissenting interests defeated Sir James Graham's bill. The proposal of that measure was not, however, fruitless. Large sums were contributed to increase the number of schools and the character of teaching. An impulse was given to the cause of education, which might have accomplished in time all that is required, if the Government had not determined to interfere with their plans, and thus to waste in discussion those energies that are required in action. Even yet this minute of the Committee of Council on education might be defeated, although the chances are somewhat desperate, if the South would condescend to copy the North. The Dissenters of England are wealthy enough to erect all the schools that are necessary for one-half of the population—to provide teachers—to adopt such parts of the minute as are really good—to establish Normal Institutions—to pay or to pension deserving teachers—and to accomplish all that can be necessary, by a monthly collection in their congregations. They have only to offer this provision in order to remove many of the arguments and pretences for this minute. The Church, with its immense corporate wealth, and the riches of its individual members, could not refuse its part. The Earl of Lincoln's apology—the poverty of the givers—would not be accepted by the public; for the Committee of Council could pass an appropriation clause with the same constitutional propriety that they make law out of their written minutes; and the education of the people would not be less efficiently secured that there was a little rivalry between the various schools.

There is another way of defeating the minute, which must be adoptod. The opponents of this class of measures feel that they are not represented in the Commons. They are deserted by the party whom they placed in power. They have handed over the representation of their constituencies to men who have no sympathy with many of their opinions. They seem purposely to have abandoned their own order, and tacitly confessed that they belonged to an inferior caste, and were but political Helots. The Whigs have given them an opportunity of retrieving a position. They have thrown down the glaive, and challenged the murmurers, when the lists must necessarily be prepared and the offer accepted. There can be no retreat without disgrace from this defiance. If the opponents of this educational scheme have any confidence in their own strength, they will lose little time in selecting candidates for their future representation; and movements of this nature will prove to be the most effective remonstrances against the grant. They cannot, at least, hereafter accuse the Government and Legislature of carrying measures of this description without warning. They have, plainly foreshadowed, the character of those measures respecting education and religion that the present parties will propose and advance in the next Parliament. There is no deception practised on these subjects, and the opponents of the schemes have their choice either to neglect or adopt the measures necessary to obtain a fair representation and exposition of their views in the Legislature. Upon their selection depends the future character of the educational institutions of England. They may remonstrate loudly against these schemes; but, confining themselves to remonstrances, they may permit the land to be covered with a net-work of patronage in the hands of the parochial authorities, with the name of parochial schools, and allow education to be used as a tool for fashioning the mind of youth to the shape and form of the parochial principles of the day. By following remonstrance with action, they may confine the Government to its own sphere, or secure a thoroughly sufficient system of instruction without its intervention, and without the prejudicial consequences that must result from the Government measure.

This educational contest may become the turning point of the election, notwithstanding the care taken to avoid discussion; and if not ruinous to the Government, it may be fatal to many of their faithful supporter in popular constituencies.

LITERARY REGISTER.

The Battle of Nibley Green and other Poems. By J. B. Kington. One vol. 12mo. London: Henry Colburn.

Mr. Kington is a barrister, and as such deems some apology to the profession necessary for his authorship of verses. So he says at the end of "Nibley Green"—

> "If stray thoughts in verse I pour,
> Deem me not, entirely, won
> From the less congenial lore
> Of my Coke on Littleton:
> If, at weary night, I sup—
> On a mess of Poetry,
> I can be, at morning, up—
> To Denman, C. J.; 6 Q. B."

We trust that the attorneys will faithfully consider this statement, because if the barrister comes up with the poet in his first essay, while we should not like to visit 6 Q. B. as interested parties: yet if this misfortune should befall us, we would have great confidence in our cause from Mr. Kington's company on the occasion. The author, however, gives evidence of his professional abilities that will be more satisfactory to the attorneys than our opinion of his poetry in his essay "on Forest Laws and terms of the Chase," which occupies nearly one-half of the volume; and now that we are engaged in striving to shake off the dregs of the forest laws, this essay is not the least useful part of the book. "The battle of Nibley Green" was fought some four hundred and twenty-three years ago between the Berkeleys and the Talbots or De Lisles. The Berkeleys were successful, and it was hinted that they stood more indebted to their tact and their numbers than even their courage, though the character of the house in that respect was proverbial, for the issue. The poet tells the story of the raid in the form of answers given by the retainers of the Berkeleys and others to the inquiries of Hugh De Glanville, who was employed by the King to investigate the cause of this quarrel. This mode of giving the history of a battle, through the depositions of the witnesses, like the report of an Old Bailey trial in verse, is difficult to manage. Mr. Kington has, perhaps, made the best of it, but we do not think it the best of his published poems. It contains many striking passages, but they are necessarily disjointed, and their effect lost from the form of the tale. But there are other poems in the volume that prove the author's title to take high rank in the Tennyson school. There is an apparent resemblance between the poem from which we take the following extracts, and verses that may be found in Tennyson's volumes, and we do not consider the comparison disadvantageous to the younger of the two poets, who is likely to acquire a similiar position with the author of the "Village Queen":—

"DAY WALKS.

> "'Built upon hills a city stood;
> Yet hills around it rose so high,
> It seem'd, when from their summits view'd,
> Within a vale to lie
>
> "'A huddled mass of bricks and stones,
> And working-shops, and furnace fires,
> And living blood and rotting bones,
> And noble towers and spires.
>
> "'Tall, belching chimneys rise in vain,
> To mock the poor, deluded town;
> Pouring a poisonous vapour-rain,
> Their heavy vomit, down.
>
> "'A lonely tree, all stripp'd and sere,
> Amid the house-tops rears its head;—
> The house-tops black, with here and there
> A patch of painful red.
>
> "'And up the garden-cultur'd hill
> Sits full-fed Capital, apart,
> Watching the golden sweat distil
> In hungry Labour's Mart.
>
> "'A lumbering waggon rolls below;
> The hammers make a clanking din;
> The windlass clicks to 'yo-heave-ho!'
> A train goes, screeching, in;
>
> "'A stagnant river—dark and foul
> Its fever-blood—winds sluggish through.
> Turn from the flowered meads of Knowle;
> It lies before thee now.'
>
> "'Why should I turn?—the meads are fair,
> The flowers and hedge-rows fresh to see;
> A scent of mowing in the air,
> And Marian with me:
>
> "'Why should I turn, to look where wealth,
> Perchance, may fatten upon worth,
> And toil be fed with cost of health
> And happiness on earth?
>
> "'Rather to feelings old and true,
> Turning with looks, and love, intense,
> My fancy shall incline me to
> The primal innocence
>
> "'Of days whilst yet the stars were young,
> And human hopes were garner'd ripe,
> And the impassioned shepherd sung
> Unto the pastoral pipe—
>
> "'Of Love, that ever spread his wing,
> Like the fond lark above its nest,
> And flowers were Truth's best offering
> For Beauty's brow and breast!'
>
> "So cowslips gather'd from the wide,
> Green, spreading mead, a wreath to make,
> And ox-lips from the ditch's side,
> And cuckoo-buds I take;
>
> "And yellow primroses, that ridge
> The rising mounds with fringes gay,
> A pink-tipp'd dog-rose from the hedge,
> And silver-frosted may;
>
> "And, sitting on a stile, I twine
> The whole together on my knee,
> Bound with the curling withévine,
> Dear Marian, for thee!
>
> "A petted fawn! she hears my cry,
> And comes with dancing foot and curl;
> But with a conscious lip and eye,
> For Marian is a Girl!
>
> "A Girl! a Child no more!—from hence
> She sits not prattling on my knee;
> Her frank love awed by the quick sense
> Of shy propriety.
>
> "She comes to take my gift with thanks
> And smiles! but in her hand doth bring,
> Pick'd from the neighbouring hedge's banks,
> A crumpled yellow thing,
>
> "Crying—'I've heard you read, that all
> Things and events do talk and teach:
> This text may seem but trite and small,
> Yet take it, friend, and preach.'"

Here is scenery of a different character, not less aptly described:—

"This boy said—'Harken Mary Gray!
And I shall tell you of a spot
Where blooms, throughout the summer day,
The blue forget-me-not;
And the pale primrose blossoming,
Smiles ever on the welcome spring.

"'The grass, so green, so fresh, and fair,
Slopes gently, to the very brim
Of the clear running waters, where
Quick darting fishes swim,
Or gasping lie within the shade
By the broad water lily made.

"'There oft-time in my early play,
Dropping a violet in the stream,
The startled fish hath sprung away,
Like creature from a dream;
And I have watched its downward course
To where the ripple spent its force.

"'Tall hedges rise on either side,
Their tops clemates overspread;
And taller trees, out branching wide,
Do canopy the head;
And the trimm'd, stately elm-trees 'arch
The maiden oak and tassell'd larch.

"'At harvest-home the branches catch
Some portion from the passing sheaves.
The sun is ever on the watch
For pastime with the leaves,
And there, like butterflies at play,
They flutter through the summer day.

"'The hedge-rows bear the berry-fruit,
All blushing red, bright autumn gems;
The blue-bell and the ox-lip shoot
Among the lower stems—
Where mingle with the hawthorn tree
The holly and the blackberry;

"'And little sound is ever heard
To check the thrush and linnet's song,
The flutter of a scared bird
Sometimes the branches stir among;
The creaking of a laden wain;
A colt low grazing down the lane;

"'The whistle of the passing hind,
The dreamy gush of waters; there
Do all things pleasant in their kind
Thus mingle with the passing year
In seasonable unity,
For winter spares the holly tree.

"'And then, when o'er the crisped snow,
The timid hare doth stealthy creep,
And the bare branches sighing through,
The lone, lorn wind doth shivering sweep,
Freezing to death the living spring,
Till even birds sad thoughts do bring.'"

But Maid Marian passed away from meditating among the hedgerows on the garden-cultured hill, by the clear running waters or the stagnant river, and left her old companion only the treasure of the past. There is not in English poetry, that we remember, any lament more natural, and, therefore, more poetical, than the following verses:—

"RAVEL THREADS.

"The myrtle is a quiet tree,
Of staid and reverential grace;
Fit shadow for the piety
Which beamed in Marian's face.

"But now that joy is past; and cold
Indifference bids Despair—be brave!
What should I plant above the mould
That shapes Maid Marian's grave?

"Ah me! for visions, early broken—
Fond shadows! of idea made;
For thoughts long cherish'd, yet unspoken;
For words too lightly weigh'd.

"With what a vivid impress, now,
The omitted and committed come,
With clasped hands and drooped brow,
To kneel at one dear tomb,

"Crying—'Thus did I, thus I said,
And thus I might have said and done.'
Pale, ghostly Memories! from the dead
And buried past, each one—

"Floating, dim vapours of the earth,
Moving their heads reproachfully,
With a sad gesture, stretching forth
Their long, gaunt hands at me!

"Oh, ye Familiar Thoughts, which rise,
Ruthless, to drive the rack and wheel,
Loosen the cords! or paralyse
In me the power to feel!"

From another page we are induced to quote some lines, because they afford so complete a contrast to the preceding verses, though not more marked than life and death are affording every day:—

"A GREY BEARD'S CAROL.

"Come hither to me, Nanny dear!
And sit upon my knee;
Hark! autumn's leaves, all faded sere,
Go rustling drearily;
But though our locks are grey, now,
And 'tis no longer May, now;
Our hearts as fondly move
As in the merry days I went
A courting my true love!

The lark sang in his gladness,
Up starting from the corn,
As the night bird's pretty sadness
Was soothed by the morn;
The daisy and the king-cup sweet,
They made a carpet for our feet,
The green leaves wav'd above;—
In the very merry days I went
A courting my true love!

"As waning time cannot efface
One memory of thine,
The love that waits on time and place
Was never love of mine!
So the flowers shall cease to peep in spring,
The little birds to sport and sing,
The hawk mate with the dove,
Ere I forget the days I went
A courting my true love!"

And so, without placing a foot on "Nibley Green," or disturbing its old unhallowed graves, we have quoted sufficiently from the volume to make many of our readers like it, and wish to know it better than they do. It would be a fearful responsibility to advise a young lawyer to neglect his profession for poetry—a sin, at least, that he would likely never pardon; but though the Recorder of "Nibley Green" should fail at the bar—and against failure these his forest laws strongly protest—his success in literature is tolerably secure.

Village Tales from the Black Forest. By Berthold Auerbach. Translated by Meta Taylor. London: D. Bogue. 1847.

The English reader has some occasion to thank Miss Taylor for her pure and spirited translation of the life-like and pictorial tales of Auerbach,—introducing us to the scenery of the slopes of the Black Forest, and the Highlands of the Rhine, with their picturesque glens, dark clustering firs, and sparkling streams; but, above all, to the homely life found amidst its industrious and comparatively wealthy inhabitants. Every lover of the fresh vigour of real life, as delineated by a writer of taste and spirit, will relish these amusing tales with infinite zest; and as the book is beautifully got up and illustrated, we cannot doubt of its becoming popular.

Stray Leaves from a Freemason's Note-Book. By a Suffolk Rector. London: Spencer.

The Suffolk Rector has seen something of society, and in his time met with several persons celebrated in public life and in literature. He was the school-fellow of the late Sir William Follett; and he is able, from personal knowledge, to describe many other notabilities with whom he has come into contact on the journey of life. For the benefit of a masonic charity, he has strung together his reminiscences of celebrated characters and extraordinary occurrences, without much attention to method; or, it may be, given us a selection of his *studies*, probably intended for some greater design which remains unexecuted. As a sample of the contents of the volume, and that not of its inferior matter, we select a *Literary Soirée*, held some twenty or thirty years since.

"During the period in which the firm of 'Hurst and Robinson, of Pall-mall,' held a conspicuous place in the world of letters, it was my fortune to be present at one of their public days. Sir Walter Scott, and Maturin, the author of 'Melmoth,' and Lætitia Hawkins, and the Porters—(who that has ever read them will forget 'Thaddeus of Warsaw' and the 'Recluse of Norway?')—and the accomplished authoress of 'Rome in the Nineteenth Century,' and Gifford, the editor of the 'Quarterly,' and the eccentric but ill-fated Colton, were among those who were gathered around that hospitable table. Alas! upon how many of these the grave has closed for ever!

"To this hour I remember the impression which the language, opinions, and ardour of the last-named gifted being left upon his auditors. He had entered, half in jest and half in earnest, into an ingenious and lengthy argument with Gifford, that the sun was the residence of suffering spirits; in a word, that that luminary was hell!

Now Gifford, with all his critical acumen and vast resources, was no debater; he wanted temper; he chafed when contradicted; and in reply was querulous and waspish. His remarks under excitement ceased to be ingenious, and became personal and acrimonious. It may, therefore, easily be imagined that Colton had the best of it, even on this apparently desperate position.

"Gifford saw this, and waxed still more angry; and the debate had assumed an almost personal turn, when Sir Walter put an end to it by good-humouredly observing, 'Well, well, gentlemen, pray settle it your own way; for my own part, I desire no further light on the subject. May I ever remain in my present profound state of ignorance!'

"Of him, I grieve to say, my impressions are by no means so distinct. He was not then the acknowledged author of 'Waverley' and the other magnificent creations of the same fertile brain; and the deference paid to him then, though great, was not the same, either in nature or amount, as that subsequently awarded him.

"I remember his telling a very amusing little tale touching the storming of an eagle's eyrie in the Highlands, to a slight, fair-haired little girl, who sat by his side during some part of the evening, and to whom, though always extremely partial to children, he seemed to have taken a sudden fancy. Of one fact I have a thorough recollection. The conversation happened to turn incidentally upon the malady of the late king. He remarked, 'He always hoped he should die before his faculties became extinct. To survive their decay was, to his mind, THE GREATEST CALAMITY which could befal a thinking being.'

"Maturin here reminded him of the incident recorded in the life of Dean Swift, namely, that almost immediately previous to his aberration of intellect, Swift, while walking in the park, paused before a majestic oak, green and flourishing in its lower branches, but decayed and leafless at the summit, and pointing to it, said, 'I shall be like that tree—I shall die at top.'

"'I have often, sir,' rejoined Scott, slowly and thoughtfully, 'mused upon that expression; and many as are the touching sentiments which the Dean has uttered, that, I think, in simple pathos, is superior to them all.'

Gifford here struck in: 'The texture of Swift's mind disposed him to insanity. He saw everything around him through a distorted medium.'

"'But his writings,' Maturin quietly observed, 'are remarkably lucid as well as forcible. At least'—he quickly added, observing the frown that was gathering on Gifford's brow—'such they appear to me.'

"'Sir, he was a disappointed man,' said Gifford gloomily and fiercely; 'he possessed great talents, which brought not to their owner the advancement he desired. The gloom of his own prospects infected his writings; he thought harshly of human nature. But,' he added after a moment's pause, with an expression of bitter satisfaction which is perfectly indescribable, 'one quality he possessed in perfection: *he was a good hater!*'

"'No very enviable faculty, after all, Mr. Gifford,' said Sir Walter with an easy, good-humoured smile.

"'Rather an equivocal encomium to pass on a man to say that he is a good hater,' said Colton, tittering.

"'Sir,' said Gifford, looking from one to the other *with an eye that seemed to speak*—(if the reader will pardon such an expression). For the moment he seemed uncertain which he should gore. At length, fixing on Colton, he burst out with—

"'Priest, read your Bible: Scripture bids us 'pray for our enemies,' and 'love our enemies,' but nowhere does it bid us TRUST our enemies. Nay, it positively cautions us against it. Read your Bible, priest—read your Bible.'

"'But Swift was a poet,' said Maturin, anxiously interposing, in the hope of quelling the storm; 'and are not poets privileged to live in a world of their own?'

"'*You* do, Madam,' said Gifford, with a smile so awfully grim, so bitterly gracious, that the muscles of a marble statue, methought, would have relaxed more easily; 'and your world,' turning to Miss Jane Porter, 'is full of bright thoughts and happy images.'

The handsome novelist bowed and smiled, but not a word escaped her. At this moment a bus, or rather whisper, of—

"'Lawrence, Lawrence,' went round the room; and in a few moments the prince of modern portrait-painters joined the circle.

He—be his prejudices and prepossessions what they may—who had ever the good fortune to meet in society the late Sir Thomas Lawrence, must have been struck with that graceful address and winning manner which so warmly endeared him to his friends, and rendered him so great a favourite with his Royal patron. It was not the mere conventional politeness of society, manifested alike to all, and often worn as a mask to hide the bitter and goading passions of envy, avarice, and hatred; but a kindness and cordiality of feeling, which seemed to aim at making others happy, and appeared to spring fresh from the heart. His person was very striking. He bore a remarkable resemblance to Canning. He knew it, and was proud of it. But his temper, calm, even, and self-possessed, had no affinity to the irritable, restless, anxious, morbid temperament of that singularly-gifted statesman. Having, in his usual quiet, graceful manner, paid his compliments to those of the party with whom he was previously acquainted, he singled out Maturin as the object of his special attentions. He expressed, in few but forcible terms, his 'gratification at meeting one whose writings had beguiled him of many a weary hour.' There was something kind in this; for Maturin was at that time struggling into fame, and notice from such a man as Lawrence could not be otherwise than grateful.

"'So,'—said Gifford, testily, as the president paused beside his chair with a kind and courteous inquiry,—'so you have found me out at last, have ye? Humph! much flattered by your notice! Humph! Have you seen the King lately?'

"'I left his majesty but an hour ago,' was the reply.

"'And what may be the ruling whim of the moment?'"

To this inquiry no answer was given, for Lawrence, with admirable tact, affected not to hear the question.

One of the marvellous passages of the volume—and it has several—is an account of Liston, the comic author, become a devotee, or a sort of Protestant Trappist.

Picture Story-Books, by Great Authors and Great Painters. London: Chapman & Hall.

Under the above general title, Messrs. Chapman & Hall have recently issued a series of works intended for children; and which are to form a new era in English juvenile literature. For this purpose, the choicest modern and nursery juvenile classics of Germany and France have been carefully translated, and also illustrated as only French Artists illustrate such works.

Among the tales or histories which have already appeared we are bound to notice with special approbation *Good Lady Bertha's Honey-broth*, written by Dumas, and which, with enough of wild fantasy to satisfy the taste of the marvellous natural to all clever children, indirectly inculcates a fine moral lesson. *The Life of Punchinello*, also adapted to English readers from the French, is, as we think, a little too satirical and worldly-wise for the juveniles; but at the same time it is a sound and wholesome sort of miniature *Gil Blas*. We have not quite made up our minds as to whether such things are good for children or not; but must say that we have found Punchinello a very diverting companion to children of larger growth. *Genius Good Fellow*, by Charles Nodier, is just the kind of tender-spirited, genial story which for children is wholesome and nourishing as mother's milk; and Tony Johannot's illustrations are worthy of so sweet a story; — are in fact its exact counterpart. Another pretty story, entitled *Bean-flower and Pea-blossom*, is written and illustrated by the same co-operators in a good work, and displays much of the gentle spirit and delicate handling of the most choice of the old nursery tales. These, with all respect to the Editor of "the Boy's own Books," we are not yet prepared to hear denounced as trivial or worse. They should be improved or remodelled as Chaucer or Shakspere did the old fictions and traditions which they found in the national literature; but are too intimately interwoven with national and nursery sentiment to be ruthlessly destroyed.

Stories of the Crusades:—I. De Hellingley. II. The Crusade of S. Louis. London: James Burns.

The manner of Mr. Burns's books is admirable. Would we could say as much for their matter. They are excellently got up—not so good, with us at least, to get down. After a page or two introductory of Peter the Hermit—the cry of *Deus le vult!*—the westward rolling tide of Chivalry—Godfrey of Bouillon and the Templars—we get to the era of the tale of Hellingley, in the reign of Baldwin IV. And in that tale there are all the elements of monkish romance—priests and Popery—fighting and moonshine—patient and leech—kings and patriarchs—the battle and the ballad! The scene is chiefly laid before Jerusalem in siege. The following passage, where it reverts to the Castle of Lewes in England, may afford some notion of the style and substance of the volume:—

"'There is in that land, so please you, a wonderful plant, somewhat between a tree and a sheep, that they call a *Tartary Lamb*. And it grows on four legs out of the ground, and hath horns and a tail, and is in all points a sheep, save that it lacks motion. And it is of the most deadly poison, insomuch that if you come but within a quarter of a mile thereof, the wind blowing from it, you shall fall down dead.'

"'A strange plant, indeed,' cried the knight. 'And have you ever seen this?'

"'Many a time and oft, and that to my great astonishment,' said the Jengleur. 'There are also fishes in the seas in those parts, that their upper parts be just a Benedictine monk, and for their lower portion have a scaly tail. And, what is more strange, there are divers orders of those fishes, just as you behold divers orders of monks.'

"'Be these of the Clunise order?' asked the Knight very seriously."

It turns out that the Burgundy has made some impression upon the brain of this teller of wonders. The tale is supplimented by a few brief notes.

The next tale, with one or two anachronisms, corresponds, as we are told in a note, "with Joinville's most delightful memoirs of S. Louis." It has been considered of sufficient importance to illustrate it with plans.

The Castle of Ehrenstein; its Lords, spiritual and temporal; its Inhabitants, earthly and unearthly. By G. P. R. James, Esq., in three volumes. London: Smith, Elder, & Co. 1847.

Mr. James is the most prolific of

"The mob of gentlemen who write with ease,"

and none of the least pleasing. A regular three-volume novel, from his pen, every new moon, would, we verily believe, be looked upon as not in the least surprising. This fecundity has its advantages and disadvantages. Advantages; the libraries slip-shoe, and circulate the production as a matter of course; Mr. James could not now produce a still-born novel if he were to try: disadvantages; no matter what may be the merits of Mr. James's efforts, they will never be rated one iota above the rooted idea which has sprung up in the public mind respecting them—the painful notion of unvarying mediocrity. We cannot discover that, although, at times, Mr. James certainly rises superior to himself, he has succeeded in doing so in the present instance. The scenery—the gloomy old feudal Castle of Ehrenstein—the chapel and the woody environs, are all very well described. So are the personages taken from German feudal life—the Count or Graaf, the high-born lady, her maids, her lover, an old German knight, a priest, and all the requisite procession of characters for a protracted story. The love-making, real and pretended, with which the novel opens, is passable. There is a tame beauty throughout the delineations which, if they fail to awaken a very powerful interest, possess a pleasing sleepy charm, which may, perhaps, be found to harmonise comfortably with the *ennui*, of which three-volume novels are the appointed refuge. But Mr. James tenants his Castle with "unearthly" as well as "earthly" inhabitants; and of course the Castle has its haunted old hall, in which first Ferdinand, the lover, and then the Count, have very nice employment cut out for them, in laying the ghosts. They appear to consist of——but we shall allow Ferdinand to tell—

"'I found the door fastened, however, and after having lifted the latch, I shook it hard, but it did not give way. For a minute, I thought of coming back to tell you; but then I fancied that you and the rest might doubt me, and I tried again. Just then, I think I heard a heavy grating sound; but, however, the door opened, and I went in. At first I could hardly see'—

"'Why, the moon shone, and must have given plenty of light through the window,' replied the Count.

"'There was too much light, my good lord,' answered Ferdinand. 'I came out of the dark vestibule, and when I entered the hall, it was all a blaze of light. The suits of old armour that stand against the wall, had, each one, a gauntleted hand extended, and in it was a torch

It seemed, indeed, that there were more suits than usual; but I did not stay to count them; for as soon as I could see, I hurried on, passing the table where they were seated.'

"'Who!' exclaimed the Count, 'who were seated?'

"'Nay, my lord, I cannot tell you,' answered Ferdinand. 'Some six or eight tall figures, each wrapped in a strange garment like a shroud, dusty and soiled, as if they had lain long in the earth, covering the head, and falling down to the eyes, &c.'"

We are sorry to leave these tall fellows, and wondrous chivalric ghosts; but we must tear ourselves away from the interesting creations. They are succeeded in the business of the scene by a capital fellow of a blacksmith, one Franz Creussen, also "six or eight inches above the ordinary height of the human race;" and Franz by Herr Von Narren, the jester; so that the low life is doled forth in due proportions to the high. Such are the staple actors in the story. There is nothing very fascinating in them, or in it. And who may not imagine its progress?—which we, therefore, need not endeavour to relate. There is perfidy, succeeded by repentance; a conversion of ghosts into living men; a good deal of trouble and annoyance to the lovers,—terminating happily for them and, on the whole, for all the leading parties in the end.

The Works of George Sand. Edited by Matilda M. Hays. *Andre.* Translated by Eliza A. Ashurst. London: E. Churton. 1847.

Miss Ashurst is very well known to the public as the translator of a former of George Sand's (Madame Dudevant's) works, "The Mosaic Workers;" and every way competent to place the tale of "Andre" well before us. She has, besides, the merit, if merit it be, of having been the first to produce an English version of one of the works of this strange authoristic enigma. Mr. Churton's publication is of a creditable appearance—good paper and typography.

Is Christianity from God? By the Rev. John Cumming, D. D. London, 1847.

A good Manual of the Evidences of Christianity was much wanted; and although, perhaps, apt to impart too popular a form to the performance, the Rev. Dr. Cumming is not ill qualified for undertaking such a task. He has put the leading points of our belief catechetically; and has rendered a tolerably succinct set of answers to the inquiries respecting the immortality of the soul—the existence of Deity, as proved from creation—the probability and necessity of Revelation—the authority and inspiration of the Scriptures—the general characteristics and consistency of the Bible. In short, a very fair compendium is presented of the more extended labours of Paley, Lardner, Bishop Newton, Dr. Campbell, Butler, Fuller, Soame Jenyns, Dr. Mearns, Barnes, Leslie, Hill, Horne, Leland, Watson, and Gregory, works which, with the exception of "Leslie's Short and Easy Method with the Deists," "Watson's Apology," and "Gregory's Letters," are not always accessible to the common reader.

POLITICAL REGISTER.

THE IRISH POOR LAW.—The new Poor Law for Ireland narrowly escaped without a vote. Except by the section of Irish members who take upon themselves the name and title of the Irish party, there was no opposition offered to the second reading of the measure. Its enactments, when read along with other members of the huge family of bills for Ireland, are so very just and reasonable, that we are surprised to find even "the Irish party" voting against them. They allow out-door relief—that bugbear of modern political economists—only, however, when the workhouse is quite full. Until the present trying crisis, when death by famine was the alternative, there was the utmost difficulty experienced in obtaining inhabitants for Irish workhouses. The country must now be very familiar with the statement that there are upwards of two millions—probably two and a half millions of steady regular paupers in Ireland. We have been invariably told that there is a standing supply to that extent; and yet there never was above one-tenth of the number in the workhouses. The test is severe and strictly administered. The habitual use of spirits is, of course, properly prevented. Snuff, tobacco, and tea are put amongst forbidden luxuries. Of the two first articles, much might be said on one, and little on the other, side; but tea is not so very dangerous, and might be permitted in a low state—a kind of workhouse tea. We remember one gentleman once informing us, as a clever idea, that they used some kind of strange grain, which seemed to us rather expensive, and we said as much; but our informant, indulging himself at our wonderful simplicity, remarked that, though expensive and perfectly wholesome, it was very unpopular, and thus became an excellent element of the great test. Farther, however, a pauper, before crossing the door of the Union Elysium, must part with all his or her possessions; and although the goods of an Irish peasant are not generally of great intrinsic value, yet they may be, and they often are, highly valued, and the people are unwilling to part with their humble companions in poverty.

Then, when admission is gained, there comes a painful parting and sorting of families. The husband is separated from his wife, and the mother from her child. They work, and eat, and sleep in different wings of the large house. They can only communicate by messengers, or perhaps by letters through the penny post! They see each other once weekly, we believe, for one or two hours: but in every other respect the separation is complete for the term of their residence in the house. This department of the workhouse test we have always considered to be unnecessary, inhuman, and anti-christian. We believe that in many of the workhouses the law is kindly administered, and perhaps often kindly evaded, but it is an immoral law.

With these tests the Irish party have no reason to fear that they will be called on for a large rate on account of out-door relief, and if their fears should be justified in this respect they have the means of supplying labour. By the drainage acts and the acts for reclaiming waste land, they can bid defiance to able-bodied pauperism for a dozen of years. When a strong-limbed man seeks relief they can afford to hand him a spade, and bid him earn it. Their objections, therefore, are not merely selfish, but worse; they are the consequences of selfish indolence. They are offered the means of employing the population, and if they neglect the means, like other classes, they should be made to suffer for their negligence. The workhouse test thus becomes in a very weak degree, and in a very indirect way, a landlord's test—a thing not altogether unnecessary.

At the close of last month, a considerable number of

labourers were paid off from the public works in the expectation that they could obtain field labour. There are still nearly half-a-million remaining, at this season of the year, when labour should bear a premium. This circumstance shows the utter inadequacy of emigration, and similar measures, to relieve distress. We have recently received a vast number of pamphlets on Irish affairs. Some of them are written by persons who were never in the country, but who coolly undertake to prescribe for all its grievances. One of the pamphleteers, Mr. Ward, while resenting the idea of a Government loan for railways, proposes very gravely to Lord John Russell the propriety of paying off the mortgages o the Irish landlords, because he says that these gentlemen pay £5,000,000 yearly for the use of £35,000,000, in interest and on the policies taken on their lives. These policies are useful only in the case of entailed estates. The premium paid on them is not lost; and if the original loans were repaid now, there are few cases in which the borrower should not allow the policies to run their course. The saving from this source, on existing loans, would therefore be very limited, and the bill authorising the sale of encumbered property will accomplish it. Mr. Ward, however, knows little of these matters: he says—

"That the government *could* raise this sum at 3½ per cent., or at an annual charge of about a million-and-a-quarter, is indisputable; and the only question is, would it be advisable to call upon the money market for so large a sum as £35,000,000."

The operation would make no perceptible call on the money market, because the mortgages paid off at one quarter must immediately re-invest at another.

The Earl of Rosse, in a series of letters, recommends emigration and the consolidation of farms; but how can five hundred thousand men—or two and a half millions of persons, emigrate? The cost of their transmission would be £10,000,000 to £12,000,000 in the first instance. Ireland must resign all these idle theories, and look for immediate prosperity to the employment of the people, in reclaiming and improving her fields, for which, at last, all those means that the Legislature can give are to be afforded.

THE TEN HOURS' BILL.—The House of Commons virtually works four nights and one day per week, and its daily meetings during the month have been almost exclusively occupied by the ten hours' bill. The measure may now be regarded as passed, for the subsequent deliberations will be formal. In the meantime it is only an eleven hours' bill, and the ten hours' clause will not be in operation until 1849. The debates were conducted with greater warmth than the subject appeared to require. Lord John Russell presented memorials in favour of the measure, signed by upwards of nine hundred manufacturers in Lancashire and Yorkshire. These documents were unquestionably calculated to sway the opinion of many members, and were entitled to great consideration; but Mr. Bright denied the existence, or the manufacturing existence, of some of the names attached to them.

The charge was of a serious nature, and it was answered by a recrimination. Mr. Fielden immediately retorted that to a Manchester petition, professedly from manufacturers, against the bill, there were names signed whose owners he could neither find on 'Change nor any where else.

These statements certainly afford no very exalted notion of the morality of petition making, but it is possible that they originate in misapprehensions respecting the meaning of the words mill-owners and manufacturers. The second is a very general term, and may include persons whose business is not extensive, and whose names may be unknown to the Leviathans of trade.

The subject deserved some farther investigation; and if Pigott's Directory was inaccessible to the House, or did not afford sufficient information, we believe that the Post Office authorities could have solved the question of the existence or non-existence of all the memorialists. There cannot be many manufacturers living out of communication with the Post Office.

The bill provides a limit for labour higher than its average extent at present. The average hours of working machinery, in a period of four or five years, are not, we suspect, above the proposed number. Several manufactories, belonging to those who oppose the measure, have been frequently suspended, and are now idle. It is doubtful whether any law can remove these irregularities; but the advantage of their removal to the manufacturers, if that were practicable, would be of the utmost importance.

The cotton trade is more liable to fluctuation than the woolen, the linen, or any similar branch of business, from the manner in which the raw material is imported, and the narrow field from which our largest supplies are drawn. Whenever Manchester becomes busy, Liverpool, New York, and New Orleans lay their heads together to raise the price of cotton; and, according to the American newspapers, the prospects of the next crop become invariably distressing. There is a blight, or a mildew, or frost, or something else, sure to seize the plant, and people begin to fear a famine of cotton chemises and calicoes. As in the present season, the predictions are most frequently falsified, and the worst appearance yields an average; but speculators make or lose fortunes; and Manchester is obliged to work short time.

The remedy for this evil will be found in an extension of the surface on which cotton is produced for exportation. The Hindoos grow the plant largely for their home market, and, by increased attention, might add materially to the quantity and quality of their exports. From Egypt, it is probable that the exports cannot be much increased. Some time since, means were adopted to introduce its cultivation in parts of the Turkish dominions; and there is no physical reason to prevent their success. At one time, cotton was produced in the West India Islands; and, if they were freely supplied with labour, there can be no doubt that its culture would be resumed. The best interests of the manufacturers are bound up not more in an extension of the cotton trade than of the limits of cotton-cultivation; and therefore they should promote all measures calculated to accompliah that object.

The progress of the cotton manufacture has not proportionately added to the number of persons employed, and it differs materially from several other staple trades, in the character of the operatives. A large proportion consists of females and young persons; and it is very desirable that they should have time, after their labour, for many duties, or to obtain instruction. The present full hours of labour operate materially against the instruction of the young. A more than ordinary desire for knowledge is necessary to surmount the weariness following on labour from five in the morning to seven in the evening, including the time allowed for refreshments; and practically the evening schools, even when attended, under these circumstances, are of little value.

The opponents of the bill admit the advantages that would result from a reduction of the hours of labour, but add that it must be followed by a reduction in the amount of wages, and that even a proportionate reduction would not meet their loss.

The advocates of the change admit, without any important exception, that it must be attended with some inconveniences; but they deny that any great loss would arise from the compulsory suspension of machinery at an earlier hour, than by the present law, since the average working of machines, over a period of years, will not give more than ten hours daily.

Our manufactures are now exposed to direct competition with those of other countries, in all markets, without any advantages, and, in many, with hostile tariffs. In the United States, and on the Continent, there is no limit to the time of labour, or none that does not considerably exceed our present hours. The apparent conclusion would, therefore, be that the British manufacturers must suffer from the competition. They will have to contend with the odds of 72, 75, and 80, against 60. The result would be inevitable if all labour were of equal value. But "the minds amongst the spindles" are not themselves machines. The economical working of complicated and valuable machinery materially depends upon the skill and intelligence, the energy, and good-will of the operatives; and we cannot believe that, under a system of seventy to eighty hours' labour per week, the work people are likely to go through their task with either much skill or great care. The contest is of a kindred character with that between slave and free labour in the cultivation of sugar and tropical products; and everywhere we believe that the free, the skilled, and the intelligent labourer must prevail.

THE CRACOVIAN AGITATION.—The Cracow question, which has occupied the House of Commons during several evenings of a busy session, is the only fragment of chivalry that the lower branch of the legislature has recently manifested. It is strange, indeed, that Mr. Hume, the last man in the House to be carried off his feet by romantic notions, began the debate, and moved the resolutions with which the members occupied so much valuable time. It is, perhaps, equally singular that Mr. Hume's motion was seconded by Viscount Sandon, because these gentlemen are not frequently found working in couples. In this case, we suppose that Mr. Hume represented the arithmetical, and Viscount Sandon the chivalric clauses of the series. The debate had other novelties. Lord George Bentinck offered an apology for the conduct of the three great powers, and took the Austrian Emperor and Government under his protection. Mr. D'Israeli, in his new work "Tancred," complains that this age furnishes no examples of genuine friendship. He regrets that Damon and Pythias are not continued in an unbroken series to the present day. His modesty prevented him from observing the inconsistency of the complaint from his pen. He might have remonstrated with the world for not furnishing two or three couples in a generation; but for an example of one pair, that cannot be wanting, while the honourable gentleman and the noble lord survive. When did the modern Damon ever say a foolish thing, that Pythias came not to the rescue of his noble friend? The extent of the absurdity is of no consequence. No extravagance alarms Pythias the younger. If it had pleased Damon to say that the streets of Vienna were lined with gold, and that Prince Metternich was a young female of surpassing beauty and great accomplishments, Pythias the younger would have produced and eloquently set forth sophistries in proof. The adhesion of Lord George Bentinck to the policy of Prince Metternich is in itself a matter of the smallest conceiveable importance; but in its consequence, the subserviency of a really talented man to the Viennese plots against freedom, it becomes valuable. His Lordship's sting is in his tail, and it is pitiful that the tail of a very medium person should be of such rare and sterling genius. The spectacle of genius dragged through the mire by mediocrity is always distressing, and Mr. Hume, in this instance, is responsible for its exhibition to the House of Commons, the country, and the world.

Concerning the merits of this Anglo-Cracovian agitation we have very little more to say than respecting the measurements of the last new planet. It is altogether beyond our reach or comprehension, as we find men of the most pacific character presiding at meetings regarding Cracow, or making speeches and moving resolutions remarkably well adapted to the naval member for Marylebone. The resolutions moved by Mr. Hume embraced two objects. The first was an expression of repugnance with the seizure of Cracow by Austria; the second, a refusal to pay an annual sum of money guaranteed to Russia, in fulfilment of an arrangement dating from the treaty of Vienna, because the Emperor of Russia was a party to the breach of that treaty in the immolation of Cracow. This treaty of Vienna, so far as it affects territorial arrangements, was broken with our concurrence by the Belgic revolution. The formation of Belgium into a separate kingdom was accomplished by British intervention. The court was willing to make a throne for Leopold, and even the most liberal politicians were taken by the title "revolution." The proceeding was adverse to British interests and to commercial intercourse; and Belgium profited nothing by the change, which transferred it from an influential portion of a considerable kingdom to a dependency on France. But we cannot now make so much of the treaty of Vienna, after breaking it to give Leopold a crown. The Emperor Nicholas has certainly a similar right, with any that we may possess, to make a revolution for his purposes and to advance his interests. The Belgian people were greatly delighted with their revolution; and the Cracovians are said to have illuminated their city for the suppression of their liberties. The Belgians doubtless felt the joy that was very generally expressed: while the Cracovians' candle lights must have been nearly similar to funeral torches; but the two Emperors insist that the people were hugely transported with the sight of their new chains. The first part of the resolutions was a harmless expression of indignation at the suppression of Cracow. It might have been passed without remark. The second was a heavy business. The House of Commons might have repudiated the debt, but Russia could not have acquiesced in this balancing of accounts, without acknowledging the injustice of her policy. It might not have suited Russian policy to make war at present; but the resolution offered a defiance, and we should have been prepared to fight before adopting this resolution. Resolutions of that nature, without a fleet in the Baltic, would be futile; and we do not believe that there are many persons in this country disposed to kindle a European war for seventy thousand pounds annually. The existence of Cracow, a small city and republic, in the centre of three great monarchies, was an anomaly which scarcely served the cause of Poland. Its existence resembled an exhibition of Polish liberty in chains. Nobody doubts, nobody can doubt, that its suppression was accomplished by foul means. The three governments could easily incite conspiracies against themselves in Cracow. With the construction of treason, when necessary, they are familiarly acquainted; and the manufacture of conspiracies, in a small republic, against a powerful neighbour, is equally easy. But the case of Poland is not altered, and it is scarcely aggravated by

the last crime. It needs no remembrancers in resolutions, in votes of sympathy, or even in public meetings; for these things merely induce the spoilers to clutch their prey more tightly. The case of Poland is historical. It will never slip out of mind. The day of Poland is fixed. We cannot foretell the date of its revival, but we can describe the time. The first European war will restore it; and in all human calculation, without war, great or small, Poland cannot be resuscitated. The Emperors of Russia and Austria, and the King of Prussia, will not be vanquished by resolutions.

FRENCH POLITICS.—The Marquis of Normanby and M. Guizot have been reconciled. Mutual acquaintances, as is usual in such cases, advised them "to be friends again;" and, after some little coquetting and fighting shy, they once more met under the same roof, eating from the same board, enjoying the same music, and making merry together, to the chagrin of those members of the Parisian press who are brave in their *bureaux*, and desire nothing more than the excitement of a European war. Notwithstanding their sufferings on the subject, yet M. Guizot and his colleagues in the administration were as innocent as the babes in the wood of the Montpensier marriage. The King did it all. The Ministry were, of course, compelled to do the dirty work or take short warning, but they had no part in the planning of the scheme. They are, in fact, relieved from all labour of that description. The King is the head and centre of business, and M. Guizot his catspaw. One morning, Louis Philippe desired to see his responsible minister, and M. Guizot was announced. Bland and hypocritical, as usual, the King professed to be greatly concerned with the telegraphic intelligence from Spain. Something had occurred. M. Bresson knew not how to act. There was a great emergency. The opposition at Madrid were becoming strong. There was an immediate necessity for frustrating their plans. The marriage of Montpensier with the Infanta was the only way of settling and arranging matters. M. Guizot ventured to express that it could not be. There were obstacles in the shape of treaties, negotiations, and understandings. The King acknowledged the difficulties, but they had been obliged to conclude it. "To conclude it," exclaimed the Minister. "So says the telegraph," quietly remarked the King; "when the despatches arrive, we shall learn more: the announcement is short—a few words only." Thus ended the interview. M. Guizot consulted a colleague. He represented "the badness" of the business; but the King, he thought, was sincere, and filled with vexation for the terrible necessity of marrying the young Duc de Montpensier to thirty millions of francs. "You are mistaken," answered Duchatel; "he betrays us: we shall see that; I will wait on his Majesty." Away went the other Minister on his mission. He met the same smiles—he heard of the same compulsion to marry thirty millions of francs. The telegraph, M. Bresson, the Spanish opposition, the necessity had done it all;—they would learn more on the arrival of the despatches, but the business was concluded, *un fait accompli*, to make the best of. The statesman returned to Guizot, to tell him that he was mistaken; that the King had contrived it; that M. Bresson would not have dared, on his own responsibility, to bargain away a child of France; that they were only tools, and betrayed. "We shall resign our portfolios," said M. Guizot. "A virtuous resolution; but why," answered his companion, "why resign? Others will do the work; we shall lose our majority, be blamed by the Chambers, incense the King, and perish politically—*resignations are fruitless.*" So the two worthies determined to be sponsors for the marriage, and began that course of intrigue which has been exposed. Only they neither designed nor approved that policy which they were obliged to paternise. Their departures from truth were even wider than anything ascribed to them by the Marquis of Normanby or the journals. When the arrangements were completed, the marriages concluded, and the discussions past, "After all," said M. Guizot, not from the Tribune nor in the Chambers—"after all my labours and sacrifices for years, the King would cast me aside if another could take my place with a majority." "What!" said *his audience*, "have you not created a system, collected the greatest majority in the French Chambers since the Revolution, cemented a dynasty? Is *he* ungrateful? Would not the King respect your services?" "Ah, my friend," whispered the Minister, "there are now two kings in France. One (Rothschild) makes his chest a throne; *another* makes his throne a chest."

There are now three kings in France. The Emperor Nicholas has introduced *his chest;* and the acceptance of his offer to take stock to the value of fifty millions francs, in order to relieve the Bank of France—a stock nominally amounting to £2,250,000 at the current price, renders his share in the French sovereignty far from inconsiderable. France must forbear to protest against the incorporation of Cracow and the fate of Poland, or its protest must be an insignificant remonstrance—a ceremony politely performed. France must learn to know the source of aid in difficulties—and that is not the man who makes his throne a chest, but the man who can make his chest a step to the throne. France must appreciate that man and his assistance. When the time arrives to place the Duc de Bordeaux, the heir of the old family, on the French throne; restore legitimacy; and perfect again the unholy alliance of European kings against European people; the French capitalists will be told the purpose of this loan. They will not desire to have a stock of fifty-six and a-half millions francs thrown on their market. France is spending more than it earns. Algeria drains it of men and money. It is a spendthrift; borrowing in peace, and falling yearly into debt, without redeeming slaves, unfettering commerce, feeding a nation, or doing a noble act. This is its system; and the result is ruin: if not to the people, to *the* family, and *the* dynasty. The fifty millions of francs expended by Nicholas will fructify. They will produce good interest. They will secure the omission of future protests, or render them into the most "agreeable French." They smother the country; while the two kings—the throne and the chest—Orleans and the Jew—Louis Philippe and Rothschild—*not* M. Guizot, have their majority in the Chambers. Circassia may be conquered, Cracow blotted out, Poland forgotten, Turkey invaded, the Bosphorus reached, if that be an object, and France be quiescent. Hereafter they will work more wonders. They are meant, at least, to help the Duc de Bordeaux to a throne—when his time arrives.

The Europeans of 1847 have improved on their fathers' methods of war. They fight with their ancestors' legacies of debt. Capital and bonds are their material. The Bourse and the Exchange are the battle fields. The large operators in funds are the leaders. Brokers are only officially their subalterns. The warfare certainly has a more civilised appearance. It is less atrocious on the surface; but this playing with capital closes mills, ties up looms, cools furnaces, stops commerce, famishes districts—or it may do such things; and then it is, or would be, dangerous and fatal.

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TAIT'S EDINBURGH MAGAZINE.

MAY, 1847.

THE EDUCATIONAL SCHEMES.

Lord John Russell made his formal explanation of the Educational Scheme on the 19th ult. The debate arising out of his statement was adjourned till the 20th, and again over to the 22d. On that night there was a division giving a great majority for the Ministry, and on the 23d another division terminating also in their favour. The opponents of the measure in Parliament adopted different modes of accomplishing their objects, as they are divided into different parties. Mr. Duncombe moved for a select committee to inquire into the operation of the present systems. To that motion Lord John Russell objected, on the plea that it contained a vote of censure. That is to say, when the acting partners in a public company require an additional investment of capital from the shareholders, it is equivalent to censure if the latter beg to see the accounts, or appoint a portion of their number to examine them. Lord John Russell and his friends are the acting partners in the House of Commons, and they have gone to the company with a new plan for the transaction of one part of their business, which carries on its front the necessity for a considerable additional authority. Mr. Duncombe says, "I do not like this scheme of yours, and we have a great many small partners who hold it in utter abhorrence; but let us appoint a number of gentlemen to inquire into its character, the manner it is likely to work, and the details of former expenditure for the same subject." "That would be a vote of censure," exclaims Lord John Russell, and a majority of the directors confirmed his opinion. There must be no inquiry. There must be no foolish examinations of wayward witnesses. There must be no publication of blue books with such objections as were made by Mr. Duncombe, that in one small town the Dissenters expended £350 in the erection of a school, and obtained a grant of £50; while the Churchmen paid £800 for their schools, and receive a grant of £800! Does Dr. Kay Shuttleworth deny the truth of this statement? Presuming it to be true, is there no cause for a select committee?

Mr. Ewart admitted the propriety of active interference by the State in favour of secular education; but insisted that religious instruction should be the work of the several churches, and of them alone; with the advantage for doing their work of such facilities as the schools afford.

Mr. Gisborne opposed any scheme of State education, considering all plans alike impracticable, and describing the Scottish people as a set of drunkards, because Greenock and Glasgow seem to him, on his annual tours, nothing better than Liverpool and Manchester; and, in a Highland glen with which he is acquainted, the people read, write, and figure well, and also drink whisky. Now, we should like to ask Mr. Gisborne whether he be not, in that Highland glen, an agent of corruption? Does he go there with the design of promoting habits of regular industry amongst its inhabitants? Is he its annual visiter for the purpose of giving the people habitual labour? Does he go to teach them improved systems of husbandry? Or, is it not true, that he visits the Highlands to enjoy such pleasures as the chase afford, and that any employment that he gives to the people of the glen is not of a character to encourage habits of regularity? It is time that English gentlemen who frequent the Highlands in August should know that, in Scotland, their annual crusade is not thought to be, in any way, favourable to the morals of the people whose territories they invade.

Perhaps Mr. Hindley, who represents the views of one class of the Dissenters in the Commons, although he spoke shortly, placed the educational question in a better light than many of his friends who occupied the house for a longer period. He belongs to that section of the opponents to the Government plan who think, as we believe, that the State may attend to one department of education, and yet avoid any interference with religious opinion. Out of the House, the movement against the minutes has been destroyed by the stiffness with which one section of their opponents adhere to an extreme principle. At Crossby Hall, in the meeting of Delegates from the Dissenting Churches, Dr. Vaughan's views were contemptuously scouted, and those who held them termed "traitors to the cause." Language of this description is absolutely rude. "Traitors to the cause" of resistance to all aid from the State for secular education men cannot be who never thought such resistance prudent or necessary. Men can never be traitors to a party whom they never joined. Of course, Mr. Hindley shares with Dr. Vaughan the doom of treachery; and, in a humble way, some portion of the odium falls

upon ourselves. These extreme denunciations are very impolitic, and likely enough to weaken and subdivide a strong party. In the meantime, they have rendered the opposition to the Ministerial scheme less formidable than otherwise it would have been, although, in Parliament, that scheme found no complete defence; for even Lord John Russell acknowledged that it needed improvement, and that he would have preferred a more liberal system. The Church Catechism, he seemed to think, might be dispensed with; and if Mr. Hindley had pressed the question, "Did Lord John Russell believe all the statements of that Catechism?" we have every reason to suppose that, if answered at all, it must have been answered in the negative. Mr. Macaulay made, perhaps, the best defence of the minutes, by avoiding their weak points, and insisting on what nobody denies—the necessity of education. His address was not that of a Statesman, but of an advocate. He had studied his brief and did it justice: but it would have been quite a different thing to do justice to the cause of education, and to the nation. Mr. Macaulay appeared there not so much the representative of Edinburgh, as the advocate of the Committee of Council on Education. This particular duty he discharged well. No man in the House, with true and steady and laborious preparation, can dress a case better than the Member for the Scottish Metropolis; nor can we say that he neglected *his* duty to the electors of that city, for they permit him to do work of this description—more on his private account than on theirs—as opportunity occurs. The apologists and defenders of the Ministerial scheme had, however, all their particular pebbles to fling on the cairn of protest raised against the project they voted for, while they spoke against some particular clause of the minutes. The circumstance illustrates the necessity of adhering strictly to constitutional principles. It is rather strange indeed, that at this advanced period of the world's history, we should have to lecture Whigs and Tories on departures from the Constitution. Nobody expected two or three years since, that from "dangerous innovators" would come the only note of warning when our glorious Constitution was placed in real danger by such men as Lord John Russell and the Marquis of Lansdowne. The Premier, indeed, endeavours to cast ridicule on this view of the proceeding; but success does not always attend efforts, however well intended. He says that the means of carrying out the minutes of this irresponsible Committee of Education are to be voted annually by the House of Commons, and can be reduced or refused by a vote of the House. There is nothing in that fact previously unknown to the public. The Committee have assumed several functions of Parliament, but they were not suspected of having yet, at least, stolen the purse-strings. The House of Commons will have the pleasure of paying such bills as the Committee may incur. The representatives of the people will continue to be "cash-keepers" to the Marquis of Lansdowne and Dr. Kay Shuttleworth, in their educational business. So much influence still remains to the House; but it is a mere deception to say that the annual votes afford any means of checking this Committee, who have declared in these minutes their intention of making contracts to run for five years, for fifteen years, and some for a much longer period. The Committee in their minutes distinctly offer a salary to teachers dependent not upon a vote of the House of Commons, but on the payments to be received from the local managers of their schools. They also contract with these local managers to maintain the endowment of their schools, certainly not by the year, but so long as the managers continue their payments. Then they enter into contracts with the monitors to pay them sums, increasing from £5, in the first year of their monitorship, to £12 10s., in the fourth and last. They make a similar contract with the apprentices to the teaching business, who are to be paid £10 in the first, and additional sums up to £20 in the fifth and last year of their apprenticeship. Farther, the Committee agree with these young men, conditionally on certain certificates being obtained of their capacity, to give them an exhibition of £20 or £25 on their entrance into the Normal School. Under these heads they also contract to pay teachers for monitors £2 10s. per annum during their engagement; and for apprentices £5 per annum, unless the number of monitors and apprentices in a school be more than one, when the payment is to be increased on a scale which we published in last number. Even here these extensive contracts do not terminate, for they stipulate to obtain for the duller class of young teachers, who are incompetent to undertake the duties of schools, "an opportunity of entering on the public service." Still we have not reached the end; for the minute contains a direct contract with such male and female teachers as may have been engaged in the duties of that profession for fifteen years, and have submitted their schools for seven years to Government inspection, a retiring pension in the event of their physical incapacity—in the first class from £20 to £30, and in the second from £40 to £60 per annum. Mr. Tidd Pratt, with all his powers as an accountant, could scarcely tell when all these contracts will expire, but he would support us in saying that this minute contains business which, if entered on, cannot be terminated before the close of the present century. We will admit that the House of Commons may refuse the money. Constitutionally, the House could refuse it; but we have been accustomed in this country to regard equity, honour, and honesty in all our public transactions, more than the strict letter of a bond, or the legal construction that may be put upon the constitutional powers of the House of Commons. Practically, that House never will refuse a vote necessary to make good engagements that now may be formed under this minute. Honest men would regret to see the House adopt that step, even although they also deplored and opposed that course of bribery and corruption on which we enter from the day that the minute is

acted on. TheBritish people hate repudiation. They will toil and struggle to clear the way, but they will not repudiate, even although the claim may be flimsy, and signed and countersigned by parties without absolute legal authority, when they know that the engagement was fairly made —publicly made—made with their own knowledge and in their name. To suppose any other course would be to reduce the Marquis of Lansdowne to the position of Joseph Ady, and the Lord President would be employed to tell male and female teachers in rustic districts and lovely villages—per circular, O.H.M.S.—that if they only did so and so "they would hear of something to their advantage;" and then, when they had done the so and so, remitted the sovereign—that is, formed the junction and accepted the inspection; nothing whatever to their advantage would appear if, in a fit of returning wisdom, the House of Commons refused to pass the necessary vote.

It is ridiculous to allege that this measure comes under the rule of annual revision. The House of Commons may at any time refuse to vote money for future proceedings; but it is bound to implement past contracts. The Premier, therefore, in repelling the charge of acting unconstitutionally in this minute, used for argument the most apparent "dodge" on which a statesman ever "crutched" round a corner.

We revert to our statement that the opinions expressed by the friends of the measure show the absolute necessity of clinging to constitutional arrangements; and those forms of Parliament that, though often misused for factious ends, are nevertheless the strongholds of freedom against a corrupt or a convenient majority. We deem it clear as crystal that if a bill had been introduced, even by Lord John Russell, embracing all the clauses of this minute of committee, it never would havgone out of Parliament unamended. This "newe fangled" system of passing the minutes of some subordinate committee into law by a money vote, must be decisively checked. Carried away by an educational fever, many liberal men have overlooked the blemishes of the scheme, and especially its corrupt introduction. They have allowed the precedent for many evils to pass unobserved. They may be assured that the Committee of Privy Council on Education is not the last committee of which they shall therefore hear. The plan is far too agreeable to politicians in power to be placed in sinecure. It is a noble plan which takes a vote for every or for any job, saves second or third readings or amendments, and puts down many disagreeable discussions. We take a step beyond our last reversion to the disunion which reigns amongst the opponents of the Government scheme. In great political efforts we advise always adherence to the point on hand. We wish to have a particular bill effectively opposed and defeated; we do not inquire at those who have the same end in view, and are willing to aid in its accomplishment, their motive for coming to our help. Much less would we think it necessary to have a catalogue of all their opinions, and repudiate ungraciously their assistance, if some one of their views did not tally precisely with a notion that we had formed. The only qualification for admission amongst the opponents of this bill should merely have been determination, if possible, to defeat the measure. The party must be strong who can afford to be unthankful for an honest and a hearty vote, although it comes from one who cannot subscribe every clause of their creed. We do not certainly say that, even to gain the triumph of a noble cause, independent men should herd with the unworthy, and take counsel with the dregs of mere factions. But let us take the actual case in hand—the case of Crosby Hall for an example. A body of delegates meet to oppose this Educational bill; they have there expounded for them a new manifestation of the Voluntary principle, in which many Voluntaries do not concur. They say on that principle, the Government must not interfere with any kind of education; and they pass such a resolution as compels all men who do not hold this new view, to abstain from being mixed up with their proceedings. They must have necessarily known that several large dissenting communities could not go with them in that extreme measure. They must have felt that the Wesleyans in England—most probably the Calvinistic Methodists in Wales—certainly the Free Church in Scotland—would dissent from those views. They were aware that many of the leading men amongst other English Dissenters still held the necessity of Government intervention in favour of secular instruction as a principle; and that till lately, this opinion was espoused and promulgated even by those gentlemen who now insisted on precluding the Government from doing anything for education. They knew that a powerful party opposed the Government measure, not as a national scheme of education, but as a plan for creating a "Tom Thumb" establishment, small in size, but greatly mischievous in results; and still they persevered with their new and peculiar views in a way calculated to exclude every person who could not pronounce their alphabet to the omega.

We have many reasons for objecting to the Government scheme. It attends to superfluities and leaves us without necessaries. Its aid is given only to parties who have proved their power to help themselves. The schools brought within the operation of the Minutes are dependent for two-thirds of their support on the Voluntary system, and are only indebted for one-third of their means to the State. They are to be two parts voluntary, and only one part endowed from the public funds. A district requiring aid for scholastic instruction must first have a school built, for which the State may give some assistance; then a free house for the teacher; and, finally, an annual minimum income of £30, secured before it can obtain any assistance whatever. There are many poor districts in England where these conditions cannot be observed; and because they are poor, so far as the Government is concerned, they will remain "unschooled" until the system be changed. We believe if the

same qualifications had been demanded for Ireland, that the National system there would have been useless; and we are surely justified in asking for the poor of England and Scotland equal justice with those of Ireland.

We do not find in the scheme any provision made for the children of poverty or of crime in wealthy districts. We see, at least, no such provision as their circumstances require. To open a school is one thing: to reach the subjects of ragged schools is another and a very different matter. We should have a *quid pro quo* in the case of all endowments. Wherever the State gives an endowment to a school, there should the children of the poor sit and be taught free. If crime is to be extirpated through these schools—and the speeches made in Parliament would lead us to expect that result—then their weight should be thrown more on the mass who are not, and will not be taught without public aid, either by State endowments or voluntary associations; and less on the classes whose children would learn to read and write although free schools were unknown.

We object to the scheme because it is extravagant—boundlessly extravagant—in its apprenticeship and monitorship clauses. If the business of the schoolmaster is made to yield a proper income, young men will learn that profession as they acquire a knowledge of any other trade without being subsidized by the State. The Government never pay the apprentices of an apothecary, or an attorney, or a banker, and we cannot see that they need to pay those of a teacher.

In this case, however, the minutes provide double payments. They not only pay the boys and girls for acquiring a knowledge of their business, but they also pay the person who, during their monitorship and apprenticeship, is to have the benefit of their assistance, for teaching them.

We do not here repeat the tables inserted in last number, but we refer to them, because they exhibit a perfectly extravagant rate of payment, even if the principle of making any allowance to monitors and apprentices were conceded. We have seen no defence of the proposed rates. Perhaps in dealing with national money, it is thought shabby to exhibit any anxiety for a few pounds in one or the other direction; but national funds are to a great extent derived from poor men, to whom pounds are of material importance!

We object to the expenditure of public funds upon a system which has nothing national in it, except so much of the national money. Lord John Russell says, that no system of education without religious instruction is suitable to the English people. The remark is true, in so far as no system of education is suitable for any people whatever, without religious instruction; and no such system has been proposed; but the Government have been respectfully requested "to mind their own business"—secular matters, under a promise that the Churches would attend to their special business—"religious instruction." The Government has been asked merely to abstain from intermeddling with religious teaching, which it never can do well—but not to establish a system of secular training in which there shall be no religious teaching. They have never been asked, so far as we remember; and certainly they have never been asked by any considerable number of persons, to establish a system of secular education, from which religious instruction should be excluded. The Premier's remark, however, renders this explanation necessary; for it is an old trick, and not a creditable one, to charge all who seek to keep the State within its province in educational matters, with a desire to debar religion from the schools, and trust the young to some description of moral training which is, after all, founded on religion.

The present, or, we should rather say, the proposed system, is liable to the objection of being irreligious, which its supporters ascribe to any plan that would deal justly by all sects. But what can be more irreligious than to teach anything under the name of religion which may be very far removed from truth? The Government plan, even in Church of England schools, will inculcate two or three variations of creed. Religion will be made to differ in different parishes, and faith will be geographical. The Bishop of Exeter, it is true, is snubbed. His plan of making deacons of all schoolmasters in his diocese is negatived; and he will be instructed not to place his teachers in holy orders. But does any man dream that the Bishop of Exeter will not use his schools for the propagation of those particular formalities, in obedience to which he seems to think man's first duty consists, although it is not so written in the Bible? Will it be supposed that one of his most approved schools will confer exactly the same kind of religious training that may be expected in schools connected with the churches of Mr. Noel or Mr. Bickersteth? Will there not be a terrible schism between the doctrines taught in these religious seminaries, all placed, be it noted well, under the care and supervision of the English Church? With these discrepancies, great as they are, the matter does not end. The Government or the nation undertake to teach religion, in a great many other forms, in fact under any other sort of form whatever that the managers of schools unconnected with the English Church may appoint. If the authorised version of the Scriptures be read in their schools, they may add any other description of religious teaching that squares with their views. We see no particular reason for supposing that the Buchanites, if they had been in existence still, might not have taught their faith at the expense of the State. There is no ground for believing that the disciples of the late Mr. Joseph Smith of Nauvoo can be debarred from a grant for teaching their religious creed to the young, if they apply in proper form to the Marquis of Lansdowne and Dr. Kay Shuttleworth. We shall be told of this practice merely conferring justice on all parties; but we beg the Government to throw aside these incongruities, and not proclaim to the world that the name "religion," without any reference to the "quality," is suffi-

cient to satisfy the conscience of the British people.

We object to the measure for reasons stated in our previous Number, because it invests small authorities in all rural districts, and even in towns, with an extent of patronage never previously delegated by any Government to subjects unconnected with the Executive of the country; because it offers two or three bribes in every contracted locality; leaves the teacher thoroughly in the power of the inspector, who is to visit him once annually, and the clergyman, who may visit him daily; and places the Inspectors under the heel of the Archbishops, who alone are sovereign and irresponsible. Instead of spreading over the country systematically, this scheme does everything by shreds and patches. In one locality where there are three or four active, though small congregations, the managers can compel the State to endow three or four schools, where one or two should meet the wants of the population; while in another locality, with probably a larger population, but without an active rivalry of sects, there may be no school of any description to be found in the parish.

Mr. Macaulay pronounced an eloquent essay on Education, and the advantages of the Scottish schools to the people of this country; but no sophistry will ever bring this new system into resemblance with the Scotch parochial schools. They have many blemishes. Their teachers are under-paid, and their regulations are too sectarian; but they form a noble and regularly planted band of institutions that have sustained for centuries, if often with a faint and glimmering light, the lamp of knowledge in all places of the land. We have an advantage over Mr. Macaulay, most probably in the discussion of this question, for we know these parish schools experimentally, and can trace in the Minutes of the Committee of Council on Education no similarity to their plan.

Oftimes, yet in a tired and feverish hour, there cometh to the mind again remembrances of days, so many years ago, that a haze hangs o'er their deeds in memory's light, when, in this same pleasant May, we loitered on the brae above the school, dull and sad enough, because it could neither be doubted nor denied that the birds amongst the yellow broom, upon the knowes "about," had sung and charmed away the time and care that duty sternly demanded for the Georgics. But then the school itself and the teacher's house, had quite a care-subduing look about them. The little burn crept past the gable from "out between" the cottages, orchards, and shrubberies, where one or two genteel annuities made life a very pleasant matter, and seemed to have an aristocratic flow from its long and winding connexion with the demeanes around the castle that lay beyond. And from the other gable of the school there stretched away the great churchyard with its roofless church, and the wide play-ground that formed one half of the square, wherein the dead slept, and the living sung, and laughed and grew very boisterous in their games, while the gravedigger kept adding to the parish mound of death. There were neither ash nor oak trees in the kingdom like our oak and ash trees that stood great strong sentries, every here and there, from corner to corner, watching the games of the living and guarding the graves of the dead. With all the families living on the bank above the little river, between it and the grave-yard, from the dowager looking house and gardens on the west end, to the sturdy cobbler's cottage at the east; the school declared war at times, and followed the struggle by treaties for peace, but most frequently our relations were pacific, for we were mutual gainers by that policy. Within the school, from the English alphabet to all the sciences essential for practical navigation and land-surveying, from threepenny books to the Latin and Greek classics, and one or two modern languages, all knowledge was studied, and if not studied well, at least taught well. Once in each year, in March or early in April, we had a field-day, before which there was a great rubbing up of the stores of knowledge; for "the Presbytery" came to examine us, along with the Episcopal minister in a brown wig—a solemn, kindly, old bachelor—and the Secession minister—a grave, silvery-haired man, in a similar domestic position—who in his very quiet, "flatt" did much to originate the Voluntary controversy in later times. They all met in peace together, without a discordant word regarding sects or creeds; and except for one of the members, who wished to keep his Latin in use at the cost of our humanity class, matters began pleasantly, and finished with a half-holiday. We hear continually now of the religious training in our parish schools; but except that general teaching, from all things, and all events, and all passages, given in a few unassuming sentences, we can remember no religious instruction from which the keenest sectarianism could have received a stain. Sometimes the minister came in, and talked a little with the boys; but he was not an inspector, and had not an inspector's power. The minister and the teacher has thoroughly independent jurisdiction. On Saturdays, the school was formed into a Bible-class, and read one or two chapters; and, often in the afternoons, some portion of the Scriptures was read aloud; while, on another day, those scholars whose parents were Presbyterians, and those alone, repeated the answers to some questions of the Assembly's Catechism, but there was no sectarianism.

England greatly misapprehends the fact if she believes that the minutes which have been so much discussed will secure her "Scotland's Schools," imperfect as they are and comparatively inefficient as they have become.

The Dissenters of England have thrown away their power in divisions from the announcement of a new turn in the Voluntary principle. The men who five or six years ago, and even at more recent dates, sought aid from Government for secular instruction, now repudiate not these minutes or this plan; but all interference with, and all grants from Government for the most common secular Education. This division has weakened the resistance to the measure; although its

Parliamentary opponents confined themselves to such grounds as we have stated, without, except in one or two instances, venturing on the doctrine that the Government may punish but dare not teach—may erect the gibbet, but must not plant the sign-post. Still the moral effects of these divisions without, is manifested by the small minorities within the House of Commons. The easily arranged defection of the Wesleyan body had also a most damaging influence on the opposition to the minutes. The transaction between the ministry and the leaders of that body is not yet fully explained, but it is impossible that they could be hood-winked by the temporary exclusion of Roman Catholic schools from participation in the grant. They knew that the rule was one of only a temporary character, and if they were previously ignorant on that subject, they are now informed. With remarkable distinctness, the leaders of both parties have expressed their determination to include within the grant in future years the Roman Catholic schools. We can tell them also that in another grant, they will find the Irish Roman Catholic priesthood included before the expiry of 1848. The plan of the future parliamentary campaign, in religious and educational business, is prepared, promulgated, and intelligible. The programme is before the public. The challenge given by Sir Robert Peel is to the hustings. It is for those gentlemen who insist on abstract opinions, to say whether this challenge can be accepted with any hope of success. If they persist in putting their Shibboleth in the mouth of all who may not be able to frame to pronounce it aright, there is no difficulty in foreseeing the result. Defeated, they and we must be prostrated and overborne by the combination of political opponents. Planted in every narrow neighbourhood, we shall have a tool of the State working wonderfully on youthful minds, sometimes instructing them well, often educating them backwards; and converting them into prettily polished machines, framed to whirl in one weary routine. Striking deep into every soil, the Church and State connexion will become more powerful year by year, until it comprehend two-thirds of the population, all Episcopalian and Roman Catholic communions, and appear irradicable. From that position, the principle will be turned on the State, corrupting religion and destroying freedom. Even yet, these evils might be avoided through greater labouring on the part of those who oppose the present and the threatened Government measures for home objects—through greater forbearance with each other—by more tact and wisdom; humanly speaking, they might be averted by a possibility for which there is but little ground to hope.

We have written these articles on the Government system with no inconsiderable pain. An improvement in the schools for the peasant and artizan classes is essentially needed. An extension of education is one of those objects much to be desired. There are annually added to the population of the country several hundred thousand persons, of whom one-third perhaps go through life without the means of knowing rightly their duties to their Maker or to their fellow men.

The necessity for instruction is so great, that we are apt to mistake the shadow for the substance, when the first only is presented. With all its defects, this scheme might have been tolerated, if it had embraced the poor. If Government had gone down into depths, where private benevolence could not or would not go, and nobly said, "Those for whom no men care shall be our particular business," the errors of these plans would have been obliterated by their wisdom and generosity. But the Government passes by the neglected classes, and over all schools below the paying line of £30 per annum, with a house rent free.

SCOTTISH RIVERS.

THE JORDAN.

BY SIR THOMAS DICK LAUDER.

We have been much gratified by the perusal of some well-written and interesting articles on Irish rivers, which have appeared in the numbers of our able contemporary, the *Dublin University Magazine*. It has occurred to us that we might, now and then, say a few words about our Scottish rivers. We are ready to admit that we owe the idea to our much-respected brother, and to thank him for having inspired us with it; but, at the same time, we are fully disposed to exercise that discretion which we both wish and require to maintain within the regions of our own particular domain, and to do the matter entirely after our own taste and fancy. We, who have served in our younger days, cannot forget the military lessons which our much-lamented friend, old Major Ramsbottom, used to take every opportunity of impressing on us, under the firm conviction which the good and brave man held, that we had been born to die a Field-Marshal. "When you are about to fight the enemy, my boy," said he, "whether it may be with a small or a large force, never bring the *elite* of your troops prominently forward at first. Begin with the rapscallions—if, indeed, any such fellows are ever to be found in any British army—and then, by afterwards supporting them with your more choice *corps d'armee*, you will annihilate the enemy, without any serious loss to yourself." Peace to the manes of the brave and kind-hearted Major! His doating affection for us was such, and his augury of our future military fame was so wonderful, that, if he had had any control over us, we never should have got leave to have quitted the service as we did; and all his life afterwards he solemnly declared that, if we had only stuck to the red coat, the

sun of the great Duke of Wellington never would have risen above the horizon, for that its beams would have been utterly quenched beneath the superior splendour of our military career.

But the reader may well ask what has Major Ramsbottom, or our undeveloped military fame, to do with the Scottish rivers? Gentlest of friends, we shall explain and endeavour to satisfy you in regard to this in a moment. It is quite true we are not about to fight against an enemy, but we are going to bring out the gallant array of our Scottish streams. If Ireland has her Shannon, have we not our Clyde?—and are there not "salmons in both?" But if you, dear sir, think that we are to begin with the king of our Scottish streams and estuaries, you are doing that which it is extremely foolish in so wise a man, as we took you to be, to do—that is, you are reckoning without your host. We mean to apply that most sensible advice given to us by our kind old friend Ramsbottom in regard to our military career, to that which we now occasionally follow in the literary line; and although we shall not—and, indeed, cannot—go so low as to march our rapscallions to the front, seeing that we do not possess any such fellows among the whole of the aqueous divinities of Scotland, yet we shall not send any of our more powerful forces into the field until we shall have been enabled to afford an opportunity to some of our humbler, and less generally known, streams to exhibit themselves. But, indeed, this, as you must be aware, is not only the *tactique* of the tented field, but it is equally pursued in bringing forward both opera-dancers and singers, *et hoc genus omne*. With such views as these strongly impressed upon our mind, we shall begin with the little stream that chances to be our nearest neighbour, upon the principle that, by so doing, we are, at least, doing a neighbourly act.

This stream, then, to which we would now especially direct our reader's attention, is the Jordan. Nay, start not! We have no need to send out to Syria to import for our purpose the sacred Scriptural river which our earliest religious associations have taught us so long and so devotedly to reverence. We possess a Jordan of our own, and we mean to give you some account of it. We admit that, by the vulgar, it is sometimes called the Pow; but that being a mere corruption of the word pool, is found to be frequently applied to such portions of rivers as, being very deep and tranquil, chance to come within the daily observation of those peasants who live near them on their banks. We farther admit that the stream is not even navigable by boats, and that, unlike both the rivers alluded to by Fluellen, as already quoted, there are no salmons in it; and that, indeed, whilst it might be considered by Americans or by East Indians hardly to deserve the name of a river, it might, perhaps, be looked upon, by the inhabitants of the banks of the Mississippi or the Ganges, as little better than a brook. But still it is not, on that account, to be altogether overlooked as insignificant. It is not always the fattest and biggest man who is the greatest hero. We know that Horatio Lord Nelson was little, and Arthur Duke of Wellington himself is no giant; and small as our little Jordan is, we trust that we shall be able to show, before we are done with it, that, if we had been as great a poet as Spenser, we might have spun as many verses on its banks as he ever did on those of his Mulla, or Molle. It is to the size, the form, and the purity of the pearls to which one's attention is called, and not to the thread that strings them together.

Small as is the stream of our Jordan, and short as is its course, the ascertainment of the exact position of its source has been productive of much contradictory speculation. We need not tell our readers that a company composed entirely of scientific men is always apt to be the most stupid party imaginable. The reason of this is obvious: all are ready to instruct, but, unfortunately, no one is there to be informed, for every one knows all that any of the others can speak about. Every mouth, therefore, is busily engaged in swallowing the delicate solids and fluids that may be provided for them by their host; and, beyond some half-muttered observations on the respective merits of the various eatables and drinkables, replied to, as it may be, by a grunt of assent, or a snort of denial, we have heard just as much science from a parcel of pigs over a trough, as from such a party of philosophers. Now, gentle reader, I dare say you begin to think that the thread of our stream is so very small that we have lost it altogether. But have patience, and you will find that we are quite right after all. We had, on one occasion, collected together about a round dozen of these sages of the Modern Athens to dine, for the purpose of making them known to a stranger friend of ours, a noble Lord, who was naturally enough possessed by a huge desire to make the acquaintance of, and to converse with, men of whose gigantic minds he had already had some knowledge through the perusal of their writings. "I should much wish," said he to us, "to witness the playful struggle of minds so mighty, in regard to truths so vast." In vain did he, and in vain did we, look for even a glimpse of science, always saving and excepting some slight gastronomic mutterings. We tried all manner of ways of lugging in science head and shoulders, *apropos de bottes*, and tabled it so broadly before them, that it was impossible for them to blink it. But it was all in vain. We might just as well have put down a sirloin of beef to the horses in a stable, and have expected them to carve and to eat it. At last, in utter despair, we bethought ourselves of a stratagem to make them, at least, speak which we brought to bear in this manner:—

"It is a strange thing," said we, "that although the little stream of the Jordan runs through our grounds here, and within less than half a mile of this house, that no one can tell us where its source is."

If we had thrown a parboiled potato into a poultry yard, we could not have produced a greater sensation, excitement, commotion, and noise among the army of fowls of all kinds, than this simple statement did among our philosophic friends.

"Ho!" cried one gentleman, "every one can

tell you *that*. It rises in the Pentland hills, just above Bonaly."

"Ha, ha, ha!" shouted another immediately; "why, you are giving it a course as long as that of the Nile!"

"Where do *you* say it rises then?" demanded the first gentleman, a little pettishly.

"Somewhere about the Hunter's Tryst," replied he, "although I am not absolutely certain of the precise spot."

"Phoo, phoo! you are quite wrong," said another. "You forget that you have the burn of Braid between you and the Hunter's Tryst; and unless you carry your Jordan across that in an aqueduct, how could you bring it to this side of it, where its course is?"

In an instant, the two first disputants had each his section of supporters, the dozen of philosophers being about equally divided in support of the two theories that had been started of the rise and course of this truly important stream. The combat of words waxed loud and vociferous. We are old enough to have witnessed some of those battles which were fought in support of the opposite opinions of the Huttonians and the Wernerians, or the Plutonists and the Neptunists, as they were called, but on none of those occasions did we ever listen to so long, so stormy, or so uproarious a debate as was begotten by this apple of discord which we had thus flung among them; and then, after a three hours' discussion, which, judging from the numerous bottles of claret which they emptied, could by no means be called a *dry* one, and just as the tempest of argument seemed to have exhausted itself, and appeared to be about to sink into a calm, one of the party happened to make the following remark:—

"Well, *de lana caprina agitur;* but after all, I think I ought to know the whole course of the little stream till it enters and passes through Duddingstone Loch, and then ——"

"Duddingstone Loch!" cried one of the others, interrupting him, "I know that part of it well, and it has nothing to do with Duddingstone Loch more than it has to do with Lake Ontario. It runs along through the flat ground at some half-a-quarter of a mile to the south of the Loch, and receives the little stream which the Loch discharges."

This gentleman was, in fact, quite right; but there was no convincing those who assumed the opposite side of the question. The new argument raged as hotly as the old one had done. We ordered broiled bones and devilled gizzards, with hot water and ardent spirits, as fitting food and drink for disputants so angrily excited, and the result was, that it was far beyond midnight before the discussion was brought to a close; and as neither party in either of the questions would yield one jot of opinion to the other, the partisans on both sides remained as undecided as to the truth as they were when they were first started. Thus it was that we at least succeeded in bringing out for our friend all the characters of the different individuals he had been invited to meet, though, indeed, he benefited but little by the deep science with which each of them individually was filled. After they were all gone, however, he retired, declaring that he had never been more thoroughly amused in all his life, and thus we had some reason to congratulate ourselves on our ingenuity.

We sincerely hope that the two chief disputants in regard to the question as to where our little Jordan rises may be beyond hearing, while we whisper that both of them were egregiously wrong. Each, indeed, seemed to be much more bent on, and more successful in, upsetting the theory of his opponent, than in establishing his own. The fact is, that both its early branches have their origin in a beautiful hill that rises picturesquely to the south-westward of Edinburgh, called the Craighouse Hill. A ramble over and about this hill on a fine day will yield very great enjoyment to the lover of nature. In the bottom, at its western extremity, are the remains of an ancient castle or tower, now much encumbered by the modern buildings of a farm. But the ruin is full of interest, both in regard to its position and the numerous associations with the olden time which it awakens; and we cannot peep into those queer dilapidated apartments without reflecting on that curious state of society and civilization, if it could be so called, which existed at the time when men, aye, and women too, were caged up in such voluntary prisons of defence, in which they concealed themselves like ruthless spiders, ready to issue out, when occasion offered, for the purpose of preying on their fellow-creatures. At the northern base of the hill the ground falls towards it from all directions, and forms a beautiful agricultural dale, whence the face of the hill itself rises in high steep cliffs, intermixed with slopes, entirely covered with tall and thriving wood, and everywhere enriched with a profusion of ivy. Here you might sit for hours in perfect and uninterrupted solitude, save and except on such occasions as you may be pleased to come accompanied by that beloved one to whom you may have plighted your troth, and for whom your fingers are employed in culling a nosegay from among the wildlings of the glen. But if really and entirely alone, and that your soul is properly constituted for such high converse, you might here hold holy communion with that omnipotent and beneficent Being, without whose mighty fiat the smallest floweret among those around you would have had no existence, who fills and animates all space, to whom the grateful though inaudible hymns of your heart might acceptably rise amidst the general chorus of the worshipping feathered songsters. And then, if you feel disposed to clamber up the face of the steeps over your head, what a magnificent extent of prospect unfolds itself to your eyes from the brow of the hill—the great and rich plain of Corstorphine stretching westward from Edinburgh—its antique church and pretty village—the lovely Corstorphine hills with their woods, villas, and pleasure-grounds—the city, with its grand castle, and some of its more recently built hospitals, advanced on prominent sites, and standing like palaces in the

country—the hills around Edinburgh, and the distant sea—and the whole scene animated by the rush of the distant train across the eye, leaving its long stream of white smoke behind it, annihilating, as it were, the space between the two great cities which the railway connects; or by the more laboriously toiling pace of the horses dragging the boats and lighters on the nearer canal, which winds through the landscape, and gleams here and there in the sunshine, with an effect which we have hardly, if ever, noticed in any other artificial work of the kind.

The source of the principal branch of our river Jordan is extremely mysterious, for it rushes suddenly out, in all the vigour of well-grown youth, from a subterranean opening, where its birth and earlier nurture have been concealed. This is immediately at the southern base of the hill, and thence it runs, skirting it, and so eastward through a long natural valley in the agricultural fields. It then turns northwards, and, in its gentle course down the hill, it imitates the Rhine and many other great rivers, by playfully diving underground for a considerable space, after which it re-appears and holds on its way rejoicing, till it joins the other branch which we are now about to describe.

This rises under the north-eastern angle of the hill, and just below that part of it where its slopes are found to be laid out in richly-cultivated enclosures, bounded by belts of noble timber, amidst the ancient avenues of which the fine old, many-gabled Scottish mansion of Craighouse is embosomed, together with its old-fashioned dovecot. This was one of the possessions belonging to a historically well-known man, Sir William Dick of Braid, Knight—not *Baronet*, as he is erroneously called in some of the books, and upon which false statement a baronet's title has been borne by certain persons for some generations. His history is curious, and although we cannot pretend to give it at length in an article such as this, we may hastily sketch, for the reader's information, that he was Lord Provost of Edinburgh in the days of Charles I., and that he was a merchant, so very wealthy, that his effects in money, and in landed estates, which he possessed extensively hereabouts, amounted, as we, his descendant, have documents to prove, to no less a gross sum than £226,000 sterling, being nearly equal to £2,000,000 of money at the present day. He had the power of coining money—we mean not only metaphorically, but in reality—for we are possessed of a very pretty copper coin of his, with the insignia of Commerce on one side, surrounded by the motto, "Fortuna Comes Virtuti;" and on the obverse a house, with his name in the legend surrounding it "Williame Dick of Braid." After this statement, would any reader, who has not already been made acquainted with the facts, suppose it possible that this man, so wallowing in wealth, could have died in what was at that time the King's Bench? And yet, such is the great uncertainty of all human affairs, that this is literally true. During the civil wars he was plucked by both the contending parties by forced loans. No less than £180,000 sterling of hard cash was taken from him in this way; and when he went to London, with his wife and five sons and two daughters, for the purpose of trying to recover it from the Parliament and the Government, he was arrested for some small debts incurred for the lodging and support of himself and family whilst there; and the residue of his funds being locked up in landed property, and in bonds and other investments which could not be immediately turned into money, he was thrown into prison, where he died 19th December, 1655. We are in possession of a very curious document, the bill for his funeral, paid by his daughter-in-law, Janet M'Math, of the family of M'Math, in Dumfries-shire, who was the wife of William of Grange, his third son. Not only do we owe to this lady's wealthy private exchequer and excellent heart the possession of this very curious discharged account, and many others of a similar description, but that piece of land on the Jordan also, which, like this property of Craighouse, and the other properties of Braid, Briggs, and Blackford which were settled on the other sons, would have been swallowed up by the mortgages upon it, if this guardian angel, for whose memory we have an especial and grateful respect, had not interfered with that concentration of wealth which descended on her from her father, from her sisters, and likewise from her first husband, Thomas Bannatine, whose memory she records in the following lines on his tombstone in the Greyfriars' Churchyard of this city:—

"Hodie mihi, Cras tibi.
Vita quid hominis? Flos, umbra et fumus, arista;
Ilia malis longa est; illa bonis brevis est."

To-day is mine, to-morrow yours may be;
Each mortal man should mind that he must die.
What is man's life?—a shade, a smoak, a flower—
Short to the good, to the bad doth long endure.

If thou list, that passeth by,
Know, who in this tomb doth ly;
Thomas Bannatine, abroad
And at home who served God.
Though no children he possest,
Yet the Lord with means him blest.
He on them did well dispose,
Long ere death his eyes did close.
For the poor his helping hand,
And his friends his kindness fand;
And on his dear bedfellow,
Janet M'Math, he did bestow,
Out of his lovely affection,
A fit and goodly portion.
Thankful she herself to prove,
For a sign of mutual love,
Did no pains nor charges spare
To set up this fabrick rare;
As Artemise, that noble dame,
To her dear Mausolus' name.

He died 16th July, 1635, of his age 65.

Oh! that men were wise to { Know the multitude of those that are to be damned, the paucity of those that are to be saved, and the vanity of transitory things. Understand evil committed! good things omitted, and the loss of time. Foreses the danger of death, the last judgment, and eternal punishment."

Getting now into the richly-cultivated plain, this branch of our little stream moves onwards through the arable fields, which exhibit in autumn the heaviest crops of wheat, and it is soon afterwards joined by the more important branch already described. A great stretch of many acres of ground, on its northern bank, is devoted to the humane purposes of the Royal Edinburgh Lunatic Asylum, an institution which is now under the best management; so much so, that it is believed that it may be placed in favourable comparison with any other of a similar description in the kingdom. There are two most extensive buildings on the premises, and there are above four hundred inmates in it, of which rather the larger proportion are males. If we were to inquire into the history of every one of these unfortunates, we might be enabled to spin a tale from each case, many of them of more exciting interest than those which are generated by the dreams of fancy. Let us attend to some of "the causes of insanity in those admitted," which are set down in the table with that title in the last report from the managers; and we find "Anxiety on account of friends going abroad. Bad treatment by stepmothers. Domestic misfortunes. Desertion by husbands and wives. Disappointed affections. Disappointments. Enlistment of sons. Fright. False accusation. Grief at the loss of relatives. Pecuniary losses and misfortunes. Political agitation. Poverty. Religious enthusiasm. Vanity." What a catalogue! and by the touching of these keys, what a complicated reticulation of chords of feeling might be awakened; and how strange and various must have been the combinations of events that in reality gave action to them! Here would be work for a life-time of writing. But we shall only notice the happy change that has taken place in the practice in such places generally, and especially as it is exemplified in that of this asylum, and the humane manner in which this worst of ills that flesh is heir to is now treated; for it is, in fact, a bodily disease, which must be cured or treated on the same principles as other maladies. But in regard to moral treatment, we learn from Dr. Mackinnon's Report, that kindness, occupation, and freedom from all unnecessary restraints, have been found highly efficacious. To the larger proportion of the inmates, a degree of liberty, little differing from that enjoyed by the sane, may be accorded with safety and advantage. They may daily extend their exercises beyond the enclosures, visit frequently the homes of their affections, and become spectators of whatever of interest or instruction is going on in the world without. Their honour may be appealed to, and their conduct, in certain circumstances, depended on, in a degree which scarcely, if at all, leaves them behind mankind generally. The effect of this treatment is, that many of them have considered the asylum as a second home, and, after having ceased to require its care, they continue to visit it from time to time, to renew the friendships which have been formed within its walls. What a contrast does this form to the dreadful and mysteriously concealed torments which, until of late years, were practised in all madhouses, though more cruelly, perhaps, in some than in others, and which furnished Godwin, and other such fiction writers, with horrors infinitely more terribly harrowing than anything that even such imaginations as their's could have begotten.

In that department of the asylum which is devoted to the poorer and uneducated patients, schools have been established, which have an average of about sixty scholars, divided into three classes—two of males, and one of females. It is a strange and unexpected truth, to find that some patients have actually been taught to read who could not do so before they came here, although it does not appear so wonderful that improvement in reading might here take place. Writing has been taught with a considerable degree of success, and a few have made progress in arithmetic; but the grand object of these schools is to afford an occupation to some of the inmates who are not otherwise employed. This object has been attained in a very interesting manner; for the teachers have chiefly been patients, who, according to their abilities, have taken a principal, or a secondary part, in it. The schoolmaster has thus been found to be *at home*, and usefully so, and an increased degree of mental exertion has thus been produced, both in the teachers and scholars.

One of the most interesting circumstances of the whole establishment is the introduction of a printing press, by which not only the various schedules and lists used in the asylum are printed, but the reports also. But this is not all; a periodical paper has been got up, which is called *The Morningside Mirror*, which is printed by this press, and has proved a valuable means of affording occupation to some of the inmates, and amusement to all. It has now reached its fifth number, and bids fair to continue and flourish, and most cordially do we, as a brother, wish it success. In contributing to this, some have been roused to exertion who were before listless and indolent. Contributions from two other asylums have appeared in its pages, as well as some from individuals who were once, but who are no longer, inmates of this institution. A bazaar for women's work has been a great source of interest to the female inmates, as they look forward to its proceeds enabling them to acquire some article of permanent interest and utility, which may be regarded by them with some degree of pride, as a monument of their labour.

A weekly meeting of the inmates is held, at which the entertainment is either a concert or a ball, according to circumstances. On some recent occasions a spontaneous attempt has been made, on the part of the inmates, to introduce something like dramatic representations, in the form of a rustic comedy; and preparations are now making for an amusement of the same kind of a more perfect description, with the addition of the accessories of scenery and costume. The writer of the Report considers that, in some cases, an additional moral remedy may be supplied, from the belief that a melancholic could scarcely personate a merry part, even but for a time, without losing

some of his despondency. But, strange to say, the history of almost all comic actors teaches us the reverse of this. When the famous Carlini was performing every night so as to keep crowded houses in continual roar, a miserable man, *malade imaginaire*, and altogether drowned in melancholy, called one morning on an eminent physician to consult him about his case. The doctor felt his pulse, and took every means, by questions and otherwise, to discover some hidden source of disease, all without effect; and being quite satisfied in his own mind as to how the matter was—"My good sir," said he, "you have little bodily ailment that I can discover. Your illness is in the mind. You want amusement. The best prescription I can give you is to go every night to see Carlini. He will make you laugh in spite of yourself; and he will very soon set you all right." "Alas, doctor!" cried the patient, in a tone of voice, and with an action that exhibited the very depth of despair—"Alas, doctor, I am Carlini!"

After washing the walls of the Morningside asylum, our little river Jordan crosses the Peebles road under an arch; and then, whilst the sloping country on its left bank is entirely covered with the handsome villas, gardens, and shrubberies of Morningside, Goshen, and Canaan, and where once stood the ancient chapel of St. Roque, it has on its right bank a pretty considerable extent of cultivated plain, which gradually rises southwards towards the edge of the glen, and the pretty hills of Braid. Our little stream then trots gently onward through rich arable fields that slope down towards it on either side, the view being confined on all hands, and being closely bounded towards the south by the abrupt face and green picturesque top of Blackford Hill. Blackford Hill!—what a place for linnets' nests and primroses in the lovely springtime of the year! How delightful to sit among its furzy knolls, with the sun beating hot upon them, and exhaling the sweet perfume from the yellow flowers! How pleasing to watch the little golden-crested wrens, as they hang on the thorny boughs, perking up their little bills, and spreading abroad their golden coronets to receive the bright rays! Here one might sit for a long day of summer, and hear no other sound but that of the bee brushing its filmy wings among the flowers of the wild thyme. We profess ourselves to be of that class of people who are easily satisfied in regard to our belief as to particular localities as connected with historical characters or events. We bowed with the most extreme reverence both at the tombs of Cicero and of Virgil; and we should be anything *but* obliged to the offensively accurate and unpoetical gentleman, who should tell us that he could convince us, by the most unquestionable evidence, that the one was an old windmill, and the other a place expressly constructed for cooling Falernian. But we go farther than all this. We delight in believing that Baillie Nicol Jarvie actually lived; and many a wander have we had through the Saltmarket of Glasgow, vainly endeavouring to discover that worthy magistrate's residence; and, forgetful of times in the midst of our reveries, we have been more than once deceived by fancying that we saw Matty herself looking out from one of the upper windows. We rejoice, we say, in believing that all Walter Scott's characters were historical realities; and we therefore believe that Marmion, during his ride from Chrichton Castle on his mission to James IV., previous to the march of that monarch with his army to the fatal field of Flodden, certainly halted his fiery charger on the green brow of that beautiful Blackford Hill, and gazed with wonder and admiration over the wide-spread host that covered the Borough-moor below. And why do we believe all this? Why, because our own Sir Walter has told us so; for thus sayeth he:—

"——— Marmion, from the crown
Of Blackford, saw that martial scene
Upon the bent so brown:
Thousand pavilions, white as snow,
Spread all the Borough-moor below,
Upland, and dale, and down;
A thousand did I say?—I ween,
Thousands on thousands there were seen,
That chequered all the heath between
The *streamlet* and the town;
In crossing ranks extending far,
Forming a camp irregular;
Oft giving way where still there stood
Some reliques of the old oak wood,
That darkly huge did intervene,
And tamed the glaring white with green:
In these extended lines there lay
A martial kingdom's vast array."

We must here earnestly entreat our readers to remark, to what poor shifts poets are sometimes driven in the construction of their verses, as exemplified in this quotation, where we find the dignity of our river Jordan so much compromised; for, in order to get the proper number of feet into his line, he has unscrupulously diminished the number of those both of the depth and breadth of the river—

"The streamlet and the town."

Without the insertion of this "*let*" the line would have hobbled; but having satisfied ourselves, and, we trust, our readers, with this explanation, which we hold to be sufficient for re-establishing the dignity of our stream, we are contented to let it pass without farther animadversion.

To those who are more scrupulous than we are in regard to belief in such apocryphal characters, we should offer the recommendation to turn up the pages of the various Scottish, and other historians, who have detailed the circumstances of this vast armament; and we must beg of them to observe, that it is not every river, or stream, or streamlet, in the world that has so much cause to vaunt of the importance of its historical association. How different, indeed, must the scene have then been from what it now is, in regard to the mere appearance of its surface, as well as from the countless hosts which then animated it! It presented, in many parts, wild woodland scenery, the timber being chiefly gigantic oaks, and, if we may believe tradition, there were large chestnuts likewise; but this last fact we are disposed to think somewhat doubtful. Now its surface is covered over with villas and gardens,

or with enclosures, chiefly of rich pasture, with intervening hedgerows in many parts, which are beginning to give way to an extension of the villas, with their surrounding patches of pleasure-grounds. One large space is occupied by the Great Southern Cemetery, which is now laying out in the most beautiful manner, with shrubberries and walks, everything being done that refined taste in architecture or gardening can accomplish, to remove those dank and chilling associations, which have, hitherto, made us behold with shuddering disgust that grave which ought to be so full of attraction for the weary Christian. But if this great change on the mere surface of the Borough-moor has taken somewhat more than three centuries to work out, what was that change that a very few weeks effected on that proud and mighty living host assembled here under the Royal banner of King James IV., in August, 1513? But let our poet complete his description of the grand spectacle which this vast army afforded to Marmion, and we are sure that the reader will say that he wishes that he had been at his side to have beheld the same.

"For from Hebudes, dark with rain,
To eastern Lodon's fertile plain,
And from the Southern Redswire edge,
To farthest Rosse's rocky ledge;
From west to east, from south to north,
Scotland sent all her warriors forth.
Marmion might hear the mingled hum
Of myriads up the mountain come;
The horses' tramp, and tinkling clank,
Where chiefs reviewed their vassal rank,
And chargers' shrilling neigh;
And see the shifting lines advance,
While frequent flashed, from shield and lance,
The sun's reflected ray.

Thin curling in the morning air,
The wreathes of failing smoke declare,
To embers now the brands decayed,
Where the night watch their fires had made.
They saw, slow rolling on the plain,
Full many a baggage-cart and wain,
And dire artillery's clumsy car,
By sluggish oxen tugged to war;
And there were Borthwick's Sisters Seven,
And Culverins which France had given.
Ill-omened gift!—the guns remain
The conqueror's spoil on Flodden plain.

Nor marked they less, where in the air
A thousand streamers flaunted fair;
Various in shape, device, and hue,
Green, sanguine, purple, red, and blue,
Broad, narrow, swallow-tailed, and square,
Scroll, pennon, pensil, baudrol, there
O'er the pavilions flew.
Highest and midmost, was descried
The Royal Banner floating wide;
The staff, a pine tree strong and straight,
Pitched deeply in a massive stone,
Which still in memory is shown,
Yet bent beneath the standard's weight,
Whene'er the western wind unrolled,
With toil, the huge and cumbrous fold,
And gave to view the dazzling field,
Where, in proud Scotland's Royal shield,
The ruddy lion ramped in gold."

Well might the sight of such a host as this have stirred up the warlike spirit of Lord Marmion. But alas! well, indeed, would it have been for the unfortunate Scottish Monarch if he had taken the spectral warning which was given to him some time previously in St. Katharine's aisle, in Linlithgow Church, and that he had desisted from his attempt, or that he had heard and applied the words of the gentle Lyon King-at-Arms, which contain so excellent an advice to all monarchs whatsoever:—

"Fair is the sight—and yet 'twere good
That Kings would think withal,
When peace and wealth their land have blessed,
'Tis better to sit still at rest
Than rise perchance to fall."

We have reason to thank God that, through the rapid progress of free-trade opinions, nations will probably be henceforth so dependent on each other as customers, that even if their kings and governors do not show themselves to be disposed to follow this advice of the old minstrel, they are not very likely to persuade their subjects to be so great fools as to follow them. Alas! this glorious host, embracing all the choicest chivalry of Scotland, was left to moulder on the fatal field of Flodden! and that lovely, plaintive, Scottish song—"The Flowers of the Forest"—may, with truth, be said to be all that we have received—and it is, indeed, metaphorically speaking, a funereal chaplet only—for this terrible and afflicting national calamity.

Now, we ask our readers candidly to tell us, whether we had not right good reason to say, as we did in an earlier part of this article, that if we had been gifted with the powers of poesy, we might have spun long Spencerean cantos on the banks of our beloved little Jordan; and at the time we did venture to make that assertion, we solemnly declare that we had utterly forgotten that so much of the fourth and fifth cantos of Marmion were so intimately linked with it as to be entirely dependent on it. We think we can perceive its very wavelets bubbling higher with the generous pride we have infused into it from this, to it, so highly flattering a communication. But, gentlest of all readers, although we neither mean to indulge you, nor ourselves, nor the musical river with a reprint of so large a portion of this most popular poem as that we have here alluded to, yet, we do entreat you, before we leave the breezy brow of Blackford, to listen to the poet's description of the objects which are to be seen from it, and which, we need not tell you who have had the experience of both, will come much better home both to your heart and your understanding through the language of his verse than through that of our prose, for all these grander features are still the same.

"Still on the spot Lord Marmion stayed,
For fairer scene he ne'er surveyed,
When sated with the martial show
That peopled all the plain below,
The wandering eye could o'er it go,
And mark the distant city glow
With gloomy splendour red;
For on the smoke-wreaths, huge and slow,
That round her sable turrets flow,
The morning beams were shed,
And tinged them with a lustre proud,
Like that which streaks a thunder-cloud.

Such dusky grandeur clothed the height,
Where the huge castle holds its state,
And all the steep slope down,
Whose ridgy back heaves to the sky,
Piled deep and massy, close and high,
Mine own romantic town!
But northward far, with purer blaze,
On Ochil mountains fell the rays,
And as each heathy top they kissed,
It gleamed a purple amethyst.

Yonder the shores of Fife you saw;
Here Preston Bay and Berwick-Law;
And broad between them rolled,
The gallant Firth the eye might note,
Whose islands on its bosom float,
Like emeralds chased in gold.

Fitz-Eustace' heart felt closely pent;
As if to give his rapture vent,
The spur he to his charger lent,
And raised his bridle-hand,
And, making demi-volte in air,
Cried, 'Where's the coward that would not dare
To fight for such a land?'"

The reader will probably think that we have detained him quite long enough upon Blackford Hill, but we cannot quit its vicinity without noticing that beautiful little retired spot, the old place of Blackford, which lies at the bottom of its slope, and is watered by the stream of the Jordan passing through it. Lest it may have since undergone change, we proceed to describe it as we saw it some years ago; for, near as it lies to us, our feelings for old recollections connected with those that are gone have not permitted us to trust ourselves with a visit to it since. The house was old, and not very large, and in no very remarkable style of architecture; but what was of it—and there were a good many small rooms in it—might be said to be very rambling. There was something so venerable in the very air of its front, that no one could lift its little brass knocker to strike for admission without a certain feeling of respectful awe. It was covered with the richest jessamines and roses, and the gravel circle before the door was always kept in a state of the most exact tidiness. On the south side of the premises there was a high and steep bank of shaven turf, with a pretty little parterre flower garden between its base and the house, and a broad terrace walk at top, that stretched along under some noble trees, close to the boundary of the place in that direction. The fruit and vegetable garden, which had some variegated hollies of goodly size in it, occupied the gently-sloping ground at some little distance in front of the house, and beyond this there was, and, we think, we may say *is*, a fine open grove of old and well-grown trees. The whole grounds of the place, which cannot occupy much more than a couple of acres, slope down from either side to the brink of our stream, and these were entirely covered with green sward, through which the snowdrop, the crocus, and the pale primrose, and the pansy "prankt with jet," showed their beauteous tender forms in spring; and the yellow daffodil—or, as we have always had an especial pleasure in calling it, the daffy-down-dilly—was wont to flaunt it gaudily here and there in the little glades that ran everywhere in mazes among the huge boles of the trees that embosomed without obscuring them. The entrance was by an old-fashioned gateway from the north, between two very aristocratic-looking pillars, and the approach wound gently down the bank to the right, and, crossing our Jordan by an arch, climbed the opposite bank by an easy and well-engineered sweep to the gravel in front of the door. From the very circumstance that this little place lies to the north of the hill, and, consequently, that the high ground rises to the south of it, the exquisite effects of sun-lights and of sky that are thereby produced might be enough to collect all the artists in Great Britain to the spot, in order to study them. And then how variable and changeful! At one moment lighting up this little fragment of lawn with a brilliancy that becomes the more intense from the mellow shadows around it, and anon, throwing that into clear obscurity, to bring another portion into light, and again flickering through the foliage, and checquering the shade below, or shooting down on the little curling eddies of the Jordan, and giving life to them with the most sparkling touches of illumination. Then think of the crash of the orchestra of birds that filled those trees, and those evergreen bushes, and that perpetually plied their little instruments from before sunrise until sunset, during what might be called the height of their season, and which was quite enough, if once heard, to have shut up any other opera house that might have dared to have ventured into competition with them in their neighbourhood. Among these feathered performers, we speak not of the blackbirds and the thrushes, that seemed to us to excel all the blackbirds and thrushes that we ever heard, and we have heard a great many, but the superior cheerfulness of the very sparrows of Blackford was something most remarkable. How often have their glad and clamorous chirpings come into harmony in our hearts with those sudden glints of sunshine which poured simultaneously down on us over the ridge of the hill, after one of those short spring showers that filled the air with perfume, and hung diamonds all over the surrounding spray! In addition to all these sources of calm enjoyment, this little nook was so retired, that for any intrusive thought that might have suggested the proximity of the rest of the world, it might have been in the wildest part of Sutherlandshire, except when the distant city bell came through the calm air, and this only served to give an additional zest to its privacy. We have written in the past tense, but we have no reason to suspect that Blackford has undergone any very great change in any of the particulars we have described. But alas! the spirit of the place has flown! Our much-venerated friend, the good old lady, who so long dwelt there, is gone!

Bear with us, kind and gentle reader, whilst we ask you to imagine to yourself our approaching the house, and lifting the little brass knocker of which we spoke, and the door being opened by a pretty, modest-looking young maiden, who smiles and curtsies as she perceives us to be a well-known friend, and readily replies to our question as to

her mistress being at home. If the day or the ways have been in the least degree foul, conceive the solicitous scraping of shoes on our part, and the rubbing for at least five minutes on the mat, so as to render our feet pure enough to pass over the pavement of that little hall, which, in colour, is like the fairest virgin paper. At last something like cleanliness is effected, and, proceeding on tiptoe along the neat carpet, we are ushered into the parlour. There we find, seated in her arm-chair, but springing from it in a moment to meet us half-way across the room, an old lady, of a handsome dignified countenance, lighted up with clear, black, benevolent eyes, and of tall and commanding figure, though modified by a very slight bend; but, indeed, the mild expression of her features and general air was enough at once to satisfy the most perfect stranger, that the commanding tone was one she could never assume. No! every lineament of that face was replete with the kindliest human expression, and, if it had been otherwise, how much would they have proved false to the spirit within, which was indeed one of the gentlest and most beneficent that ever warmed human bosom? Those who did not know her so well as we did might have supposed her to have been but a little above seventy years of age only, from the freshness and vigour she displayed; but we, who were aware that in her younger days she had flirted with our father, knew that she had seen ninety years. But oh, how green and vigorous her old age was, both in body and mind! and how fresh and warm were all her affections! and how very indefatigable she was in doing good! and how utterly careless she was as to everything that regarded her own personal happiness or comfort! How she used to walk off sturdily to town, about two miles distant, to pay her visits of friendship and of charity, and to return! and how numerous were those errands of benevolence which she thus did in her own person, in order that no one else might know anything about them!

We have shown that, by hereditary right, and, we may also add, that on our own proper account, we were excessively deep in her affections; and when we appeared, she not only sprung up, as we have already described, with great elasticity to meet us, but she led us to a chair, beside that which she occupied, and the longer we thus sat together, it always seemed to us to be the more difficult to escape. How excellent were her buns, her shortbread, and her cakes, and how very good was her raspberry cordial and her cherry brandy, both of her own manufacture, and quite rivalling her noyaux, which came direct to her from France! But oh, how interesting were the old stories that she told! and how racily were they narrated in the purest Scottish vernacular, and how perfectly did she bring back and vivify people, of whom we have heard much, but whom we had not lived early enough to know personally! Scandal, either malevolent or idle, never came from her lips, which were continually employed in dropping kind and charitable expressions regarding all mankind. We shall never forget her feasts! for, although we had often the good fortune to dine with her at other times, she had her regular seasons of festivity. A fat stot—which, for the benefit of Englishmen who have partaken of the animal at the London coffee-house in the shape of a rump steak, without knowing its native name, we beg to translate as a fat Highland bullock—which had been fed on her brother the laird's ancient pasture, was slaughtered before Martinmas, and we had the honour to receive a kind invitation to dine on it every Sunday whilst it lasted. And what capital dinners! plain, but substantial, and always a small collection of nice people to eat them. And can we ever forget the good-humoured discussions which we used to originate, proceeding on our old-established right to these annual festivals of love, as to the number of Sundays they ought in justice to endure? This obviously much depended on the time at which the beast was slaughtered. If it chanced to be killed towards the end of a week, then a little more than three weeks made out the four Sunday dinners; but if a termination was put to its existence early in a week, as on a Monday or Tuesday, the odds were ten to one against the endurance of the carcase for a fourth Sunday dinner. And stoutly and eloquently did we contend on such occasions for the preservation of our rights, and great was the hilarity produced by the manner in which our important legal case was conducted. Happy, happy and innocent hours of revelry! Alas! they have passed away like the clouds of those years in which they took place; and she who was then so perfect and beloved a reality—she to whose kind and benevolent heart we owed so much of gladness, and from whose bountiful hand the dinners of so many a poor family were dispensed—is now to us as much a dream of this earth as they were, for she now rests where we with tears beheld her deposited, to moulder into dust in the family mausoleum. Let the reader only in fancy recal the old place of Blackford, with the sun glinting down on the gravel before its door, and fully illuminating her aged but firm figure as she stands giving directions to her gardener, and then let him fancy how we can bear to revisit it, when everything we behold around us reminds us that we can never see her there again!

After leaving Blackford, the Jordan runs through a natural valley in the pastoral enclosures of the estate, which was the ancient Grange or Farm of St. Giles's Cathedral. The old place itself, which, with its antique turrets, terraces, and gardens, are preserved in their original style, may be worth noticing as having been the residence, during the few last years of his life, of Dr. Robertson, the historian, author of the Histories of Scotland, of America, of Charles V., &c., and here it was that he died. It may be also worth remarking, that when Prince Charles held his court at Holyrood, he visited the family here, and presented them with the thistle from his bonnet, which is still preserved in the house with great care.

Escaping from the Grange property, the stream

is, for the first time, employed in contributing a share of its strength towards the promotion of the manufactures of its country, by affording the necessary supply of water to a pretty considerable tanning establishment; after which it runs down a continuance of the same valley, having gardens on its left bank, and a fine stretch of rich arable fields on the other. It then washes the walls of the new cemetery called the Newington Necropolis, which is partially laid out on the slopes of its left bank, and which is doubtless destined to contain the ashes of many a great and good man and woman. After leaving this, our little stream approaches a place called Sharpdale, nearly opposite to the pretty residence of "The Cameron," which is a small appendage to the Prestonfield estate.

Here opens to us a field of geological and antiquarian research, and etymological discussion, which, to folks of our speculative kidney, is almost too tempting to be resisted, did we not feel that it is much too extensive for us to call upon our readers to follow us through it. But, on the other hand, we fear we might be accused of undue negligence, if we permitted ourselves to pass it by altogether without notice. To save time, however, we will ask of the reader, without putting us to the expense of finding arguments, or himself to that of finding patience to listen to them, to take it for granted, on our authority, that the Lake of Duddingstone, or some other lake of much larger extent, once covered all the plain here, and encircling a little islet where the house of "The Inch" stands—in this way conferred on it its name. In this state of things, "The Cameron" was "the crooked-nosed promontory" that here thrust itself into the lake. At the time when this was the condition of matters, our Jordan must have here finished its course; but since this large loch has disappeared, or receded from its ancient bounds, the existence of the stream has been extended, and it has been led to pursue a somewhat devious course, as it passes through the grounds of Prestonfield, afterwards to receive the stream of the Burn of Braid, near the place where it enters the Park of Duddingstone House. Just above this point, it is joined by the small stream supplied by and discharged from the loch. In this last part of its course, although it perfumes the summer air with its beds of Queen of the Meadow, its more immediate banks possess few features of interest either pictorial or historical. But the objects at some distance from them on either side are well worthy of notice. Prestonfield, the seat of Sir Robert Keith Dick Conynghame, is a fine old place, which has been a good deal modernised. It stands among some ancient trees; and, to the north of it, the bold face of Arthur Seat rises very grandly. It is now quite bare of timber, but we believe that not much more than a century and a half, or perhaps two centuries, have elapsed since it was covered with oak wood, for the destruction of which every possible encouragement was held out by the authorities, seeing that it served as a place of shelter "for all manner of thieves and lymmers."

A lower projection of the hill exhibits that curious basaltic series of prismatic bent columns which are known by the name of Samson's Ribs; and above these, the line of the grand new Victoria Road, executed by the Honourable the Commissioners of Woods and Forests, in a style which might almost with truth be asserted to rival that of the Simplon itself, is seen stretching along the face of the hill, and affording, at every step you move, a changeful series of views of the utmost richness and grandeur, rendering this pleasing *drive* through the Royal Park of Holyrood altogether one of the most remarkable that the vicinity of any great European city can boast of. It was by this side of the hill that Prince Charles and his Highlanders marched both to and from the battle of Prestonpans in 1745, and their encampment was on the green slope under the rock of Dunsappie, and immediately over the village of Duddingstone.

This is a very pretty little village, chiefly composed of nice houses, each with its pleasant garden. The church, which stands on a knoll rising over the lake, is old and curious, and the manse and its terrace gardens, which are in themselves most lovely, are rendered doubly so to us from their association in our minds with many an innocent, happy, intellectual, and instructive hour which we have had the good fortune to pass there with a late incumbent, the Rev. John Thomson. In his parish he was warmly estimated for his deeds of Christian kindness and charity; but by the world at large he was chiefly known by the exquisite landscapes he painted, which, in regard to composition and colouring, were always full of the highest poetical imagination and feeling. To this day, he stands unrivalled in these particulars. But great as were his talents in this fascinating art, as well as in the sister art of music, the science of which he deeply understood, we who partook of the closest intimacy of friendship with him—who knew his head, and the wonderful extent of his information, and the acuteness of his perception, which enabled him to take an immediate grasp of any subject, and to discuss it with a truth and a clearness that rendered him almost unrivalled in conversation, and with a playfulness of manner, too, that made everything, however valuable, fall from him like dew-drops shaken from the lion's mane; and, above all, we who knew that generous and feeling heart, which was at all times prompting him to afford us lessons in his own person of pure practical Christianity—are disposed to give but a secondary place to that high accomplishment which has gained him so public and so permanent a name. How lovely has that retired lake often appeared to us, when, tired with thé turmoil of the city, we, often in company with the late amiable Grecian Williams, have sought shelter for an hour or two from its bustle in his improving society! and how have we watched the effect of sunset, pouring its level rays past the southern shoulder of Arthur Seat, and lighting up the whole of its surface into one golden flame!

Considerably to the right of the course of our

Jordan, there is a very old Scottish mansion, known by the name of Peffer Mill, which most people have set down as the true and legitimate place of Dumbiedykes. But a still more striking feature in the surrounding landscape is that most interesting ruin, Craigmillar Castle, which crowns the rising ground to the south. As our tributary, the Burn of Braid, runs to the north of it, we should perhaps, under a more strict attention to order, have left it for notice whilst describing that stream ; but, as it comes so prominently into view here, we may perhaps as well discuss it now. It was an ancient seat of the Prestons, who continued in possession of it for about three hundred years. Their arms are to be found upon it ; and in one place, on the lintel of a doorway in the outer courtyard wall, a pun on the name is carved in the form of a wine *press* and a *ton*. The arms of the Cockburns of Ormiston, the Congaltons of Congalton, the Mowbrays of Barnbougle, and the Otterburns of Redford, all ancient families with whom the Prestons were intimately connected, are to be found here. King James V. resided here for some months during his minority, having been obliged to leave Edinburgh Castle on account of the plague. But the best known and most interesting association with this castle is, that Queen Mary frequently made it her residence after her return from France in 1561, and her French retinue were quartered in a small village at the foot of the southern side of the hill, which was thence called Petit France, a name which it still retains to this day.

We have now followed the Jordan from its source till it receives the Burn of Braid. Before tracing it hence downwards to the sea, we must give a short and very general notion of the beauties of this its sister stream. The Burn of Braid rises from two separate sources in the Pentland Hills, above Lord Cockburn's residence of Bonaly ; and it was this fact which misled one of the disputants in regard to the source of the Jordan. These streams unite in, and give great additional beauty to, the lovely wilderness of sweets which art and taste have created here. The place itself is a beautiful retreat, and the views of the distant city and country from some of its terraces are matchless. But, interesting as it would be as a theme to expatiate upon, how much more interesting, and how much more extensive would be that which is furnished by the very name of the owner! And we ask our reader, whether we are not really and truly merciful in quietly submitting to abandon so prolific a subject, which might have enabled us, without any great risk of being thought unreasonable, to have given an account of the origin and early history of the *Edinburgh Review*, together with a recapitulation of all the most celebrated criminal trials in Scotland for many years back, together with an outline of every rational scheme that has ever been brought forward in recent times for ameliorating the political, the physical, or the moral condition of the people ?

After leaving Bonaly, the stream passes through the extensive grounds of Dreghorn, and thence through an agricultural country, which is without any great or particular marked object of interest, until it throws itself into the deep and romantic rocky and grandly wooded Glen of Braid, whence it receives its name. This opens longitudinally between the two hills of Blackford and of Baird. A more wild or beautiful scene for solitary contemplation cannot be imagined ; and here is the House of Braid, which has fancifully been called "The Hermitage," to which its position more than its architecture may give it some claim. This was the principal estate of Sir William Dick, whose history we have already given. It passed from him to his eldest son, and from him into the family of the Browns of Gorgie, who had heavy mortgages on it. After passing out of the eternal shade of this dark part of the glen, the stream runs sparkling along the more open part of it for more than a mile, where not a tree occurs to throw a shadow over its smiling surface. On the south side, there are fine sloping agricultural fields, and high up above them rises the very rude, old, peel tower of Libberton ; whilst, on the north, there are crags and large beds of furze, the haunts of linnets and goldfinches, and the immediate banks of the stream are covered with the broad leaves of the *Tussilago Petasites*, a plant which is so valuable to landscape painters for the enrichment of their foregrounds. The agricultural part of the valley then extends downwards for about a mile, after passing through which the stream skirts the place of "The Inch," formerly noticed ; whence it hurries past the ancient house of Peffer Mill, to form its junction with the Jordan immediately above the point where their united waters enter the park of the Marquis of Abercorn's delightful residence of Duddingstone House. There, they are tastefully expanded into a very beautiful little lake ; and, upon leaving these grounds, they are made to give motion to some very important mills ; after the performance of which duty, they quietly find their way onwards through an extremely rich agricultural district, passing near to the remains of an ancient Roman Road, vulgarly called the Fishwife's Causeway, from the fisherwomen carrying basket loads of fish to Edinburgh, always preferring to take it in preference to the ordinary highway. This has been much obliterated by the operations of the Great North British Railway, under the viaduct of which the stream afterwards passes in its way to throw itself into the sea, at the northern extremity of the pretty and well-frequented bathing place of Portobello.

We have now completed a task, which we must confess to have been an extremely pleasant one to ourselves, however it may have affected our readers ; and offering to them, as we now do, this account of our little Jordan as our primitiæ in regard to our articles on the Scottish Rivers, we leave them, upon the principle of "*Ex pede Herculem*," to judge as to what they may look for when we come to our Clyde or our Tweed, our Spey or our Findhorn.

THE TWO MILLIONAIRES.

TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN OF ZSCHOKKE, BY SARAH FRY.

(Concluded from the March Number.)

THE readers of this Magazine will remember its being remarked by the first speaker at the Forest Councillor's—

"Besides, Morn did not reject the world till the world rejected him."

"That is, he was cheated by a few knaves, from whom no one in their senses would have expected anything else, and he did not find everybody ready to make prompt acknowledgment of his merits and services, some of them being, by the bye, known only to those interested in concealing them."

"Was he the only person who, because his situation was subordinate, has been obliged to submit in silence, while others engrossed the fruits of his labours? Right doing would be a mighty easy thing, if applause and profit were its certain rewards."

These words produced a second dispute. Each defended his own views with warmth, if not with judgment; and the party separated more confirmed, or at least more obstinate, in their own opinion than ever. At the next weekly meeting at the Forest Councillor's, some of the disputants took up the argument where they had left it, and prepared to fight the battle manfully all over again. The Councillor remained faithful to his character for moderation, and chose a middle path between Morn's censurers and his eulogists. The party were getting somewhat over warm, when our host reminded us that we had not yet heard the story of the second Millionaire. There was an immediate silence, at which the Councillor dexterously profited to put an end to the dispute by the following narration:—

Some years ago, I was returning from Amsterdam, where I had been sent by my Government to obtain payment for some timber for ship-building, about which some difficulties had arisen with the Dutch Government. I had succeeded beyond my expectation in my commission: a new and more advantageous bargain had been concluded, and I was congratulating myself on the credit I should obtain with my Government. It was evening: I was snugly packed in the corner of my new travelling chaise, hugging myself on the prospect of a comfortable night's rest, after travelling the whole of the preceding night over some of the worst roads in Germany, and that is saying much. I was soon shaken out of my doze into which I had fallen, by a tremendous jolt. My old servant, Kunz, who was on the box, was sent flying through the air, and deposited high and dry on a bank by the road-side, before he had time to take the pipe from his mouth, and I was projected with such force in the rear of the postilion, that he was under the horses' feet in a second. Fortunately, the animals, being natives, "and to the matter born," took our mishap very coolly, and stood quite still, while the bipeds were scattering in all directions, as if it had been an adventure they expected, and had made up their minds to. The axle-tree and a spring of the chaise were broken, and so was the postilion's nose; I was quit for the fright, but poor Kunz had dislocated his shoulder. With some difficulty and great exertion, we managed to get the chaise to the next village, and to the inn, or rather beer-house—there was but one, and that a dirty, smoky den. I inquired immediately for a smith and a wheelwright; neither were to be had in the place, and the landlord himself advised me to go on to Hard, where I should get all I wanted. "There were no better workmen for many hundred miles round than were to be found at Hard."

Poor Kunz was suffering greatly, and the Esculapius of the village, who had been immediately summoned, could only shake his head and lament that the surgeon had died a few weeks before—he himself never undertook operations. "The best thing you can do," said he, "is to take your servant to Hard, where you will find an excellent surgeon.

"And where, then, is this same Hard?" asked I; "*I* know no town of that name here."

"It is not a town; it is a village, a short four miles hence."

"And how is it that the best artisans and the most skilful professional men live in the villages instead of the towns?"

"Oh, that is the doing of the Schulze; he is a strange character—a humourist, as it is called—a fool, *I* say, who can do nothing like other people. He wants to make a city of his paltry village, I believe. He has money enough; they say he is a Millionaire, and it is like enough; but he is a miserable, parsimonious wretch, and has as many whims as hairs. I know him well enough, though I have nothing to do with him, thank Heaven."

"And I shall find a good inn at Hard, you say?

"Oh, yes, certainly; a very good one. There are mineral waters there. Ila Schulze has built a house there for the visiters to the springs, and that will be his ruin, in my humble opinion—that and the doctor he has thought fit to establish there;—a conceited, ignorant body—a mere quack, with his new-fangled notions."

The old gentleman held forth long and loudly in dispraise of his learned, or unlearned, brother or rival, whichever he might be; nevertheless, as he admitted I should find the best surgeon, the best wheelwright, and the best smith in Hard, to Hard I resolved to go. On the following morning, the chaise was patched up as well as it could be with ropes and poles; Kunz, who was still in great pain, packed in as comfortably as circumstances admitted, and despatched before me to the much-talked-of Hard; and the weather being extraordinarily fine, and the way not easily mistaken, I followed on foot.

Scarcely half a mile from the village I was leaving, there was a sudden and striking improvement in the condition of the land. On both sides of the carefully-kept road were rows of fruit trees, in the finest order. The fields beyond seemed admirably cultivated; not a weed to be seen, the grass abundant, and of the richest quality. Before me lay the village, consisting of cot-

tages, not forming a street but scattered among trees, as in a great garden. In the middle of the village, on a gentle eminence, rose the church. The whole arrangement of the place, the style of building, and the extraordinary fertility of the land around, the more agreeably surprised me from the striking contrast it presented to all I had hitherto seen in this part of the country.

"Why, this village of yours is a perfect paradise, father," said I to an aged peasant who just then came up with me; "I have seen no such land as this for many a mile."

"Yes, God be praised, there is no fault to be found with the land," returned the ancient, leaning on his stick to rest himself beside me as I stopped to look round me.

"How comes it that your village lies so scattered, so unlike the other villages about?" said I.

"Ugh!" replied the old man, with a discontented grunt, "unlike it is, sure enough. Our village was burnt to the ground about fifteen years ago, and we were obliged to build it so, because the Government would have it. They couldn't have done it worse. I have a good mile further to go to church every Sunday, and that's hard enough for us old folks, especially in winter, and some must go farther still. Ah! it was a terrible fire, sure enough. There were not five houses spared."

"And how did the fire happen?"

"Ugh! Heaven knows! People say all sorts of things! Some will have it, the Schulze set it on fire himself, on purpose to vex us; but I don't say that exactly."

"But that is a terrible charge indeed against your Schulze."

"Ah!" said the elder, shaking his head significantly, "many and many's the trick he has played us. He was schoolmaster here first; but he had interest somehow with the Government, and so he was palmed upon us as Schulze. Oh, he's as cunning as a fox, and as hard to catch."

"Is he rich?"

"I believe you; as rich as a Jew! But he can't enjoy his money; he lives poorer than any day-labourer. But he is caught sometimes, cunning as he is," added the old man, chuckling. "When the whim seizes him, he throws away his money by the handful. He'll ruin himself at last with his new-fangled nonsense; and who cares? He only uses his money to tyrannise over his poor neighbours."

In this strain the ancient went on wandering, till I wished him good morning, and he struck off through a bye-path.

The view was so charming, so like our dreams of Arcadia, that, involuntarily loitering on my way, I sat down under a tree to enjoy it at my leisure. "How happy, how supremely happy, might the dwellers in this Paradise become, if Satan did not always take a hand in the game of life," thought I. "Who but Satan could have put it into the heads of the Government to send a fellow here to play the great man, and make these honest folks miserable."

While I thus mused, an old woman passed, whom I immediately hailed.

"Good day, mother! Whereabouts in the village is the public house, can you tell me?"

"Straight on, Sir, on the left hand, near the church; I am the landlady."

"So much the better. Then you can tell me at once what accommodation I can have for myself and my servant for a few days."

"Oh," said the old lady, with a discontented air, "that's another thing. I can't lodge gentlefolk: I've no convenience. You must go t'other house there, higher up on the hill. I saw a broken gimcrack of a chaise there a while agone, I suppose it was yours."

"Do you see that little white house with the green shutters there," continued the old woman, when I asked for some further direction; "that's the Schulze's, and close to it is the big new inn for strangers."

"Oh, and that belongs to the Schulze, also, I suppose?"

"Why, yes and no, as one may say—it is his'n, and it is not, like everything else hereabouts. It's all his fault that it was built."

"It is of no advantage to you, then?"

"Not it, indeed, nor to any one else. Since he's been in the village, my house is not worth half what it was. God forgive him! he will have much to answer for at the last day. Yes, yes," continued she, grumbling, "I should change my plan, quotha. A pretty thing, indeed, at my time of life, to go to school! I was not to be cozened that way, Mr. Schulze! The heavens be praised! I can do without him or the house either, for the matter of that."

While she was speaking, I heard a sudden and warm strife of tongues in one of the neighbouring cottages. The old lady pricked up her ears, and nodded her head with a smile of malicious satisfaction. "Ah, ah, old Gletchen's catching it at last; serve her right, too—serve her right;" and the old dame trotted off, evidently well pleased that one of her gossips had got into a scrape of some sort, probably with the redoubtable village monarch himself. As I passed the house whence the sounds proceeded, the door opened, and a man, in a dress no way superior to that of a peasant, except that it was scrupulously clean, came out. He was evidently displeased at something; close to him came an old woman in tears, who seemed to be deprecating his wrath, and after her walked a young man, who held out his hand to the departing visiter, with the words, "You are perfectly right, Master Schulze; I had warned mother often enough," pronounced in a hearty tone.

"Well, well," returned the Schulze, with a kind of authoritative kindness; "for this once I will overlook it."

The old woman reiterated her assurances that the subject of complaint, whatever it might be, should not again occur, and the village despot walked off. He took the same path that had been pointed out to me as the nearest to the inn I was in search of. I quickened my pace. I had a curiosity to see the face of the griping millionaire of whom I had heard so much in so short a time; yet I could not say why I should have any desire to see more of a man, to whose advantage so little could be said by those who knew him best. He walked on so quickly that I should not have easily overtaken him, if he had not stopped again to speak to some countrymen coming from the village. We exchanged salutations as I came up, and he gave me the 'pas' civilly enough, and that was enough to begin a conver-

sation. It turned naturally enough upon the fruitfulness of the surrounding country. His manner was perfectly unassuming, but very decided, and his expressions betrayed a degree of cultivation greatly beyond what might have been expected from his rustic appearance. As to the land, he asserted roundly that it was neither better nor worse than the other land in the neighbourhood, with which I had instituted a comparison greatly to the advantage of the former; the only difference he would admit was the better cultivation. "That very circumstance," I said, "was worthy all my admiration!"

"Every proprietor lives here in the midst of his own land," said the Schulze, "and thus it is the easier to overlook and cultivate it."

"But this rich pasturage," said I——

"You have not perhaps observed, that all the meadows lie together and are well irrigated. We have also fine marl in the neighbourhood. So they have, or might have, in the other places of which you spoke just now; but the people are idle and ignorant. Nature is always a kind mother, but men do not always give themselves the trouble to understand her language; they prefer their own darkness to her light." This remark was somewhat too philosophical for a village schoolmaster or Schulze. I turned to look again at my companion in his rustic tunic and coarse straw hat. There was, I thought, something beyond his condition in his countenance—I might almost say something noble. I fancied, moreover, that the features were familiar to me. The Schulze returned my gaze with a penetrating look. "Are you not," said he at length, "Adolphe Von Rödern!"

"Von Rödern is my name," still unable to identify the person before me.

He laughed, and held out his hand. "What, my slender friend, once the delight of every bright eye in ——." I attempted to withdraw my hand, for I took it into my head that my new acquaintance was hoaxing me; but he held it fast, and went on—"The world goes well with you; why, what a broad-shouldered, portly-looking young man you are become! And what good wind has blown you hither from the golden middle path you love so well, to such a bye-way as the road to Hard? I bid you heartily welcome, however, since you came. What, do you not know me yet?"

I stood looking stupid enough, I believe. I could not for my life recollect where I had seen the speaker. Suddenly a ray of light flashed on my mind. Was it—could it be my University friend, Engelbert?

"Engelbert it is, and no other." I was deeply moved; the golden days of my youth returned in a moment. I returned his embrace heartily, and forgot in a moment all the ill that had been spoken of him. He called a boy from a neighbouring field, and bade him run directly to his wife. "Say that I have found a brother," said he; "tell her to have the breakfast carried under the lime trees. We will join her directly."

I was called upon immediately for a sketch of my life since we had parted at Inbingen, the cause of my present journey, and my visit to Hard. The story of many of our former mutual friends came in episodically; and, among others, Morn's, you may be sure, was not forgotten. "And now for yourself, my friend," said I at length, "it is your turn now."

"I," replied Engelbert, laughing: "you may satisfy yourself—look at me. I am what I look like—a peasant, and also Schulze of this village."

"But you, strangest of beings! how came you so? Why, with your fine talents and abundant knowledge, do I find you buried in this remote nook of earth? Can it be your free choice?"

"My free choice!" "And how long have you lived here?" "Nineteen years, and most happily." "Well, well, but explain yourself a little."

"Another time; come to breakfast now. My wife and family will be waiting for us."

We went on a little further, and a sudden turn of the path brought us to the lime trees, under the shade of which sat a beautiful woman of about thirty years of age, in a rustic dress, and with an infant on her lap. At her feet sat another, under two years of age, to whom a rosy cheeked, golden-haired brother was bringing flowers. Two elder boys, apparently between the ages of seven and twelve, were standing near their lovely mother with books in their hands, and their great blue eyes fixed on me with curiosity. Their dress was like their father's, and no way differing either in form or material from that of peasants. The Schulze presented me to his wife, over whose delicate features a gentle blush passed as she returned my salutation. I was speedily acquainted with the whole charming group. The children lay on the grass round a large, exquisitely clean wooden vessel full of milk, which, with the ordinary black bread, formed their breakfast. White bread and newly-churned fresh butter were brought for me, with a flask of old Burgundy. "I know of old your hostility to milk breakfasts," said Engelbert. It seemed to me like a dream; the sight of this really picturesque group, and the extraordinary rencontre with Engelbert as a peasant—he who had been admitted to be the best endowed by nature, the richest in acquired knowledge amongst our whole circle at the University! Somewhat eccentric he had always been considered, but his singularities had been excused as the harmless freaks of a young, inexperienced, and enthusiastic head. But that such a one, destined by nature and fortune for the most splendid career, should end in becoming a village schoolmaster and Schulze—who, in heaven's name, could ever have expected this?

His Augusta—so he called his wife—his children, were evidently most fondly attached to him, as he was to them. How could this man be so selfish, so grasping, so hard-hearted as he had been painted to me? And yet the wealth he was said to possess awakened my suspicions; it had been well known at the University that his family was very moderately endowed with the goods of fortune, and then how did this opulence tally with the simplicity, not to say parsimony, exhibited in the dress and style of living of his family? A miser he must certainly be. I resolved to lengthen my stay, and examine my man a little closer. After breakfast, we continued our walk up the hill.

"I cannot lodge you under my humble roof," said Engelbert, "for I have no spare room. But you will find everything you can want in the inn. I have established baths there over the sulphur springs, and you may take your choice of the rooms, as the season has not yet begun. No visiters will be here before next month."

CHAPTER VIII.

THE HOUSEHOLD.

The wheelwright had already my carriage, and the surgeon my servant, in their hands. The mechanic undertook the speedy renovation of the chaise, for a hint from the all-powerful Schulze sufficed to make him lay all other work aside. The surgeon had put Kunz's arm in its place again, but it was excessively swollen, and at least a week's quiet was pronounced necessary for him. As far as I was personally concerned, I was well pleased with the delay. Engelbert and his family were well worthy of a visit on purpose.

Everything about this humourist interested me the more, because I was every hour more thoroughly convinced that to few mortals was assigned so large a portion of pure happiness as to him. His house, like that of every other peasant, stood in the midst of a well-ordered flower and kitchen garden. Within reigned the strictest cleanliness, and not simplicity alone, but downright poverty. The sitting-room for the whole family contained but chairs and tables of the plainest kind, a wooden clock, and a small looking-glass. Engelbert himself, his wife, and children slept on mattresses stuffed with leaves and moss. The house linen was coarse, but of a dazzling whiteness. The table service might have been used in a convent of Capuchins. When I insisted one day upon dining with the family, they bade me welcome, laughing, and warned me that my fare would not be sumptuous. The soup was excellent. We had one dish of roast meat, and abundance of vegetables, young and well cooked. The bread was the common black bread; the only drink a kind of thin beer or water; and that was the whole fare. And yet I thought I had never dined so well. The charming mother, surrounded by the five cherub heads; Engelbert, with his playful wisdom:—the heartfelt happiness of all made a deep impression on me. I confess I thought myself in Heaven, and felt provoked when Engelbert made himself merry with what he was pleased to call my sufferings as a town gourmand at his rustic table. The only expense of the house was in Engelbert's study. There he had a small but choice collection of books, maps in abundance, an electrifying machine, an air-pump, and other instruments of physical science. The study was also the school-room of the children and Augusta's boudoir, for here stood her piano, and in some of the empty drawers of her husband's cabinet she kept some finer articles of dress.

"Admirable!" said I. "But your family will outgrow your play-room, my dear Engelbert. You must think of extending it."

"Not before ten years," returned he. "The temple of our happiness is small, but our happiness itself is great. We have more than room enough."

"And you are really and truly happy in these relations?"

"Look at these!" said Engelbert, pointing to his wife and children. "What joyous health in every look and gesture! And these noble forms are animated by yet nobler souls. Here is my kingdom—my republic—my all! I enjoy life in reality, not in appearance, as you do in your city palaces, full of inconvenient conveniences, and your sickening and poverty-stricken villages. I have enough for the real wants of life, and ample sphere of action for my mental powers. I live apart from the splendid misery of a corrupt refinement, but not from the nobler humanity. These are the great immortals! (pointing to his books.) To me lies open the bosom of Nature—the glory of God—the way of eternity! What more should I ask or seek for?"

I pressed his hand, but with some embarrassment, for I knew not well how to answer him. I might have said, You are an enthusiast. But he was in the right, and I felt it; and also that, in many of our social relations, we are abundantly absurd, and but too often sacrifice the real good of life to our conventional notions. I might have frankly admitted, You are in the right; but then I felt that he had wandered so widely from the accustomed path—his ideas and motives were so little in harmony with the ideas and motives of the age, from and with which I had been and still was acting—that a verbal acquiescence, while it was all I could give, would be of little value.

I could not sufficiently admire his wonderful activity. He farmed on his own account, and took not merely a superintending but an actual share in the business of the farm. His office as Justice gave abundant employment, one might have thought, and yet it seemed to be merely a supplementary one to him. Every day he spent some hours alone in his study, and his two elder boys received instruction from him. These children were taught, all that *were* taught, *thoroughly*. The trees of the forest, the plants of the garden, the geology of the neighbourhood, were familiar to them, not only in appearance, but in their nature and properties. They called them by their scientific names, for they had learned no others. The prism, the magnet, the microscope, were familiar to them as their ordinary toys. The glorious map of the heavens was open to their constant observation, and they had been early rendered familiar with the starry host.

As Engelbert took upon himself the education of the elder children and all out-door business, Augusta laboured in the same spirit in her department. As well as the usual household arrangements, the care and direction of all the land whose produce was destined for domestic supply; the corn, flax, hemp, &c.; the management of the horses, sheep, cattle, goats, &c., belonging to the farm, were superintended by her. Here she was absolute sovereign, and Engelbert laughingly acknowledged himself as subject.

"But, after all, what I desire to know is, how you came here," said I to him one morning. "I admit that all I see is admirable; yet, with your noble faculties, you might surely have done your country other and larger service than by becoming the Schulze of a paltry village."

He promised me an answer, and one fine Sunday morning, which he had promised to give up to me entirely, he came to fulfil his engagement. We went into the garden of the inn, which had been laid out in excellent taste for the visiters to the springs. The breakfast was prepared for us in a vine-canopied arbour, commanding a splendid view of the surrounding country. Some coffee was brought for me, but Engelbert remained true to his rustic fare—milk and rye-bread.

"And now," said he, when we had breakfasted, "I am ready to satisfy your curiosity. In the meantime, Augusta is busy with the children; afterwards we will take a walk, then we go to church. The pastor, and

some few other friends, will dine with us. In the afternoon, the young people of the village propose to give you a concert; and in the evening we shall have a dance here, and you must be one of the dancers. And now hear and edify:—

I left the University half a year later than you did, continued Engelbert. My guardian wished me to remain some time longer, but I put thirty louis d'ors in my pocket, and set off on a tour through Germany into Switzerland; thence I wandered into France. From Provence I crossed the sea to Naples, and came home through Rome and Vienna. Two louis d'ors, out of my thirty, I brought back with me, for I had travelled mostly on foot, lived chiefly on bread and water, with an occasional glass of wine, and slept in barns and outhouses for nothing. I returned home just as my guardian was thinking of advertising me in the newspapers. He was extremely displeased at my proceedings, but in my own opinion I had gained as much instruction in my pedestrian tour through foreign countries, as I should have done from the chair of a professor. I passed my examination: my acquirements were extolled, and I obtained an appointment in the Woods and Forests, (without salary, however,) by way of initiating me into public business. After the lapse of a year, I presented myself as a candidate for promotion in my line. My superiors eulogised my activity, but objected to my age. I was only just three-and-twenty. Good, thought I; if that be all, that is a fault that will mend every day. In another year I came again, and modestly proffered my claim to some Lilliputian office.

"You have some property I understand, Mr. Engelbert?" said the President to me. "Why don't you dress better? You are really not presentable."

"Your Excellency," I answered, "the State has a right to expect good service from me, but it has nothing to do with my clothes."

His Excellency took my answer very much amiss, and I was dismissed with a cool bow. It happened about this time that there was a dispute between our Court and a neighbouring one respecting some secularised church property. The right was apparently on the side of the adverse party; but I had by accident discovered in the archives of the Woods and Forests some documents which must inevitably decide the cause in our favour. I wrote thereupon a defence of the claim of our Court, printed it, together with the original document, and transmitted both to the minister to be laid before the King. My production had a great success. I received the order of merit; that is to say, an ell of ribbon to dangle at my button-hole; and, as I afterwards heard, I was looked upon as a rising man. Unluckily, I did not know what to do with the ribbon, and sent it back again, with a respectful intimation that I had written neither for vanity nor any view to self-interest, but simply from a love of justice; and that orders and ribbons were of no use to me. This brought down upon me the wrath of the whole army of ribbon-givers and takers. His Excellency the President of the Woods and Forests told me plainly that he took me for a fool, that the Court was highly displeased, and that advancement was not to be thought of from that quarter. About the same time, I lost my guardian, who committed suicide when I attained my majority. The cause was made manifest soon enough. He had spent not only his own fortune, but the greatest part of mine. I was heartily sorry for the man; if he had but possessed courage enough to tell me so, he might have spared himself: I would have forgiven him freely. His property, that is to say, what remained of it, was sold. Of mine, four thousand guilders were all that fell to my share. His only child, a daughter, was sent to the orphan asylum. Poor child, her fate was a hard one! I had youth and health, vigour of mind and body; I could easily replace what I had lost. I should have blushed to visit the sins of the father upon the child. I invested my four thousand guilders, and gave up the interest for the education of the child, or for her maintenance till she should marry. But, for the orphan-house, I would have none of it. The best orphan asylum, like all other institutions for education out of the domestic circle, is only an institution for the corruption of morals.

The question was now, what I should do with myself? The State refused my services, because my coat was not to its liking. I shook the dust from my feet, therefore, in my native place, and left it to try and be useful elsewhere. I had kept money enough, according to my own view of the matter, to maintain me till I could find some employment. While yet a boy at school, I had read somewhere a treatise which had made a deep impression on me. The subject was—"Of Unnecessary Necessities." I had often wondered at the numberless superfluities which men choose to consider as necessaries, and, to procure which, they willingly became the sacrifice of others' vices and their own folly. The fewer wants, the fewer desires a man has, the less are his fears and vexations, the fewer his cares. The freest man is he who is least dependent on custom and convenience, and, consequently, the least affected by circumstances. The essay concluded with these words:—"Cleave to the essential alone, and leave to fools the melancholy pleasure of appearance." Even as a schoolboy, I had attempted to accommodate myself to this system. I did my duty in all things, but declined all praise from my masters. I often slept at night upon chairs beside my bed, instead of in it. I drank neither beer nor wine, tea nor coffee, but simply water. I never spent a fifth part of my pocket money on the trifles on which children are accustomed to waste their allowance, and was, therefore, often able to assist those of my schoolfellows who were poorer than myself with real necessities, books, maps, and the like. I was delighted to leave the university when, becoming entirely my own master, I could pursue unmolested the plan I had marked out for myself. The simplicity of my mode of living induced most of my acquaintance to esteem me poor. I was far richer than the greater part of them with double my income, for I wasted nothing, and owed nothing—many of those who pitied or blamed me set no limits to their wishes, and were deeply in debt.

My views of life, however, gave prodigious offence in my native city; but I could not see why I should fare sumptuously or lie softly to please others, when I could please myself at far less cost. My dress was neat, and not *out* of the fashion, but I did not particularly distinguish myself by the fineness of my linen, or employ the most fashionable tailor, and, therefore, I was held *unpresentable* in good society. I did my duty in

my vocation; but I never went to "pay my respects" to my superiors, and my manners were pronounced excessively unpolished. I wished to be valued in society for my talents, natural or acquired, and my moral worth —the well-judging public insisted upon fine clothes, flattery, and what it is pleased to call respect for appearances. I did not smoke; I did not play at cards; and frequented places of public amusement but little—that was called an "affectation of singularity." My disfavour with society grieved me but little, however; I lived and acted according to my own convictions, was content with moderate means, had the power of helping many with my superfluity, was always cheerful, and never sick—all that was wanting to my happiness was the means of becoming more extensively useful. I could do without the suffrage of the world. Woe to him whose felicity depends on others, if he cannot find it in serving them without expecting their applause.

CHAPTER IX.

THE VILLAGE SCHOOLMASTER.

I spent the better part of a year in rambling about this blessed Germany of ours without finding anywhere a suitable sphere of action. Every application for fitting employment was met with a "but." 'It is silly enough of the people, thought I, that will have nothing to do with a man who asks no more than the means of making himself useful to the best of his ability! I had before projected a journey to London, to offer my services to explore the interior of Africa for the benefit of the world and of science; and, if they were not then accepted, to visit that part of the world on my own account. No sooner thought of than done; I turned my face to the north-west.

One evening, I entered the inn of a little town in my way, much fatigued. While my supper was preparing, I took up a provincial "Intelligencer," in which I saw an advertisement for a village schoolmaster; the salary was fifty guilders, with a house, firing, and the use of three acres of land. It struck me directly that this was the very thing for me. A village schoolmaster! The calling, generally esteemed so humble, is in fact one of the very highest importance. I might become the reformer of a whole village, the saviour of a thousand unhappy and neglected human beings. To how many important politico-economical, moral, religious, and patriotic points of view might I not pave the way for improvement? Poor as the remuneration was, it was sufficient for me. Real service, in fact, can never be *paid for*. How can virtues of any kind be rewarded by the State? State remuneration can only be measured by the greater or less expenditure of knowledge and activity required. For a village schoolmastership, it is held that very little knowledge or labour is wanting; it is a low kind of thing altogether; hence the pecuniary recompense is paltry. But, for a master of the ceremonies, or a court chamberlain, indeed most uncommon talents and virtues are demanded; and that is no doubt the reason why more is paid for such articles than for village schoolmasters throughout the kingdom.

I went and offered myself as a candidate for the vacant office. The testimonials of ability I brought with me were examined, and I found I had the honour to be taken for a runaway student; that did not concern me very greatly. Against my capabilities in reading, writing, arithmetic, and singing, there was nothing to be said, and yet the authorities hesitated. Nor was I greatly surprised that they did; for it is not very usual for a man, who upon occasion could read and speak his six languages, to become a village schoolmaster. I doubt if, after all, I should have obtained the place, had there been any other candidates but myself and a deaf tailor.

My sound ears had the preference.

"Hark you, friend," said the Examiner and President of the High Provincial School Commission; "you shall have the place, but, understand, provisionally, for one year, in the course of which we shall see if your moral conduct is approved of."

My letter of provisional installation was duly delivered to me, and with it a letter to the most reverend Pastor Pflock in Hard, who was to induct me into my office.

I was as happy as a king—assuming that kings are in general happier than village schoolmasters. My dwelling in Hard was a ruinous barrack, as dirty as an uncleansed stable; every window patched with paper, and my sitting room a gloomy den without a stove. The only stove in the place was in the school-room, which was to be tenanted every day by me and sixty-five children, of both sexes. The garden was impassable from rubbish; the three acres of land offered a complete *Flora Hardinensis*, not a wild flower or weed growing in the whole country round but had its specimen there. Heavens! here was room and verge enough for the spirit of reform to revel in.

The most reverend Paster Pflock received me with severe dignity; gave me abundance of advice; and presented me the following Sunday after service to his congregation, with much solemnity, and many sharp warnings to my juvenile troop.

Pastor Pflock was esteemed a most zealous and orthodox man, who thundered every Sunday against infidels and dissenters with the voice of a stentor; painted the terrors of hell every fortnight, and the joys of heaven once a-month; and, once a-quarter, we had a vision of the last judgment. But, on the week days, and in common life, he was a common kind of man enough, who was content to let the world wag as it listed, and troubled his head very little about the sayings or doings of his peasants, provided the due offerings were made to his kitchen, and he was not forgotten at wedding feasts and christenings. His flock was ignorant, brutal, poor, and lazy; almost every one was in debt; their agriculture was wretched, their method of rearing cattle as bad as possible, and their favourite amusements squabbling, fighting, and going to law. The only thriving person in the village was the Schulze, who also kept the public house, and was a diligent fomenter of the quarrelsome and litigious propensities of his neighbours, by which he was a gainer both ways. The very exterior of the village, the rows of miserable cottages full of dirt and disorder, the coarse, lumpish demeanour of the peasants and their wives, the rude audacity of the children, their ragged and dirty clothing, all convinced me that here was my appointed sphere of usefulness—here was I called to labour in my vocation in promoting the happiness of my

fellow-men. I danced for joy round the schoolroom like a fool, till the house shook again!

The poverty of the school fund obliged me to make the necessary repairs at my own expense, if I would have it done at all. I had the windows mended, and the walls whitewashed, and floors, tables, benches, and doors, thoroughly scoured; dug up my garden, and planted it with vegetables, and set my three acres in order with my own hands. I kept a goat in the stable for the milk; and I had common right of pasture with the rest of the village. I was soon at home in my new abode. The reverend pastor himself was not cleaner or more comfortably lodged. The villagers stared, and seemed as much surprised at my orderly poverty as I was at their nasty abundance.

CHAPTER X.

BEGINNING OF THE REFORMATION.

As soon as I had arranged my dwelling to my liking, I began my operations on the rising generation. They drove every day in and out of the schoolhouse like a herd of swine. I began by accustoming every child to salute me on entering by giving me his hand; and those who came with them dirty were dispatched forthwith to remedy the evil at the spring behind the house. Hands and feet I required to be as clean as the face. Very few seemed to have any acquaintance with a comb. I desired they should all be combed smooth before they came, and the little savages laughed in my face. The laughing I soon settled with the cane. I entreated the assistance of the pastor, and begged him to preach to his flock on the uses of cleanliness. His reverence opened his eyes wider than usual — "What has that to do with religion, schoolmaster? Be so good as to mind your own business." However, with the assistance of the stick, I accomplished the combing also. The clothing now came under consideration. Here, nothing was to be done by force. My pupils were all ragged—that I could not help, but I insisted that the rags should be clean. I gave little prizes to those who came to school clean for a week together—needles, knitting needles, scissors, knives, and other trifles, which I bought by the dozen at the neighbouring fairs. The whole village, including the parson and the Schulze, sneered at my innovations; but I pursued my own plan obstinately.

Human beings must be *unbrutified* before they can be educated. With the help of these small rewards, I produced a very considerable improvement in the course of the year among the youth of the village; and here and there a few of the elders began to feel some shame, when the children themselves began to notice their dirty habits. As I passed through the village or the fields, the little ones would leave their play, and come to greet me with a smile, and offer their hands. They all liked me; they were afraid of my cane, pleased with my presents, and delighted to listen to the stories which I sometimes related to them.

My liberalities made a wonderful talk in the village. In the first year I had really spent more than I received. Two of the poorest, half naked children I had clothed anew at my own cost, and these proceedings puzzled the good people extremely. A village schoolmaster was generally the poorest where all were poor; no man who possessed any property of his own, however small, would take such an office. Instead, like my predecessors, of accepting presents, or rather alms, from the parents of the scholars, I gave away more than any one else. No one knew what to make of me. Some were of opinion that I was a fugitive from justice, a cash-keeper who had run away with his master's money, or something of that sort. It was a matter of course that people who rarely did or thought any good themselves should think no better of me. The pastor, however, gave a good character of me to the provincial school commission, though not without adding some strictures on the system of giving rewards to the scholars. But, as giving is not so positively forbidden by the law as taking, I was confirmed in my office of schoolmaster for life.

CHAPTER XI.

PROGRESS OF THE REFORMATION.

As soon as I was assured of my dignity, I lightened my task by dividing the school into classes, and making the elder pupils assist in teaching the younger, and by this method brought them all forward more quickly. For the poorest girls, I bought wool and knitting-needles, taught them to make use of them, and gave them what they made for their own property. This piqued the parents who were in better circumstances—their daughters should be no worse off than their companions; the knitting became general, and in time was followed by sewing. A poor woman in the village, with whom I divided my salary, undertook the instruction of the girls in needlework. In the space of a year, not only the dirty, but the torn gowns and jackets had nearly vanished from my schoolroom. In some few, indeed, the love of dirt and disorder seemed irradicable; like other diseases, it ran in the blood, and descended from generation to generation.

While the girls were making these advances in civilisation, their male associates were not behind hand. Reading, writing, and arithmetic, were diligently pursued; and the diligence was rewarded by the relation of stories of various kinds. It is incredible with what eagerness they would throng round me, when, on a holiday or Sunday afternoon, I took my seat in the fields, or woods, for this purpose. Every other amusement was readily forsaken for this; and many, even of the grown-up lads, who had ceased to attend the school, never failed to join their younger companions on these occasions. Sometimes I gave them a lesson in natural philosophy, or history, in geography, or a moral lecture; but always in the form of a story. The young people thought they were only amused, while I was gradually undermining their prejudices, awakening their moral sense, and enlarging their views of the world.

I had not less satisfaction in the singing lessons which it was my duty, as schoolmaster, to give. I had some excellent voices among my scholars, and the vicar choral of a neighbouring town assisted me with notes and exercises. My young flock got on exceedingly well; but to amend the church singing, where the elders were concerned, was more than I could accomplish. The whole strength of their lungs was brought into play upon all occasions; they seemed to make a conscience of never sparing them. I presumed to direct the atten-

tion of Pastor Pflock to this subject, and asked him to use his influence with his worthy congregation that they should not bellow so unmercifully.

"Eh! what do you mean by that?" said the Pastor. "I let every one give free course to his devotional feelings; let them cry aloud, and spare not. Lukewarm singing, lukewarm Christianity, in my opinion."

Apparently he had communicated my ridiculous, my unchristian censure, as he called it, to his whole flock; for I soon remarked that they roared more pitilessly than ever, and came out of church red-hot with their exertions, and as hoarse as ravens.

I found I must be on my guard with these good people, with whom I was very evidently anything but popular; and with my singing, sewing, washing, combing, and story-telling, passed for an innovating, mischievous busy-body. For this judgment, I was not a little indebted to the pastor, to whom I was not sufficiently submissive; and to the Schulze still more largely, because I never spent anything in his house, and purloined, as he considered it, some of his customers, with my Sunday story-telling.

I might have experienced more active efforts of the ill-will of this last dignitary and his partisans, had I not been, in some measure, defended from them by the warm attachment of the children, who never failed to give me warning in time of any conspiracy against me. But what contributed more than all to keep me scatheless from their malice, was a kind of superstitious belief in my powers of mischief—a belief which, being first induced by the old women of the village, had found ready admittance with all.

They took me, in short, for a conjuror, or something of the kind. To this wise conjecture, my extraordinary liberality, taken in conjunction with the scantiness of my apparent means, might have partly contributed, and partly that I had found out and frustrated more than one or two spiteful tricks intended to be played on me. It happened several times that I received a private visit from one or the other individual whose cow gave bad milk, or who had lost anything in house or field, to request that I would cut the cards, or make a spell of some kind, to discover the criminal. It was in vain that I tried to reason them out of this preposterous folly, and refused the offered money. They remained firm in their faith, that "I knew more than I should." Even my poor three acres brought me under suspicion, because, from being the worst, they were now the best and most productive in the parish. Although every one with their own eyes saw, or might see, that the elder lads helped me in the cultivation of the land, and the younger ones took it by turns to weed for me; although I offered them the plainest and simplest rules to obtain a like result with my own, they preferred their own solution of the enigma, "I knew more than I should," "the devil had a hand in it," &c.

I saw that the elder part of the population were not to be converted. My best hopes rested on their children, who were in a great measure under my influence. I had done much in the course of five years, when a scandalous attempt on the part of the pastor threatened the destruction of my whole plans of reformation. One day the pastor sent for me, received me with extraordinary and unusual civility; and while I was endeavouring to find out his motive for such an unexpected manifestation, he surprised me by a proposal to bestow on me in marriage a young person who lived in his house in some dependent capacity. He promised a good portion with her. I had no inclination to listen to or repeat village scandal, but I could not be ignorant that the girl's conduct was not irreproachable, and Pastor Pflock knew it full well. Of course, I gave a direct and immediate refusal; perhaps I was somewhat too abrupt. From that time forward he never preached a sermon without launching forth into invectives against all profligate innovators and "infidels." If I had had any doubt as to whom these thunders were directed, his looks would have speedily enlightened me and everybody else, but I despised them too heartily to take any notice of them. By and bye, I received notice that complaints had been lodged against me with the School Commission. I was charged with immoral conduct; I was unfit to be trusted with the instruction of children. I demanded a hearing; I demanded the names of my accusers, which could not well be refused me; and I never rested till the accusation and its cause had been traced home to Pastor Pflock. The motives for his extraordinary proposal were now clear enough, and I succeeded in making them appear so to the Commission. From bullying, the unworthy pastor descended to supplication, that the business might not become generally known. It transpired, nevertheless; before many days were over, everything that had passed in the justice-room was known to every man, woman, and child in Hard. In another quarter of a year Pastor Pflock was removed, and another, Pastor Bode, replaced him.

The latter, a pious and excellent man, somewhat advanced in life, and well acquainted with the world, without being corrupted by time, supported me warmly in every attempt for the improvement of the people, and laboured zealously in his own calling for the object. He went from cottage to cottage to give advice, warning, help, and consolation. I grieve to say, he reaped but a scanty harvest with all his toil. His preaching was not half so much attended or admired as Pflock's had been, the customary offerings to the parsonage kitchen much scantier. The good people of Hard maintained stoutly that Pastor Bode "did not preach the right sort of religion; he was half an infidel, he did not believe in hell," &c. &c. And then they shook their heads, and sighed for the high-seasoned homilies of Pastor Pflock, and the discourse usually ended with the ejaculation, "Ah, he was the man, his was something like sermons! Hard will not see his like again in a hurry!"

CHAPTER XII.

THE COLONY.

About this time a certain Baron Von Lösecke paid a visit to Hard, on account of some forest land which he inherited in the neighbourhood, and which he wanted to dispose of again, as he did not mean to live in this part of the country. The Government had declined the purchase, because wood was not at all wanted here, and there was no navigable river to aid in its disposal elsewhere. The Baron next offered it to the parish of Hard, as the forest lay so conveniently at hand. But the parish was poor and in debt; it was not in any particular want of wood; and if it were, preferred greatly

stealing it from the Baron's forest to buying of him. The offer was refused, although he would have lowered his first demand of nine to seven thousand gulders. The Baron was quite at a loss what to do with his new acquisition, and went to ask advice of Pastor Bode, who referred him to me as the person in Hard most likely to give him proper counsel. He came, and the thought suddenly occurred to me to buy the wood myself. My plan was ready in a few minutes. I could not be a loser. The Baron swore at the whole business; he wanted, above all things, to be rid of the trouble, and at last declared that if I could find him a purchaser he should have the wood for six thousand. I told him at once that I would buy it myself if he would accept the half in ready money, and allow me reasonable time to pay the other half, with a moderate rate of interest. He stared, first at me, and then at my naked school-room; but people soon come to an understanding when both parties mean to do so. The bargain was soon struck, and the necessary instruments drawn up. I drew my outstanding capital of four thousand guilders from my native city; paid out of my pocket a yearly sum equivalent to the interest of it, which, if you remember, I had destined for the support of my guardian's daughter, and the Baron received the promised moiety immediately.

The whole village was up in arms at the news of my purchase. No doubt I was supposed to have found the philosopher's stone. I was laughed at for my folly, nevertheless, and many rejoiced beforehand in the expectation that I had certainly over-reached myself in my bargain.

The laughter did not very greatly disturb my equanimity. I hired wood-cutters, and a few experienced makers of potash, bought tubs and cauldrons, built furnaces for the calcining, and transformed the fine beech wood into potash. My projects extended themselves. One of my best friends in the village was a young man named Lebrecht, an active, intelligent fellow, who had often assisted me in the school. I now made it over to him entirely, with the income, such as it was, and procured a ratification of the appointment from the Commission. The only share I retained was the story-telling lesson, as it might be called. The school-house I gave up entirely to my successor, and built a temporary abode in the forest, to be near my workmen. I had cottages built for them also, which could be tenanted in winter; and thus commenced a new mode of life, pretty much like that of a settler in the back woods of America. The Harders shook their heads at my foolish undertaking, while one acre after another was changed into potash. In a year some hundreds of acres were cleared. My potash found a rapid sale, and thus the old, impenetrable beech forest, snugly packed in barrels, wandered to all parts of the world. The half of the produce was more than sufficient to pay the remainder of the purchase-money; the Baron was paid sooner than I expected, and I had besides some capital in hand, and the land. I now set to work upon a more substantial dwelling for myself, with barns and outhouses. I bought cattle, laid out the land in pasture and arable land, and so turned farmer as well as potash maker. In draining some part of the meadows, I discovered a spring. In testing its fitness for domestic purposes, I found it was mineral. There is no other in all the country round. A new plan was quickly formed. I built this house for the reception of visiters, and advertised the healing properties of the spring in all the newspapers. It succeeded beyond all my expectations; the visiters were so numerous that in a few years I was obliged to add wings to the bathing-house. My capital yielded me a high interest. I portioned off more than three hundred acres into small farms, and built houses upon them, for which I had lime, sand, and wood gratis, and every house had its tenant ready as soon as it was finished. I chose, in preference to all others, skilful artisans, who were either wanted by the water-drinking guests, or were not easily found in the neighbourhood. I took care that the leases should be sufficiently advantageous to the tenant, to give him a real interest in the success of my colony. I was lawgiver as well as landlord, and my indulgence on some points and inexorable severity on others, where the integrity of my colonists was concerned, were so well known, that my regulations were submitted to without hesitation. Look behind you, dear Röden, at those buildings, fourteen in number, which stand on the rising ground by the side of the forest. That is my colony.

CHAPTER XIII.

THE NEW DIGNITY.

Among the yearly visiters to the waters, some of the authorities of the land were occasionally to be found, to whom I became known. Had I been dressed like one of themselves, my acquirements would certainly have raised no astonishment, but in one clothed in the coarse garments of a peasant, they were esteemed something wonderful. I passed, moreover, for an opulent man, and these two circumstances procured my appointment as Schulze in Hard, on the death of the old one, in spite of all the ancient inhabitants could say against it. My new dignity gave me as much joy, as under other relations, the post of Prime Minister could have done. I was now in the position I had long desired, and my sphere of action exactly what I wished it to be. I was no stranger to the ingratitude of the Harders, but what else was to be expected from a people so poverty-stricken, ignorant, lazy, and stupid? I must humanise them before I could look for humaner and nobler feelings from them.

I immediately began to work out my projects. Pastor Bode and the schoolmaster Lobrecht were zealous co-operators. Even a Schulze, I continued my narrative lessons to the youth of the village. It was too powerful an engine in my scheme of moral reformation to be neglected. Eight years' experience had rendered me familiar with the chief sources of mischief in Hard, and I hastened to destroy them. One of the greatest was the litigious spirit of the people. They went to law about everything. I took upon myself to be attorney, in defiance of the attornies, and examined those local regulations which most nearly concerned my peasants, and were most fertile in stuff for lawsuits. A good many I put an end to by amicable arrangement, and the number of my clients increased daily. My office enabled me continually to detect and frustrate the artifices by which provincial advocates often fermented and kept alive the foolish squabbles of the poor ignorant

people for their own advantage. This alone was an immeasurable advantage for the village. In the midst of all these official labours, something occurred to me of which I had certainly often thought, but never before felt—something which turned my head for a time, and put an effectual stop to my reformations.

One day I drove a waggon myself with a freight of potash to Berg, a market town about twelve miles from Hard, and where my agent for the sale of it lived. In the waggon I had also a sack of beans, which fell from it as I drove into Berg. A lad who was passing directed my attention to my loss. I ran back, and hoisted the sack on my shoulders to replace it in the waggon. At that moment a very pretty girl, whose dress announced her an inhabitant of Berg, came up with me. I do not know how I looked at her or how she looked at me, but I felt the strongest sensation I had ever experienced in my life. While I was staring like a booby, I lost my hat, and, encumbered as I was, I could not stoop to recover it. The beauty saw my embarrassment, and turning back with the best-hearted smile in the world, picked up the hat and gave it to me. To this day I do not know how I thanked her, or whether I thanked her at all. The smile bewitched me so that I could think of nothing else, and am only surprised how I found my way to my agent's.

In the house of the agent a room was always reserved for me, because in my frequent journeys to and fro, I found it sometimes convenient to remain the night in Berg. I might as well have gone back this time, but I did not. I staid in the hope of seeing my little beauty again, and never left the window commanding a view of the main street till I was called to dinner.

As I entered the room where the dinner was served, who should I see but the very object of my thoughts standing by the table; she was evidently preparing to dine with us. The post of honour at the upper end was assigned to me, and the fair stranger placed herself opposite to me. Frau Diedrich, the agent's wife, said something to me, to which I replied, "good, they are exquisite." "Good heavens! how sorry I am you did not come last week," exclaimed the good lady, "we had some much better." "Much better!" said I, bewitched. Frau Diedrich was talking about the carp, and I of the black eyes of the maiden. The fair girl smiled, and looked down.

"Lieber Himmel Herr Schulze, I don't think you heard a word I said?" said my hostess.

"Let the matter alone, wife," said the agent, rising to fetch his pipe. "Herr Schulze is a learned man: he was star-gazing."

"Who is your new companion?" I seized the first moment of asking, when the beautiful stranger had withdrawn.

"She is no companion of mine," replied Frau Diedrich; "she is a poor girl whom my sister the Pastorinn Muller has brought up. My brother-in-law is lately dead, and my sister being obliged to leave the vicarage, has sent her to me till she is settled again."

"Poor, is she? So much the better for me," thought I. "Then I may hope I am not poor. I am not more than three and thirty, and not so bad-looking." But then I looked again at the delicate town-bred girl, and then at myself—a potash-maker, in my peasant's blouse! My courage sank a hundred fathoms deep.

Passing by the kitchen, I saw my beauty, with an apron before her, busy over the fire, and the thermometer rose a little. She looked as if performing an accustomed duty. In the evening, as I was sitting alone in my room, I heard something knocking like a knife on a chopping board. I listened again, and recognised the sound of a detestable old harpsichord, with about as much tone as a tin kettle, and horribly out of tune into the bargain. Thinking it was one of Diedrich's boys amusing himself, I opened the door between, and entered abruptly. Lo, and behold! there sat the fair maiden again, alone! and the room was evidently the one appropriated to her use for the time. She started and coloured at my unceremonious entry, and so did I. I seemed destined to appear before her in some awkward guise or other. Now the mischief was done, I could only make the best excuse I could think of, and beg permission to try my skill at tuning the old harpsichord. She consented: I brought it into something like order, and was rewarded by hearing her play, which she did with great taste and feeling. The tin kettle sounded like the music of the spheres. She expressed some surprise to find me musical, and, afterwards, that I could, unlike most country people, speak of anything else than country matters.

"Are the country people all so learned with you, Mr. Schulze?" asked she, with her gentle smile.

I do not know what I answered. The smile and the glance of her black eyes took away my breath and my senses for the time. The poor child seemed to have but little to amuse her in Diedrich's house, for on my asking her to walk out with me, she was ready in a moment. The walk did her good: her features lost a certain tinge of melancholy which I had admired as the greatest of charms till I saw the same features lighted up with smiles, and then I found gladness best became them. At supper, she sat opposite to me again; and after supper, we went to the old harpsichord again. This was too much. I never closed my eyes that night. The morning star found me as wakeful as the evening had left me. Lovers reckon by the stars, because they hover in spirit above the earth while they are lovers. I fancied I must be ill, and so I told Diedrich, and made that the excuse for remaining the whole day at Berg. My dear little neighbour had abundance of compassion for me, and did her best to amuse me. While she sung to me, or talked or walked with me, the headache I complained of left me, but my heart—ah, friend Röder! When I returned to Hard, on the third day, I was absolutely miserable. I thought I was going to die, and I believe I made some verses to the moon!

My official duties began to be terribly importunate, and, I am afraid, were very indifferently performed the week after my visit to Berg. On the other hand, I was seized with a sudden zeal for beautifying my house, and had many things done which had hitherto appeared to me extremely superfluous. I even bought an excellent piano, which I found on sale in a neighbouring town. This was hardly to be called a superfluity, but I had not felt inclined to cultivate my musical talents the whole eight or nine years I had spent at Hard with half the zeal as since my visit to Berg. The next time I drove over, I bestowed a little more attention on my dress, and when I caught sight of the church tower of Berg behind the pine wood, I could almost hear my heart beat.

Diedrich and his wife received me with their wonted cordiality, and their sweet friend returned my awkward greeting with a smile and a blush that looked almost like pleasure at seeing me again.

The harpsichord wanted tuning again, and while I was doing it, I mentioned my purchase of a new piano, and expressed a hope that I should here her play on it some day, and that was all I said. We went out to walk, and among the thousand things we talked about, the thing I wished most to say was exactly what I did not and could not say.

"Shall you be here again next week?" asked she, when she gave me her hand at parting. We were alone, and yet like an idiot, as I was, I could find no answer, but—"On Thursday certainly," as if I had been talking only to Frau Diedrich.

All the way home I had employment enough in quarrelling with myself, and vowing in my heart to acquit myself the ensuing week somewhat less like a simpleton.

My home was no longer as it had been to me. I wandered through my colony. I looked at my own creation, on the testimony of a resolute purpose, resolutely pursued. I saw it was right, but it did not rejoice me; I could not look on my work and say "that it was good." Beyond the right and useful, something was wanting, something higher, and that lay beyond my power. My work wanted consecration; as yet, in my little world, the "beautiful" was not! And the beautiful is everywhere the reflected light of Love; when hallowing the earthly, it reveals itself to earth.

This week that passed before I went to Berg again, was certainly longer than the whole eight years I had spent in Hard. This time I found courage to say that the time had appeared immeasurably long since I had seen her, and she answered innocently, "I am very glad when you come: I am so lost here. It is a pleasure to meet any one with whom we can sympathise." And hereupon we were both silent, perhaps, because I took her hand and drew it within my arm, at these words; a freedom I had never ventured on before. I did, however, find courage enough, after a while, to say, that "I should have thought it more likely that she would find here and everywhere hearts only too ready to sympathise with her's," to which she answered nothing, and I was as well satisfied that she did not.

When we returned to the house, I invited Diedrich and his wife to come over to Hard and look at my new buildings. "That we will gladly," answered he. "I want to give Miss Augusta a day's pleasure before she goes back next week;" and here he handed her a letter from his sister-in-law, her protectress.

"And are you really going to leave us?" I asked her, as she sat at the old harpsichord in the evening.

Her hands dropped into her lap—"I must, my foster-mother has sent for me."

I thought I saw a tear sparkle through her long eyelashes, and ventured to press her hand to my lips, when we parted for the night.

On my return to Hard, Diedrich and his whole family accompanied me. And when I was once more at home, and saw that home lighted by her bright presence, sunshine and joy were in me and around me! My work was hallowed by the breath of love. The good was wedded to the beautiful.

Man's heart and hands can accomplish great things in the stir and tumult of the world. Women is powerless in its troubled strife, yet nobler in her weakness, because more alien to the mere earthly than man. She sanctifies him through her love, awakens in him the sense of the beautiful, and she alone has received from Heaven the gift of crowning his brow with the wreath of victory. For men can never reward men for the struggle and the conquest. All that men can accomplish alone may be great, but it is loveless, just in its purpose, but austere in aspect. Man's only exclusive work is red-handed war. Woe to that world where love is not!

CHAPTER XIV.

THE HIGHEST FESTIVAL.

I lodged my guests in the Baths, with a private hint to the landlord and his wife to amuse and occupy Diedrich and his wife as much as possible, that I might keep Augusta exclusively to myself. Frau Diedrich was scandalised at the humility of my household arrangements, and could not understand why I did not "live better," as she phrased it. "I might easily do so," I answered, looking at the only person to whom I was desirous of recommending my humble dwelling, "but it is not necessary to my happiness. I will do without unnecessary necessaries, that I may have wherewith to supply the real ones."

Diedrich shook his head, and merely replied, "Herr Schulze, you are a humourist." But the beloved one looked on me with sparkling eye and kindling cheek. "Where such spotless neatness reigns, who would seek or desire other adornment?" cried she. "When health and contentment are the companions, who asks whether they sit at a table of beechen wood or mahogany?—if they are served on earthenware, or from porcelain and silver?"

I pressed the hand of my sweet advocate in silent gratitude, and led her through every part of my domain; she had understanding and sympathy for all, and while her eyes wandered over the wide spreading prospect, rich in fruit and promise, her heart seemed to swell within her, her eyes filled with tears—"This is heavenly," she murmured.

"And will you forsake it then?" said I; "will it be heavenly to me when you are gone?" She was silent, as if she did not understand me. "Oh remain. Where else would you be loved and cherished as you are loved and cherished here? Be mine! For me there is no happiness without you. You are an orphan; if I may hope to win your heart, who shall refuse me your hand?"

"It is true I have neither father nor mother," said Augusta, and a shade of sadness crossed the clear heaven of her brow, like a white cloud over the transparent depths of a summer sky. "But I have made a vow to myself, and I will keep it, never to dispose of myself without the consent and approbation of a man whom I love and honour beyond others in the world."

"And who may the one so honoured be?" I asked, with a beating heart. "The noblest minded being on earth," she replied warmly. "My father's death was sudden and most grievous. He had, though from no fault of his own, ruined a young man who had been his ward; and yet this young man was the only person in the world who had compassion on his orphan child. He shared with me the little my father's misfortunes had

left him, provided me with suitable protection, gave me an education—any good that may be in me is his work. I owe him every breath I draw, I honour him as my second father. Where to find him I know not, for, like the Providence that blesses us unseen, he has never been visible to my gratitude; two letters I wrote to him remain unanswered; yet my determination is unalterable never to accept the hand of any man without asking and obtaining his approbation."

"And his name?" asked I, breathless with expectation. "His name is Engelbert." "And yours is Augusta Lenz." She looked at me with surprise. I took her hand and led her back into the house, into my study, and took from the drawer of my desk two letters which I laid before her.

"Good heavens, how did these letters fall into your hands, Mr. Schulze," exclaimed Augusta, as she recognised her own hand-writing. "I am Engelbert," was all I could say. In spite of all I could do to hinder her, Augusta sunk on her knees before me, seized my hands, and covered them with tears and kisses.

"Let me, let me," she sobbed, resisting my efforts to raise her. "How I have longed for this moment, when I could pour out my whole heart before my benefactor, my only friend."

But I need say no more, my friend; you will guess how I answered, and how I sped in my wooing. From that moment began the real happiness of my life—a happiness that has never known pause or hindrance in its course, nor will, I hope and trust, till the hearts of both are stilled in death.

You may perhaps be surprised that we did not become sooner known to each other, and yet the cause was very simple. My agent Diedrich had never called me by any other name than my official one, as the people hereabouts are wont to do, and Augusta, who was a stranger to Hard and its relations, had taken it for granted that "Herr Schulze" bore only his family name, and no very uncommon one either.

Whatever Frau Diedrich could say against the irregularity of such a proceeding, I empowered my good friend, Pastor Bode, to publish the banns forthwith. Augusta had given me a double right, in admitting my authority as guardian to its full extent, to insist on her leaving Hard no more. To the good woman who had charge of my bride, she wrote by my desire, ensuring to her the yearly sum she had hitherto received as the price of Augusta's maintenance, and which she was not in circumstances to spare without inconvenience. Diedrich and his wife remained with Augusta my guests at the Baths. As bride, I invested her with the full authority of the future mistress, to order and arrange all within and without the house, according to her own pleasure. What a week we passed! second only in felicity to those we have known since.

On the day of our wedding, my kind and gentle Augusta made her appearance, not in the extravagant and somewhat ridiculous finery of a town bride, but in the simple and unpretending costume suitable to the wife of a village Schulze—the guide and associate of peasants, over whom she claimed no other superiority but the undisputed and undisputable one of greater knowledge and virtue.

A fortnight after this, Pastor Bode joined our hands at the altar.

CHAPTER XV.

A FORTUNATE MISFORTUNE.

Augusta's diligence and skill in domestic arrangements spared me many a care. Freed from all anxiety for my private affairs, I could devote myself the more entirely to the weightier duties of my office.

I had been about two years married, when the terrible day came which reduced all Hard to ashes. The conflagration had its origin in some very usual but unpardonable piece of carelessness, on the part of one of the inhabitants. All help was useless. The good people of Hard stood by stupified and totally inactive, while others from the neighbouring villages were exerting themselves to the utmost to save their cattle and farming stock. There were not half a dozen houses left standing.

The blow was a heavy one; the people were too ignorant and lazy to be otherwise than poor; the aid afforded by Government scanty, when measured by the want. The sufferers looked at one another in helpless consternation; the greatness of the calamity had robbed them not only of their property but of their heads and their hands, such as they were. I alone did not despair—nay, even saw ground for hope, from the very extent of the misfortune. All were now alike poor. They must work, if they meant to eat.

As soon as it became a question of rebuilding the village, I delivered a memorial to the Government, in which I endeavoured to prove that a great advantage might accrue to the community of Hard, if such exchanges were effected between the owners of the land as to fix every man in the centre, or nearly so, of his own portion. By this means, not only would the danger of a similar catastrophe be considerably lessened, but, what was of yet more consequence, a fruitful source of dispute and litigation would be cut off, by the comparative isolation of the proprietors. My plan was approved of, and a commission appointed to effect the necessary exchanges, at the head of which I was placed, in spite of the murmurs and opposition of the Harders. The business was arranged at last, but not without considerable difficulty; and every man's portion of land brought within a ring-fence. The grand want at present was of timber for building. There was none fit for the purpose to be procured but from a considerable distance, and consequently at an enormous price; and many were the lamentations that Baron von Lesecke's forests had not been purchased when he offered them ten years before.

I now caused the remainder of my timber to be felled, and sold it at the most moderate price, without requiring immediate payment. The greater part I allowed to remain over for two years, without interest. To many persons I advanced money. The Government did its part. For the poorest of all, liberal collections were made among the guests at the baths. In little more than a year, the village rose from its ashes in scattered dwellings, as you now see it. As a further security against fire, I had public ovens built, apart from the dwelling houses; better engines provided, and a well dug near every house. I had the water from my own lands, and those of others situate on the heights, conducted into one common channel, and directed toward the waste common land. Here the great canal was divided into a number of smaller canals, passing through

the meadows, the fertility of which was increased threefold, by artificial inundation. The fields and gardens around soon showed signs of improvement. Being immediately under the eye of the owner, they were more carefully cultivated, and much valuable time spared, which had formerly been wasted in running from one outlying field to another. Poverty and necessity compelled the greater part to economy both of time and money. The public house in the village was less visited. In my inn, I allowed neither wine nor spirits to be sold. The widow of the former Schulze, who still kept the house in the village, abused me unmercifully; but I obtained my object. Had she followed my advice, and arranged her house for the reception of the water-drinkers and bathers, she might have been a much richer woman, for this house is often so full that new guests are continually obliged to leave the place for want of lodging.

It is true that the greater part of the village is still in debt to me, but their other debts are nearly acquitted, and this was the consequence of real misfortune. Our village is the most flourishing and industrious, and therefore the highest in credit in the whole country. We have no more of lawsuits, and squabbling and fighting are scarcely remembered amongst us. Many of my former scholars of both sexes are now themselves parents, and I may honestly assert are as warmly attached to me as ever. Order and cleanliness greet the eye and gladden the heart on every side.

It may have contributed in some measure to this happy change, that I remitted the interest of the sums owing to me to those who distinguished themselves the year through in the neatness of their houses and persons, the cultivation and good order of their fields, and in keeping free from quarrels and litigation. By way of encouragement to the rest, I made a gift of the whole capital due to me, to the three families who first worked themselves free from all other debt.

Engelbert had proceeded thus far in his narration, when we were interrupted by Augusta. She looked like a rose in its full pride of beauty, with all its buds clustering round. The infant was on her arm, the youngest boy clinging to her side, and the elder ones frolicking about her. What a morning greeting was there! I felt a child again among those happy children of nature.

The bell for church came up through the valley. We went altogether, and I shall not easily forget the effect of the hymn of praise sung in four parts by the numerous congregation. The address of the silver-haired pastor was worthy of the rest—earnest, simple, touching—intelligible to all—practical for this life, yet teaching to look beyond it.

When the service was over, the whole community assembled under the lime trees. The Schulze spoke in a kind and friendly manner to several who addressed him, and then, mounting a bench, read some Government proclamations, and explained and cleared up some misunderstanding respecting them. When this business was over, he pointed me out with his hand to the assembly, and said—"I have here an old and dear friend on a visit to me; and as I wished to give him pleasure, and also to make known to him those young people who have particularly distinguished themselves by their conduct since our last meeting, I invite them all to a dance and supper with me this evening."

And here the Schulze read a long list of names from a paper which he held in his hand: hereupon a general whispering, hand-shaking, and smiling took place, and the assembly separated with joyous faces and sparkling eyes. The reverend pastor, the schoolmaster, Librecht, an intelligent, well-informed young countryman, possessed of considerable natural talent and an ardent thirst for knowledge, and the doctor and his wife, joined us at dinner, which, contrary to Engelbert's usual custom, was very handsome, and had been prepared at the bathing-house. I never passed a happier evening, and have rarely listened to a better concert. Seven-and-forty voices, male and female, executed choruses and motells, from Grann, Handel, Rolle, and Hayden, with a purity of style and precision of tone that would not have disgraced a concert in the capital. Engelbert, his wife, and two elder boys, were among the singers. The concert was given in the open air, behind the garden of the bathing-house. The place seemed made for the purpose. A soft echo from the distant rocks sent back the harmony in magic sweetness; the evening sun shone in full splendour on the fields, and broke through the trees on the broad grassy glade where we stood, chequering its deep emerald with broad gleams of gold, and hovering like a glory round many a fair young head. I confess the whole scene had something inexpressibly touching to me.

O! and all this is the work of one man! thought I, gazing around me. And this man, who, wherever he moved and looked, beheld his own creation, and that it was good, stood there simple and unassuming among the rest, a peasant among peasants. When the concert was over, I clasped his hand with heartfelt emotion, and exclaimed involuntarily, "Thou art one of the really great in the rustic garb."

The evening closed with a dance in the large and handsome saloon of the dwelling-house.* Augusta was my first partner, and a very charming one I found her; and after her, some of the prettiest of the wives and maidens of Hard. Many of them danced exceedingly well, and did infinite credit to the Frau Schulzin, who had been their only instructress. The venerable grey-haired pastor, who mingled with his flock like a grandfather among his beloved children's children, was not the least interesting person of the group. We sat at supper as chance or choice dictated. A fair young rustic, who sat next me, entertained me very agreeably and very rationally—far more so than many a fashionable damsel, whom it has been my lot to meet in circles of far higher pretensions, has done since.

As soon as my carriage was mended, and my servant in condition to travel, I left Hard. Engelbert, who considered me as his guest in a house that belonged to him, would not hear of my offering any remuneration where I had lodged. I left his village, therefore, as his debtor, with what feelings of genuine admiration and respect, I need not describe to you. You have now the history of my second Millionaire (continued Councillor Von Rödern), deduce what advantage you can for the point in dispute.

Even those among us who had defended Morn's misanthropy could not deny that Engelbert had had fully as much cause for hostility to society in general; and con-

* A common practice in Germany.

fessed that with the same views of social evil, he had been no self-indulgent Morn, but an unwearied benefactor of his kind. Yet they were unwilling to give up the cause, but defended Morn, as Rosseau has been defended, on the score of the excessive susceptibility of his temper.

"To speak more plainly, he was a vain man, or, as the phrenologists would say, his approbativeness was strongly developed", said Von Krachen smiling. "Hence he was easily deceived, and the often deceived man is inevitably a mistrustful man. With less judgment than imagination, he was often as much mistaken in himself as in others, adopted opinions upon insufficient grounds, and drew general inferences from particular cases."

Engelbert had both head and heart in the right place, and did not abandon a general principle because of a trifling failure in peculiar instances. Many lament and complain of the perversity and corruption of the world. Engelbert hated the corruption, but he did not whine over it. He attacked it boldly within his own little world, and reformed it. He made war on the error, but not on the erring. Pity that there are not a few more Engelberts in the world! But the greater part of our world reformers like the theory far better than the practice. They can eulogise virtue freely, but have no courage for the practice of it. They are themselves fettered by the very follies and prejudices against which they cry out so lustily. They are weaklings without heart for that truth and nature they so loudly commend, and hug the chain while they contemn the slavery. Or, if they make a sacrifice, they will have counter sacrifices; praise, honour, popular applause. How many would like to put themselves in Engelbert's place, act the reformer's part, instead of declaiming it; bear all that was repulsive in it, bear to be misconstrued and misrepresented, and never once ask will the world applaud the action? And till people are found willing to do this, take my word for it, though the preachers may be many, the converts will be few.

THIS IS LIFE.

Across the mountain path, I saw a stately troop wend by;
The muffled drums rolled slowly forth a solemn symphony;
A soldier lay upon his bier with trophies o'er him spread;
I heard the distant booming gun when they interred the dead.

Across the mountain path, full soon the glittering band returned;
Whilst clashing music gaily rang with penons all unfurled;
Free speech and roving eyes had they, and there seemed nought to tell
The mould had just been thrown on one they all had loved right well.

And this is glory! this is life! forgotten thus how soon!
I wept, and sought the new-made grave beneath night's silvery moon;
A dark plumed head beside it bowed in secret and alone—
A youthful warrior there gave vent to many a heart-wrung groan.

And this is glory? this is life? proud man will fight his way
With heavy heart, but dauntless mien, and outward brave display;—
The devastating storm may shake the sturdy forest tree,
But with rich summer foliage clad, no blighted boughs we see.

C. A. M. W.

THE FOOD-RIOTER BANISHED.

"'Fellow, you have broken our laws!'
"'Yes, your honour; but not until your laws had broken me.'
"'Sir, that's nothing to the point.'
"'No, your honour—nothing whatever.'"—*Justice made Easy.*

WELL, sorrow is a simple word,
All meaningless and dead
To him who hears the famish'd cry,
"Oh, Father, give us bread!"

It scares lean Labour from its seat;
A fiercer form is there;
Now, Misery waits so biddingly,
Handmaiden to despair.

"Save well at noon," the wise one says,
"Ye'll better fare at night;"
And where there's anything to save,
The wise one's very right.

Well, Mary saved! Oh, many an hour
She stole from rest and sleep,
To sew and save the o'erworn weeds
Her skill could scarcely keep.

She saved the morsel from her lip
To still the bairnie's din;
The Kirk seat-rent, the beadle's fees,
She saved, for "fear o' sin."

She sought, and saved ilk kindly thought
That near her bosom came;
And held it, hoarded in her heart,
To welcome "father" hame.

She croon'd the cradle lullaby
Sae sorrowfully sweet,
'Tween sob and sang, "He'll come ere lang,
Oh, bairnies, dinna greet!"

He never came. Yon dowie law!
If lawfu' deeds they be,
Whan mongers fatten at their will,
An' puir folks left to dee.

* * * * *

"An' maun I leave them helpless now,
When maist my help they need?
And maun I dree a felon's doom,
Wha ne'er did felons deed?

"I dinna grudge to leave a land
Whaurin I daurna be;
But, oh, I mourn yon drearie hame,
Wi' a' that's dear to me.

"'Twas there, in timorous infancy,
My foot first touched the soil,
That mair than thirty seasons saw
My willing arm toil.

"Although I held anither's plew,
Or sow'd anither's grain,
I gied a benison as leal
As if they'd been my ain.

"I watch'd and blest the infant briard,
In morning glory spread,
And blest the bonnie dew that set,
In pearls, ilka mead.

"We saw it wave in stately ranks,
Our gowden fields aroun',
Each stem a sturdy warrior
To battle famine doun.

"I saw it pass our breadless door,
An' borne unto the sea,
A father's fury rieve my heart—
How could it ither be?"

Well, patience is a silly word,
So meaningless and dead,
To him who hears the sickening cry,
"Oh, father, give us bread!"

WILLIAM THOM.

THE BED OF DEATH.

A FRAGMENT.

The room is darkened; not a sound is heard
Save the clear, cheerful chirping of the bird
Which sings without the window; or the bell
Which sounds a mournful peal—a last farewell.
And she is there, or *was;* her spirit's home,
Lies far beyond this world of sin and gloom.
I heard the whispers of the parting breath,
And wiped her brow, and closed her eyes in death.
Oh, she was beautiful in health's bright time!
Full of the radiance of her golden prime:
Eyes deep and full, and lips which spoke to bless,
And cheeks which blushed at their own loveliness,
And earnest downcast glances part revealing
The thoughts which lay within, and part concealing.
She knew no guile, and she feared no wrong:
Who trust in innocence are greatly strong.
As some deep stream, reflecting in its course
The pure and limpid clearness of its source,
So her chaste spirit, formed in God's own light,
Pure as a southern sky, and not less bright,
A tender, loving ministrant was given
To raise the soul from earth, and lift to Heaven.
From week to week she faded: day by day
We watched her spirits droop—her strength decay;
We scarce could deem that one so young and fair
Should pant for purer light—celestial air!
And still we dared to hope. The hectic hue
Which tinged her cheeks made ours brighten too.
We thought of death, but deemed the Reaper's hand
Removed the weeds, and let the flow'rets stand.
And she the fairest! could he touch a form
Radiant with life—with hope's deep pulses warm?
Vainly we dreamed, and bitter was our pain,
And griefs but vanished to recur again!

* * * * *

Come near, come silently: the room may tell
The simple tastes of her we loved so well—
The "Poet's corner," once so fondly styled;
The harp, which many an idle hour beguiled;
The old, old books of legendary lore,
O'er which, in summer hours, she loved to pore;
And all those thousand nameless charms which skill,
Blended with fancy, fashions at its will.
And proofs of fond affection, too, are there,
And tender tokens of a mother's care—
That care to which the higher task was given,
Of pointing from earth's sunny dreams to Heaven.

* * * * *

Come near, come silently—ere yet the grave
Closes o'er one we fondly hoped to save.
How changed, and yet how lovely!—meekly there
Her small white hands are folded, as in prayer.
O! who that ever heard that dying strain
Could think to mingle in the world again!

* * * * *

J. D.

JAMES V. OF SCOTLAND,

RECEIVING THE NEWS OF THE BIRTH OF HIS DAUGHTER, MARY QUEEN OF SCOTS, ON HIS DEATH-BED, AFTER HIS DEFEAT IN BATTLE.

BY MRS. ACTON TINDAL.

He lay upon his dying bed,
  Broad Scotland's luckless lord—
Who rode that morning to the fray
  With many a mountain horde:
With Highland chief, and steel-clad knight,
  And yeoman stout and proud,
'Mid clangour of ten thousand swords,
  And trump and pibroch loud.

He lay within a clay-built hut,
  And moaned around his head
The night wind from the Battle Field
  That sighed around the dead;
And doleful voices with it came
  Of great and various woe;
The shriek of madden'd agony,
  The piteous sob, and low.

Then loudly sounded up the glen
  A trumpet's jocund voice;
Came it to cheer on dying men,
  Or bid the dead rejoice?
An awful mockery it seemed
  When death and blood lay round;
Yet 'mid jest and caroling,
  On came the joyous sound.

"Cheer thee, my sire!" a chieftain cried,
  Defaced with dust and foam—
"A child was born to thee this day!
  A child smiles on thy home!
A Hope hath dawned upon our land,
  A star shines through our woe;
Be reconciled again to life!
  Thou 'st yet a joy to know."

"Stand back, stand back!" the dying king,
  In thrilling accents, said;
"Talk not of joy to one who feels
  The heart within him dead!
Stand back! for thou hast crushed my hope,
  The only hope I knew!
The secrets of the time unborn
  My dying eyes review.

"My only pleasure was, to think
  That, like this mournful wind,
I passed from this rough, troublous world,
  And left no trace behind—
That fortune held within her power
  Nought loved, nought born of me,
To curse with ill-starred gifts, or hunt
  With wild malignity.

"Would I could wrap within my shroud
  This scarcely living thing,
And look upon God's face, and cry,
  'My child with me I bring!'
The early dead are early blest—
  Sprung from a fated race
Is she whose birth thou tell'st me of,
  With smiles upon thy face.

"Child of my sorrows! of my woe
  The heiress bright and fair—
Joys that I knew not thou shalt know,
  And more than my despair.
Thy wrongs and sins let men record,
  Thy charms surpass'd by none;
May'st thou find God more merciful,
  My lost, forsaken one!

"Much tempted, sorely punished, thou
  Adown the cat'ract's wave,
Thou go'st, the brightest, saddest freight
  Ere charter'd for the grave.
I see thy danger, nor can warn;
  God spares thee not thy guide;
Thy flower-deck'd masts and gaudy sails
  Upon the tempests ride!

"I've not a prayer for thee, my child!
  My soul is numbed with woe.
Thy birth comes o'er me like a curse
  The last o'en I can know!"
Then, turning from the weeping crowd
  In dull and cold despair,
He laid his face against the wall—
  A lifeless corpse was there!

RUSSIA'S INTERNAL LIFE.

Mystery is, according to the constitution of the human mind, the strongest incentive to curiosity; and as a necessary sequence, Russia, her state and doings, are objects of, ceaseless, ever-increasing interest to the rest of Europe, in proportion to the depth and impenetrability of the veil with which her present ruler has surpassed all his predecessors in dexterously wrapping round her colossal form. Even at this moment, the most contradictory reports are in circulation respecting the warlike *gatherings*, which, according to some, are noiselessly assembling towards the Prussian and Austrian frontiers, (and which, if we credit this *on dit*, has already excited the watchful observation, and even inquiries, of both Cabinets,) while, on the other hand, travellers are not wanting who affirm the whole an invention, and protest to having proceeded from Warsaw to Cracow, without encountering larger bodies of Russian military than the usual frontier Watch Poits! And yet, not only private letters, but the *Posen Gazette*, depict the aspect of affairs as threateningly warlike, and confirm the assertion, made some time since by the *Constitutionnel*, that the naval, no less than the land forces of Russia, are being placed on a footing of unusual activity; that the docks in Sebastopol contain several steam frigates in a state of great forwardness; that the workmen in the arsenals are employed by night as well as by day; and that the Imperial foundries are busied with the preparation of vast quantities of bombs and cannon balls. But, after all, let other nations talk and conjecture as they may, the veil, if even momentarily blown aside by some casual and accidental breeze, hangs on the whole so motionless and impenetrably dark over the face of Russian politics, that not even a wandering scrap of information, which might perchance reach the subjects of Nicholas through foreign diplomacy, is suffered to meet their eye. A curious and instructive proof of scrupulous adherence to the Russian principle, that, to its subjects, "ignorance is bliss," was evinced in the recent erasure by the St. Petersburg censorship, of a so wholly inoffensive piece of intelligence as the quotation from a French newspaper, that a treaty of commerce had been concluded between France and Russia! Yet even this was deemed by the Imperial Censor an unwarrantable breach of diplomatic secrecy. Nor do those in other countries, who can boast having intimate friends or relatives residing in St. Petersburg or Moscow, fare a whit the better as to intelligence from that *terra incognita*, since they are unable to form, far less to convey, an idea of any political contingency, or to draw a conclusion of aught to come, by analogy, with what is past. Nay, it is even asserted that, with exception of the very few initiated, (and dearly is the honour of a confidential position purchased, with the danger of a trip to Siberia, should any stray piece of intelligence—of whose escape they mayhap know nothing—be laid to the charge of their negligence or loquacity,) it is confidently asserted, that the inhabitants of St. Petersburg itself are not only profoundly but contentedly ignorant of all that passes, either in the Cabinet or the Provinces, and receive, with a perfect and unquestioning faith, whatever the *Imperial Gazette* is pleased to announce, should it even be the complete annihilation of the Circassians, a the very moment when unusually large levies would lead less believing nations to suspect a conquered people could not require a reinforced army to receive their submission! Under such circumstances, foreigners must rejoice, when, like Parnell's hermit, either "books or swains" come in their way, from whom they may learn something of this "world from which they are shut out;" and as the latter are, generally speaking, anything rather than communicative, (as those who could tell, will not, and those who are willing, cannot,) books prove, after all, the surest as well as most abundant source whereat to slake our thirst for Russian information. Of those, modern times have been tolerably prolific. "Russia, in 1839," by le Marquis de Custine, has excited too much discussion, and been too widely circulated, both in the original and translations, to be more than adverted to here; and, despite the furious attacks which have been made on his statements, and the mistakes or exaggerations which have been occasionally proved against him, the impartial critic must still allow that successive attempts to explore the dark secrets of the "chambers" of Russian "imagery" have shown "greator," rather than less, "abominations" than he reveals. Among the latest writers on Russia, none has assumed a more dignified and credible—because moderate, and yet nobly fearless and decisive—style than the author of a deeply-interesting publication, which appeared in 1846, under the title of "Russia's Internal Life, or the Thirty-Three Years' Experience of a German in Russia; 3 vols.; Brunswick, 1846." No one can read the book without acknowledging it as one of the most remarkable productions on the subject. The author has striven, and not unsuccessfully, to redeem for the result of his personal observation the defect of anonymous authorship, (the motives for which are neither difficult to divine nor to appreciate,) by the production of documentary and other collateral evidence in support of his assertions. In the preface, he addresses himself to his countrymen in the following terms:—"The kindliness of my greeting would flow freer and fuller, were it not troubled by the thought that the holiest sentiments and feelings, which fain would throw themselves warm and glowing into the arms of our common fatherland, cannot reach you, except tamed and despoiled of their native fire. Yet, let me simply remind you of the fact that, even so early as 1752, a Russian *remonstrance* was able to give its death-blow to a Frankfort journal! Learn, then, to know the principles as well as power of the land, whose rustling pine, and whispering birch forests, are forbidden to speak of what occurs under their shade!—whose orators laud absolution and serfship, and exalt the monster fanaticism, until it can hide its horns in the clouds, and fasten its talons in the earth. Be on your guard, dear fellow-countrymen! Man travels by day, but destiny rolls onward in darkness! Russian blasts breathe destruction to every bud and blossom of German growth! I speak the truth! Let the warm affection which dictates this address assure to me your believing reception of my statements." The author proceeds to depict the Northern Colossus under three distinct aspects. Vol.

I. commences with laying in a bold *priming*, in which the main colours of the future portrait are pretty distinctly discoverable, and in which he calls upon all Europe, but specially adjures his countrymen, to note his warning voice, as being more than any other free nation, bound by self-interest to watch the approaches of so formidable a neighbour, and build up, betimes, a rampart against his encroachments. He then enters on a pretty extensive discussion of the various authors who have written respecting Russia, whether natives of the Empire or foreigners, and takes decided part with the Marquis de Custine, whose portraiture he identifies as correct in all the main features; and after strong animadversions on "Gretsch, Grimm, Tolstoi, & Co.," (the opponents of the Marquis,) enters into a lengthened critique on the censure of a later German Reviewer, who had pronounced the credibility of the Marquis as shaken, if not annihilated, by the counter publications of Gretsch, whose sweeping denials of some facts, and attempted, though seldom successful, sarcastic irony respecting others, the author of "Russia's Internal Life," finds as contrary to sound argument as to good taste. One quotation may serve to show the author's sentiments on this head:—"Once more (says he at page 16,) our German valleys are resounding with the old distich:—

'The Pope, the Devil, and the Russ,
Again in Germany are loose.'

Ought I not, then, to lift my voice too in aid of truth? Do not thirty-three years' experience warrant, no less than enable me, to pay this just tribute to my native land? I have known the Russian Empire in her times of danger and of triumph. I have witnessed her periods of advancement and of retrogression. And though I cannot speak as an eye-witness of those days of political caprice, when, under Paul I., the phrases, 'stumpnose,' and 'baldhead,' were banished from Russia's vocabulary, I can bear witness to a time when the words, 'nature, philosophy, liberty, republic, and revolution,' gave such dire offence, that the censor expunged, and the orator shrunk from using them!

"But Europe has not long since received a portrait of Russia from the pencil of a Frenchman. The artist is the Marquis de Custine, and all, even superficially, acquainted with Russian physiognomy, must acknowledge a striking resemblance to the gigantic original. I, at least, recognised the likeness at a glance; and had the well-known features been sketched with charcoal on a mud wall, I must have exclaimed, *that* is Russia! What though closer examination may compel the observation, the complexion is rather high or rather pale; what though the colours used to pourtray the social landscape may now be too thick, now too thinly laid on, still it is a strikingly like portrait, and that not of what Russia might or ought to be, but, as it gives out, of what Russia *is*. The true merit of a portrait does not depend on its gilded frame, the sumptuousness of the costume, nor even the scientific adjustment of its colouring, but on the accuracy of its likeness to the original. The portrait gallery of Russian Generals, painted at the Emperor Alexander's desire, by the English artist, Dawe, betrays, when closely examined, much coarseness of execution, and many an inequality of surface; yet when viewed in the proper light, and from the due distance, each spectator is tempted to imagine the Generals as they lived and moved, drawn up before him. And assuredly no acknowledged defective finish ever suggested the thought to Alexander's successor, to banish those true and speaking likenesses from his palace! The Marquis de Custine's work produced, as might naturally have been foreseen, a great sensation, and the German-Russian, as well as native Russian, *sparrows* fluttered and chirped with loquacious astonishment, as if some horned owl had suddenly emerged from his nest, and sitting down, in full day-light, on a lofty oak, had related all that his piercing eyes had detected in the darkness; while in St. Petersburg itself, alarmed whisperings floated about, as if *he** were re-risen from the dead whom Russians fear no less than writing described as,—

"Na pole, on perwoi,"
("First and chief in the battle field.")

"The general interest with which Custine's book was received, and the avidity with which it was read, both in France and Germany, induced a translation into the latter language, and the newspapers had already announced the German edition as to be had in all circulating libraries, when a report was circulated that the Russian counsellor, D'etat Gretsch, was appointed to travel through France and Germany, in order to disprove its statements. The journey took place, but not the disproof, at least not in Paris, where it would have been most in place; and that for the alleged reason that the Marquis de Custine's book was already forgotten in the French capital when the Russian counsellor reached it! The appearance of a second edition relieved the French author from the onus of rebutting this disparaging report, and the deeply-mortified Gretsch left the intractable Parisians to bestow the valuable gift of his contradictions on the more teachable Germans. It must, therefore, have been peculiarly disagreeable to the honest defender of Russia's maligned honour, to find Germans quite as difficult to convince as Parisians." As criterion of the probable fairness of the contending testimonies, our author states, (at page 35,) "We need but to reflect, that, even under the mild sway of the Emperor Alexander, Gretsch received a strong *personal* lesson on the danger incurred by uttering one single word which runs counter to the sentiments held by government; that he was, moreover, aware of the expulsion of his intimate friend Bulgarion for an offence of the tongue, as well as of Counsellor C——'s imprisonment in a fortress, for having (whilst holding the office of Censor) admitted one single number of Brockhan's Conversation Lexicon into the Empire, in order to judge of the *conscience* with which this same Gretsch can trumpet forth in the ears of Germany, that freedom of thought and speech is as great in St. Petersburg as in Berlin or London!" Let him put it to the proof! Let him avow openly —as Gans once did from his Professor's Chair in Berlin, "Gentlemen, the French Revolution was an unavoidable necessity!"—and where would we find the Russian Counsellor of State before the year was out? In his present post, or hunting the sables? Can he complain of injustice, then, when a German journalist exclaims, "May Russia never boast a better *advocatus diaboli* than he!"

The *coup de grace* having been thus bestowed on the Russian antagonist of the French Marquis, our author enters on a lively episode, entitled "Reminiscences of East Prussia," where evil impressions of Russia assailed

* Napoleon.

him even before crossing its sinister border; and he expatiates with brotherly affection on the loyal and patriotic sentiments which he everywhere met, among the German-hearted inhabitants of that frontier land. Proceeding onward towards Russia, by way of Poland, he, as might be expected, pauses a moment to express a kindly sympathy for the subjection and present hopeless prostration of that ill-fated country. Chapter iii. describes his journey to St. Petersburg, and the motives which led to his final establishment in Russia. His first initiation into Russian manners might, indeed, we should think, have well rendered very powerful arguments needful to produce such a resolve. It is thus described, (p. 105.) "Where am I? Oh, the reply is sufficiently furnished by the appearance of a *posse* of Cossacks round my carriage, who conduct it, sabre in hand, as if escorting a dangerous criminal to the Douane. At a short distance from the dwelling of the Inspector of Customs stood two young Russian officers, apparently occupied with some very amusing subject of conversation, for they were laughing immoderately. Full in their view, a couple of soldiers were belabouring a motionless object before them with platted thongs of leather. The strokes followed each other with the rapidity and regularity of clock-work, and I, in my simplicity, conjectured the object of this tanning process to be a grey goatskin, which the soldiers were thus trying to limber, and which they had, or it seemed, spread for that purpose on a block of wood. How long they might have been so occupied before my arrival, I cannot say, but about ten minutes after the clock-work ceased playing, and I was amazed to perceive the supposed block of wood set itself in motion, and creep towards one of the laughers, who received it with a vigorous kick! I now learned from a bystander that this was a *Denitschnick*, or soldier, in the service of an officer, who had been guilty of the unpardonable offence of forgetting to carry his master's smoking pipe to a neighbouring house; in consequence of which, the officer had been necessitated to fetch it himself! What I had taken for a goatskin was the shirt of the poor wretch, which was now red with blood; and yet not a cry of pain, not even a convulsive tremor, no attempt to obtain mitigation or cessation of punishment. Was this, then, a man, or an automaton? It was one of those indomitable beings, a slave! The sluggish ox will be roused to rage and resistance by the first blow of the mallet on its brow, but this bleeding wretch crawled to utter his thanks for a merciful punishment at the feet of his tormentor! What a docile animal is man!

"I was then *bona fide* within the boundaries of Russia! I could no longer doubt it! and my not wholly iron nerves responded somewhat painfully to the conviction. I had been hungry, but appetite was banished by the scene I had just witnessed, and as a German recommended to me an inn some six miles in advance, kept by a native of Courland, I resolved to proceed. My trunk was not opened. My effects remained unexamined. The custom-officer felt more pleasure in gazing on the countenance of William III., impressed on a shining Prussian dollar, for which he held out his hand with the most complacent naiveté. Having reached the inn to which I had been directed, I descended from my carriage, and leaning with all my weight against a door, it opened with a loud jar, and I found myself in a stable large as the Augean, but filled with hussars instead of oxen. In the midst stood a non-commissioned officer in a stooping posture, a carbine placed horizontally on each shoulder, across which a number of others were piled before and behind, while a corporal stood by, and occasionally shoved the instruments of torture backward or forward, to restore the equilibrium. I was directed to a door at the extremity of the stable. I entered, and perceived four officers engaged at cards. I proceeded into an inner room, where my dinner was served. When it was discussed, I prepared to return to my lumbering vehicle, but found the tortured soldier lying at full length on the steps which led from the stable to the sitting apartments, with all the carbines scattered around him. He was unable to stand. His shoulders were so swollen that it was perceptible through his uniform, and he fell over at every attempt to bring himself to an upright position. 'He has been already two hours under this martyrdom,' whispered the German innkeeper to me. 'He must sink under it, and his Captain has most likely forgotten him in his game.' Some of the hussars spoke to the host; I asked what they said, and learned they were urging him to apply to their officer in favour of their comrade. 'But it is no business of mine,' observed the innkeeper; 'besides, the Captain is very passionate.' 'Were he Belzebub himself, we must try,' cried I, returning to the sitting rooms; and with mine host for interpreter, I related what I had just seen, and implored a termination of the punishment. 'Who are you?' demanded the Captain. I gave my name and rank. 'Since you are a foreigner, then, what right have you to meddle? Corporal, bind the brute to a tree if he will not stand!' Indignant at this brutal disregard of my request, I muttered in French, regardless whether I were understood or not, 'Il 'est affreux que ce n'est que le Russe qui ait le droit de solliciter pour un malheureux!' 'Comment osez vous parler d'affreux,' shouted he with vehemence. When I was in Königsberg, Count de X. had given me a paper with these words, 'Should you chance upon any difficultics in your journey, shew this; in our country protection is never superfluous!' I now, therefore, quietly drew this sheet of paper from my pocketbook, and handed it to the captain. No sooner had he glanced his eye over it, when he started up, exclaiming, 'Why did you not tell me at once to whom you were going? I am delighted to make your acquaintance! Corporal, let the fellow at liberty; he can go to the village!' And then turning to me with the blandest of smiles, he continued: 'You will surely spend the day with us? The weather is uninviting, and to-morrow my own horses shall convey you to the next post-horse station. You will not? Well, then, at all events, you cannot refuse a glass of Madeira to your safe journey?' I declined all with thanks, which, in my secret soul, were all devoted to the provident kindness of the Count de X.

"From the Prussian frontier to St. Petersburg, neither hill nor valley greet the eye. On one monotonous level, 120 German (600 English) miles hold on their weary course; and throughout its whole extent, one does not encounter above four places which deserve the name of cities, viz., Mittau, Riga, Darpat, and Narwa. No wonder if strange feelings arise in the bosom of the traveller from civilized regions!

"Thirty German miles of soil, subject to Russian dominion, had been passed through, and no city or even

market town had met my view! Memory could trace no equal extent of German territory, without being able to reckon, at the least, ten towns of consideration within the same compass, and a half resolution to turn back on my steps, without proceeding farther in this anti-chamber to immeasurable space, arose in my mind. But Mittau appeared. I forgot my desire to return, and began even to fancy a Russian life no such intolerable affair. No thanks to Russia, however, for this, but solely to the civilization and social ardour which distinguish Mittau! I was there congratulated on my escape from the redoubted hussar captain, who was, it seems, equally renowned as a *fire-eater* among men, and as a reverential, most sensitive, and most successful adorer of the fair sex. One single anecdote may serve as the *ecce signum* of his gallantry.

"Madamoiselle de H——, of Mittau, sat one sultry summer eve, with her back to the open window, at her piano, in an apartment *où rez de Chaussée*, warbling forth Mehul's well-known, 'Venez, venez, à mon secours!' Lightly as a Gazelle, he bounded through the window, and lay the next moment at the feet of the fair songstress. The redoubtable Captain P. was passing at the moment, chaunting forth, 'Je viens, je viens, a vos sécours!'"

On reading such fearful examples of mingled savage cruelty and insane levity, we may be inclined to comfort ourselves with the thought, that our author's description may be veracious, as regards thirty-three years since, and yet be wholly inapplicable to Russia in the present day. But the most recent testimony precludes the indulgence of so humane a supposition! A Breslaw journal of *the 19th March* gives the following anecdote as authentically illustrative of modern Russian military discipline:—"An officer in Kalisch recently desired a soldier to fetch him some tobacco, commanding his return within five minutes, under the penalty of fifty lashes. The soldier ran at full speed, but unhappily forgot, in his headlong haste, to pull off his cap (which is strictly enjoined,) in passing the dwelling of an officer. The master of the house being unfortunately at home, observed the heinous breach of discipline, and instantly commanded the offender to be brought back, who received fifty lashes for the misdemeanour on the spot! But that was not all, for the detention thus occasioned, necessarily precluded his return within the stipulated time with the tobacco, and, accordingly, he received, in full tale, the promised fifty lashes from his own officer!"

Chapter iv. depicts St. Petersburg and its advanced port, Cronstadt, as they were a century ago, and now are; and after many graphic descriptions, and lively illustrations of society, manners and morals, whether public or private, aristocratic or plebeian, concludes with a comparative glance at the land of the author's birth, and that of his temporary though long sojourn.

The following chapter is devoted to the Baltic Provinces, in which, after a rapid recapitulation of the events of 1812, and some amusing anecdotes of Russian bombast and gasconade respecting the French Invasion, the author declares all his reminiscences of Courland, Livonia, and Esthonia, are calculated to inspire as much love and esteem for their German-descended inhabitants, as commiseration, sympathy, and alarm, for the fate which Russian intrigues are preparing for them.

Vol. II. commences with a portraiture of the horrors of slavery, and exhibits the serf, within and without his hut, as the victim of the most atrocious tyranny. "But," he exclaims, "Counsellor Gretsch asks, 'Does not the slave dance and sing? Is he excluded from holiday pastimes? Is he not heard shouting with wild and savage delight in the streets and market places?' Most true, he does all this, but what then? Does not the calf gambol in its tether, even while the butcher is whetting the slaughtering knife? Apart from all consideration of the degrading and brutalising nature of all slave enjoyments, is it not well-known that their indulgence is ever calculated to minister to the pride, and exhibit the stately superiority of their haughty masters? And, notwithstanding the legalised modes by which slaves may sometimes nominally emancipate themselves, is it not an undeniable fact, that every outlet from serfship is so well fenced and guarded, that the *born* slave virtually abides such to his dying hour, though under another nomenclature, and with less palpable though not less real chains?"

The second chapter of vol. II. lays open that seemingly incurable cancer which eats into the vitals of Russian society, viz., the police espionage, and the universal venality of public officers in all departments of the government. "This," says our author, "is the well-spring of that frightful, all-pervading corruption and bribery, which has, in the lapse of ages, formed for itself a deep well of moral depravity, sending forth exhaustless streams of pestilential water to empoison every grade of society." Examples of the truth of this assertion are furnished in more than satisfying abundance, and the extent to which peculation is carried, both in naval and military departments, furnishes some most amusing anecdotes. The Emperor Alexander is mentioned as having been so fully aware of the unscrupulously adventurous spirit of his naval commissariat, as to have exclaimed one day, "I verily believe they would steal my line-of-battle ships, if they knew where to hide them!" Chapter iii. treats of Russian jurisprudence, both in theory and practice. On this subject the author asks, "What hath man to do in the temple, if he hath no love to the God who is there worshipped? What avails human laws, if no respect is felt for them, no sense of equity cherished or even pretended to? Hence we need but to examine the principles and practice of a nation's code, in order to estimate the aggregate worth of the nation itself." Vol. III. commences by throwing some fearful light on the prisons of Russia, those Bastiles of the 19th century, in which the suddenness of act, impenetrability of procedure, and secrecy of result, equal, if they do not surpass, the attainments of the Inquisition in its most palmy days. Siberia, too, obtains its share of notice, and authenticated anecdotes, adduced in confirmation of all that romance ever fancied of human suffering and despair-creating misery. The following chapters depict the ecclesiastical and educational arrangements of the empire; the public and private life of the bourgeoisie, the noblesse, and the government officers; summed up with a rapid but graphic sketch of the character and reign of Nicolas I., respecting whom personally the author expresses himself throughout the work in terms of the highest respect. "Never," says he, "is the truth fairly brought before the Emperor, without meeting a cordial reception. Never is injustice knowingly committed, or redress voluntarily withheld by him."

But alas, "for poor short-sighted man, when he pretends to exercise absolute, uncontrolled, irresponsible dominion over his fellow-men." He must see with the eyes, hear with the ears, and act by the heads of others! And how little can he therefore insure that his most conscientious decision, or best intentioned order, is either founded on justice or executed according to command? The important, and, in some respects, mysterious subject of the Caucasian war, and a cursory notice of the Polish insurrection in 1830, conclude these interesting volumes, from which it is peculiarly difficult to make extracts, partly from the rich abundance of tempting anecdotes contending for selection, and partly from the intimate interweaving of argument and relation, which enforces the insertion of *much* or the omission of all. To be fully appreciated, the work must therefore be read as a whole, and it will be found well to reward the time of the German scholar. As far as we are aware, it has not yet been translated into English. The author's feelings and sentiments may perhaps be most succinctly given in the following verses, in which he rejoices over release from the geni and the dangers of a Russian residence—

"Keep, Russia! keep thy wolves and shaggy bears!
I covet nought of thine!
Not Bothnia's gulf with silver filled
Should bind me to thy shrine!
My *heart* the cause for long has known full well,
Which now at last my *tongue* is free to tell.

Keep, keep the flowers which the cold biting north
Encrusts upon thy panes!
Thy crude moss-berry wine I envy not,
Nor gold bedizened Fanes.
Wouldst offer title, wealth, and diamond star,
To win me back again—I'd bide afar!

Keep thy pine groves and fruit, whose stinted growth
The fostering tan-pit gives!
Keep thy rich mines of varied ore, with which
Old Wral's bowels heave!
Freight thy whole navy with a jewelled glow,
To woo me back—to thee I'd answer, No!

In life, I never more will tread the soil
Of tyrant and of slave!
Where throned in State oppression sits,
And falsehood rules the wave.
While on each hand fell greed and envy sit,
Grudging the earth which props another's feet!

Rest in thy dream of greatness unexcelled,
St. Petersburg the proud!
Hide with the glories of thy peacock-tail
The cringing, naked crowd
Of slaves, which people thy Colossal frame,
But bring no blessing, and confer no fame!"

THE NAUTICO-MILITARY NUN OF SPAIN.

BY THOMAS DE QUINCEY.

WHY is it that *Adventures* are so generally repulsive to people of meditative minds? It is for the same reason that any other want of law, that any other anarchy, is repulsive. Floating passively from action to action, as helplessly as a withered leaf surrendered to the breath of winds, the human spirit (out of which comes all grandeur of human motions) is exhibited in mere *Adventures* as either entirely laid asleep, or as acting only by lower organs that regulate the *means*, whilst the *ends* are derived from alien sources, and are imperiously predetermined. It is a case of exception, however, when even amongst such adventures the agent reacts upon his own difficulties and necessities by a temper of extraordinary courage, and a mind of premature decision. Further strength arises to such an exception, if the very moulding accidents of the life, if the very external coercions are themselves unusually romantic. They may thus gain a separate interest of their own. And, lastly, the whole is locked into validity of interest, even for the psychological philosopher, by complete authentication of its truth. In the case now brought before him, the reader must not doubt; for no memoir exists, or personal biography, that is so trebly authenticated by proofs and attestations direct and collateral. From the archives of the Royal Marine at Seville, from the autobiography of the heroine, from contemporary chronicles, and from several official sources scattered in and out of Spain, some of them ecclesiastical, the amplest proofs have been drawn, and may yet be greatly extended, of the extraordinary events here recorded. M. de Ferrer, a Spaniard of much research, and originally incredulous as to the facts, published about seventeen years ago a selection from the leading documents, accompanied by his *palinode* as to their accuracy. His materials have been since used for the basis of more than one narrative, not inaccurate, in French, German, and Spanish journals of high authority. It is seldom the case that French writers err by prolixity. They *have* done so in this case. The present narrative, which contains no sentence derived from any foreign one, has the great advantage of close compression; my own pages, after equating the size, being as 1 to 3 of the shortest continental form. In the mode of narration, I am vain enough to flatter myself that the reader will find little reason to hesitate between us. Mine will, at least, weary nobody; which is more than can be always said for the continental versions.

On a night in the year 1592 (but which night is a secret liable to 365 answers), a Spanish "*son of somebody*,"* in the fortified town of St. Sebastian, received the disagreeable intelligence from a nurse, that his wife had just presented him with a daughter. No present that the poor misjudging lady could possibly have made him was so entirely useless for any purpose of his. He had three daughters already, which happened to be more by 2+1 than *his* reckoning assumed as a reasonable allowance of daughters. A supernumerary son might have been stowed away; but daughters in excess were the very nuisance of Spain. He did, therefore, what in such cases every proud and lazy Spanish gentleman was apt to do — he wrapped the new

* *i. e.* "Hidalgo."

little daughter, odious to his paternal eyes, in a pocket handkerchief; and then, wrapping up his own throat with a good deal more care, off he bolted to the neighbouring convent of St. Sebastian; not merely of that city, but also (amongst several convents) the one dedicated to that saint. It is well that in this quarrelsome world we quarrel furiously about tastes; since agreeing too closely about the objects to be liked and appropriated would breed much more fighting than is bred by disagreeing. That little human tadpole, which the old toad of a father would not suffer to stay ten minutes in his house, proved as welcome at the nunnery of St. Sebastian as she was odious elsewhere. The superior of the convent was aunt, by the mother's side, to the new-born stranger. She, therefore, kissed and blessed the little lady. The poor nuns, who were never to have any babies of their own, and were languishing for some amusement, perfectly doated on this prospect of a wee pet. The superior thanked the hidalgo for his very splendid present. The nuns thanked him each and all; until the old crocodile actually began to cry and whimper sentimentally at what he now perceived to be excess of munificence in himself. Munificence, indeed, he remarked, was his foible next after parental tenderness.

What a luxury it is sometimes to a cynic that there go two words to a bargain. In the convent of St. Sebastian all was gratitude; gratitude (as aforesaid) to the hidalgo from all the convent for his present, until, at last, the hidalgo began to express gratitude to *them* for their gratitude to *him*. Then came a rolling fire of thanks to St. Sebastian; from the superior, for sending a future saint; from the nuns, for sending such a love of a plaything; and, finally, from papa, for sending such substantial board and well-bolted lodgings, "from which," said the malicious old fellow, "my pussy will never find her way out to a thorny and dangerous world." Won't she? I suspect, son of somebody, that the next time you see "pussy," which may happen to be also the last, will not be in a convent of any kind. At present, whilst this general rendering of thanks was going on, one person only took no part in them. That person was "pussy," whose little figure lay quietly stretched out in the arms of a smiling young nun, with eyes nearly shut, yet peering a little at the candles. Pussy said nothing. It's of no great use to say much, when all the world is against you. But, if St. Sebastian had enabled her to speak out the whole truth, pussy *would* have said:—"So, Mr. Hidalgo, you have been engaging lodgings for me; lodgings for life. Wait a little. We'll try that question, when my claws are grown a little longer."

Disappointment, therefore, was gathering ahead. But for the present there was nothing of the kind. That noble old crocodile, papa, was not in the least disappointed as regarded *his* expectation of having no anxiety to waste, and no money to pay, on account of his youngest daughter. He insisted on his right to forget her; and in a week *had* forgotten her, never to think of her again but once. The lady superior, as regarded *her* demands, was equally content, and through a course of several years; for, as often as she asked pussy if she would be a saint, pussy replied that she would, if saints were allowed plenty of sweetmeats. But least of all were the nuns disappointed. Everything that they had fancied possible in a human plaything fell short of what pussy realised in racketing, racing, and eternal plots against the peace of the elder nuns. No fox ever kept a hen-roost in such alarm as pussy kept the dormitory of the senior sisters; whilst the younger ladies were run off their legs by the eternal wiles, and had their chapel gravity discomposed, even in chapel, by the eternal antics, of this privileged little kitten.

The kitten had long ago received a baptismal name, which was Kitty; this is Catharine, or Kate, or *Hispanice* Catalina. It was a good name, as it recalled her original name of pussy. And, by the way, she had also an ancient and honourable surname, viz., *De Erauso*, which is to this day a name rooted in Biscay. Her father, the *hidalgo*, was a military officer in the Spanish service, and had little care whether his kitten should turn out a wolf or a lamb, having made over the fee simple of his own interest in the little Kate to St. Sebastian, "to have and to hold," so long as Kate should keep her hold of this present life. Kate had no apparent intention to let slip that hold, for she was blooming as a rose-bush in June, tall and strong as a young cedar. Yet, notwithstanding this robust health and the strength of the convent walls, the time was drawing near when St. Sebastian's lease in Kate must, in legal phrase, "determine;" and any *chateaux en Espagne*, that the Saint might have built on the cloistral fidelity of his pet Catalina, must suddenly give way in one hour, like many other vanities in our own days of Spanish bonds and promises. After reaching her tenth year, Catalina became thoughtful, and not very docile. At times she was even headstrong and turbulent, so that the gentle sisterhood of St. Sebastian, who had no other pet or plaything in the world, began to weep in secret—fearing that they might have been rearing by mistake some future tigress—for as to infancy, *that*, you know, is playful and innocent even in the cubs of a tigress. But *there* the ladies were going too far. Catalina was impetuous and aspiring, but not cruel. She was gentle, if people would let her be so. But woe to those that took liberties with *her!* A female servant of the convent, in some authority, one day, in passing up the aisle to matins, *wilfully* gave Kate a push; and in return, Kate, who never left her debts in arrear, gave the servant for a keep-sake a look which that servant carried with her in fearful remembrance to her grave. It seemed as if Kate had tropic blood in her veins, that continually called her away to the tropics. It was all the fault of that "blue rejoicing sky," of those purple Biscayan mountains, of that tumultuous ocean, which she beheld daily

from the nunnery gardens. Or, if only half of it was *their* fault, the other half lay in those golden tales, streaming upwards even into the sanctuaries of convents, like morning mists touched by earliest sunlight, of kingdoms overshadowing a new world which had been founded by her kinsmen with the simple aid of a horse and a lance. The reader is to remember that this is no romance, or at least no fiction, that he is reading; and it is proper to remind the reader of real romances in Ariosto or our own Spenser, that such martial ladies as the *Marfisa*, or *Bradamant* of the first, and *Britomart* of the other, were really not the improbabilities that modern society imagines. Many a stout man, as you will soon see, found that Kate, with a sabre in hand, and well mounted, was but too serious a fact.

The day is come—the evening is come—when our poor Kate, that had for fifteen years been so tenderly rocked in the arms of St. Sebastian and his daughters, and that henceforth shall hardly find a breathing space between eternal storms, must see her peaceful cell, must see the holy chapel, for the last time. It was at vespers, it was during the chaunting of the vesper service, that she finally read the secret signal for her departure, which long she had been looking for. It happened that her aunt, the Lady Principal, had forgotten her breviary. As this was in a private 'scrutoire, she did not choose to send a servant for it, but gave the key to her niece. The niece, on opening the 'scrutoire, saw, with that rapidity of eye-glance for the one thing needed in any great emergency which ever attended her through life, that *now* was the moment for an attempt which, if neglected, might never return. There lay the total keys, in one massive *trousseau*, of that fortress impregnable even to armies from without. Saint Sebastian! do you see what your pet is going to do? And do it she will, as sure as your name is St. Sebastian. Kate went back to her aunt with the breviary and the key; but taking good care to leave that awful door, on whose hinge revolved her whole life, unlocked. Delivering the two articles to the Superior, she complained of a head-ache—[Ah, Kate! what did *you* know of head-aches, except now and then afterwards from a stray bullet, or so?]—upon which her aunt, kissing her forehead, dismissed her to bed. Now, then, through three-fourths of an hour Kate will have free elbow-room for unanchoring her boat, for unshipping her oars, and for pulling ahead right out of St. Sebastian's cove into the main ocean of life.

Catalina, the reader is to understand, does not belong to the class of persons in whom chiefly I pretend to an interest. But everywhere one loves energy and indomitable courage. I, for my part, admire not, by preference, anything that points to this world. It is the child of reverie and profounder sensibility who turns *away* from the world as hateful and insufficient, that engages *my* interest: whereas Catalina was the very model of the class fitted for facing this world, and who express their love to it by fighting with it and kicking it from year to year. But, always, what is best in its kind one admires, even though the kind be disagreeable. Kate's advantages for her *rôle* in this life lay in four things, viz., in a well-built person, and a particularly strong wrist; 2d, in a heart that nothing could appal; 3d, in a sagacious head, never drawn aside from the *hoc age* [from the instant question of life] by any weakness of imagination; 4th, in a tolerably thick skin—not literally, for she was fair and blooming, and decidedly handsome, having such a skin as became a young woman of family in northernmost Spain. But her sensibilities were obtuse as regarded *some* modes of delicacy, *some* modes of equity, *some* modes of the world's opinion, and *all* modes whatever of personal hardship. Lay a stress on that word *some*—for, as to delicacy, she never lost sight of the kind which peculiarly concerns her sex. Long afterwards she told the Pope himself, when confessing without disguise her sad and infinite wanderings to the paternal old man (and I feel convinced of her veracity) that in this respect, even then, at middle age, she was as pure as is a child. And, as to equity, it was only that she substituted the equity of camps for the polished (but often more iniquitous) equity of courts and towns. As to the third item—the world's opinion—I don't know that you need lay a stress on *some*; for, generally speaking, *all* that the world did, said, or thought, was alike contemptible in her eyes, in which, perhaps, she was not so *very* far wrong. I must add, though at the cost of interrupting the story by two or three more sentences, that Catalina had also a fifth advantage, which sounds humbly, but is really of use in a world, where even to fold and seal a letter adroitly is not the least of accomplishments. She was a *handy* girl. She could turn her hand to anything, of which I will give you two memorable instances. Was there ever a girl in this world but herself that cheated and snapped her fingers at that awful Inquisition, which brooded over the convents of Spain, that did this without collusion from outside, trusting to nobody, but to herself, and what? to one needle, two hanks of thread, and a very inferior pair of scissors? For, that the scissors were bad, though Kate does not say so in her memoirs, I know by an *à priori* argument, viz., because *all* scissors were bad in the year 1607. Now, say all decent logicians, from a universal to a particular *valet consequentia*, *all* scissors were bad: *ergo*, *some* scissors were bad. The second instance of her handiness will surprise you even more:—She once stood upon a scaffold, under sentence of death—[but, understand, on the evidence of false witnesses]. Jack Ketch was absolutely tying the knot under her ear, and the shameful man of ropes fumbled so deplorably, that Kate (who by much nautical experience had learned from another sort of "Jack" how a knot *should* be tied in this world,) lost all patience with the contemptible artist, told him she was ashamed of him, took the rope out of his hand, and tied the knot irreproachably herself. The crowd saluted her with a festal roll, long and loud, of *vivas*; and this word *viva* of good augury—but stop: let me not anticipate.

From this sketch of Catalina's character, the reader is prepared to understand the decision of her present proceeding. She had no time to lose: the twilight favoured her; but she must get under hiding before pursuit commenced. Consequently she lost not one of her 45 minutes in picking and choosing. No *shilly-shally* in Kate. She saw with the eyeball of an eagle what was indispensable. Some little money perhaps to pay the first toll-bar of life: so, out of four shillings in Aunty's purse, she took one. You can't say *that* was exorbitant. Which of us wouldn't subscribe a shilling for poor Katy to put into the first trouser pockets that ever she will wear? I remember even yet, as a personal experience, that when first arrayed, at four years old, in nankeen trousers, though still so far retaining hermaphrodite relations of dress as to wear a petticoat above my trousers, all my female friends (because they pitied me, as one that had suffered from years of ague), filled my pockets with half-crowns, of which I can render no account at this day. But what were my poor pretensions by the side of Kate's? Kate was a fine blooming girl of 15, with no touch of ague, and, before the next sun rises, Kate shall draw on her first trousers, and made by her own hand; and, that she may do so, of all the valuables in Aunty's repository she takes nothing beside the shilling, *quantum sufficit* of thread, one stout needle, and (as I told you before, if you would please to remember things), one bad pair of scissors. Now she was ready; ready to cast off St. Sebastian's towing rope; ready to cut and run for port anywhere. The finishing touch of her preparations was to pick out the proper keys: even there she showed the same discretion. She did no gratuitous mischief. She did not take the wine-cellar key, which would have irritated the good father confessor; she took those keys only that belonged to *her*, if ever keys did; for they were the keys that locked her out from her natural birthright of liberty. "Show me," says the Romish Casuist, "her right in law to let herself out of that nunnery." "Show us," we reply, "*your* right to lock her in."

Right or wrong, however, in strict casuistry, Kate was resolved to let herself out; and *did* so; and, for fear any man should creep in whilst vespers lasted, and steal the kitchen grate, she locked her old friends *in*. Then she sought a shelter. The air was not cold. She hurried into a chestnut wood, and upon withered leaves slept till dawn. Spanish diet and youth leaves the digestion undisordered, and the slumbers light. When the lark rose, up rose Catalina. No time to lose, for she was still in the dress of a nun, and liable to be arrested by any man in Spain. With her *armed* finger, [aye, by the way, I forgot the thimble; but Kate did *not*] — she set to work upon her amply-embroidered petticoat. She turned it wrong side out; and with the magic that only female hands possess, she had soon sketched and finished a dashing pair of Wellington trousers. All other changes were made according to the materials she possessed, and quite sufficiently to disguise the two main perils—her sex, and her monastic dedication. What was she to do next? Speaking of Wellington trousers would remind *us*, but could hardly remind *her*, of Vittoria, where she dimly had heard of some maternal relative. To Vittoria, therefore, she bent her course; and, like the Duke of Wellington, but arriving more than two centuries earlier, [though *he* too is an early riser], she gained a great victory at that place. She had made a two days' march, baggage far in the rear, and no provisions but wild berries; she depended for anything better, as light-heartedly as the Duke, upon attacking, sword in hand, storming her dear friend's entrenchments, and effecting a lodgment in his breakfast-room, should he happen to have one. This amiable relative, an elderly man, had but one foible, or perhaps one virtue in this world; but *that* he had in perfection,—it was pedantry. On that hint Catalina spoke: she knew by heart, from the services of the convent, a few latin phrases. Latin!—Oh, but *that* was charming; and in one so young! The grave Don owned the soft impeachment; relented at once, and clasped the hopeful young gentleman in the Wellington trousers to his *uncular* and rather angular breast. In this house the yarn of life was of a mingled quality. The table was good, but that was exactly what Kate cared little about. The amusement was of the worst kind. It consisted chiefly in conjugating Latin verbs, especially such as were obstinately irregular. To show him a withered frost-bitten verb, that wanted its preterite, wanted its supines, wanted, in fact, everything in this world, fruits or blossoms, that make a verb desirable, was to earn the Don's gratitude for life. All day long he was marching and countermarching his favourite brigades of verbs—verbs frequentative, verbs inceptive, verbs desiderative—horse, foot, and artillery; changing front, advancing from the rear, throwing out skirmishing parties, until Kate, not given to faint, must have thought of such a resource, as once in her life she had thought so seasonably of a vesper head-ache. This was really worse than St. Sebastian's. It reminds one of a French gaiety in Thiebault or some such author, who describes a rustic party, under equal despair, as employing themselves in conjugating the verb *s'ennuyer*,—*Je m'ennuie, tu t'ennuies, il s'ennuit; nous nous ennuyons*, &c.; thence to the imperfect—*Je m'ennuyois, tu t'ennuyois*, &c.; thence to the imperative—*Qu'il s'ennuye*, &c.; and so on through the whole melancholy conjugation. Now, you know, when the time comes that, *nous nous ennuyons*, the best course is, to part. Kate saw *that*; and she walked off from the Don's [of whose amorous passion for defective verbs one would have wished to know the catastrophe], and took from his mantelpiece rather more silver than she had levied on her aunt. But the Don also was a relative; and really he owed her a small cheque on his banker for turning out on his field-days. A man, if he *is* a kinsman, has no right to bore one *gratis*.

From Vittoria Kate was guided by a carrier to Valladolid. Luckily, as it seemed at first, but it made little difference in the end, here, at

Valladolid, were the King and his Court. Consequently, there was plenty of regiments and plenty of regimental bands. Attracted by one of these, Catalina was quietly listening to the music, when some street ruffians, in derision of the gay colours and the form of her forest-made costume—[rascals! one would like to have seen what sort of trousers *they* would have made with no better scissors!]—began to pelt her with stones. Ah, my friends, of the genus *blackguard*, you little know who it is that you are selecting for experiments. This is the one creature of fifteen in all Spain, be the other male or female, whom nature, and temper, and provocation have qualified for taking the conceit out of you. This she very soon did, laying open a head or two with a sharp stone, and letting out rather too little than too much of bad Valladolid blood. But mark the constant villany of this world. Certain Alguazils—very like some other Alguazils that I know nearer home—having stood by quietly to see the friendless stranger insulted and assaulted, now felt it their duty to apprehend the poor nun for murderous violence: and had there been such a thing as a treadmill in Valladolid, Kate was booked for a place on it without further inquiry. Luckily, injustice does not *always* prosper. A gallant young cavalier, who had witnessed from his windows the whole affair, had seen the provocation, and admired Catalina's behaviour—equally patient at first and bold at last—hastened into the street, pursued the officers, forced them to release their prisoner, upon stating the circumstances of the case, and instantly offered Catalina a situation amongst his retinue. He was a man of birth and fortune; and the place offered, that of an honorary page, not being at all degrading even to a "daughter of somebody," was cheerfully accepted. Here Catalina spent a happy month. She was now splendidly dressed in dark blue velvet, by a tailor that did not work within the gloom of a chestnut forest. She and the young cavalier, Don Francisco de Cardenas, were mutually pleased, and had mutual confidence. All went well—when one evening, but, luckily, not until the sun had been set so long as to make all things indistinct, who should march into the ante-chamber of the cavalier but that sublime of crocodiles, *Papa*, that we lost sight of fifteen years ago, and shall never see again after this night. He had his crocodile tears all ready for use, in working order, like a good industrious fire-engine. It was absolutely to Catalina herself that he advanced; whom, for many reasons, he could not be supposed to recognise—lapse of years, male attire, twilight, were all against him. Still, she might have the family countenance; and Kate thought he looked with a suspicious scrutiny into her face, as he inquired for the young Don. To avert her own face, to announce him to Don Francisco, to wish him on the shores of that ancient river for crocodiles, the Nile, furnished but one moment's work to the active Catalina. She lingered, however, as her place entitled her to do, at the door of the audience chamber. She guessed already, but in a moment she *heard* from papa's lips what was the nature of his errand. His daughter Catharine, he informed the Don, had eloped from the convent of St. Sebastian, a place rich in delight. Then he laid open the unparalleled ingratitude of such a step. Oh, the unseen treasure that had been spent upon that girl! Oh, the untold sums of money that he had sunk in that unhappy speculation! The nights of sleeplessness suffered during her infancy! The fifteen years of solicitude thrown away in schemes for her improvement! It would have moved the heart of a stone. The *hidalgo* wept copiously at his own pathos. And to such a height of grandeur had he carried his Spanish sense of the sublime, that he disdained to mention the pocket-handkerchief which he had left at St. Sebastian's fifteen years ago, by way of envelope for "pussy," and which, to the best of pussy's knowledge, was the one sole memorandum of papa ever heard of at St. Sebastian's. Pussy, however, saw no use in revising and correcting the text of papa's remembrances. She showed her usual prudence, and her usual incomparable decision. It did not appear, as yet, that she would be reclaimed, or was at all suspected for the fugitive by her father. For it is an instance of that singular fatality which pursued Catalina through life, that, to her own astonishment (as she now collected from her father's conference), nobody had traced her to Valladolid, nor had her father's visit any connexion with suspicions travelling in that direction. The case was quite different. Strangely enough, her street row had thrown her into the one sole household in all Spain that had an official connexion with St. Sebastian's. That convent had been founded by the young cavalier's family; and, according to the usage of Spain, the young man (as present representative of his house) was the responsible protector of the establishment. It was not to the Don, as harbourer of his daughter, but to the Don, as *ex officio* visiter of the convent, that the hidalgo was appealing. Probably Kate might have staid safely some time longer. Yet, again, this would but have multiplied the clues for tracing her; and, finally, she would too probably have been discovered; after which, with all his youthful generosity, the poor Don could not have protected her. Too terrific was the vengeance that awaited an abettor of any fugitive nun; but above all, if such a crime were perpetrated by an official mandatory of the church. Yet, again, so far it was the more hazardous course to abscond, that it almost revealed her to the young Don as the missing daughter. Still, if it really *had* that effect, nothing at present obliged him to pursue her, as might have been the case a few weeks later. Kate argued (I daresay) rightly, as she always did. Her prudence whispered eternally, that safety there was none for her, until she had laid the Atlantic between herself and St. Sebastian's. Life was to be for *her* a Bay of Biscay; and it was odds but she had first embarked upon this billowy life from the literal Bay of Biscay. Chance ordered otherwise. Or, as a Frenchman says with eloquent ingenuity, in connexion with this story, "chance

is but the *pseudonyme* of God for those particular cases which he does not subscribe openly with his own sign manual." She crept up stairs to her bed-room. Simple are the travelling preparations of those that, possessing nothing, have no imperials to pack, She had Juvenal's qualification for caroling gaily through a forest full of robbers; for she had nothing to lose but a change of linen, that rode easily enough under her left arm, leaving the right free for answering any questions of impertinent customers. As she crept down stairs, she heard the Crocodile still weeping forth his sorrows to the pensive ear of twilight, and to the sympathetic Don Francisco. Now, it would not have been filial or lady-like for Kate to do what I am going to suggest; but what a pity that some gay brother page had not been there to turn aside into the room, armed with a roasted potato, and, taking a sportsman's aim, to have lodged it in the Crocodile's abominable mouth. Yet, what an anachronism! There *were* no roasted potatoes in Spain at that date, and very few in England. But anger drives a man to say anything.

Catalina had seen her last of friends and enemies in Valladolid. Short was her time there; but she had improved it so far as to make a few of both. There was an eye or two in Valladolid that would have glared with malice upon her, had she been seen by *all* eyes in that city, as she tripped through the streets in the dusk; and eyes there were that would have softened into tears, had they seen the desolate condition of the child, or in vision had seen the struggles that were before her. But what's the use of wasting tears upon our Kate? Wait till to-morrow morning at sun-rise, and see if she is particularly in need of pity. What now should a young lady do—I propose it as a subject for a prize essay—that finds herself in Valladolid at nightfall, having no letters of introduction, not aware of any reason great or small for preferring any street in general, except so far as she knows of some reason for avoiding one or two streets in particular? The great problem I have stated, Kate investigated as she went along; and she solved it with the accuracy with which she ever applied to *practical* exigencies. Her conclusion was—that the best door to knock at in such a case was the door where there was no need to knock at all, as being unfastened, and open to all comers. For she argued that within such a door there would be nothing to steal, so that, at least, you could not be mistaken in the dark for a thief. Then, as to stealing from *her*, they might do that if they could.

Upon these principles, which hostile critics will in vain endeavour to undermine, she laid her hand upon what seemed a rude stable door. Such it proved. There was an empty cart inside; certainly there was, but you couldn't take *that* away in your pocket; and there were five loads of straw, but then of those a lady could take no more than her *reticule* would carry, which perhaps was allowed by the courtesy of Spain. So Kate was right as to the difficulty of being challenged for a thief. Closing the door as gently as she had opened it, she dropped her person, dressed as she was, upon the nearest heap of straw. Some ten feet further were lying two muleteers, honest and happy enough, as compared with the lords of the bed-chamber then in Valladolid: but still gross men, carnally deaf from eating garlic and onions, and other horrible substances. Accordingly, they never heard her, nor were aware, until dawn, that such a blooming person existed. But she was aware of *them*, and of their conversation. They were talking of an expedition for America, on the point of sailing under Don Ferdinand de Cordova. It was to sail from some Andalusian port. That was the very thing for *her*. At daylight she woke, and jumped up, needing no more toilet than the birds that already were singing in the gardens, or than the two muleteers, who, good honest fellows, saluted the handsome boy kindly—thinking no ill at his making free with *their* straw, though no leave had been asked.

With these philo-garlic men Kate took her departure. The morning was divine; and leaving Valladolid with the transports that befitted such a golden dawn, feeling also already, in the very obscurity of her exit, the pledge of her escape; she cared no longer for the crocodile, or for St. Sebastian, or (in the way of fear) for the protector of St. Sebastian, though of *him* she thought with some tenderness; so deep is the remembrance of kindness mixed with justice. Andalusia she reached rather slowly; but many months before she was sixteen years old, and quite in time for the expedition. St. Lucar being the port of rendezvous for the Peruvian expedition, thither she went. All comers were welcome on board the fleet; much more a fine young fellow like Kate. She was at once engaged as a mate; and *her* ship, in particular, after doubling Cape Horn without loss, made the coast of Peru. Paita was the port of her destination. Very near to this port they were, when a storm threw them upon a coral reef. There was little hope of the ship from the first, for she was unmanageable, and was not expected to hold together for twenty-four hours. In this condition, with death before their faces, mark what Kate did; and please to remember it for her benefit, when she does any other little thing that angers you. The crew lowered the long-boat. Vainly the Captain protested against this disloyal desertion of a king's ship, which might yet perhaps be run on shore, so as to save the stores. All the crew, to a man, deserted the captain. You may say *that* literally; for the single exception was *not* a man, being our bold-hearted Kate. She was the only sailor that refused to leave her captain, or the king of Spain's ship. The rest pulled away for the shore, and with fair hopes of reaching it. But one half hour told another tale: just about that time came a broad sheet of lightning, which, through the darkness of evening, revealed the boat in the very act of mounting like a horse upon an inner reef, instantly filling, and throwing out the crew, every man of whom disappeared amongst the breakers. The night which succeeded was gloomy for both

the representatives of his Catholic Majesty. It cannot be denied by the greatest of philosophers, that the muleteer's stable at Valladolid was worth twenty such ships, though the stable was *not* insured against fire, and the ship *was* insured against the sea and the wind by some fellow that thought very little of his engagements. But what's the use of sitting down to cry? That was never any trick of Catalina's. By day-break, she was at work with an axe in her hand. I knew it, before ever I came to this place, in her memoirs. I felt, as sure as if I had read it, that, when day broke, we should find Kate hard at work. Thimble or axe, trowsers or raft, all one to *her*. The Captain, though true to his duty, seems to have desponded. He gave no help towards the raft. Signs were speaking, however, pretty loudly that he must do something; for notice to quit was now served pretty liberally. Kate's raft was ready; and she encouraged the captain to think that it would give both of them something to hold by in swimming, if not even carry double. At this moment, when all was waiting for a start, and the ship herself was waiting for a final lurch, to say *Good-bye* to the King of Spain, Kate went and did a thing which some misjudging people will object to. She knew of a box laden with gold coins, reputed to be the King of Spain's, and meant for contingencies in the voyage out. This she smashed open with her axe, and took a sum equal to 100 guineas English; which, having well secured in a pillow-case, she then lashed firmly to the raft. Now this, you know, though not "*flotsom*," because it would not float, was certainly, by maritime law, "*jetsom*." It would be the idlest of scruples to fancy that the sea or a shark had a better right to it than a philosopher, or a splendid girl who showed herself capable of writing a very fair 8vo, to say nothing of her decapitating in battle several of the king's enemies, and recovering the king's banner. No sane moralist would hesitate to do the same thing under the same circumstances, on board an English vessel, though the First Lord of the Admiralty should be looking on. The raft was now thrown into the sea. Kate jumped after it, and then entreated the captain to follow her. He attempted it; but, wanting her youthful agility, he struck his head against a spar, and sank like lead, giving notice below that his ship was coming. Kate mounted the raft, and was gradually washed ashore, but so exhausted, as to have lost all recollection. She lay for hours until the warmth of the sun revived her. On sitting up, she saw a desolate shore stretching both ways—nothing to eat, nothing to drink, but fortunately the raft and the money had been thrown near her; none of the lashings having given way—only what is the use of a guinea amongst tangle and sea-gulls? The money she distributed amongst her pockets, and soon found strength to rise and march forward. But which *was* forward? and which backward? She knew by the conversation of the sailors that Paita must be in the neighbourhood; and Paita, being a port, could not be in the inside of Peru, but, of course, somewhere on its outside—and the outside of a maritime land must be the shore; so that, if she kept the shore, and went far enough, she could not fail of hitting her foot against Paita at last, in the very darkest night, provided only she could first find out which was *up* and which was *down*; else she might walk her shoes off, and find herself six thousand miles in the wrong. Here was an awkward case, all for want of a guide post. Still, when one thinks of Kate's prosperous horoscope, that after so long a voyage, *she* only, out of the total crew, was thrown on the American shore, with one hundred and five pounds in her purse of clear gain on the voyage, a conviction arises that she *could* not guess wrongly. She might have tossed up, having coins in her pocket, *heads or tails?* but this kind of sortilege was then coming to be thought irreligious in Christendom, as a Jewish and a Heathen mode of questioning the dark future. She simply guessed, therefore; and very soon a thing happened which, though adding nothing to strengthen her guess as a true one, did much to sweeten it if it should prove a false one. On turning a point of the shore, she came upon a barrel of biscuit washed ashore from the ship. Biscuit is about the best thing I know, but it is the soonest spoiled; and one would like to hear counsel on one puzzling point, why it is that a touch of water utterly ruins it, taking its life, and leaving a *caput mortuum* corpse! Upon this *caput* Kate breakfasted, though *her* case was worse than mine; for any water that ever plagued *me* was always fresh; now *hers* was a present from the Pacific ocean. She, that was always prudent, packed up some of the Catholic king's biscuit, as she had previously packed up far too little of his gold. But in such cases a most delicate question occurs, pressing equally on medicine and algebra. It is this: if you pack up too much, then, by this extra burthen of salt provisions, you may retard for days your arrival at fresh provisions; on the other hand, if you pack up too little, you may never arrive at all. Catalina hit the *juste milieu*; and about twilight on the second day, she found herself entering Paita, without having had to swim any river in her walk.

The first thing, in such a case of distress, which a young lady does, even if she happens to be a young gentleman, is to beautify her dress. Kate always attended to *that*, as we know, having overlooked her in the chestnut wood. The man she sent for was not properly a tailor, but one who employed tailors, he himself furnishing the materials. His name was Urquiza, a fact of very little importance to us in 1847, if it had stood only at the head and foot of Kate's little account. But unhappily for Kate's *début* on this vast American stage, the case was otherwise. Mr. Urquiza had the misfortune (equally common in the old world and the new) of being a knave; and also a showy specious knave. Kate, who had prospered under sea allowances of biscuit and hardship, was now expanding in proportions. With very little vanity or consciousness on that head, she now displayed a really fine person; and, when drest anew in the way that became a young officer in the Spanish

service, she looked* the representative picture of a Spanish *caballador*. It is strange that such an appearance, and such a rank, should have suggested to Urquiza the presumptuous idea of wishing that Kate might become his clerk. He *did*, however, wish it; for Kate wrote a beautiful hand; and a stranger thing is, that Kate accepted his proposal. This might arise from the difficulty of moving in those days to any distance in Peru. The ship had been merely bringing stores to the station of Paita; and no corps of the royal armies was readily to be reached, whilst something must be done at once for a livelihood. Urquiza had two mercantile establishments, one at Trujillo, to which he repaired in person, on Kate's agreeing to undertake the management of the other in Paita. Like the sensible girl, that we have always found her, she demanded specific instructions for her guidance in duties so new. Certainly she was in a fair way for seeing life. Telling her beads at St. Sebastian's, manœuvring irregular verbs at Vittoria, acting as gentleman usher at Valladolid, serving his Spanish majesty round Cape Horn, fighting with storms and sharks off the coast of Peru, and now commencing as book-keeper or *commis* to a draper at Paita, does she not justify the character that I myself gave her, just before dismissing her from St. Sebastian's, of being a "handy" girl? Mr. Urquiza's instructions were short, easy to be understood, but rather comic; and yet, which is odd, they led to tragic results. There were two debtors of the shop, (*many*, it is to be hoped, but two meriting his affectionate notice) with respect to whom he left the most opposite directions. The one was a very handsome lady; and the rule as to *her* was, that she was to have credit unlimited, strictly unlimited. That was plain. The other customer, favoured by Mr. Urquiza's valedictory thoughts, was a young man, cousin to the handsome lady, and bearing the name of Reyes. This youth occupied in Mr. Urquiza's estimate the same hyperbolical rank as the handsome lady, but on the opposite side of the equation. The rule as to *him* was—that he was to have *no* credit; strictly none. In this case, also, Kate saw no difficulty; and when she came to know Mr. Reyes a little, she found the path of pleasure coinciding with the path of duty. Mr. Urquiza could not be more precise in laying down the rule than Kate was in enforcing it. But in the other case a scruple arose. *Unlimited* might be a word, not of Spanish law, but of Spanish rhetoric; such as "*Live a thousand years*," which even annuity offices hear, and perhaps utter, without a pang. Kate, therefore, wrote to Trujillo, expressing her honest fears, and desiring to have more definite instructions. These were positive. If the lady chose to send for the entire shop, her account was to be debited instantly with *that*. She had, however, as yet, not sent for the shop, but she began to manifest strong signs of sending for the shop*man*. Upon the blooming young Biscayan had her roving eye settled; and she was in a course of making up her mind to take Kate for a sweetheart. Poor Kate saw this with a heavy heart. And, at the same time that she had a prospect of a tender friend more than she wanted, she had become certain of an extra enemy that she wanted quite as little. What she had done to offend Mr. Reyes, Kate could not guess, except as to the matter of the credit: but then, in that, she only executed her instructions. Still Mr. Reyes was of opinion that there were two ways of executing orders: but the main offence was unintentional on Kate's part. Reyes, though as yet she did not know it, had himself been a candidate for the situation of clerk; and intended probably to keep the equation precisely as it was with respect to the allowance of credit, only to change places with the handsome lady—keeping *her* on the negative side, himself on the affirmative—an arrangement that you know could have made no sort of pecuniary difference to Urquiza.

Thus stood matters, when a party of strolling players strolled into Paita. Kate, as a Spaniard, being one held of the Paita aristocracy, was expected to attend. She did so; and there also was the malignant Reyes. He came and seated himself purposely so as to shut out Kate from all view of the stage. She, who had nothing of the bully in her nature, and was a gentle creature when her wild Biscayan blood had not been kindled by insult, courteously requested him to move a little; upon which Reyes remarked that it was not in his power to oblige the clerk as to that, but that he *could* oblige him by cutting his throat. The tiger that slept in Catalina wakened at once. She seized him, and would have executed vengeance on the spot, but that a party of young men interposed to part them. The next day, when Kate (always ready to forget and forgive) was thinking no more of the row, Reyes passed; by spitting at the window, and other gestures insulting to Kate, again he roused her Spanish blood. Out she rushed, sword in hand—a duel began in the street, and very soon Kate's sword had passed into the heart of Reyes. Now that the mischief was done, the police were, as usual, all alive for the pleasure of avenging it. Kate found herself suddenly in a strong prison, and with small hopes of leaving it, except for execution. The relations of the dead man were potent in Paita, and clamourous for justice, so that the *corrégidor*, in a case where he saw a very poor chance of being corrupted by bribes, felt it his duty to be sublimely incorruptible. The reader knows, however, that, amongst the relatives of the deceased bully, was that handsome lady, who differed as much from

* "*She looked*," &c. If ever the reader should visit Aix-la-Chapelle, he will probably feel interest enough in the poor, wild impassioned girl, to look out for a picture of her in that city, and the only one known *certainly* to be authentic. It is in the collection of Mr. Sempeler. For some time it was supposed that the best (if not the only) portrait of her lurked somewhere in Italy. Since the discovery of the picture at Aix-la-Chapelle, that notion has been abandoned. But there is great reason to believe that, both in Madrid and Rome, many portraits of her must have been painted to meet the intense interest which arose in her history subsequently amongst all the men of rank, military or ecclesiastical, whether in Italy or Spain. The date of these would range between sixteen and twenty-two years from the period which we have now reached (1608).

her cousin in her sentiments as to Kate, as she did in the extent of her credit with Mr. Urquiza. To *her* Kate wrote a note; and, using one of the Spanish King's gold coins for bribing the jailor, got it safely delivered. That, perhaps, was unnecessary; for the lady had been already on the alert, and had summoned Urquiza from Trujillo. By some means, not very luminously stated, and by paying proper fees in proper quarters, Kate was smuggled out of the prison at nightfall, and smuggled into a pretty house in the suburbs. Had she known exactly the footing she stood on as to the law, she would have been decided. As it was, she was uneasy, and jealous of mischief abroad; and, before supper, she understood it all. Urquiza briefly informed his clerk, that it would be requisite for him to marry the handsome lady. But why? Because, said Urquiza, after talking for hours with the *corrégidor*, who was infamous for obstinacy, he had found it impossible to make him "hear reason," and release the prisoner, until this compromise of marriage was suggested. But how could public justice be pacified for the clerk's unfortunate homicide of Reyes, by a female cousin of the deceased man engaging to love, honour, and obey the clerk for life? Kate could not see her way through this logic. "Nonsense, my friend," said Urquiza, "you don't comprehend. As it stands, the affair is a murder, and hanging the penalty. But, if you marry into the murdered man's house, then it becomes a little family murder, all quiet and comfortable amongst ourselves. What has the *corrégidor* to do with that? or the public either? Now, let me introduce the bride." Supper entered at that moment, and the bride immediately after. The thoughtfulness of Kate was narrowly observed, and even alluded to, but politely ascribed to the natural anxieties of a prisoner, and the very imperfect state of liberation even yet from prison *surveillance*. Kate had, indeed, never been in so trying a situation before. The anxieties of the farewell night at St. Sebastian were nothing to this; because, even if she had failed *then*, a failure might not have been always irreparable. It was but to watch and wait. But now, at this supper table, she was not more alive to the nature of the peril than she was to the fact, that if, before the night closed, she did not by some means escape from it, she never *would* escape with life. The deception as to her sex, though resting on no motive that pointed to these people, or at all concerned them, would be resented as if it had. The lady would resent the case as a mockery; and Urquiza would lose his opportunity of delivering himself from an imperious mistress. According to the usages of the times and country, Kate knew that in twelve hours she would be assassinated.

People of infirmer resolution would have lingered at the supper-table, for the sake of putting off the evil moment of final crisis. Not so Kate. She had revolved the case on all its sides in a few minutes, and had formed her resolution. This done, she was as ready for the trial at one moment as another; and, when the lady suggested that the hardships of a prison must have made repose desirable, Kate assented, and instantly rose. A sort of procession formed, for the purpose of doing honour to the interesting guest, and escorting him in pomp to his bed-room. Kate viewed it much in the same light as the procession to which for some days she had been expecting an invitation from the *corrégidor*. Far ahead ran the servant-woman as a sort of outrider. Then came Urquiza, like a Pasha of two tails, who granted two sorts of credit, viz. unlimited and none at all, bearing two wax-lights, one in each hand, and wanting only cymbals and kettle drums to express emphatically the pathos of his Castillian strut. Next came the bride, a little in advance of the clerk, but still turning obliquely towards him, and smiling graciously into his face. Lastly, bringing up the rear, came the prisoner—our Kate—the nun, the page, the mate, the clerk, the homicide, the convict; and, for this day only, by particular desire, the bridegroom elect.

It was Kate's fixed opinion, that, if for a moment she entered any bed-room having obviously no outlet, her fate would be that of an ox once driven within the shambles. Outside, the bullock might make some defence with his horns; but once in, with no space for turning, he is muffled and gagged. She carried her eye, therefore, like a hawk's, steady, though restless, for vigilant examination of every angle she turned. Before she entered any bed-room, she was resolved to reconnoiter it from the doorway, and, in case of necessity, show fight at once, before entering—as the best chance, after all, where all chances were bad. Everything ends; and at last the procession reached the bed-room door, the outrider having filed off to the rear. One glance sufficed to satisfy Kate that windows there were none, and, therefore, no outlet for escape. Treachery appeared even in *that*; and Kate, though unfortunately without arms, was now fixed for resistance. Mr. Urquiza entered first—"Sound the trumpets! Beat the drums!" There were, as we know already, no windows; but a slight interruption to Mr. Urquiza's pompous tread showed that there were steps downwards into the room. Those, thought Kate, will suit me even better. She had watched the unlocking of the bed-room door—she had lost nothing—she had marked that the key was left in the lock. At this moment, the beautiful lady, as one acquainted with the details of the house, turning with the air of a gracious monitress, held out her fair hand to guide Kate in careful descent of the steps. This had the air of taking out Kate to dance; and Kate, at that same moment, answering to it by the gesture of a modern waltzer, threw her arm behind the lady's waist, hurled her headlong down the steps right against Mr. Urquiza, draper and haberdasher; and then, with the speed of lightening, throwing the door *home* within its architrave, doubly locked the creditor and debtor into the rat-trap which they had prepared for herself.

The affrighted out-rider fled with horror: she already knew that the clerk had committed one homicide; a second would cost him still less thought; and thus it happened that egress was left

easy. But, when out and free once more in the bright starry night, which way should Kate turn? The whole city would prove but a rat-trap for her, as bad as Mr. Urquiza's, if she was not off before morning. At a glance she comprehended that the sea was her only chance. To the port she fled. All was silent. Watchmen there were none. She jumped into a boat. To use the oars was dangerous, for she had no means of muffling them. But she contrived to hoist a sail, pushed off with a boat hook, and was soon stretching across the water for the mouth of the harbour before a breeze light but favourable. Having cleared the difficulties of exit she lay down, and unintentionally fell asleep. When she awoke the sun had been up for three or four hours; all was right otherwise; but had she not served as a sailor, Kate would have trembled upon finding that, during her long sleep of perhaps seven or eight hours, she had lost sight of land; by what distance she could only guess; and in what direction, was to some degree doubtful. All this, however, seemed a great advantage to the bold girl, throwing her thoughts back on the enemies she had left behind. The disadvantage was—having no breakfast, not even damaged biscuit; and some anxiety naturally arose as to ulterior prospects a little beyond the horizon of breakfast. But who's afraid? As sailors whistle for a wind, Catalina really had but to whistle for anything with energy, and it was sure to come. Like Cæsar to the pilot of Dyrrhachium, she might have said, for the comfort of her poor timorous boat, (though destined soon to perish,) "*Catalinam vehis, et fortunas ejus.*" Meantime, being very doubtful as to the best course for sailing, and content if her course did but lie off shore, she "carried on," as sailors say, under easy sail, going, in fact, just whither and just how the Pacific breezes suggested in the gentlest of whispers. *All right behind*, was Kate's opinion; and, what was better, very soon she might say, *all right ahead:* for some hour or two before sunset, when dinner was for once becoming, even to Kate, the most interesting of subjects for meditation, suddenly a large ship began to swell upon the brilliant atmosphere. In those latitudes, and in those years, any ship was pretty sure to be Spanish: sixty years later the odds were in favour of its being an English buccaneer; which would have given a new direction to Kate's energy. Kate continued to make signals with a handkerchief whiter than the crocodile's of Ann. Dom. 1592, else it would hardly have been noticed. Perhaps, after all, it would not, but that the ship's course carried her very nearly across Kate's. The stranger lay-to for her. It was dark by the time Kate steered herself under the ship's quarter; and *then* was seen an instance of this girl's eternal wakefulness. Something was painted on the stern of her boat, she could not see *what;* but she judged that it would express some connexion with the port that she had just quitted. Now it was her wish to break the chain of traces connecting her with such a scamp as Urquiza; since else, through his commercial correspondence, he might disperse over Peru a portrait of herself by no means flattering. How should she accomplish this? It was dark; and she stood, as you may see an Etonian do at times, rocking her little boat from side to side, until it had taken in water as much as might be agreeable. Too much it proved for the boat's constitution, and the boat perished of dropsy—Kate declining to tap it. She got a ducking herself; but what cared she? Up the ship's side she went, as gaily as ever, in those years when she was called pussy, she had raced after the nuns of St. Sebastian; jumped upon deck, and told the first-lieutenant, when he questioned her about her adventures, quite as much truth as any man, under the rank of admiral, had a right to expect.

(To be concluded in the next Number.)

IRELAND IN REVOLUTION.

[We publish the following remarks on Ireland, without concurring in several of them, such as those relating to Poor Laws, Churches, and some other matters.]

The calamity now devastating Ireland is characterized by many features that stand out among all its multiplex forms of desolation, stamping it as peculiarly Irish, and proclaiming the nature and cause of the evils afflicting that country, in language which not the dullest can misunderstand.

It is a fact so unmistakable, that already the attention of many countries besides our own is fixed on it, and withal so pregnant and momentous, that it must be recorded by History—that harassed and horror-struck though we are by the visible appearance and hideous progress of Death among that unhappy people, not one practical suggestion regarding the overcoming or mitigation of its misery, or its future prevention, has, up to the present moment, been offered us by Ireland herself;—nay, on the very contrary, that the measures suggested by British statesmanship—itself, indeed, at best, only moving unsteadily towards the truth—have, in several instances, been pared down, and in others, forced on something alarmingly like injustice to this country, by that very Irish Party, from whom aid ought to have come.* There are unhappily many circumstances connected with the relations of Ireland to this country, which, in ordinary times, should induce one rather to lament and

* The so-called Irish Party is now dissolved. During the period that has elapsed since the paper in the text was written, its assumed functions have come to a close. And what were these? Any pretended proposal for the relief of Ireland? Any show, even of kindness, towards the peasantry? Not one! Hear it, ye Repealers of Ireland—your banded chiefs exhausted their power in soliciting Lord John Russell to pass no Poor-law which should give out-of-door relief! When they had altered this, their breath was spent, and—they expired!

marvel at, than severely to condemn, impracticable and grotesque political action; but, in the presence of those sternest realities, of those loudest demands for succour that humanity can ever make, the preservation of silence and the restriction of activity to a careful guardianship of Self, amounts to an abnegation either of the power or the will on the part of the Higher Orders to reckon the Poor Man's cause as their own; and emphatically demonstrates the inveterate and practical existence of the gravest of all social disasters. It is possible that a fact even so glaring may not be accepted by the honourable Member for Limerick, whose powers of perception are avowedly peculiar; but we believe that it has added the last bitterness to the languishing hours of a man more penetrating and powerful in intellect than all Irish parties besides—the veteran O'Connell.

Though possibly now observed by many for the first time—and observed now, because pressed on the world's notice as an undeniable truth—it ought long ago to have been the clearest among received political axioms, that Ireland has reached the worst stage of social disorganization—that the usual bonds of society are now extinct in that island—that rich and poor stand towards each other in a position of unconcealed hostility—that landlord and tenant have neither common purpose nor conservative relationship—in short, that at this moment the population there, would have found the solution of their accumulated and overwhelming difficulties in a REVOLUTIONARY CRISIS, had that not been rendered impossible by the presence of the *bayonets of England*. Now, no man with any heart or feeling can question that, as inseparable concomitants of Revolution, there are calamities so horrible, and transgressions of every fundamental humanity so revolting, that no price almost is too dear to pay, if, by the sacrifice, such terrors may be averted; but it ought not to be concealed, especially in a case like that with which we are dealing, that a question of profound import must be examined, ere we venture to felicitate our agency either on its beneficence or ultimate success:—*Has the Revolution been averted by the removal of its cause, by the destruction or permanent abatement of the evils which brought a nation to the brink of it; or does the disease remain—is the incompatible, the incongruous Society only compelled by foreign force to seem to endure?* If England has, by the latter mode—partly acting by force, partly by momentary acts of benevolence—arrested now the natural course of affairs in Ireland, then, indeed, she has eradicated no disease, but only hindered a fever from evolving itself—the disorganization being preserved withal, which, in the arrangements of nature, it was the function of the fever to throw off. Life, in such a case, cannot result, nor aught worthy of the name—nothing better than a prolonged dying, or continuation of existence amid elements and circumstances where positive death had been a beneficence. It is a truth of import, in every respect awful, which should never pass from the thoughts of Statesmen, that Revolutions appear hitherto to have played a grand and essential part in the unfolding of human affairs. That unseen and inscrutable end towards which human society, or the condition of man upon the earth, is unceasingly travelling, is being worked out, not so much by sagacity and conscious design, as by an imperious overruling necessity; and there are times when, through the unbalanced culture of some portions of the social fabric, or through the growth of powers and influences which statesmanship cannot manage, disorders arise, not comprehended by any theory; and whose adjustment is accomplished by the effort of the wronged instincts to avenge themselves against theory, and to achieve a free field for their development.

Unhappily, the people of England—unhappily, we mean, for their right appreciation of the condition of Ireland—are placed in the most unfavourable position possible, for comprehending that any revolutionary motion in the present instance could have a right direction. The distribution of property, according to the strictest rules of economic science, even including those feudal absurdities—entail and primogeniture—has wrought so well, or rather wrought so little ill, in this Saxon country, and the existing mode of managing it has been found so consistent with the general well-being, that public opinion on this side the Irish Channel has fallen into two very grave errors—the first being that the Right of Property is an *absolute* and not a *relative or conventional Right;* and, secondly, that the mode in which it is operative *here* ought, therefore, to suit well *everywhere*—including our neighbouring Ireland. Now, in the first place, the right of property never was held as an absolute right by any people, savage or civilised—the English among the number. For, to speak only generally—what, in the long run, is its ultimate, and, therefore, its only true security? Certainly, *the contentment of the nation*, or, what is the same thing, the *general well-being*. The safeguard of accumulated property of any description, is simply the fact, and the general persuasion of it, that the existence of such property ensures to the mass of the people an amount of those higher enjoyments which separate the civilised life from the savage, and which, therefore, compensate for the restraints and abnegation of personal liberty, demanded by Society. Who can have forgotten the vehemence even of *our* protestation for these principles, when some opposite maxim was propounded by a foolish Lord of Clumber, when a Duke of Leeds claimed the mountains of Lochnagar as his preserves, or, graver still, when the possession of large estates became a means of religious persecution? The time is not far distant when the entire free press of England followed up the celebrated warning so prophetically given by Mr. Drummond to Irish Landlordism; and, therefore, it is not permitted us, to hold *now* by the reverse—*that property may have its rights while denying its duties.* Having accepted the great principle in face of the world, we must abide by its realisation; and the barbarism of Ireland must be altered to its roots, until Society, there as here,

can declare, through all its forms, that the contract in regard of property is *bilateral*, and that unless the poor man, or, to speak more accurately, the industrial masses, have first been assured that the sweat of their brow shall bring them food, THE RIGHT *of the rich man is not held to have commenced*. But probably the difficulty of gaining admittance for sound views on this abstract question will be much less than with regard to our second or practical error. The mechanical and unspeculative character of the English mind cannot well imagine how the forms of a civilisation, among us so successful, should fail across the trifling breadth of the Channel; or how an INSTITUTE of ABSOLUTE LANDLORDISM, whose operations have been so little oppressive, and accorded, in the main, with the development of agricultural wealth, and the rise of a class of well-conditioned yeomen, should not, simply by transplantation, effect every blessing for Ireland? Here, again, comes strongly into view the momentous reality, that in the course of civilisation, the grander portion of its progress manifests society acting with a sort of blind spontaneity, and is not the result of human prevision or design. There is in all self-contained or undisturbed communities, a certain life or principle of evolution, which, as time advances and circumstances change, causes the community ever to retain its internal harmony; or, in other words, which harmoniously develops the strength, and thereby preserves the relations, of *all* its parts. The power and independence of our English tenantry have increased exactly at the rate at which the right of our proprietors has become more pure or more absolute; so that, though unrestrained by law, unencumbered by the positive obligations of feudalism or chieftainship, the exercise of that absolute right is so hemmed in and regulated by the condition of other men, by its need for the skill, experience, and capital of the tenant yeoman, that it has become, as it is, a perfectly safe, and, in fact, a necessary element, in the economic machinery of this free country. But in Ireland there is a woful difference! That country, in one sense, may be said to wither still under the curse of Cromwell. The folly of preceding reigns had constrained the great Protector to dispossess, for the sake of order, the Irish race of landlords—then, bound to the tenantry by the obligations of the system of *villenage*—a system out of which both peasant and proprietor would in due time have arisen; and the weakness of the wretched princes who succeeded him utterly failed in establishing any new relations between the tenantry on the one hand, and the Englishmen who took the places of the Irish chiefs. At this period it was, that society ceased to grow in Ireland;—the contract of property ceased from this time to be bilateral. The sword upheld its RIGHTS, but policy forgot to establish its DUTIES; and the re-result is, even that hideous distortion which is now both an astonishment and a reproach to Christendom. It is plain, then, that in reference to institutions fitted to express the actual relations of the classes existing and co-operating within each, this country and Ireland can in no wise be compared. The mode in which property is distributed here, and the ideas by which it is protected, cannot be transported across the channel,—precisely because the classes have not grown up in that country, whose increasing importance has given them the surest means of defence and protection—means above law, and of which law is at best only the expression—viz., social standing and consideration. It is a different thing to have a landlordism of absolute power at the head of a yeomanry, without whose aid its rental would disappear; and one lowering over its peasantry in unconcealed discontent—chiefly longing for excuses to eject, and opportunities to dispossess them. The contrast of the two countries may be made palpable in one word;—*go to any district of Ireland you please, and we defy you to find among its population the materials out of which to construct the society essential to one East Lothian farm.*

Freed from the delusions incident to our position, we shall come with less difficulty to a right consideration, and probably a right conclusion, regarding our functions at this great crisis. Placed by providence, as insuperable barriers to the horrors of an actual Irish revolution, we have to ask how, *by realising its beneficent issues*, or destroying the evils that have prepared for it, we can give a stability—a real and not legal basis to the society of that country. Now, no man can doubt, that the issue would here be the immediate *abolition of great landlordism, and the institution of a multitude of independent holdings.* The existing relations of the agricultural population—which are those of a *peasant community*—being fitted to this condition and no other—it would certainly and swiftly result from a political and social otherthrow: so that if England would now act permanently and beneficently—if, instead of wielding merely the bayonet, she would wield the power of eternal justice, and resolve chaos into order—it is in the direction thus distinctly pointed out that she must infallibly move. Looked on without preoccupation, the conditions of the problem are most simple, and can yield but one solution. It is a sole and undivided case, of a multitudinous peasant community, among whom no beneficial relation to landlordism, under any phase in which it has ever shown itself, either does exist, or apparently can be made to exist. It is this immense, this overwhelming majority of a people demanding a stable basis for themselves within their country; and across all temporary shifts and expedients, there stands forth but one answer to the demand. The only articulate voice that has yet come from Conciliation Hall echoed this answer, in the form of a demand for the universal extension of the Ulster tenant-right—a proposal made, however, in by far too low a tone. True and practical remedies, in fact, or, as we should say, those essential revolutions, have ever been spoken of too mincingly in Conciliation Hall;—by no means, however, that we desiderate the more frequent apparition of Mr. Meagher's sword. The voices prevailing there—humble and hesitating on this vital question

—have not ventured to tell property, that itself, instead of being conservative, and a guarantee for peace, may become one huge institute of never-ending spoliation. They have not enough proclaimed, that nowhere, in all the world's long history, has property ever existed, with no converse or counterbalance in the social machine, except a starving population. In countries of serfdom even, the serf has many rights, or portions in the prosperity of the world, which the savage has not; nay, there are social comforts, provisions for ease and against disaster—means to ward away the worst ills of humanity—that act as a *set-off*, even against the deprivations of the SLAVE!

The organising of this great PEASANT COMMUNITY then, on principles so distinctly indicated by the grand and irrefragable laws of Nature—those laws whose persistent infraction has been so fearfully avenged by the condition of Ireland; —this is our first, paramount, and pressing duty.* The question, we say, is the settlement and organisation of a PEASANT COMMUNITY; for, as an element of civilisation, a potency for development and progress, the existence of landlordism has so slight a footing among present arrangements, that in our solution of the problem it might be accounted *nil*. But in this respect even, a *locus penitentiæ* might easily be preserved to it, and its true rights, as *Rent Receiver*, dealt with according to no measure of harshness or injustice. It is necessary, however, to scrutinise the effective amount of such rights; for otherwise, and according to wont, their pretended and not real existence will be made an excuse for plunder. Now, in the first place, it were surely little better than descending in this great question to the punctilio of the martinet, to admit of any Landlord-right over the immense, though cultivable and even rich, wastes of Ireland. The land in this condition ought to be regarded simply as the uncleared tracts of Canada, and made localities for an easy emigration; but even with regard to the territories under culture, it would not be difficult to offer an acceptable recompense to every conscientious Irishman. It is easy enough to uphold by external force anywhere an absolute right of property; but after all, in default of its own beneficence and good polity, it can nowhere be upheld other than in name only, in the face of a recusant or revolted people. During a civil or social war, real or virtual property is necessarily subject to grievous deductions; and this worst description of confiscation has already partly overtaken and farther menaces all property in Ireland. Can a landlord let his estate as he pleases? Remember Swing and Captain Rock! Can he safely, even by some innocuous course, give umbrage or excite suspicion among his tenantry? Recollect Lord Norbury! Does he sigh for a large rental? Let him inquire concerning the success of such aspirations at the present Irish attornies! And, above all, in calculating for the future, let him now listen with Lord Monteagle, and tremble like that shrewd placeman, at those forewarnings of an ENGLISH ELIZABETHAN POOR LAW—an act as certain to be placed on his country by the Imperial Legislature, should it unwisely persevere in its present course,* as it is that Englishmen, with all their charity, will consent, for one season only, to sustain those for whom their own country should provide. It is vain to disguise or mince this part of the question. We are willing to guard all real rights; but we shall not purchase such as exist only on paper. And be it again repeated, those that are real now will—if Ireland continues the anomaly it is—be changed also into worthless rags, and scattered to and fro by the winds.

There is no insuperable obstacle, then, in the rights of existing landlordism, to the solution of the problem of Ireland; nor needs it that we exert tyranny, though we account them slightly, in reference to the future of that country. In what-

* We ask the question—What statesman of our time will boldly assume to himself this task as his function? Alas! If one man be excepted—and even regarding him there is doubtfulness as to his future course—the answer is tantamount to a sigh! Among the many strange *prides* of which this world is full, Lord John Russell's is among the oddest—it seems the pride of resisting the realising of his own opinions; he has never shown that he understands or cares for the noblest delights of power—those arising from the opportunity of giving action and a reality to one's thoughts! This Minister, in the midst even of his difficulties, has already obtained leisure to do that which no Minister but himself would have dared to do, viz., to declare by the mouth of the President of the Council—the virtual Minister of Education—*that a national education is impossible;* and by that uncalled-for act, he has driven back the cause of education by half a century! Of such a Minister, in regard of his dealings with Ireland, we can have no hope; the hazard rather is, that he will surrender some momentous position. But apart from men and ministries, we regard with dread the prevailing tendencies of the time; these all point to the *punishment of the landlord*, not to the *construction of the peasant community*. The Poor-law, for instance, which, *in default of a higher policy*, is necessary; is at variance, utter and final, with that higher policy. That higher policy is to construct a community which shall not need a Poor-law, except for the few unfortunates who in every community will drop off from beneficial connexion with its organization; the policy of *this* Poor-law is to constrain that a population, not a *society*, found and left in a disorganised and starving state, shall by law fall back upon and eat up the rental. Suppose this done, what next? The Poor-law may, indeed, terrify landlordism; but to organise Ireland, more is needed by a great way than even a terrified landlordism. We repeat again, *we must realise a revolution.*

* Of the Poor Law we have spoken in the previous note. It simply postpones the regeneration of Ireland *so long as any surplus revenue shall exist in that country*. Assuredly the voracity of disorganization will destroy the surplus, and then the work of regeneration will probably be accomplished by the peasantry themselves. At any rate, under the Poor Law, landlordism will disappear. As will be seen by the text, there we set it wholly aside as an affective element in the existing or in the hoped-for civilisation, although, holding that the grand task to be accomplished is simply and solely the organising of a *stable peasant community*, we are in no wise disposed to abate, or by one farthing to do injustice, to the existing rights of any individual as a *rent-receiver*. Even now, thanks to the fertility of Ireland, and in this respect thanks to the inefficient *waste* even attendant on disorder, the whole effective surplus really existing as *rent* may be saved without an appreciable interference with the rights or demands of the community in general. Few can conceive the amount of the *waste*, at present existing, of the positive confiscation and destruction of the effects of labour that every year befals in the present condition of Ireland. Look, again, on Lord Devon's commission; or failing that, at an article in the twelfth number of the *North British Review*. Indeed, it is only amid order and prosperity that wealth enjoys its efficiency, or that economy can be realised in a State. It is very much otherwise amid a band of banditti!

ever form that peasant community be organised—whether by one or many means—by the constitution of an extended Ulster tenant-right, with fixity of tenure and the appropriation of wastes—it will be easy to preserve existing rights over rental, from real diminution. But though this difficulty be dismissed, there is another of a different description, and of mightier moment, that may avail with many earnest thinkers. Suppose your peasant community constituted, *what is the result? In what direction shall we look for its progress? What is the probable future of Ireland?* Now, we take refuge here, at once in the inscrutable. *It is not necessary to satisfaction on a point like that we are discussing, that we trace the future of any society.* To do so is, in all probability, beyond our power; for it may involve considerations superior to our knowledge. In the case before us, we have an immense population located on a fertile island; and our duty, as the ordaining human power, simply is, *to give that population a stable habitation there.* The peasant demands from us a position in which, by honest labour, he can secure himself food and permanence. He demands an interest in these lands, so that he may sow them in security, and rejoice over Heaven's auspicious seasons, as preparing a harvest that he and his family will reap; and, assuredly, unless that request be granted, policy can do nothing for the welfare and advancement of his country. It may be difficult, or even impossible, to say what will be the next movement of such an organisation; but we know all that we now require, in knowing that, unless the absolute and indefeasible basis of security for labour and its effects be supplied, *there cannot possibly be any next stage.** The difference between the state we desire and the state now existing in Ireland is simply this, that where there is now no security, and where, therefore, the condition of the peasantry is shaped by the absence of security, there will be absolute security to all worthy effort and industry, and a free onward for hope. We have heard it gravely dreaded that the step following any such settlement must be one of descent; that increase of population beyond increase of wealth must inevitably follow, and end only in a more wide-spread and then unmitigable misery; but assuredly, in a calculation so melancholy and rash, the most important of all springs of human action has not been taken into account. There is no more potent element among our active habits than the fear of the loss of existing comforts; and for that very reason, a state of poverty or abject dependence is the death of all forethought. When we cannot lose, it needs not that we be very careful; but where there is aught to lose, the whole force of habit, which is second nature, rebels against whatever acts would necessitate descent. In respect of advance, surely it is not requisite, because we cannot point out its precise direction, that we despair of it, or account it impossible. That direction, indeed, to a great extent, will be fashioned by agencies imperfectly known to us; but if we once do our duty in regard of the first requisite, it will not be difficult to act with the power of our high civilization in regard of this also. It cannot be but that a people so generous, lively, and sharp, have, with all their *insouciance*, higher elements of character, alike practical and rooted, to which we might successfully appeal. The fallacy and hopelessness of an endeavour to impose on Ireland institutions such as would be best for us, have been demonstrated by centuries of no-success; but it is impossible that a great country like England could fail—were she true to the occasion—to operate with vast power on the upward-pointing tendencies of this stable and peaceful peasant community, even by positive institutions. How much might she not do by seminaries of all sorts—among which industrial and agricultural schools would stand foremost? How much might she not do by aiding medical institutions, and ensuring a very high education to all the members of that important and indispensable faculty? How much would inevitably flow from a great national church—a church independent of sect and creed*—such a one as our own Coleridge

* It may be conceived that we are here recommending, or, at least, countenancing, that refuge so acceptable to well-meaning indolence, viz.: action, or what is called *principle*, irrespective of *consequences*. Very far from it. It is a rare case, indeed, that duty can at all be discerned without a view of consequences; but, nevertheless, there is a good as well as a bad application of the FIAT JUSTITIA. For instance, a case may occur—and this is one—in which, unless you do a certain act, no good consequences can supervene; and a man is not, then, obliged to defer action, until he has been able to develop alike the precise amount of good that will flow from that action, and the precise mode and fashion of it. To reduce him to the true dilemma, his opponent would require to be entitled to say this:—"I grant you that, if you don't do this action, no good can occur; but I assert that, if you do it, the result will be equally barren of good; and, therefore, since mere change is an evil, the act should not be done." Now, the first part of the proposition certainly only amounts to an affirmation of the reality of all Irish history; but the second would amount to this—that for the Irish people there is no hope, and ought to be no place—that they are unfit to take any part in civilised life, and, therefore, cannot attain to it. Certainly we shall not venture to state precisely in what manner they would unfold themselves; but it is utterly impossible to yield to the conclusion, that they are capable of no advancement. Those fears and auguries of future evil besetting this question—whatever their real value—arise, too, from a very unfair and unjustifiable mode of estimating the Irish peasantry. Even the most abstract moralist considers it necessary, while judging of a man, to examine the circumstances within which his mind and morality have been developed; and it is especially needful, when we speak of social duties, to ask first what society has done, so that it obtains a right to demand these duties in return? Now, the fact is, that the Irish peasant, in the main, has obtained his comforts purely *by health*. Every hand of influence around him, political or social, except that of his own priest, has been against him; and is it possible that the endurance for centuries of this eminently practical teaching could breed within that population any code of morals *save that which prevails in a state of civil war?* By this code, and no other, ought the Irish peasant now to be tried; and that code will explain the real failures of British efforts to conciliate Erin, without demanding in aid of it one visual estimate of their race. Reference is not made here to the mere political wrongs with which he has been in contact. These have, indeed, been bad enough; bad enough, that his oppression alone can bring justice; bad enough, that he could be taught the road to Heaven only by a proscribed man; but they all think it utterly unjustifiable, beside those social evils which have, in very truth, made him an *alien*. The man who will judge hopelessly of the Irish *peasant* has not, on the spot, had an opportunity of judging of the Irish *landlord*.

* We do not of course mean that there should be any church without a definite creed; but simply that all churches shall be welcomed as effective instruments of civilization, whatever their forms and special dogmata. The State should

shadowed forth—fitted in all its arrangements for the PEASANT COMMUNITY—the present church of Landlordism having been permitted to pass quite away? Be it far from us to speak dogmatically of the future; but if, under such circumstances, cheered on, too, by the friendly neighbourhood and the world-famous example of the English people, Ireland should remain amid Nature's activities a spectacle of stagnation and death—then should we despair of the final destinies of man on this planet, and account the hope of universal civilization as a dream and very delusion.

It is farther necessary that the people of this country be convinced that no other form of civilization—no state which does not spring from an *organised peasant community*—is open to Ireland, or possible for it, in its existing relations with the other parts of the world. This vital truth requires the more to be impressed, because of the impracticable and inapplicable visions which, from time to time, have been cherished regarding that country. One delusion especially has widely diffused itself—the hope, viz., of converting Ireland into a manufacturing country;—a hope so widely spread abroad, that, on the publication, a few years ago, of a work by Sir R. Kane, men's minds became astir regarding the possibility, or rather certainty, of the speedy erection of new Birminghams and Manchesters, not in one only, but in many of its favoured localities. Now, in the first place, no manufacture can be favourably placed—be the natural facilities what they may—unless amid a population skilled, or capable of speedily becoming skilled, in reference to its special purposes. Without that population, natural advantages avail little; and the difficulty of procuring it, or rearing it where it is not, may—to take one instance among a thousand—be seen in the history of the notorious silk-mills of Edinburgh. That population, too, it must never be forgotten, must, if it can be reared at all, be reared by long struggle, not in Ireland *as a separate country*, but in conflict with the action of advanced, experienced, and powerful England. The question amounts therefore to this—Who is to uphold the efforts to rear the new Manchester in face of the old one? How are these imperfect and tentative attempts to be upheld, in competition with the accomplished and overwhelming energy of the most perfect industrial organization the world has ever seen? Shall they be screened from competition by the barrier of monopoly? Or, in other words, is Ireland—already too poor—to be taxed all over, for indefinite years, until it learn to accomplish what Manchester can now accomplish, as the fruit of ceaseless progress and inventive toil? Thus, and no other way, can such an end be accomplished; and is not the bare statement of the question in this light adequate demonstration of its impracticability?* Not all the waterfalls and rivers in the world, coupled with Mr. Hudson's railroads, will suffice to convert Ireland into a manufacturing country, unless capital on capital, to untold amount, shall first be sacrificed in the effort to bring up an inexperienced people to the habitudes and capabilities of one whose skill is a growth of centuries. Sir Robert Kane forgot that the forms and practices of accomplished industry are so essential to the construction of an industrial community; that in absence of these, natural advantages of the highest order are only useless elements; but his mistake was venial; nor knew we how very far a delusion of this sort could go, or how large a credulity may co-exist with parliamentary leadership, before both were unfolded, to the amazement of reflecting men, by the recent imaginations of Lord George Bentinck. If the minor acts of this most difficult time shall at all survive, and become known to posterity, assuredly none of them will excite stranger emotions than that a proposition to invest sixteen millions of money in Irish railways should have been gravely listened to by Parliament, and discussed as a probably remunerative scheme! Who knows not that rail-

have nothing to do with their special dogmata, but it ought to have to do with the existence of a church or churches: taking especial care that the church be one applicable to the state of a peasant community. It is needless to conceal that in regard of the Romish Church there are obstacles to the reception of the foregoing opinion in the minds of many of the well-meaning of our countrymen. The present writer begs to avow his opinion, with all deference, but firmly, that it is vain to expect *that the Irish will ever be other than Roman Catholics*. By the term *ever*, he of course means any visible or assignable period of historical time; and his opinion rests on the presumed persistence of manifest causes. These causes, partly in the character of the people, partly in the attitude of hostility to English Protestantism, into which their history has led them, are, in his estimate, perfectly adequate to produce the foregoing effect; but by no means does it follow that *the Irish will not reform their own church*. The existing beggary of the people, their want of information, and their readiness to seize hold on religious consolation as the compensation for the ills that in their case seem very hardly apportioned, concur in the meantime in endowing the Romish Priesthood with an influence which no priesthood ought to possess; but the effect would terminate with its cause; and the spread of education by the national system, aided by that culture which comparative ease of circumstances would impress on a national character peculiarly sensitive to external impulses, would necessarily abate the influence of the hierarchy, and constitute in Ireland a church whose pretensions would be satisfied with the privilege of counselling in the spiritual concerns of the people: nor, with France in our eye, as well as the Catholic churches of Germany, can we, speaking very politically, say that an institution thus reformed would operate as a hindrance to the advancement of a people in whose hearts it had obtained and preserved a seat.

* The fallacies afloat regarding the effect of the UNION in destroying Irish manufactures, obtain their solution in a fact which much illustrates the foregoing argument. Doubtless the small manufactories of Ireland have been destroyed by England, and probably the absorption began about the time of the Union; but the cause was the immense, rapid, and resistless development of *manufacturing by machinery*, which destroyed wholly, and without hope, all power of competition by hand labour, or by small establishments. The same thing that took place in Bandor and among the now back lanes of Cork, happened in many districts both of England and Scotland; and the cause in all these cases was the same. The effect, of course, was disastrous to localities, but to the entire community it cheapened the article produced; and it is this identical state of affairs which now places a barrier in the way of the rise of Irish manufactures. Assuredly it is not worthy in men, who should know better, to attribute an action, so very clear and distinct, to the *union of two parliaments!* And if Ireland had done justice to herself, if she had developed her great agricultural resources, or been in a condition to do so, she, too, would have recognised the advantage; for she would have felt the benefits of that of which she complains.

ways are comparatively useless, unless to a country whose people and their pursuits demand frequent and swift interchange of intercourse? Could even a child indulge in the foolish dream, that to create the need for that intercourse it is simply necessary to spend profound sums in enlargement of its facilities? Would a road along the flanks of Ben Lomond establish prosperity and manufacturing activity on its summit? or will railways, multiplied even *ad infinitum*, convert an agricultural and stationary people into a migratory and commercial one? It is vain, by mistakes or lures like these, to endeavour to shun the inevitable question. The ostrich can hide its head, but it cannot ward off the impending doom; and come that doom of a surety will, if we longer contend with ordinances that have so emphatically proclaimed their superiority to all human—at least, to all British—policy, if we see not before us a multitudinous people claiming to be recognised in their fatherland, challenging it as their rightful home, and demanding that in the British empire they alone shall not be held as aliens, not merely from the cherished place of their nativity, but, in very truth, from any place or abode within God's wide universe.

POSTSCRIPT.

THE foregoing Essay was written early in the year; and at that time the author did not know that the views which had been forced on him by an intimate practical knowledge of many districts of Ireland were receiving the support of one of the most distinguished thinkers in this country. The course of legislation, however, has hitherto betokened no trace of the influence of opinions of this class; but instead, two modes of action have been proposed, on which it seems necessary to offer only a few remarks, and these of the most general kind.

I. As anticipated, a poor law has been brought forward, of the most sweeping description, and it seems likely it will be carried. Until now, the history of civilization contains no instance of the existence of a poor law of any higher aim than to provide for the few *exceptional* evils inseparable from the best-constructed organisms; in the present case it is meant to act as the reorganiser of the country—as the grand reforming or revivifying agent of the ENTIRE STATE. There is of course only one mode by which it can thus act—not directly, but indirectly. *It must, by its moral influence, render its own provisions unnecessary*, and that moral influence can only operate on the landlords—converting them, as it is hoped, *by arousing fear* into willing and able social regenerators. Alas! alas! Never in the whole course of Utopian scheming was a dream relied upon more utterly baseless than this! Induce the Irish landlords by terrifying them to regenerate Ireland? Surely you must make them ABLE first! Surely you must endow them as a class with a knowledge, a virtue of statesmanship, which no such class ever had before; or if you do not, why delegate to them, and by a machinery so infinitely hazardous, did you shrink from doing even yourselves? Perfectly do we recognise the truth, that the authors of this poor law hope good from it, only in so far as by the foregoing indirect action it shall render its own provisions useless; do they discern, on the other hand, that they inevitably, and without chance or possibility of reward, peril Ireland in this hope—that if this single expectation gives way in a country which has already baffled and put to nought every expectation formed concerning it, they shall lose every means of touching it again—they shall sacrifice that alone, whose existence creates social power, and duty, and order, —viz.: the surplus wealth? The Irish landlords! Does Lord John Russell know them? Even now, half fool, half tyrant, the Irish landlord would, were justice meted to him, be found to have lost every privilege, because he has abandoned all authority by trampling on every duty;* and shall they—a class so hated and so baffled—the true practical foes of the peasant, and whom the peasant, as things exist, has reduced to helplessness—shall they contend with a peasantry *armed with legal power*, and resolutely determined, as a RIGHT and a RELIGIOUS DUTY, to enforce to realise this poor law? Think again of it, my Lord! Already have you folded your hands in half-confessed despondency in regard to the task to which, in the course of providence, your energies have been summoned; and now, add to the warnings of the benevolent, but acute Prelate of Dublin, the assurance of one who knows that country well, that your scheme is a baseless chimera, and that two brief lustrums will not pass over us, ere by its direct and inevitable action this Irish landlordism, as useless in its fall, as unhonoured during its existence, shall have been swept from the face of the earth!

II. In opposition to this fearful poor law, which, in sad truth, is, par excellence, the very worst measure that could be proposed for Ireland, a measure that can have no beneficial operation unless among a people actuated by those mutual charities; that respect for each other's property, and personal pride of independence, which are precisely what Ireland wants. In opposition to this exterminating act, an extensive, and, in the main, excellently planned scheme of emigration, has just been laid before the British public, under the high authority of Archbishop Whately, and other eminent names. The chief features of it are, of course, to remove the Irish peasantry to

* Let us be believed! We have written these hard words with unequivocal pain: it is, besides, a crime, in circumstances like the present, of no slight dye, to utter condemnation, or even disparagement, without grounds whose soundness are beyond all doubt. Well, then, of these Irish landlords *in the mass*—for there are bright and noble exceptions—a more useless set of functionaries does not exist amid the countless multitudes composing British society. But so far from this being a *Saxon* grievance, as reported *ad nauseam* in Conciliation Hall—verily you may select the districts in Ireland occupied by English proprietors, simply by the appearance of a comparatively happy peasantry. The crimes, the open oppressions, of which we have seen you trace Irish landlords guilty, and which pass quite current, in most districts, positively degrade humanity. In every way—in feeling, in intellect, in cunning even—they are utterly unfit for any position which could make a man dependent on them.

some other country, until sufficiently few shall remain to admit of the construction, in Ireland, of an English agricultural system—landlords as they are, farmers with capital, to be imported as the managers of large farms, and the peasants to contribute agricultural labourers. Now, in the first place, it must be noticed, that this scheme, as compared with ours, has one very great and obvious disadvantage; that, instead of one great deportation, which at the very worst is involved in ours—viz., that of landlords, it involves, directly and inevitably, an immense deportation of peasantry, and, again, a great importation of capitalist farmers. Like the proposal offered in the foregoing paper, this one starts on the assumption of the existence of a rooted *social incompatibility*, to be destroyed only by the removal of one of the parties; for the idea of its being necessary to remove the Irish from their own waste but most prolific island, in search of circumstances in which food may be obtained in return for moderate labour, is too absurd to be set forth even as an economical hypothesis;—we differ, however, as to the *party* to whom we should leave possession of that country. Ethically speaking, it would not be very difficult to determine how this question should be decided; and be it observed, that the emigration proposed disposes, in the most summary way, of the practical objection to our scheme, for it assumes that the Irish peasantry only require to be placed in circumstances not more unfavourable than the peasantry of other origins, to rise of themselves into a civilised industrial society. This being granted, then, what we earnestly demand is, the grave and manifest interest of the British nation at this momentous crisis. Is it virtually to abandon the Irish people? Is it to declare that Ireland must, in the main, be weeded of the Irish race, ere it can be considered a safe, permanent, and orderly *integrand*, and not a mere *dependency*, of our mighty empire? Or is it the removal, at the expense of some of our predilections, of obstructions lying verily on the surface of their existing condition—obstructions which, positively and inevitably, prevent their advancing along any line of civilization? Our decision, in regard of such a question, will, to future times, be no slight indication of the character of the age in which we live.

III. One word, in conclusion, on another subject. Some minds are startled by the supposed difficulty of realising such views as we have sought at present to expose. The evil, it is said, is manifest—the removal of it, easily accomplishable by absolute power; but what English minister would dare attempt to accomplish a task of so unusual a description? The greatest difficulty in finding a minister to dare such an act is in finding one to dare *to say* he would do it; for in this, as in usual affairs, the right way is by far the easiest and the least complex. But we need seek for no such man among dilletanti politicians, whose sincerity is measured by their fidelity to party, and who are satisfied with as much liberalism as will glitter in the drawing room. That men capable of strong convictions are still to be found, and that they can, when the exigency demands it, trample on our miserable existing political sections, has been demonstrated by the ever memorable example of last year; and while some such energy would amply suffice, even for the necessities of Ireland, it is certainly only by its exertions, and not by the expedients of any red-tapering, that this portion of the empire can now be preserved from a most disastrous, and, perhaps, utter overthrow.

FAIRER PROSPECTS.

Oft when I sit begloomed, and dull and sad,
And look around upon my barren life,
And find in it no spot, or good or glad,
Nor any fruitage worth its toil and strife—
Sudden the prospect brightens, and I see
A host of objects good and great, and grand,
And countless blisses that but wait for me,
Untrodden paths throughout a goodly land.

So on some hill-top have I gazing stood,
What time the vallies all in gloom were laid
By rainy clouds that overswept the wood,
And uplands chequered by the moving shade—
Sudden the sun peeps forth, and I behold
Some far off town, roof, casement, and church spire
Start from the gloom and gloss like molten gold,
As 'twere that instant traced in lines of living fire!

THE RUINS OF SARDIS.

The Asphodel is gleaming beside the lonely lake,
Gleaming in silent sunshine from many a sedgy brake;
Where marble columns once arose, this lily, fair of day
In pallid loveliness, looks forth—'mid ruin and decay.

Vast heaps and creeping weeds—where the ancient temples stood,
Where countless thousands sleep beneath the matted underwood;
In broad noon-day the fair green sward lay void, and calm, and still—
The breezes sighing o'er the plain—from snow-crowned classic hill.

With solitude around, where destruction's hand had been,
Wild thronging thoughts of by-gone days re-peopled all the scene;
Cybele's glorious temple rose, in gorgeous pomp and power—
Imagination reigned supreme in that dim dream-like hour.

For Lydia's princes sleep beneath her wise and mighty men;
They once gazed on these distant hills, snow covered now as then;
The smooth Gygæan lake reflects the blue unruffled sky;
They, too, once gazed on this fair scene with bright and beaming eye!

I sat among the countless dead—to other worlds I sought—
These thousands breathed now as I breathe, felt, suffered, loved, and thought;—
And on the grand sepulchral mounds, I knelt in solemn prayer
Before God's throne.—Ye mighty dead! when shall I meet ye there?

C. A. M. W.

THE BRITISH MISSION TO OMAR ALI, SULTAN OF BRUNI—FEBRUARY, 1845.

In consequence of the Government having determined to form a settlement on the island of Labuan, off the mouth of the Brani River, the following particulars relative to the British Mission to Borneo may prove interesting to our readers. The vast resources of the Indian Archipelago have never been developed, and the late Government, desirous of extending British interests in that quarter of the globe, despatched Captain Bethune, R.N.C.B., with a complimentary letter and presents to Omar Ali, Sultan of Bruni. The gallant officer was also commissioned to report upon the best locality for a British settlement on the north-west coast of Borneo.

At the time of Captain Bethune's arrival at Bruni, in H. M. S. *Driver*, accompanied by Mr. Wise, much confusion prevailed in the country. The Raja Mudah Hassim, uncle to the Sultan, and likewise his chief minister, had entered into engagements with the English, to do all in his power to extirpate piracy. By these means he had entailed on himself the enmity of a numerous body of native chieftains, who thus saw the channel through which they obtained their principal profits suddenly closed against them. The tragic results that ensued last year will prove that the fears entertained by the gentleman to whom we are indebted for this information were by no means groundless.

Mr. Brook, the Rajah of Sarawak, having been appointed Her Majesty's confidential agent in Bruni, had the charge of conducting the negotiations; he was accompanied by his own gun-boat, the *Driver's* pinnace and first cutter, all well manned and armed. Early in the morning, February 27th, 1845, Mr. Brooke, Captain Bethune, and Mr. Wise, started for the capital, leaving the *Driver* at anchor off the south-east end of Muanu Island, which lies at the mouth of the river. The soundings were regular until they approached Pulo Cherwin, where they found the channel very narrow, having been partially blocked up to obstruct the advance of an enemy.

They arrived off Pulo Cherwin about noon, and anchored there. This island is connected to the main by a reef of rocks. Continuing their route, in the afternoon they came up with the boat of Panguan Bedrideen and the state barge, bearing the complimentary letter. Joining the procession, the English party pulled slowly towards the capital of Bruni. The river was about half a mile in width; the banks were in parts very lofty, rising sometimes to the height of two hundred and fifty feet, and presently sinking again to fifty. The sides of the river were occasionally perpendicular, in other places sloping gently, and covered either with dense forests, or luxuriant though rank grass. Very few houses were observed as they passed along. A mile and a half below the town was a small fort mounted with five guns. At other points there were said to be batteries with large pieces of ordnance. The course of the river for five miles below the small fort is almost straight; near it, and again at the town, the stream takes a sharp turn. The English observed a fine upas tree growing directly opposite the first range of houses, and near the footpath leading over the hills to the coal formation on the banks of the Kiagge. It was surrounded by the most luxuriant foliage, and beneath the tree was the tomb of a Malay Rajah, and the graves of several chiefs. These last resting places of the natives are marked by two pieces of wood (though occasionally stones are used) from one to two feet in height, and placed two or three feet apart. The earth over the grave is raised a few inches, and supported by four narrow boards, so as to form a parallelogram. They generally appear very neat. The same custom prevails amongst the people of Macassan, and also among the Bugis; the only difference is, that they more commonly use stone than wood.

At four o'clock, P.M., the boats anchored near the Sultan's palace, and were saluted with twenty-one guns placed in battery on the banks of the river. Having hastily dressed, the members of the Mission proceeded to the Hall of Audience, which is about sixty feet in length, by thirty in breadth. The central portion of the floor is elevated above the rest, and seems at night as a sleeping place for a small body of men who act as a guard. At the further end of this elevation stands the throne, which resembles a Chinese bed-stead covered with a canopy. The foot-stool, about a yard and a quarter wide, is composed of a large plank of black ebony, which is very plentiful in this part of Kalamantan. Pillars rise from the sides of the raised platform, which serve to support a canopy of cotton cloth. The Sultan's house is built on piles, so that when the tide rises, the water reaches within a foot of the floor, which is so inartistically made, that the stream may be seen beneath through openings at least an inch in width. Even in their rooms at the Mission House, whenever the tide rose higher than usual, the English were in constant dread of being flooded; and this was also the case in the palace—for the place that is dignified by that name is not much better in its appointments than the houses of Panguans. It is altogether a very poor building, particularly if compared with that of the Sultan of Temate; the latter, however, receives a Dutch pension, which enables him to live in greater style than his neighbours.

Having arrived at the Hall of Audience, our countrymen found the Sultan seated on the throne under the carved canopy, and surrounded by his principal Rajahs, and also by bodies of armed men. Muda Hasim sat at the foot of the throne, whilst his brother Bedrideen, having met the British at the steps, conducted them to the Sultan, who received them with affected indifference; indeed, throughout the whole interview, he appeared to take little notice of the proceedings, either through false notions of dignity, or through a natural inaptitude for business. This lethargic manner may be partly accounted for by his having been shut up nearly all his life with his women and slaves. The custom of his country prevents him from going out unless in state, and attended by a numerous train. His look would denote that he had some Arabian blood in his veins, having more the appearance of a Caucasian than a Malay.

Muda Hasim opened the silk packet containing the complimentary letter and the translation, the latter made by Budueen, and very beautifully copied by Pangeran

Ishmael, another brother of the chief minister. The document having been read in public, a royal salute was immediately fired. Mr. Brook with his party then withdrew, each member of the mission shaking hands with Omar Ali Saipudeen and the principal Rajahs. The flags and decorations of the Audience Chamber, added to the varied colours of the dresses of State worn by the several Rajahs and persons present, gave an animated appearance to the scene; and, judging from Mr. Brook's descriptions of other receptions he had met with, every circumstance of respect attended the delivery of Her Majesty's letter.

Some American travellers who visited Bruni a few years before had several interviews with the Sultan and Muda Hasim. The latter appeared a little embarassed when he received their first visit, but he endeavoured to imitate, as far as possible, our European manners, and was consequently awkward and constrained. He however made tea for them, and showed his proficiency in civilized manners by not presenting them with betel. After sitting with his guests some time, he proposed that they should visit Omar Ali, and promised to accompany them. Two boats having been called, they were rowed to the Sultan's residence. Having mounted a ladder, they found themselves near the door of a dimly-lighted hall, on the floor of which a number of men were fast asleep. Passing this entrance they were shown into a small verandah furnished with a bamboo settee, a few chairs, and a mat. Having given them sufficient time to admire the splendour of the apartment, the Sultan made his appearance. Being of a very inquisitive disposition, he fatigued his visiters with questions, and appeared extremely anxious to learn their names and residences, and also what business had brought them into those parts. Having at length been satisfied, he offered them tea and betel. He detained them so long that it was nearly daylight before they were conducted to their beds, which they found to consist of a common mat and pillow, with the addition of a rug spread over them. The Malays were exceedingly anxious to behold the foreigners lie down to rest, and several visited them for the express purpose. Muda Hasim came to see if they were comfortable, and then took his leave.

When the British Mission had retired, the assembled multitude quietly withdrew, and two chiefs accompanied them to the house selected for their residence. The pinnace returned to the ship, and the cutter and gun-boat anchored in the river, abreast of the house in which the Mission resided. It was an edifice built like the rest of this extraordinary city, on piles of wood, with the water flowing beneath. The number of boats passing up and down the river was very great, and the population of the town appeared to be considerable. The inhabitants are principally Malays, professing the Mahommedan religion; and, as is usual in those countries, whose intellect is swayed by the prophet, the women are confined at home. The principal Panguans possess large harems. The Sultan has above one hundred fair tenants in his house, while Muda Hasim contented himself with eighty. None but the wives of the poor are seen about the streets. There are but few Chinese, perhaps on the whole not thirty; formerly they were much more numerous, but continued oppression, and the insecurity of life and property, have contributed to drive them from their favourite haunt. Some of those that have remained have become Mahommedans. There was a few years back a rich Parsee merchant, who carried on a great trade. It is reported that there are no Arabs in Bruni, although two or three hundred are called *Hajë*, from having visited Mecca as pilgrims. Great respect and deference are always shown to these holy men. The few Dyaks who frequent the town come generally from the neighbouring hills for the purpose of barter, or to bring the small tribute due to the Sultan. The population may exceed twenty thousand. According to some, there are about three thousand boats in use in the town.

The first night was passed by our countrymen in some degree of uncertainty and distrust, their position being by no means very secure. The town was full of chiefs hostile to Muda Hasim, and, of course, inimical to the English. These Panguans were striving to obtain an influence over their sovereign Omar Ali. There can be no doubt that their principal object in endeavouring to remove Muda Hasim was to break off his negotiations with the English, as they well knew, that if a good understanding was come to with the British Government, all chance of continuing their piratical pursuits would be thrown overboard.

Mr. Brook had obtained a complete influence over Muda Hasim, Bedrideen, and the principal chiefs of his party; but they themselves acknowledged that their majority was very small. The situation of the English was by no means enviable; for Omar Ali might easily be worked upon to commit any atrocity. Muda Hasim's enemies, although they were not at present in sufficient force, contrived afterwards to obtain the consent of the Sultan to his murder, and that of his brother. It was this fearful assassination that led to the late operations of Sir Thomas Cochrane.

So great was the insecurity, that one of the Mission wrote at the time:—"I hope all will go well; but our return to the ship I shall hail with great satisfaction; there we are in security—the anchorage is excellent, the scenery very magnificent, and our *point d'appui*, Pulo Labuan, within view. These people (the Bornians) are not, in my opinion, sufficiently advanced in civilization for Europeans, even in the same character of members of a friendly mission from a foreign power, to treat with, except with an imposing force. The quarrels of the chiefs I look upon as no addition to the safety of our position; and, although thirty Englishmen may do wonders if attacked, yet the prospect is by no means cheering."

They were, however, undisturbed that evening. It rained heavily during the night; and when they rose in the morning, everything appeared fresh; the scenery around was very beautiful, a fine river running between moderately-high hills, clothed with verdure and trees, with the country around partially cleared for cultivation. The town consisted of about three thousand houses, built on piles ranged along either bank, within a short distance of the shore. The dwellings of the Sultan and the different chiefs are each distinguished by their respective banners, which produced a good effect, and assisted to enliven a very extraordinary scene. The poor people crowded around the English, anxious to barter provisions for empty bottles, bits of iron, and other trifles. It is a remarkable fact, that whatever these people seek after, either to beg or purchase, they always prefer strength to fineness. They are the most importunate beggars for

all sorts of wearing apparel, and luxurious articles of food, but not for money; for neither gold nor silver is much known there as a coin, pieces of iron being used instead.

About noon the Mission visited the Rajah Muda Hassim, and delivered to him his share of the presents brought by Captain Bethune, consisting of a handsome box with a musical bird, and a pair of six-barrelled pistols. They then proceeded to a private audience with the Sultan, and found him surrounded with a few slaves, and seated in an arm chair, under the verandah of his private dwelling. His betel and tobacco were near him. When the gold box, with the musical bird, was first presented, he affected the utmost indifference at the sight of the beautiful toy, but his curiosity soon broke through the stiff rules of oriental fashion, and he had it wound up repeatedly, reiterating his unbounded astonishment each time the bird sang.

On March 1st, the trade was formally opened by beat of gong, and prices were partially settled. An English brig was anchored off Paleo Chemain, and the master was anxious to obtain a cargo. The next day (Thursday), divine service was performed at the mission-house. After which Bedrideer and other Panguans visited the Mission, and represented the necessity of the English interfering to protect Bruni against Sheriff Osman, who, alarmed at the idea of Muda Hassim's seeking an alliance with the English, was making hostile preparations in conjunction, as it was supposed, with Pangeran Usop, who was at that time present in Bruni.

On the following day, some of the gentlemen took a walk over the hills. The appearance of Bruni from these heights is very irregular and picturesque. Its site has been chosen with great judgment, it being admirably adapted for defence and convenience. Moreover, the scenery around is of the utmost beauty. The town is divided by the river, having a broad channel between the different portions, while at high water it appears a city of canals. However, when the tide is out, the back houses cannot be approached by boats, but are reached by walks along the verandahs of the different buildings, which are usually connected by platforms. The river, when the tide was up, appeared to be about two-thirds of a mile in breadth, and extended in one broad sheet of water, on either side of the city. It is navigable, as far as the town, for the largest junks, which were formerly seen in great numbers anchored off the different merchants' warehouses in various streets. The houses are built in a very primitive fashion. The roofs and sides being made of palm leaves, and occasionally of boards, the latter, however, are seldom employed, as the Borneose have no means of making them but by hewing. Bamboos are scarce around, and are, therefore, but little used.

On searching about near the Kiauggi Sheun, they discovered several veins of coal. Some specimens were taken back with them, which proved, on trial, to be of excellent quality. From the appearance of the hills, they had no doubt that there were extensive coal fields near. In the course of their walk they entered a Kadayan village, but found only the women who were left in charge of the huts. The Kadayans are very hospitable; they are said to be a totally distinct race from the Malays. They are Mahommedans, however, and speak the same language, and there is very little apparent difference between them and the other inhabitants of Bruni. Their houses are built in the woods, and very little cultivation could be discovered around. There were some pepper gardens about, but the unsettled state of the country has prevented the proper care being taken with the cultivation of that valuable article of commerce. There were, however, numerous very fat and fine looking cows and goats feeding on the pastures. The utmost luxuriance appeared around, and the walks through the forests were magnificent.

In their rambles they observed the sago tree in profusion; it is a palm, resembling the gomuli, in size and proportions, and also in the shape of its trunk, while the large leaves upon the top are like those of a cocoa-nut. The sago forms the principal article of food among numbers of the inhabitants of the Archipelago, particularly towards the eastern islands. There is no vegetable production that can equal it, in the quantity it produces to the acre. Taking a low average, and supposing that the trees are fifteen years coming to their proper size, it is well known that eight thousand pounds of good food may be reckoned on per annum. The pine-apple grows almost wild, and yet reaches a high state of perfection. The camphor-tree was also observed. One in particular, with a trunk at least eighteen inches in diameter; it rose upwards of sixty feet before it put forth its branches.

March 4.—Intelligence reached Bruni that great preparations were making by Pangeran Osman to attack the capital. He gave out that he was most anxious to measure his strength with the British. The news threw the court into a state of alarm, as several of the most powerful chiefs attendant on Omar Ali were said to be in secret correspondence with the pirate. What amused the Mission excessively, was to hear the Sultan boast of what he would do, if the Ellannus dared to attack him. He endeavoured to impress on the English present, that he was not at all afraid, although he acknowledged that he had no war boats, that his forts were out of repair, and that the allegiance of his followers was very doubtful.

But yet as long as our countrymen remained near him, he felt that he was safe. The presence of the English in our new settlement, off the mouth of the river, will now render him perfectly secure as long as he remains faithful to his engagements. Muda Hasim expressed himself as very anxious to obtain the friendship of our Government, and offered to cede any quantity of territory to us, in order to insure our presence near him. Poor fellow! he little merited his dreadful fate.

March 5.—The Mission departed, having first cautioned Muda Hasim to follow implicitly the advice given him, and to disregard the threats of Sheriff Osman, or any other adversary, and also to feel assured that the British Government had every disposition to afford him protection. He appeared much affected at parting, and embraced the English with great feeling. They then left Bruni in the gun boat, and having fired a salute of twenty-one guns, dropped down the river. They were attended by Bedrideen. On the following morning they landed on Pulo Chermin, and found some veins of excellent coal. Proceeding onwards they reached H. M.'s S. *Driver*.

March 7.—Bedrideen having taken his leave in order to return to Bruni, H. M.'s S. *Driver* started for Labuan. The gentlemen of the Mission landed on that small island

and found a cleared space of about fifty acres. They walked through the island, and discovered that it was in every way suited for a settlement and commercial *entrê pot*. The water is good, timber of the finest quality in great plenty, the situation central, being about 1000 miles from Hong Kong, 650 from Manilla, the capital of the Philippines, 980 from Bankok in Siam, 500 from Cochin-China, 700 from Singapore, and 340 from Sarawak. It lies in the high road for ships proceeding to and from China. Labuan possesses, moreover, what is of the greatest importance,—we refer to the coal which has been discovered on the island. This, together with the safe harbour, named Victoria Bay, has no doubt had its influence on the Government, and induced them to select it as the site of a British settlement.

It may not be uninteresting to add a few words on the state of Bruni. It is in practice as in theory a pure despotism—that is, when the Sultan has sufficient energy to take advantage of his situation. Now, however, as the throne is filled with so weak a man, the chief power is exercised by the principal minister. For many years Muda Hasim wielded an almost undisputed authority; now that he is no more, the Panguans possess great influence over the royal mind. The revenues are principally derived from presents, and partially from traffic and labour of the Sultan's slaves. The length of coast nominally subject to Bruni is about 560 miles, and the population may be about 250,000, but it is impossible to calculate with any certainty. Agriculture is in a very low state, but there can be no doubt that our little settlement at Labuan will give it such an impetus as to raise the standard of cultivation. In manufactures, the Borneans have exhibited some skill; their knives are very elegant and of a superior temper, and their brass cannon are very fine specimens of native art. It is said that large quantities of the Chinese brass coins have been melted down to make these pieces of ordnance, and that they cost several thousand dollars. On the whole, however, the Borneans may be considered as very backward in the scale of civilization, and that they require something to arouse them from their state of lethargy, and that impulse they are sure to receive by the introduction of British Capital and British Industry.

THE DEATH OF THE POET.

BY MRS. CHARLES TINSLEY.

"One more unfortunate,
Weary of breath."—THOMAS HOOD.

KEEP them closed, the curtained windows
Feebler grows the aching sight;
With his brother-bard* he saith not,
"Light, Lord! yet more light!"
But for rest from anguish free,
Prayeth he unceasingly.

The strong human pulse is throbbing,
Fearfully, for others yet;
She, his tried one, spirit-stricken,
Hath the deep glance met,
Of his earnest, loving eyes;—
"Take him, Lord—he hardly dies!"

Tend him kindly ere he leave us—
Stern has earth been through the past;
Let him think that mercy groweth
In its wastes at last!—
Late, alas! such truth to own,
Save for them he loves, alone.

Look with reverence on him, dying,
Bowed—not with the weight of years,
But with keen thoughts left to quicken
In his heart's hot tears!
Noble growths these yet shall reach,
Though a life-pulse stopped with each.

Cool the pale brow's haunted fever,
Gorgeous dreams were his of old;
Rife with radiant shapes, whose glory
Time may not unfold;—
Haply on the better shore
He may greet these shapes once more.

Clasp the hand, now damp and powerless;
It was freely stretched to all,
Willed to own the brotherhood,
Binding great and small;
Hand and heart have struggled well,
Coming years of both shall tell.

Softly tread! a solemn moment
Draweth slowly, surely, on;—
Now one more immortal spirit
From our midst is gone!
But the noble heart and mind
Leave rich treasure heaps behind.

Taking what thyself enricheth,
Let not man thy counsel be,
"Leave to Christ his little ones;"—
Christ has left them *thee!*
Be with Him, the good, the just,
A worthy sharer in this trust!

TO B 16, NIGHT POLICEMAN.

SPEAK B 16, and tell me true,
How dost thou pass the night,
Clad in that coat of coarsest blue,
And cape of oil-skin bright?

What dost thou think of in thy walk
Along the gloomy street?
Dost list the midnight straggler's talk
That come across thy beat?

Or dost thou curse the pelting storm,
And shiver in the wind—
And think it must be nice and warm
Within yon lit-up blind?

Dost listen to the cheerful hum
Where that snug party meet,
Whose merry laugh and voices come
Into the silent street?

Dost wonder if the drunken chap,
That just went reeling past,
Will in the kennel take his nap,
Or stagger home at last?

Or dost thou think how sweet a kiss
That housemaid gave to thee,
Or that the cold meat warn't amiss
From number twenty-three?

Or dost reflect on thy past life
How wickedly 'twas led—
Or thinkest thou of thy faithful wife
And children warm in bed?

Or thinkest, on thy return, to find
Their stock of food all gone?
(Policeman loquitur)
I think of nothing of the kind—
Move on, young man, move on. T. D.

* Goethe

LITERARY REGISTER.

The Life and Adventures of Zamba, an African Negro King; and his Experience of Slavery in South Carolina. Written by himself. Corrected and Arranged by Peter Neilson. London: Smith, Elder, & Co. 1847.

This volume purports to contain the autobiography of a Negro Slave, with whom the Editor, Mr. Neilson, was personally acquainted during his residence in Charleston. Notwithstanding the air of truth that pervades it, some readers will have doubts as to its genuineness. The narrative has undergone extensive alterations and corrections in the hands of Mr. Neilson, who has introduced some things, omitted others, and nearly re-written the whole. The father of Zamba was the king of a small territory on the banks of the river Congo, about two hundred miles from the sea; the metropolis of which was a village consisting of only about ninety huts, and the royal palace. King Zembola lived in a state of savage grandeur, and exercised despotic power over his subjects. He had a regular standing army amounting to forty men, but on an emergency he could muster, at a day's notice, altogether about one hundred and fifty fighting men. He was a wholesale dealer in slaves, and supplied the slave ships which went to that part of Africa, with their living cargoes. To procure them he, every now and then, went upon a distant expedition for the purpose of capturing prisoners, for sale.

With this redoubtable personage an American slaver, Capt. Winton, traded for many years, to their mutual profit. He had brought fine furniture for the palace, the audience chamber of which was furnished with handsome chairs and tables, the walls being adorned with many fine prints, and a map of London. He also gave Prince Zamba, when a boy, a large violin, and a barrel organ; but what was of more consequence, he not only taught him to speak English and to read, but gave him a Bible. In a war expedition against a brother king, named Daroola, of the Kormontu tribe, Zamba's father was killed, and Zamba became king in his stead. He was at this time only seventeen years of age. Returning home with 130 prisoners, he afterwards married Zillah, daughter of King Daroola, whom he had saved from the uplifted cutlass of one of his men, and who is thus described:—

"Zillah appeared to be about a year or so younger than myself. She was tall and exceedingly graceful, her countenance, though its features were somewhat of the African cast, was beautiful, and her figure might vie in elegance, colour excepted, with the finest models of ancient sculpture. She wore massive gold rings in her ears; a necklace of very large pearls, mixed with gold and coral beads, adorned her neck, and solid bracelets of gold of African manufacture, and rings of the same metal, encircled her wrists and ankles. I have little doubt but these jewels would have brought £1000 in Europe."

Zamba's disposition was pacific, and although he kept up his standing army to its former complement, he compelled his warriors to cultivate small plots of land which he gave them, or spend their time in hunting, fishing, or searching for gold dust.

During the first year after his marriage he had collected as much as an hundred weight of gold dust, the greater part of which he exchanged with traders for European goods. Having a great desire to visit civilized countries, he expressed a wish to Captain Winton, on one of his arrivals, to accompany him on his return voyage to America. The Yankee trader took advantage of his simplicity, and prevailed on him to put on board much of his most valuable property. He embarked with thirty-two prisoners, whom he intended to sell as slaves, about thirty pounds of gold dust, and about two hundred doubloons in gold coin. Captain Winton accommodated him with a handsome stateroom, and they sailed from Congo on the 1st October, 1800. During the voyage he was treated with all the respect which the Captain had been wont to yeild to him; but towards its conclusion, as he lay in his berth, he overheard a conversation between Captain Winton and his chief mate, in which the former declared it to be his intention to sell King Zamba with the other negroes, of whom there were altogether four hundred and twenty-two on board, as soon as the ship arrived at Charleston, and possess himself of all his property. Zamba's conduct on this occasion showed considerable presence of mind:—

"At the breakfast table next morning," he says, "I endeavoured to command my feelings, so as that my countenance might appear as usual; but Captain Winton remarked that something was the matter with me. I told him I was suffering much from headache. 'Oh, Zamba,' said he, 'I know well enough what is the matter with you; you have been dreaming about Africa and your young wife; but keep up your heart, boy, you will find plenty of pretty wives in Charleston. And, by the bye, Zamba, you will there see what you have never seen before, that is women called mulattoes, half white and half black—very pretty girls I assure you; they will be ready to snap at a king of such property as you.' But I was in little humour for language of this sort. After breakfast I said that I wanted to bathe my head with vinegar, and lie down for a while; and Winton making no objection, I retired shortly afterwards to my berth. In the course of the afternoon I contrived to conceal about thirty of my doubloons, by sewing them in betwixt the lining of various articles of my clothing; I also put a little gold dust away in the same manner, but only amongst my coarse clothes, as I looked for nothing less at this cruel captain's hands than to have my fine clothing taken from me. I also stowed away about two pounds weight of gold dust in each of a pair of stockings, which I thrust carelessly into a pair of shoes."

On their arrival at Charleston King Zamba was sold to a Mr. Naylor, an auctioneer, who treated him well. One of his clerks, a young Scotchman, named Thomson, became greatly interested in the poor betrayed negro, taught him to write and count, and gave him much religious and other instruction. Zamba's lot was more fortunate than that of many of Afric's sable race, ruthlessly torn from their homes and country, and sold into slavery. He gives a very favourable account of the appearance of many of his countrymen and countrywomen at Charleston, both bond and free, but the picture has its dark side; and he relates various anecdotes of the inhuman treatment of domestic slaves by their masters and mistresses, and of the atrocities of Carolina planters.

Having placed all the property which he had contrived to save from the clutches of Captain Winton, in the hands of his owner Mr. Naylor, Zamba was allowed by that gentleman seven per cent. interest for the use of it.

In April, 1803, he discovered among a cargo of slaves on board a ship that had arrived from the river Congo, his wife Zillah, who had been carried off by two men while walking one day in a secluded place on the banks of that river. Zamba's master also purchased Zillah, and in 1807 he had regular free papers made out for them both. As long as he remained in Charleston, however, he allowed them to reside in their former position in his own house, but when, on retiring from business, he went to another State in 1819, he had a regular account current, made out from the commencement, and after allowing interest and annual wages to Zillah and her husband, he paid the latter over every penny he was due to him. Zamba then took a small shop, and continued for some years to carry on a limited trade. For the last twenty years, he tells us, he has lived in retirement, improving his mind, and devoting part of his time and means to acts of charity. Zamba and Zillah joined a methodist church, and were regularly married. His betrayer, Capt. Winton, lost all his ill-gotten gains by unsuccessful speculations, and at last turned a gambler and drunkard. In his distress he was relieved by Zamba, who, by a curious coincidence, was present when he was shot in a duel with one of his gambling friends, some time after.

Zamba's manuscript was forwarded through a white gentleman of Charleston interested in his history, to be published in this country. By the laws of South Carolina any one rash enough to print, or offer for sale, the production of a negro, or any work written on behalf of his oppressed race, subjects himself to a ruinous penalty; while the author, especially if coloured, would be exposed to all the fury of an insulted and excited mob. The volume contains a well-drawn up account of the City of Charleston, and of the various negro conspiracies against the whites. We have few books written by native negroes, and the personal details in this volume would have been all the more interesting, had the style, instead of being so much elaborated, preserved as far as possible, the artlessness and simplicity of the author's manner.

HISTORY OF THE SIKHS, VOLS. 1 & 2. *

BY W. J. M'GREGOR, M.D.

The first of these volumes contains a summary of Sikh History to the days of Runjeet Singh, and a life of that remarkable man, whose feats on the Indus equalled those of Mehemet Ali on the Nile. The second volume is occupied principally with the details of the great campaign which terminated in the overthrow of the Sikh power, and the subjection of Lahore. The author is a medical officer, who, we understand, visited the Court of Runjeet Singh long previous to the death of that monarch. A portion of his work is engaged in the discussion of subjects connected with the medical service of the East—the only portion, and a small one—not of general interest. The first volume is a compilation, to a considerable extent, down to the later period of Runjeet Singh's reign. The Sikhs rose originally as a religious sect; and it is rather remarkable that the tenets of their founder were strictly pacific. Their prophet was a man of higher character, purer thoughts, and of conduct in every way superior to Mahomet, the root of the Mussulmans. It does not even appear that Nanuk, the founder of the Sikhs, at any time claimed more honour or respect than that due to a teacher. He did not profess to be endowed with miraculous gifts. The doctrines taught by him were those of a pure Deism. The ends aimed at were purity of life, simplicity of manners, and innocence of conduct towards each other. Nanuk's creed, in many moral matters, strongly resembles that of George Fox. He was equally opposed to war, placed the same high value on human life, and, in his circumstances, with his limited knowledge, promulgated a very remarkable system of morals and religion. It may be even questioned whether any man emerging from society in a rude and corrupt state, without revelation, ever struck out a sublimer faith. The philosophers of the ancient world acted together in schools, and were influenced and encouraged by a generous rivalry; while they never reached a point of moral and religious knowledge so near to truth as that gained by the lonely teacher of the Punjaub.

We extract the following particulars of the genealogy, the life, and principles of this very remarkable man:—

"Secta was here delivered of two sons, one of whom she named Loh, and the other Kusseo. When arrived at manhood, these became wealthy men, and each built a city, to which he gave his own name: that of the elder being Lahore, and the younger Kussoor, both of which remain at the present day: the former being the capital of the Punjab, and the latter exhibiting traces of an extensive city, about twelve miles from Ferozepore.

"The descendants of Loh and Kussoo continued to possess Lahore and Kussoor; but after a long series of years, when Kulrao was king of Lahore, and Kulput was king of Kussoor, the latter raised a large army, and made war upon the former, whom he vanquished, and took possession of Lahore, expelling Kulrao from the Punjab. Kulrao, after his defeat and flight, took refuge in the Dekhan, with Amrit, king of that country. The king treated the fugitive with great distinction and kindness, bestowed his daughter on him in marriage, and at his death left him heir to his kingdom. By this princess Kulrao had a son, named Sodee Rao, who succeeded his father. He made conquests in Hindostan, and became a great king. One day his wuzeer told the Sodee Rao, that 'though king of so many countries, his proper kingdom was the Punjaub, from which his father had been expelled by Kulput, and was never able to return and regain his kingdom.' Sodee Rao, on hearing this, collected a large army, and set out for Lahore. He engaged his uncle in battle and defeated him, driving himself and all his children out of the Punjaub. After this he ascended the throne of Lahore.

"Kulput, after his defeat, became a wanderer on the face of the earth, and at length reached the holy city of Kassir, known in modern times by the name of Benares. It was then, as now, the great resort of learned Hindoos, and here Kulput began to study the books of the Hindoo religion, called 'Béds.' While thus employed, he found a passage which stated that 'tyranny was a great sin, and so long as a man exercised it he had no right to expect mercy.' Reflecting on this sentence, and considering that he himself had behaved as a tyrant to his brother, in making war on and dethroning him, he resolved on going to Lahore and asking the forgiveness of Sodee Rao for the tyranny he had practised towards his father.

"On reaching Lahore he sought an interview with Sodee Rao, and began reading the Béds to him. On hearing the third Béd, Sodee Rao relented, and, embracing his uncle, said, 'You ask forgiveness, which I grant, and as a reward for your reading the Béd to me, I will give you my kingdom, and as a beggar will wander in the jungle.'

"Kulput replied—'You are a good man, Sodee Rao, and though my descendants may be Goorees and rulers,

* London: James Madden.

yet yours will eventually enjoy their rights and privileges, and become great sirdars and kings.'

"Sodee Rao, on hearing these words, took his departure, and Kulput became, once more, king of Lahore. From the circumstance of his being a reader of the Béds, he was surnamed Bédee. His descendants were named Bédees; and Nanuk being one of them, was called (Nanuk) Bédee. This tribe continued to be Gooroos until the time of Ram Dass, who was the first Gooroo of the Sodee tribe, and hence named (Ram Dass) Sodee.

The Sodees are numerous at the present day about Muckawal, and on this side the Sutlej, at Macheewarah, which, in fact, belongs to two sirdars of the Sodee tribe. It is difficult to reconcile this story of Loh and Kussoo with the Mussulman account of the Punjab. Either it is altogether fictitious, or the descendants of Loh and Kusoo must have reigned in the Punjab long anterior to the Mussulman dynasty; but then it is equally difficult to explain the circumstance of Nanuk being a descendant of Kulput Bédee, unless we suppose that the dynasty descended from the family of Kulput to the time of Putturugepal, the last Hindoo king of the Punjab. The records of Jeipal, Annudpal, and Putturugepal, are so scanty, excepting as regards their contentions with the Mussulmans, that we know nothing of their private history, and, for want of a better explanation of the terms Bédee and Sodee, we must suppose that Nanuk was a lineal descendant of Kulput, and Ram Dass equally so of Sodee Rao.

"Nanuk's intellect was precocious. At the early age of four, he was sent to the village school, the master whereof was a Deist; and wishing to inculcate the same principle in his youthful scholar; but the boy, to his great astonishment, instead of yielding implicit credence, inquired of the teacher 'What proof he could give of the existence of a God?' Such a question naturally inspired the man with a wish to know more of his scholar; and on making inquiry, he was told that Nanuk was the gift of a fukeer. On hearing this, the schoolmaster renounced the world and became a fukeer himself. As Nanuk advanced in years, he became partial to fukeers, dividing his property amongst them; and though he wanted proof of the existence of a Deity in his boyhood, he soon became a firm believer in one.

"His partiality to the fukeers led him often into serious scrapes with his father. One is related by Malcolm, Nanuk having received a sum of money from his father to purchase salt at one village, in order to sell it in another, happened on the road to fall in with some fukeers, with whom he wished to commence a conversation; but they were so weak from want of victuals, which they had not tasted for three days, that they could only reply to the observations of Nanuk by bending their heads, and other civil signs of acquiescence.

"Nanuk, affected by their situation, said to his companion, 'My father has sent me to deal in salt with a view to profit; but the gain of this world is unstable and profitless; my wish is to relieve these poor men, and to obtain that gain which is permanent and eternal.' His companion (Bala Sandhu) replied—'Thy resolution is good; do not delay its execution.' Nanuk immediately distributed his money to the hungry fukeers, who, after they had gained strength from the refreshment which it obtained for them, entered into a long discourse with him on the unity of God, with which he was much delighted. His father did not at all approve of this mode of laying out his money; and though his sister Nanukee interceded, Nanuk no doubt, was punished. His father used the utmost endeavours to turn the attention of his son to worldly matters; and with this view built a shop for him at Sultanpore, in the Bist Jalindhur, and furnished it with various articles of merchandise; but instead of turning them to any account, he bestowed the whole on fukeers. Failing in his object by this means, his father insisted on his marrying, thinking, no doubt, that this step would cause him to renounce his wandering life. He was, accordingly, married at Wittala; but he speedily left his home, and went to the jungle in search of fukeers; and wherever he heard of them, there he proceeded. Nanuk had now publicly become one of them; and his natural talents, though still a boy, soon won for him a high place among them. He became a teacher at the early age of eleven years, and had followers; among the rest, Murdana, a musician, who afterwards attended him in his travels; and from being a Mussulman, became a convert to the tenets of Nanuk. Two other of his followers are celebrated: the one, named Boodha, and the other, Lehna. To these Nanuk taught his doctrines, which were those of pure Deism.

Nanuk endeavoured to conciliate, or reconcile, both Hindoos and Mussulmans, by forbidding the former to worship images and idols; while he deprecated the intolerance of the Mussulmans to the Hindoos; and, above all, forbade the slaughter of the cow—an offence which is to this day visited by the severest punishment among the Sikhs; the loss of life being often the penalty incurred for killing the animal.

"The precepts of Nanuk were those of peace with all mankind; and he inculcated an abhorrence of war among people, believing in God, on whom his firm reliance was placed for every thing; and, acting on this principle, he was regardless of worldly matters, and divided everything he had with his fellow-creatures.

"On the whole, Nanuk's tenets evince a zealous desire to remove all the abuses and idolatries of the Hindoos, and the intolerance of the Mussulmans.

"Nanuk's time was spent in offering praises to God in poetical effusions; and he made no distinction between Hindoos and Mussulmans. The poems of Nanuk are celebrated. He traversed Hindostan and Scinde, and, according to some authors, visited Mecca. He appears to have been a match for the Moollahs, as the following anecdote, related by Malcolm, will show;—'How darest thou, infidel,' said the offended Mahomedan priest, 'turn thy feet towards the House of God?' 'Turn them, if you can,' said the pious but indignant Nanuk, 'in a direction where the House of God is not,'

"Nanuk did not deny the mission of Mahomet, though he reprobated his oppressive cruelty and intolerance to the Hindoos, and, above all, the slaughter of the cow; for these crimes he believed the prophet had justly died. Nanuk considered himself a successor to Mahomet; and that he was destined to restore, by his example, precepts, and writings, the whole of mankind to the worship of God. He urged the Hindoos and Mussulmans to read their Scriptures, and obey the doctrines taught there. But, while inculcating faith in one supreme Deity, and offering their praises to him alone, he did not forget that good works were equally incumbent; and that to these tenets of faith and works they should look for mercy, and it mattered little to what caste he belonged."

"The peaceful tenets inculcated by Nanuk, form a pleasing contrast to the present warlike and quarrelsome habits of the Sikhs; but the cause of this change will be manifested in the sequel.

"Towards the latter part of his life, Nanuk dwelt on the banks of the Ravee, and established his family there. He had two sons; the one named Suchmee Doss, and the other Sree Chund; the former became a man of the world. He had two sons, whose descendants remain at the present day. Sree Chund was a fukeer, and from him are descended the Oodasee fukeers."

"Nanuk's precepts for the guidance of his followers are contained in the "Grunth," or Holy Book of the Sikhs. It was begun, and the first part of it written, by Nanuk and his immediate successors. This part is named Adi Grunth, to distinguish it from the second portion, composed exclusively by the great reformer Gooroo Govind, Nanuk's successor. This second part is accordingly named the 'Dasuma Padshah ka Grunth,' or 'Book of the tenth King.'"

The following summary of Nanuk's doctrines is also taken from Dr. M'Gregor's work:—

"The Grunth is written in the Goomooki character, 'a modified species of the Nagari.' It is placed in the holy temple of Umritsir, and constantly referred to in all matters by the Sikhs. Though the followers of Nanuk were forbidden to worship or pay homage to any object but the Supreme Deity, they have so far forgotten his

precepts as to bestow adoration on his own name. He is considered a saint by them, and they pay him divine honours, addressing him in their prayers as their saviour and mediator; and, until his tomb was washed away by the Ravee, the Sikhs made pilgrimages thereto.

"The simplicity and purity of the doctrines taught and inculcated by Nanuk were the means of drawing towards him many who had troubled themselves but little with the complicated structure of the Hindoo religion, polluted, as it had become, by the worship of images and idols. Nanuk at once directed their attention to the one-existing Supreme Deity, who was endowed by him with the great attributes of omniscience, omnipresence, and omnipotence. He it was who knew all their actions, and their innermost thoughts; He it was who was ever present through space and time; the only Immortal: all others perished and were lost! Nothing was created without Him, and what men viewed with awe and wonder, emanated from His omnipotent hand. All the events which occurred were regulated by His presence, and every gift bestowed on man was supplied by His bounty. No place was without His presence. 'Turn my feet,' said Nanuk, 'to where the house of God is not'—showing clearly that the mind of the teacher was deeply imbued with the great truth, that all space was filled with Him. The most insignificant animal that crawled on the earth, the least complicated flower that decked the face of the desert, were alike the work of the same Divine hand that formed the elephant and wide-spreading banian tree! Trusting to this bountiful Being, Nanuk despised all worldly riches, unless in so far as they served to relieve his fellow creatures; and charity to all mankind was one of the precepts which he was induced to preach to his followers, next to devotion to the Deity. The life of a fellow creature was sacred in his eyes, for the same breath was breathed into them all by the Almighty, and was only to be taken away by Him. Murder, war, and discord, whereby the lives of men were sacrificed, he deprecated; and cruelty and intolerance were held in abomination by him, as heinous sins.

"The doctrine of a fall of man, by a first act of disobedience to the will of his Creator, was not admitted by Nanuk: he held that nothing was needed but a pure and holy life to insure happiness; grounded as such must be in a belief of the Deity ever present to watch man's actions. After all, Nanuk's was an imperfect code of religion, and finite in its application; but such as it was, there are many professing Christians whose creed is equally limited."

The Sikhs have always reverenced the memory of Nanuk since the period of his teaching, towards the close of the fifteenth century, although they soon forgot his most important precepts. His most influential successor from his death to the days of Runjeet Singh was Govind Singh, who to his religious, added also a very considerable military, character. He, unlike Nanuk, seems to have been more at home in fighting than teaching; and, while the Sikhs still professed to follow the faith of Nanuk, and had even raised him to a superhuman dignity in their estimation, they followed, without the slightest compunction, the exciting and ambitious path in which their warrior-chieftains led them on. Runjeet Singh's talents and shrewdness preserved the Sikhs for a time from destruction, by saving them from the fate on which, after his death, they madly rushed. There can be no doubt that Delhi, in the first instance, and Calcutta, in the second step, were the proposed destinations of the Sikh army when they crossed the Sutlej. Several of the Sirdars may have understood better than their followers the character of the enemy whom they volunteered to encounter; the difficulties of the way, and their own comparative strength to cope with them. It is even hinted that some of the leading men were willing to consign a troublesome army to destruction in the desperate invasion of British India; but the great body of the Sikh soldiers considered success certain, and the conviction may partly account for the fierceness of their onset, and the immense slaughter that preceded their repulse.

The state of the native Indian army must always be a subject of great interest in this country, for we presume that the Indian empire rests on its efficiency and fidelity. From the tone of this author we believe that his remarks may be considered impartial, and his experience is such as to give weight to his opinions. The following extract gives a rather favourable view of the spirit prevalent in that service:—

"We have endeavoured to show the spirit which actuated the Khalsa troops in their attempt to spread their conquests over Hindostan; and it now seems proper to inquire whether the native portion of the British army was likely to have opposed a firm resistance to the Sikhs.

"The victories gained in India by a Clive, an Ochterlony, and an Adams, showed that the native troops of their days were, at least, a match for any power opposed to them. The men were steady, brave soldiers, obeying implicitly the orders of their European officers, between whom and the men the freest intercourse existed. The officer commanding a company knew every sipahee personally, while the commanding officer of the regiment was so associated with the interests and welfare of his men as to be looked up to with a species of filial reverence. The position of affairs is somewhat changed. The bonds which united the native soldier to his officer have been sundered. The means whereby the former was made to look with esteem and respect on his commander no longer exist, for the independent power of the latter has been curtailed, and the sipahee is drilled and taught the mechanism of the art of war, without an attempt being made to enlist his feelings in the cause. He consequently takes but little interest in the service, and looks upon it as a means of present livelihood and future comfort. Many officers in the native army do not know even the names of their *native* officers, (the Subedars, Jemadars, &c.); and a wide chasm has separated the two classes.

"When a dislike to any particular duty arises, it spreads throughout the whole ranks: it is in vain that the commanding officer urges his men to a sense of their obligations; they are sulky and sullen, and refuse to obey officers whom they hardly know except by name. We need only instance the unruly spirit which prevailed in the corps that mutinied in 1843, and which, in spite of every exertion on the part of their officers, refused to march to Scinde until the presence of two European regiments threatened their very existence.

"No body of officers can excel in zeal and energy those of our native army in India, but they cannot, under the present state of interference with the internal management of their regiments, calculate with certainty on those strenuous exertions, and that determined courage which marked the sipahee of former times. The mounted branch of our army, called the regular cavalry, is not now composed of men sprung from a race of warriors. Many of them are persons of low caste, whose fathers and brothers are the cooks and table-attendants of the officers, and it not unfrequently happens that the latter swell the ranks of a light cavalry regiment. We look in vain for the gallant Rajpoot and high caste Mussulman, who formerly displayed such courage and daring in the hard fought fields of Indian warfare. Their officers, indeed, are the same gallant men who formerly led them to the charge, emulating in every respect the European officer at the head of his countrymen, but they have not the same material to work at. How is it, then, that the irregular cavalry are said to excel the regular in effectiveness? They are officered from the classes of Englishmen who command regular cavalry, but the horses of the latter are of a better stamp. The regulars have not, it is true, the same amount of cloth and trappings about them, and are armed with a sword intended merely for a thrust, while the irregulars are in possession of a strong heavy weapon,

capable, when properly wielded, of doing great execution. Nevertheless there is another vast difference existing between the regular and irregular cavalry; the latter possess in their ranks men of high caste and family, who are accompanied to the field by young relatives, who do their utmost to imitate them. This spirit of emulation does not exist in the regular cavalry, every man does what he considers his duty, and no more. In Affghanistan, one of our regular cavalry corps refused to charge the Affghan horse, even when it was certain from the very weight of its horses to overthrow the enemy! The advantage of charging *en masse* has not yet been fully impressed on the native cavalry; they still trust to their individual exertions, which, in the absence of effective weapons, can achieve but little. Could the regular native cavalry be brought to believe that a dense and compact body of well-trained horsemen will bear down undisciplined troopers, less reliance would be placed in individual power, and the full advantage of a body of dragoons might be realised. In *some* regular Native cavalry corps, a proper impression prevails (as witness the 1st Bengal regiment in Affghanistan, the 3d at Allewal, the 5th at Moodkee, and the 9th at Meeanee) but it is far from being universal. In the battle of Moodkee, the loss in the European infantry and cavalry was great as compared with that sustained by the Native branch of the service, and we endeavoured to reconcile such a marked difference, by supposing that the Sikhs took more deadly aim at the former, without for an instant doubting that both were equally exposed. The effect, however, produced on both branches of our Native army at that hard-contested fight was somewhat to shake their courage, and it could not be denied that, previous to the battle of Feerozshuhur, a fear prevailed that, opposed to formidable batteries, our Native infantry might waver, and our regular Native cavalry might shrink from charging guns, or even the squares of Sikh infantry.

"Such a feeling was industriously suppressed, however, if ever entertained, by the Commander-in-Chief and Governor-General. The Native troops marched with alacrity to Feerozshuhur; but a resistance there awaited them which they could not have anticipated, and which certainly caused the wavering of the best troops Europe could produce. The Sikhs defended their entrenched camp with a spirit which even European intrepidity could not at once overcome; and if a less-courageous bearing were manifested by the Native troops, it should be remembered that they had not acquired that contempt for an enemy which the European entertains: their highest aim was to follow and emulate him.

"When entering, therefore, the field of Feerozshuhur, some doubted whether the Native character for bravery was equal to the approaching struggle; but the hopes of all were buoyant, and it was soon to be proved to what extent the Native soldier could be trusted.

"Thus, on the setting-in of the night of the 21st December, were the European infantry regiments placed in the enemy's camp, having captured a portion of it, while the Sikhs occupied the rest; their cavalry and infantry moving about throughout the whole night, harrassing and firing on the British who were bivouacked. A large Sikh gun was brought up close to the British, and its contents discharged, but so near that the grape could not spread itself, and the men and officers thus escaped, while the chargers of the latter were knocked over, even when their masters were holding the rein while lying on the ground. On another occasion, while the 50th and other European soldiers and officers were lying on a tent and on the ground, a battalion of Sikhs passed and deliberately fired into the midst of them; but, strange to say, with little or no effect! this was a fearful position to be in; and from the intervals, between the European infantry regiments and the Native brigades with them, being left vacant, there was no possibility of forming a line or acting in concert; portions of one regiment got mixed up with more of another in the entrenchment, and in the darkness of night could not retain their respective positions. If a regiment had attempted to move right or left in search of another, the Sikh guns were sure to be directed to the spot; and where the 50th bivouacked, Sir Harry Smith, with admirable prudence, forbade a shot to be fired in return for any that might be directed against his position. The white covers were taken off the caps, which served as marks for the enemy, and every means adopted for keeping the men out of the hostile fire. The gallant soldiers, who had at the point of the bayonet captured the batteries of the Sikhs, were thus glad to actually conceal themselves under the darkness of night. It was not flight, but as near an approach to it as can be well conceived; and no wonder if at this time the Governor-General of India felt the precarious position of the troops. Never in the annals of warfare in India had matters attained such a threatening crisis. The European infantry alone could now support him, and he knew well what their daring bravery had accomplished at Plassy, Bhurtpore, and Ghuzni. In this action 'the reserve was brought up by Sir Harry Smith, and seized another portion of the position, while the 3d dragoons charged and took some batteries; yet the Sikhs remained in position, and in possession of a considerable portion of the quadrangle.'

"We see that though Gilbert's division drove everything before it, and though Sir Harry Smith followed up with equal success, yet the Sikhs persisted in keeping their position. On the left, where the Feerozopore force was engaged, under the command of Sir John Littler, the fire was so terrific, that her Majesty's 62nd regiment was unable to make good their charge, and were ordered to retire; at least this is the explanation of those who ought to know best, and it does not follow that though one portion of an entrenched camp be carried, all the rest can be so. There was a half-moon battery at the right corner of the Sikh position which played with deadly effect on the 62nd, and against which they could not stand; had they formed a portion of the centre division, there is little doubt but the 62nd would have done their part well, and emulated their brave countrymen in capturing the batteries. It unfortunately happened that Sir John Littler, in his private despatch, intended solely for the Commander-in-Chief, used the words 'panic struck' as applicable to his regiment, and attributed the irresolution on the part of the Native regiments in his division as arising from the example of the 62nd.

To complete the estimate of the capabilities of the Indian army, there is another passage which we should also copy. The first sentences refer to the unfounded rumour respecting the conduct of the 62d, H.M.S., in the Sikh fights—a regiment that seemed to have been most severely cut up:—

"Whether, as their own Brigadier stated, the regiments had received an order from himself to retire from a position which they could not carry without the risk of being annihilated; or whether this check was a necessary consequence of the insurmountable obstacle opposed to them, the loss in men and officers attests that the efforts of both were great, for we find that this gallant regiment had no fewer than 7 officers killed and 10 wounded; while among the soldiers of a weak regiment in numbers, there were 76 killed and 154 wounded, a greater number in both grades than fell to the lot of any other European regiment. Both the Governor-General and Commander-in-Chief did everything in their power to re-assure the regiment that its well-known character for bravery was fully borne out; and it is to be lamented that an occurrence should have happened which could ever have rendered it a matter of doubt.

"As a contrast to the killed of the 62nd, let us see what the list of the other five Native regiments exhibited. We find the number of casualities scarcely amounted to half that of the 62nd in rank and file; while not a single European officer belonging to the five regiments was killed; and the whole number of their wounded European officers little more than equalled that of the 62nd regiment alone. We do not for an instant wish to draw any invidious comparison between the European officers of the Native army and those of her Majesty's service; but we may rely upon it, that the list of killed and wounded among these is a good proof that they and

their men were in a position of danger, and that both suffered equally. The fact, as regards Feerozshuhur, cannot be concealed. The Native infantry were not equal to the work. If it were otherwise, how came it that the capturing of the guns became the work of the European infantry and European cavalry? How did it happen that, long ere the European infantry found themselves in the intrenched camp, the Native regiment connecting them with one another had disappeared? They did not, perhaps, run away, but they did what, in effect, proved much more injurious; they hung back, lost their proper distances, and, instead of being side by side with the European soldiers, they got behind them, and fired, often accidentally killing or wounding the latter. So far as the result of the battle of Feerozshuhur is concerned, it would have been far more eligible to have formed the whole European force into one line, and left the Native regiments in reserve, and at such a distance as to prevent the consequence of their ill-directed, though well-meant, fire. This point may be disputed by those partial to the Native soldier; and, had it been mooted before the campaign with the Sikhs, the supposition we have advanced would have been spurned: but facts have proved the truth and justice of our statement. It is well known that the European officers had the greatest difficulty in getting their men to advance, and that many threatened to cut them down. On the night of the 21st the fate of India depended on the continued bravery of the European infantry. Had the battle commenced early in the day, and with the troops fresh, and not fatigued by a long march and want of water, the conduct of the native troops would certainly have been far different: and we have heard regrets uttered by even themselves to the effect that they could do nothing—'*Psujasa aur bhook se murjata*'—'I am dying for want of water and food'—and concluded by a downcast look and shrug of the shoulders—'*Hum kya kurne sukta!*'—'I am good for nothing.' Those who do not know the Native character may smile at our endeavours to extenuate their want of a combative spirit; but with those who know how incompetent a Native is to do anything without his water and food, the excuse will go far to prove that we have not attached too much weight to these circumstances. A native knows none of the stimulating and exciting effects of wine, beer, or spirits. The European soldier can exist, it is true, without either, and be a robust, courageous individual: but the energy of the native is paralysed when he cannot procure water; his physical strength and courage give way in its absence. A European soldier, on the other hand, suffering from thirst, finds a mouthful of rum sufficient to quench it, more effectually than perhaps a gallon of water; and this was verified on the night of the 21st, at Feerozshuhur. Those who were dying of thirst, and loathed the taste, or even the smell of the soldier's rum, were speedily obliged to own its magical effect in moistening their parched lips, and restoring the energy of mind and body. Fortunately, the causes which we have assigned for the apparent want of spirit and purpose, on the part of the Native soldier, were afterwards tested at Sobraon; where many Native corps charged side by side with the European regiments, and with a gallantry equal to that of their brethren in arms. This, it is hoped, will act as a warning to commanders, in all future battles, not to call upon the Sipahee to fight on an empty stomach. So well are the Sikhs aware of the baneful effects of such privations on the Natives of British India, that in all their wars they have invariably endeavoured to entrench themselves in a position where water is scanty: and the tact which Gooroo Govind exhibited when fighting against the Mussulmans, at Moogutsir, in the desert of the Hissar district, was as strong a case in point as that furnished by the Kulsa troops, in 1845, under Sal Sing and Tej Singh. Though far outnumbering the army of the Gooroo, the Sikhs got possession of the only water then procurable, and the Mussulmans consequently fled, and many died."

The conduct of the Indian army is, on the whole, without a parallel in history. There is no similar case where a people brave, and, with water and rice, indefatigable, have consented to fight the battles of their invaders, and sustain foreign influence on their swords. There is presumptive evidence in the circumstance, that the natives find the British sway, with all its blemishes, less onorous than the governments under which these parties lived or than those of the native princes around them.

With the Sikhs we are likely to have intimate, perhaps too close, relations for the time to come; and therefore Dr. M'Gregor's volumes, although hastily written, have a considerable value, were it merely from the circumstance that they form the only regular account that we have, out of the newspapers, of these terrible battles that introduced our armies into Lahore.

TANCRED. 3 VOLS. 8vo.*

By Benjamin D'Israeli, M.P.

Tancred was announced two months ago, and published six weeks since. We did not see the work soon enough to notice it in April. Now it is too late. Tancred has been read by one half of the novel readers of the day, and by a great many persons who do not generally attend to works of fiction. Two or three days after its publication, we noticed a copy in a circulating library in London, and expressed some surprise that Tancred should be apparently at a stop amongst the circle of readers. "Why, sir, its bespoke six times over," said the librarian; "we subscribed for a dozen copies, and I think we must take other twelve." The work had not been a month in the field, when a second edition was announced. A second edition of a three-volume novel, in something less than four weeks—a book that has no illustrations, no attractive points except its staple, the text. There is nothing to be gained by reviewing a work of this description. The public have pronounced upon it. The author, clearly, could not be put down; with all his exclusive Hebrew notions—and occasionally they are offensive—he is fixed in the public mind as a great novelist, and they will read his works.

Another reason might apologise for omitting a review of Tancred—it is half finished only. There must be other three volumes, and a short period must elapse before they can appear; for the third brings matters closely up to time; and that is a dangerous experiment in romancing. There is little difficulty in concocting a good romance a century backwards or forwards; because in the one case the public will not, and in the other they cannot pay any attention to your dates and facts; but it is a bold undertaking to make the hero of a romance figure in the present day, and fight battles, as it were, under the very nose of the reporters for the press, and correspondents for the London Journals: battles which they have never seen or heard of, although they occurred—say in the month of July last—that is bold, and of difficult management. Then, in dates so recent, people are apt to make keys—keys to Coningsby, keys to Tancred—and a writer's most intimate friend may cut him in the park, if he forbear cutting him in any more dangerous way, on the supposition that he has been placarded in the last novel as Lord Milford, Lord Valentine, or some other disreputable character.

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* London: Henry Colburn.

In this particular work, we have met some fine passages—many smart passages—and some few that are neither one nor other; while there is an obvious incoherence and apparent want of object in the volumes; arising, perhaps, from the story being half told. The first volume commences with a dissertation on cooks and cooking, which seems to have little or no connexion with the subject, though it is spun out unreasonably.

Tancred is the son of the Duke of Bellamont, and is permitted the title "Marquis of Montacute." The Bellamonts are a great country family, with broad lands, and the county representation: they once had several boroughs,—to be lost by the Reform Bill. The Duke of Bellamont is a quiet country squire put in a duke's place, and the Duchess is a cousin of her husband's from the north of Ireland, a puritan and a pietist, whose relaxations consisted in Bible Society meetings, and meetings of the Society for the Conversion of the Jews—at which Mr. D'Israeli seems to sneer—though is he not a converted Jew? The puritan and pietist opinions of the Ulster lady seem, however, to have conduced much to the usefulness and respectability of the Bellamont family; and the Duke and Duchess, because they were not exactly pleased with the conduct of the fashionable world, and very well pleased with themselves, were "exclusives" amongst the aristocracy, and lived like hermits in the country, by which "the people" on the estates, and the Marquis of Montacute—that is Tancred—were no losers.

The history of the second rise of the Montacute family is thus given: a piece of good political gossip "founded on fact":—

"The Duke of Bellamont was a personage who, from his rank, his blood, and his wealth, might almost be placed at the head of the English nobility. Although the grandson of a mere country gentleman, his fortunate ancestor, in the decline of the last century, had captivated the heiress of the Montacutes, Dukes of Bellamont, a celebrated race of the times of the Plantagenets. The bride-groom, at the moment of his marriage, had adopted the illustrious name of his young and beautiful wife. Mr. Montacute was by nature a man of energy and of an enterprising spirit. His vast and early success rapidly developed his native powers. With the castles, and domains, and boroughs of the Bellamonts, he resolved also to acquire their ancient baronies and their modern coronets. The times were favourable to his projects, though they might require the devotion of a life. He married amid the disasters of the American war. The King and his Minister appreciated the independent support afforded them by Mr. Montacute, who represented his county, and who commanded five votes in the House besides his own. He was one of the chief pillars of their cause, but he was not only independent, he was conscientious, and had scruples. Saratoga staggered him. The defection of the Montacute votes, at this moment, would have at once terminated the struggle between England and her colonies. A fresh illustration of the advantages of our Parliamentary constitution! The independent Mr. Montacute, however, stood by his Sovereign; his five votes continued to cheer the noble lord in the blue ribbon, and their master took his seat and the oaths in the House of Lords, as Earl of Bellamont and Viscount Montacute.

"This might be considered sufficiently well for one generation; but the silver spoon which some fairy had placed in the cradle of the Earl of Bellamont was of colossal proportions. The French Revolution succeeded the American war, and was occasioned by it. It was but just, therefore, that it also should bring its huge quota to the elevation of the man whom a colonial revolt had made an earl. Amid the panic of Jacobinism, the declamations of the friends of the people, the Sovereign having no longer Hanover for a refuge, and the Prime Minister examined as a witness in favour of the very persons whom he was trying for high treason, the Earl of Bellamont made a calm visit to Downing Street, and requested the revival of all the honours of the ancient Earls and Dukes of Bellamont in his own person. Mr. Pitt, who was far from favourable to the exclusive character which distinguished the English peerage in the last century, was himself not disinclined to accede to the gentle request of his powerful supporter; but the King was less flexible. His Majesty, indeed, was on principle not opposed to the revival of titles in families to whom the domains without the honours of the old nobility had descended, and he recognised the claim of the present Earls of Bellamont eventually to regain the strawberry-leaf which had adorned the coronet of the father of the present Countess. But the King was of opinion that this supreme distinction ought only to be conferred on the blood of the old house, and that a generation, therefore, must necessarily elapse before a Duke of Bellamont could again figure in the golden book of the English Aristocracy.

"But George the Third, with all his firmness, was doomed to frequent discomfiture. His lot was cast in troubled waters, and he had often to deal with individuals as inflexible as himself. Benjamin Franklin was not more calmly contumacious than the individual whom his treason had made an English peer. In that age of violence, change, and panic, power, directed by a clear brain, and an obdurate spirit, could not fail of its aim; and so it turned out, that, in the very teeth of the royal will, the simple country gentleman whose very name was forgotten, became, at the commencement of this century, Duke of Bellamont, Marquis of Montacute, Earl of Bellamont, Dacre, and Villeroy, with all the baronies of the Plantagenets in addition. The only revenge of the King was that he never would give the Duke of Bellamont the garter. It was as well, perhaps, that there should be something for his son to desire."

The manner in which the Duke and Duchess of Bellamont passed their time in town, was considered "out of society" by the world of the clubs, although they were very high people indeed, "meeting with Royalty" alone:

"After Easter, Parliament requiring their presence, the court-yard of one of the few palaces in London opened, and the world learned that the Duke and Duchess of Bellamont had arrived at Bellamont House from Montacute Castle. During their stay in town, which they made as brief as they well could, and which never exceeded three months, they gave a series of great dinners, principally attended by noble relations, and those families of the county who were so fortunate as to have also a residence in London. Regularly every year, also, there was a grand banquet given to some members of the royal family by the Duke and Duchess of Bellamont, and regularly every year, the Duke and Duchess of Bellamont had the honour of dining at the palace. Except at a ball or concert under the royal roof, the Duke and Duchess were never seen anywhere in the evening. The great ladies, indeed, the Lady St. Julians, and the Marchionesses of Deloraine, always sent them invitations, though they were ever declined. But the Bellamonts maintained a sort of traditional acquaintance with a few great houses, either by the ties of relationship, which, among the aristocracy, are very ramified, or by occasionally receiving travelling magnificoes at their hospitable castle."

"To the great body, however, of what is called "the world"—the world that lives in St. James's Street and Pall Mall, that looks out of a club window, and surveys mankind as Lucretius from his philosophic tower; the world of the Georges and the Jemmys; of Mr. Cassilis and Mr. Melton; of the Milfords and the Fitzherons, the Berners and the Egertons, the Mr. Ormsbys and the Alfred Mountchesneys—the Duke and Duchess of Bellamont were absolutely unknown. All that the world knew was, that there was a great peer who was called Duke of Bellamont; that there was a great house in London, with a court-yard which bore his name; that he had a castle in the country, which was one of the boasts of England: and that this great Duke had a Duchess: but they never met them anywhere, nor did their wives and their sisters, and the ladies whom they admired, or who admired them, either at ball or at breakfast, either at morning dances or at evening *déjeûners*. It was clear, therefore, that the Bellamonts might be very great people, but they were not in "society."

The fashionable world was, of course, piqued with this affectation, as they considered it, and were very desirous to get some knowledge of the mysterious family—the Duke, the Duchess, and their only son. Mr. D'Israeli, in later times, must have collected a personal

with the more aristocratic class of country gentlemen in London. They cheer him, and he "championizes" them in the House of Commons. He is ungrateful if in his book he misreports the character of their conversation; and presuming that he rather leans to "Charity's" side, we cannot say that "Tancred" was a loser by his seclusion from their society.

"'Saw Eskdale just now,' said Mr. Cassilis, at White's, 'going down to the Duke of Bellamont's. Great doings there—son comes of age at Easter—wonder what sort of fellow he is? Anybody know anything about him?'

"'I wonder what his father's rent roll is,' said Mr. Ormsby.

"'They say it is quite clear,' said Lord Fitzheron.

"'Safe for that,' said Lord Milford; and plenty of ready-money too, I should think for one, never heard of the present Duke doing anything.'

"'He does a good deal in his county,' said Lord Valentine.

"'I don't call that anything,' said Lord Milford; 'but I mean to say he never played—was never seen at Newmarket, or did anything which any body can remember. In fact, he is a person whose name you never, by any chance, hear mentioned.'

"'He is a sort of cousin of mine,' said Lord Valentine, 'and we are all going down to the coming of age—that is, we are asked.

"'Then you can tell us what sort of fellow the son is.'

"'I never saw him,' said Lord Valentine; 'but I know the Duchess told my mother last year, that Montacute, throughout his life, had never occasioned her a single moment's pain.'

Here there was a general laugh.

"'Well, I have no doubt he will make up for lost time,' said Mr. Ormsby, demurely.

"'Nothing like Mamma's darling for upsetting a coach,' said Lord Milford. "You ought to bring your cousin here, Valentine; we would assist the development of his unsophisticated intelligence.'

"'If I go down, I will propose it to him.'

"'Why if?' said Mr. Cassilis; 'sort of thing I should like to see once uncommonly—oxen roasted alive, old armour, and the girls of the village all running about as if they were behind the scenes.'

"'Is that the way you did it at your majority, George?' said Lord Fitzheron.

"'Egad, I kept my arrival at the years of discretion at Brighton. I believe it was the last fun there ever was at the pavilion. The poor dear king, God bless him! proposed my health, and made the devil's own speech. We all began to pipe. He was Regent then. Your father was there, Valentine—ask him if he remembers it? That was a scene! I wont say how it ended; but the best joke is, I got a letter from my governor a few days after, with an account of what they had all been doing at Brandingham, and rowing me for not coming down, and I found out I had kept my coming of age the wrong day!'

"'Did you tell them?'

"'Not a word. I was afraid we might have had to go through it over again.

"'I suppose old Bellamont is the devil's own screw,' said Lord Milford. 'Rich governors who have never been hard up, always are.'

"'No; I believe he is a very good sort of fellow,' said Lord Valentine; 'at least my people always say so. I don't know much about him, for they never go anywhere.'

"'They have got Leander down at Montacute,' said Mr. Cassilis. 'Had not such a thing as a cook in the whole county. They say Lord Eskdale arranged the cuisne for them; so you will feed well, Valentine.'

"'That's something; and one can eat before Easter; but when the balls begin ———'

"'Oh, as for that, you will have dancing enough at Montacute; it's expected on these occasions. Sir Roger de Coverley, tenants' daughters, and all that sort of thing. Deuced funny; but I must say if I am to have a lark, I like Vauxhall.'

"'I never met the Bellamonts,' said Lord Milford, musingly. 'Are there any daughters?'

"'None.'

"'That's a bore; a single daughter, even if there be a son, may be made something of; because, in nine cases out of ten, there is a round sum in the settlements for the younger children, and she takes it all.'

"'That's the case of Lady Blanche Bickerstaff,' said Lord Fitzheron. 'She will have a hundred thousand pounds.'

"'You don't mean that!' said Lord Valentine; 'and she is a very nice girl, too.'

"'You are quite wrong about the hundred thousand, Fitz.,' said Lord Milford; for I made it my business to inquire most particularly into the affair; it is only fifty.'

"'In these cases, the best rule is only to believe half,' said Mr. Ormsby,

"'Then you have only got twenty thousand a year, Ormsby,' said Lord Milford, laughing; 'because the world gives you forty.'

"'Well, we must do the best we can in these hard times,' said Mr. Ormsby, with an air of mock resignation. With your Dukes of Bellamont, and all these grandees on the stage, we little men, shall be scarcely able to hold up our heads.'

"'Come, Ormsby,' said Lord Milford; tell us the amount of your income tax.'

"'They say Sir Robert quite blushed when he saw the figure at which you were sacked, and declared it was downright spoliation.'

"'You young men are always talking about money,' said Mr. Ormsby, shaking his head; 'you should think of higher things.'

"'I wonder what young Montacute will be thinking of this time next year,' said Lord Fitzheron.

"'There will be plenty of people thinking of him,' said Mr. Cassilis. 'Egad, you gentlemen must stir yourselves if you mean to be turned off. You will have rivals.'

"'He will be no rival to me,' said Lord Milford; 'for I am an avowed fortune-hunter, and that, you say, he does not care for, at least at present.'

"'And I marry only for love,' said Lord Valentine, laughing; 'and so we shall not clash.'

"'Ay, ay; but if he will not go to the hairesses, the heiresses will go to him," said Mr. Ormsby. 'I have seen a good deal of these things, and I generally observe the eldest son of a Duke takes a fortune out of the market. Why, there is Beaumanoir, he is like Valentine. I suppose he intends to marry for love, as he is always in that way; but the heiresses never leave him alone, and in the long-run you cannot withstand it; it's like a bribe—a man is indignant at the bare thought, refuses the first offer, and pockets the second.'

"'It is very immoral and very unfair,' said Lord Milford, 'that any man should marry for tin who does not want it.'"

Mr. D'Israeli professes to have a political object in his novels; and his politics are of the highest Toryism. He admires, or professes to admire, the political ascendancy of the Aristocracy. He seems to lament even the changes of the Reform Bill; and "Progress" through his works is the great point of his enmity. He wants to retrograde. For a writer of these principles, it must be a sacrifice to paint in such dark and frivolous colours the idle hours—the time when the heart "looks out"—the leisure of the men whose cause he pleads, for whose superiority he toils, and sneers, and waxes eloquent in the Saxons Legislature. Sometimes, indeed, a germ of sympathy with the struggling classes of society may be traced in Mr. D'Israeli's speeches. Is he at heart still a Radical, and these revelations of the core of "Young England," are they satirical? Does the writer move in the brilliant circles of the West to tell the dingy East of all their wild oat sowing?

We pass over the festivities at Bellamont when the Marquis came of age—the offer made to him by his father of a seat for the county — and of her niece as his wife, by his mother, both courteously postponed, which, in the latter case, at least, looks much like rejection, and of Tancred's determination to travel to the Holy Land—an idea that gave rise to all kind of contrivances on the part of the Duke and Duchess, short of an actual exercise of authority, to prevent. Tancred, however, is a man of diseased intellect. He expects a new revelation. He anticipates that at the Holy Sepulchre, or on Mount Sinai, he may meet with that enlightenment which he cannot, or will not, expect out of

Arabia. This is the secret that Mr. D'Israeli has to disclose in the work. No revelation ever came to man except in Arabia; and no human instrument was ever chosen to hear the will of God except one of the Arab race. This is the great object of the book—the exaltation of the Hebrew race. Poor Tancred is made to deplore that his ancestors were "spawned" in the dark recesses of some Baltic forest; and one is apt to think, in reading the work, that the author believes in the Hebrew race having had some superior origin to the rest of mankind. They sprung from Adam, and he was formed out of the red earth in the neighbourhood of Damascus; but the people of this country—"flat-nosed Saxons"—were spawned somewhere on the coasts of the Baltic. Mr. D'Israeli is complimentary; moreover, he is ridiculous. The various efforts made by the Duchess to wean Tancred from his project—not an extraordinary one in the present age—introduce him to the hollow ways of aristocratic life in London, and again they are painted very black. These efforts were all unsuccessful. The pilgrim left on a new crusade, in search of a revelation, accompanied by a physician, a friend of the family, and a Hebrew courier, from the greatest Hebrew house in London. There were no incidents by the way. Jerusalem was safely reached, and here is its description:—

"The broad moon lingers on the summit of Mount Olivet; but its beam has long left the garden of Gethsemene and the tomb of Absalom, the waters of Kedron and the dark abyss of Jehoshaphat. Full falls its splendour, however, on the opposite city—vivid and defined in its silver blazes. A lofty wall, with turrets, and towers, and frequent gates, undulates with the unequal ground which it covers as it encircles the lost capital of Jehovah. It is a city of hills, far more famous than those of Rome: for all Europe has heard of Sion and of Calvary, while, the Arab and the Assyrian, and the tribes and nations beyond, are as ignorant of the Capitolian and Aventine Mounts, as they are of the Malvern or the Chiltern Hills.

"The broad steep of Sion, crowned with the tower of David; nearer still, Mount Moriah, with the gorgeous temple of the God of Abraham, but built, alas! by the child of Hagar, and not by Sarah's chosen one; close to its cedars and its cypresses, its lofty spires and airy arches, the moonlight falls upon Bethesda's pool; further on, entered by the gate of St. Stephen, the eye, though 'tis the noon of night, traces with ease the street of Grief, a long winding ascent to a vast cupolaed pile that now covers Calvary, called the street of Grief, because there the most illustrious of the human, as well as of the Hebrew race, the descendant of King David, and the divine Son of the most favoured of women, twice sank under that burden of suffering and shame, which is now throughout all Christendom the emblem of triumph and of honour; passing over groups and masses of houses built of stone, with terraced roofs or surmounted with small domes, we reach the hill of Salem, where Melchisedeck built his mystic citadel and still remains the hill of Scopas, where Titus gazed upon Jerusalem on the eve of his final assault. Titus destroyed the temple. The religion of Judea has in turn subverted the fanes, which were raised to his father and to himself in their imperial capital; and the God of Abraham, of Isaac, and of Jacob, is now worshipped before every altar in Rome.

"Jerusalem by moonlight! 'Tis a fine spectacle, apart from all its indissoluble associations of awe and beauty. The mitigating hour softens the austerity of a mountain landscape magnificent in outline, however harsh and severe in detail; and, while it retains all its sublimity, removes much of the savage sternness of the strange and unrivalled scene. A fortified city almost surrounded by ravines, and rising in the centre of chains of far spreading hills, occasionally offering, through their rocky glens, the gleams of a distant and richer land!

"The moon has sunk behind the Mount of Olives, and the stars in the darker sky shine doubly bright over the sacred city. The all pervading stillness is broken by a breeze, that seems to have travelled over the plain of Sharon from the sea. It wails among the tombs and sighs among the cypress groves. The palm tree trembles as it passes as if it were a spirit of woe. Is it the breeze that has travelled over the plain of Sharon from the sea? Or is it the haunting voice of prophets mourning over the city that they could not save? Their spirits surely would linger on the land where their Creator had deigned to dwell, and over whose impending fate, Omnipotence had shed human tears. From this Mount! Who can but believe that, at the midnight hour, from the summit of the Ascension the great departed of Israel assemble to gaze upon the battlements of their mystic city? There might be counted heroes and sages who need shrink from no rivalry with the brightest and the wisest of other lands; but the lawgiver of the time of the Pharoahs, whose laws are still obeyed, the monarch whose reign has ceased for three thousand years, but whose wisdom is a proverb in all nations of the earth; the teacher whose doctrines have modelled civilized Europe; the greatest of legislators, the greatest of administrators, and the greatest of reformers, what race, extinct or living, can produce three such men as these!

"The last light is extinguished in the village of Bethany. The wailing breeze has become a moaning wind; a white film spreads over the purple sky; the stars are veiled, the stars are hid; all becomes as dark as the waters of Kedron, and the valley of Jehoshaphat. The tower of David merges into obscurity; no longer glitter the minarets of the Mosque of Omar; Bethesda's angelic waters, the gate of Stephen, the street of sacred sorrow, the hill of Salem, and the heights of Scopas, can no longer be discerned, Alone in the increasing darkness, while the very line of the walls gradually eludes the eye; the church of the Holy Sepulchre is a beacon light.

"And why is the church of the Holy Sepulchre a beacon light? Why, when it is already past the noon of darkness, when every soul slumbers in Jerusalem, and not a sound disturbs the deep repose, except the howl of the wild dog crying to the wilder wind—why is the cupola of the sanctuary illumined, though the hour has long since been numbered, when pilgrims there kneel and monks pray!

"An armed Turkish guard are bivouacked in the court of the church; within the church itself; two brethren of the convent of Terra Santa keep holy watch and ward; while, at the tomb beneath, there kneels a solitary youth, who prostrated himself at sunset, and who will there pass unmoved the whole of the sacred night.

Such is Mr. D'Israeli's description of the hills about Jerusalem by moonlight; but the ancient city has its gossipers. In the divan of a wealthy Jew, idlers discussed Tancred's object in going there. Some said he was the Queen of England's brother come over to sell cottons; but here are their speculations;—

"'So there was a fine pilgrimage last night; the church of the Holy Sepulchre lighted up from sunset to sunrise, an extra guard in the court and only the Spanish prior and two brethren premitted to enter. It must be 10,000 piastres at least in the coffers of the Terra Santa. Well, they want something! it is a long time since we have had a Latin pilgrim in El Khuds.'

"'Yet you have heard what he has done.'

"'And why is this silent Frenchman smoking your latakia,' he continued, in a low voice. 'He comes to Jerusalem at the same time as this Englishman. There is more in this than meets our eye. You do not know the northern nations. They exist only in political combinations. You are not a politician, my Besso. Depend upon it we shall hear more of this Englishman, and of his doing something else than praying at the Holy Sepulchre.'

"'It may be so, most noble Emir, but as you say I am no politician.'

"'Would that you were, my Besso! it would be well for you and for all of us. See, now,' he added, in a whisper,

"'And they say after all that this was not a Latin pilgrim,' said Barizy of the tower.

"'He could not have been one of my people,' said the Armenian, 'or he never would have gone to the Holy Sepulchre with the Spanish prior.'

"'Had he been one of your people,' said Pasqualigo, 'he could not have paid 10,000 piastres for a pilgrimage.'

"'I am sure a Greek never would,' said Barizy, 'unless he were a Russian prince.'

"'And a Russian does not care much for rosaries, unless they are made of diamonds,' said Pasqualigo.

"'As far as I can make out this morning,' said Barizy of the tower, 'it is a brother of the Queen of England.'

"'I was thinking it might be that,' said Pasqualigo, net-

tled at his rival's early information, 'the moment I heard he was an Englishman.'

"'The English do not believe in the Holy Sepulchre,' said the Armenian, calmly.

"'They do not believe in our blessed Saviour,' said Pasqualigo, 'but they do believe in the Holy Sepulchre.'

"Pasqualigo's strong point was theology, and there were few persons in Jerusalem who, on this head, ventured to maintain an argument with him.

"'How do you know that the pilgrim is an Englishman?' asked their host.

'"Because his servants told me so,' said Pasqualigo.

"'He has got an English general for the principal officer of his household,' said Barizy, 'which looks like blood royal, a very fine man, who passes the whole day at the English consulate.'

"'They have taken a house in the Via Dolorosa,' said Pasqualigo.

"'Of Hassan Nejed!' continued Barizy of the tower, clutching the words out of his rival's grasp; "Hassan asked five thousand piastres per month, and they gave it!' What think you of that?'

"'He must indeed be an Englishman,' said Scheriff Effendi, taking his pipe slowly from his mouth. There was a dead silence when he spoke; he was much respected.

"He is very young,' said Barizy of the Tower; 'younger than the Queen, which is one reason why he is not on the throne; for, in England, the eldest always succeeds, except in moveables, and those always go to the youngest.'

"Barizy of the Tower, though he gave up to Pasqualigo in theology, partly from delicacy, being a Jew, would yield to no man in Jerusalem in his knowledge of law.

"'If he goes on at this rate,' said the Armenian, 'he will soon spend all his money. This place is dearer than Stambool.'

"'There is no fear of his spending all his money,' said their host, 'for the young man has brought me such a letter, that if he were to tell me to rebuild the temple, I must do it.'

"'And who is this young man, Besso,' exclaimed the Invisible, starting up, and himself exhibiting a youthful countenance; fair, almost effeminate; no beard, a slight moustache, his features too delicate, but his brow finely arched, and his blue eye glittering with fire.

"'He is an English lord,' said Besso, 'and one of the greatest; that is all I know.'

"'And why does he come here?' inquired the youth. 'The English do not make pilgrimages.'

'that apparently inanimate mass, Scheriff Effendi; that man has a political head, he understands a combination, he is going to smuggle me five thousand English muskets into the Desert. He will deliver them to a Bedoueen tribe, who have engaged to convey them safely to the mountain. There; what do you think of that, my Besso! Do you know now what are politics? Tell the Rose of Sharon of it. She will say it is beautiful. Ask the Rose what she thinks of it, my Besso.'

"'Well, I shall see her to-morrow.'

"'I have done well; have I not?'

"'You are satisfied; that is well."

"'Not quite, my Besso; but I can be satisfied, if you please.'

"'You see that Scheriff Effendi there, sitting like an Afrite—he will not give me the muskets unless I pay him for them—and the Bedoueen chief, he will not carry the arms unless I give him 10,000 piastres. Now if you will pay these people for me, my Besso, and deduct the expences from my Lebanon Loan when it is negotiated, that would be a great service. Now, now, my Besso, shall it be done!" he continued, with the coaxing voice, and with the wheedling manner of a girl. "You shall have any terms you like, and I will always love you so, my Besso. Let it be done, let it be done! I will go down on my knees, and kiss your hand before the Frenchman, which will spread your fame throughout Europe, and make Louis Philippe take you for the first man in Syria, if you will do it for me. Dear, dear, Besso, you will pay that old camel Scheriff Effendi for me—will you not?—and please the Rose of Sharon as much as me!'

"'My prince,' said Besso, 'have a fresh pipe; I never can transact business after sunset.'

"The reader will remember that Sidonia had given Tancred a letter of credit on Besso. He is the same Besso who was the friend, at Jerusalem, of Contarini Fleming, and this is the same chamber in which Contarini, his host, and others who were present, inscribed one night, before their final separation, certain sentences in the panels of the walls. The original writing remains, but Besso, as we have already seen, has had the sentences emblazoned in a manner more permanent, and more striking to the eye. They may, however, be both seen by all those who visit Jerusalem, and who enjoy the flowing hospitality, and experience the boundless benevolence of this prince of Hebrew merchants."

Tancred meanwhile was engaged in making up an acquaintance with Besso's only daughter, in her garden at Bethany. He had wandered uninvited into the kiosk. The sun of Syria was strong. The fountains were alluring. He sat down by one of them, and fell asleep. While he slept, Eva, Besso's daughter, walking in the garden, threw a cloak over the Saxon youth to shield him from the sun; and, when he waked, tho lady was watching by the fountain. It is quite romantic. Instead of sending her servants to turn out the intruder, this Oriental damsel flung a cloak, or a shawl, or something else, over the Saxon's head to guard him from a sun-stroke, and watched beside him while he slept. It is thoroughly romantic this meeting of the Marquis from Yorkshire, and Miss Eva Besso of Jerusalem, at Bethany. What could come of it? We shall see. The parties introduced themselves, and went right into the most important matters, like old friends at once:—

"The path to the right leads to Bethany."

"The force of association brought back the last words that he had heard from a human voice. And can he sleep without seeing Bethany? He mounts the path. What a landscape surrounds him as he moves! What need for nature to be fair in a scene like this, where not a spot is visible that is not heroic or sacred, consecrated or memorable; not a rock that is not the cave of prophets; not a valley that is not the valley of heaven-anointed kings; not a mountain that is not the mountain of God!"

"Before him is a living, a yet breathing and existing city, which Assyrian monarchs came down to besiege, which the chariots of Pharoahs encompassed, which Roman Emperors have personally assailed, for which Saladin and Cœur de Lion, the Desert and Christendom, Asia and Europe, struggled in rival chivalry—a city which Mahomet sighed to rule, and over which the Creator alike of Assyrian kings, and Egyptian Pharoahs, and Roman Cæsars, the framer alike of the Desert, and of Christendom, poured forth the full effusion of his divinely human sorrow.

"What need of cascade and of cataract, the deep green turf, the foliage of the fairest trees, the impenetrable forest, the abounding river, mountains of glaciered crest, the voice of birds, the bounding forms of beauteous animals—all sights and sounds of material loveliness, that might become the delicate ruins of some archaic theatre, or the lingering fanes of some forgotten faith! They would not be observed as the eye seized on Sion and Calvary, the gates of Bethlehem and Damascus, the hill of Titus, the mosque of Mahomet and the tomb of Christ. The view of Jerusalem is the history of the world: it is more, it is the history of earth and of heaven."

"'I was tempted by the first sight of a palm tree to a step too bold, and then sitting by this fountain; I know not how it was'——

"'You yielded to our Syrian sun,' said the lady. 'It has been the doom of many; but you, I trust, will not find it fatal. Walking in the garden with my maidens, we observed you, and one of us covered your head. If you remain in this land you should wear the turban.'"

"'This garden seems a paradise,' said Tancred, 'I had not thought that anything so fair could be found among these awful mountains. It is a spot that quite becomes Bethany.'

"'You, Franks, love Bethany?'

"'Naturally: a place to us most dear and interesting.'

"'Pray, are you of those Franks who worship a Jewess; or of those other who revile her, break her images, and blaspheme her pictures?'

"'I venerate, though I do not adore the mother of God, said Tancred with emotion.

"'Ah! the mother of Jesus!' said his companion, 'He is your God. He lived much in this village, He was a great man, but he was a Jew, and you worhip him.'

"'And you do not worship him?' said Tancred looking up to her with an enquiring glance, and with a reddening cheek.

"'It sometimes seems to me that I ought,' said the lady, for I am of his race, and you should sympathize with your race.'

"'You are then a Hebrew?'"

"'I am of the same blood as Mary whom you venerate but will not adore.'"

"'You just now observed,' said Tancred, after a momentary pause, 'that it sometimes almost seems to you that you ought to acknowledge my Lord and Master. He made many converts at Bethany, and found here some of his gentlest disciples. I wish that you had read the history of his life.'"

"'I have read it. The English Bishop here has given me the book. It is a good one, written, I observe, entirely by Jews. I find in it many things with which I agree; and if there be some from which I dissent, it may be that I do not comprehend them.'"

"'You are already half a Christian!'" said Tancred with animation.

"'But the Christianity which I draw from your book, does not agree with the Christianity which you practise,' said the lady; 'and I fear, therefore, it may be heretical.'"

"'The Christian Church would be your guide.'"

"'Which?' enquired the lady; 'there are so many in Jerusalem. There is the good bishop who presented me with this volume, and who is himself a Hebrew—he is a Church: there is the Latin Church, which was founded by a Hebrew: there is the Armenian Church, which belongs to an eastern nation, who, like the Hebrews, have lost their country, and are scattered in every clime: there is the Abyssinian Church, who holds us in great honour, and practise many of our rites and ceremonies: and there are the Greek, the Maronite, and the Coptic Churches, who do not favour us, but who do not treat us as grossly as they treat each other.'"

Tancred's subsequent doings in Syria are those of a mad enthusiast. He makes a pilgrimage to Sinai, expecting an answer to his mission there; is attacked by the Rechabites whose chief is Eva's grandfather; fights; is wounded; a prisoner; relieved on parole; visits Sinai; returns in fever; is nursed by Eva; and recovers from the use of her wild herbs; scrapes up an acquaintance with a wild Emir of the Lebanon; takes farewell of Eva, who leaves on her journey to be betrothed to one of her tribe, while Tancred departs for the Lebanon; resides with the Emir; plots with him to revolutionise Asia Minor; holds meetings with the chiefs; journies with his friend the Emir to Aleppo; is introduced to Besso, the rich Jew; meets again his daughter and her lover, and departs on a journey to the young Queen of the Ansarey, whom the Emir expects to interest in the revolution of Asia Minor. The Ansarey are not, however, accessible. They live alone, cherishing old customs, and worshipping the old Heathen deities in the midst of the Syrian mountains. The interview between Baroni, Tancred's Hebrew courier, and the agent of the Ansarey in Aleppo, is so amusing, that we quote it:—

"Seated on what may be called his counter, smoking a nargilly, in a mulberry-coloured robe, bordered with fur, and a dark turban, was a middle-aged man of sinister countenance and air, a long hook nose and a light blue eye.

"'Welcome, Effendi,' he said, when he observed Baroni; 'many welcomes! And how long have you been at Esh Sham?'

"'Not too long,' said Baroni; 'and have you been here since my last visit?'

"'Here and there,' said the man, offering him his pipe.

"'And how are our friends in the mountains?' said Baroni, touching the tube with his lips and returning it.

"'They live,' said the man.

"'That's something,' said Baroni.

"'Have you been in the land of the Franks?' said the man.

"'I am always in the land of the Franks,' said Baroni, 'and about.'

"'You don't know any one who wants a parcel of scammony?' said the man.

"'I don't know that I don't,' said Baroni, mysteriously.

"'I have a very fine parcel,' said the man, 'it is very scarce.

"'No starch or myrrh in it?' asked Baroni.

"'Do you think I am a Jew?' said the man.

"'I never could make out what you were, friend Darkush; but as for scammony, I could throw a good deal of business in your way at this moment, to say nothing of galls and tragacanth.

"'As for tragacanth,' said Darkush, 'it's known that no one in Esh Sham has pure tragacanth except me; as for galls every foundling in Syria thinks he can deal in afis, but is it afis of Moussoul Effendi?'

"'What you say are the words of truth, good Darkush: I could recommend you with a safe conscience. I dreamed last night that there would be many piastres pass between us this visit,'

"'What is the use of friends, unless they help you in the hour of adversity!' exclaimed Darkush.

"'You speak ever the words of truth. I am myself in a valley of dark shadows. I am travelling with a young English capitani, a prince of many tails; and he has declared that he will entirely extinguish my existence, unless he pays a visit to the Queen of the Ansarey.'

"'Let him first pay a visit to King Soliman in the cities of the Gin,' said Darkush, doggedly.

"'I am not sure that he will not, sometime or other,' replied Baroni, 'for he is a man who will not take nay. But now let us talk of scammony,' he added, vaulting on the counter, and seating himself by the side of Darkush; 'one might get more by arranging this visit to your mountains than by enjoying an appalto of all its gums, friend Darkush; but if it cannot be, it cannot be.'

"'It cannot be.'

"'Let us talk then of scammony. You remember my old master, Darkush?'

"'There are many things that are forgotten but he is not one.'

"'This capitani with whom I travel; this prince of many tails, is his friend. If you serve me now, you serve also him who served you.'

"'There are things that can be done, and there are things that cannot be done.'

"'Let us talk then of scammony. But fifteen years ago, when we first met, friend Darkush, you did not say nay to M. de Sidonia. It was the plague alone that stopped us.'

"'The snow on the mountain is not the same snow as fifteen years ago, Effendi. All things change!'

"'Let us talk then of scammony. The Ansarey have friends in other lands, but if they will not listen to them, many kind words will be lost. Things also might happen which would make every body's shadow longer. But if there be no sun their shadows cannot be seen.'

"Darkush shrugged his shoulders.

"'If the sun of friendship does not illumine me,' resumed Baroni, 'I am entirely lost in the bottomless vale. Truly, I would give a thousand piastres, if I could save my head by taking the capitani to your mountains.'

"'The Princes of Franguestan cannot take off heads,' observed Darkush. "All they can do is to banish you to islands inhabitated by demons.'

"'But the capitani of whom I speak is prince of many tails, is the brother of Queens. Even the great Queen of the English, they say, is his sister.'

"'He who serves Queen's may expect backsheesh.'

"'And you serve a Queen, Darkush.'

"'Which is the reason I cannot give you a pass for the mountains, as I would have done fifteen years ago, in the time of her father.'

"'Are her commands then so strict?'

"'That she should see neither Moslem nor Christian. She is at war with both, and will be for ever, for the quarrel between them is beyond the power of man to remove.'

"'And what may it be?'

"'That you can learn only in the mountains of the Ansarey,' said Darkush with a malignant smile.

"'Baroni fell into a musing mood After a few moments thought he looked up and said—"What you have told me friend, Darkush, is very interesting, and throws light on many things. This young prince, whom I serve, is a friend to your race, and knows well why you are at war both with Moslem and Christian, for he is so himself. But he is a man sparing of words, dark in thought, and terrible to deal with. Why, he wishes to visit your people, I dared not inquire, but now I guess, from what you have let fall, that he is an Ansarey himself. He has come from

a far land merely to visit his race, a man who is a prince among the people to whom piasters are as water. I doubt not he has much to say to your queen. Things might have happened that would have lengthened all our shadows; but never mind, what cannot be cannot be; let us talk then of scammony.

"'You think he is one?' said Darkush in a lower tone, and looking very inquiringly.

"'I do,' said Baroni.

"'And what do you mean by one?' said Darkush.

"'That is exactly the secret which I never could penetrate.'

"'I cannot give a pass to the mountains,' said Darkush, but the sympathy of friends is a river flowing in a fair garden. If this prince, whose words and thoughts are dark, should indeed, be one——could I see him Effendi?'

"'It is a subject on which I dare not speak to him,' said Baroni. 'I hinted at his coming here: his brow was the brow of Eblis; his eye flashed like the red lightning of the Kamsin.—It is impossible! What cannot be done, cannot be done. He must return to the land of his fathers, unseen by your queen, of whom he is perhaps a brother; he will live, hating alike Moslem and Christian; but he will banish me for ever to islands of many demons.'

"'The queen shall know of these strange things,' said Darkush, 'and we will wait for her words.'

"'Wait for the Mecca caravan!' exclaimed Baroni. 'You know not the child of storms, who is my master, and that is ever a reason why I think he must be one of you. For had he been softened by Christianity, or civilized by the Koran, ——'

"'Unripe figs for your Christianity and your Koran!' exclaimed Darkush. 'Do you know what we think of your Christianity and your Koran?'

'No,' said Baroni, quietly. 'Tell me.'"

"'You will learn in our mountains,' said Darkush.

"'Then you mean to let me go there?'

"'If the queen permit you,' said Darkush."

Permission was granted for the travellers to proceed. They went on their way; met the Queen; visited her idol gallery; and were making progress in their negotiation, when her Majesty was pleased to take a fancy for Tancred, and was disposed to make him King of the Ansarey—an honour which, at the same time, the Emir desired for himself. So he whispered to the Queen that the Queen of England's brother was insane, or nearly; betrothed to a Jewess, whom he wanted to place on the throne of Syria; and this Jewess was Eva. Unfortunately, Eva, journeying with her father, the person to whom she was to be betrothed, and a Turkish guard, met the Ansarey;—a combat ensued, the Turks were defeated, Besso was wounded, and Eva taken prisoner. She was handed over to the Queen, and in the end sentenced to die, because Tancred loved her. The Emir had, however, been indebted to her father, and felt obliged to rescue the lady. Tancred was left alone, and made General-in-Chief of the Ansarey. In that capacity he fought a battle with the Turks, and gained a brilliant victory; and having gained it, ran off; escaped to Jerusalem; met with Eva in the kiosk at Bethany again, and at evening and alone. They had undergone many adventures since they met there first. It was natural to speak of them, and natural to go farther. They had just come to a full and perfect understanding on their position, when—

"At this moment a shout was heard, repeated and increased; soon the sound of many voices and the tramp of persons approaching. The vivid and brief twilight had died away. Almost suddenly it had become night. The voices became more audible, the steps were at hand. Tancred recognised his name, frequently repeated. Behold a crowd of many persons, several of them bearing torches. There was Colonel Brace in the van; on his right was the Rev. Mr. Bernard; on his left Dr. Roby. Freeman and Trueman and several guides and native servants were in the rear, most of them proclaiming the name of Lord Montacute.

"'I am here,' said Tancred, advancing from the kiosk, pale and agitated. 'Why am I wanted?'

"Colonel Brace began to explain, but all seemed to speak at the same time.

"The Duke and Duchess of Bellamont had arrived at Jerusalem."

So the third volume closes, and we are left to guess the consequences; though we trust that Eva lost not her own heart and her lover's hand; for the young Jewess is the finest character in the work.

What is Religion? The question answered. By Henry Colman. London: Chapman Brothers.

We *hope* Mr. Colman means well by this discourse; but we take leave to *doubt* it. It is the substance of what he seems to have held forth, on Sunday, September 27th, 1846, at the New Gravel-Pit Chapel, Hackney, near London, "for the first time," as he says, "in his life, and, in all human probability, for the last." Mr. Colman is not, therefore, a regular preacher, and perhaps merits the application of the admonition, *ne sutor ultra crepidam.* His wish, he alleges, is "to aid, in a very humble way, the cause of universal forbearance and charity." But it seems to us that he sets to work exactly in the way that Swift accuses those people of doing, who, under the name of weeding out prejudices, would attempt to eradicate virtue, morality, and religion. We should regret to do Mr. Colman any wrong; but it is ominous of something not quite orthodox to find him taking for his motto, from an anonymous author, who is probably Mr. Colman himself, such a sentence as this: "People will not believe that it is possible to be religious without *a* religion." Does Mr. Colman believe so? We are led to think he may be so absurd, for we see that in his notes he ventures to assert that "if Christianity exist only where the name of Christ is acknowledged, its extension is limited indeed." We should doubt if Mr. Colman knows anything about Christianity.

Christendom and Heathendom: or Sound and Sense. An Allegory. London: Olliviere.

As we are somewhat at a loss how to characterize or even to describe a work which has been pointed out to our special attention, it may save the reader's time to say, in few words, that here the opinions and doctrines found in the singular lucubrations of Mr. Urquhart, and in the mysterious publication named the *Portfolio*, are promulgated in substance, but in a new form. Without pretending to disguise or deny the sins and shortcomings of Christendom, we cannot, however, believe that the sun moves from west to east, or is likely soon to do so.

Free Thoughts on Protestant Matters. By the Rev. T. D. Gregg, M.A. Second Edition. Dublin: Curry & Co. 1847.

This is a second edition of Mr. Tresham Gregg's book, for he boasts of having already disposed of 1200 of a first impression. That it is devoted to advocate "the adoption of a policy by the State which may involve the ascendancy of the Established Church," is scarcely sufficient to account for this amount of popularity "within the year of its appearance;" for Mr. Gregg himself admits that what he terms "the alteration in the British Constitution caused by the repeal of the Test and Corporation Acts and the Bill of 1829, whereby," he says, "Roman

Catholics, and Dissenters from the Church of all sorts, have been admitted to a participation in the government of the realm," have rendered it "totally vain to expect" this exploded consummation. Neither do we suppose the fame of the publication before us to be greatly derived from its dedication to Mr. Benjamin D'Israeli, M.P., in the somewhat forlorn hope that *he* "may tend to avert impending ruin, and guarantee, at the same time, the integrity of the Empire, the safety of the Crown, and the well-being and happiness of the people." Mr. Gregg gives in his adhesion to Mr. D'Israeli "for his triumphant exposure of *the apostate Minister* who, in preferring a base expediency to sacred principle, has not only betrayed the cause of truth but given a shock to public morality!" This amusing dedication is a fair sample of the whole context.

Memoir of the Rev. Henry Francis Cary, M.A. By his Son. In two vols. London: Edward Moxon. 1847.

If Cary were not acknowledged to be the most free translator of Dante, he must be regarded as the most faithful. We hardly know if any translation ever came up so closely to its original as Cary's Dante. The reproduction of a work so comprehensive, necessarily presupposes literary training and accomplishments of the highest order on the part of the translator: and the literary student, who asks for a model of study, will rejoice to learn that the literary journals and correspondence of this great scholar are included in the two volumes of biography, which the filial piety of the Rev. H. Cary, of Worcester College, Oxford, has prompted him to produce. The literary journals evince certainly astounding monuments of persevering study—quite such as we would expect in the translator of Dante. But, in addition to the hard-earned literary character of this excellent man, his correspondence, embodied in the Memoir, establishes the fact of his possessing the most amiable qualities of heart and gentleness of disposition.

Key to the Questions on Generalities. By G. M. Sterne. London: Longmans.

We think the "Questions on Generalities" very likely to be useful as a book of exercises; although we object precisely to what the critics, for the most part, praise—its generality. Miss Sterne has derived the idea of the work from practical experience in her school. Practical experience is the best possible source of improvement. But we rather fear that generalities of all sorts are too frequently the specious forms which instruction in ladies' schools assumes. And, strange to say, while we should have thought rather better of ladies' schools for the invention displayed by Miss Sterne in getting up a set of questions even on "Generalities," six or a dozen of which being given to the pupil to answer in writing within a week, stimulates individual research in the proper books supplied for the purpose, we think rather worse of the matter since we have seen the lady's *Key* to the "Generalities" in question. We do not, for instance, think the following oracular response altogether a model for composition:—

"Alfred possessed qualities far more noble than those of a warlike chief; as a legislator, a promoter of learning, a kind and generous master, and unselfish friend, he was universally beloved and admired, and, *to crown all remarks*, he was distinguished by the title of '*Truth Teller.*'"

A work like this can for one thing do little harm, if it be calculated to do little good, which we fear it is from its desultory character.

NEW POEMS.

Sacred Meditations, and Moral Themes, in verse. By the Rev. Robert Montgomery, M.A., Oxon. Third Edition. London: Fisher, Son, & Co. 1847.

It is pretty well settled that *James* Montgomery is an adept in the difficult department of the sacred lyre; the attempts of his more aspiring namesake *Robert* have been scarcely so successful. It were rash, perhaps, to venture upon a criticism of this work under its new title of "Sacred Meditations," when we are met at the outset with the information that, to the "high opinion expressed by the public, both of the poetical character and moral worth of 'The Sacred Gift,' by Robert Montgomery," we owe this reprint of it in a more popular form. Now, with the utmost deference to "the public," we should incline to solicit less rashness in pronouncing these little opinions; for, really, we cannot help thinking that Mr. Montgomery's "Moral Themes and Meditations" will be found somewhat turgid and inflated. Indeed, Mr. Montgomery has been flattered by this mistaken kindness into the error of erecting an entirely new standard of criticism. "The Omnipresence of the Deity," for instance, is upheld as an immaculate piece of poetry, because it has now reached its twenty-third edition; and also that "the assault made by the *Edinburgh Review* on 'The Omnipresence' is no longer in the remotest degree applicable; inasmuch as every single passage, without a solitary exception, which that review censured, has been revised and corrected." This is highly amusing, and amazingly modest!

Poems. By Ralph Waldo Emerson. London: Chapman, Brothers.

Those who have seen this writer's Essays, edited by Mr. Carlyle, can neither have forgotten them nor fail to experience a strong desire to know how so bold and original a prose writer may come forth as a poet. If, like ourselves, they come to the conclusion that Emerson is more poetical in his prose essays than in his rugged though vigorous rhymes, no great harm will be done. The man appears alike in both: daring, eccentric, rushing on in his impetuous course, without once heeding whom he jostles or oversets, so that he awakens or astounds. In the mere "accomplishment of verse," Mr. Emerson shows numerous, and probably irreparable defects. He has a bad, an unmusical, or unrythmical ear, yet is there more true poetry in some of his tuneless pieces than in many volumes of well-scanned, melodious verse. We must, however, confess that we have met with no late volume of poetry which supplies more tempting material to critics inclined to scoffing and derision. Let them scoff: Byron, Wordsworth, Keats, and many more, have passed through a more severe ordeal than that by which Mr. Emerson may be tried, not merely unscathed but triumphant. He is neither a Wordsworth

nor a Keats, nor yet a Tennyson, which last he much affects, if he follows any one; yet the rhapsodist of the forests and solitudes of the New World is not one to be neglected, into whatever unshapely fashion he may throw his clear, his mystical, or his nearly unintelligible thoughts. No just idea could be given of this singular collection of poems by any one or two detached pieces. We therefore, in justice to the author, forbear extracting.

ILLUSTRATED WORKS.

Heath's Illustrated New Testament. London: Chapman and Hall.—We have no recollection of having ever met, amongst the magnificent editions of the Scriptures that have recently been issued, any work more truly superb than the four parts, embracing to the 25th chapter of Matthew's Gospel, of this edition. The typography and paper of the edition are beautiful, but the strength of the work is in its engravings. In this respect it has no equal. And all who appreciate the application of the highest art to the finest subjects, will place on this New Testament a very high value.

The Christian in Palestine.—London: George Virtue.—A serial work, which we have previously noticed, containing in each number, four engravings of scenery in the Holy Land, accompanied with letter press. The engravings are remarkable for their clearness; and although we have yet to make "the new crusade," yet we have some good indirect reasons for believing that they represent faithfully the scenes described. The illustrations are by Mr. Bartlett, and the letter-press by Dr. Stebbing. Notwithstanding Mr. D' Israeli's opinion, that Syria is a neglected land, and the eastern question misunderstood, yet we believe that this work is very popular.

Royal Gems from the Galleries of Europe. London: George Virtue.—The object of this work is to present, at a cheap rate, first class engravings from paintings of acknowledged excellence. The engravings in this number are the Adoration from Murillo—the Two Sisters, a German painting; and The Wayfarers, an English scene. In all the parts that we have seen, the plates are arranged in the same varied style; and they are executed with a care befitting the subjects, which are accompanied by notes written by Mr. S. C. Hall. This work is of permanent value.

Nursery Rhymes, Tales, and Jingles. London: James Burns.—We do not know that the literature of the nursery, has ever appeared before in a garb so perfectly splendid as that in which Mr. Burns has presented his Rhymes, Tales, and Jingles. The copy before us is marked a second edition, improved. We think there is no probability of a third edition appearing "improved," also in matters of gilding, binding, and illustration. The next improvement must be in the literature. And while the book seems rather fine for the very young people of the nursery; it is also too gorgeous for the matter. One likes to see these old jingles just as they saw them long ago in small 24mo. books, price one halfpenny. "Madam Hubbard and her Cat," Old King Cole," "The House that Jack built," and still less poetical fragments of the past, in morocco, covered with gilding and fancifully decorated lead us to hope that Mr. Burns may take some of the old ballads a step above the nursery next in hand.

The Boy's Own Library. Winter Book—Autumn Book. London: Chapman & Hall.—The Title page and Vignettes to these small volumes, printed in colours, have a particularly neat appearance. The other illustrations are of fair wood engraving; and the exteriors are pretty without being showy or pretending. The matter is, however, in every respect excellent. The style is better than has generally been bestowed on large books, and the matter is unexceptionable, at least we deem it so, perhaps some few game preservers would think otherwise of such passages as the following:—

"Every boy, who knows anything of the country, must be aware, that if a hare or rabbit is in a particular field or wood on one day, it may by night be a mile or two off, feeding on the cabbages in some poor man's garden. We can understand a man laying claim to a pig, an ass, or a sheep, but what right he has to a wild animal, or to a bird, which is here to-day and there to-morrow, any more than the poorest peasant, who may chance to meet with it on a common, we were never yet able to understand; and yet were the poor peasant to capture either the one or the other on the wide, open common, he must either pay a heavy fine or go to prison. Sorry should I be were any of you to attempt to take a single head of game; for, as the law now stands, such an act would bring you into trouble, and, unjust as I consider the game law, whilst it exists, it must be obeyed. My object is to show you, that beautful as are our English laws, they are still capable of amendment; and that, although compiled by wise and learned men, like all other human institutions, they yet remain imperfect."

If we were interested in the preservation of the game laws, we should not like to have them attacked in such publications as these. But from every natural object that crosses the boy's path in spring or winter, the author gathers something to say. The object is not always, or often, a partridge or hare, and therefore the moral is not often political in its character.

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FEMALE AUTHORS. No. I.—MRS. HEMANS.

BY GEORGE GILFILLAN, AUTHOR OF "A GALLERY OF LITERARY PORTRAITS."

FEMALE authorship is, if not a great, certainly a singular fact. And if a singular fact in this century, what must it have been in the earlier ages of the world—when it existed as certainly as now, and was more than now a phenomenon, standing often insulated and alone? If, even in this age, *blues* are *black*-balled and homespun is still the "only wear," and music, grammar, and *gramarye* are the three elements, legitimately included and generally expected in the education of woman, in what light must the Aspasias and the Sapphos of the past have been regarded? Probably as *lusus naturæ*, in whom a passionate attachment to literature was pardoned as a pleasant peccadillo, or agreeable insanity; just as a slight squint in the eye of a beauty, or even a far-off *faux pas* in her reputation, is still not unfrequently forgiven. But alas: in our age, the exception is likely soon to become the rule—the *lusus* the law; and, at all events, of female authorship, the least gallant of critics is compelled now to take cognizance; and without absolutely admitting this as *our* characteristic, we must confess the diffidence as well as the good-will wherewith we approach a subject where respect for truth and respect for the sex are sometimes apt to jostle and jar.

The works of British women have now taken up, not by courtesy but by right, a full and conspicuous place in our literature. They constitute an elegant library in themselves; and there is hardly a department in science, in philosophy, in morals, in politics, in the belles lettres, in fiction, or in the fine arts, but has been occupied, and ably occupied by a lady. This certainly proclaims a high state of cultivation on the part of the many which has thus flowered out into composition in the case of the few. It exhibits an extension and refinement of that element of female influence which, in the private intercourse of society, has been productive of such blessed effects—it mingles with the harsh tone of general literature, "as the lute pierceth through the cymbal's clash"—it blends with it a vein of delicate discrimination, of mild charity, and of purity of morals—gives it a healthy and happy tone, the tone of the fireside; it is in the chamber of our literature, a quiet and lovely presence; by its very gentleness, overawing as well as refining and beautifying it all. One principal characteristic of female writing in our age is its sterling sense. It is told of Coleridge, that he was accustomed, on important emergencies, to consult a female friend, placing implicit confidence in her first instructive suggestions. If she proceeded to add her reasons, he checked her immediately. "Leave these, madam, to me to find out." We find this rare and valuable sense—this short-hand reasoning—exemplified in our lady authors' producing, even in the absence of original genius, or of profound penetration, or of wide experience, a sense of perfect security, as we follow their gentle guidance. Indeed, on all questions affecting proprieties, decorums, what we may call the *ethics* of sentimentalism, minor as well as major morals, their verdict may be considered oracular, and without appeal. But we dare not say that we consider them entitled to speak with equal authority on those higher and deeper questions, where not instinct nor heart, but severe and tried intellect is qualified to return the responses. We remark, too, in the writings of females, a tone of greater generosity than in those of men. They are more candid and amiable in their judgments of authors and of books. Commend us to female critics. *They* are not eternally consumed by the desire of being witty, astute, and severe, of carping at what they could not equal—of hewing down what they could or *would* not have built up. The principle, *nil admirari*, is none of theirs; and whether it be that a sneer disfigures their beautiful lips, it is seldom seen upon them. And in correspondence with this, it is curious that (in our judgments, and we suspect theirs) the worst critics are persons who dislike the sex, and whom the sex dislikes—musty, fusty old bachelors, such as Gifford, or certain pedantic prigs in the press of the present day. Ladies, on the other hand, are seldom severe judges of anything, except each other's dress and deportment; and in defect of profound principles, they are helped out by that fine instinctive sense of theirs, which partakes of the genial nature, and verges upon genius itself.

Passing from such preliminary remarks, we

proceed to our theme. We have selected Mrs. Hemans as our first specimen of Female Authors, not because we consider her the best, but because we consider her by far the most feminine writer of the age. All the woman in her shines. You could not (unknowing of the author) open a page of her writings without feeling this is written by a lady. Her inspiration always pauses at the feminine point. It never "oversteps the modesty of nature," nor the dignity and decorum of womanhood. She is no Sibyl, tossed to and fro in the tempest of furious excitement, but ever a "deep, majestical, and high-souled woman"—the calm mistress of the highest and stormiest of her emotions. The finest compliment we can pay her—perhaps the finest compliment that it is possible to pay to woman, as a moral being—is to compare her to "one of Shakspeare's women," and to say, had Imogen, or Isabella, or Cornelia become an authoress, she had so written.

Sometimes, indeed, Mrs. Hemans herself seems reduced, through the warmth of her temperament, the facility and rapidity of her execution, and the intensely lyrical tone of her genius, to dream that the shadow of the Pythoness is waving behind her, and controlling the motions of her song. To herself she appears to be uttering oracular deliverances. Alas! "oracles speak," and her poetry, as to all effective utterance of original truth, is silent. It is emotion only that is audible to the sharpest ear that listens to her song. A bee wreathing round you in the warm summer morn, her singing circle gives you as much new insight into the universe as do the sweetest strains which have ever issued from this "voice of spring." We are reluctantly compelled, therefore, to deny her, in its highest sense, the name of poet—a word often abused, often misapplied in mere compliment or courtesy, but which ought ever to retain its stern and original signification. A *maker* she is not. What dream of childhood has she ever, to any imagination, reborn? whose slumbers has she ever peopled with new and terrible visions? what new form or figure has she annexed, like a second shadow, to our own idiosyncrasy, to track us on our way for ever? to what mind has she given such a burning stamp of impression, as it feels eternity itself unable to efface? There is no such result from the poetry of Mrs. Hemans. She is less a maker than a *musician*, and her works appear rather to rise to the airs of the piano than that still sad music of humanity—the adequate instrument for the expression of which, has not yet been invented by man. From the tremulous movement, the wailing cadences, the artistic pauses, and the conscious-swelling climaxes of her verse, we always figure her as modulating, inspiring, and controlling her thoughts and words to the tune of some fine instrument, which is less the vehical than the creator of the strain. In her poetry, consequently, the music rather awakens the meaning, than does the meaning round and mellow off into the music.

With what purpose does a lady, in whom perfect skill and practice have not altogether drowned enthusiasm, sit down to her harp, piano, or guitar? Not altogether for the purpose of display—not at all for that of instruction to her audience—but in a great measure that she may develop in a lawful form, the sensibilities of her own bosom. Thus sate Felicia Hemans before her lyre—not touching it with awful reverence, as though each string were a star, nor using it as the mere conductor to her overflowing thoughts, but regarding it as the soother and sustainer of her own high-wrought emotions—a graceful *alias* of herself. Spring, in its vague joyousness, has not a more appropriate voice in the note of the cuckoo than feminine sensibility had in the more varied but hardly profounder song of the authoress before us.

We wish not to be misunderstood. Mrs. Hemans had something more than the common belief of all poets in the existence of the beautiful. She was a genuine woman, and, therefore, the sequence (as we shall see speedily) is irresistible, a true Christian. Nor has she feared to set her creed to music in her poetry. But it was as a betrayal, rather than as a purpose, that she so did. She was more the organ of sentiment and sensibility than of high and solemn truth—more a golden morning mist, now glittering and then gone in the sun, than a steady dial at once meekly reflecting and faithfully watching and measuring his beams.

She was, as Lord Jeffrey well remarks, an admirable writer of *occasional* verses. She has caught, in her poetry, passing words of her own mind—meditations of the sleepless night—transient glimpses of thought, visiting her in her serener hours—the "silver lining" of those cloudy feelings which preside over her darker—and the impressions made upon her mind by the more remarkable events of her every-day life—and the more exciting passages of her reading. Her works are a versified *journal* of a quiet, ideal, and beautiful life—the life at once of a woman and a poetess, with just enough, and no more, of romance to cast around it a mellow autumnal colouring. The songs, hymns, and odes in which this life is registered are as soft and bright as atoms of the rainbow; like them, tears transmuted into glory, but, no more than they, great or complete. In many poets we see the germ of greatness, which might in happier circumstances, or in a more genial season, have been developed. But no such germ can the most microscopic survey discover in her, and we feel that at her death her beautiful but tiny task was done. Indeed, with such delicate organization, and such intense susceptiveness as hers, the elaboration, the long reach of thought, the slow *cumulative* advance, the deep-curbed, yet cherished ambition which a great work requires and implies, are, we fear, incompatible.

It follows, naturally from this, that her largest are her worst productions. They labour under the fatal defect of tedium. They are a surfeit of sweets. Conceive an orchard of rose-trees. Who would not, stupified and bewildered by excess and extravagance of beauty, prefer the old, sturdy, and well-laden boughs of the pear and pippen, and feel the truth of the adage—"The *apple* tree is the

fairest tree in the wood?" Hence few, comparatively, have taken refuge in her "forest sanctuary," reluctant and rare the ears which have listened to her "Vespers of Palermo," her "Siege of Valencia," has stormed no hearts, and her "Sceptic" made, we fear, few converts. But who has not wept over her "Graves of a Household," or hushed his heart to hear her "Treasures of the Deep," in which the old Sea himself seems to speak, or wished to take the left hand of the Hebrew child and lead him up, along with his mother, to the temple service; or thrilled and shouted in the gorge of "Morgarten," or trembled at the stroke of her "Hour of Death?" Such poems are of the kind which win their way into every house, and every collection, and every heart. They secure for their authors a sweet garden plot of reputation, which is envied by none, and with which no one intermeddles. Thus flowers smile, unharmed, to the bolt which levels the pine beside them. Cataracts, in the course of ages, wear away their cliff of vantage, and so their glory suicidally perishes, while "one meek streamlet, only one," beautifies its narrow glen for ever—tapers live while suns sink and disappear. Even a single sweet poem, flowing from a gentle mind in a happy hour, is as "ointment poured forth," and carries a humble name in fragrance far down into futurity, while the elaborate productions of loftier spirits rot upon the shelves. A Lucretius exhausts the riches of his magnificent mind in a stately poem, which is barely remembered, and never read. A Wolfe expresses the emotions of every heart at the recital of Sir John Moore's funeral in a few rude rhymes, and becomes immortal. A Shelley, dipping his pen in the bloody sweat of his lonely and agonised heart, traces voluminous lines of "red and burning" poetry, and his works are known only to some hardy explorers. A Michael Bruce transfers one spring joy of his dying frame, stirred by the note of the cuckoo, to a brief and tear-stained page; and henceforth the voice of the bird seems vocal with his name, and wherever, from the "engulphed navel" of the wood you hear its strange, nameless, tameless, wandering, unearthly voice, you think of the poet who sighed away his soul, and gathered his fame in its praise. A Baillie constructs a work "before all ages," lavishes on it imagination that might suffice for a century of poets, and writes it in colours snatched from the sun; and it lies, on some recherché tables, like a foreign curiosity, to be seen, shown, and lifted, rather than to be read and pondered. A William Miller sings, one gloaming, his "Wee Willie Winkie;" and the nurseries of an entire nation re-echo the simple strains, and every Scottish mother blesses, in one breath, her babe and his poet. We mention this, not entirely to approve, but in part to wonder at it. It is not just that one strain from a lute or a pan's-pipe should survive a thunder-psalm—that effusions should eclipse works.

Mrs. Hemans's poems are strictly effusions. And not a little of their charm springs from their unstudied and extempore character. This, too, is in fine keeping with the sex of the writer. You are saved the ludicrous image of a double-dyed Blue, in papers and morning wrapper, sweating at some stupendous treatise or tragedy from morn to noon, and from noon to dewy eve—you see a graceful and gifted woman, passing from the cares of her family, and the enjoyments of society, to inscribe on her tablets some fine thought or feeling, which had throughout the day existed as a still sunshine upon her countenance, or perhaps as a quiet unshed tear in her eye. In this case, the transition is so natural and graceful, from the duties or delights of the day to the employments of the desk, that there is as little pedantry in writing a poem as in writing a letter, and the authoress appears only the lady in *flower*. Indeed, to recur to a former remark, Mrs. Hemans is distinguished above all others by her intense womanliness. And as her own character is so true to her sex, so her sympathies with her sex are very peculiar and profound. Of the joys and the sorrows, the difficulties and the duties, the trials and the temptations, the hopes and the fears, the proper sphere and mission of woman, and of those peculiar consolations which the "world cannot give nor take away" that sustain her even when baffled, she has a true and thorough appreciation; and her "Records of Woman," and her "Songs of the Affections," are just audible beatings of the deep female heart. In our judgment, Mrs. Ellis's idea of Woman is trite, vulgar, and limited, compared with that of "Egeria," as Miss Jewsbury used fondly to denote her beloved friend. What a gallery of Shakspeare's female characters would the author of the "Mothers, Daughters, and Women of England" have painted! What could she have said of Juliet? How would she have contrived to twist Beatrice into a pattern Miss? Perdita! would she have sent her to a boarding-school? or insisted on *finishing*, according to the Hannah Moore pattern, the divine Miranda? Of that pretty Pagan Imogen, what would she make? Imagine her criticism on Lady Macbeth, or on Ophelia's dying speech and confession, or her revelation of the "Family Secrets" of the Merry Wives of Windsor!

Next to her pictures of the domestic affections stand Mrs. Hemans's pictures of nature. These are less minute than passionate, less sublime than beautiful, less studious than free, broad, and rapid sketches. Her favourite scenery was the woodland, a taste in which we can thoroughly sympathise. In the wood there is a fulness, a roundness, a rich harmony, and a comfort, which soothe and completely satisfy the imagination. There, too, there is much life and motion. The glens, the still moorlands, and the rugged hills, will not move, save to one master finger, the finger of the earthquake, who is chary of his great displays. But before each lightest touch of the breeze the complacent leaves of the woodland begin to stir, and the depth of solitude seems instantly peopled, and from perfect silence there comes a still small voice, so sweet and sudden, that it is, as if every leaf were the tongue of a separate spirit. Her favourite season was the autumn, though her finest verses are dedi-

cated to the spring. Here, too, we devoutly participate in her feelings. The shortening day—the new out-bursting from their veil of daylight of those, in summer, neglected tremblers—the stars—its the yellow corn—the grey and pensive light—the joy of harvest—the fine firing of all the groves (not the "fading but the kindling of the leaf")—the frequent and moaning winds—the spiritual quiet in which, at other times, the stubble fields are bathed—the rekindling of the cheerful fires upon the hearth—the leaves falling to their own sad music—the rising stackyards—the wild fruit, ripened at the cold sun of the frost—the ineffable gleams of light dropping upon favourite glens or rivers, or hills which shine out like the shoulder of Pelops—the beseeching looks with which, trembling on the verge of winter, the belated season seems to say, "Love me well, I am the last of the sisterhood that you can love"—in short, that indescribable charm, which breathes in its very air and colours its very light, and sheds its joy of grief over all things, have concurred with some sweet and some sad associations, to render autumn to us, the loveliest and the dearest of all the seasons. As Mrs. Hemans loved woodland scenery for its kindly "looks of shelter," so she loved the autumn principally for its correspondence with that fine melancholy which was the permanent atmosphere of her being. In one of her letters, speaking of an autumn day, she says, "the day was one of a kind I like, soft, still, and grey, such as makes the earth appear a 'pensive but a happy place.'" We have sometimes thought that much of Wordsworth's poetry should always be read, and can never be so fully felt as in the autumn, when "Laodamia," at least, must have been written. Should not poems, as well as pictures, have their peculiar light, in which alone they can properly be seen? Should not Scott be read in spring, Shelley in the fervid summer, Wordsworth in autumn, Cowper and Byron in winter, Shakspeare all the year round?

In many points Mrs. Hemans reminds us of a poet just named, and whom she passionately admired, namely, Shelley. Like him, drooping, fragile, a reed shaken by the wind, a mighty wind, in sooth, too powerful for the tremulous reed on which it discoursed its music; like him, the victim of exquisite nervous organization; like him, verse flowed for and from her, and the sweet sound often overpowered the meaning, kissing it, as it were, to death; like him, she was melancholy, but the sadness of both was musical, tearful, active, not stony, silent and motionless, still less misanthropical and disdainful; like him, she was gentle, playful, they could both run about their prison garden, and dally with the dark chains which, they knew, bound them till death. Mrs. Hemans, indeed, was not like Shelley, a vates; she has never reached his heights, nor sounded his depths, yet they are, to our thought, so strikingly alike, as to seem brother and sister, in one beautiful, but delicate and dying family. Their very appearance must have been similar. How like must the girl, Felicia Dorothea Browne, with the mantling bloom of her cheeks, her hair of a rich golden brown, and the ever varying expression of her brilliant eyes, have been to the noble boy Percy Bysshe Shelley, when he came first to Oxford, a fair-haired, bright-eyed enthusiast, on whose cheek and brow, and in whose eye was already beginning to burn a fire, which ultimately enwrapped his whole being in flames!

In Mrs. Hemans's melancholy, one "simple" was wanting, which was largely mixed in Shelley's, that of faithless despondency. Her spirit was cheered by faith—by a soft and noble form—of the softest noblest faith—a form, reminding us much from its balance of human, poetical, and celestial elements of that of Jeremy Taylor—the Shakspeare of divines. Although, as we have said, her poetry is not, of prepense and purpose, the express image of her religious thought, yet it is a rich illustration of the religious tendency of the female mind. Indeed, females may be called the natural guardians of morality and faith. These shall always be safe in the depths of the female intellect, and of the female heart—an intellect, the essence of which is worship—a heart, the element of which is love. Unhired, disinterested, spontaneous is the aid they give to the blessed cause—leaning, indeed, in their lovely weakness on the "worship of sorrow," they, at the same time, prop it up through the wide and holy influences which they wield. Their piety, too, is no fierce and foul polemic flame—it is that of the feelings—the quick instinctive sense of duty—the wonder-stricken soul and the loving heart—often it is not even a conscious emotion at all—but in Wordsworth's language—they lie in

> "Abraham's bosom all the year,
> And God is with them, when they know it not."

In Mrs. Hemans's writings you find this pious tendency of her sex unsoiled by an atom of cant, or bigotry, or exclusiveness; and shaded only by so much pensiveness as attests its divinity and its depth: for as man's misery is said to spring from his greatness, so the gloom which often overhangs the earnest spirit arises from its more immediate proximity to the Infinite and the Eternal. And who would not be ready to sacrifice all the cheap sunshine of earthly success and satisfaction, for even a touch of a shadow so sublime?

After all, the nature of this poetess is more interesting than her genius, or than its finest productions. These *descend* upon us like voices from a mountain summit, suggesting to us an elevation of character far higher than themselves. If not, in a transcendent sense, a poet, her life was a poem. Poetry coloured all her existence with a golden light—poetry presided at her needlework—poetry mingled with her domestic and her maternal duties—poetry sat down with her to her piano—poetry fluttered her hair and flushed her cheek in her mountain rambles—poetry quivered in her voice, which was a "sweet sad melody"—poetry accompanied her to the orchard, as she read the "Talisman," in that long glorious summer day, which she has made immortal—and poetry attended her to the house of God, and listened with her to the proud pealing organ, as to an echo from within the veil. Poetry per-

formed for her a still tenderer ministry; it soothed the deep sorrows, on which we dare not enter, which shaded the tissue of her history—it mixed its richest cupful of the "joy of grief" for her selected lips—it lapped her in a dream of beauty, through which the sad realities of life looked in, softened and mellowed in the medium. What could poetry have done more for her, except, indeed, by giving her that sight "as far as the incommunicable"—that supreme vision which she gives so rarely, and which she bestows often as a curse, instead of a blessing? Mrs. Hemans, on the other hand, was too favourite a child of the Muse to receive any such Cassandra boon. Poetry beautified her life, blunted and perfumed the thorns of her anguish, softened the pillow of her sickness, and combined with her firm and most feminine faith to shed a gleam of soft and tearful glory upon her death.

Thus lived, wrote, suffered, and died "Egeria." Without farther seeking to weigh the worth, or settle the future place of her works, let us be thankful to have had her among us, and that she did what she could, in her bright, sorely-tried, yet triumphant passage. She grew in beauty; was blasted where she grew; rained around her poetry, like bright tears from her eyes; learned in suffering what she taught in song; died, and all hearts to which she ever ministered delight, have obeyed the call of Wordsworth, to

> "Mourn rather for that holy spirit,
> Mild as the spring, as ocean deep;—
> For her who, ere her summer faded,
> Has sunk into a dreamless sleep."

COPENHAGEN.

Except for commercial purposes, the capital of the Danish dominion has been little visited by tourists, until of late. But since the coasts of the Baltic have been made more accessible to the people of the Continent, the Germans, especially, have availed themselves of modern facilities in travelling, and have smoked their meerschaums, and drunk beer, in considerable numbers, in Copenhagen. Steam vessels lighten the fatigue of a voyage, and holiday tourists are not now afraid to undertake a little ramble in Scandinavia. Still, Norway and Sweden are the grand points of attraction to other nations, and it has been usual to leave the Danish islands and Jutland behind; so that, in fact, a country, remarkable in many respects, is less known to the English than Egypt. Amongst the persons who lately steamed to Copenhagen, in addition to the ordinary cargo of Hamburg wine merchants and cigar dealers, was Mr. J. G. Kohl, a traveller, who, not long ago, was taking notes amongst ourselves, which he has since printed. This gentleman seems very severely afflicted with the *cacoethes scribendi* as well as the *cacoethes peregrinandi*; and he has just presented the public with six volumes of description and dissertation suggested by his tour in Denmark. Hastily as he runs through a country, he has no fears in discoursing on all subjects and objects he meets with. He has dealings with the letter A in Art, Agriculture, and Academies, and with every other word in the dictionary expressing a general term, until we arrive at Z in Zoology. He has no love of conciseness and compression: on the contrary, he delights in repetition and verbosity. Though the greater number of his pages are dull and spiritless, there are portions of the books that will repay perusal; because they give us information about a country that is, or ought to be, interesting to us. More than a half of one volume is occupied by a description of the Danish capital; and we propose to lay before our readers, in the present article, an abridgement of Mr. Kohl's prolixity touching a city of which the British public know little more than that it was bombarded by a fleet of their's in 1807.

It seems that Copenhagen existed as a small town as early as the twelfth century. It did not become a royal residence until about the middle of the fifteenth century; and, therefore, it is one of the youngest metropolitan cities of Europe. It has few architectural antiquities to boast of, and its general appearance is modern, from the new buildings rendered necessary by the devastations committed by foreign enemies. The troops of the Hanseatic League pillaged and burnt it in the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries. In the sixteenth century, it was besieged by Frederick I., then by the Hanseatic troops, and afterwards by Christian III. In the next century, it was twice attacked—first by Charles Gustavus, and then by an allied fleet. In the eighteenth century, it was twice burnt to the extent of one-half each time; and in 1807, there was Lord Cathcart's memorable bombardment. To defend themselves against attack, the Danes have added fortification to fortification, until the place has been stoutly enveloped by doubled and redoubled folds of walls and ditches. The defences of Paris, notwithstanding the money that has been lavished upon them, are inferior to those of Copenhagen. Copenhagen, however, is Denmark; for the other fortifications of the kingdom are very weak, and if the capital were taken, the whole country might be considered in an enemy's hands; and in more respects than this is Copenhagen Denmark, since it contains almost all the schools, museums, and government offices of the kingdom. Indeed, the city is not merely the chief place of this kingdom, but of all the Scandinavian lands. The educated Norwegians usually speak Danish; and the literature of Norway is merely a part of that of Denmark. Consequently, Copenhagen is the great book market for all those lands. Into no Scandinavian dialect are there so many translations as into the Danish; and the Swedes have recourse to these translations, in order to obtain

a knowledge of foreign literature. The study of northern antiquities can only be carried on with advantage at Copenhagen, where the only valuable collection of Scandinavian remains is to be found; and there it is side by side with a noble library abounding with the richest materials for historical investigation. The position of the kingdom between Germany and Sweden, Eastern Slavonia and Britain, has created an interest amongst its inhabitants for the affairs of those countries, which leads them to watch with attention the course of events, and even to range themselves in parties with reference to them. The Danish people, it must be admitted, like the scenery of their land, possess little originality. There are many interesting things to be met with certainly in Copenhagen; and, indeed, if a man has a desire to see somewhat of the world, and yet save himself as much trouble as possible, he may profitably go there at once, where he will find something worth looking at in most branches of art and science. If, on the other hand, he has already visited the great capitals of Europe, there is no need for him to go to Copenhagen, because he will see little to interest him there, that he has not seen elsewhere of a better class, or on a larger scale. In truth, everything in this city, the architecture of its buildings, and their position, its museums of art, its schools of science, &c., are characterised by a certain mediocrity. One thing about it, however, is admirable, and that is its situation. The Sound, to which numberless vessels give life and animation, the rich beech woods, and the lovely parks around it, lend it a noble appearance, yet, if the mind recurs to some other cities, even in this respect Copenhagen cannot maintain rank amongst the first. The situation of Stockholm on the Mälarn is far more picturesque, and there can be no comparison between it and the cities on the Bosphorus, the Tagus, and the Neapolitan Gulf. It may, however, be safely asserted that Copenhagen is a fine capital; and though dreary enough when a severe winter blocks up the Sound with ice, and cuts off for several weeks any communication with the main land, yet, at a more favourable season its appearance to the voyager's eye, when he emerges from the narrow entrance into the port, is highly imposing.

The architecture of the city is neat and tolerably regular; the streets are broad, and the houses are a good height. The artist may look about it, almost in vain, for any of those picturesque quaintnesses which delight him in Venice, Ghent, Brussels, and the old German towns. One part is intersected with canals, and Amsterdam is forcibly brought to mind by the sight of vessels towed along between the houses. Though not a city of quaint peculiarity and original character, though the people are destitute of ardour and poetry, though no grand works of art await the visiter there, Copenhagen is a place of considerable attraction.

Copenhagen does possess some ancient buildings that have escaped the fire and balls of a foe, and the slow but equally destructive attacks of time; and amongst these the city towers are about the most singular. For instance, there is the tower of the Exchange, which is formed by the tails of four enormous dragons twisted together and elevated in the air, whilst their bodies lie flat on the quadrangular wall that bears the spire. The whole is of freestone, and there are stairs in the interior. Not far distant is the celebrated round tower, built by Christian IV. The winding passage in the interior rests, on one side, upon the outer wall, and on the other upon a pillar that stands in the centre. It is so broad, and climbs the tower so gradually, that Peter the Great, who left few things unvisited or untried, was able to ride up it on horseback, whilst his wife rode alongside in a carriage drawn by four horses. The stranger may wonder to see so many persons moving up and down it; but the secret is out when he is told that it leads to an observatory as well as to the University library, and visiters are also attracted by the stones covered with Runic carvings which are placed in several recesses here and there. The slender tower of the Redeemer's Church is one of the most elegant buildings in Copenhagen. It rises far above the other edifices of the city, and nearly reaches three hundred feet. The staircase is not in the inside, but twines round the exterior like a wreath round a tall pillar. It must really be a dizzy business to climb so high into the air, over steps of copper so narrow that the foot has some difficulty in getting secure hold. Though few people venture to ascend it, Mr. Kohl did the heroic thing; but he frankly confesses he was uncomfortably discomposed, and was frequently beset with fearful temptations to leap over the balustrades. The contour is extremely graceful, and the artist who would obtain a characteristic sketch of Copenhagen always takes care to place himself at a spot where he can introduce it into his drawing.

The collections of objects of art are remarkable for the excellence of their arrangement, a particular in which the English galleries and museums are glaringly deficient. Almost all of them have been arranged chronologically or historically—the cabinet of medals, the relics of Danish monarchs, in the Castle of Rosenburg; the gallery of antiquities; and especially the very interesting collection of weapons, in the Royal Arsenal. To Dr. Thomson, who has devoted the greatest part of his life to the study of antiquities, Copenhagen owes the beautiful order of most of these collections. Thus the Armoury in the Arsenal exhibits a complete history of weapon-manufacture, with specimens of the various kinds. Some articles are remarkable on account of their former possessors, as the swords of Christian IV. and Charles XII. As all are placed according to the date of their construction, one may perceive how gradually fire-arms became more light and portable, and how match-locks were exchanged for flint, and then for percussion locks. Some of the swords have hilts of curiously beautiful workmanship. It seems that the Emperor of Russia had been so much struck with them that he sent an artist for the express purpose of taking copies. The hilt of one is formed by dragons and serpents

twisted together. The basket-hilt of another is constructed by figures which represent the battle of the centaurs. The pommel of a third is composed of a cell of metal figures meant to depict the five senses, which are very artistically wrought. No wonder the old poets sometimes took swords for their themes, and gave them individual names. A couple of exquisitely marked cannon are pointed out as having been presented by the Doge of Venice to Frederick IV. on the occasion of his visit to Italy. On the surface of another, there is a whole genealogical tree of the Royal Oldenburg House. The great hall of the Magazine contains a number of Swedish flags taken by the Danes, and on one of them is a couplet which may be thus rendered into English—

"If the cat should leave the house,
Then round the table runs the mouse."

This flag was made by the Swedes in 1658 in derision of their enemy; and two years afterwards, when Copenhagen was under siege, the students made a sally out of the city and got hold of it, thus putting an interpretation upon the words that the Swedes had not dreamed of.

Decidedly the most beautiful part of Copenhagen is that adorned by the royal castle and gardens of Rosenburg. The castle was erected in the Italian style by Christian IV. in 1604. The crown jewels and a great number of curious objects are stored in it, amongst which is an extraordinary collection of glass ware, hundreds of ancient drinking vessels, beakers, flasks, jugs, goblets of every possible kind, with some of gold and silver, with the famous Oldenburg Horn, which shows how much meaning and poetry our ancestors could impress on the commonest things. It was no unusual matter in the middle ages to fashion drinking cups out of horns, or in the shape of horns. In this instance, scenes of the castle life of Germany, in the fifteenth century, are represented in miniature silver carvings. The supports are models of a turreted and battlemented fortress. The body shows a number of pointed roofs, gables, gates, terrace windows, and balconies. There are sentinels on the towers, and knights with attendants galloping up to the gates. Ladies are looking out of the windows and over the balconies. In one place we see savage fellows armed with clubs; in another, dogs and couching lions guarding an entrance. On the lid is a group of minnesingers playing on stringed instruments, and round the rim of the mouth are ladies and supporters carrying the arms of Denmark, Burgundy, and Brabant. This piece of workmanship is believed to have been made for the Danish King Christian I. as a memorial of his journey to Cologne in 1474, to act as arbitrator in a dispute between the Emperor and Charles the Bold. It was dedicated, after the pious fashion of the times, to the three kings of Cologne, Balthasar, Kaspar, and Melchior, whose names are engraved on the lid along with sentences from holy writ. It has been commonly mistaken for a similar article which Count Otto of Oldenburg is fabled to have received from a mountain nymph, and hence its name, which is consequently an erroneous one. The collection of coins is very good, containing ten thousand Greek and twenty thousand Roman medals; and the care with which those of the early Danish monarchs have been brought together is exemplary. We may search through the British Museum in vain for a coin of Canute, who was King of Denmark as well as of England, whilst the Rosenburg Cabinet has four hundred of that monarch struck in this island, and three struck in Denmark. There is also one of the best collections of Anglo-Saxon coins extant. Other chambers contain objects illustrative of ethnography, works in ivory and amber, and Indian carvings. The whole forms one of those miscellaneous accumulations of things, procured from the four quarters of the world, which the princes of former times took such delight in bringing together. It is, indeed, inferior to the magnificent museums at Dresden and Vienna; still, north, south, east, and west have lavishly contributed to its stores. Alongside the wood carvings of the northern peasant, we may see an exquisite specimen of Benvenuto Cellini's skill, and a wondrous piece of iron work wrought by a Nuremberg smith. Close by the sculpture of a distinguished Danish lady, now living, we may perceive a head, cut by a Greek artist, which can never be forgotten by those who have seen it once.

It is highly creditable to the Danish people that they should have pushed the investigation of local antiquities with more perseverance and success than any other nation. It may be said, indeed, that primitive times are nearer to them than to any other people; and, therefore, that they have had a field richer with antique remains to work upon. That may be true, but it is also the fact, that the Danes are distinguished by a love of history, and historical tradition that arises out of, as well as encourages, their strong feelings of nationality. Perhaps the greatest attraction at Copenhagen for those who seek instruction, as well as amusement, in their travels, is the Museum of Northern Antiquities, founded in 1807, and annually increased since that time by large additions. It is under the care of a society, which had its origin as far back as the year 1744, for the cultivation of northern history and languages. The idea of such a museum first occurred to the learned librarian of this society, Nyerup, and to his exertions were soon added those of Bishop Münter. There is an Institution at Copenhagen, founded by Christian IV., in which a hundred poor students are clothed, fed, and educated. It was the endeavour of Nyerup to awaken amongst these young men a taste for antiquarian lore, and when they were afterwards scattered through the country, they became a valuable help in carrying out the wishes of the librarian. Ancient barrows, hitherto neglected, were carefully examined, and the people generally were incited to seek, to collect, and to preserve, all kinds of relics. The crown caused a commission to issue, and minute directions were printed for the guidance of village pastors and

schoolmasters, to whom copies were forwarded throughout the kingdom. It was notified that any antiques wrought in the precious metals which should be sent in would be paid for without insisting upon the right of the crown to have them yielded up as treasure trove. The result of such vigorous efforts as these has been the rapid accumulation of objects, and additions are continually pouring in from all parts. Seven hundred articles have been sent in one year, and important as the collection now is, there is every reason for believing, that in process of time, it will become much more so. More than half the tumuli in the kingdom remain intact, and there are yet thousands of acres of virgin soil, in which, doubtless, many valuable objects lie interred.

The contents of the museum are placed in chronological order. The age of stone is first illustrated, the days in which the Scandinavians were ignorant of metals. Their game was slain, their enemies slaughtered, their dress ornamented with stones. They felled trees, and planed, sawed, bored, and smoothed them with stones; they scraped their chins, cooked their food, and furnished their huts with stones. The articles exhibited here show the manual dexterity of the human race in the rudest times, and with the most intractable substances. There are knives with keen edges, and curiously-worked handles, arrow-heads of wondrous neatness and thinness, which prove that the old workers in stone practised an art with ease, which is lost to us—the people of civilised countries—but not to others, for even now a great portion of the earth's inhabitants dwell in the age of stone. Specimens of modern workmanship have been judiciously obtained, and the visiter is thus enabled to compare things that have been made by people separated by thousands of miles or thousands of years. The handiwork of the Greenlanders may be examined along with that of the South Sea Islanders and the American Indians, and it is said that a remarkable similarity of style runs through all, however wide the intervals of time and space that divided the labourers. The fashion of the utensils, their shapes, the modes of using them, the plans of making them—these are very nearly the same with men who were the antipodes of each other, with men of ante-historical times and men of to-day. Of some objects there are a great number of specimens, grouped to show the different stages of manufacture, or the various kinds of stone of which the article was constructed. One may see hundreds of hatchets, of different sizes, some made of flint, others of porphyry, &c.; hundreds of arrows and other pointed missiles, of many shapes and kinds of stone. Then a block of flint is shown, from which an elongated fragment has been splintered to form the head of a lance. There is the fragment itself, and the stone instrument by which it was severed from its parent block. Then there is a similar fragment upon which a workman has employed himself for a while; also one that he has succeeded in converting into a complete lance-head; and, finally, a lance-head that has been injured by use in the chase or in war. One sees grindstones, upon which the points and edges of instruments were sharpened. Especially remarkable are the long chips of flint (called *Flackker* by the Danes), of which there are a great number. They are generally very thin, and six or seven inches long by one broad. They have the appearance of having been cut out of the stone when it was soft with a knife, for they are somewhat bent like a chip of wood. It is affirmed, however, that a blow made them spring from their bed; but this is difficult to believe. At what period the age of stone ended, and the age of copper began in Scandinavia, it is impossible to say with any accuracy. Doubtless there was a time of transition when both metals and stone were in use. Some writers tell us that shortly before the birth of Christ there was an emigration from the south to the north, and that the use of iron was then communicated; but gold and copper seem to have been discovered first everywhere, or at least they were first made use of, for they are more readily obtained, and worked with less difficulty than silver and iron. Several rooms are filled with works in bronze, such as hatchets, swords, chains, rings, cups, and trumpets, the finish and elegance of which are surprising. Amongst other things, is a curiously-wrought shield, the wonders of which may have been celebrated by a hoary-headed Scald as the shield of Achilles was sung by Homer. Some of the bronze implements have been merely edged with iron, as if the latter was then the rarer and more costly metal, as we now put an edge of steel upon a backbone of iron. There are a good many objects made of iron in heathen times, but the want of silver articles strikes the visiter amidst such an abundance of gold. The collection is rich in amber. Not long ago a mass of work was found in Jutland, which consisted of 3400 pieces of amber, pearls, and other things. It is supposed that the residence of an artist in amber had once stood on the spot.

The assemblage of Runic carvings is highly interesting, and affords an excellent opportunity of studying the mysteries of that writing. Not only has Denmark contributed to this collection, but Sweden, Norway, Germany, Iceland, Greenland, and North America have sent carvings. Nay, the Scandinavian antiquaries declare that traces of Runic writing have been found in Italy, and they refer us to a MS. of the ninth century at Naples, in which Oden and other northern deities are pictured. More remarkable still, they point to a line of scratches on the body of the Lion in St. Mark's Place, Venice, which they say are undoubtedly Runic, but they have not yet told us what the characters mean, or how they got there. The interpretation of these matters is the chief aim of a distinguished society at Copenhagen, called the Royal Society for Ancient Writings. Its income is considerable, and the field of its operations extensive—having members and correspondents in many parts of the world. It has edited and published, with translations into various languages, a number of rare and important

works relating to Northern History, comprising historical and mythic Saga of Denmark, Sweden, Norway, and Greenland. One of their recent publications, entitled "American Antiquities, or Northern Writers on America before Columbus," is supposed to prove beyond all doubt that the New World was discovered by the Greenlanders long anterior to the voyage of the Spaniards. The society also publish their transactions, and issue a periodical, but as these works are chiefly designed for the use of the learned, they occasionally distribute short papers for popular use, with the view of extending the interest of the people, and diffusing information amongst them in respect to archæology, philology, and history.

The Museum of Antiquities is deposited in the royal palace of Christianburg, where the King has assigned rooms to the society, under whose superintendence it is placed. In the same palace the best collection of paintings in Denmark is to be found. The works of art are principally Dutch and Flemish, and the gallery is poor in specimens of Italian, French, and Spanish masters. How it happens that the pictures of the Netherlands are so widely scattered in comparison with those of more southern lands, we need not now stop to inquire, and we now only allude to the fact to warn our readers against forming their opinions on the Italian masters from the insignificant specimens to be met with in small galleries. Indeed, Italy itself ought to be visited before the full grandeur of her artists can be truly appraised, for some of their finest works have been attached to places from which they cannot be removed without fatal effect. The collection comprises about four hundred Dutch and Flemish pictures, and about eighty from Italy, Spain, and France. The fondness of the Danes for woody landscapes and marine views is strikingly apparent.

The modern painters of Denmark seem to devote their attention almost entirely to the sylvan scenery of their own country. Beautiful as it is in nature, the repetition of it on canvass soon becomes monotonous, and one wishes for the introduction of objects that are not altogether green. It is strange that Iceland, which is capable of affording a whole gallery of studies, does not furnish a single landscape; and even Jutland, with its ancient Hero-graves, its wild woods, its ancient farm houses and strange people, only sends one picture.

The royal library contains one of the largest collection of books in the world, something like four hundred thousand volumes. A special division, comprising about sixty thousand volumes, is allotted to Scandinavian literature, and amongst them is the completest collection of Icelandic works extant. It was Christian III. who first founded a royal library; succeeding Sovereigns increased the collection, and the government towards the close of the last century purchased a large number of books at sales in Germany. There is also a good collection of Hindostanee works; several of which the philologist Rask brought from India. The books relating to Buddhism, the religion which prevails in Ceylon, are made of palm leaves, tenacious as leather, and capable of enduring a pretty rough treatment. In most of these the letters are formed by punctures, and colour has been rubbed into the holes; in some, however, the leaves are covered with a gold ground upon which black letters are laid. The ants are very injurious to palm leaves in India, and thus frequent transcripts are necessary. It is not too much to say that these insects have retarded the development of the human mind in Asia. A plan has been adopted latterly of steeping the leaves in a poisonous liquid, and thus many an intellect sucks the honey of science from poisoned pages.

The building recently erected for the reception of the Thorwaldsen collection is a singular structure of questionable taste, somewhat in the Egyptian style. It forms a parallelogram enclosing a court, and looks quite as much like a mausoleum as a hall of art. In the midst of the court-yard is the tomb in which it is intended the remains of Thorwaldsen shall be deposited. The walls of the building looking towards the tomb are painted in sombre colours, with representations of figures striving in a race, whilst on the interior of the tomb are drawn white lilies on a light blue ground. The position of this edifice behind the royal palace of Christianburg is much to be condemned; since it seems, by reason of its proximity, to be a dependent building, and yet the styles are discordant, and the relative situations inharmonious. The palace is in the French-Italian style, the museum in the Egyptian; and certainly there is no connexion between the purposes of a royal residence and those of a triumphal and monumental temple. The treasures of art which Thorwaldsen possessed, comprehending not only works by himself and contemporary artists, but antiques collected during a residence in Italy, were presented by him to his country, and it was for the preservation of these valuable objects, as well as to erect a national memorial, that this museum was built. It is a pity that the site was not chosen with more judgment. It has two stories, and the principal entrance leads into a hall, where equestrian statues and other large works of the sculptor are meant to be placed. Thorwaldsen was very industrious, and his sculptures are widely scattered over the Continent; indeed, no sculptor has left behind him more original works. He was in the habit of repeating his designs with differences as to size and treatment. In this museum one may see his March of Alexander in four variations. In one we perceive the King standing in his car of victory, looking with delight upon the wild movements of his horses prancing before him, and thinking of his own triumphal progress. In another he gazes upwards, as if he called upon Jupiter to witness the glory of his son. The Horse of Poniatowski, the Angel with the Baptismal Cup, and the Graces embracing, are subjects which he cut many times, and always with variations.

If we compare the various works that Thorwaldsen produced, we cannot fail to be impressed with the many-sidedness of his genius—grave,

spective, full of strength, full of grace, sublimity, and child-like simplicity. In some of his pieces we see how deeply he had informed himself with the spirit of Christianity; in others, we perceive how completely he had caught the meaning of the Greek myths. Look again at his heroic sculptures, his Alexander, Jason, Mars, Poniatowsky, and contrast them with the Cupids that came from his chisel. Cupid is the chief personage in several of his works, and in looking at them, we see in marble the very thing that Anacreon has put on paper. He did not, however, merely repeat the persons of antique fable, but he was an original inventor in the region of imagination. What can be more exquisite than his "Cupid and Hymen spinning the thread of Life," or his "Course of Human Life?" The poems of the sculptor are short, compact, and laconic. The painter and the writer may lavish colours and words, but the sculptor cannot afford a prodigal expenditure. In his works, a single movement, an attitude, a situation must express a great deal; and what his brother artists can diffusely unfold, he can merely indicate. The works of the statuary are like the Latin sentences of the lapidary, cut in the rock to last for ever. When a poet takes night for his theme, he calls in to his assistance the stars, the moon, the fields, the still air, the wild beasts of the forest, to give us an impression of the hours of darkness. Let us see what Thorwaldsen does. He shapes a female form hovering with closed eyelids in the vast inane; two sleeping children repose on her bosom, and her feet are crossed after the manner of slumberers. Of all the emblems or images of night here is but one, an owl; no stars, no fire, no dark shadows, no effects of light, any of which the painter is at liberty to introduce. Yet Thorwaldsen's work is in the highest degree impressive, and not less dear to the lover of night than a canto of Young's poem. Widely scattered as Thorwaldsen's works are, they are attempting to have casts from all of them, made in plaster. Copies of his great works in the museum have been made for sale, and a good collection may be made at a moderate price.

Mr. Kohl suggests, as interesting subjects of research, the similarities in habits and customs of the English and the Danes; and the exact position which Denmark occupies between England and Germany. Danes, who have travelled in this island, declare that in no foreign country did they feel themselves so near home as here. The Jutlanders may find many traces of their tongue and traditions in Northumberland. It is well known that several Danish customs have resemblances in England. Thus Christmas is kept very much in the same way in both countries, but in Denmark the old name for the season (Jule) is retained, whilst here it has given way to a modern word, although in Scotland the former term is still preserved. In some parts of Jutland the Yule log is still laid on the fire at Christmastide. Copenhagen, like London, is almost deserted at that season by the fashionable world, who go into the country to keep the festival. Then again, in Denmark, there is a May queen, like her Majesty of England. We are told that the characteristics of the two nations are similar, a preponderance of the phlegmatic in both temperaments. The climate, by which the character of a people is, to a great extent, determined, is much alike in both countries; and the scenery is strikingly similar, though certainly the landscapes of England are more varied, grand, and beautiful. Both Danes and English have a great love of the sea and a sea-faring life. The enormous expense incurred by the former, to maintain a fleet which they have no use for, shows their strong attachment to the pageantry if they have not the power of the ocean. No wonder they are passionate lovers of the salt waves, for, taking their islands into account, they have, at least, 1500 miles of coast, and the majority of their large towns are built in sight of the sea. Hence their eyes become accustomed from infancy with the sea in all its aspects, and their childish days are spent almost as much upon its changing bosom as upon the earth. When living away from their own country in the middle of the continent, they are said to languish for a sight of the sea, as the Swiss for a view of their native Alps. The *dark sea* (Sortladne Hav) is celebrated in their songs as much as green valleys, or leafy woods, or lofty mountains are celebrated in the verses of other nations. Their ancient poems sing of sea heroes, and the battles when they conquered foes upon the waves. The national hymn is a pæan to the fame of King Christian, and one of his victories on the ocean.

Path of the Dane to fame and might,
Dark rolling wave!
Receive thy friend who, scorning flight,
Goes to meet danger with despite,
Proudly as thou meetest the tempest's might,
Dark rolling wave!
And amid pleasures and alarms,
And war and victory, be thine arms
My grave!

The dockyards and arsenals of Denmark are not, of course, to be compared with those of our country for size and importance. For this reason, however, a stranger to such places is less confounded by the magnitude and complication of the works, and he can more easily perambulate the several divisions, and more readily comprehend the operations carried on in them. The fleet is a mere article of luxury, which lies unused in the harbour, where it could at any moment be crushed by its powerful neighbours, England and Russia. Before the separation of Norway from Denmark, there might have been some pretence for maintaining a large number of ships, because they formed the bridge from one country to the other. But since that event, there is little to justify so heavy an expenditure, as that incurred in supporting seven ships of the line, sixteen frigates, corvettes, and brigs, seven cutters and schooners, and eighty sloops, with guns and mortars. More than a fourth of Copenhagen is occupied by the fleet and its requirements. Six little islands are covered with workshops, magazines, &c., and one division of the town is occupied by the sailors.

The harbour, where the vessels lie, is one of the finest in the world, formed by a natural arm of the Sound, between the islands of Amak and Zealand. It is remarkable that the three principal articles required in ship-building have to be procured from foreign countries, namely, iron from Sweden, timber from Prussia and Austria, hemp and flax from Russia. There is, to be sure, a good deal of iron in Jutland, but it is of that useless kind called bog ore; and although Denmark is well wooded with beech, yet the oaks are few, and there are no pines at all. In the admiralty house is a model room, much more interesting and instructive, we are told, than the one in the English Admiralty, but still inferior to the collection of naval models at Paris. It contains, amongst other models, one of an old Danish ship of Christian the Fourth's time, a stiff unwieldy creature compared with those of our day. There are Turkish and Venetian gallies alongside old Danish boats. It is a pity there are no models of the old Danish and Norman vessels, with which, a thousand years ago, the Wikinger scoured every ocean, discovered Greenland and America; alarmed Great Britain, France, Spain, and Italy, and robbed England, Normandy, and Ireland.

In spite of what the Danes have suffered from the English, there is a strong feeling amongst them in our favour. It is much to their credit that they have forgiven us for our destruction of their fine fleet; and when the subject is alluded to, they reply, "Ah well! that happened long since, and now that we have new ships, we readily forgive them. It was the government and not the people that committed the deed, and grass grows on the graves of those who planned it. The English are the finest fellows on the face of the globe—that nation has the lead in Europe, and we are their sworn admirers." With this compliment we shut the book.

THE NAUTICO-MILITARY NUN OF SPAIN.

BY THOMAS DE QUINCEY.

(Continued from page 333.)

This ship was full of recruits for the Spanish army, and bound to Concepcion. Even in that destiny was an iteration, or repeating memorial of the significance that ran through Catalina's most casual adventures. She had enlisted amongst the soldiers; and, on reaching port, the very first person who came off from shore was a dashing young military officer, whom at once by his name and rank, (though she had never consciously seen him,) she identified as her own brother. He was splendidly situated in the service, being the Governor-General's secretary, besides his rank as a cavalry officer; and, his errand on board being to inspect the recruits, naturally, on reading in the roll one of them described as a Biscayan, the ardent young man came up with high-bred courtesy to Catalina, took the young recruit's hand with kindness, feeling that to be a compatriot at so great a distance was to be a sort of relative, and asked with emotion after old boyish remembrances. There was a scriptural pathos in what followed, as if it were some scene of domestic re-union, opening itself from patriarchal ages. The young officer was the eldest son of the house, and had left Spain when Catalina was only three years old. But, singularly enough, Catalina it was, the little wild cat that he yet remembered seeing at St. Sebastians, upon whom his earliest inquiries settled. "Did the recruit know his family, the De Erausos?" Oh yes, every body knew *them*. "Did the recruit know little Catalina?" Catalina smiled, as she replied that she did; and gave such an animated description of the little fiery wretch, as made the officer's eyes flash with gratified tenderness, and with certainty that the recruit was no counterfeit Biscayan. Indeed, you know, if Kate couldn't give a good description of "Pussy", who could? The issue of the interview was—that the officer insisted on Kate's making a home of his quarters. He did other services for his unknown sister. He placed her as a trooper in his own regiment, and favoured her in many a way that is open to one having authority. But the person, after all, that did most to serve our Kate, was Kate. War was then raging with Indians, from both Chili and Peru. Kate had always done her duty in action; but at length, in the decisive battle of Purem, there was an opening for doing something more. Havock had been made of her own squadron; most of the officers were killed, and the standard was carried off. Kate gathered around her a small party—galloped after the Indian column that was carrying away the trophy—charged—saw all her own party killed—but (in spite of wounds on her face and shoulder) succeeded in bearing away the recovered standard. She rode up to the general and his staff; she dismounted; she rendered up her prize; and fainted away, much less from the blinding blood, than from the tears of joy which dimmed her eyes, as the general, waving his sword in admiration over her head, pronounced our Kate on the spot an *Alférez*,* or standard-bearer, with a commission from the King of Spain and the Indies. Bonny Kate! Noble Kate! I would there were not two centuries laid between us, so that I might have the pleasure of kissing thy fair hand.

Kate had the good sense to see the danger of revealing her sex, or her relationship, even to her own brother. The grasp of the Church never relaxed, never "prescribed," unless freely and by choice. The nun, if discovered, would have been taken out of the horse-barracks, or the dragoon-saddle. She had the firmness, therefore, for many years, to resist the sisterly impulses that some-

* *Alférez.* This rank in the Spanish army is, or was, on a level with the modern *sous-lieutenant* of France.

times suggested such a confidence. For years, and those years the most important of her life—the years that developed her character—she lived undetected as a brilliant cavalry officer under her brother's patronage. And the bitterest grief in poor Kate's whole life, was the tragical (and, were it not fully attested, one might say the ultra-scenical) event that dissolved their long connexion. Let me spend a word of apology on poor Kate's errors. We all commit many; both you and I, reader. No, stop; that's not civil. You, reader, I know, are a saint; I am *not*, though very near it. I *do* err at long intervals; and then I think with indulgence of the many circumstances that plead for this poor girl. The Spanish armies of that day inherited, from the days of Cortez and Pizarro, shining remembrances of martial prowess, and the very worst of ethics. To think little of blood-shed, to quarrel, to fight, to gamble, to plunder, belonged to the very atmosphere of a camp, to its indolence, to its ancient traditions. In your own defence, you were obliged to do such things. Besides all these grounds of evil, the Spanish army had just there an extra demoralization from a war with savages—faithless and bloody. Do not think, I beseech you, too much, reader, of killing a man. That word "*kill*" is sprinkled over every page of Kate's own autobiography. It ought not to be read by the light of these days. Yet, how if a man that she killed were ——? Hush! It was sad; but is better hurried over in a few words. Years after this period, a young officer one day dining with Kate, entreated her to become his second in a duel. Such things were every-day affairs. However, Kate had reasons for declining the service, and did so. But the officer, as he was sullenly departing, said—that, if he were killed, (as he thought he *should* be) his death would lie at Kate's door. I do not take *his* view of the case, and am not moved by his rhetoric or his logic. Kate *was*, and relented. The duel was fixed for eleven at night, under the walls of a monastery. Unhappily the night proved unusually dark, so that the two principals had to tie white handkerchiefs round their elbows, in order to descry each other. In the confusion they wounded each other mortally. Upon that, according to a usage not peculiar to Spaniards, but extending (as doubtless the reader knows) for a century longer to our own countrymen, the two seconds were obliged in honour to do something towards avenging their principals. Kate had her usual fatal luck. Her sword passed sheer through the body of her opponent: this unknown opponent falling dead, had just breath left to cry out, "Ah, villain, you have killed me," in a voice of horrific reproach; and the voice was the voice of her brother!

The monks of the monastery, under whose silent shadows this murderous duel had taken place, roused by the clashing of swords and the angry shouts of combatants, issued out with torches to find one only of the four officers surviving. Every convent and altar had a right of asylum for a short period. According to the custom, the monks carried Kate, insensible with anguish of mind, to the sanctuary of their chapel. There for some days they detained her; but then, having furnished her with a horse and some provisions, they turned her adrift. Which way should the unhappy fugitive turn? In blindness of heart, she turned towards the sea. It was the sea that had brought her to Peru; it was the sea that would perhaps carry her away. It was the sea that had first showed her this land and its golden hopes; it was the sea that ought to hide from her its fearful remembrances. The sea it was that had twice spared her life in extremities; the sea it was that might now, if it chose, take back the bauble that it had spared in vain.

KATE'S PASSAGE OVER THE ANDES.

Three days our poor heroine followed the coast. Her horse was then almost unable to move; and, on *his* account, she turned inland to a thicket for grass and shelter. As she drew near to it, a voice challenged—"*Who goes there?*" Kate answered, "*Spain.*" "*What people?*" "*A friend.*" It was two soldiers, deserters, and almost starving. Kate shared her provisions with these men: and, on hearing their plan, which was to go over the Cordilleras, she agreed to join the party. *Their* object was the wild one of seeking the river *Dorado*, whose waters rolled along golden sands, and whose pebbles were emeralds. *Hers* was to throw herself upon a line the least liable to pursuit, and the readiest for a new chapter of life in which oblivion might be found for the past. After a few days of incessant climbing and fatigue, they found themselves in the regions of perpetual snow. Summer would come as vainly to this kingdom of frost as to the grave of her brother. No fire, but the fire of human blood in youthful veins, could ever be kept burning in these aerial solitudes. Fuel was rarely to be found, and kindling a secret hardly known except to Indians. However, our Kate can do everything, and she's the girl, if ever girl *did* such a thing, or ever girl did *not* such a thing, that I back at any odds for crossing the Cordilleras. I would bet you something now, reader, if I thought you would deposit your stakes by return of post (as they play at chess through the post office), that Kate does the trick, that she gets down to the other side; that the soldiers do *not*: and that the horse, if preserved at all, is preserved in a way that will leave him very little to boast of.

The party had gathered wild berries and esculent roots at the foot of the mountains, and the horse was of very great use in carrying them. But this larder was soon emptied. There was nothing then to carry; so that the horse's value, as a beast of burthen, fell cent. per cent. In fact, very soon he could not carry himself, and it became easy to calculate when he would reach the bottom on the wrong side the Cordilleras. He took three steps back for one upwards. A council of war being held, the small army resolved to slaughter their horse. He, though a member of the expedition, had no vote, and if he had the votes would have stood three to one—majority, two against him. He was cut into quarters; which surprises me; for, unless *one* quarter was consi-

dered his own share, it reminds one too much of this amongst the many *facetiæ* of English midshipmen, who ask (on any one of their number looking sulky) "if it is his intention to marry and retire from the service upon a superannuation of £4 4s. 4½d. a year, paid quarterly by way of bothering the purser." The purser can't do it with the help of farthings. And, as respects aliquot parts, four shares among three persons, are as incommensurable as a guinea is against any attempt at giving change in half-crowns. However, this was all the preservation that the horse found. No saltpetre or sugar could be had: but the frost was antiseptic. And the horse was preserved in as useful a sense as ever apricots were preserved or strawberries.

On a fire, painfully devised out of broom and withered leaves, a horse-steak was dressed; for drink, snow was allowed *a discretion*. This ought to have revived the party, and Kate, perhaps, it *did*. But the poor deserters were thinly clad, and they had not the boiling heart of Catalina. More and more they drooped. Kate did her best to cheer them. But the march was nearly at an end for *them*, and they were going in one half hour to receive their last billet. Yet, before this consummation, they have a strange spectacle to see; such as few places could show, but the upper chambers of the Cordilleras. They had reached a billowy scene of rocky masses, large and small, looking shockingly black on their perpendicular sides as they rose out of the vast snowy expanse. Upon the highest of these, that was accessible, Kate mounted to look around her, and she saw — oh, rapture at such an hour!—a man sitting on a shelf of rock with a gun by his side. She shouted with joy to her comrades, and ran down to communicate the joyful news. Here was a sportsman, watching, perhaps, for an eagle; and now they would have relief. One man's cheek kindled with the hectic of sudden joy, and he rose eagerly to march. The other was fast sinking under the fatal sleep that frost sends before herself as her merciful minister of death; but hearing in his dream the tidings of relief, and assisted by his friends, he also staggeringly arose. It could not be three minutes' walk, Kate thought, to the station of the sportsman. That thought supported them all. Under Kate's guidance, who had taken a sailor's glance at the bearings, they soon unthreaded the labyrinth of rocks so far as to bring the man within view. He had not left his resting-place; their steps on the soundless snow, naturally, he could not hear; and, as their road brought them upon him from the rear, still less could he see them. Kate hailed him; but so keenly was he absorbed in some speculation, or in the object of his watching, that he took no notice of them, not even moving his head. Kate began to think there would be another man to rouse from sleep. Coming close behind him she touched his shoulder, and said, "My friend, are you sleeping?" Yes, he *was* sleeping; sleeping the sleep from which there is no awaking; and the slight touch of Kate having disturbed the equilibrium of the corpse, down it rolled on the snow; the frozen body rang like a hollow iron cylinder; the face uppermost and blue, with mould, mouth open, teeth ghastly and bleaching in the frost, and a frightful grin upon the lips. This dreadful spectacle finished the struggles of the weaker man, who sank and died at once. The other made an effort with so much spirit, that, in Kate's opinion, horror had acted upon him beneficially as a stimulant. But it was not really so. It was a spasm of morbid strength; a collapse succeeded; his blood began to freeze; he sat down in spite of Kate, and *he* also died without further struggle. Gone are the poor suffering deserters; stretched and bleaching upon the snow; and insulted discipline is avenged. Great kings have long arms; and sycophants are ever at hand for the errand of the potent. What had frost and snow to do with the quarrel? Yet *they* made themselves sycophantic servants of the King of Spain; and *they* dogged his deserters up to the summit of the Cordilleras, more surely than any Spanish bloodhound, or any Spanish tirailleur's bullet.

Now is our Kate standing alone on the summits of the Andes, in solitude that is shocking, for she is alone with her own afflicted conscience. Twice before she had stood in solitude as deep upon the wild—wild waters of the Pacific; but her conscience had been then untroubled. Now, is there nobody left that can help; her horse is dead—the soldiers are dead. There is nobody that she can speak to except God; and very soon you will find that she *does* speak to him; for already on these vast aerial deserts He has been whispering to *her*. The condition of Kate is exactly that of Coleridge's "*Ancient Mariner*." But possibly, reader, you may be amongst the many careless readers that have never fully understood what that condition was. Suffer me to enlighten you, else you ruin the story of the mariner; and by losing all its pathos, lose half the jewels of its beauty.

There are three readers of the "Ancient Mariner." The first is gross enough to fancy all the imagery of the mariner's visions delivered by the poet for actual facts of experience; which being impossible, the whole pulverises, for that reader, into a baseless fairy-tale. The second reader is wiser than *that*; he knows that the imagery is *not* baseless; it is the imagery of febrile delirium; really seen, but not seen as an external reality. The mariner had caught the pestilential fever, which carried off all his mates; he only had survived—the delirium had vanished; but the visions that had haunted the delirium remained. "Yes," says the third reader, "they remained; naturally they did, being scorched by fever into his brain; but how did they happen to remain on his belief as gospel truths? The delirium had vanished: why had not the painted scenery of the delirium vanished, except as visionary memorials of a sorrow that was cancelled? Why was it that craziness settled upon this mariner's brain, driving him, as if he were a Cain, or another Wandering Jew, to "pass like night—from land to land;" and, at uncertain intervals, wrenching him until he made

rehearsal of his errors, even at the hard price of "holding children from their play, and old men from the chimney corner?"* That craziness, as the *third* reader deciphers, rose out of a deeper soil than any bodily affection. It had its root in penitential sorrow. Oh, bitter is the sorrow to a conscientious heart, when, too late, it discovers the depth of a love that has been trampled under foot! This mariner had slain the creature that, on all the earth, loved him best. In the darkness of his cruel superstition he had done it, to save his human brothers from a fancied inconvenience; and yet, by that very act of cruelty, he had himself called destruction upon their heads. The Nemesis that followed punished *him* through *them*—him, that wronged, through those that wrongfully he sought to benefit. That spirit who watches over the sanctities of love is a strong angel—is a jealous angel; and this angel it was

> "That lov'd the bird, that lov'd the man,
> That shot him with his bow."

He it was that followed the cruel archer into silent and slumbering seas;

> "Nine fathom deep he had follow'd him
> Through the realms of mist and snow."

This jealous angel it was that pursued the man into noon-day darkness, and the vision of dying oceans, into delirium, and finally, (when recovered from disease) into an unsettled mind.

Such, also, had been the offence of Kate; such, also, was the punishment that now is dogging her steps. She, like the mariner, had slain the one sole creature that loved her upon the whole wide earth; she, like the mariner, for this offence, had been hunted into frost and snow—very soon will be hunted into delirium; and from *that* (if she escapes with life) will be hunted into the trouble of a heart that cannot rest. There was the excuse of one darkness for *her;* there was the excuse of another darkness for the mariner. But, with all the excuses that earth, and the darkness of earth, can furnish, bitter it would be for you or me, reader, through every hour of life, waking or dreaming, to look back upon one fatal moment when we had pierced the heart that would have died for *us*. In this only the darkness had been merciful to Kate—that it had hidden for ever from her victim the hand that slew him. But now in such utter solitude, her thoughts ran back to their earliest interview. She remembered with anguish, how, on first touching the shores of America, almost the very first word that met her ear had been from *him*, the brother whom she had killed, about the "Pussy" of times long past; how the gallant young man had hung upon her words, as in her native Basque she described her own mischievous little self, of twelve years back; how his colour went and came, whilst his loving memory of the little sister was revived by her own descriptive traits, giving back, as in a mirror, the fawn-like grace, the squirrel-like restlessness, that once had kindled his own delighted laughter; how he would take no denial, but showed on the spot, that, simply to have touched—to have kissed—to have played with the little wild thing, that glorified, by her innocence, the gloom of St. Sebastian's cloisters, gave a *right* to his hospitality; how, through *him* only, she had found a welcome in camps; how, through *him*, she had found the avenue to honour and distinction. And yet this brother, so loving and generous, it was that she had dismissed from life. She paused; she turned round, as if looking back for his grave; she saw the dreadful wildernesses of snow which already she had traversed. Silent they were at this season, even as in the panting heats of noon, the Zaarrahs of the torrid zone are oftentimes silent. Dreadful was the silence; it was the nearest thing to the silence of the grave. Graves were at the foot of the Andes, *that* she knew too well; graves were at the summit of the Andes, *that* she saw too well. And, as she gazed, a sudden thought flashed upon her, when her eyes settled upon the corpses of the poor deserters,—could she, like *them*, have been all this while unconsciously executing judgment upon herself? Running from a wrath that was doubtful, into the very jaws of a wrath that was inexorable? Flying in panic—and behold! there was no man that pursued? For the first time in her life, Kate trembled. *Not* for the first time, Kate wept. Far less for the first time was it, that Kate bent her knee—that Kate clasped her hands—that Kate prayed. But it *was* the first time that she prayed as *they* pray, for whom no more hope is left but in prayer.

Here let me pause a moment for the sake of making somebody angry. A Frenchman, who sadly misjudges Kate, looking at her through a Parisian opera-glass, gives it as *his* opinion—that, because Kate first *records* her prayer on this occasion, therefore, now first of all she prayed. *I* think not so. *I* love this Kate, blood-stained as she is; and I could not love a woman that never bent her knee in thankfulness or in supplication. However, we have all a right to our own little opinion; and it is not *you*, "*mon cher*," you Frenchman, that I am angry with, but somebody else that stands behind you. You, Frenchman, and your compatriots, I love oftentimes for your festal gaiety of heart; and I quarrel only with your levity and that eternal worldliness that freezes too fiercely—that absolutely blisters with its frost—like the upper air of the Andes. *You* speak of Kate only as too readily you speak of all women; the instinct of a natural scepticism being to scoff at all hidden depths of truth. Else you are civil enough to Kate; and your "*homage*" (such as it may happen to be) is always at the service of a woman on the shortest notice. But behind *you*, I see a worse fellow; a gloomy fanatic; a religious sycophant that seeks to propitiate his circle by bitterness against the offences that are most unlike his own. And against him, I must say one word for Kate to the too hasty reader. This villain, whom I mark for a shot if he does not get out of the way, opens his fire on our Kate under shelter of a lie. For there is a standing lie in the very constitution of civil society, a *necessity* of error, misleading us as to

* The beautiful words of Sir Philip Sydney, in his "*Defense of Poesie.*"

the proportions of crime. Mere necessity obliges man to create many acts into felonies, and to punish them as the heaviest offences, which his better sense teaches him secretly to regard as perhaps among the lightest. Those poor deserters, for instance, were they necessarily without excuse? They might have been oppressively used; but in critical times of war, no matter for the individual palliations, the deserter from his colours must be shot: there is no help for it: as in extremities of general famine, we shoot the man [alas! we are *obliged* to shoot him] that is found robbing the common stores in order to feed his own perishing children, though the offence is hardly visible in the sight of God. Only blockheads adjust their scale of guilt to the scale of human punishments. Now, our wicked friend the fanatic, who calumniates Kate, abuses the advantage which, for such a purpose, he derives from the exaggerated social estimate of all violence. Personal security being so main an object of social union, we are obliged to frown upon all modes of violence as hostile to the central principle of that union. We are *obliged* to rate it, according to the universal results towards which it tends, and scarcely at all, according to the special condition of circumstances, in which it may originate. Hence a horror arises for that class of offences, which is (philosophically speaking) exaggerated; and by daily use, the ethics of a police-office translate themselves, insensibly, into the ethics even of religious people. But I tell that sycophantish fanatic—not this only, viz., that he abuses unfairly, against Kate, the advantage which he has from the *inevitably* distorted bias of society; but also, I tell him this second little thing, viz., that upon turning away the glass from that one obvious aspect of Kate's character, her too fiery disposition to vindicate all rights by violence, and viewing her in relation to *general* religious capacities, she was a thousand times more promisingly endowed than himself. It is impossible to be noble in many things, without having many points of contact with true religion. If you deny *that*, you it is that calumniate religion. Kate *was* noble in many things. Her worst errors never took a shape of self-interest or deceit. She was brave, she was generous, she was forgiving, she bore no malice, she was full of truth—qualities that God loves either in man or woman. She hated sycophants and dissemblers. *I* hate them; and more than ever at this moment on her behalf. I wish she were but here—to give a punch on the head to that fellow who traduces her. And, coming round again to the occasion from which this short digression has started, viz., the question raised by the Frenchman—whether Kate were a person likely to *pray* under other circumstances than those of extreme danger? I offer it as *my* opinion that she was. Violent people are not always such from choice, but perhaps from situation. And, though the circumstances of Kate's position allowed her little means for realising her own wishes, it is certain that those wishes pointed continually to peace and an unworldly happiness, if *that* were possible. The stormy clouds that enveloped her in camps, opened overhead at intervals—showing her a far distant blue serene. She yearned, at many times, for the rest which is not in camps or armies; and it is certain, that she ever combined with any plans or day-dreams of tranquillity, as their most essential ally, some aid derived from that dovelike religion which, at St. Sebastian's, as an infant and through girlhood, she had been taught so profoundly to adore.

Now, let us rise from this discussion of Kate against libellers, as Kate herself is rising from prayer, and consider, in conjunction with *her*, the character and promise of that dreadful ground which lies immediately before her. What is to be thought of it? I could wish we had a theodolite here, and a spirit-level, and other instruments, for settling some important questions. Yet no: on consideration, if one *had* a wish allowed by that kind fairy, without whose assistance it would be quite impossible to send, even for the spirit-level, nobody would throw away the wish upon things so paltry; I would not put the fairy upon any such errand: I would order the good creature to bring no spirit-level, but a stiff glass of spirits for Kate—a palanquin, and relays of fifty stout bearers—all drunk, in order that they might not feel the cold. The main interest at this moment, and the main difficulty—indeed, the "open question" of the case—was, to ascertain whether the ascent were yet accomplished or not; and when would the descent commence? or had it, perhaps, long commenced? The character of the ground, in those immediate successions that could be connected by the eye, decided nothing; for the undulations of the level had been so continual for miles, as to perplex any eye but an engineer's, in attempting to judge whether, upon the whole, the tendency were upwards or downwards. Possibly it was yet neither way; it is, indeed, probable, that Kate had been for some time travelling along a series of terraces, that traversed the whole breadth of the topmost area at that point of crossing the Cordilleras, and which perhaps, but not certainly, compensated any casual tendencies downwards by corresponding reascents. Then came the question—how long would these terraces yet continue? and had the ascending parts *really* balanced the descending?—upon *that* seemed to rest the final chance for Kate. Because, unless she very soon reached a lower level, and a warmer atmosphere, mere weariness would oblige her to lie down, under a fierceness of cold, that would not suffer her to rise after once losing the warmth of motion; or, inversely, if she even continued in motion, mere extremity of cold would of itself, speedily absorb the little surplus energy for moving, which yet remained unexhausted by weariness.

At this stage of her progress, and whilst the agonising question seemed yet as indeterminate as ever, Kate's struggle with despair, which had been greatly soothed by the fervour of her prayer, revolved upon her in deadlier blackness. All turned, she saw, upon a race against time, and the arrears of the road; and she, poor thing!

how little qualified could *she* be, in such a condition, for a race of any kind; and against two such obstinate brutes as time and space! This hour of the progress, this noontide of Kate's struggle, must have been the very crisis of the whole. Despair was rapidly tending to ratify itself. Hope, in any degree, would be a cordial for sustaining her efforts. But to flounder along a dreadful chaos of snow-drifts, or snow-chasms, towards a point of rock, which, being turned, should expose only another interminable succession of the same character—might *that* be endured by ebbing spirits, by stiffening limbs, by the ghastly darkness that was now beginning to gather upon the inner eye? And, if once despair became triumphant, all the little arrear of physical strength would collapse at once.

Oh! verdure of human fields, cottages of men and women (that now suddenly seemed all brothers and sisters), cottages with children around them at play, that are so far below—oh! summer and spring, flowers and blossoms, to which, as to *his* symbols, God has given the gorgeous privilege of rehearsing for ever upon earth his most mysterious perfection — Life, and the resurrections of Life—is it indeed true, that poor Kate must never see you more? Mutteringly she put that question to herself. But strange are the caprices of ebb and flow in the deep fountains of human sensibilities. At this very moment, when the utter incapacitation of despair was gathering fast at Kate's heart, a sudden lightening shot far into her spirit, a reflux almost supernatural, from the earliest effects of her prayer. A thought had struck her all at once, and this thought prompted her immediately to turn round. Perhaps it was in some blind yearning after the only memorials of life in this frightful region, that she fixed her eye upon a point of hilly ground by which she identified the spot near which the three corpses were lying. The silence seemed deeper than ever. Neither was there any phantom memorial of life for the eye or for the ear, nor wing of bird, nor echo, nor green leaf, nor creeping thing, that moved or stirred, upon the soundless waste. Oh, what a relief to this burthen of silence would be a human groan! Here seemed a motive for still darker despair. And yet, at that very moment, a pulse of joy began to thaw the ice at her heart. It struck her, as she reviewed the ground, that undoubtedly it had been for some time slowly descending. Her senses were much dulled by suffering; but this thought it was, suggested by a sudden apprehension of a continued descending movement, which had caused her to turn round. Sight had confirmed the suggestion first derived from her own steps. The distance attained was now sufficient to establish the tendency. Oh, yes, yes, to a certainty she had been descending for some time. Frightful was the spasm of joy which whispered that the worst was over. It was as when the shadow of midnight, that murderers had relied on, is passing away from your beleaguered shelter, and dawn will soon be manifest. It was as when a flood, that all day long has raved against the walls of your house, has ceased (you suddenly think) to rise; yes! measured by a golden plummet, it *is* sinking beyond a doubt, and the darlings of your household are saved. Kate faced round in agitation to her proper direction. She saw, what previously, in her stunning confusion, she had *not* seen, that, hardly two stones' throw in advance, lay a mass of rock, split as into a gateway. Through that opening it now became probable that the road was lying. Hurrying forward, she passed within the natural gates. Gates of paradise they were. Ah, what a vista did that gateway expose before her dazzled eye? what a revelation of heavenly promise? Full two miles long, stretched a long narrow glen, everywhere descending, and in many parts rapidly. All was now placed beyond a doubt. She *was* descending—for hours perhaps *had* been descending insensibly, the mighty staircase. Yes, Kate is leaving behind her the kingdom of frost and the victories of death. Two miles farther there may be rest, if there is not shelter. And very soon, as the crest of her new-born happiness, she distinguished at the other end of that rocky vista, a pavilion-shaped mass of dark-green foliage—a belt of trees, such as we see in the lovely parks of England, but islanded by a screen (though not everywhere occupied by the usurpations) of a thick bushy undergrowth. Oh, verdure of dark-olive foliage, offered suddenly to fainting eyes, as if by some winged patriarchal herald of wrath relenting—solitary Arab's tent, rising with saintly signals of peace, in the dreadful desert, must Kate indeed die even yet, whilst she sees but cannot reach you? Outpost on the frontier of man's dominions, standing within life, but looking out upon everlasting death, wilt thou hold up the anguish of thy mocking invitation, only to betray? Never, perhaps, in this world was the line so exquisitely grazed, that parts salvation and ruin. As the dove to her dove-cot from the swooping hawk—as the Christian pinnace to Christian batteries, from the bloody Mahometan corsair, so flew—so tried to fly towards the anchoring thickets, that, alas, could not weigh their anchors and make sail to meet her—the poor exhausted Kate from the vengeance of pursuing frost.

And she reached them; staggering, fainting, reeling, she entered beneath the canopy of umbrageous trees. But, as oftentimes, the Hebrew fugitive to a city of refuge, flying for his life before the avenger of blood, was pressed so hotly that, on entering the archway of what seemed to *him* the heavenly city-gate, as he kneeled in deep thankfulness to kiss its holy merciful shadow, he could not rise again, but sank instantly with infant weakness into sleep—sometimes to wake no more; so sank, so collapsed upon the ground, without power to choose her couch, and with little prospect of ever rising again to her feet, the martial nun. She lay as luck had ordered it, with her head screened by the undergrowth of bushes, from any gales that might arise; she lay exactly as she sank, with her eyes up to heaven; and thus it was that the nun saw, before falling asleep, the two sights that

upon earth are fittest for the closing eyes of a nun, whether destined to open again, or to close for ever. She saw the interlacing of boughs overhead forming a dome, that seemed like the dome of a cathedral. She saw through the fret-work of the foliage, another dome, far beyond, the dome of an evening sky, the dome of some heavenly cathedral, not built with hands. She saw upon this upper dome the vesper lights, all alive with pathetic grandeur of colouring from a sunset that had just been rolling down like a chorus. She had not, till now, consciously observed the time of day; whether it were morning, or whether it were afternoon, in her confusion she had not distinctly known. But now she whispered to herself—"*It is evening:*" and what lurked half unconsciously in these words might be—"The sun, that rejoices, has finished his daily toil; man, that labours, has finished *his*; I, that suffer, have finished mine." That might be what she thought, but what she *said* was, "it is evening; and the hour is come when the *Angelus* is sounding through St Sebastians," What made her think of St Sebastians, so far away in depths of space and time? Her brain was wandering, now that her feet were *not*; and, because her eyes had descended from the heavenly to the earthly dome, *that* made her think of earthly cathedrals, and of cathedral choirs, and of St Sebastian's chapel, with its silvery bells that carried the *Angelus* far into mountain recesses. Perhaps, as her wanderings increased, she thought herself back in childhood; became "pussy" once again; fancied that all since then was a frightful dream; that she was not upon the dreadful Andes, but still kneeling in the holy chapel at vespers; still innocent as then; loved as then she had been loved; and that all men were liars, who said her hand was ever stained with blood. Little enough is mentioned of the delusions which possessed her; but that little gives a key to the impulse which her palpitating heart obeyed, and which her rambling brain for ever reproduced in multiplying mirrors. Restlessness kept her in waking dreams for a brief half hour. But then fever and delirium would wait no longer; the killing exhaustion would no longer be refused; the fever, the delirium, and the exhaustion, swept in together with power like an army with banners; and the nun ceased through the gathering twilight any more to watch the cathedrals of earth, or the more solemn cathedrals that rose in the heavens above.

All night long she slept in her verdurous St. Bernard's hospice without awaking, and whether she would *ever* awake seemed to depend upon an accident. The slumber that towered above her brain was like that fluctuating silvery column which stands in scientific tubes sinking, rising, deepening, lightening, contracting, expanding; or like the mist that sits, through sultry afternoons, upon the river of the American St. Peter, sometimes rarefying for minutes into sunny gauze, sometimes condensing for hours into palls of funeral darkness. You fancy that, after twelve hours of *any* sleep, she must have been refreshed; better at least than she was last night. Ah! but sleep is not always sent upon missions of refreshment. Sleep is sometimes the secret chamber in which death arranges his machinery. Sleep is sometimes that deep mysterious atmosphere, in which the human spirit is slowly unsettling its wings for flight from earthly tenements. It is now eight o'clock in the morning; and, to all appearance, if Kate should receive no aid before noon, when next the sun is departing to his rest, Kate will be departing to hers; when next the sun is holding out his golden Christian signal to man, that the hour is come for letting his anger go down, Kate will be sleeping away for ever into the arms of brotherly forgiveness.

What is wanted just now for Kate, supposing Kate herself to be wanted by this world, is, that this world would be kind enough to send her a little brandy before it is too late. The simple truth was, and a truth which I have known to take place in more ladies than Kate, who died or did *not* die, accordingly, as they had or had not an adviser like myself, capable of giving so sound an opinion, that the jewelly star of life had descended too far down the arch towards setting, for any chance of re-ascending by *spontaneous* effort. The fire was still burning in secret, but needed to be rekindled by potent artificial breath. It lingered, and *might* linger, but would never culminate again without some stimulus from earthly vineyards.* Kate was ever lucky, though ever un-

* Though not exactly in the same circumstances as Kate, or sleeping, *à la belle etoile*, on a declivity of the Andes, I have known (or heard circumstantially reported) the cases of many ladies besides Kate, who were in precisely the same critical danger of perishing for want of a little brandy. A dessert spoonful or two would have saved them. Avaunt! you wicked "Temperance" medallist! repent as fast as ever you can, or, perhaps the next time we hear of you, *anasarca* and *hydrothorax*, will be running after you to punish your shocking excesses in water. Seriously, the case is one of constant recurrence, and constantly ending fatally from *unseasonable* and pedantic rigor of temperance. The fact is, that the medical profession composes the most generous and liberal body of men amongst us; taken generally, by much the most enlightened; but professionally, the most timid. Want of boldness in the administration of opium, &c., though they can be bold enough with mercury, is their besetting infirmity. And from this infirmity females suffer most. One instance I need hardly mention, the fatal case of an august lady, mourned by nations, with respect to whom it was, and is, the belief of multitudes to this hour, (well able to judge) that she would have been saved by a glass of brandy; and her attendant, who shot himself, came to think so too late—too late for *her*, and too late for himself. Amongst many cases of the same nature, which personally I have been acquainted with, twenty years ago, a man, illustrious for his intellectual accomplishments, mentioned to me that his own wife, during her first or second confinement, was suddenly reported to him, by one of her female attendants, (who slipped away unobserved by the medical people) as undoubtedly sinking fast. He hurried to her chamber, and *saw* that it was so. The presiding medical authority, however, was inexorable, "Oh, by no means," shaking his ambrosial wig, "any stimulant at this crisis would be fatal." But no authority could overrule the concurrent testimony of all symptoms, and of all unprofessional opinions. By some pious falsehood my friend smuggled the doctor out of the room, and immediately smuggled a glass of brandy into the poor lady's lips. She recovered with magical power. The doctor is now dead, and went to his grave under the delusive persuasion—that not any vile glass of brandy, but the stern refusal of all brandy, was the thing that saved his collapsing patient. The patient herself, who might naturally know something of the matter, was of a different opinion. She sided with the

fortunate; and the world, being of my opinion that Kate was worth saving, made up its mind about half-past eight o'clock in the morning to save her. Just at that time, when the night was over, and its sufferings were hidden—in one of those intermitting gleams that for a moment or two lightened the clouds of her slumber, Kate's dull ear caught a sound that for years had spoken a familiar language to *her*. What was it? It was the sound, though muffled and deadened, like the ear that heard it, of horsemen advancing. Interpreted by the tumultuous dreams of Kate, was it the cavalry of Spain, at whose head so often she had charged the bloody Indian scalpers? Was it, according to the legend of ancient days, cavalry that had been sown by her brother's blood, cavalry that rose from the ground on an inquest of retribution, and were racing up the Andes to seize her? Her dreams that had opened sullenly to the sound waited for no answer, but closed again into pompous darkness. Happily, the horsemen had caught the glimpse of some bright ornament, clasp, or aiguillette, on Kate's dress. They were hunters and foresters from below; servants in the household of a beneficent lady; and in some pursuit of flying game had wandered beyond their ordinary limits. Struck by the sudden scintillation from Kate's dress played upon by the morning sun, they rode up to the thicket. Great was their surprise, great their pity, to see a young officer in uniform stretched within the bushes upon the ground, and perhaps dying. Borderers from childhood on this dreadful frontier, sacred to winter and death, they understood the case at once. They dismounted: and with the tenderness of women, raising the poor frozen corpse in their arms, washed her temples with brandy, whilst one, at intervals, suffered a few drops to trickle within her lips. As the restoration of a warm bed was now most likely to be successful, they lifted the helpless stranger upon a horse, walking on each side with supporting arms. Once again our Kate is in the saddle; once again a Spanish Caballador. But Kate's bridle-hand is deadly cold. And her spurs, that she had never unfastened since leaving the monastic asylum, hung as idle as the flapping sail that fills unsteadily with the breeze upon a stranded ship.

This procession had some miles to go, and over difficult ground; but at length it reached the forest-like park and the chateau of the wealthy proprietress. Kate was still half-frozen and speechless, except at intervals. Heavens! can this corpse-like, languishing young woman be the Kate that once, in her radiant girlhood rode with a handful of comrades into a column of two thousand enemies, that saw her comrades die, that persisted when all were dead, that tore from the heart of all resistance the banner of her native Spain? Chance and change have "written strange defeatures in her face." Much is changed; but some things are not changed: there is still kindness that overflows with pity; there is still helplessness that asks for this pity without a voice: she is now received by a Senora, not less kind than that maternal aunt, who, on the night of her birth, first welcomed her to a loving home; and she, the heroine of Spain, is herself as helpless now as that little lady who, then at ten minutes of age, was kissed and blessed by all the household of St. Sebastian.

Last month, reader, I promised, or some one promised *for* me, that I should drive through to the end of the journey in the next stage. But, oh, dear reader! these Andes, in Jonathan's phrase, are a "severe" range of hills. It takes "the kick" out of any horse, or, indeed, out of any cornet of horse, to climb up this cruel side of the range. Rest I really must, whilst Kate is resting. But next month I will carry you down the other side at such a flying gallop, that you shall suspect me (though most unjustly) of a plot against your neck. Now, let me throw down the reins; and then, in our brother Jonathan's sweet sentimental expression, "let's liquor."

(To be concluded in our next.)

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fractious body around her bed, (comprehending all beside the doctor) who felt sure that death was rapidly approaching, *barring* that brandy. The same result in the same appalling crisis, I have known repeatedly produced by twenty-five drops of laudanum. An obstinate man will say — "Oh, never listen to a non-medical man like this writer. Consult in such a case your medical adviser." You will, will you? Then let me tell you, that you are missing the very logic of all I have been saying for the improvement of blockheads, which is—that you should consult any man *but* a medical man, since no other man has any obstinate prejudice of professional timidity. N.B.—I prescribe for Kate *gratis*, because she, poor thing! has so little to give. But from other ladies, who may have the happiness to benefit by my advice, I expect a fee—not so large a one considering the service—a flowering plant, suppose the *second* best in their collection. I know it would be of no use to ask for the *very* best, (which else I could wish to do) because that would only be leading them into little fibs. I don't insist on a *Yucca gloriosa*, or a *Magnolia speciosissima*, (I hope there *is* such a plant)—a rose or a violet will do. I am sure there is such a plant as that. And if they settle their debts justly, I shall very soon be master of the prettiest little conservatory in England. For, treat it not as a jest, reader; no case of timid practise is so fatally frequent.

NIGHT THOUGHTS.

There are times when thoughts of the past rush o'er
The rapt mind like a heavy sea,
And like drifted weed from some distant shore
Come regrets for what might not be.

Such thoughts are abroad when the silent skies
Look down on a world at rest;
And the pallid moon on the dark night lies,
Like the fair on Othello's breast!

Then crowd on the mind the once-loved face,
And the long-forgotten tone,
Till the brooding mem'ry fills all space,
And we live in the past alone.

Then the thoughts which the busy present wakes,
And which haunt the gairish day,
Like ghosts when the light of morning breaks,
Hide their faces and shrink away.

H. M. A.

PECCAN SPRING.

A LEGEND OF THE PRAIRIES.

BY PERCY B. ST. JOHN.

Deep in the centre of a sycamore grove—where the peccan and the turtle-berry flourish in open glades, where the deer come at even-tide to water, and where the wild turkey gobble in the due season, thickly dight with wild grave vines, and other creeping plants—is Peccan Spring, a locality celebrated, far and wide, with the hunters and trappers who frequent the borders of the Red River. It is a sweet and retired spot, a very woodland retreat, where fays and sprites might be supposed to dwell and dance by the blue light of a summer moon, leaving mark and sign upon the rich prairie grass; butwhich, in the land of the Anglo-American, knows no other associations but those connected with the copper-coloured aboriginals, who sometimes visit it, for a draught of fresh water, and to rest after the chase. Many a sound of savage feast, and many a wail of war victims had been heard there in its day, and many a tale of wild interest and bloody event was connected with its history.

Around, as far as the eye could reach, was prairie—a level surface of boundless extent, swelling here and there like wavelets of the sea, but to the roving eye flat and unvaried. The wood, which in part was filled with trees of different species, covered many miles of ground, reaching to the border of a small but muddy stream, in part fed by the spring which made the locality so desirable.

The sun had gone angrily to rest, setting in a flood of blood red light that yet illumined the western horizon, a few ragged and scattered clouds were gradually increasing in numbers, and threatening an overcast and stormy night, when a mounted traveller came trotting up towards the centre of the grove. He was a young man of goodly mien and stalwart frame, clothed in a complete suit of hunting clothes, with flannel shirt, buckskin trousers, untanned boots, shot-pouch, bag, and a rifle of heavy calibre—in all no small load for a horse of the dimensions seen in the prairies. The animal seemed to scent the water, for without hesitation it trotted towards the small open glade, where it bubbled forth, and came to a dead halt.

"Well done, old girl," said the traveller. "I conclude you recollect last fall, when the bloody Sioux were outlying for our skins, and we camped about these diggens. But softly, mare, down below is your location, leave this green sward for your betters. Come a-head, Kelly."

"Got the spring?" growled a deep voice, at some distance.

"I reckon I have," continued the young man, dismounting, and unloading the jaded brute, while his companion rode up.

"The very diggens!" said Kelly, also dismounting, and presenting to the eye, the huge frame and six feet two of a Rocky Mountain trapper: "it's vale juicy water and small potatoes to spare."

The second comer was far less well favoured than the first. Dark haired and eyed, with huge whiskers and mustachoes, and eyebrows to match, there was an unpleasant scowl about his face, which was indicative of much evil passion, which his apparently vast bodily strength tended to render all the less agreeable. He looked the very man to hug a bear, eat an Indian, and whip a panther round his head, as he would swing a cat, by the tail.

"We shall do very well, I expect," replied James Wharton, the first speaker.

"We're bound to do war I am. We've meat and water, we've fire and 'baccy, what more can a man axf"

Wharton laughed, and without answering, having hoffled his horse, began collecting dry sticks, while Kelly with a huge axe felled some large branches suited to the purpose of a roaring fire.

"It's 'nation cold;" said Kelly, "and darn me if I mind the Ingines. I'll have a fire that 'ull speak, I'm bound.

"As you please, I trust to you," smiled Wharton complacently, with a look which plainly said "to save trouble, not because you know any better."

"You're wise, I reckon," growled Kelly.

It was not long, ere by the side of the Peccan Spring which gently bubbled up through a bed of fine sand, there sparkled a huge and speaking blaze, making merry the night air, and chasing away all semblance of the storm. Then down sat the pair to provide the evening meal—most welcome to the traveller in the wilds, after a day's journey with a bracing wind in his teeth. This concluded, both loaded their pipes, and leaning against a friendly and convenient log enjoyed the luxury of a smoke.

"How many more days do you reckon to Little Rock?" said Wharton, clearing away a dense cloud of smoke by the motion of his hand.

"Good ten, and long chalks at that too," replied Kelly, without removing his pipe which was doing goodly service; "but you ain't tired are you?"

"Not I; ripe for a month."

"Well then keep first watch, while I snooze," continued the other with a laugh; and rolling himself along, he stretched his huge limbs athwart the fire, and in five minutes gave evident token of being in a state of somnolency.

James Wharton remained alone, and glancing round noticed that deep night had set in, and that the heavens were more and more overcast and lowering: but he cared not. Born in the haunts of civilisation, and amid the educated of his fellow men, a roving taste had led him to venture amid the wildest scenes, and to depend for days and weeks, nay months, upon his gun for subsistence; to lie down in peace with the wolf, the bear, even with the Indian close at hand—and had taught him to feel no anxiety for his scalp as long as it was upon his head. Rain and wind, heat and cold, had become alike indifferent; and he cared not so that there happened not, the great scourges of the prairies, hunger or thirst. The gusts came constant and heavy amid the trees, and the howl of the calotoe, an American wolf, was distinct and near, in search of scraps left about by the traveller.

"Hist!" whispered Wharton to himself, as he sank beside his comrade in the act of listening, the gentle but still perceptible sound of a foot fall on the dry sticks be-

neath the trees reaching his ear—"but I will not wake this brute unless need be," and rolling himself out of the glare of the fire, he rose on his feet and stepped or rather glided behind a tree.

Pat!—pat! came some straggling and feeble steps, which sounded strangely to the woodman.

"Some Indian devilry, or a woman, I'll swear," said Wharton; "but, however, here goes. Who comes? if friends advance, there are none but white men here."

A feeble groan followed; and Wharton, whose feelings were aroused, seizing a brand from the fire hurried in the direction of the sound, and to his inexpressible astonishment discovered a woman leaning for support against a tree. It was apparent at a glance that she was in the last stage of exhaustion and suffering, and the young man, without hesitation, took her in his arms and bore her to the fire. Opening his flask, he poured a small draught of brandy down her throat, which instantly reviving her, he hastened to cut from the buck which had supplied them for supper, a few tender and delicate morsels.

"Water! water!" whispered the girl, for Wharton had discovered his prize to be a young and handsome white.

"'Tis done," said he, "come cheer up maid; here is food and drink and Christian company."

"Stranger, I am dying with hunger," again feebly cried the girl.

"That shall be soon remedied. To begin, here is a small bit of maize bread, and these hot coals will give you as tender a broiled steak in five minutes, as you could wish."

The Indian corn cake was greedily devoured, and as soon as the savoury morsel, which Wharton laid before her, was also eaten somewhat more deliberately, a change for the better was soon manifested in the lady, who had thus unceremoniously intruded herself into the trapper camp. As strength and life returned, the young creature seemed to think of the novelty of her position, and she sat in some confusion with downcast eyes in the presence of her preserver.

"You are better, Miss?" said Wharton gently, admiring, by stealth, the returning beauties of face and expression.

"Much, generous man," she replied. "For five days have I wandered and endured the pangs of starvation, alleviated only by berries and roots."

"You were lost, of course?" continued Wharton, too much accustomed to such an event to be in any way surprised.

"Yes. Early in the morning, my party—which was bound to Arkansas, from Lower Texas, which we left because of the war—started, while I lingered behind to gather some rare and new flowers. This done, I followed, as I thought, in their trail, but as I have since supposed, must have taken the wrong one. For hours I never discovered my mistake; and then, instead of retracing my steps, I attempted to cross the prairie in search of the right one."

"Which of course you never found."

"I never did; and since then I have wandered I know not how."

"Well, never mind sad reminiscences. We are for Arkansas, and will see you safe there. Strange guardians for one so young and fair," added he with a laugh, "but trust me, I will prove a true one."

"I will put faith in you," she replied gaily, "and if you take me to my friends no thanks of mine will be wanting. I would do anything to show my gratitude."

"Anything?" said Wharton, with animation.

"In reason," she continued with a blush, for the hunter's eye, full of genuine, honest admiration, was full upon her; "but what am I to call you?"

He told her.

"Ah well, and I am Mary Renshaw; and this huge hunter?"

"Job Kelly, rough enough, but I think true. I have not known him long, but think I can say a good word."

"Well, you aire a queer sort," said Kelly, growling, "what locrum is that you're a-carrying on by yourself?"

"Caught for once, Job," replied Wharton, "for I am not alone, another traveller has chanced this way."

"Well, I'm bound to swar, but I won't," said Kelly, sitting bolt upright, and staring in mute wonder at the strange company into which he had fallen.

"I'd not advise you to," continued Wharton, "as you are in the company of a lady."

"Well, I'll be riglarly chawed dry for a month," said Kelly, still staring, "but this is seeing the elephant and no flies."

Wharton, who was laughing heartily, now explained the accident to which they owed the strange addition to their party, and conversation became general, until the young man recollected the fatigues and sufferings of the girl; and, making her a soft couch of Spanish moss and leaves, covered with a horse cloth, she was induced to lie down near the fire. In this her two guardians presently imitated her, and the rest of the night passed without farther interruption.

It was sometime after dawn ere Wharton awoke, when he found Kelly stirring about busily preparing breakfast, while their fair companion still heavily slept. Ever and anon the hunter cast curious glances at her calm upturned face, in which looks were visible, considerable wonder at her fairness, mingled with extreme admiration of her beauty.

"Well, I am a riglar old hand, I know," said Kelly drily, "and I've seen above a bit in my time: I've fought the Sioux for thirty mortal days alone behind a stump, and knocked 'em down like butter-birds, I've seen the Flatheads and the Gros-ventres, and found many a stray child in the woods, but this do about fix me; I'm in a rale jam, and that's a fact."

"It is a strange adventure certainly."

"Strange. Why, I say, I do, it don't convene to reason at all. I say Jim, what's to be done with her?"

"Take her to her friends, to be sure."

"Jim Wharton," said Kelly, now very red in the face, "you're about as silly as a heifer."

"What do you mean?" replied the young man, his native fierceness breaking forth.

"Don't shoot up, for all the world like a bottle of spruce beer; but jist listen to me. This gal was picked up by you, you want a wife, take her; you don't, well I do, and I'll take her. There arn't no lar here."

"Job Kelly," said Wharton firmly, "of course you are poking fun; if not—"

"What, if not?" exclaimed the other, with a brutal sneer.

"By the God that made you, my knife and your heart

would make acquaintance. She is under my protection, and there she remains free and safe until in the hands of her friends."

"She's opening her peepers," said Kelly sullenly, "so no more, but I'll be bound you'll listen to me. It don't convene to reason—" the rest of the sentence was lost in the muttering tone in which it was delivered.

"I have overslept myself, I fancy," cried Mary Renshaw starting, "for you are stirring."

"You have just risen in time for breakfast," replied Wharton, "and if you like to run down yonder to the pool, and swill your hands and face, we shall then be ready."

The young girl acquiesced, and tripping down to the pool, where the horses had drank the preceding night, and which lay embowered in trees, she soon came back, her hair smooth and neat, and her face glowing with renewed loveliness and health. Much did both wonder at the change which food and rest had brought about, nor were they backward in expressing their thoughts. She laughingly repelled their praises, while she more than half feared the daring and bold admiration that sat on the elder hunter's countenance. Wharton saw this and drew her attention away.

"Now for a venison cutlet, Miss Renshaw," he said, "the best fare we have, and then for a ride over the prairies on our way home."

"But how will you contrive? You have but two horses."

"I shall walk a turn," replied Wharton, handing the meat, "and look out for game. It will be a pleasant change."

"You are pleased to say so," said she, shaking her head; "but I am not bound to believe you."

"If you don't have his, you can have mine, I reckon," put in Kelly gruffly, "I expect a slope will do me good."

"Many thanks," exclaimed Mary, colouring, "but I'll put faith in my guardian."

"See what it is to be young," said Kelly with a laugh. "Ha! ha! I wish I had twenty summers less upon my head. It would be rare, I'll sware."

"Nonsense, Job!" cried Wharton, "you'll do very well as you are."

"I'm not exactly square of that, but never mind. Catch up, is the word. Let us away."

This advice being seconded, the horses were made ready, and then—Mary Renshaw leaping gaily on the back of that which belonged to the young man—the party started along a beaten though narrow trail, which led in the direction of the Red River. All signs of the threatening weather of the preceding night had departed; the heavens were blue, and unclouded by a single streak of vapour; a warm glow pervaded the atmosphere, ever communicating itself to the grass and rushes beneath their feet, which crackled and broke beneath the horses' hoofs as they proceeded. For a while they kept together, the horses being walked slowly, while Wharton trotted beside Mary leading her mustang, which pranced and snorted beneath its comparatively light load. At length, Kelly, who was in advance, signalled a herd of deer at some distance to the left on the plain, near a knot of bushes, and the young man, having assured himself of their position, started across in search of the game, his companions agreeing to halt for him at the ford, which lay some miles a-head. For some minutes Wharton found the prairie dry and fit for walking, but ere he had advanced a hundred yards, a small morass thickly grown with tall rushes impeded his progress, and he had to turn to the right in search of a hillock over which he could walk dry footed. Reaching the summit he looked round, and to his considerable surprise, discovered his friends at a gallop, making along an old Indian trail, which led in a very different direction to that of the rendezvous, in fact terminating in an old deserted cluster of wigwams quite off the road.

"You are an old coon, Kelly," muttered Wharton, "and I see your plan at a glance; but your head is turned, and I will baulk you, or I am no white man. Sweet girl, fear not, I have my senses about me."

Crouching low, so that his companion might not descry the change in his purpose, Wharton kept his eyes fixed on the rapidly retreating forms of the ill-assorted pair; and when once they were out of sight, turned, and, still proceeding with great caution, followed in their footsteps. As he walked quickly, he soon reached the trail, and with knitted brow and clenched hands, took his way along it. There was a cloud of night upon his face, and by the working of the muscles, it could be seen that he was nerving himself to some stern determination. At length the play of his countenance settled, and a stilled calm overspread his features.

"This will have a bloody ending I feel; but Job Kelly you have brought it on yourself," he exclaimed aloud. "Ha, ha! old fox, a divided trail here," he said, as he reached the spot where they had turned off, and descried fresh marks of horses on both; "no, Indians, by the Lord!"

It was true, there were clear signs that an Indian party had passed that way, but with women and children, tents and all the apparel, not of a war, but of a hunting ride. Still Wharton felt uneasy, not for himself, but for her who, thrown on his protection in so strange a manner, had keenly twined herself around his heart. With renewed vigour on he stepped, hoping that this discovery had been the reason that had induced Kelly to change his route. On he went for hours and hours; the sun rose above his head, it gained its highest elevation, then sank and almost reached its place of rest, and yet he advanced, plain marks of horses' hoofs still guiding and urging him on. At length his step grew more slow, and as he gained a wood, he began to creep amid the trees, with cat-like caution. A few minutes brought him to the edge of a romantic dell, a deep and gloomy glen of narrow dimensions, shaded by tall and waving pines. The earth was here encumbered with leaves and the falling boughs, reduced to a species of soil, where not a foot-fall could be heard. Still were the horses' marks plainly to be seen, now led by the walking hunter. They tended downwards to the bed of what, in wet weather, was a stream; but which now presented nothing but stones and pebbles, clean washed and whitened, to the eye. Looking down the vale, a high and cliffy eminence crossed the end at some distance, whence spurted a tiny stream, that was lost in the ground; while on the summit were seen the dead wigwams. The whole buried in closing darkness, with deep silence brooding over all, made sad the heart of the solitary wayfarer. Treading lightly and slowly along the pebbles, Wharton reached a clump of bushes, and thence

looked into the very depth and mystery of that retired spot.

Below, lay a tiny pool dividing a small portion of rocky ground from the rest of the glen, whence there was no visible outlet save the way by which Wharton had come. On the other side was a natural cavern, a famous *cache* and place of safety for the prairie hunter. Above, reaching to the foot of a cliff of some twenty feet in height, was a rough space covered with grass and herbs. Here grazed the horses. A faint glow of light from the mouth of the cavern marked where were the fugitives. Pausing awhile, until darkness had quite covered the scene, the young man slipped noiselessly down, and, with slow and cautious step, forded the pool. Five minutes brought him in full view of the cavern.

Kelly sat beside a little fire, his back to Wharton; while Mary, close at hand, was reclining in apparently great fatigue on the horse cloths and other trappings, watching listlessly the preparations made for supper; while her eye would anxiously turn every now and then as if in search of one who came not. Wharton's heart leaped as he thought how glad it would be to have that eye even thus turned in hope of his approach, and the rover's taste for a roving life was at an end.

"I reckon you're tired, Miss," said Kelly, as gently as he could.

"I am. But why comes not your *friend*; I fear the Indians may have waylaid him?"

"I expect he ar'nt a child, he can take care of himself," exclaimed Job, sullenly, "the Injines won't eat him. But look, here ar'l a fine juicy morsel."

"I cannot eat; I am sick at heart; I fear my kind preserver is in danger."

"Miss Renshaw," said Kelly, rising and speaking thickly, "it goes agin the grain to hear you talk of that man. I expect you would'nt trouble if I wur out, and ar'nt I as good as he?"

"I said nothing against you," replied Mary, half alarmed; "but surely there is no harm in ——."

"There is above a bit. Miss Renshaw: what's in raust come out, and I ar'nt agoin' to tell no lies. I am Job Kelly, and that's saying no dirt of myself. I'm about the yaller flower of the forest hereabouts. I can beat any hunter going, and keep a squaw in right down style. I like you, and that's a fact; there's a spirit in you ar'nt like a toun bred gall, and I say I do; I'll make you happy, so it's a bargain."

"Sir," said the young girl, who was now very pale, "I do not understand you."

"Well, I call what I said plain spoke; but if it ar'nt, I mean we'll be man and wife. I'll give you the smartest cabin.——"

"Hunter," exclaimed Mary, "this is idle talk. Friends of a day, even though we owe them much, are not entitled to take advantage of a woman's lonely state. But, lest you should nurse this foolish fancy, learn that if I had known you years, I would thank you and firmly say 'no.'"

"Wake snakes!" cried Kelly, hotly; "don't say that, for I'm wicked when I'm put out, I am, gall. I say, it ar'nt time for you to talk thata way. Job Kelly says you'll be his wife, and he means it. Fair or ——"

"But not foul, Job," said Wharton, standing quietly beside him. "Fair if you will, and no man will say you nay, but not by foul means."

"And will you stand 'atween me and her, boy?" cried Kelly, choking with passion; "but fools will step in muddy holes. Out with your knife, man."

"For mercy's sake," said Mary, darting between them.

"Fear not, young lady," replied Wharton, in a low voice, "Kelly is not mad to fight me, with fifty red skins in the dell, thirsting for his blood. Put up your knife, Job, and let all your manhood speak in your gun, for you will strive hard for your scalp this night. Go into the shade, Miss Renshaw, there you will be safe."

Glad to have stayed the quarrel between her companions by any means, the cause of their difference retreated into the depth of the cavern; while Kelly, without a word, threw himself forth, and rushing across the pool, soon returned with the horses, which he placed in another fissure of the rock, and then, crouching behind a stone, awaited the event. The common danger had established a kind of truce, however hollow, between the belligerent parties, and a whispered dialogue, carried on as if nothing had happened, was held as to the best mode of proceeding.

"When the devils come in sight," said Kelly, dogmatically, "give 'em the lead. I'll reserve for a charge; that'll end the fight to-night, though, I'm bound, they'll cutly a mouth. And no meat," he growled; "never mind, there's the horses, they'll last a goodish bit, I conclude."

"It is not a war party; they have women and tent poles," observed Wharton.

"You're eyes were sharp on their trail, I see," said Kelly; "an' if you're right, we'll have only a spurt and thin they'll slope. But whew! thar they come. Give it slick; twenty devils, as I'm a Christian man."

The red skins were now standing in the deep shade of the bushes, on the edge of the pool, and were gazing up at the deserted village, without any apparent consciousness of their proximity to enemies.

"The serpents," said Job, chuckling, "they expect we're green. Do you see them four climbing like catamounts along the rock. Give me your pistols, we'll make believe that three guns, and reserve mine."

Next minute, a sheet of flame and three loud reports, redoubled by the echoes of the cavern and dell, awoke the silence of the night, and then came a screeching and hallooing, as if the woods had been alive with savage beasts of prey instead of men. Several random shots followed, and then again all was still, a heavy breathing silence taking the place of sounds of rapine and slaughter.

"They're fixed," growled Kelly, "that was small potatoes and a few of a hill. They've had a bellyfull, I reckon."

"You are mistaken. They know we are weak handed, and here they come!" replied Wharton, who had reloaded his rifle.

Kelly did not answer, but, throwing himself flat upon his face, rolled down to a large stone below the mouth of the cave, and there discharged his piece. Wharton quickly followed, and thus for some time did the two hunters keep up the ball, firing alternately, and evading skilfully every attempt to wound their frames, by screening themselves behind stones, and removing after every shot. The Indians, who seemed galled at the smallness of the garrison, were furious in their volleys, taking up

posts in every part of the valley which commanded the cave. At length, however, wearied of the vain effort, they filed off, and encamped in the mouth of the dell, so disposing themselves that there was no chance of escape that way for the beleaguered party.

"Now, this, you rampageous red devils," said Kelly, "your done. It's clear they don't know this place, but I expect I do. Catch up, and buckle too, and we'll put ten miles 'atween them and us afore morning."

"A snack first," replied Wharton, who had led forward Mary Renshaw, half dead with terror; "come, young lady, courage, take some refreshment, you will need it."

Encouraged by the cool way in which the hunters sat down to eat, their companion was induced to follow their example, and thus a hearty meal was made, washed down by a horn of water from the pool. This done, the horses were saddled, and their owners soon ready for the start. Kelly went first, leading the animals, with his hand close to the head of his own, while the other was fastened behind. Wharton guided the steps of his trembling charge, and clutched his faithful rifle to his side. Clambering up the rude steep above the pool, the accustomed hunter raised a heavy bark at the summit, and disclosed a beaten trail, by which the former inhabitants of the village had come down to fetch water. With much difficulty, clearing away brambles and stepping over boughs of trees that had fallen for years without hindrance, the party made their way to the crest of the cliff, and stood amid the ruined habitations of an Indian tribe.

"No walking, now," said Kelly, sullenly. "I've loaded my horse with the plunder. You take up the gall; and then away, if you love your scalps."

They were all soon mounted; and then spurring their half-rested steeds, and, under the guidance of Job, they hurried on for the trail, which had been left in the morning. Not a word was spoken. All were wrapt in their own thoughts. Kelly brooded over his sudden passion, so hotly baulked; Wharton dwelt with satisfaction at the idea of supporting his charge, during their dank ride, in his arms, for her dependence on him made her dearer each hour; while what she felt we will not pretend to say.

At length they halted, the chill air telling that it was not very far from morning. No fire was made, nor were the horses turned loose, but merely given a length of rope to graze; and then, well wrapped over and sheltered, Mary Renshaw went to sleep. When she awoke, the sun was up high in the heavens, the birds carolled above and below, the gnats and gally-nippers buzzed in the air, and, refreshed much, the young girl sprang to her feet. She was alone, save that the horses grazed quietly near, and a feeling of wild alarm at once pervaded her whole frame. Where were they? What could they be doing?

Their arms were with them. Could they be hunting? She knew that there was little meat left, and hoped this must be it. The camp had been chosen in a small grove at the summit of a hillock. About half a mile distant was a wood. Looking over the prairie in every direction, she could tell they were not there. It was, then, within the shade of the forest that she must look for them, and on this spot her eye became at length fascinated. A deadly sickness pervaded her heart, and indescribable horrors and terrors rose before her, thick as shadows of the night, in that lone and dreary place. At length a form—a single one—emerged from the deep shadow of the trees. It was Wharton. On her knees fell the girl, and from that wild and desolate spot went up a prayer of gratitude and thanks—an orison of praise to the Great and Good. Tumultuous feelings were at work within her breast as she rose; for in that holy act did the first consciousness come unto her soul that she loved the bold youth who had saved her from so many dangers.

Wharton came near. He was pale—O! how deadly!—while his eyes were wild and dark. His mien was threatening as he approached, and his glance at Mary anything but friendly. His left arm was supported in the breast of his leathern vest, and it was clear was badly wounded. Without a word, the young man stood gazing at the lovely and trembling creature at his feet, for there she had sunk.

"You are hurt," she said faintly, wondering at his manner. "Let me bind your wound."

The tenderness with which this was uttered overcame Wharton, and the dark mood vanished.

"Poor thing, it was not your fault. He struck me ere I raised my hand. My God, thou knowest I would not have done it. But it was he or I."

"Where is he?" said Mary, glancing fearfully round.

"He is in the hands of Him who made him," replied Wharton solemnly.

Horror struck, the young girl, eager to exculpate the other from fault, asked how it happened; and he then explained that Kelly had risen in a savage and brutal humour, and had at once challenged him to fight. Wharton refused, upon which the other, irritated by the cool manner of his reply, had struck a blow, accompanied by an approbrious epithet. This the young man could not stand, and, hurrying to the wood, a deadly struggle ensued. The particulars he spared, save that he repeatedly urged the other not to carry the fearful contest to the death. Both were severely wounded; and, at last, Kelly feeling his strength going, made a fierce attempt to brain his antagonist. Wharton, in self-defence, used a pistol, which shot the other dead through the heart.

"And his body?" faintly murmured Mary.

"I have covered up, and placed heavy logs over it. God rest his soul. But now," for she had been assisting to bind the wound in his arm, "let us away, and leave this dreadful spot, where I have slain a white man."

"And all for worthless me," said Mary, shuddering.

"Nay, say not so, Miss Renshaw. His own will did it."

"How sad is my heart," cried she, "for me you have quarrelled with and slain your friend, for me you have suffered these wounds."

"Miss Renshaw; all this is nothing. To protect you I would do much more, and ask no other reward but your thanks."

"No other?" replied she, with downcast eye and burning cheek.

"Much else, if I dared," said Wharton, trembling with emotion.

"Speak no more of this, let us away."

"No! no! now on this spot with burning brow and fevered pulse, the blood of man upon me, I can know no calmness, and must say, that I shall, at the hands of your friends, seek the reward, the greatest I could have."

"You will think differently when you are less excited," said she faintly.

"Never! Under strange circumstances, amid terrible scenes, has my love arisen. But I am not what I seem. In station I am worthy of you. If your friends refuse me not, shall I fear one here?"

"I fear not," was all she could say; and then, there before the face of heaven, in that great temple, not made with hands, without a smile, and with pale faces and tearful eyes, did they plight their troth, to be one for ever, and to love one another all the days of their life; and then, after a silent prayer. for him who had died from his own reckless will, and an earnest request for pardon for the shedder of blood, away they sped.

How they journeyed on, how tenderly, how respectfully Wharton treated his strangely and wildly won bride, how she thanked him with all eloquent eyes, and how they spoke of their dangers and difficulties, and how they conjured up a bright and gladsome future, under the influence of rosy coloured hope, and how cheerily they welcomed the sight of the town they sought, would fill many pages. The delight and wonder of her friends, their gratitude to Wharton, their ready acquiescence in his wishes, are all things of course. So also was their marriage—but it was no thing of course at all the happiness which resulted from their union. They left the wilds and went to live in town, where the friends of Wharton hailed with delight her who had won their child to thoughts of home; and though darksome regrets came o'er his soul at times, never once did he sorrow for the meeting, on that summer eve, by the waters of Peccan Spring.

ADDRESS TO CROSSFELL.

Crossfell! confederate of the storm,
Grey monarch of the mountain range;
Calmly for ever towers thy form
Above this atmosphere of change;
And ever, as our footsteps turn,
Seems watching o'er their homeward bourne.

Though fells our bleak horizon close,
And hills o'er hills above us peer,
To thee alone our valley owes
Tribute of dread, O Mount Austere!
And notes thy signs of gloom or grace
As subjects watch their tyrant's face!

Thou treasurest up the streaky snows,
In wintry thrift pre-eminent;
And oft, when spring's soft verdure glows
In lowly vales, thy blasts are sent;
And when the harvest-time is near,
Thy menace puts the land in fear.

Oft wild winds break thy shadowy band,
And through the vales thy storm-voice thrills;
While shivering, foodless, patient stand
"The cattle on a thousand hills;"
And hissing sleet or rattling hail
Are driven afar upon the gale.

Old prostrate trees, and scattered corn;
Spring showers of leaves like autumn's shed;
And severed branches, tempest-borne;
And drifted snow, o'er pitfalls spread,
The withered herb, the roofless cot.
Can these thy trophies be forgot?

Yet, wizard fell! while o'er the land
From thy veiled brow the shadows lour,
Oft have we climbed the height to stand
Within the circle of thy power;
And almost, with our childhood's wonder,
Yet hear its dread continuous thunder!

Our earliest vision saw thy form,
Thou Atlas of our eastern sky!
Our ear, in childhood, knew the storm
Whose billowy voice roared wild or high.
And where those mighty winds were furled,
Then seemed the boundary of the world.

We love thy smiles, as children love
Th' unbending of their warrior sire;
And e'en thy hostile panoply,
Or helm, by fancy's light admire;
And climb thy skirts, or clutch thy crown,
Without the fear to meet thy frown.

Rise, veteran blast! unshorn in power,
With memory's fragrance on thy wings!
Thy fierce assault, thy deaf'ning roar,
The garb that, fluttering, closer clings—
These wake more precious spells for me
Than richest gales of Araby.

Our pagan fathers wondering stood,
As rose, 'mid calm, the tempest's wrath;
Or when their stalwart strength was bowed,
As some fierce whirlwind barred their path,
While reigned around mysterious gloom,
And far was heard its thunder-boom.

They dreamed of wild, unearthly forms
Haunting thy lone and lofty brow,
Pouring their demon rage in storms
Upon the western vales below;
And when thy orient helm appeared,
The present fiend our fathers feared.

But ages passed—and on our land
The day-spring from the east arose,
And holy men—a zealous band—
God's Word to demon-might oppose;
And raise the Christian standard here,
With rite of exorcism and prayer.

How beautiful, on this stern pile,
The feet of Him of old who brought
Unto our lone, benighted isle,
Glad tidings of redemption bought!
And here, perchance, we press the sod
His Apostolic feet have trod.

Thy slopes are green; thy cloudless brow,
Where winds the sheep's or shepherd's path,
Retains nor saintly traces now,
Nor vestige of the demon's wrath;
And whether reared of wood or stone,
Augustine's cross, can ne'er be known.

And since those men, of days remote,
O wild and seldom-trodden Fell!
Shepherds alone thy heights have sought,
And thou hast kept thy secret well;
Though fain Philosophy would trace
Thy howling helm-wind's nursing-place.

Save that in long, bright summer days,
When springs are low and winds are still,
And Nature's pilgrims climb to gaze
From each lone heath and lofty hill,
Glad troops of friends have often tried
Who first should scale thy slippery side.

And oft the sheep below, that seem
Like stars in heaven or ships at sea,
Stirless, apart, as in a dream—
Images of tranquillity—
Fly their lone spring and tender grass,
Where troops of laughing gypsies pass.

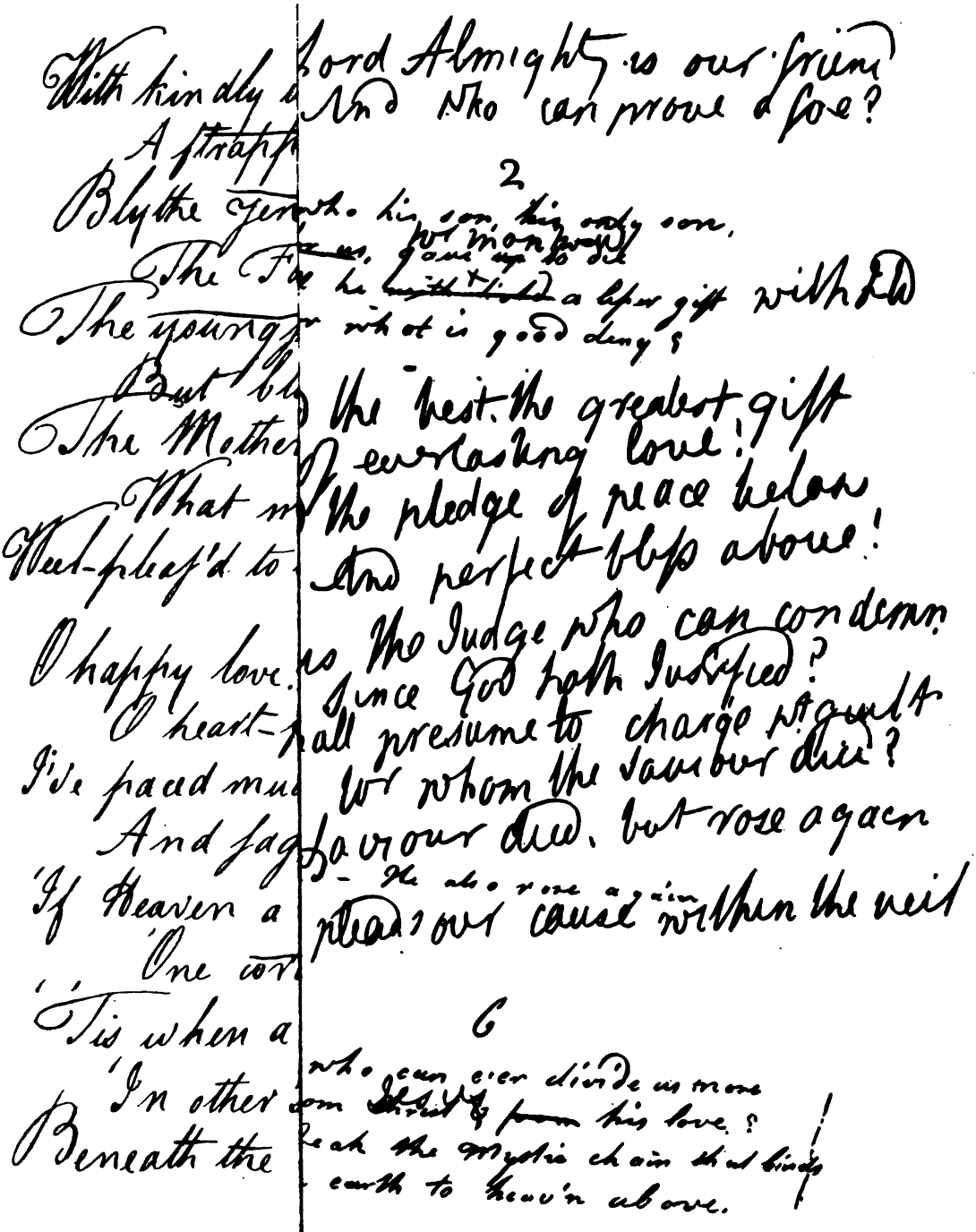
And seldom shall the young and fair
E'en where earth's varied beauties meet,
'Mid loveliness that may compare
With the bright scene around thy feet—
O'er which the gathered spells of time
Have cast their witchery sublime.

FAC SIMILE

of alterations on the 48th. Paraphrase,

supposed to be by

ROBERT BURNS.



THE LATEST LITERARY DISCOVERY.—BURNS AND THE PARAPHRASES.

An announcement, calculated to startle Presbyterian Scotland from one end of it to the other, has been somewhat boldly hazarded, that our national poet, Burns, had a hand in giving some of the last touches to our national Paraphrases, and left the mark of his genius deeply stamped on them. The statement is not given by way of conjecture or surmise merely, but as a positive and peremptory averment.

To the *Witness* newspaper belongs the extraordinary merit of being the first to proclaim this discovery, as remarkable in its way, if true, as any of the vestiges of pre-Adamite existences found filagreed into fossils, or intaglioed on stones. But that paper, though the first to proclaim, was not the first to make the discovery. An article in the *Free Church Magazine* for April on the Paraphrases led, it seems, "one of the readers, a gentleman of Edinburgh, to bring to the shop of the publisher, Mr. Johnstone, a manuscript volume which he had found lying among some old hereditary papers, embrowned with the dust of half a century, in a waste corner of his library, and in which a considerable number of the Paraphrases was copied out in a small and neat, though somewhat common-place hand." Of this volume every alternate page had been left blank, and on the blank pages were found corrections on the verse by three different hands. One of these, on being shown to the Rev. James Begg of Edinburgh, was straightway pronounced by him to be that of Burns; the "remarkable handwriting" of the poet having become familiar to him—so, and in none other strain, runs the tale—from his having seen it "in the big ha' Bible of Jean Armour, the widow of Robert Burns," while he was minister of Maxwelltown Chapel, Dumfries. Mr. Begg, therefore, is the Columbus of this new discovery in the world of literature; to substantiate which, a *fac simile* of some of the alleged alterations by Burns, appears in the May number of the *Free Church Magazine*.

Here, then, we have the whole amount of it—the old manuscript found in a waste corner of the library of "a gentleman of Edinburgh"; the *pronunciamento* of the Rev. James Begg; the decisive proclamation of an Edinburgh newspaper; and the smaller and more modest announcement of the *Free Church Magazine*, with its accompanying lithograph.

And "that's our case, my Lord." Dr. Johnson admired "a good hater." We confess to having predilections for any one who is a sturdy doubter. "Prove all things" is a Scriptural maxim. Well may the literary world pause and demand farther proof of the statement of alterations of the Paraphrases, in the massy and masculine chirography of Burns himself, being extant, before such a statement can be implicitly believed. Old manuscripts, found in queerer places than "the waste corner of a library"—what particular corner is that?—have been credited ere now, on much stronger testimony than this brown affair that was brought, in a mysterious way, into Mr. Johnstone's shop by a mysterious "gentleman of Edinburgh;" and yet have turned out false after all. Ireland's spurious tragedies of William Shakspeare were said to be discovered in the corner of an old, unfrequented garret, or some such out of the way place; and, at the first announcement of them, all the *literati* of the day welcomed them as veritable productions of the Bard of Avon. But the deception did not continue long. The *glamour* left the eyes of the literary public, and the pretended plays, said, on the most unquestionable authority, to be in the genuine handwriting of Shakspeare, were found to be forgeries. Then there was Chatterton, with his Rowley manuscripts, taken out of the old chest of St. Mary Redcliffe, Bristol. These were received at the first as authentic writings. But Grey and Mason, on being shown them, at once declared them forgeries too. We do not say that Mr. Begg has had any art or part in the old hereditary manuscript containing the altered Paraphrases, any more than he has had in the composing of the Paraphrases themselves; nor that in the slightest degree, or in the smallest way or manner imaginable, does he resemble Ireland and Chatterton in imaginative powers; his gifts are of a different kind, and of a high order in their way. But in one important respect he stands on precisely the same grounds with them; namely, in being the first to promulgate the notable discovery to the world. Both Ireland and Chatterton had a fraudulent object in view in their impostures; as Lauder and Psalmanazar also had in theirs: the one, the interpolator of passages into Latin authors to prove Milton a plagiarist, and the other the inventor of the Formosan language and history. But there is clearly no fraudulent or deceptive motive in this affair of the Paraphrases. It is simply an error in judgment, a mistake of the imagination, a mere flight of the fancy—only Mr. Begg and his two supporters need not be so very decided and positive about it.

The matter requires proof. The parties are bound to establish their case. *That* they have not yet even attempted to do. Mr. Begg's *ipse dixit* is considered quite enough to settle the question. But there are many persons in this our country of Scotland, besides the Rev. gentleman, to whom the handwriting of the poet of Scotland is familiar. And there are a few alive, even at this day, who were familiar with the poet himself, and knew all his personal history. And yet to none of these, or to the generation that has intervened betwixt his day and ours, did it ever occur that Burns had anything to do with the revision of the Paraphrases. None of his numerous biographers have ever come upon the trace of such a remarkable incident in his life, as this would have been,

had it been true. Tradition makes no mention of it; and all the searching and seeking of some of the most indefatigable hunters after personal traits, anecdotes, and facts, that ever followed in the wake of one who had achieved for himself immortality—all the pickings and rakings of the *chiffonniers* of literature that ever puddled among the sweepings of an author's study, or the refuse heaped into "the waste corner of a library," or, ghost-like, have wandered up and down among "the homes and haunts" of our poets and great men—to whom the merest scrap of gossip, the smallest possible crumb of biography, would be a perfect God-send—never stumbled on a discovery like this. It remained for Mr. Begg, to eclipse Currie, Walker, Heron, Hamilton Paul, Peterkin, Lockhart, Allan Cunningham, Cromek, Hogg, Motherwell, and a host of others, who had already told the world all that the world can now know of Burns or his history. It seems strange that his shrewd and strong-minded brother, Gilbert, knew nothing of such a remarkable matter as Burns's revision of the Paraphrases of our National Church, else he could not have failed to have put it on record, as he has done other things relating to the poet, not of such great importance; and that his widow, Jean Armour, with whom Mr. Begg was so well acquainted in Dumfries, and who "read much in her Bible," never mentioned such a circumstance to the minister of her grandchild, on any of his frequent visits to her. Surely it could not have been concealed from her? Is it conceivable that, during the whole time that, as husband and wife, they must have sung these same Paraphrases together—either in Sabbath-evening worship, in the quietness of their own house, or sitting on the same seat in the parish church—he never should have even breathed to her a hint of his handiwork? It is equally strange that the sons of the poet, yet alive, never divulged a fact of so much interest in the literary history of their father.

But in regard to the brown old manuscript volume itself, said to contain the veritable handwriting of Robert Burns, now revealed to the world like the unrolling of an Egyptian mummy, the world—the literary portion of it at least—would require to know something of its history and genealogy, before even pronouncing on the authenticity of the handwriting itself. Where did it come from? In whose possession has it been all this undiscovered time? Disclose to us worthy "gentleman of Edinburgh," where you got it, and by what means it has lain so long unregarded among the lumber of your library? We wonder if it ever occurs to any one who sees and handles it, to turn it up to the light and examine its water mark and maker's name. Strange detections have been made ere now, "in the olden time," by such a very simple test.

Granting, however, that it is all right in this particular, we come to the examination of the manuscript itself. What is alleged to be the handwriting of the poet, on close scrutiny, and comparison with his acknowledged genuine writings, will be found to be altogether unlike. Except in the general massy outline, it bears no resemblance whatever to the handwriting of the bard, and is wanting in all the characteristics of his style. Connoisseurs in art have a sure method of detecting proper skill and genius in a painting submitted to their inspection. However showy and attractive may be the broad and general aspect of it—however grand and effective the full front view—if the minor details, the more minute touches, cannot stand the test of close investigation, the picture is a failure, and the artist pronounced either inexperienced or unskilful. The head and face of a portrait, for example, may be perfect and unexceptionable, while the fingers, or finger nails even, may have been overlooked, as things requiring no great care in the doing of them. A true master never leaves any portion of his work unfinished; but bestows even more attention on the smaller minutiæ, the minor beauties of his productions, than he does on the greater details. Let our readers apply this test to the case in question; and that they may be enabled to do so, we have had lithographs done, of the portion of the paraphrases, lithographed in the *Free Church Magazine*, and of another authentic lithograph of Burns's unquestioned handwriting.

The first thing that strikes us in the *fac simile* of the pretended alterations by Burns on the old 35th paraphrase, (No. 48 of the collection now in use) given in the *Free Church Magazine*, and relithographed from it, in a separate leaf, is, that it has all the appearance of the writing of an old man, rather than of one in his early manhood. At the time the present version of the Paraphrases received the final sanction of the General Assembly, Burns was barely twenty-two; and even at that period, his handwriting was firmer and clearer than that represented by the *fac simile*. Let the reader compare it with the lithograph of the stanza of the *Cotters' Saturday Night*, given on the same page, and they will not fail to mark a mighty difference in the character and spirit—in the very idiosyncrasy, as we may say, of the two handwritings. Not only in the grouping but in the formation of the letters a difference is observable. The one, the paraphrase, has apparently been written by some person who wrote slowly, and with no small degree of tremor; and it has about it an aged, dragged sort of look. The other has a freshness and vigour that are evidently the impress of a young, and strong, and confident hand. But to come to tracings. Contrast the Bs of the two writings. In the one, they are sharp and angular; in the other, open and rounded. Take the As. In the one, they are full and bold; in the other, narrow and stroky. The small ds in the one are, almost without exception, turned round; in the other, they are just as invariably written the other way. Then look at the letter i, as used in both. The one dispenses, in every instance but two, with the dot above; the other never misses it once. In the one, the s is always written short; in the other, it is just as invariably written long. There are numerous other discrepancies that cannot fail to be detected on close examination. But it needs not that we should

individualise them farther; on this point, we have, we think, supplied abundant data for enabling the reader to form a correct judgment for himself.

It seems to be taken for granted that it was during the time of Burns's residence in Irvine that his amendments on the Paraphrases took place. "The little brown volume," it is said, "must have been submitted to him for revisal by some of his earlier clerical acquaintances; and the fact, that the poor over-toiled flax-dresser of twenty-two, should have been consulted in such a work, shows how high he must have stood in the estimate of the little circle in which he then moved." On June 1st, 1781, the present collection of the Paraphrases received the approval of the Assembly's Committee, and before the end of that year they were published as they now stand. It was only about that same month of June that Burns commenced business as a flax-dresser in Irvine, in partnership with another; and in six months thereafter, as he and some of his companions were making merry together, at the coming in of the new year, the shop took fire, and the poet was burnt out. It is quite clear that it was not at this particular period of his life that he could have had the opportunity of making the alterations. And nothing that we know of his previous history gives any countenance to the notion that any general or casual acquaintance, which he may have had with clergymen, could have led to his being consulted—in such a weighty matter as the emendations of the Paraphrases, then in preparation—at any anterior time.

The whole thing is a magnificent hypothesis; one of those bold and grand conjectures which set people's wits a-woolgathering, and originate interminable controversy. The announcers of the discovery have failed, or rather they have not tried, to show that any of Burns's clerical friends—and that he numbered several clergymen among his acquaintances at that early period of his life is well enough known—held that prominent position in the Church which gave them any authority, to submit the revision of the Paraphrases, to this or that clever country lad, that they "permitted," as Lockhart significantly says they did Burns, "to mingle occasionally in their society." Far less have they shown that those clergymen, conjointly or severally, had ever "consulted," that is, applied to, the poet on the subject at all. That is their weak point. They must get over that gutter in their way, before they proceed any farther. The rich plush cloak of Sir Walter Raleigh once stood both him and Queen Elizabeth in good stead, when he spread it over the mire to allow her Majesty to pass over dry-shod; but the foot-cloth of Plausibility, however richly laced or gairishly adorned, won't do here. The connecting link is wanting. It must be remembered, that at that time—the period before June, 1781, when the Paraphrases were finally approved by the Church—Burns, though known in his own obscure country circle, for his acuteness and originality, for "the depth of his discernment, the force of his expressions, and the authoritative energy of his understanding," and, in some quarters, feared for his satirical powers, was not by any means known as a poet. His fame had not then travelled to Edinburgh, or widened into world renown. It was not till full five years after the date mentioned, that his name was known to Dr. Blair, Dr. Blacklock, Dr. Robertson, and all the rest of them. It was not till after the Irvine business, and after he and his brother Gilbert had taken the farm of Mossgiel, that he acquired any local reputation as a poet. On this point we have his own testimony. "I entered on this farm," he says, in his celebrated letter to Dr. Moore, of 2d August, 1787, "with a full resolution, 'come, go to, I will be wise.' I read farming books; I calculated crops; I attended markets; and, in short, in spite of the devil, and the world, and the flesh, I believe I should have been a wise man; but the first year, from unfortunately buying bad seed, the second from a late harvest, we lost half our crops. This overset all my wisdom, and I returned, 'like the dog to his vomit, and the sow that was washed, to her wallowing in the mire.' *I now began to be known as a maker of rhymes.* The first of my poetic offspring that saw the light, was a burlesque lamentation on a quarrel between two reverend Calvinists, both of them *dramatis personæ* in my 'Holy Fair.'" The first of Burns's poetic offspring that saw the light, according to the new discovery, was Burns's amendments on the Paraphrases, printed in 1781. And that these amendments were neither unimportant nor mere verbal corrections, *currente calamo*, is proved by the interest which the mere announcement of them has excited, and the specimens given. The paraphrase lithographed in the *Free Church Magazine*, the 48th of our present version, was composed by Logan. We may as well be told that Burns revised and amended Logan's Sermons, as that he revised and amended Logan's Paraphrases. We shall here quote the version, as given from the old brown hereditary manuscript volume, and the conjectural version by Burns:—

"Now let our souls ascend above
The fears of guilt and woe;
God is for us our friend declared,
Who then can be our foe?
He who his Son, his only Son,
For us gave up to die,
Will he withhold a lesser gift,
Or what is good deny?
Behold all blessings sealed in this
The highest pledge of love,
All grace and peace on earth below,
And endless life above.
Now who shall dare to charge with guilt
Whom God hath justified,
Or who is he that shall condemn,
Since Christ the Saviour died?

He died, but he is risen again,
Triumphant from the grave,
And pleads for us at God's right hand,
Omnipotent to save."
Then who can e'er divide us more,
From Christ and from his love?

The passage supposed to be in the rendering of Burns, runs as follows:—

* * * * *

"*The Lord Almighty is our friend,*
And who can prove a foe?"

He who his Son, his only Son,
Gave *for mankind* to die,
Will He a lesser gift *withhold*,
Or what is good deny?

Behold *the best, the greatest gift*,
Of everlasting love:
Behold the pledge of peace below,
And *perfect bliss* above.
Where is the judge that can condemn,
Since God hath justified?
Who shall presume to charge with guilt
For whom the Saviour died?

"*The Saviour died, but rose again*,
Triumphant from the grave.
And pleads *our cause within the vail*,
Omnipotent to save."
Then who can e'er divide us more
From *Jesus* and his love?

The 50th Paraphrase is generally ascribed to Dr. Isaac Watts, altered for the Assembly's collection by the Rev. William Cameron, minister of Kirknewton, Linlithgowshire, the author of the 14th and 17th, who had a principal share in the preparation of the appointed version. The second verse is said, in the newly-found manuscript, to have originally stood thus:—

"Those bodies then—corrupted now—
Shall uncorrupted rise:
Mortal they fell, but rise to live,
Immortal in the skies."

Thus affirmed to be rendered by Burns, as in our present version:—

"Those bodies *that corrupted fell*
Shall uncorrupted rise,
And mortal forms shall spring to life,
Immortal in the skies."

The 26th Paraphrase, of unknown authorship, was also altered by Cameron. The opening verse, in the manuscript thus reads:—

"Ho! ye that thirst approach the spring
Of ever-flowing bliss."

As said to be amended by Burns, it runs—

"Ho! ye that thirst approach the spring
Where living waters flow."

Of the 6th Paraphrase it has never certainly been known who was the author, although it has been attributed to Watts. The only alteration made on it appears to have been on the 4th and 5th verses, which were originally written thus:—

"Though in his garden to the sun
His boughs with verdure smile;
Though deeply fixed, his spreading roots
Unshaken stand awhile,
Yet, when from Heaven his sentence flies,
He's hurried from his place."

In the supposed hand of Burns they thus read:—

"*Fair in the* garden to the sun
His boughs with *blossoms* smile,
And, deeply fixed, his spreading roots
Unshaken stand a while;
But forth the sentence flies from heaven,
And sweeps him from his place."

Although up to June, 1781, Burns's name had made no noise in the world, the preparation of the Paraphrases for the use of the Church was a matter of interest throughout Scotland. Five years afterwards, when he had entered upon his glorious career of fame, and the poet-ploughman was the subject of conversation in all the circles of his native land, is it to be supposed that those who knew of his having touched with his genius some of the Paraphrases, would have remained silent at such a time upon the circumstance? Some of his clerical acquaintances, cognizant of the fact, must surely have divulged it at such a period of wonder and excitement about the peasant-bard? That Burns, at an early period of his life, had strong religious impressions, is a circumstance that in no way countenances the idea of his having given the finishing dress to some of the best of our Paraphrases. The minds of all true poets, when the first promptings of their genius is felt within them, take a decidedly devotional tone. It is in the very nature of inspiration to have in it some yearning after the Ideal—some longing after Immortality—some deep and stirring impulse to lead the soul beyond the mere Realistic of this commonplace world. Burns was not without these marks and signs of genuine inspiration. He tells us himself "that the earliest composition that he recollects taking pleasure in, was 'The Vision of Mirza,' and a hymn of Addison's beginning 'How are thy servants blest, O Lord!'" With him a strong feeling of piety and virtue was "early ingrained." But his devotion, however ardent, did not always take a religious turn; his impressions, however strong, were not, even at that early period, invariably virtuous. A man may worship a false deity, and yet have more real devotion than many who worship the true one. With Burns, love and poetry went hand in hand, and not poetry and religion. In his younger years, at the time these Paraphrases must have been so amended by him, or some one else, love engrossed all his affections. He was never without one rustic sweetheart or another, and his devotion to the "fair Cynthia of the minute" knew no bounds while it lasted. "Far beyond all other impulses of my heart," he says, "was *un penchant à l'adorable moitié du genre humain*. My heart was completely tinder, and was eternally lighted up by some goddess or another." But what we want to remark about this feeling of devotion is, that during those periods when it was undoubtedly of a strongly religious nature in the bosom of Robert Burns, his was not exactly the heart to have contented itself with a few occasional alterations of paraphrases, the productions of others; but that its own strong impulse would have led him to throw off one or more complete pieces, bearing all the impress of his high genius, and manly and vigorous intellect, worthy to be inserted in that collection which could already boast of his emendations. Witness the ardour with which he, some years later, set about writing songs for the valuable musical collection of Mr George Thomson. Can it be conceived that he would have restrained the boundings of his mighty genius, to merely doing the dull drudgery of editorial task-work? It is not, indeed, within the range of possibility, that those, whoever they might be, who asked him to revise the Paraphrases, should not have thought of asking also a paraphrase from himself. If he was thought qualified for the one, surely he must have been deemed abundantly

capable of the other. And that his mind, if properly attuned and directed, was fully competent for such a sublime task, the few pieces of a religious nature that he has left—his version of the first Psalm, and of part of the ninetieth, and his touching stanzas, entitled, "Man was made to Mourn," as well as his divine "Cotter's Saturday Night," amply testify.

That Burns's supposed connexion with the Paraphrases was unknown to his sons, as hinted above, is an acknowledged fact. Since this article was written, a paragraph has appeared in the *Dumfries Standard* of the 19th May, which is entitled to attention, as it embodies the testimony of one of the bard's sons in favour of the authenticity of the writing in question. The Editor of the paper mentioned states that he submitted the lithographed *fac simile* in the *Free Church Magazine*, and the explanatory notice, to the eldest son of the poet, now resident in Dumfries. As may readily be fancied, he was not a little astonished. "That is his hand," he said, "there can be no doubt of that; no man ever wrote like Burns; but I never knew before that my father had been consulted regarding the Paraphrases. It is certainly very strange, but it is no doubt perfectly true." In the course of the conversation which ensued on the subject, Mr. Burns said that he recollected the poet was very fond of the Paraphrases, and had caused him, when quite a child, to learn the first one, beginning, "Let heaven arise, let earth appear, said the *Creator* Lord." "For," remarked Mr. Burns, "the line ran in this way then, and not 'Said the *Almighty* Lord,' as it does now; and from early association, and because the term is more appropriate, I prefer greatly the old version of this passage to the new." Nevertheless, we remain unconvinced. Burns's son is as likely to be mistaken as any other man. On a superficial view, the conjectural handwriting is calculated to deceive and to satisfy; but no evidence on earth can be more fallacious or delusive than that of handwriting. Lawyers and lithographers, and all who are familiar with the mode adopted in Courts of Justice, in relation to manuscript identity, are sufficiently aware of this. We submitted the lithograph of the *Free Church Magazine* to a gentleman not unknown in the religious literature of his country, well versant in Burns's handwriting, and in whose possession is the original of one of his poems. At first sight he at once declared it to be Burns's handwriting. On a closer inspection, however, he began to entertain doubts, and was ultimately convinced that it was not the poet's.

We repeat there is a vitality and grasp in the handwriting of Burns which we look in vain for in the supposed manuscript of his, now for the first time given to the world. The specimen of the "Cotter's Saturday Night," although not written for full four years thereafter, looks much more like what the poet's hand might be considered to have been while he was under twenty-two; and that of the Paraphrase revision, what it might have been had he reached a period of life much beyond that at which he died. To us it seems clear that the latter belongs to a person at the time much advanced in years; and it is not unlikely to have been that of an elderly minister or other person who had something to do either with the copying or the revision of the Paraphrases.

After all, before the summer of 1781, neither the literary nor the moral position of Burns was such as to countenance the assumption now made. At the period of his life anterior to that date he had not the slightest standing as a poet, and his moral character, even then, was not quite so irreproachable as to warrant his being applied to, by any of the clergy especially, to undertake such a sacred charge as the revision of the spiritual songs of his country. It was not long after this period, that, from his powers of satire, directed against the clergy, in which he has never yet been equalled, he became the terror of all the ministers of the west of Scotland; some of whom actually trembled in their pulpits when they knew that Burns was present among the congregation. And even while yet resident in the parish of Tarbolton, (including the short portion of his time spent in Irvine,) from his seventeenth to his twenty-fourth year, his name had become so notorious in "kintra clatter," as, in common decorum, would have deterred any of the clergy of that day, having to do with the preparation of the new version of the Paraphrases, from consulting him on such a subject. It may turn out to be the fact that Logan's handwriting bears a strong resemblance to that of Burns.

VERSES.

"Vita nam flammæ similis.

Yes! bright is their lot, whose names dazzle in story,
Like some beacon that lights, far and near, the hill-side;
Though, partaking its brightness as well as its glory,
Their joy was scarce full ere its brilliancy died.

To some, still more blest, at each day's calm returning,
Life sweetly shines on with a lamp's even gleam;
And the ray which that lamp gives to night in its burning
Shines again from their eyes with as placid a beam.

But not such are the days t'will be mine to remember;
Not the fever of action, or calm of repose;
My life dies away like a smouldering ember,
Unelated by joys, if unharassed by woes.

And if sometimes the breath of love, friendship, and duty,
Like the wind, has swept o'er it, and kindled a spark;
It was but as the wind, which just stirs the night's beauty,
And scarce hushed, e'er the flame it brought life to was dark.

Already has passed the fresh childhood, which bounded
At the thought of the great, and the sight of the fair,
And but left to my heart, as the flame has crept round it,
The dull ashes of life which lie mouldering there.

H. M. A.

"Maurice," said Mr. Macarthy, to an unshaven attendant who was brushing up the crumbs under the breakfast table, "bring me my boots; I must be off to the castle."

"There they are forment your honour," answered Maurice, "nice and warm inside the fender."

"And so they are," said Mr. Macarthy, kicking off one of his slippers. "I wonder what has become of my eyesight. By and bye, I wont see the decanter on the table before me."

"The heavens forbid it would ever come to *that!*" ejaculated the trusty serving man, looking, at the same time, as if he did not much fear that it ever would.

"Maurice," continued his master, as he drew on his boots, "there is plenty for you to do this morning; and it can't be done if you keep on sweeping, sweeping, at that rate, after a few dry crumbs of bread. Leave them there, man, and I'll be bound the chickens will pick them all up clean enough. There's one coming in at the door now, by the same token; so hurry, Maurice, hurry. Take away these things; and then as soon as you eat your own breakfast, fall to and brush my new black clothes. I'll want them to-day for the company, d'ye hear? Don't leave a spot of grease on the waistcoat—the way you disgraced me the last day I dined at Sir John's."

"That wasn't my fault, Master," said Maurice. "How could I see spots of grease at five o'clock of a winter's evening, when I wouldn't get a candle to do my work by?"

"Whisht! hold your tongue you spalpeen, and listen to what is said to you. After you do that, (and you have the daylight for it now), polish my thin boots till you can see that wart on your nose in them."

"That's aisy said," growled the offended Maurice, "and aisy done too, if we *had* the polish; but the thing isn't to be done with the black of the pot and a dhrop of sour beer."

"Can't you step over to the town, then, and bring a jar of *Day and Martin?* I never knew a fellow of less contrivance. Take the pass-book, and you may as well bring back a few bottles of porter, in case any of the gentlemen would like it with their cheese."

"And that they will, I'll be bound," says Maurice, mollified by a commission which promised him what he dearly loved—an hour's gossip in a country shop. "Mr. Ryan, at laste, can never feel it's after dinner he is, till he has a glass of it."

"Well, no matter what Mr. Ryan feels; he's no great things, whatever he feels; but bring the porter, nevertheless, and harkye—O! will any one shut the door? That confounded piano in the next room is bewildering me. I can't hear my ears with it." Here Mr. Macarthy stamped his heel against the floor; but whether he did it out of vexation, or merely to settle his foot comfortable within a rather tight boot, our history is silent.

"My dear," said Mrs. Macarthy, who sat in the window studying *Mrs. Rundall on cheesecakes*, "the girls must practise, or they never will be accomplished; and I'd like to know what a young lady in these times would be without accomplishments?"

"Let them be accomplished," replied her husband. "I have no objection to that, I am sure; their accomplishments cost me a good deal of money; but can't they get through their lessons without making such an infernal racket? I like music well enough; but such pounding and thumping as that, without as much as a tune or an air that a man might whistle to, is enough to drive one out of the house; and it does drive me out of the house ten times in the day."

"That's because you don't understand the new Italian system, Mr. Mac.," said the lady. "Tunes and airs, as you call them, are now quite vulgar and out of date. None but grocers' daughters think of playing tunes upon the piano. A young lady is nothing at all without execution."

"Execution sure enough it is," said the gentleman of the house, "that puts me to the rack every day in the year. I don't like executions in my house at all, Mrs. Mac."

Maurice grinned, and wondered in a half-suppressed tone, "Who would?"

And the lady declared she liked wit, but could not laugh at the same joke twenty times repeated.

Mr. Macarthy was now ready to go out. His slippers had been thrown, one into a corner behind the tea-chest, and the other under the sideboard. The newspaper lay on the hearthrug, with the cat blinking and purring over its contents. Upon the mantel-piece he had deposited all the lumber of his coat-pockets, consisting of a dog-chain and collar, a pocket-handkerchief rather soiled, a worsted glove without a fellow, sundry packets of garden seeds, and a well-thumbed copy of *Youatt on The Horse*. Having thus made himself smart, he gave Maurice a few more parting orders, and set out for the Castle of my Lord Dunbrown. The sporting gentlemen of the neighbourhood were to meet there that morning, in order to wind up the affairs of a fox-hunting club, which, for want of sufficient funds, or of proper care in the management of them, had been allowed, as Mr. Macarthy (a *parlous* wit, by the bye) observed, "*to go to the dogs.*"

His horse stood ready for him at the hall-door, and two or three countrymen were lounging about anxious to see his honour, having already lost an hour or two in expectation till he should make his appearance. One of them was a neighbour who wanted a few trees to roof a barn he was building; and being very desirous to finish the work out of hand, begged that he might be allowed to cut them down that day, the money being ready quite convenient.

"That's tempting, certainly," thought Mr. Macarthy, as he threw his leg over the saddle; "but," said he, "the thing is impossible to-day. I never permit a tree to be touched till I mark it out myself; and I shall not be at leisure to go into my woods until the day after to-morrow."

His "woods" consisted of a skirting plantation about a hundred yards wide, that ran along the roadside.

The man could not wait till then. He must go on to another gentleman who was thinning his plantations five or six miles farther off.

"That's unlucky too," says the Squire half to himself and half aloud; "for the change would be convenient, and I know I have just the sticks that would answer. But I can't spare the time, being very busy at this present. *The Lord* expects me at the Castle, and I must not be late there on any account."

Another man in waiting was a slater who had done some work for his honour, and wanted to be paid, as there was to be a fair next day in Timoleague, and he wished to make up the price of a cow.

Now, the trees which the first man wanted for his building would fetch something more than was needful to satisfy this poor tradesman's demand, and one hour would have sufficed to mark them out and receive the payment for them; but that was not to be thought of. My Lord Dunbrown must not be kept waiting; "upon his honour," therefore, Mr. Macarthy had not any money in the house, and didn't know when he should. Perhaps if the man would call next week, he might have better news for him.

Although Mr. Macarthy may not have had enough of money *in the house* to help out the purchase of a cow for the poor slater's family, he had a five-pound note in his pocket-book, which he was carrying to my Lord Dunbrown's to liquidate the defalcations of the dog-kennel, being resolved to keep up his credit in the county, and to let the whole world see that he was not the man to shirk an honourable engagement.

The third waiter upon his honour was his own ploughman, who could not go on sowing the oats that fine dry morning because the brown mare was dead-lame for want of a shoe. He wished to know, therefore, how he should employ himself with the other horse until she came round?

"And why did not you take her to the forge last night, as I told you to do, you good-for-nothing dog?" said the enraged master, vexed that his spring-work, which had been delayed, according to custom, to the last moment, should now be interrupted in the midst of so fine a season.

"Because," said the ploughman, "in the first place, it was a holiday, and the smallicar* would not kindle his fire of a holiday for any one, barring it was to put a nail in the shoe of the Priest's pony, or the like of that; and in the next place, the mistress would have both the horses put under the carriage to take herself and the young ladies to Mrs. Doolan's dance in the evening, if they had to go on their bare knees, the crathers. It's a many a day till she'll stand to get a shoe on her after last night. It's the mare I mane."

"That's more of your accomplishments," said Mr. Macarthy, as he rode away from the hall door trying to whistle a tune, having first told the ploughman that he might go and do what he liked with the other horse until the pair could be yoked again. The sensible rustic, taking the license in the widest sense, went away accordingly, as soon as his master was fairly out of the gate, to the turf bog, and brought home a load of firing to his own cottage, where the supply had been rather limited for some time for want of such an opportunity.

But Mr. Macarthy was not out of the gate quite so soon as he had reckoned upon. For before he had gone half way down the avenue, a shrill whistle through the fingers of Maurice Foley, the butler, from the hall door steps, brought his head round, and the form of Mrs. Macarthy was seen hastening after him, with a white handkerchief waving in her hand.

Mr. Macarthy pulled up. It would have been a compliance with a fashion of which most husbands disapprove, to have gone back. He waited, therefore, somewhat sulkily until his almost breathless spouse came within hearing.

"Well, what have you forgot now?" said Mr. M.

"Nothing, my dear," said Mrs. Mac. "I have only remembered what *you* forgot. Did you write to Dublin about the renewal of your bill to the wine merchant?"

"It quite went out of my mind," said the gentleman, looking rather sheepish; "and 'twill be due to-morrow."

"So I thought," said his wife, "which is the reason I called you back. Had you not better write now?"

"Now, my dear? Don't be ridiculous. By the time I had my letter written and a stamp brought out of the town to enclose in it, what o'clock do you think it would be? And I have eight miles to ride yet to Dunbrown Castle before twelve."

"And what good will your going to Dunbrown Castle do towards paying your bill, or getting a renewal of it either?" said the lady. "Is Lord Dunbrown too free in paying his own bills, not to say a word of yours?"

"'Tis true for you, my dear, not a guinea will I ever be the richer for going there; but how would I hold up my head in the county if I did'nt go there to-day? Sure we must keep up our consequence whatever we do; and if his Lordship was to take huff, and not ask you to drink wine the next time we meet him at dinner at Sir John's, what a pretty thing it would be."

This was a poser to the lady. She shuddered, almost perceptibly, at the mention of such a slight, and her prudential anxiety about the fate of the bill gave way. She acquiesced, therefore, meekly in the consoling observation of her lord and master, that it could "*only* be protested," and that something might turn up between that and the first day of the term to make provision for it, or at least to bar farther expenses for a season.

Mr. Macarthy then rode gaily away, and put down his five guineas, like a gentleman, towards the expenses of the "*Kilbuck Blazers*;" for which he had the satisfaction to be commended by Lord Dunbrown—who, with ten times his income, put down five guineas also—as well as by Sir John and several gentlemen of great note in those parts, though, if we should name them, few of our readers would be the wiser. Not any of them all gave more and several gave less, than our generous squire.

On his return home, he met the poor slater coming out of another squire's gate, more jaded, and quite as dead in look, as he had left his own hall door in the morning. Mr. Macarthy was a hearty, free-spoken gentleman, when nothing happened to vex or worry him; and being much elated by the praises his liberal spirit had just evoked from such excellent judges of merit as Lord Dunbrown and Sir John, he found himself in an excellent humour to sympathise with the distresses of the poor. He entered, therefore, into conversation with the slater, and was grieved to learn that the plan of buying a cow must be abandoned for the present, inasmuch as none of the gentlemen about seemed to have ready money any

* Blacksmith.

more than himself. "It was a pity," thought he, "that the *Blazers* devoured such a quantity of oatmeal, and the foxes strangled so many geese and turkeys last winter, otherwise it might be a different story with this poor fellow and his children. But at all events, I did perfectly right to maintain my consequence in the county; and at another time, please God, the slater shall have his cow."

Thus placing his right hand on his left breast, to assure himself that his heart was in the right place, and finding that it was so, Mr. Macarthy, in the conscious enjoyment of a generous sentiment, bade the slater a good day, and pushed homewards to prepare himself, his family, and dependents, for performing the duties of hospitality on a large and becoming scale.

During his absence affairs at home went on with the bustle and disturbance not uncommon in the best regulated families on a company day. No sooner was the master's back turned than Maurice Foley delegated the washing of the glasses to a boy, whom the mistress allowed him to bring in now and then, unknown to her lord, to help him in the pantry, and whom, by little and little, he was installing as his permanent fag and assistant. In this he was only taking pattern by Jack Tracey, who had the care of the stable committed to his unassisted hands, and yet had not rubbed a horse's heels for the last three months—thanks to the pig-boy whom he kindly volunteered, somewhat against the grain of the youngster himself, to indoctrinate in the practical duties of a groom. In like manner, also, the cook made it a point to take a daily loan of a little girl, the daughter of the herd, who came into the kitchen every morning for milk, and whom she detained half the day, scrubbing and scouring, peeling the turnips, chopping the parsley, and washing the potatoes—while potatoes were "in it."

It is, in short, the universal practice of Irish service, when *practicable*—that is, when the voice of watchful authority does not interpose a strong veto against it—for the accredited functionary, whether in doors or out of doors, in the field, the garden, the stable, the kitchen, the pantry, or the nursery, to perform the duties of his or her office, so far as it is possible to perform them, by the hands of some other person. Upon this principle, Maurice had introduced a two-legged wedge into his pantry, whom he hoped shortly to see not only fixed there, but, "with the help of God," handing about the plates at table in the dining room, dressed in a jacket of many buttons, and in trousers of the same colour.

Boldness increases by success. One deputy was not enough for Mr. Maurice this important morning; but he must go out into the stable-yard and press a deputy-assistant-substitute-in-general into his department. Forth then he walks, with a candlestick in his hand, which he rubbed with a piece of chamois skin, as indicating that he must himself be engaged in the higher branches of his calling; and with a tone of command, desires Jack Tracey to walk in and clean the knives.

Now, Jack himself, as we have said before, was as one having authority. He was master of the horse, and, for that matter, of the cows too; for it was he at least who was supposed to tie up those useful animals at night and let them out in the morning; though seldom he did either the one or the other, while his aid-de-camp, *Shawn-na-muck*, was "convanient." A bit of a gardener, also, was Jack, being handy at shaking small seeds, and able to rear a cucumber, or a melon may be, towards the latter end of the season. He was the general man of business of the house, drove the jaunting car or the carriage when the mistress went abroad; drove the market cart of a Saturday, when she could be prevailed upon to stay at home; executed all manner of commissions for the household, from the purchase of a worsted staylace to that of a quarter of beef; and it was his business to run or ride, as the nature or emergency of the case required, every morning to the post-office for letters.

Great, therefore, was Jack's astonishment at being directed in so imperious a tone by Mr. Foley to walk in and clean the knives.

"Who says so?" he demanded.

"I do," roared Mr. Foley, rubbing very fiercely at the candlestick.

"Do it yourself, then, Maurice, jewel," replied the handy man, "and say it was I."

"Oh, very well Mr. Tracey, that's quite enough," said the butler, eyeing his wart in the candlestick; "I suppose your mother, down by the bog-side, has a fine dinner of corned beef and greens preparing for your honour, with lashings of good table-beer to wash it down?"

"What do you mean by that?" said Jack.

"And I suppose," continued the butler, without seeming to notice the interruption, "you have a nice warm bed there, with a white countherpaine upon it, waiting for your honour to step into, as soon as you are tired of doing nothing at all beside the fire?"

Again Jack demanded what he meant.

"You're at a mighty great loss to know, I'm sure," tauntingly replied Mr Foley; "but stay till *you* see the master; that's all."

"Did the master order me to clane the knives?" said Jack.

"Time tells all things," answered the oracle of the pantry; "I suppose I wouldn't go for to order you out of your elements, Misthur Tracey, if I didn't know for what." And perceiving that he had cowed his man, he turned on his heel and went back into the house, rubbing away at the candlestick, until, upon looking into it, he saw his nose and its peculiar ornament reflected as though the noble feature had been "one entire and perfect carbuncle."

Jack Tracey soon followed in surly mood, having first cuffed the pigboy, because he demurred about running afoot for the postbag, saying, *that* was none of his business anyhow. And the pigboy, to make his own word good, went home to his mother's cabin by the roadside, and persuaded a younger brother, by dint of the same rhetoric which had been so successfully employed upon himself, to perform the errand. Having thus set the matter in train, he stole back into the stable, lay down under the manger, and slept till *his* deputy returned.

Mr. Foley, having set forward his own work below stairs in the hands of two efficient representatives, and then arranged the dinner table in the parlour, having flung the master's slippers into the coal hole, and deposited his own apron in the bread-basket, put on his Sunday coat and hat, and walked off leisurely to "the town," to discuss the affairs of the nation in *the* shop, and fetch home a jar of *Day & Martin*.

The Lady of the Mansion conveyed herself to the kitchen, to beat eggs for the custards, dress the salad, invent *entrées* and side dishes, and give the cook the uncoveted benefit of her general advice and superintendence. Two or three runners of both sexes were put in requisition to go "hither and over" of all sorts of messages, borrowing dishes here, reclaiming stewpans which had been lent there, asking a pair of snuffers at one house, and half-a-dozen tablespoons at another. A few respectable looking chairs also had to be fetched from a very intimate neighbour's to make up the number in the parlour, in place of those which the master had broken by balancing his weight upon the two hinder legs, while he read the newspaper of a morning with his feet propped against the fender.

Many small items of culinary necessity had also to be brought from the town; and it so happened that not any one of them was remembered until the very moment that it was wanted, so that the same messenger had to run over the same ground three times for three separate articles, which a lady might have stowed away, all at once, without inconvenience, in her reticule. At one time it was ground all-spice that stopped the order of the courses, then a lemon, and afterwards sugar-candy for the coffee: for the very last time (and it was not quite a-week since), that Mr. Mac. had dined at Lord Dunbrown's, he took particular notice of the great fact, that pounded sugar-candy was served with the coffee; and therefore it would be absolutely barbarous and not to be thought of, to send coffee round after dinner at Slobberly Hall, with any other kind of sweetening.

Wasn't it the most fortunate thing in life that Mrs. Macarthy recollected this just in time? for where would her position be in society, if Mrs. Gumbleton or Mrs. Kilroach should get before her on so important a piece of fashion, and introduce sugar-candy with coffee into that end of the county, before it had appeared at Slobberly Hall? Her consequence had not yet recovered, nor probably ever would, from the blow which it received some three or four-and-twenty years ago, when one of those ladies, seizing the hint from Theodore Hook's "Sayings and Doings," had sported a dozen of silver forks at a dinner party given expressly for the purpose of taking them all by surprise. But the sugar-candy might go some way towards restoring her supremacy; and, therefore, at the eleventh hour—that is to say, about five o'clock—a poor breathless urchin, who had twice toiled over the same weary two miles before, was despatched once more to the town to fetch half a pound of sugar-candy, and to tell Mr. Maurice Foley not to stay out all the night, as he had staid out all the day.

The same message, in effect, though differing in terms according to the time of day, had been sent to that functionary, on three or four previous occasions; but Maurice knew his importance to himself too well to put himself out of breath, and therefore he came home just when he thought he ought to come home, not one moment sooner or later.

Fortunately for himself perhaps, that was not until his master had regained the command of his temper, which was ruffled in no slight degree immediately upon his return from Dunbrown Castle; and Mr. Macarthy was a gentleman, who, when irritated beyond control, had in him "something dangerous," which servants and persons of an inferior rank of life, were very wise to avoid. Scarcely had he set his foot within the hall door, when he heard a loud jingling crash, followed by ejaculations of wrath and lamentation, in voices both male and female, from the region below; and on hastening to the spot, he found the tiger expectant wringing his claws over a tray of glasses, which his awkwardness had upset upon the floor; while the mistress, with the cook, the cook's help, the housemaid, and John Tracey, all stood around, and asked with the utmost earnestness, as if the reply could mend the matter.—"How *did* you do it?"

Every claret glass in the house had been upon that tray, and only three were picked up from the ground, in a condition fit for duty. All the rest were reduced to *smithereens* no bigger than the fragments of the Portland vase. But it was a comfort yet, that the claret itself, better than half a dozen of it, was to the good; and Mr. Macarthy, after horsewhipping the boy, and wishing at every blow, until he wished himself into a calm, that he had the rascal who employed the boy, within his arm's length, made up his mind that small glasses were better than none, and proceeded at once to the cellar, to grope among its capacious recesses for wine enough, of other kinds, to entertain his company. It would have been easy to perceive, by the uprooted and untenanted condition of the saw-dust there, that the wine-merchant's bill had been renewed more than once already.

When Maurice Foley returned at last, the bustle of dressing and expectation was at its height. Mr. Macarthy was inquiring for his black clothes and thin boots, and the young ladies were running up and down stairs with bouquets from the garden, and sundry small articles of very transparent millinery across their arms. The housemaid might be tracked from the kitchen door to the top of the house, by the stream of hot water which, in her careless haste and manifold journeys, she allowed to trickle after, or rather, perhaps, before her, from the spout of the kettle; for, "to save throuble, and because she liked everything *handy*," she preferred that vessel to a jug.

It was at such a time, that our "broth of a butler," as the cook somewhat professionally called him, slipped in noiselessly at the back-door. This, he had learned from experience, was one of the advantages of staying out late upon such occasions. There was no longer time for scolding; that is to say, for scolding *him*. But he found plenty of time, as soon as he was apprised of the accident which had occurred, to exercise his own lungs at the expense of the devoted deputy.

"An onloocky crathur you wor, egg and bird; when'll I ever get my own out of you? I thought to make you undher butler to myself, and get you stuck up with a cockade in your hat, going to Church of a Sunday behind the carriage; but you spylte it all. Go now and polish the masther's thin boots till you see your oogly countenance shinin out of them, like the brass lion on the rapper of the hall doore. And mind now, if you're half a minute at it, you'll see what I'll not do to you. At any rate, if anything goes conthrairy, they may thank theirselves for it; for if the masther did not go send me out of the house—and sitch a day for it too—to fetch a jar of *Day & Martin*, and a bottle of porther for Misther Ryan, it's none of these things would ha' happened. I'd

ha' washed them glasses up myself, and its only the tumblers *you'd* ha' smashed, ye *kitthogue* ye."

All this time, Mr. Macarthy was singing out at intervals from the top of the stairs—the bell ropes having been broken long ago, and the wires too—for his black clothes; and Mr. Foley went on brushing them with the most leisurely indifference.

"Don't you hear the Masther, Maurice," said Jack Tracey; "what a hurry he's in for his clothes?"

"And may be its deaf I am, Jack;" replied Mr. Foley, who had certainly applied his lips to some other fountain, while he was out, than that of the "puro limpet stream" that flows through the village of Kilmacree into the Bay of ———.

"I b'leeve you, *magra*, in a hurry he is sure enough; but he must wait till his hurry is over, if his name was Macarthy more. It does gintlemen a power of good to larn a little patience by times; and it is the likes of you and me Jack, that is appointed by Act of Parliament, to taich it to them."

The master of the horse grinned in spite of himself, and told the butler that he—the said butler—was a certain personage's "boy." But who that personage is, we must not name; only this we are enabled to state, that to be accounted his "boy," is, in certain society in Ireland, to be recognised as the pink of all that is gay, facetious, rollicking, and reckless.

"No, I'm not, Jack," said Maurice, evidently flattered by the compliment—"not yet, any how." And then steadying himself by a walk across the kitchen, he took up the boots and the black clothes, and marched away with them to his master.

The company poured in at the expected time; that is to say, having been invited to come at six to an early dinner, they did not begin to arrive for half an hour afterwards. But that did not signify much, for the repast was not ready to set upon the table till it had gone a quarter past seven; so they were all too soon, except *Minor* Dawson, a gentleman of *ton*, some fifty years of age, though he is still called a *Minor*, and always will be so called till he joins his *Majores* in Dunmanway churchyard, in regard for the fine estate he inherited before he was fifteen years of age, and ran out before he was five and twenty—not that it would be much of a mismomer if they would dub him *minus* upon the head of that same. But *minor* or *minus*, he entered the room when the soup was going out of the door; and did not his coat sleeve, not to mention things unmentionable, know the colour of giblets for many a day, after that jostle against the tottering Mr. Foley? However, as Maurice philosophically observed, while he wiped the gentleman dry with his napkin, "there is no help for spilled milk, in this accidental world." The minor resigned himself to the same view of the matter, and seeing it was partly his own fault for being so late, sat down to his fish with the most perfect good humour.

The pen of Monsieur Soyer might do justice to the entertainment, which, as far as disguise constitutes perfection, was in many points faultless. Nobody could tell what the poor turkey (boned upon a chopping block by the black fists of Dolly Gorman) was meant to represent. Mrs. Kilroach covered herself with confusion by mistaking it for a suet dumpling. Mr. Ryan helped himself to three or four little balls of boiled paste, declaring to the infinite entertainment of the youngest Miss Macarthy, that he was "extremely partial to musharoons, but either they had lost their flavour, or he had lost his taste with the influenza." And he applied a proper allowance of catsup to make up the deficiency of both. At the special suggestion of Maurice, who patronised this gentleman, as being himself an old fosterer of the Ryan family, he washed them down with a glass of his favourite beverage, and wished to himself, and to goodness, that he could see something else on the table that he knew the name of, and it would be safe to eat.

The removes were more inexplicable still than the courses, and though nobody seemed to think them very good, they were evidently subjects of admiration to no small proportion of the company. The attendance was not to be complained of, though Maurice's white cotton gloves were wet and discoloured by the accident of the giblets; and no farther casualty of any account occurred to check the pride of the hostess, or mar the satisfaction of the polite amphitryon.

There was no lack of wine at table nor after dinner; but scarcely had the dessert been laid down when the butler, with wicked speed, marched across the floor to the tinkling music of a dozen tumblers, each with a silver spoon in it, upon a tray, and deposited them, tray and all, in the centre of the table. The attendant sprite stood ready with a huge jug of hot water, which, spite of his mistress's angry signs, he also laid down in the same place, and then flanking the array with sugar on one side and whisky on the other, he walked off with an air of triumph, which spoke as plainly as words could speak it—"The genteel thing *is* the genteel thing."

Maurice had been often remonstrated with for the directness and prematureness of his suggestions about *punch*. In vain had he been drilled to keep the materials for compounding that pleasant beverage in the background, till they should be called for. He never thought a table looked like itself without them, any more than a dinner felt like a dinner, to his favourite Mr. Ryan, without a glass of Guiness's stout. So, no matter who dined at Slobberly hall, he continued to forget his orders on this point. He had an excuse, however, (such as it was) for not attending to them on the present occasion, inasmuch as Mrs. Macarthy had not had an opportunity (owing to his own loitering) of reminding him of them; and it was quite evident that he rejoiced in the omission which allowed even so shallow a pretext for keeping up, in all its glory, one, at least, of the good old customs of the house.

"How bad she is indeed," he remarked, when he was outside the door, after encountering the indignant glances and dumb show expostulations of his mistress. "Wasn't it always done in the ould misthress's time, that dhruv her coach and four, and were diamonds on every finger she had; and I won't say but on her toes too, for I never seen to the conthrary. Punch arragh! and it's glad enough they'll be to get it, I'll go bail; besides its being the liquor they're best used to at home, with all their murzelles, and hookses, when they do be playin' up for fine lords and ladies before one another. Ogh then, sure and it's well I know them."

If the entertainment in the parlour was grand, that in the kitchen was extravagant. The servants of the guests sat down with those of the family, increased by the addition of

the herd at the gate, and a small shopkeeper or two from the town, whom Maurice thought it safe as well as neighbourly to invite, at a moment's notice, on the presumption that the master and mistress would be too much engaged up stairs to be any the wiser of the compliment paid them below, and that what two or three mouths additional might consume, out of such a plentiful repast, could never be missed.

One of the good old family customs, whose desuetude Maurice winked at, was that of some member of the family slipping out of the room, even upon the most festive occasions, and securing under lock and key whatever choice or superfluous viands might leave the table untouched or comparatively so. But that was never known to be done at my Lord's or Sir John's—probably because my Lord and Sir John had housekeepers or other trusty servants who were charged with such precautions—of course then it was out of the question to have the practice continued at Slobberly Hall. One of Mrs. Macarthy's public boasts was that the eldest child in her house scarcely knew the way to the kitchen; which saying—if it had not been a lady's—historical fidelity would compel us to hold in doubt; for in the ordinary slip-slop ways of the house, the kitchen stairs were scarcely ever free from one or other of them. But their absence from that part of the house on state occasions was a sure thing; and Maurice, therefore, felt quite confident, that his guests were secure upon this, from the inquisitive stares of soft blue eyes overshadowed by light brown ringlets.

Accordingly, with merry hearts and keen stomachs the whole party took close order around the large table in the kitchen, upon which joints which had been merely tasted in the parlour, were demolished, one after another, with the most astonishing avidity and despatch. No time was lost in the changing of plates and knives, nor in the nice successions and distinctions of various meats. Every thing was welcome in the order in which chance presented it. Fish after beef, pastry between both, a carrot and a slice of blanc-mange, all came, all vanished, all went the same way. Why trouble themselves about which should go first or which last?

Nor was there any lack of drink, the pass-book had been used discreetly, and yet with a zealous regard to the honour of the house. Nobody thirsted who could put up with what Maurice thought good enough for the gentlefolk above stairs, "may be too good (he said) for some of them;" and those ladies and gentlemen who had long and intricate roads to travel homeward that night, were provided with very valiant drivers to conduct them. It is well that horses are sober animals, and even safer to go by night, than in the open day. If it were otherwise, how many accidents should we not have to bewail, brought on by the kitchen hospitalities of many Irish country houses.

Well might Mr. Macarthy say, as he did say in reference to this very entertainment, that a gentleman might see his own friends easily enough, if he could only look his kitchen door. Yet he might have done that too, without any disparagement of his dignity, for Lord Dunbrown does it, and so does Sir John; but a gentleman must have a higher rating in the property scale than Mr. Macarthy, who can venture to adopt such an innovation, without being made the kitchen talk and the stable talk of the country, within twenty miles of his residence, as a "poor *Nagur;*" a term of disgrace which the Squire of Slobberly Hall wanted strength of mind to deserve.

It has been said that two American citizens cannot enter into conversation together, without talking of dollars. Whatever charms those flat pieces may have in their eyes, they have lately shown that they know how to make a noble and a generous use of them. The hearty manner in which *Brother Jonathan* has come forward, where, according to the usage of "this narrow world," he could not have been expected to make himself prominent, for the relief of the poor famished Irish and Scotch, has given him a hold upon the affections of the people of these countries—at least I can answer for one of them—which will make tidings of his prosperity at all times an agreeable piece of intelligence amongst us. Long live honest *Jonathan*: and if it be his fancy to speak about dollars, why then—more dollars to him to speak about.

It is not peculiar, however, to the people of the new world, to make the acquisition or possession of riches the theme of admiration and discussion. Where is Mammon so universally worshipped as in England? Where is a man or a woman without money so cruelly despised? Where is the lust of pelf so pampered by all public and private means? It is made the distinguishing reward of learning in the gravest professions, the meed of valour, the prize of high desert in the arts, the spur to exertion in the service of the State; and the most popular writers of the day—those whose exciting fictions have gone through the greatest number of editions, and who, therefore, may be understood to know best what it is that tickles the palate of the intellectual and reading classes—these men uniformly make money the great end and crowning happiness of a virtuous life.

If a prominent character in a modern novel winds up at less than five hundred a year, he is sure to be one of the villains of the tale. Of "honest poverty," allowed to retain its dignified position in life, there is no example. The book would not be bought, which made such a mistake. You may murder your hero, and the world will weep over him; make him kill himself, and the world will deify him; but bring him to poverty at the latter end, or leave him in anything less than affluent circumstances, and the world (the British world I mean) will think that you teach a very dangerous doctrine, and will hold the tendency of your book to be decidedly immoral.

All this is *apropos de* Slobberly Hall, just so far as I was going to observe, that the word "property" has a charm to raise a spirit in Hibernian circles also. In all companies the "thousands a year," real or imaginary, possessed by the person who happens to be the subject of conversation, impart the essential unction to the discourse. We brag a good deal of our family stocks, and our ancestral trees, especially when we have no other trees to brag of; and when two or three threadbare gentlemen come together, they keep up their hearts, like *El Conde de Montemolin* and his *Dukes* and *Marquises*, by the most ceremonious observances and respects. But real property is the sterling *Nobilitas*. Say what we will, we all bow to it. The man who is endowed with it, no matter how lately, or from what beginnings he may have gained it, is the theme of our "involuntary praise."

At Irish tables in the country, the conversation is pretty equally divided between the *res venaticæ*, and *res* by itself, and the "*quocunque modo res*." The subjects

are usually blended together in an amusing manner. The following instructive interchange of money and money's worth, at Mr. Macarthy's table, may serve for an example.

"Such a man has a good two thousand a year: as well paid rents as any in the county."

"Yes, but he owes a great deal of money. If he has eight hundred to spend, 'tis the most. But Daly up yonder—that's the man. A clear five thousand: every penny of it."

"If *you* had all he wants of it, you'd be the richest man in the present company. By the bye, that was a splendid horse young Daly rode at the last hunt: well he rode him too. Where did he get that horse?"

"Well, you may call him a splendid horse: there's no better blood in the kingdom. He bought that horse from me for 100 guineas. I have his own brother to dispose of, for which I would not take less than 150. In fact, I was offered my price, if I would take a bill in part payment."

"Do you say so? What hounds was he hunted with?"

"Why, the *Blazers*, to be sure. Don't you remember how Tom Browne (Tom of Ballagh) pounded the swells out of Cork that day, the dragoon officers, you know, with the moustaches, near Glengariffe?"

"Ah now—was that the horse? Well, I'd never have known him. Whom did you get him from?"

"From Whelan of the Folly. I gave fifty for the pair, when they were rising two and three."

"A good sportsman is that same Whelan, only he keeps himself very much to himself. What's his property?"

"O, faith, he's warm—does not owe a farthing and has money in the bank. What are *you* laughing at, you *sleeveen?*"

This last question was addressed to a rakish looking fellow near the other end of the table, who answers—

"Will I tell now, Ned? Will I tell?"

"Tell! what do I care what you tell? Come, if you've anything to say, out with it."

"Well then, all I have to say is, that if Whelan has money in the bank itself, he has one that he can give it to; and that's what *you* know very well, master Ned. We'll drink Miss Whelan's health, Mr. Macarthy, if you've no objection, in a bumper."

The toast was pledged with uproarious hilarity; and the conversation went on without flagging, from ladies to hunters, and from hunters to rentals, until it was higher than high time to adjourn to coffee and sugar-candy in the other room.

The ladies, in patient expectation of this movement, had endeavoured to wear out the evening by a variety of expedients, foremost among which they tried, until their heads could no longer bear it, that great instrument of execution, the piano. Every young lady's mamma was charmed with every other young lady's singing, and amazed at her improvement, so rapid, so surprising, so self acquired. These were their expressions in the drawing-room of Slobberly Hall; but next morning at their respective breakfast tables, as soon as family prayers were over, and the servants gone out of the room, it was curious what a change of opinion had been brought about in the interval of a single night. Then it was a subject of astonishment, which no allowances for parental blindness could repress, how any people could suffer their children to make laughing stocks of themselves by pretending to sing, without ear, without voice, without science, in short "sans everything."

From music they turned to the portfolios of the family, and could not sufficiently admire the foliage of the trees, or the steeples of the churches (albeit the latter seemed a little out of the perpendicular), which adorned the landscapes unfolded, one after another, to their view.

After that succeeded a review of Berlin wool work, exhibiting dogs, cats, and flowers in every stage of progress.

And finally, in a kind of desperation while the candles themselves seemed to nod and flicker under the influence of these drowsy resources, one or two tried what virtue there might be in a book.

The appearance of the gentlemen dissipated the gloom without imparting much vivacity to the scene, for they came in too late. The time for mirth and pleasant converse had nearly passed away, and the aptitude of some of them for ladies' society had been a little impaired. Their coming, however, was an improvement to the aspect of affairs; for although the elderlies formed select groups apart from the general company, for the farther discussion of properties and magisterial functions, the younger ones did their best to be pleasant, and in some instances succeeded. But the whole affair was dull and unsatisfactory, and Mr. Macarthy could not help lamenting, as the last carriage left his hall door, that modern convivialities, in comparison with the joyous and friendly hospitalities of bygone times, were remarkably heavy in point of expense, and remarkably insipid in point of social enjoyment.

Mr. Maurice Foley was the only member of the family who appeared on the following morning to retain an agreeable recollection of this entertainment, for he had received a couple of his own friends, at no expense to himself, and was the richer, besides, by some shillings, which he had all but bespoken by hiding the gentlemen's hats in a back hall. But all this—he remarked with a grunt—was "nothing at all to the good old leg-of-mutton days, when, as sure as a gentleman killed a sheep, so sure he would have a dinner party, without the bother of claret jugs and finger glasses, and the butler's whole time taken up in filling the gentlemen's glasses with wine, when it stood to raison and was far more sociable, that every one should help himself and the ladies too."

The following post brought the not-unexpected intimation that the bill passed to the wine merchant had been protested, but as it had been "*only* protested," that fact did not give much concern to the master of Slobberly Hall. Some time must elapse before farther proceedings could be taken, and so it seemed prudent and consistent with his business habits to dismiss so disagreeable a subject from his mind for the present, relying upon some happy chance, yet in the wheel of fortune, to enable him to wipe away the debt or to propitiate the debtor.

That chance did not turn up. In less time than a gentleman is apt to suspect, who accustoms his mind to run upon improbable events, in preference to preparing it for those which are sure to come, the first day of term arrived and with it a writ, well known to many generations of the Slobberly family by its classical *sobriquet* of a *Latitat*. The boast of one member of the illustrious race was well known. He could paper the largest room in *the Hall* with copies of originals, which had been

shown to him and to his father, by too obliging process-servers. Mr. Macarthy had received a few similar reminiscences in his day, and paid dearly for neglecting to give timely attention to them. But, happily for the attorneys, rubs of this kind rarely make those who are accustomed to receive them more cautious. Somehow or other he had hobbled through former difficulties, and was still on his legs, though tottering. Doubtless he need not distress himself by too great eagerness to scramble out of this. He would, therefore, remit to his law agent who could stave it off till the fair of Braree, when—if prices were much better than at present, as who knew but they might be?—the sale of his store cattle would set every thing right again, and then he would transfer his patronage to another wine merchant.

To many men, including many gentlemen, and not a few of the number Irish gentlemen, a debt is like a decayed tooth, which they would gladly get rid of by any means except the one only known method of having it pulled out by the roots. But wanting resolution for this, they have recourse to creosote, oil of cloves, and mineral succedanea, which may allay the agony for a moment, but which generally have the effect of making it more insupportable in the end, while they taint the adjoining sound teeth, and render them also meet subjects for extraction. It was so in this case. The *Latitat* at the wine merchant's suit was put out of sight for some weeks, to the great ease and relief of Mr. Macarthy's feelings, as long as he recollected that such a thing had ever disturbed his tranquillity. It was, however, speedily forgotten, and might have remained buried in oblivion to this day, had his adversary been as unmindful as himself.

But the law sleeps not, though it winks. Its processes went on; and in due time the joke—which, while it was a joke, and nothing else, Mrs. Macarthy could not laugh at because it had been so often repeated—was brought home to her door in a practical form, at which the most facetious rarely smile. An execution, which swept away the piano, along with valuables more difficult to dispense with, came into the house, and Mr. Macarthy was reduced to a condition to put the professions of his great friends to the test. They stood it, as the friends of men who will not befriend themselves, generally do. Sir John had no money to lend, and never went security for any man. Lord Dunbrown was extremely sorry that his friends were out of office, otherwise, he would have exerted himself, to have so excellent a sportsman, and so useful a county gentleman made a stipendiary magistrate, or an assistant poor-law commissioner. The gentleman who had sold young Daly the horse, and was supposed to have an eye upon Miss Whelan of *The Folly*, would have been surprised if a man who, with so encumbered a property, gave claret and moselle, had come to any other end; and Mr. Ryan attributed the calamity wholly to the system of cookery, which had produced fabricated "musharoons" and turkeys without drumsticks.

There was an instant break up of the establishment at Slobberly Hall; and in a few days afterwards, a gentleman who had dismissed his butler, received an application from Maurice Foley for the vacant place. His occupation was gone at Slobberly Hall, and he had walked away minus a year's wages due to him, but, *per contra*, pretty strong in pickings and stealings, which are often more profitable to the knaves of a falling house, than to those of a master who lives at ease in his possessions.

Having stated the place and date of his last service, he was required to produce his discharge.

"Here it is, your honour," he said, "in the master's own writing; ondeniable hand and sail."

"There is nothing here," said the gentleman, "about your fitness for a butler's place. This is merely a general character, which would suit any person, no matter what his office might be."

"Why, your honour, hasn't it 'honest, sober, and quite,' in it? 'I sartify that he behaved himself honest, sober, and quite?'"

The gentleman allowed that it did contain words to that effect.

"And sure nothing can go beyond that," said Maurice; "them's the three essentials of a good keracthur—honest, sober, and quite. You never heard tell of a good butler that had not all *them* in his keracthur."

"That may be," said the gentleman; "but a man may be all three, and yet a very indifferent butler. At the same time, honesty, sobriety and quietness, would be often very sad things in reality, were we to take our notions of them from the servants out of place, who go about with discharges recommending them for such qualities, under the hands and seals of their late masters."

Unfortunately, there is too much justice in this observation. Nothing is more frequent than for gentlemen, and ladies too, in Ireland, when they are parting with a servant, to give such testimonials, though sometimes in contradiction to their own knowledge and experience—nay, even in direct opposition to the offence for which they have been induced to dismiss him. This proceeds from what is, unjustly, considered an amiable desire to give the poor fellow another chance, and also from a most lax view of the obligations of truth, which is too prevalent in Ireland, with regard to what are called forms and matters of course.

This heedless fashion of giving undeserved characters to servants, tends directly to demoralize the whole class, by rendering them indifferent about the means of deserving them. The veriest termagant of the kitchen sees no necessity of restraining her temper, while she feels assured that her mistress is too kind a lady to see a poor body out of bread, for want of putting such a little word as "quiet" into her discharge. By the same reasoning, petty pilferings are deemed quite safe, *quoad* the future character, while a servant keeps his hands from the key of the cellar; and a confirmed *muddler*, whose breath, from morning to night, betrays his devotion to the concealed bottle in some recess of the pantry, or between the pillow and his bed, may be confident that, while he avoids what the world calls drunkenness, he will go to his next place with the stamp of sobriety legibly indorsed upon him. This is most unwarrantable towards the public in general, and extremely prejudicial to the interests of servants and to their real characters, on which their permanent interests entirely depend.

Mr. Maurice Foley was not to be persuaded that any body had a right to travel from the record in his case. Mr. Macarthy had described him by the three "essential" attributes; and those three attributes was he. As for the omission of his peculiar fitness to clean plate, and take good care of his glasses, to keep lamps in order,

and perform all the services preparatory to, at, and after a good dinner, with satisfaction to his master and credit to himself, "Why, sure, 'twould be aisy to see all that, before he was a week in the place. What business would he have to look for the situation at all, if he didn't know he was fit for it? He saw good service in great houses afore now, and wasn't trusting to what Mr. Macarthy might say of his abilities; for to tell nothing but the truth, they had but a slobbering way of doing business in Slobberly Hall."

SCOTTISH RIVERS.—No. II.

THE TWEED.

BY SIR THOMAS DICK LAUDER.

THE Tweed! The silver Tweed! Gentlest of readers, you may perhaps wonder that, in apparent opposition to the sage advices of our much venerated friend Major Ramsbottom, we should now be disposed to bring before you this most important Scottish river, at so early a period of our campaign. But, to tell you the truth, whilst we by no means intend to hold ourselves responsible for acting at all times under the guidance of particular reasons, we yet confess that we are influenced at present by some which we hold to be very important. In the first place, you have been kindly pleased to give so courteous a reception to our little Jack-snipe of a Jordan—which, as we must confess to you, as a friend, under the rose, we, partly from mere waggery, thought it advisable to place before you, as our first dish—that we think it but fair, thus speedily to reward you with something really substantial, with what the French would call a "*piece de resistance*," and which John Bull would denominate "a cut and come again." And, secondly, although the Tweed may indeed be considered as one of the chiefs among our Scottish fluvial divinities, yet he is not the first, but only one of the first; and although, when he shall be disposed of, we cannot exactly say of him as King Henry did of the loss of Earl Percy,

> "We trust we have within our realm
> Five hundred as good as he"—

Yet we shall not be left without a goodly array of his brother river gods at our back. Then let our courteous reader, *a la bonne heure*, fall briskly on the feast which we shall speedily spread before him, assuring himself whilst he does so, that he may be in no dread of future starvation, seeing that our garrison is stored in so ample a manner, as to enable us to withstand the siege of a lifetime.

The great valley which affords a course for the Tweed, when taken in conjunction with those minor branch valleys which give passage to its various tributaries, may be called the great Scoto-Arcadian district of pastoral poetry and song. Who could enumerate the many offerings which have been made to the rural muses in this happy country? for where there are poetry and song, happiness must be presupposed, otherwise neither the one nor the other could have birth. Doubtless, those ancient verses and melodies, which have for so many ages charmed, not only the inhabitants of Scotland, but those of countries which have always been held as much more refined in musical science, were produced at a time, when the original pastoral simplicity of the country of the Tweed had been but little innovated on by the operations of the plough. The era of iron skull caps, jingling shirts of mail, back and breast pieces, spurs—with rowels that might have been fitted into the sky on an occasion, to supply the place of any of the fixed stars that had fallen out of their places—buff jerkins, lances, and sure footed moss-trooping horses, that knew how, instinctively, to pick their way by moonlight, or even perchance, when moon there was none, from hag to hag, had for some ages passed away. The thick forests had been gladed by the hands of Time and of Nature, in such a way as might have thrown any such celebrated landscape gardener, as Mr. Craigie Halkett of Hallhill into absolute ecstacies of delight, and furnished him with a thousand useful professional hints. Peace had long floated over the whole of these pastoral scenes, as if the Halcyon bird had built its nest among them. The deer, "both doe and roe, and red deer good," had not yet been quite exterminated from "the gay greenwood." The reign of Nature was undisturbed. The minutest flowerets were safe, except from the fingers of the swain—who might pluck them for the adornment of the shepherdess, whose love-chain he wore—or from the careless feet of the sheep or the kine, which they tended together. But so rapid and extensive have been the strides of cultivation in its progress from the sea upwards, even in our own time, that it is only towards the very upper part of its course that the words of the ancient ballad may now be with much literal truth applied:—

> "What beauties does Flora disclose!
> How sweet are her smiles upon Tweed!
> Yet Mary's, still sweeter than those,
> Both nature and fancy exceed.
> No daisy nor sweet-blushing rose,
> Nor all the gay flowers of the field,
> Nor Tweed gliding gently through those,
> Such beauty and pleasure do yield.
>
> "The warblers are heard in the grove;
> The linnet, the lark, and the thrush,
> The blackbird and sweet cooing dove,
> With music enchant every bush.
> Come let us go forth to the mead,
> Let's see how the primroses spring,
> We'll lodge in some village on Tweed,
> And love while the feathered folks sing."

But one of the most wonderful facts, in regard to this change on the face of the country, is the circumstance, that the plough seems to have banished song altogether from this tuneful district, for the population have become the most

unmusical anywhere to be found. Old Pennecuick tells us that "musick is so great a stranger to their temper, that you shall hardly light upon one among six that can distinguish one tune from another; yet those of them that hit upon the vein may match with the skilfullest." And a more modern commentator on this passage tells us, that both instrumental and vocal music have been completely banished from among the peasantry of Tweeddale, and that a ploughman is never even heard to "whistle o'er the lea," as they so invariably do in all other countries.

The only portion of the course of the Tweed that may now be called truly pastoral is that which is included within those lofty mountains that encircle its head, and there, indeed, the climate may not be always so genial as to induce the growth of a very abundant Flora. This part of the country might with propriety be called the Region of Colleys; for here they abound, and maintain a strict, though gentle and very sensible, judicious, and temperate control over the woolly inhabitants of the green mountain-sides. We have travelled by accident through this country very lately, but we have the greatest pleasure in recollecting our passage through it in 1807, when on our way homewards from what we might very well call our travels in England, from their unusually extensive and comprehensive nature. We quite well remember sitting on a dyke by the road-side for nearly an hour with a shepherd of those parts, whilst, at our request, he despatched his dog over to the opposite hill, the face of which rose steeply backwards for nearly two miles, and stretched about double that space to right and left. The intelligence displayed by the creature was infinitely beyond anything we could have previously conceived. The moment he had compelled the brigade of bleaters to perform the evolution which his master's first signal had dictated, he sat down in his distant position, with his eyes fixed upon him; and, though certainly not nearer to us than from half-a-mile to a mile, as the crow would fly, he at once caught up every successive signal, however slight, from his commanding officer, and put the troops into active motion, to carry the wished-for manœuvre into effect. In this manner, they were made to visit every part of the hill-face in succession—at one time keeping in compact phalanx, as if prepared to resist cavalry, and at another scouring away and scattering themselves over the mountain, as if skirmishing, like Tirailleurs, against some unseen enemy advancing from over the hill-top beyond; and it appeared to us, that, great as we had always considered the talents of Lieut. Lightbody, the able adjutant of the distinguished corps we had then recently left, we must feel ourselves compelled to declare that he was a mere tyro compared to this wonderful canine tactician. And then, as to council, as well as war, we have seen some half-dozen of these highly gifted animals meet together from different parts of the mountains and glens, as if by appointment, at the sunny nook of some *fauld dyke*, and there, seated on their haunches, hold a conference in which we, who were watching them, could have no doubt matters of vital importance to the colley population of the parish were discussed. No body of bishops or Presbyterian elders of kirks, either Established or Free, could have behaved with more decorum, or could have shaken their heads more wisely; and when the conference broke up, we had not a single lingering doubt in our mind that the important business which had been under discussion, had been temperately settled in the wisest and most satisfactory manner; and we could not help thinking that some useful lessons might have been taken, from what we saw, as to the proper mode of conducting such meetings. For our own part, we confess we should rather be put in possession of a picture of such a canine conference, painted by the wonderful pencil of Landseer, than that of any other similar convocation of human beings that we know of.

During those barbarous times, when border raids were in continual activity, and when no one, on either side of the marches, or debateable land, could lay down his head to sleep at night, without the chance of having to stand to his defence, or perhaps to mount and ride ere morning, the valleys of the Tweed and its tributaries must have witnessed many strange and stirring events and cruel slaughters. To defend themselves from these predatory incursions, the Scottish monarchs erected strong castles along the lower part of the course of the Tweed, and the chain of these places of strength was carried upwards, quite to the source of the streams by the various landowners. These last were either Towers or Peels—these different names being given, rather to distinguish the structures as to their magnitude and importance, than from any great difference of plan—the tower possessing greater accommodations, and being much the larger and more impregnable in strength of the two. The Peels rarely contained more than three stories, which were generally all vaulted. To that in the basement—which was often used to thrust cattle into, at a moment of sudden alarm, and which sometimes had vaults under it—there was a direct entrance from without, which was well defended. This apartment had frequently no communication with those above, whilst, in some instances, access to it was obtained downwards through a trap-door in the floor and vaulted roof. Sometimes the upper apartments were approached by a small spiral stair, from a little well defended door, in an angle of the basement, but generally they were entered from an outer door in the wall, on the same level as the apartments of the second storey, and the access to this door was by a ladder, which was drawn up, after use, into the little fortalice. These strongholds, being intended for the general advantage and preservation of all the inhabitants of the valley, were built alternately on both sides of the river, and in a continued series, so as to have a view one of another; so that a fire, kindled on the top of any one of them, was immediately responded to, in the same way, by all the others in succession; the smoke giving the signal by day and the flame by night—thus spreading the alarm through a whole country of seventy miles in extent, in

the provincial phrase, from "Berwick to the Bield,"—and to a breadth of not less than fifty miles, carrying alarm into the uppermost parts of every tributary glen. Would that we could be inspired with the fancy of our own immortal Sir Walter, that we might, for only one moment, imagine the sudden upstirring, in this way, of the wild and warlike population of so great an extent of country, during the days of Border contest! what a shouting of men and neighing of horses!—what a hurried donning of back and breast-pieces and morions!—what a jingling of bridles and saddling of steeds!—what a buckling on of swords and grasping of lances!—and how the woods, and the steep faces of the hills, must have re-echoed to the gallop of the various little parties, hastening to unite themselves together! Then came the assault of the invading foe—the crash of combat,—the shouts of triumph, and the shrieks of dying men!—all full of the most romantic and picturesque suggestions. Nay, if we could only fancy the laird of any one of those little fortalices, after having been warned by his provident dame, by the usual hint of a covered dish full of steel spurs set before him, that there was no more meat in the larder—if we could only imagine him and his followers, getting hurriedly to boot and saddle, to ride across the Border, on a foray into England, to harry some district of its beeves, we should conjure up a picture full of the most romantic circumstances and stirring interest. Beginning with Oliver Castle, which was as high up the Tweed valley as any such human habitation could have been well built, we find that its communication was with that of Drummelzier and the Peel of Tinnis, or Thane's Castle. These communicated with one at Dreva, that with Wester Dawick, Hillhouse, Easter Dawick, Easter Happrew, Lyne, Barns, Coverhill, Neidpath, Peebles Castle, Haystone, Horsburgh Castle, Nether Horsburgh, Cardrona, Ormistone, Grierstone, Traquair, Innerleithen, Purves Hill, Bold, Caberstone, Scrogbank, Hollowlee, Elibank Tower, and so on in the same manner, down the whole vale of the Tweed to the sea, or, reversing the order, and as we have already used the common country phrase "*from Berwick to the Bield.*"

Availing ourselves of the quaint language of Dr Pennecuick, we now beg to inform our readers that "The famous Tweed hath its first spring or fountain nearly a mile to the east of the place where the shire of Peebles marches and borders with the stewartry of Annandale—that is Tweed's Cross, so called from a cross which stood, and was erected there in time of Popery, as was ordinary, in all the eminent places of public roads in the kingdom before our Reformation. Both Annan and Clyde have their first rise from the same height, about half a mile from one another, where Clyde runneth west, Annan to the south, and Tweed to the east." There is some little exaggeration, however, in the old Doctor here—for there is, in reality, no branch of Clyde within two miles of Tweed's Cross, or Errickstane Brae. Tweed's Well is not very far from the great road; and the site of Tweed's Cross is 1632 feet above the level of the sea. "Tweed runneth for the most part with a soft, yet trotting stream, towards the north-east, the whole length of the country, in several meanders, passing first through the Paroch of Tweeds-moor, the place of its birth, then running eastward, it watereth the parishes of Glenholm, Drumelzear, Broughton, Dawick, Stobo, Lyne, Mannor, Peebles, Traquair, Innerleithen, and from thence in its course to the March at Galehope-burn, where, leaving Tweeddale, it beginneth to water the Forest on both sides, a little above Elibank."

Hartfell, in the upper part of this country, rises to the height of 1928 feet above the level of the sea; and several individual heights of the same group approach very near to that elevation. The pass of Errickstane Brae from Dumfriesshire into Tweeddale is very steep and tedious, even with the present improved line and construction of road; but in the olden times, and when wild forests prevailed everywhere over the sides of the hills, and darkened the depths of the valleys—and when these were most likely to be peopled by robbers—one cannot doubt that the good Catholic would gladly avail himself of the cross at the summit, to throw himself upon his knees, and offer up fervent prayers for his safety. In these times, the traveller's attention is arrested by a most remarkable conchoidal hollow, in the bosom of the mountain, of immense depth, with sides of a declivity approaching nearly to the perpendicular, covered with a beautiful short green sward. This very curious place is called "the Marquis of Annandale's Beef Stand,"—probably because its quiet shelter, and rich pasture, may have produced very superior beeves. It is likewise often called "MacCleran's Loup," which comparatively modern name it acquired from a very curious and romantic incident. In the year 1745, a party of troops were escorting some unfortunate Highlanders, as prisoners, in their way for execution at Carlisle. As they were passing this place, one of them, of the name of MacCleran, asked permission of the guards to retire aside a little, and, squatting at the edge of the green precipice, and letting down his plaid all over him, in pent-house fashion, he gradually drew it tight together over his person, and borrowing a hint from the sagacious hedgehog, and putting his head between his knees, so as to convert himself into a ball, he boldly rolled himself over the hill. There was an immediate shout—the men, who had sat down to rest, seized their arms, rushed to the edge of the precipice, and fired as fast as they could at the rolling mass of tartan that went bounding downwards, and then spun out into the midst of the hollow bottom below. Shot after shot was fired as rapidly as thought. The animated sphere at last came to rest by its very *vis inertiæ;* but before they could well load again, it rapidly unfolded itself, and up jumped the man, safe and unhurt, and, bounding off like a roebuck, he was soon lost in a ravine that cleft a part of the opposite mountain.

We shall now proceed to follow the stream of the Tweed from Tweed's Well, its elevated birth-

place, down into the valley through which it pursues its course onwards to the sea; and, in so doing, we cannot pass over the small Inn of Tweedhope-foot, "where," says old Pennecuick, "there lived, in my time, an honest fellow called Jamie Welsch, ironically nicknamed *The Bairn of Tweedhope-foot*, well known for his huge bulk and strength, being a perfect Milo, with a heart and courage conform." What a fellow for a fiction-monger to manufacture a character out of! It seems to us quite wonderful that Scott should have never thought of appropriating him.

As the river goes on, it is rapidly augmented by the accession of so many streams, coming in from either side, as to render it impossible to notice them all within any reasonable space. Numerous cairns, supposed to have been thrown up by the Romans to guide the way, are seen along the road between Tweedhope-foot and the Bield. At the upper part of the Hawkshaw stream is Falla Moss, where Porteous of Hawkshaw, at the head of some of the country people, surprised a party of sixteen of Cromwell's horsemen, who had come from the camp at Biggar. After securing them, they butchered these innocent men, one by one, in cold blood; and one individual, having given his blow with too much tenderness, his victim so far recovered strength as to escape for a few miles, when he was pursued and murdered by numberless cruel wounds. These unhappy men were buried in the Falla Moss; and, a little to the east, there is *the Resting Stone*, where an unfortunate woman perished in the snow. "Opposite to the foot of Hawkshawbank," says Pennecuick, "in a kairn beside the high road, is *the Giant's Grave;* so called from a huge, mighty fellow that robbed all on the way, but was at length, from a mount on the other side of the river, surprised and shot to death, as tradition goes." Near Monzion, on the banks of the Fruid river, there is the grave of a certain Marion Chisholm, who is said to have brought out the plague hither from Edinburgh, and infected all the people of the neighbourhood, by means of a bundle of clothes she carried with her, so that many died, and were buried by their terrified survivors in the ruins of their own houses, which were pulled down over their dead bodies so as to form their graves.

Tweedsmuir Kirk stands upon the right bank of the river, upon what is called the Quarter Knowe, which is supposed to have been a site of the Druids, from certain Druidical stones existing near it. The Tweed is here joined by the small river Talla, which is remarkable as having been the scene of the great Covenanting Convocation called the Meeting of Talla-Linns, which took place on the 15th of June, 1682, and at which, Sir Walter Scott informs us, that Douce David Deans was present as a youth. The strange metaphysical and polemical spirit, that had grown up among those unhappy sufferers was so overwhelming, that, instead of devoting their whole mind and attention, to the consideration of the real grievances and miseries they sustained, and of the best mode of procedure by which they could hope to get them removed, the whole scene was one of universal disagreement and disunion, concerning the character and extent of such as were entirely frivolous and imaginary. "The place where this conference took place," says Scott, "was remarkably well adapted for such an assembly. It was a wild and very sequestered dell in Tweeddale, surrounded by high hills, and far remote from human habitation. A small river or mountain torrent called the Talla, breaks down the glen with great fury, dashing successively over a number of small cascades, which have procured the spot the name of Talla Linns. Here the leaders among the scattered adherents of the Covenant—men who, in their banishment from human society, and in the recollection of the severities to which they had been exposed, had become at once sullen in their tempers, and fantastic in their religious opinions—met, with arms in their hands, and by the side of the torrent, discussed with turbulence, which the noise of the stream could not drown, points of controversy as empty and unsubstantial as its foam." This sad narration of human frailty forces upon our minds the recollection of the much more rational canine convocation, which we have already had occasion to describe! But in regard to painting, what a subject has Scott here sketched for some of our celebrated modern artists to fill up!

Before coming to the Bield and the Crook Inns, we pass the site of Oliver Castle, on the left bank of the stream, the very foundations of which are now so much gone as to render it difficult to discover the precise site where it stood. This was the ancient seat of the Frasers of Lovat, who, coming originally from France at a very early period of history, were thanes of the Isle of Man, and afterwards became possessed of large territories in the south of Scotland, especially in Tweeddale. They were high Sheriffs of the county of Peebles, and in the reigns of Alexander the II. and III., and during the minority of the Queen, Sir Simon Fraser, Lord of Oliver Castle, with the assistance of the Cummin, and with an army of 10,000 Scots, in one day, gave three successive and complete defeats to different bodies of Edward the First's army, amounting in all to not less than 30,000 men, near Roslin, on the 27th February, 1303. This hero was the Wallace of his time; and as his heroism and patriotism were not inferior to those of that celebrated Scottish champion, so his services to his country met with the same reward; for he was given into the hands of Edward, and died a martyr to his country's wrongs. By marriage with the family, this property came down, in modern times, into the possession of the Tweedies.

How great have been the changes which have taken place in this part of the valley since we first visited it, in 1807! The road, as you go along, now wears altogether an inhabited look, and little portions of plantations here and there give an air of shelter and civilization to it. The Crook Inn does not now stand alone, and there is, comparatively speaking, an inviting air of comfort about it; but forty years ago it presented one of the coldest looking, cheerless places of reception

for travellers that we had ever chanced to behold. It stood isolated and staring in the midst of the great glen of the Tweed, closed in by high green sloping hills on all sides, with a square space between it and the highway enclosed off, to right and left, by two dry stone dykes, running at right angles from the line of its front towards the road. No one could look at it without thinking of winter, snow storms, and associations filled with pity for those whose hard fate it might be to be storm-staid here, as unwilling prisoners, with a country so deeply covered with snow, that there could be no hope of moving for many days. Such were our thoughts when we drove up to its door, we believe in the gloomy month of November, 1807, having come that morning from Moffat, and having no intention of staying longer here than to procure fresh post horses to our carriage, and then to proceed. We felt quite fidgetty and uncomfortable till we got away. The horses were no sooner put to the carriage, therefore, than we took our places. *Rumbles* had not yet come into existence, but there was a barouche box on the front part of the vehicle, where one of our friends seated himself, from choice, that he might have a better view of the scenery. We, with another, occupied the inside of the chariot, and the day being cold and raw, and threatening to drizzle a little, we made ourselves immediately snug by pulling up all the windows. The word "right!" was given, and the post-boy, wishing, as they generally do, to make a spurt at starting, dug the spurs into his horses, and whipped them at once into a gallop, and he went flying from the door, and round the corner into the road with such a *birr*, that he did not give time for the hind wheels to perform their necessary evolutions. By the same sort of centrifugal force, that gives impetus to the flight of a stone from a sling, therefore, they were thrown off sideways, at a tangent to the circle they should have described, with so great violence, that even the best London manufacture could not withstand it, especially after having been rattled, as they had been, for better than five months, over some of the roughest cross roads of England and Wales. In less than the twinkling of an eye, the whole spokes and felloes which had been so long happily banded together, *en société*, in the two wheels, disparted company by general consent, and were torn and dislocated from each other, and scattered far and wide upon the road. The iron rims rolled off each singly to the opposite side of the way, and then fell over with a solemn, yet sullen sound of submission to their fate. The post-boy, utterly unconscious that anything was wrong, continued to whip and spur, to prove that his horses were good for that pace for at least a mile. Our philosophical friend on the box was too much engaged in tying his comforter, and in looking now at the post-boy, and now at the mountains on either side, to be made aware of anything that had happened, albeit that our shouts and the occasional uncouth bumping he received, might have excited in him some slight suspicion that there was something wrong. But we two insides were in a most perilous plight; for we were sleighing it, as it were, along the hard turnpike road, upon the hind axletree; and many and furious were the bounds we made, as we for some time vainly tried to get down the front glasses. At length, after having gone some two hundred yards or more in this way, we succeeded in stopping the furious flight of our postilion; and having got out, we walked back in sad dismay to the Crook Inn, full of the conviction that stern fate had infallibly doomed us to all these miseries which had so recently filled us with pity for the supposed sufferings of others. We looked miserably and silently at each other, every face individually reflecting the inward horror that severally possessed us. We instinctively turned our eyes upwards to the portion of grim sky that stretched across above us, from one mountain top to another, like the dull, muggy old sail cloth that might form the roof of a booth at a fair. Wreaths of snow, twenty feet deep, seemed to be hanging over our heads, as if about to descend directly *en masse* into the glen, and so to swaddle up all nature, as to forbid all locomotion, however confined. We then looked at the cold, bare, inhospitable face of the Crook Inn before which we stood; and, like men desperately resolved to endure a fate, which, however cruel in itself, and suddenly brought upon us, could not now by any means be averted, we entered the house and seated ourselves on the wooden chairs in the best, but damp, dingy parlour, with its newly sanded floor, in the full conviction that this was to be our prison for some weeks to come at least. Our wreck was so complete, that not a hope remained. At length, curiosity led us to go out to listen to the conversation of a small group of persons that surrounded the carriage, each of whom was delivering his own sage remarks on this—an event so worthy of speculation, in a district where events were few. One man, with a broad blue bonnet, proved to be a carrier, and owner of a horse and cart which stood hard by. After a little talk with him, he undertook, for a due consideration, to transport the carriage to Edinburgh, by binding the hinder part of it, whence the wheels were gone, to the tail of his cart, so that it should travel safely, though ignominiously, on its own two fore wheels, and with its back to the horse; and after this was arranged, we speedily discovered, with great delight, that the landlord could give us two post-chaises. These were instantly ordered out, and our persons and baggage being distributed between the two, we had the satisfaction of starting again from the door, at a good rattling pace, just as the first broad flakes of snow were beginning to fall, as the advanced guard of that heavy column that was about to descend and subdue and imprison the whole of that upland country. Such was our alarm that we never stopped, except to change horses, till we found ourselves in the Inn at Melrose, where we thanked our stars that we had so providentially escaped from the horrors of the Crook Inn. But now things are so changed, that even a confinement there, however annoying in itself in point of delay, would at least be attended with no apprehension of want of creature comforts.

The next objects of interest on the Tweed are the old House of Drumelzier and the picturesque remains of the ancient fortalice belonging to it, called Tinnis, or Thanes Castle, which stands on the top of a hill above the house. It is said that travellers of every description were compelled to pay homage to Sir James Tweedie, the haughty Baron of Drumelzier. It so happened, that on one occasion he was told that a stranger, attended by a very small retinue, had passed by his mansion without paying the usual compliments of obeisance to its lordly owner. Fuming with rage, he instantly got to horse, and putting himself at the head of sixteen lances, all mounted like himself on white horses, as was his fancy, he pursued the stranger hot foot, until he overtook him at Glenwhappen, where, having found the man he sought, in the midst of his friends, he imperiously demanded to have him instantly given up to that corporal punishment which he was in the habit of inflicting in such cases. But what was the proud Tweedie's discomfiture when the stranger came forward, and was announced to him as James V., King of Scotland. Throwing himself upon his knees, he received the gracious pardon of his sovereign, coupled with a few befitting admonitions, and then he slunk away back to his barbarous hold, with humbled and mortified pride. A certain John Bertram, who had acted as the king's guide on this occasion, through the Drumelzier territory, received from his sovereign the lands of Duckpool for his reward.

The grave of the celebrated Merlin, the wizard and soothsayer, was said to be under a thorn tree, a little below the churchyard of this parish. An ancient prophecy existed regarding it, in the following rude distich :—

"When Tweed and Pawsayle meet at Merlin's grave,
Scotland and England shall one monarch have."

And this was said to have been fulfilled by an extraordinary flood which took place on the day that James VI. of Scotland was crowned king of England, when the river Tweed so far overflowed its banks, that it met and united itself to the burn of Pawsayle, at the spot which tradition had always marked out as the grave of Merlin. But this tradition would appear to be extremely apocryphal, seeing that we cannot understand how it happened that Merlin, who was a Welsh bard, and who was born at Caermarthen, about the year 460, should have wandered hither to find a grave. The only way in which it appears to be possible to reconcile this difficulty is by supposing, what is by no means unlikely, that this may have been the grave of some Scottish bard or soothsayer, whose fame having been as great in his own country as that of Merlin was all over Britain, and in the same way, may have had that distinguished name conferred on him by his countrymen as a mark of their admiration of him.

Nearly opposite to Drumelzier, Biggar Water, augmented by that of Skirling, falls into the Tweed from the left. The banks of both these streams are thickly sown with Roman and other remains. They are, moreover, ornamented with several gentlemen's residences. On the Rachan Hill are the remains of an ancient British camp; and it is worth remarking, that in the parish of Glenholm alone there are the ruins of no less than six old castles or towers. In a plain by the side of the Tweed are several mounds, in one of which was found a singular stone building, with a large stone cover, and within it was the skeleton of a man, with bracelets on his arms. An urn was found near to the skeleton. We can gather no information from any quarter as to what was the material of which the bracelets were composed, or what were the contents of the urn.

The general character of the river Tweed all along that part of its course which we have hitherto traced, is that of an exceedingly clear stream, trotting without any great degree of violence—that is to say, when not whipped into fury by the angry spirit of the storm and the flood—and finding its peaceful and harmless way over a beautiful pebbly bottom, and winding now to one side of the narrow valley, and now to the other, its banks being low, and rarely, though occasionally, fringed by a few dropping alders — the mountain side being generally green and unbroken, though here and there displaying accumulations of slaty stones, of a rich purple colour, indicating the nature of the rock under the surface. Angling for salmon in these waters is quite unavailing, as the fish that escape all the snares and interruptions that they have to encounter between Berwick and Peebles, do not arrive in these parts until they are quite out of season. But these are beautiful spawning grounds. It is not, however, always easy to defend the poor animals, whilst engaged in this interesting occupation, from the cruel leister or waster of the poacher. Like many other things, that are very nefarious in practice, there is much in the most destructive of practices that is productive of romantic and picturesque effect;—the darkness of the night—the blaze of the torches upon the water—the flash of the foam from the bare limbs of the men who are wading through the shallows, with their long poles, and many pointed and barbed iron heads—or glancing from the prow of the boat, moving slowly over the deeper water, with its strange, unearthly figures in it. But let those who would find this given with a perfection that realizes the life, read the description of such a scene by Sir Walter Scott, in "Guy Mannering"—where they will find a piece of exquisite painting from nature, drawn by one who could use a leister on an occasion with any man upon Tweed. Upon the whole, we should be disposed to think that the English gentleman of rank, who is mentioned in a note in the edition of Pennecuik of 1815, as having been interrogated, after his return to his own country, as to what he thought of Tweeddale, was pretty correct in the reply he gave—"That he believed he could describe its surface in three words, as it almost everywhere consisted of a hill, a road, and a water;" and the author of the note goes on very successfully to add—"which, indeed, with the addition of another hill, rising immediately from the opposite brink of the accompanying stream,

below the road, generally constitute the sum total of the objects that present themselves to the traveller. A flat, through which its glittering current meanders and ripples over a pebbly channel—a shepherd's cot, at the side of a rill in a recess, sometimes sheltered by a few trees or bushes—a cairn pointing the summit of a pyramidal mountain—a ring, once necessary to secure the herds and flocks, surrounding the upper part of an eminence—a deserted tower on the brow of a projecting height, of which there are many in the country, erected for habitations, for defence, and for beacons—whilst at times a mansion, embosomed in wood, occasionally animates the prospect." We cannot say that our recent observation enables us to assert, that the thirty-two years that have passed away since this description was given, though they may have somewhat narrowed the confines to which it was once applicable, have to any great degree enabled the face of the country to outgrow its accuracy.

But, below this, we find that, for some miles at least, the industry of man has done so much by cultivation and planting, both in the wide bottom of the valley, and on the sides of the hills, as to give to the whole quite the effect of an English country—the fields being well cultivated, and bounded by hedge rows. These enrichments are to be attributed to the exertions of two proprietors in the middle of last century—we mean to those of Sir Alexander Murray, of Stanhope, who enclosed and planted most part of the property of Stobo, which rises abruptly upwards from the left bank of the river, and for which much was done in addition by the late Sir James Montgomery, father of the present Sir Graham Montgomery. Sir James built the present Stobo Castle in 1810. The church of Stobo is above 500 years old. It is Gothic, and extremely curious. The other proprietor, to whom we have alluded, was Sir James Nasmyth, of Posso, whose improvements and plantations on the estate of Dalwick (for some time very improperly called New Posso, but now restored to its old name), which is on the right bank of the stream, were always held so much in admiration by the whole country, that comparisons were made to them as affording a measure of excellence by which to estimate others. He was a gentleman of much scientific acquirement; and, in addition to his ordinary gardens, he created others for extensive botanical collections, with green houses for rare plants; and on these he put the strikingly appropriate motto :—

"Solomon, in all his glory, was not arrayed like one of these."

The house was square and ancient. The grounds were executed by Sir James, in the formal linear style of gardening, with avenues, vistas, ponds, statues, &c.; but the effect that resulted from all this, after the timber had undergone many years' growth, was extremely pleasing. The place occupies the whole of a considerably wide plain, stretching between the Tweed and the hills rising steeply behind it; and these are cut into by a glen, which, running up into their bosoms for some three or four miles, brings down a very pretty little sparkling stream as a tributary from them to the river. Sir James's grandson, the present Sir John Murray Nasmyth—who fortunately happens to be a gentleman of remarkably fine taste—has done everything in his power to improve the beauty of this charming spot. The whole glen running up into the hills has been planted. The grand old wood, which hangs on the mountain sloping into the park, has had its terraces restored and added to; a new and very appropriate Scottish manorial house has been built, with all the necessary adjuncts of terraces, flower gardens, statues, vases, dials, flights of steps, and fountains; and the whole now exhibits itself as one of the most perfect *bijous* that can be found anywhere in Scotland, or perhaps elsewhere, as a gentleman's residence. Some of the trees here are of large proportions, especially when we consider the upland country in which they grow; and we shall take the liberty of quoting from our own edition of Gilpin's "Forest Scenery," published above ten years ago, in order again to record the dimensions of one or two of them as they then existed. The horse-chesnut, which is a tree that was introduced into Europe from the East about the year 1550, could not have been transplanted into Scotland sooner than about the year 1620. Two of these trees, growing on a part of the lawn at Dalwick, which was formerly the garden, "are certainly the oldest and finest in Scotland; or, perhaps, we should say that there are none equal to them, so far as we know, in Britain. They stand twelve feet apart from each other, but they support a mass of foliage that appears to belong but to one head, which takes a beautiful form, and covers an area of ground the diameter of which is ninety-six feet. The largest of the two is in girth, immediately above the root, sixteen and a half feet—at three feet high, it is twelve and a half feet—and it is of the same girth at six feet from the ground. The smaller tree is twelve and a half feet in circumference at the base, and ten feet at three feet high." "Sir John Nasmyth has nine very picturesque larches at Dalwick. They take singularly irregular and fantastic forms, and throw out gigantic limbs. They were planted in 1725, a date which he says in his communication to us is doubtful, but which his father, the late Baronet, always positively declared was correct, being what *his father*, who planted them, had always told him, was the exact period of the establishment of the larches at Dalwick." The three largest of these are of the following girths: the crooked larch at Dalwick measures in circumference, at seven feet from the ground, that is, immediately under the spread of the limbs, fifteen feet; at four feet from the ground it measures nineteen feet, and its circumference immediately above the roots is nineteen feet. This singularly picturesque tree had one of its most important limbs torn away by lightning in the summer of 1820. The second larch tree is twelve feet in girth at three feet from the ground, and fifteen feet in girth immediately above the roots; and the third is eleven feet nine inches at three feet from the ground, and fifteen feet in circum-

ference immediately above the roots. There is an avenue of silver firs at Dalwick, most of the trees of which are nearly of equal magnitude, and all beautifully feathered down to within six feet of their roots. These were planted by the grandfather of the present Baronet, in 1735. One of these, which has by no means any great apparent pre-eminence over the others, measures seventeen feet in circumference immediately above the roots, eleven feet and a half at five feet from the ground, and ten feet and a half at thirty feet from the ground. The stem tapers up like a fishing-rod to the very top; and the whole tree contains four hundred and ninety-five feet eleven inches, two parts of cubic measure, of timber; or, as we may safely say now, above five hundred cubic feet of measurable timber. These measurements speak well for the growth of wood in these the higher districts of the Tweed; indeed, extensive plantation appears now to be the only thing that is wanting to improve, not only the appearance of the country, but its climate.

At about half way between Stobo and Peebles, the river Lyne joins the Tweed from the left. It is supported by several tributaries, of which, perhaps, the Tairth is one of the most important. Their valleys afford some very pretty snatches of country here and there, and much has been done for their cultivation and ornament. There are some important country residences also on their banks; but the most beautiful and interesting of these is Castle Craig, the seat of Sir Thomas Gibson Carmichael, Bart. The plantations about it are of immense extent, very well grown, and exceedingly thriving. The house has little architectural character; but its site, on a swelling knoll, whence it commands views of the different valleys throughout the greater part of their extent, with long vistas of thick forest running up some of them, and surrounded by the lofty green hills which rise everywhere around, is altogether very charming. For our part, we regret here, as we do everywhere else in similar cases, that the name, which is modern, should have been fastened on it, instead of its ancient name of Kirkurd. The ruins of the old kirk of this name, with its ancient burial-ground, and many curious and picturesque monumental remains, now form the most interesting features in a beautiful flower-garden in the grounds, carefully preserved as they have been by, and enriched and hung with, shrubs and creepers of all kinds, so as to produce a spot of ground adapted for the most luxurious retirement and contemplation, calculated to awake meditations of the most devout and sublime description, and to bring frail man into direct communication with his Creator. There are several remains of British and Roman camps and stations in this neighbourhood. Below Kirkurd, the Tairth runs through a series of valuable water meadows, in a deep and uniform stream, resembling in character an English river, and we are much mistaken if it be not full of fine fat trouts. Fain would we have been enabled to have asserted this on our own angling experience, but so it happens that, often as we have enjoyed the hospitalities of Castle Craig, and albeit that we were always filled with the deadly intent of making terrific work among the finny fry of the Tairth, the weather, which is not wont to be on every occasion friendly to the angler, always proved so unpropitious as to render it quite useless for us to put up our rod.

Perhaps the most interesting object connected with these tributary glens, now under our immediate consideration, is Drochil Castle, which stands between the Tairth and the Lyne, on the swelling ground a little above their junction. Of this Dr. Pennecucik says, "The nether Drochil hath been designed more for a palace than a castle of defence, and is of mighty bulk, founded, and more than half built, but never finished, by the then great and powerful Regent, James Douglas, Earl of Mortoun. Upon the front of the south entry of this Castle was 'J., E. O. M., James, Earl of Mortoun,' in raised letters, with the fetterlock, as Warden of the Borders. This mighty earl, for the pleasure of the place and the salubrity of the air, designed here a noble recess and retirement from worldly business, but was prevented by his unfortunate and miserable death, three years after, anno 1581; being accused, condemned, and executed by the maiden at the Cross of Edinburgh, as art and part of the murder of our King Henry, Earl of Darnley, father to King James the Sixth. This fatal instrument, at least the pattern thereof, the cruel Regent had brought from abroad, to behead the Laird of Pennecuick of that Ilk, who, notwithstanding, died in his bed, while the unfortunate earl was the first himself that hanselled that merciless maiden, which proved so soon after his own executioner." The maiden, which is a rude species of guillotine, is still preserved in the museum of the Scottish Society of Antiquaries. The site of this noble and interesting ruin is extremely beautiful between the two streams; and at about four miles above the junction of the Lyne with the Tweed, there are the vestiges of two very entire camps on the hill above it, which are called the Chesters, and there are several others in the neighbourhood.

Immediately in the angle between the Lyne and the Tweed, and above their junction, the summits of their rather elevated banks are connected by a heathy flat of considerable height. This is called the Sheriff's Muir. It commands extensive views up and down the valley of the Tweed, and up the tributary valleys of the Lyne, Tairth, and Mannor. It presents several appearances of monumental antiquities, which would lead to the conclusion that it had been the scene of some very ancient hostile struggle; whilst some stones would seem to indicate the site of a Druidical temple, and this with great probability, seeing that the site is just such as the Druids would have especially chosen. The name of the Sheriff's Muir, or Shire Muir, was given to this place because, when war occurred between England and Scotland, this was the spot on which the Sheriff was wont to summon the militia of the county to meet previous to their going on active service.

We must now go over to the right bank of the Tweed, in order to give a very general sketch of

the Manner Water, a very beautiful, and moreover, a very fine angling stream, which is made up of many branches, all discharging themselves into its quiet and retired glen from some very steep and lofty surrounding mountains. There are many curious remains, both of British and Roman origin, to be found here, and it is filled with spots associated with the romantic times of Border warfare. Among these are several Peel-towers, each of which has, doubtless, its particular legends attached to it. Castle Hill, situated on the top of a steep knoll, is a lofty ruin, the history of which is little known. One of the best preserved *morceaux* of this description, is the old shattered tower of Posso, from which the proprietor, Sir John Nasmyth, Bart., takes his title. It stands prettily upon a knoll, the stream of the Manner dancing past it, and glittering in the sunshine—and its weather-beaten, war-worn, and shivered form, appears to be quite in keeping with the whole scene—and especially with the misty shapes of Scrape and the other high mountains that rise towards the upper end of the glen. There were a great many timber trees about this part of the valley, but they were cut down a good many years ago, by Sir John Nasmyth's predecessor, and one or two only remain about the ruin to tell what their companions were. One of the most interesting remnants of the real good old Border times, is that of "the Thieves' Road," so called vituperatively by those tasteless individuals who could not see the romantic effect produced by their cattle being harried and driven off by it, by a parcel of English moss-troopers—its proper name being "the Moss-Troopers' Road"—and it served equally well for the nonce, for the removal and drift of cattle, whether they were bound southwards from Scotland, or northwards from England. Although its vestiges are very imperfect, it may be traced in a strictly linear direction from the Border, over Dollar Law and Scrape, and so crossing the Tweed below Stobo, and running directly northward; and doubtless Rob Roy himself knew every inch of it well.

This accidental allusion to Sir Walter Scott's hero reminds us that the valley of the Manner Water is rendered peculiarly interesting by the circumstance of its having been the residence, in the beginning of the present century, of David Ritchie, the original dwarf, whose form and history suggested to Sir Walter his imaginary character of the Black Dwarf, Canny Elshie. Sir Walter Scott tells us, in his introduction to one of the late editions of the work, "that the personal description of Elshender, of Mucklestane-moor, has been generally allowed to be a tolerably exact and unexaggerated portrait of David, of Mannor Water. He was not quite three feet and a half high, since he could stand upright in the door of his mansion, which was just that height." For our part, we cannot help thinking that the character of the real David will be found more interesting than that of the ideal Elshender. He was the son of a slate quarrier in Tweeddale—was bred as a brush-maker in Edinburgh—travelled into various parts—and, after that naturally morose and misanthropical disposition, which he is said to have had from his birth, had been still more soured by harsh treatment, and goaded to madness by the cruel gibes of those who, forgetting that they called themselves Christians, and being possessed of the malevolent feelings of devils, made sport of the affliction with which Almighty God had been pleased to visit their poor neighbour, he retired into this lonely glen and built himself a small cottage, very much in the manner described by Sir Walter. This hovel we have seen, and the only difference between it and the imaginary one on the Mucklestone Moor is, that David had the good taste to select a spot sheltered by one or two good trees, which altogether took away that "ghastly" air and effect with which Sir Walter wished to envelop his Black Dwarf's dwelling. David's cot was built on Sir James Nasmyth's property, without any leave being asked or given; but the Baronet was too good-natured to give him the smallest disturbance on that score. We quote the following account of this most extraordinary character, at some length, from Mr. Robert Chambers, of Edinburgh, who, a high authority at all times, is the highest possible in regard to anything connected with his native county of Peeblesshire:—

"His skull, which was of an oblong and rather an unusual shape, was said to be of such strength that he could strike it with ease through the panel of a door, or the end of a barrel. His laugh is said to have been quite horrible; and his screech-owl voice, shrill, uncouth, and dissonant, corresponded well with his other peculiarities. There was nothing very uncommon about his dress. He usually wore an old slouched hat, when he went abroad; and when at home a sort of cowl or night-cap. He never wore shoes, being unable to adapt them to his misshapen, finlike feet, but always had both feet and legs quite concealed, and wrapt up with pieces of cloth. He always went with a sort of pole, or pike-staff, considerably taller than himself. His habits were, in many respects, singular, and indicated a mind congenial to its uncouth tabernacle. A jealous, misanthropical, and irritable temper was his prominent characteristic. The sense of his deformity haunted him like a phantom, and the insults and scorn to which this exposed him, had poisoned his heart with fierce and bitter feelings, which, from other points in his character, do not appear to have been more largely infused into his original temperament than that of his fellow-men. He detested children, on account of their propensity to insult and persecute him. To strangers he was generally reserved, crabbed, and surly; and though he by no means refused assistance or charity, he seldom either expressed or exhibited much gratitude; even towards persons who had been his greatest benefactors, and who possessed the greatest share of his good-will, he frequently displayed much caprice and jealousy. A lady, who had known him from his infancy, says, that although Davie showed as much respect and attachment to her father's family as it was in his nature to show to any, yet they were always obliged to be very cautious in their deportment towards him. One day, having gone to visit him with another lady, he took them through his garden, and was showing them, with much pride and good humour, all his rich and tastefully assorted borders, when they happened to stop near a plot of cabbages, which had been somewhat injured by caterpillars. Davie, observing one of the ladies smile, instantly assumed his savage scowling aspect, rushed among the cabbages, and dashed them to pieces with his *Kent*, exclaiming, 'I hate the worms, for they mock me!' Another lady, likewise a friend and old acquaintance of his, very unintentionally gave Davie mortal offence, on a similiar occasion. Throwing back his jealous glance, as he was ushering her into his

garden, he fancied he observed her spit and exclaimed with great ferocity, 'Am I a toad, woman! that ye spit at me?—that ye spit at me?' and, without listening to any answer or excuse, drove her out of his garden, with imprecations and insult. When irritated by persons for whom he entertained little respect, his misanthropy displayed itself in words, and sometimes in actions, of still greater rudeness; and he used, on such occasions, the most unusual and singularly savage imprecations and threats."

This strange ferocity was balanced, as Sir Walter tells us, by a wonderful admiration for the beauties of nature, not only as manifested by his great love for flowers; but "the soft sweep of the green hill, the bubbling of a clear fountain, or the complexities of a wild thicket, were scenes on which he often gazed for hours, and, as he said, with inexpressible delight." It was, perhaps, for this reason, that he was fond of Shenstone's Pastorals, and some parts of "Paradise Lost." The author has heard his most unmusical voice repeat the celebrated description of paradise, which he seemed fully to appreciate. His other studies were of a different cast, chiefly polemical. He never went to the parish Church, and was therefore suspected of entertaining heterodox opinions, though his objection was probably to the concourse of spectators, to whom he must have exposed his unseemly deformity. He spoke of a future state with intense feeling, and even with tears. He expressed disgust at the idea of his remains being mixed with the common rubbish, as he called it, of the churchyard; and selected, with his usual taste, a beautiful and wild spot in the glen where he had his hermitage, in which to take his last repose. He changed his mind, however, and was finally interred in the common burial-ground of Mannor Parish. David Ritchie affected to frequent solitary scenes, especially such as were supposed to be haunted, and valued himself upon his courage in doing so. At heart he was superstitious, and planted many rowans (mountain ash-trees) around his hut, as a certain defence against necromancy. For the same reason, doubtless, he desired rowan-trees to be set about his grave. His only living favourites were a dog and a cat, to which he was particularly attached; and his bees, which he treated with great care. He took a sister latterly to live with him, in a hut built at one end of his own—but he never once permitted her to enter *his* door, the extreme minuteness, of which formed a strange contrast to that of his sister. "She was weak in intellect, but not deformed in person; simple, or rather silly, but not, like her brother, sullen or *bizarre*. David was never affectionate to her; it was not in his nature, but he endured her. He maintained himself and her by the produce of their garden and bee-hives; and latterly, they had a small allowance from the parish. Besides, a bag was suspended in the mill for David Ritchie's benefit; and those who were carrying home a meldar of meal seldom failed to add a *gowpen*, or handful, to the alms-bag of the deformed cripple. In short, David had no occasion for money, save to purchase snuff, his only luxury, in which he indulged himself liberally. When he died, in the beginning of the present century, he was found to have hoarded about twenty pounds, a habit very consistent with his disposition; for wealth is power, and power was what David Ritchie desired to possess, as a compensation for his exclusion from human society."

It was in the autumn of 1797 that Sir Walter Scott first saw this most extraordinary character. He was then on a visit to his friend, Dr. Adam Ferguson, the justly-celebrated philosopher and historian, who then resided at the mansion-house of Halyards, in the beautiful and retired vale of Mannor. We may easily imagine the keenness with which such a man as Sir Walter Scott would proceed to scrutinize and analyze, and fully to possess himself of all the points of a character of *physique* and *morale* so very uncommon as were those of "Bowed Davie Ritchie." The poet tells us that "Dr. Ferguson considered him as a man of a powerful capacity, and original ideas, but whose mind was off its just bias, by a predominant degree of self-love and self-opinion, galled by the sense of ridicule and contempt, and avenging itself upon society, in idea at least, by a gloomy misanthropy."

Perhaps we ought to apologise for having dwelt so long on what we may perhaps best call the natural history of this most extraordinary specimen of the animal man. But, unformed and misshapen as he came from the hands of his Great Creator, so far as his earthly frame was concerned, we have no reason to believe, nor is there any evidence to show, that the deformities of his mind were produced in him at his birth. On the contrary, those few redeeming points in his character that continued to break out at times, like glints of the sun, on his own peaceful Mannor Water, may fairly lead us to the conclusion, that, but for those demons in human shape—or perhaps we should in charity rather say, those darkly ignorant creatures—who, forgetting the great goodness of God towards themselves, in constructing them perfectly, poured out taunts and vituperation upon him whom their Creator had less blessed, for those very deformities which he might, in his own good pleasure, have assigned to them—Davie Ritchie's miserable tenement of clay might have been tenanted by a soul filled with the kindliest and most benevolent charities of human nature. How dreadfully have they incurred the displeasure of the Divine Being! What have they not to answer for! And may we not fairly believe that poor Davy will be judged with an especial mercy! How beautiful is the glimpse we have of his soul panting after another and a better world!

There are several sweet places of residence on this Mannor Water; and that of Barns, immediately above its junction with the Tweed, is of considerable extent, and surrounded by well-grown plantations.

We now come to what we consider the most romantic and most interesting spot, in regard to the picturesque, that we have yet met with, in all these upland districts of the river Tweed—that narrow pass between the under and the upper parts of Tweeddale, which is defended by Neidpath

Castle. Throughout all the various changes which this country has undergone, this must have always been one of its most beautiful scenes; and, striking as it now is, we have reason to think that it never was seen under circumstances so disadvantageous at any former period of its history, save, indeed, at the very time when the timber had been recently demolished. This sad slaughter was committed by the last Duke of Queensberry, (old Q, as he was called,) by whose orders the whole of the magnificent wood that grew here was cut down. The greatest part of it was of the noblest description, and the beeches were especially talked of as being very remarkable. But what did that old living automaton, old Q, care for this bonny sylvan scene in Peeblesshire, which, perhaps, his eyes had never looked upon, or, if he had seen it, what was it to him?—the latter part of whose useless life was spent in sitting in a sort of semi-animate state on his terrace in front of his house, near Hyde Park Corner, trying to vivify himself in the rays of the sun, and gloating through his large opera-glass on the lovely forms and faces that filled the open carriages, or cantered along on horseback, in their way to and from the Park! Alas! how often is poor Nature deformed and disfigured by the want of the master's eye and arresting hand! and how often by the master having no eye for her beauties! as well as by the dire necessities created by extravagance! There are few parts of the Tweed that are calculated to excite so many interesting associations in a mind at all open to romantic speculations as this pass. At all periods of the history of the country it must have been important—and the stirring scenes of interest, of ambush, of skirmish, of gallant defence, and of ruthless plunder, that must have taken place here, both before the formidable stronghold of Neidpath was built, and after that event, would be found to equal the number of the leaves that once grew upon the trees of its woods, which old Q. annihilated, if we could only unrol them from the depths of oblivion, into which they have fallen. With such views as these, we must confess our astonishment that our friend, Sir Walter Scott, should have published his two large *tomes* of "Border Antiquities," and given no niche in the work to Neidpath Castle.

The river Tweed, which has for some distance above this point had a rather wide and open country on both its banks, here enters and entirely occupies the bottom of a ravine guarded by high precipitous rocky steeps on either side, but especially on the left, along which the modern road has been cut with so much difficulty, as may enable us to judge what the Pass was in the olden time, before any such road existed. These banks are now covered with thriving timber, planted, we believe, by the present proprietor, the Earl of Wemyss, who, at old Q's death, succeeded to this property, together with the Earldom of March. After clearing the narrow part of the pass, the river and its southern banks make a bold sweep to the right, presenting the concave of the half moon, they thus form, to the Castle of Neidpath and its accompaniments. These consist of a little flat semicircular haugh, from behind which rises a steep bank of considerable height, grassy in most parts, but terminating to the west, where it faces the first curve of the stream in a bluff and somewhat craggy head, on the summit of which the castle rises in all its grandeur. The approach to it is from the east, by beautiful ranges of artificial terraces, one rising above the other all the way back to the road, whence the northern natural enclosures of the defile rise steep and abrupt. These terraces were, doubtless, kept in trim order during the more peaceful periods of its history; but now they and the gardens are little more than merely traceable. Nay, the old tower itself may indeed be said to be now more than half ruinous and hardly habitable.

We have searched in vain, even in old Pennecuick, as well as in our friend, Mr. Robert Chambers, for any certain account of the period when Neidpath Castle was built. All the old Doctor tells us is, that it was anciently called the Castle of Peebles. We may guess at its antiquity from the fact, that it was originally a seat of the powerful Frasers, Lords of Oliver Castle; and we have already stated that the last of their line conquered the English in 1303, near Roslin, in three pitched battles in one day. It affords one of the largest and most formidable specimens of the simple tower--that is, of course, leaving unnoticed the usual smaller external defences—that may be anywhere seen. The walls are eleven feet thick, and built with the ancient indestructible cement which is so well known to have been used in all such erections; and so solid was the texture of the masonry, that, previous to 1775, a staircase was cut with perfect impunity out of the thickness of the wall. An examination of all the curious passages and apartments of this romantic stronghold will be found extremely interesting to all persons who, like us, are fond of such investigations. For our part, we never shall forget the excitement produced in our minds by that of the day on which we first saw it. At the top of the south-western angle of the Tower, a large mass of the masonry had fallen, and laid open a chamber roofed with a Gothic arch of stone, from the centre of which swung, vibrating with every heavy gust of wind, an enormous iron ring. To what strange and wild horrors did this not awaken the fancy? We confess that it made a strong impression on our minds, and we afterwards contrived to turn it to tolerable account in one of our fictions. What powerful people must these Frasers have been whilst in possession of such a key as Neidpath was to their extensive country, which lay between it and Oliver Castle, over which they possessed the most despotic control! There are some fine subjects for the artist in this pass; and one view which opens downwards towards Peebles, and the more distant country, is extremely rich. Peebles stands about a mile below Neidpath.

(To be continued.)

LITERARY REGISTER.

The Pilgrimage: How God was found of Him that sought Him not; or, Rationalism in the Bud, the Blade, and the Ear, a Tale for our Times translated from the German of C. A. Wildenhahn, by Mrs. Stanley Carr. Post octavo, pp. 404. Edinburgh: Oliver and Boyd.

It is no disparagement to the "Pilgrimage" to say that it is a *religious novel*. So is the "Pilgrim's Progress" of Bunyan a religious novel, abounding in the finest elements of poetic romance; so indeed is the "Paradise Lost." But although these great examples did not exist, the world of the nineteenth century has, even in its most serious section, pretty well got over its prejudice against novels, whether religious or secular; and the frame-work of a story is now as freely adopted to convey warnings, to inculcate moral lessons, and to insinuate all sorts of doctrines, as the more grave prescribed modes of giving instruction, as the ancient ponderous Treatise or formal Homily. Romanism, Puseyism, Socialism, Political Economy, each and all employ the favourite medium to render their teachings palatable to the wide and general audience which they seek to interest. Here the designed object is to set forth evangelical doctrines in opposition to, or rather as the antidote of the modern *rationalism* which is understood to be so extensively diffused in Protestant Germany and the Swiss Cantons.

The story is of the most simple construction; Frederick Vollbrecht, a young student of great abilities, and a pure and virtuous character, is, nevertheless, deeply tainted with the sceptical, if not positively infidel opinions of "Young Germany." As a pupil he has the daughter and only child of a very wealthy old merchant, a religious man; whose opinions are strictly evangelical. In the love of bold investigation and in rash self-confidence, Vollbrecht found a kindred spirit in the young Caroline Werner; yet theirs is not an Abelard and Heloise story—and the student finds a gentler maiden whose meekness, amiability, and piety tend to win him back from dangerous speculations, and lead him at last to embrace the pure faith recommended to him by the life and death of his excellent mother, and of all who were wise and worthy in the circle of his friends. The history of Caroline, rich, vain, and ambitious, exemplifies, on the contrary, the evil tendency of the sceptical opinions imbibed in her youth. A main instrument in the recovery or conversion of Frederick is a Swiss pastor, who, with his family group and his flock, forms a series of charming Oberlin pictures. There are many other characters in the story, of which, as of course, the good and innocent, and also the penitent transgressors, become at last evangelical Christians. Even the Countess Caroline—who had long mingled, as the object of devoted admiration, in the sceptical circles of Paris, and with the freedom claimed by a very rich, beautiful, and independent widow, had chosen her brilliant society, and organised her Swiss villa after the model of Ferney or Coppet—came at last to own to the repentant man who had first led her young thoughts astray, "You are in the right, my dear instructor; without genuine Christian piety, there can be no true happiness even in this life."

To English readers the most original part of the volume will be that which unfolds the views that at present are making progress in America, which threaten to overrun Germany, and which, by many of those who entertain them, are hailed as the precursor of a new and greater Reformation than that of Luther. As the most recondite specimen of the work which we can hit upon, we therefore select the first dangerous conversation of the sceptical student with his congenial pupil.

"Thus," said Vollbrecht, who had just concluded a history of the Reformation, coupled with comments on its beneficial influence on the world at large, "thus we see in Luther the long-desired dawn of a new and brighter day. I say the dawn, for the day itself is even yet not everywhere fully come."

"What do you mean by that, Mr. Vollbrecht?" asked Caroline. "I think I have generally heard Luther termed a light of the Gospel, and even in his days, as you yourself lately told me, the Lutherans boasted of no longer sitting in darkness and the shadow of death, but of being enlightened with the true light, and living in the day of salvation."

"Assuredly, Miss Caroline," replied he; "but the sun must stand at high noon, before the day can be considered as in its full brightness. Permit me—and yet this does not properly belong to a lesson in history, and your father" ——

"And why not?" interrupted Caroline, impetuously. "Of what consequence is it in what exact order, or time, wisdom is obtained? True knowledge is always in place, and suits to every time; and as to my father—I am aware indeed that he did not expect direct religious instruction from you—but then, Mr. Vollbrecht, it appears to me that religion is a subject which must necessarily be indirectly interwoven in every branch of knowledge or science, consequently that historical instruction cannot well be carried on without at least showing what is the teacher's belief. Besides—this is after all but a little whim of my father's:—my dear good papa cannot imagine any other times or any other youth than just his own times and his own young days; and yet, progress in all things is in fact an unextinguishable law of our nature. If then, Mr. Vollbrecht, you do not consider yourself entitled to make me a degrading exception to this law of advancement, I entreat you may go on. Wings to fly I do hope I possess, and yet an unseasonable, I could almost say an inoculated dread forbids my preparing them for flight."

"Thus called on, I must obey," replied the tutor. "We have just spoken figuratively of the dawn and the risen day of truth and wisdom. Jesus, the Sage of Nazareth, was unquestionably such a light of the world, and called himself so. He brought freedom to the slaves of the Law; and in overthrowing blind obedience to a written law, he proclaimed at once the dignity and the task of man to consist in a rational development of his mental powers. Hence his declaration, 'Heaven is not without but within you,' and thereby he gave back to mankind that spiritual freedom, and those inalienable rights, which, though originally bestowed by God, had been wrested from them by the tyranny of individuals of their own species. Hence, too, he refrained from perpetuating his doctrines by writing, but preferred implanting them as a free seed in the hearts of men. But human kind could not endure the bright and dazzling light. Even his own disciples began to imprison their Master's doctrine in the fetters of written language, and hence we know not how much belongs to them, how little perhaps emanated from him. When afterwards the Church was elevated from a heathen slave to the dignity of a Christian Queen, she sought to rule over earthly, as she had dominated over heavenly things, and so to the written word came to be added the *soi-disant* inheritance of the spoken word—

Tradition. That was a time of darkness, and of the shadow of death, which spread over the whole civilized world, in which, while the letter reigned sole and undisturbed, the spirit was dead, and was intended to remain so. But after from time to time individual flashes had, in various countries, illuminated the night which wrapped mankind, the true dawn of a better day broke at length in the Sage of Wittenberg. It is Luther's infinite merit, that he first of all removed the slavery of the letter. But he could not do ALL he desired. He sought to have given back *the spirit instead of the letter*, but he only gave the *spirit of the letter*. Our task is, therefore, to return to that liberty which the Sage of Nazareth preached, when he taught his followers to 'worship God in spirit and in truth.'"

"And how can that be done?" asked Caroline.

"'God puts,'" resumed Vollbrecht, "to make use of a Bible expression—'God puts his Law in our hearts, and writes it in our minds.' A worshipping of God is in fact only possible in a spiritual sense; wherefore, whoever directs himself, that is his soul, towards God, and retains a perpetual consciousness of the unity of his spirit with the original Divine Spirit, worships God 'in spirit and in truth.'"

"But," objected Caroline, "I have always considered an humble subjection of ourselves to the omnipotence and majesty of God as necessary to the idea of worship."

"It is true," continued the teacher, somewhat dogmatically, "a timid self-distrusting being places his worship in humility and abasement; but the fully emancipated soul has a presentiment of that equality of essence which binds him to the Godhead, and *his* worship of God is, properly speaking, a clear perception of his relationship to the Divinity, a joyful pride that earth and heaven are essentially one."

Caroline drew a long deep breath. Her eyes bent on vacancy, seemed to indicate that the mental eye was searching every corner of its prison-house to attain a clear insight into the mysticism whose high sounding words presented a dazzling jugglery to her mind under the name of reason.

"Mr. Vollbrecht," at last began she, "you unveil to me a land towards which I have for years gazed with almost hopeless longing, and which ever, even in its shadowy indistinctness, seemed attractively fair, and calm, and peaceful. But answer me one question. I ought to partake next Sunday along with my father of the holy Communion. I must honestly own to you that I have hitherto done so without deriving any benefit whatever to my mind, and I am unable to conceive what the Church really intended to accomplish by the ceremony. It is difficult for me to conceal these feelings from my father, before whom I am conscious of playing a hypocritical part, although affection for him alone has taught me to keep silence. Answer me then candidly and honestly, Mr. Vollbrecht, what do you think of Christ?"

Vollbrecht suffered a slight smile to pass over his features, and it were hard to say whether it was elicited by the question, the questioner, or the reply he purposed to give; which, after a short pause, was as follows:—

"Jesus of Nazareth is called the Christ, that is, the King, (or anointed one), because he founded a spiritual kingdom, and freed the world from spiritual thraldom. In the place of the slavish fear of God, he taught the spiritual unity of man with the Deity, and placed this in the most striking light, by depicting God as a father, and all mankind as his children. In the place of selfishness, love of rule, and narrow-minded sectarianism, he substituted that love which ought to bind man to man without distinction of rank or station; and he removed the fear entertained of death as a state of dull repose, by substituting the doctrine of the continued activity of the immortal spirit. It is possible that some other sage posterior to Jesus of Nazareth would have expressed this foreboding of the human soul with equal decision, but as the Galilean Prophet actually did so, he is become to us the light of the world, and a model for imitation."

"Very well," said Caroline, "all that has passed more or less distinctly through my own mind already. My earlier instructors likewise held pretty much the same views, and consequently opposite ones to my father. You can understand, therefore, Mr. Vollbrecht, that to spare his feelings I have been compelled very early to keep my sentiments on such subjects to myself. But what then do you understand by Christ being the atonement for our sins?"

"I confess," replied Vollbrecht, "that I would much rather be excused answering such questions."

"No, no! dear Mr. Vollbrecht," cried Caroline, with an eagerness of tone and a flashing eye, which spoke this question to be precisely the one which lay nearest her heart, "leave me not thus standing in the outer porch of the temple of wisdom. Consider," continued she, in a voice of entreaty, "consider that the happiness of my future life depends on your candour."

"Well then," replied the young man, "remember what I give you is only my conviction, and, as you will soon perceive, somewhat different from the doctrine openly preached in our church. Reflect, therefore, I beseech you, on what you ask of me. I would very unwillingly rob you of a belief which in the eyes of your father"——

"Leave that out of sight, if you please," interrupted Caroline, impatiently. "You little dream, perhaps, how very nearly, as it appears to me, my convictions already approach to yours, and how sincerely I shall bless the hour which removes the oppressive fetters of an inherent timidity from my soul. Speak freely, then, I beseech you."

"The church teaches," began Vollbrecht, "that the justice of God could not leave the sins of man unpunished, and yet that the best of humankind is so sinful as to render it impossible for the Divine Being to bestow happiness upon him. By necessary sequence, that the whole human race was eternally shut out from happiness. That in this state of things, Christ came forward as Mediator, atoning with his innocent blood for the sins of man, and thus satisfying the claims of Divine justice, and thereby opening heaven to all believers. You see, Miss Caroline, that God is in this doctrine judged of in a very carnal manner, and you will perhaps feel that a substitution in the moral government of God is highly unworthy of the Deity. The true reconciliation of the human race with God consists in the re-awakened consciousness that we are of divine origin, and that heaven, not earth, is our home; and this reconciliation is attainable by us, without the personal intervention of Christ."

"And in what light, then, do you regard the partaking of the sacred supper?" asked his eager listener, evidently much pleased with the sentiments just expressed.

But we cannot go farther into these novel tenets; and have already intimated that master and scholar were finally led, among other doubts, to doubt of their own self-sufficient wisdom, and, in lowliness and humility, to hearken to other teachings. We ought to add that, merely as a work of entertainment, "The Pilgrimage" possesses many attractions.

Glimpses of the Old World; or, Excursions on the Continent and Great Britain. By the late Rev. John A. Clark, D.D. Fourth Edition. London: S. Bagster & Sons, 1847.

This work, we believe, has had an extensive circulation in America. The title does not seem happily chosen. By the term Old World, one is apt to imagine that it relates to antediluvian or pagan times, to a period anterior to the middle ages, or at least to an era so remote as to be only attractive to the antiquarian. The two volumes, in reality, embody the account of an American Episcopal clergyman's visit to some of the principal cities of Europe, and especially of his tour in England and Scotland, so late as 1837 and 1838, and are interesting from the scenes and circumstances described, as well as from the freshness and eloquence of the author's style. Dr. Clark's object in coming to Europe was the recovery

of his health, and the work is in the form of letters to his friends and congregation, containing from different points of his journey, sketches of whatever interested him in the places and countries through which he passed. The design of their publication seems to have been to gratify, more particularly the parties to whom the letters were addressed, and to give the citizens of America an account of the actual state of things, as regards society, laws, religion, manners, art, and literature, in what the author, in common with his countrymen, calls the Old World, meaning thereby Europe, although both Asia and Africa, in relation to history, are much older; just as we talk of America under the name of the New World, that term, however, being more definite than the former. His Continental and English tour afforded him "glimpses" of many remarkable things in the various countries which he visited; but, though his sketches are rapid, they are not without a certain truth and faithfulness, which speak much for the sincerity, as well as for the powers of observation of the author. Here and there we trace some of the peculiar prejudices and associations of an American and of an American clergyman; but though they read strange to one possessing the liberal feelings and enlarged views of a travelled Englishman, they are not without a merit and genuine interest entirely their own. We have been much taken with some of Dr Clark's descriptions. Of Gibraltar, he gives a most graphic account. At present, when so many persons from Ireland are fleeing from the famine there, to Liverpool, Glasgow, London, and other large towns, such a regulation as the following, in force at "the Rock," would be a very judicious expedient, if adopted at the different ports of this country.

"Before two o'clock our vessel was safely moored and had been already boarded by a health officer; and we had in our hands, from the police, a permit to land. As this is a free port, no person is permitted to enter the town, without first getting a responsible citizen to give bonds to the amount of five hundred dollars, that he shall not come upon the town for support, nor break the peace. This regulation is unquestionably necessary to keep the place from being flooded with paupers, and the very scum of the earth. Its vicinity to Spain, and the Barbary coast, renders it peculiarly exposed to an influx of the very vilest population of the earth. It is customary for the merchant to whom any vessel is consigned, to obtain a sufficient number of permits for all the passengers on board. This was the case with us; so that no delay was occasioned by the arrangement just adverted to."

After stopping a few days at Malta, and visiting the most memorable spots in that island, Dr. Clark embarked for Sicily, taking Syracuse and Messina in his way. What is called "the Ear of Dionysius," near the site of ancient Syracuse, is thus described by him:—

"It is a huge cavern, cut out of the hard rock, in the form of the human ear; to reach which you have to pass through an immense stone quarry, deeply excavated, and whence the materials with which the city was built were probably drawn. This excavation, which formerly was used as a state prison, is now occupied as a rope-walk. It presents a most singular appearance. What is called 'the Ear of Dionysius' forms, in fact, a part of this capacious quarry. It is an excavation from the solid rock, of a long room, some sixty feet in height, twenty in width, and more than two hundred in length. The sides slope gradually to the summit, and terminate in a small channel, which conveyed every sound in the cavern to an aperture near the entrance. Thus the sounds in this room were all directed to one common tympanum, which communicated with a small private apartment where Dionysius could, if he chose, spend his leisure moments. This apartment was no sooner finished, and a proof of it made, than Dionysius put to death all the workmen that had been employed in it. He then confined all that he suspected were his enemies, and, by overhearing their communication, judged of their guilt, and condemned and acquitted accordingly. A low whisper at one end of this room is heard over every part of it with the utmost distinctness, if the ear be applied to the side of the wall. Our guide fired off a gun, which took us rather by surprise, and in its ten thousand reverberations sounded like the crashing of worlds."

Of Naples, and the celebrated scenes and places near it, including Vesuvius, Pompeii, Pæstum, &c., we have an interesting account, differing in nothing, however, from the reports of other travellers. To Rome, and to descriptions of the many remarkable objects to be seen in the Eternal City, a large portion of the first volume is devoted. The author had three opportunities of seeing the Pope, Gregory XVI.; once in the Church of St. Gregory, situated on the side of the Cœlian Mount; again in the Sistine Chapel, on Ash Wednesday, where he witnessed the ceremony of the Pope's sprinkling the heads of the cardinals with ashes; and the third time in the church of *Santa Maria Sopra Minerva*, on the Festival of the Annunciation. By far the best sketch of Rome, its antiquities, churches, &c., given by any American tourist, is found in this work of Dr. Clark's. On his road to Paris from the Papal states, he visited Florence, Pisa, Lucca, Genoa, Nice, Marseilles, and Lyons, and some intermediate places, brief "glimpses" of which, and of the country, with the social condition, manners, and dress of the inhabitants, are given. In Paris, he spent but a short time, being anxious to reach London in time for the May meetings.

The second volume contains principally his impressions of England, Scotland, Ireland, and Wales, all of which he visited, and was fortunate in becoming acquainted with many of those eminent men, particularly ministers, whose names are as well known in America as in this country. His emotions on setting foot for the first time on the shores of England were of the most vivid description. To an American the land of his forefathers—the motherland of the laws, language, and literature of his country—must always, in spite of national and social prejudices, be one invested with too many bright and hallowed associations not to be surrounded with an interest which no other country can possess; and the commercial character of the two nations tends but to strengthen this feeling the more.

As one of Dr. Clark's main objects in coming to England was to attend the religious anniversaries in London, he at once introduces his American readers to Exeter Hall, and gives some brief and well-drawn sketches of the more eminent men who usually appear on the platform there, as well as of the different societies holding in it their annual meetings. He also gives a very animated account of the streets and parks of London, and of some of its more prominent buildings and places of resort, but particularly churches. Of theatres and such places of amusement these volumes "sayeth not." The author, however, once found himself against his will at Epsom Races, a partaker of the scene of excitement, and an eye-witness of "the run." He had gone down to the town of Epsom to visit the Rev. Mr. Harris, author of "Mammon," who resides there, when, to his

great disappointment and grief, he found he was absent. He thus describes his feelings and situation at such a time :—

"What was I now to do? I was fifteen miles from London, thrown into the very centre of a scene of the wildest excitement and dissipation, without the possibility of an escape before evening. Every carriage all the country round had been put in requisition to convey the thronging multitudes to the race-ground. It was important, therefore, that I should find the coach in which I came, and claim the privilege that had been offered me of a return seat in it. But I soon found that this coach had gone to the race-ground. Thither, therefore, I directed my steps. The scene of the races is upon Banstead Downs, about a mile from Epsom. Having reached the summit of those lofty Downs, which overlook Epsom and all the country far and wide, no pen can describe the scene that burst upon my view.

"It was not the broad winding Thames, nor the rich luxuriant fields skirting its banks, nor the blooming hawthorn hedges, nor the dark deep verdure peculiar to English scenery; neither was it the glowing heavens, nor the warm bright sun, that poured down his rays of splendour so intensely over the whole scene, that attracted my attention; but the living mass of animated beings that, from all quarters, were pressing forward to this spot, with an ardour and eagerness that indicated immeasurable interest. Thousands and tens of thousands were already on the ground, and yet thousands were still on their way to this scene of attraction. For miles the Downs were covered with carriages and crowds of living beings. Amid this wide and interminable girdle of carriages, how was I to find the coach in which I came? It seemed utterly impossible. And yet, after much search, I was successful. I found, however, that the coach would not leave till evening. Thus I was providentially thrown into a scene which was perfectly novel to me. I could have wished to have avoided it; but, as I was here against my will, I determined to turn it to the best account, and learn all I could from what was passing around me. I walked up and down among the great throng, making my observations as I went along.

"The first thing that particularly struck me was the mixed character of the multitude. Kindred tastes had brought together, upon this great arena, the extremes of society, and into the closest contact. Here were the carriages of the nobility emblazoned with their appropriate coats of arms, and attended with their postilions and liveried footmen; and the cabs and carts in which not a few of the *ignobile vulgus* had been borne to this scene of dissipation. In the same throng, pressing forward to gaze upon the exciting spectacle, were the gentry and the very off-scourings of the earth, clad in rags and squalidness. In the same group, or standing near each other, might have been seen high-born ladies, servant girls, gipsies, and the most worthless of the sex, all pressing forward, in one broad extended ring to witness the races. * *

"In the intervals between the races the course-ground was filled with rope dancers, jugglers, necromancers, and various kinds of gamesters. On the outskirts of the course were fixed up long lines of splendid booths and pavilions, many of which were hung with crimson and beautiful tapestry. These contained all the appliances and parapharnalia of gambling and carousing on the most extended scale. Over many of these gambling-tables fashionably-dressed females were presiding, to render more attractive the lure to destruction. It seemed as though there was here brought before me, in one concentrated and panoramic view, an exhibition of the world's varied allurements to sin.

"The excitement which the races occasioned was intense. I had no idea I should feel so much interest in the scene. There are few things more exciting than the spectacle of twelve or eighteen noble horses pressing forward over the race ground, with the speed of the wind, while you know, upon the success of each of those animals, thousands have been staked. As one and another of the horses fall back and give up the effort, and the point is now to be contested between two or three, among whom neither has scarcely half-a-yard's distance the advantage of the other, the interest amid the whole countless throng of gazers rises to its highest pitch of intensity. There is scarcely an individual on the ground that has not bet upon one of these; and no one who has not been actually present in the midst of such a scene, can conceive of the excitement that is felt. I never before was so fully aware of the strong demoralizing influence of horse-racing. In every direction was drinking, and carousing, and obstreperous mirth."

After visiting South Wales, Birmingham, Liverpool, Manchester, Tadcaster, York, Kendal, Penrith, Carlisle, and other places, on his route to the north, Dr. Clark proceeded to Scotland, and was much pleased with all that he saw in the country of Scott and Burns, of Knox and Chalmers. His descriptions of Scottish scenery and manners are in general correct, although he allowed himself but little time to make himself fully acquainted with either. The same remark applies to his "glimpses" of Ireland and North Wales, both of which he visited previous to his departure from England on his homeward passage. Dr. Clark left the Bristol Channel, on board the Great Western, on Saturday evening, July 21st, 1838, and arrived at New York on Sunday morning, August 5. Among his fellow-passengers on this occasion were Tyrone Power, Charles Mathews, and Madame Vestris. Altogether, his book is an agreeable and instructive one, and to many persons it will prove peculiarly interesting, from the number of notices of ministers and of religious matters which it contains.

Recollections of England. By the Rev. Stephen H. Tyng, D.D. London: S. Bagster and Sons, 1847.

Another publication by an American clergyman, of a similar nature to Dr. Clark's "Glimpses of the Old World," but not so interesting. The author is Rector of St. George's, New-York, and his voyage to England, was undertaken with the view of becoming acquainted with some of those who take the lead in the religious societies of this country, and of studying the institutions of religion, rather than the buildings connected with them. The remarks and descriptions are often of a cursory character, and the volume has few of those animated sketches of places and scenery, which are found in the larger work of his friend, the late Dr. Clark, in whose footsteps he followed during his stay in England. The volume, however, is written in a pleasing style, and, to the people of the United States, will furnish some information of men and manners in this country, which, to the class for whom the author writes, will not be without its value. Dr. Tyng made a hasty excursion to Scotland, and to "the land of Burns;" and some of his remarks on Scottish matters are rather amusing. Every object was viewed with the eye of an American, and comparisons are sometimes made by no means favourable to our notions of things. He was disappointed, on the whole, with Edinburgh, but this may partly be accounted for by the fact that it rained almost continually during the few days he was there. With Glasgow he was better pleased; and on the afternoon of the only Sunday which he spent in that city, he attended the Tron Church, on account, we suppose, of its having been Dr. Chalmers's former place of ministry. The sermon he heard he thought very indifferent, "with very little evangelical point or power." Who was the preacher on the occasion he does not inform us, but he seems to imply that he found the whole service cold and uninteresting, from the

want of the prayer-book; though it was pleasant, he adds, to see all the congregation, both young and old, freely using their bibles. Some of the facts of Dr. Tyng's book are marked by their inaccuracy. He calls Prestonpans "the last fatal contest" for the Pretender; whereas, it was the first real victory he gained, and the one which opened England to him. Ayr, he says, is about fifteen miles from Glasgow. Short as the ride is by the railway, the distance is not less than forty miles. The author was not quite three months in Great Britain, and any mistakes in this brief journal of his visit and observations on our manners, history, and institutions, may be considered excusable in the circumstances.

The Farmer's Friend: A Record of Recent Discoveries, Improvements, and Practical Suggestions in Agriculture. London: Smith, Elder, & Co. 1847.

This is a useful and practical book on a useful and practical subject, and well worthy of its name. The plan of the work, though claiming no merit on the score of originality, is an excellent one, and the volume will be welcomed by all that large portion of the community who are interested in farming operations. The valuable information contained in the different chapters has been compiled and arranged from various agricultural journals of the day, and other approved and satisfactory sources. The agriculturist may put full confidence in the book when he learns that such scientific and experienced men as Mr. Blacker, Professor Johnston, Mr. Smith of Deanston, Mr. Grey of Dilston, Liebig, Professor Daubeny, and others, whose names are esteemed by farmers, are amongst those whose articles form the contents. Agriculture has now attained to the dignity of a science, and that publication will prove itself indeed the "Farmer's Friend," which comprises, at a cheap rate, well sifted, carefully condensed, and comprehensive reports and papers, on all matters relative to agricultural improvements and progress. On such subjects as live stock, implements, draining, manures, cultivation and crops, there is here a body of valuable information, which cannot fail of being of great utility to the farmer. The editor has executed his task with much judgment and discrimination. He states, that if the work is encouraged, a volume of similar character, under the same name, will be issued half-yearly.

Carlisle in 1745. Authentic Account of the Occupation of Carlisle by Prince Charles Edward Stuart. Edited by G. G. Mounsey. London: Longman & Co. Carlisle: J. Steel.

Although, from the nature of its contents, the plan of this work is not a very connected one, the volume will be found interesting from the variety of curious details, both historical and local, which it contains. It is principally composed of the correspondence and narrative of the Rev. Dr. Waugh, a Prebendary of Carlisle Cathedral, and Chancellor of the Diocese, at the time of the Highland irruption into England. This gentleman—a zealous supporter of the Revolution of 1688, which hurled the Stuarts from the throne—carried on a correspondence with several persons in Scotland, and, among others, with John Goldie, Esq., a magistrate of Dumfries, who furnished him, from time to time, with accurate accounts of the progress of the rebellion. These he communicated to his friend Dr. Bettesworth, Dean of the Arches, London, and also, it is believed, to the Duke of Newcastle, then prime minister. The letters to the former have been preserved, and form part of this collection; those to the latter were altogether disregarded, and are not now to be found. A twofold interest attaches to the city of Carlisle at that eventful time—from its being the only fortress-town of England occupied by the forces of the Pretender during the brief period that the imperial crown of these realms seemed to be almost within his grasp, and from the trials and executions that took place in it after the suppression of the rebellion. Mr. Goldie's letters to Dr. Waugh are pretty full as to the young adventurer's progress in Scotland, previous to the invasion of England. It was on the 3d of November, six weeks after Cope's defeat at Prestonpans, that the Prince's army broke up from Edinburgh and marched southwards in three divisions. On the afternoon of the 9th, they appeared before Carlisle, to the number of about 9,000 men. The Highlanders that same night retreated to Brampton, seven miles on the high road to Newcastle; but on the 13th they returned, and began the siege of the city. The following is the account of its surrender:—

"On the morning of Friday the 15th, the trenches were pushed within eighty yards of the wall. An assault by escalade appears to have been intended; but before anything was attempted the white flag was hung out, and an offer made to treat for the surrender of the city. An express was despatched to the Prince at Brampton, who replied that he would not do things by halves; and that the city had no terms to expect unless the castle surrendered at the same time. In the afternoon this was acceded to. The terms were—that the town and castle with the artillery and magazines should be delivered up; that the men should lay down their arms in the market-place, after which they should have passes to go where they pleased, on taking oath not to carry arms against the house of Stuart for a twelvemonth; that the city of Carlisle should retain all its privileges; that they should deliver up all arms, &c., and also the horses of all such as had appeared in arms against the Prince. And that all deserters, particularly the soldiers, that had enlisted with the Highlanders after the late battle at Prestonpans, and had fled to Carlisle, should be delivered up. The Duke of Perth immediately entered and took possession, and the next day proclaimed King James, attended by the mayor and civil officers in their robes, with their sword and mace. It is stated that, on this occasion, the health of Prince Charles Edward, as Regent, being drunk, Mr. Dacre, who had commanded the troop of horse in the city, deliberately proposed the health of King George. The keys of the city were presented to the Prince at Brampton, by the Mayor and Corporation on their knees; and on Monday the 18th November, Charles Edward made his entry into Carlisle seated on a white charger, and preceded by not less than an hundred pipers."

The proceedings of the court-martial held for the trial of Colonel Durand, the commander of the town and castle, for its surrender, are given in full. Among the members of the court on this occasion, we find the name of General Wolfe, who fell gloriously at Quebec in 1759. Col. Durand was unanimously acquitted. Charles fixed his quarters at the house of Mr. Highmore, attorney. Among the antiquities of Carlisle this house is one of the most interesting. The following is Mr. Mounsey's notice of it:—

"This was a large, white-fronted house on the west side of English Street, nearly in the centre of the city. It stood a little back from the street, which is there wide and spacious. The entry was by an archway in the centre of the building, of sufficient width for a carriage drive,

which led through to the garden behind, extending to Blackfriars' Street. Under this archway were the entries of the house; and on it, in front, was a large bay window of the drawing-room above, on the first floor. The house was large and commodious. It was anciently called 'the Earl's Inn,' and was in all probability the property and occasional habitation of the Earls of Cumberland in ancient times, when Carlisle was a place of great public importance, and affairs required their presence there, or of refuge from the wasting inroads of the Scots; for in those times, scarcely was there a family of consequence in the country that had not its house of refuge in the town. Highmore's House, as it was called in later times, has been converted into shops, and new fronted; the archway, which formed the entrance to it, is now 'Barwise's Court,' and in the garden has been formed a street communicating with Blackfriars' Street; so that it is no longer recognisable as 'a house.'"

The building known by the name of Highmore's house afterwards became the residence of the Duke of Cumberland during his occupation of Carlisle. The Highlanders continued to advance without check, till they reached Derby, where, on finding that they had three armies in their front, each larger than their own, the officers held a council of war, at which, it is well known, the famous retreat was resolved upon, which ended in the utter ruin of the enterprise. Little could the chiefs foresee the dire consequences of that sudden resolve, so fatal to the hopes and prospects of the Stuarts—so fatal, too, to themselves, and to their descendants. The abolition of the heritable jurisdictions, the extinction, for ever, of all the old hereditary and feudal rights of chieftainship, the scattering and peeling of the clans deprived of their natural chiefs, "the clearings" that have taken place in various parts of the Highlands, the large emigrations from their fatherland, and the misery and famine that now exist in the heath-covered mountains and lone sequestered valleys of the Highlands of Scotland, all may be traced back to the unexpected resolution taken at Derby, to retrace their steps to the north, rather than proceed onwards to London. The crown, that had been almost within the reach of their chivalric leader, melted away into thin air. The surrender of Carlisle to the king's troops, under the Duke of Cumberland, took place on the 30th December, and his Royal Highness entered the town the next day. The trials of the prisoners commenced at Carlisle on the 12th of August 1746, and the notices of them, given towards the conclusion of the volume, are rendered peculiarly interesting from the allusions made to this portion of the annals of the town in Waverley. The editor has executed his task very creditably. To the antiquarian, as well as to the historian and topographer, the work will prove interesting, and in no small degree useful. It describes Carlisle as it was a century ago, and the descriptions are aided by several well-finished wood-cuts of local objects, some of which do not now exist. The editor has also embellished the title page with the engraving of both sides of a medal, struck by the Prince in 1745.

Literary Characteristics of the Holy Scriptures. By J. M. M'Culloch, D.D. Second Edition, with Additions and Supplementary Notes. Edinburgh: Oliver & Boyd.

This is a popular work; a book for the many, and an excellent one; not the formal treatise that might be expected from a learned D.D. It throughout displays cultivated taste, is written with great elegance of style, and forms a captivating introduction to the careful or critical study of the Scriptures. The Bible, as a school-book, is placed so early in the hands of children in this country—long may it so continue!—that many of its characteristics remain unnoticed in after life. All know that in it are contained the Law and the Testimony—the revealed message of God to man; but few are aware of its minor excellences, and that besides its originality, sublimity, depth, and spirituality, its *subject-matter* in brief—that for *style* and the purest mother-English it is a book unequalled—"the Book of books." It is this book which is here opened up and presented in a novel and most attractive form—although, in eloquently expatiating upon its numerous beauties, the author never appears to his readers to forget that the Sacred Volume derives its chief claim to the regard of mankind, from "its revelation of a Saviour, and the way of salvation;" and that they would use the Bible far amiss who peruse it only for the gratification of literary tastes. Some most interesting and valuable supplementary notes are added to this edition of a work which cannot be too widely diffused.

The MacDermots of Ballycloran. By Mr. A. Trollope. Three volumes. London: Newby.

Or hereditary right, Mr. Trollope may claim power as a fictionist; but he holds by a better tenure. This earnest work, on the social, political, and religious condition of Ireland—for such, in fact, this titular romance is—displays at once comprehensive views of the many ills which afflict that doomed country, and nice and accurate observation of actual life, as it is animated or modified by an anomalous and, indeed, an almost indescribable state of society. We cannot tell how Mr. Trollope has gained his intimate knowledge of Irish life and manners; but it is evident that he knows thoroughly what he has represented with both power and skill. The principal characters are genuine specimens of general as well as of Irish *humanity;* and his representations are entirely devoid of both the partialities and extravagant exaggerations of the native fictionists. His sketches, if more broad and highly coloured than those of Miss Edgeworth, have a much closer affinity to her school than to that of the popular Irish novelists of the day, and, if they have less of the piquant and picturesque than the latter, they may boast greater truthfulness and freedom from all sorts and shades of party-prejudice. Take the novel as a whole, and we know not where to look for a truer picture of social Ireland, than may be found in its characters and descriptions. If it be a painful and sometimes a repulsive one, the fault lies not in the painter or anatomist, but in the subject; and occasionally in a desire to inform rather than to entertain. The story exhibits a whole gallery of national portraits, some of which will not easily be forgotten. Many as are the Irish Priests that we have had within the last twenty years, Father John and his curate are as original as the former is true, admirable, and loveable, though painted by a Protestant. Thady MacDermot, the unlucky heir of desolate Ballycloran, is more effective amidst his vulgar, but real cares and griefs, his genuine kindness of heart and sturdy endurance, than the most exalted hero of stilted romance. But it is needless to dwell upon what in our pages the reader may not taste, and we have done—warmly recommending these truthful and instructive sketches, not alone to the cultivated readers of romance, but to the enlightened friends of Ireland.

Rough Recollections of Rambles Abroad and at Home. By Calder Campbell, author of "The Palmer's Last Lesson," &c. &c. Three Volumes. London: Newby.

Our readers do not require any introduction to an author, whose pleasant verses have so often illuminated our own and other pages. Here Major Campbell appears as a prose writer only—as a writer of such prose as poets write. His "Recollections" are as diversified as the scene of his wanderings "Abroad and at Home." They refer to the North of Scotland, the Eastern Highland Border, with its inspiring legends and traditions, and magnificent scenery; or to India, not less fertile in sights and "Recollections," that imprint themselves upon the young and poetic mind. At the age of seventeen, charmed with the privilege "of wearing scarlet and a sword," the young soldier was, at one bound, sent from the obscurity of a Highland Home to the East; but his native hills were never forgotten, and with them are associated his most tender—if not his most exciting "Recollections." Taken as a whole, we may safely predict that his modest anticipations will be abundantly fulfilled, and that the pleased reader—for there is no need of the solicited "indulgence"—will, on his request, accompany him as he would a "wandering gipsy who now leads him over the bleak upland, whence the rolling sea and busy mart may be seen; and then into the dense forest, where nature lieth not supine among leafy arbours;" be led "not as by a guide, whose aim is to direct, but by a comrade whose desire is to divert."

A Year of Consolation. By Mrs. Butler, late Fanny Kemble. Two Vols. London: Edward Moxon.

Mrs. Butler's "Year of Consolation" was passed in Rome; and her volumes contain a current account of her proceedings by the way—what she saw, how she fared—whom she met, and in what manner they acted. The ground has been well trampled before Mrs. Butler's journey; and with all the deep interest attaching to Italy, travels and sojournings there are not in high repute with the publishers. So many people go to Italy, and so many write without having anything to say, that all new works on the subject, except the guide-books, are regarded with suspicion. Mrs. Butler's volumes should, however, be excepted from the general rule, because she sometimes followed byepaths instead of the common roads; encountered adventures not very dangerous but all the more entertaining—and, without professing to be a connoisseur, has given to those of us who can't get to Italy, very pleasant pictures of the paintings and statuary which we might see if we were more fortunate; and, what may be of more importance, glimpses of the common every-day way of life amongst green-grocers, shoemakers, and milliners at home, which most of our travelling authoresses are disposed to overlook. All her trials and toils—her escapes, and wanderings out of the way—her pleasures and her merry-makings—the practices that pleased her and those that she thinks might be advantageously altered, are narrated or discussed in a fresh and happy style, that makes one quite in love with the volumes, and vexed that there were not three instead of two of them. Sometimes we are anxious to see the old rule of three relaxed even without deference to the paper makers, but in this instance the end comes too soon; and we could have liked that the "Year of Consolation" had been extended to sixteen months—for the sake both of the authoress and the "reading public;" of whom the greater part know nearly all of St. Peters, the heathen, and the post-heathen lions of Rome, that they are likely ever to know, until they make a holiday excursion, when all the railways open, to the Tiber; but few of whom really ever have the means of reading much respecting the tradesmen, and artizans, and shopkeepers of the seven hills; whether they advertise, and push, and ask two prices—in short, whether they bear the slightest affinity with Oxford Street, or the Strand, with Liverpool, with Edinburgh and Glasgow. There is of course the general argument, that humanity all over the world minds its own interests pretty well, and very nearly after the same rules; but still one wants to know something more of the principles and conduct of those burghers, who occupy the places where the world's masters dwelt in classic ages.

Mrs. Butler does not profess to investigate the Roman paintings and sculpture on classical and critical rules. Her remarks are so much more valuable on that account. We do not know that artistes are always the best judges of works of art. Sometimes a difference exists between them and the popular opinion, though in the end the latter generally prevails.

Without in the slightest degree imitating the misdemeanours of some travellers, especially those who, like Mrs. Butler, have a connexion with the western world; she lets us into a great many secrets respecting the domestic life of the Romans which are worth knowing, and gives us valuable information on the subjects of hotels and shops—those that should be avoided and those that may be trusted. In the midst of all these details, that might be naturally expected to interest a lady, there are interspersed minute details respecting the condition of the people, their appearance, and—we regret it for their sakes—their low moral and physical habits. After all the information given in pamphlets, and books, and speeches respecting the hot and cold baths, the wash-houses, and many similar means of healthful life abounding on the Continent, Mrs. Butler alleges most distinctly that cleanliness is not practised in any country except England, and but very moderately there; while we learn that an abundant supply of clean cold water, or the inclination to use it, is as necessary on the Tiber as the Shannon or the Humber. We can glean also from these volumes the sad want of an efficient poor-law in the Roman States where the beggars seem evidently to have beat those of Ireland, before Mr. Mathew's agitation, in extreme distress, dunning, and perseverance. It is deplorable to find the sweetest scenery and the finest climate of Europe blotted over with beggars—the outcasts of a peasantry always half starving amidst abundance.

Mrs. Butler left Southampton with no companion except her maid-servant, on Saturday the 20th December, 1845; and as to her channel navigation, bears this testimony, that though she has crossed the Atlantic six times, she had never spent a more terrible night at sea; but the passage was fortunately short. The customs' regulations caused some loss of time, but in the end Mrs. Butler got to Rouen, and there she says:—

"At Rouen we got a mouthful of dinner, and having resumed our seats in the Diligence, proceeded to the railroad, where we stopped under a species of square gate-

way, the top of which was occupied by some machinery, whence depended four powerful iron bars, with hooks at their extremities; these having been fastened to the Diligence, the machinery at the top was set in motion, and gradually the huge machine—baggage, passengers, and all—was lifted bodily off its own wheels, and transferred to a set of railroad wheels, upon which it was lowered and took its place immediately in the train, the common road wheels being dragged off, I should think with much self-gratulation by the team that brought the monstrous load upon them to the railroad. The rest of our route was made in the dark, in rain, sleet, and bitter cold wind, in spite of which a second-class carriage immediately before ours —without any roof or shelter to it whatever—was filled with poor people, many of them women, without any protection for their heads but the cap, which the lower order of women habitually go out in. We reached Paris at ten o'clock, and were again craned up from the railroad cars, and let down on a set of common wheels, wherewith we made our way to the *messageries*. It is twenty years since I was last in Paris, a school girl.

"If I had travelled more on the Continent, before I went to America, I should have been infinitely less surprised and amazed than I was at the various unpleasant peculiarities of its inhabitants. Since residing in the United States I have returned to Europe and travelled in Germany, and have had some opportunity of comparing smoking and spitting on the Rhine, to the same articles on the Hudson, and really hardly know to which to award the preference; and after raving at every inn I put up at in America, for insufficient ablutionary privileges, find myself now in one of the best hotels in Paris, with a thing like a small cream jug for a water vessel in my bed-room, and a basin as big as a little pudding bowl: moreover, when I asked for warm water for my toilet, they produced a small copper pot, with an allowance such as the youngest gentleman, shaving the faintest hopes of a beard, might have found insufficient for his purposes; in short, I believe England is the only place in the world where people are not disgustingly dirty: and I believe, as a dear friend of mine once assured me, that exceedingly few people are clean there."

Of Paris she has little to say, but of the country onwards by her route and the villages, she gives more diffuse details. Caught in a snow-storm amongst the French highlands at the head of the tributaries to the Seine, the lady and her maid experienced the discomforts of a French hotel in the wood country—from whence Paris draws its fuel—some such place apparently as an English beer-shop, or a Scotch third-rate public house. The fears of the two companionless females were sufficiently annoying to themselves, and amusing enough to the reader, but finally they were extricated, by the judicious expenditure of sixty francs on the single-eyed host who drove them through the forest and the snow-drifts, over dreary mountains to Autun. Sometime elapsed before his fares gathered sufficient confidence to question their charioteer whom they mentally associated with the banditti supposed, and only supposed to haunt the mountains. Within sight of Autun, however, their courage rose, and rendered them laudably inquisitive.

"Our guide pointed out to me a gorge running sharply up, as though a wedge had been driven into the mountains at the extremity of which he said there was a cascade of upwards of a hundred feet. The scenery of this region must certainly be exceedingly charming in summer. The gentleman sportsman at the inn had spoken to me of the fine trout in the streams here, and said that several gentlemen of that neighbourhood belonged to trouting clubs, and had actually gone to Norway and to Canada for the sole and simple pleasure of trout fishing. I had no idea that Frenchmen were ever such keen sportsmen. Reverting to this in my conversation with our driver as we drove along the margin of this lovely brook (a tributary of the Arroux), he informed me that the inhabitants who did not profess to be sporting gentlemen, often threw quick-lime into these brooks, and by that means caught and destroyed a quantity of fish. This was a method of poaching I had never heard of before."

It is obvious that Mrs. Butler cannot have travelled so much in the Highlands of Scotland as in those of France. In Scotland, at least during our younger years, poaching by lime was a common offence; and, although an execrable mode of killing fish, yet we are not certain of being altogether exempt from guilt in the matter. Indeed, we fear, that Mrs. Butler will find the plan but too common wherever lime, rivulets, and mischievous boys, without reference to older poachers, meet. From Autun, the travellers proceeded by diligence to Chalons, and went forward to Lyons by the same lazy and disagreeable kind of conveyance. The French have never learned, and now will likely never learn, the expiring trade of stage-coach driving. They could not turn out a well-appointed coach even on the route from Paris, the first, to Lyons, the second city of the kingdom—its Manchester. In the diligence from Chalons, however, "a gouty gentleman, muffled in dreadnoughts," who "had had a threatening of gout," became an excellent travelling companion, thoroughly conversant in all antiquarian matters; and the chief inspector of customs at Lyons, a most admirable acquaintance. The delays of the diligence were sufficiently provoking, especially as the snow-storm was a good pretext for all disarrangements; but the stoppages were improved, for the inspection of old ruins and curious churches, a branch of sight-seeing, respecting which Mrs. Butler very properly remarks—

"It is extremely painful to me to come, from a mere motive of curiosity, into a temple dedicated to God; my conscience rebukes and troubles me during the whole time, and all other considerations are lost in the recollection, that I am in the house of prayer, consecrated by the worship of thousands of souls for hundreds of years. To gaze about, too, with idle, prying eyes, where sit and kneel my fellow-Christians, with theirs turned to the earth in solemn contemplation or devotion, makes me feel sacrilegiously; and I do not know what will become of me in Italy, where every church is a galantee-show. I prayed as I stood before the altar in this dear little old church, and presently we encountered M. le Cure, with whom my companion (an exceedingly companionable soul) began the discussion about the repairs being carried on in the church, which is a building belonging to the Government, and is being restored with considerable care."

We fear that English travellers, in general, are less refined in their notions and practices on this subject than this lady. There are a rudeness and indecorum, far removed from true religious feeling, that seem to think no hallowed thought should rise in any building, where those who cherish it worship not. We are not, in any shape, subjected to the temptations of Puseyism, and have no marked predilection for consecrated stone and lime, only the feelings of our neighbours deserve to be respected; and those who choose to be rude and noisy in their inspection of chapels and cathedrals have no business there. There is, an evil, we fear, rising from our abominable practice of charging fees for admission into ecclesiastical buildings. What an Englishmen pays for he wishes to use, and the consequence of paying extends farther than the practice. The paintings in this fine old church were not all satisfactory to the visiters.

"The conversation, owing to the antiquary's general enthusiasm for old churches, and the Cure's special enthusiasm for his own old church, was extremely amusing and interesting to me. The former objected vehemently to some wretched engravings surrounding the walls, representing the seven stations, as the Catholics call them, of Jesus bearing the Cross. For me, after one glance cast at one of these abominations—I had forborne to look again—all representations of Christ being revolting to me, all representations of his agony absolutely intolerable:—what will become of me in Italy! In spite of the positive pain and disquiet which these desecrations cause me, I could not help smiling at the artistical point of view in which my travelling companion regarded the matter."

And in Italy more complicated troubles in this way were frequently met. Lyons has some fine streets, but on the whole is not certainly superior to our manufacturing towns; in many respects it is inferior. At Marseilles the travellers found English friends in a family established there in some branch of manufactures, which should be prosperous, as we are told that everything at Marseilles is inordinately dear. Certainly the following account of the patriarchal way in which the workmen and their employers live and mingle is very pleasant:—

"The enterprise has gone on thriving, the works increasing, the buildings and establishments growing every year, adding to the number of workmen and the importance of the undertaking; the French merchants and masters remaining amazed at this success, where they had predicted the most signal failures; the civil authorities inquiring of Mr. —— the average amount of crime, and receiving for answer that they had no instance of crime whatever among them—petty misdemeanours, which were visited by the universal indignation and reprobation of the workmen themselves, but no crime; Government enterprises of the same description sending to request to see the rules by which the establishment was governed, receiving for answer that there was no written or printed rules or specific code of government, that a feeling of mutual confidence and respect, justice on both hands, honourable dealings from master to man, ample compensation in the shape of high wages, and that which is a thousand times more efficient, a consciousness, on the part of the men, of being treated with humanity and with sympathy; these were the only laws existing between them and their dependents. Oh! my dear, dear countrymen, how truly I believe that you, and you alone, could have achieved such a noble triumph. My heart melted, and my eyes filled with tears, while listening to these most interesting details, and I could not repress a feeling of patriotic pride in the belief that none but Englishmen could thus have undertaken and thus accomplished.

"Mr. —— went on to tell me some details of the yearly celebration of his father's birth-day by his workmen, to whom on that day they gave a dinner, to which all the civil authorities and principal people of the town, their ladies and friends, are invited, when these five hundred men march in two by two, the apprentices carrying large baskets of nosegays, which they distribute to the lady guests—a tribute from the workmen themselves to their master's friends. An abundant repast is furnished them, wine *à discrétion;* and, in the midst of the most unbounded gaiety and enjoyment, not a single instance of intoxication is seen; nor does the destruction of any sort amount to more than the accidental breakage of a few plates and glasses. Mr. —— opens on this occasion his own garden to his workmen, and not a single flower is touched, not a box-border trodden on; and Mr. —— told me that, on one of these occasions, hastening himself to the place where he was going to superintend some fire-works which were to be let off, he was jumping over one of the beds in his father's garden, when one of the workmen not recognising him, seized him by the collar, exclaiming—'Ah, malheureux, tu abuses de la confiance qu'on nous montre, en détruisant le jardin de M——.' The mistake was soon discovered, and the young master thanked his workman for the zeal with which he defended his father's property. He said that few of the spectators of this truly patriarchal *fete* remained unmoved at the greeting between his father and the men; and I can well believe it, for the mere description of it affected me profoundly. God prosper the work! These men are missionaries in the strictest sense of the term. Dismissal and his father's censure are the only punishments among them. Towards three o'clock, Mrs. —— called for me to drive with her on the Prado."

It is, however, a great mistake to suppose, as many travellers who know more of foreign countries than their own assume, that English artizans would not be equally attentive to bare borders. Wherever botanical gardens have been open to them, there has been no wilful destruction of flowers and borders.

Ecclesiastical affairs amongst the small Protestant community of Marseilles are not prosperous; but we fear that there is no necessity for taking a journey to Marseilles in order to meet with a dead worship.

"At a few steps from the hotel, Mme. —— pointed out to me the French Protestant Church. Upon asking her husband some questions respecting the service and congregation here, he informed me that it was the same as the Church de L' Oratoire, the French Calvinist service, that there were not above twenty seats permanently retained for the year; and of these twenty it was extremely rare that half should be occupied; that the elders whose presence was in some sort expected as a matter of decorum, appeared only as a pure ceremony, and one which for the most part they were glad to escape as often as possible. That the service and preaching were utterly uninteresting to the people, and the congregation meagre and indifferent in the extreme. This was a sad account; and yet what is to be done, when the mere empty form of religion, a dead corpse, stands up alone, beckoning, with languid hands, a people whose hearts are dead to a dead worship? Who can wonder that living men who think, and women who feel, should feel but little within them to answer to such a call? Good God! how wonderful it is that that religion whose very essence is immortal, the element of incessant activity, of endless progress, strength, vitality, spirituality, should become such a thing as for the most part through Christendom it is! Nevertheless, it cannot perish, and doubtless these people will in good time reject these stones that are given them for the bread of life, and these stagnant waters, so different from the well of living waters, that Christ has promised to them that believe in him.

Sunday, 4th January.—Things that I had ordered at the shops were brought home this morning, as well as my linen from the washerwoman's. We have now been travelling three weeks in France, and of course this desecration of Sunday is no surprise."

The Mediterranean was angry, like the English channel, when Mrs. Butler left Marseilles, and partly destroyed the pleasure of the voyage; which was farther lessened by the aggravating conduct of the proprietors of the *Leopoldo Secondo* steamer, who charged 32 francs for the voyage—meals inclusive—but then they only give meals when the vessel is in motion, when, in a stormy day, they cannot be of much use; and charge for them when the ship is in any of the harbours exactly at the time when any good could be got out of them. We shall certainly not take *Leopoldo Secundo*, unless better may not be, for the voyage from Marseilles to Civita Vecchia. At the latter place, Mrs. Butler paid for seats by the Diligence to Rome—the conveyance for the mails of his Holiness the Pope—without seeing the dirty vehicle that does the work—a piece of imprudence of which she warns other travellers. But the day was brilliant, the country

beautiful, and the climate precisely that of Georgia in December or January; while the traveller was "agreeably surprised" with the "amount of agriculture and cultivation in the Campagna," which disappeared as the evening closed in, and the aspect of the plain really did become desolate. Night came, and Rome was reached. "I was," says Mrs Butler, "in Rome, and it was the very Rome of my imagination; the dark, deep, dismal, stinking streets through which we now rattled, however, were new experiences," and the custom-house was in the way; but at last "my sister's servant met me here, and at length, transferred to an open carriage, we rolled through the streets, where the houses looked, by contrast of moonlight and shadow, like actual carvings of ivory and ebony, up steep and slippery pavements, to the Pincio, where, at a lighted upper window, I saw a woman's figure. I scrambled up three pairs of stone stairs, and into my sister's arms, worn out, and ready to die with the fatigue of coming and the emotion of being come."

Our space will not allow us to follow Mrs. Butler in her pleasant wanderings in and around Rome. We can only take an extract from her pages here and there, to show what may be expected in the book. The beggars of Rome are, as we have previously remarked, more importunate than those of any other country. "Words," says Mrs. Butler, "fit only for dogs, do not repel them, nor the threatening arm and lifted hand; they have lost all sense of shame or of injury; they are triple-cased in the impervious callousness of the lowest degradation."

Mrs. Butler sometimes found the means of cleanliness where little attention was given to their employment.

"This afternoon, we drove through the streets of Rome, out to a place that was once one of the innumerable Cenci possessions, but which is now a farm house of the Borghese. In one corner of the littered stable-yard, where heaps of manure occupied most of the ground, stood a stone sarcophagus with spirited and graceful rilievi, into which fresh water was pouring itself, in a glassy stream. As we went round the house, we came upon another stone basin, of beautiful form and proportions, into which another gush of living water was falling in the bright sunshine; further on, again, beneath a sombre avenue of ilex, another of these precious reservoirs sparkled and gleamed. I cannot describe my delight in living water: these perpetually running fountains are a perpetual baptism of refreshment to my mind and senses. The Swedenborgians consider water, when mention is made of it in the Bible, as typical of truth. I love to think of that when I look at it, so bright, so pure, so transparent, so temperate, so fit an emblem for that spiritual element in which our souls should bathe and be strengthened, at which they should drink and be refreshed. Fire purifies, but destroys: water cleanses and revives. Christ was baptised in water, and washed, himself, in the regenerating element, his disciples' feet. He promised living waters to all those who, thirsty, drew near to Him, and spoke of that well of everlasting life, which those to whom He gave to drink possessed for ever in their souls. I do not wonder at all the marvellous *wasser-cur* reports. I believe the material element to be, as potent in regenerating and healing the body, as the spiritual element, its clearness dimly represents, is to regenerate and heal the mind."

Whatever be the efficiency of cold water as a cure, we have no doubt of its usefulness as a preventative. In our large towns the necessity for an abundant supply of water is not yet practically acknowledged. One day lately in Glasgow we noticed men busy with large shovels in baling out liquid manure of tolerable consistency from "gutters," virtually "open sewers," and sprinkling it over the macadamized streets, "to lay the dust." Some of the water fountains of the Borghese would have been useful there. Even humbler water-carts would be improvements on the present plan. Their contents would probablybe pure and clean. Ladies who have a thirst for useful domestic knowledge will find it in such sketches of the green markets and the flesh markets of Rome as we quote:—

"Among the vegetables which load the stalls at the street corners, I perceive one here with which I am unacquainted; it is the root of the fennel, whose green, delicate foilage is, for some reason, inseparably associated in one's stomach, and, therefore, one's mind with boiled mackerel. We had some at dinner the other day; it was stewed like celery, and was not otherwise than very good. The stalls where the frying of fish is carried on in the streets amuse me excessively. The whole process has, strange to say, a cleanly and inviting appearance, and the groups occupied in cooking and in eating at these booths, with their green bowers of branches and coloured paper lamps, would make most capital and spirited sketches if they could be faithfully copied. In a country where fruit and vegetables are abundant and cheap, I know nothing prettier, or more pleasant, than the sight of a fine market: the beautiful colours, graceful forms, and sweet smells are most agreeable; and the benificence that provides this plenty is naturally suggested to a thankful mind where there does not exist, as with us, such a cruel disparity in the means of the purchasers. The market in Philadelphia is one of the cheapest and most abundant I have ever seen, and I know few more satisfactory sights than that which it presents at Midsummer, with its great baskets of precious looking tomatoes; piles of Indian corn, like strings of Roman pearl; heaps of the finest purple polished egg plant; huge water melons, cut to show the firmness and freshness of their quality, with that beautiful combination of colours, the dark, green rind, the rosy pulp and shining jet-black seeds; and then the mountains of downy peaches of every conceivable tint, from a sort of purple pink, to a warm gold colour; these, interspersed with huge fan-like nosegays of dahlias, bunches of jesamine, and heavy-leaved magnolias, and fragrant tube roses, have often caused me mentally to exclaim—'Thou openest Thine hand, and fillest all things living with plenteousness.' It is very pleasant to live in a country where there is great abundance, and little poverty, though the one does by no means make the other, and that this fertile land of Italy testifies, where in the midst of their olive and vineyards, and golden harvests, and smiling orchards, the people go ragged, and squalid, and miserable looking—working and begging too—a most degraded race, whose lovely country seems accursed, because of men, to those who have lived where humanity is nobler, though nature is less rich—an admirable sample of the fact that prosperity is a moral and not a physical growth. A less agreeable but very necessary article of consumption attracted my attention this morning. The butcher's shops were full of people, and the price of lamb, which they were selling at four bajocchi (2d.) a pound, made me think of our people's food in London, and of some of those agreeable details of ways and means suggested by the ingenuity of charity, (?) such as one sees in poor-house reports, and accounts of committees for the relief of the starving, and finds occasionally in the speeches of gentlemen and noblemen anxious to exert themselves, and devise help for that awful innumerable host of unhelpables—the poor of the wealthiest nation in the world.

The notices of Roman shopkeepers are still more amusing, though we fear that Mrs. Butler has not much experience of the country trade of England, or of the largest number of shops either in country or town, because the abominable practice of having not merely two prices, but even half-a-dozen, is not by any means confined to Italy. The experience of the Authoress in America might have

furnished examples of similar practices both on a small and a large scale.

"Returning home, I called at the shoemaker's about some boots I had ordered, and which were not finished at the appointed time—now considerably after the time, they were finished and produced—a pair of black, double-soled, thick, heavy, half leather, stuff-boots. I had myself given the order for a pair of light-coloured Holland ones, with mere toes of patent leather, and the thinnest soles that could be made. The shopman shrugged his shoulders, smiled, said it was a mistake, and would take the one's I did not want, and wait till such as I did want could be made. I walked out of the shop and did neither. English people are the only honest trades-people that I am acquainted with, and I say it advisedly; for Americans are unpunctual, and an appointment is a contract with time for its object, and they are as regardless, for the most part, of that species of contract as of some others of a different kind. I have now been six months in Rome, and have had leisure and opportunity to see something of the morals of retail trade; at any rate in matters of female traffic, among the shop-keeper's here. In the first place, the most flagrant dishonesty exists with regard to the value of the merchandise, and the prices they ask for it of all strangers; but more particularly of the English, whose wealth, ignorance, and insolence, are taxed by these worthy industrials, without conscience or compassion. Every article purchased in a Roman shop by an English person is rated at very nearly double its value; and the universal custom here, even among the people themselves, is to carry on a haggling market of aggression, on the part of the purchaser, and defence on that of the vendor, which is often as comical as disgusting. In Nattaletti's shop in Rome, the other day, I saw a scene between the salesman and a lady purchaser, an Italian, that would have amazed as well as amused the parties behind and before the counters of Howell and James Hardings, &c. The lady, after choosing her stuff and the quantity she required, began a regular attack upon the shopman; it was *mezza voce*, indeed, but continuous, eager, vehement, pressing, overpowering, to a degree indescribable; and the luckless man having come for a moment from behind the shelter of his long table, the lady eagerly seized him by the arm, and holding him fast, argued her point with increasing warmth. She next caught hold of the breast of his coat, her face within a few inches of his, her husband meanwhile standing by and smiling approvingly at the thrift and eloquence of his wife. I think, however, she did not succeed. The shopman looked disgusted, which I am afraid is a consequence of their having adopted the English mode of dealing in that house, as they themselves informed me, to signify they did not cheat, lie, or steal, but dealt like honest people. I felt proud of his manner of speech. '*Madame, nous avons adopté la manière Anglaise: nous vendons au prix juste, nous ne surfaison pas, et nous ne changeons pas nos prix,*' so that to deal in the English fashion is synonymous to dealing justly. It pleases me greatly, and it is true: for in France too they have abandoned the abominable system of prices for the English; and it delights me to think that integrity, justice, truth, cleanliness, and comfort follow in the footsteps of my own people, wherever their wandering spirit leads them through the world. It is very fit and just that they should bring such compensations to the foreign people, among whom they so often introduce also habits of luxury, of ostentation, and that basest habit of bartering for money the common courtesies and amenities of life, the civilities and the serviceableness which are priceless, which the continental people have, and our own have not, and which we should have learned to imitate rather than taught them to sell. I may as well mention here, that I have found Nattaletti's shop the best in Rome in every respect.

We have already quoted Mrs. Butler's opinion regarding the decoration of churches by fanciful representations of the Saviour, of his life and of his agonies. The following remarks, however, seem to us so very just that we subjoin them.

"The next drawing we saw was one of Jesus surrounded by his mother, St. Joseph, and St. Ann, and I am not sure whether there is not another male figure in the group. They are all attentively observing the child, who, represented at about the age of six or seven years old, is endeavouring, with the implements of his father's trade, to saw the form of a cross. There is something striking in the conception (whether borrowed or not from any of the innumerable legends of our Saviour's childhood, I do not know), and the expressions of all the countenances are remarkably beautiful and appropriate; like everything which Overbech does, there is a deep piety in the whole composition. After this followed scenes from the Gospel; a Last Supper, where the artist has very judiciously made an overturned seat the sole representative of the troubled soul of that unfortunate one who betrayed the Just. Another drawing, representing the 'Daughters of Jerusalem, weep not for me!' excited the utmost enthusiasm of some Russian ladies, who, like ourselves, were admitted to the privilege of seeing these beautiful things; but for me, I ceased very soon to distinguish it through the blinding tears that filled my eyes. Oh! how can people bear to see representations of these things—ideal representations of *that* reality? If we had a friend, a benefactor, a deliverer, to whom we owed more than life; for whom, though we had never seen him, our love was greater than for any human being whom we ever had seen; and that imaginary representations were brought to us of this our most precious friend, what would we say? Should we not turn with almost a feeling of insult from a pretended likeness of what was to us so dear and venerable? It seems to me that, just in proportion as any real record or representation of Jesus Christ would be inestimable to us (so inestimable, that I think, in denying us any such vestige, Almighty God has mercifully saved us from the danger of an almost rational idolatry), so worthless and even offensive appear to me all these invented images of him—so inadequate when they merely seek to represent that face and form, the like of which was never seen here on earth—so intolerable, when they repeat the closing scenes of that unparalleled life, through which the world was redeemed."

When the subject is fully considered we almost expect every right-constituted mind, believing in the truths of Christianity, to adopt the opinion expressed in the latter part of this extract. Fanciful and imaginative delineations of scenes or of individuals unconnected with the highest interests of mankind may be proper, and often even commendable; but it betrays a singular and not a happy taste in those who accept the doctrine of the atonement to render those terrible scenes the subject of a fanciful delineation, with all the coolness employed in the sketches of stories from heathen poetry, or from the works of a novelist.

The new Pope occupies a great place in the world, and a considerable number of pages in Mrs. Butler's second volume. He has had credit for a number of small reforms—so small, that unless they had been done at Rome, where "nothing changes" was hitherto the rule, they would have attracted little attention. Evidently he is a man in advance of his position. Whether he may fall back, or endeavour to pull his drags of cardinals and councils on to his own views, remains still a question for time to tell; but there is no question that he has raised hopes in Rome that may not be easily repressed—hopes in which all Italy participates; and Mrs. Butler seems inclined to believe that he may be the last of the popes in whose person the secular sovereignty and the spiritual power will be conjoined, as probably as the regenerator of the system. The closing anecdote of the following extract is creditable to his feeling; and yet, there is nothing extraordinary in it—nothing more than the saying

of a sensible man, not inclined to adopt the course followe by a Georgian planter, who flogged his slave for daring to pray for him.

"To supply the immediate and pressing necessities of his government he levied, soon after his accession, a tax of three scudi upon all monasteries, and borrowed a very considerable sum of money from the Jesuits; a measure of very popular economy, which he adopted at the same time, was the entire suppression of all moneys for the purposes of paying spies, *surveillance*, &c. The rather compulsory nature of the loan thus contracted with the Jesuits is not supposed to have by any means rendered that powerful body more propitious, either to Pius IX. personally or the policy of his government, and a ludicrous instance was given of the people's apprehension of the ill-will borne their sovereign by the whole order, when, on the occasion of his first visit to the Jesuits, the crowd in the streets ran by the side of his carriage, calling to him 'Santo Padre non prender la cioccolata.' ——— told us, too, of a curious conversation he had overheard among some workmen employed in some repairs at the Hanoverian minister's house. These men were dilating upon the admirable qualities of their new Pope, and the consequent ill-will borne him by certain of the Cardinals, and more especially by all the Jesuits, who are themselves objects of extreme dislike to the Roman people generally. One of the number, alluding to the malignity of the Pope's enemies, said he must take good care or they would be giving him the 'Boccone,' (literally 'the mouthful,' *i. e.* poison), to which the others responded, that if they did so, he would be the last Pope in Rome, as, in the event of his so perishing, the people would rise and have no successor to him. So violent, indeed, is the feeling of the people at present in favour of the Pope, and against all who are supposed to be inimical to him, that the latter are bound to pray day and night for his safety, for if he were to die from a fall from his carriage, or the most undeniable natural death in the world, his end would not fail to be attributed to the machinations of his enemies, who, in any popular outbreak, sure to follow upon such a catastrophe, would inevitably be made the first victims of the violence of the people. The enthusiasm of all classes (except, indeed, the higher ones) is not confined to Rome. In Ancona, ——— told us he did not think there was a single house without a bust or engraving of him. In Bologna, the very hearth hitherto of dissatisfaction and disturbance, the same spirit prevails. An unfortunate priest very narrowly escaped annihilation there, who ventured to suggest a doubt as to the wisdom of the act of amnesty. Silk cravats, of alternate stripes of yellow and white, (the Papal colours,) with 'Viva Pio Nono' embroidered in gold upon their ends, are worn by all the men; and the women fasten their waists with long sashes of the same colours similarly adorned. In Rome, the rejoicing over the act of amnesty gave rise to some touching expressions of public feeling, and more than one house, to which father, sons, or brothers returned, whose untimely burial in political dungeons had covered them with gloom, were hailed and cheered by the assembled multitude, who shared in the joy of their restoration to their homes and families. A ludicrous anecdote was told us, for the truth of which, however, I do not vouch, that Cardinal Lambruschini, finding no other vent for his displeasure at all that was going forward, had caused prayers to be put up in some church under his especial charge, for the enlightening the Pope by the Holy Spirit; of which rather insolent interest in his well-doing, Pius IX. being apprised, he expressed his entire approval of it, and his own extreme need of the assistance of God's directing and enlightening grace."

Our notice of the two volumes has extended far—not farther than they deserve, though somewhat farther than we can well afford. We have no doubt that they will form favourite summer reading, and help to profitably pass away many hours of June and July evenings in country houses and sea-bathing quarters, where those who cannot give the time required by an Italian journey, seek a month's recreation within a morning drive of those vast centres of commerce, where the wheels of business keep ever moving, and grinding down the strength of all who are involved in their perplexities. There are several pages of poetry interspersed in the volume, by no means unworthy of the prose. We copy one:—

"We are the ghosts of those small flow'rs,
That in the opening of the year,
'Neath rosemary and myrtle bow'rs,
In crimson vests appear.

"Far underneath the blue pine wood,
Between its massive porphry stems,
The mossy ground we overstrewed
With ruby-coloured gems.

"The slender heath spires o'er us wav'd
Their lordly snow-white feathers fine,
And round our feet the earth was pav'd
With sheddings of the pine.

"The flow'r Apollo lov'd, it's bloom
In rosy bunches o'er us spread,
And heavy hanging golden broom
Deep golden shadows shed.

"Above, around, and underneath,
The aromatic air was filled
With the wild sweetness of our breath,
Like honey-combs distilled.

"The spring breeze flying towards the sea
Entranced, remain'd and o'er us hung,
And in our cups the soft brown bee
Bending our blossoms swung.

"The blue sea sang to us a deep,
Sonorous, solemn melody;
The sun stooped 'neath the boughs to peep
At our fair company.

"And you went by; in your white hand
Was many a slender brittle stem
That you had gathered from our band;
We wished we were with them.

"Now here we are a ghostly train,
Who in the closing of the year
From the dark earth-cells rise again,
And sadly do appear.

"The red hues of our coronal
All pale and wintry white have grown;
Our leaves in wild disorder, all,
By the rough winds are blown.

"The sunbeams faint, and thin, and chill,
Look at us thro' dark walls of cloud,
And o'er the grey ridge of the hill
The storm howls fierce and loud.

"'Neath many a black green ivy wreath,
Steep'd in the cold and glittering showers,
We send a faint and scentless breath
Thro' gloomy laurel bow'rs.

"The hard pine-cones come shaken down,
Bruising us where we clustered grow;
Brown, thorny, wild briar arms are thrown
Across our breasts of snow.

"The threatening thunder heavily
Rolls thro' the darkening realms of space,
And in the light'ning's glares we see
Each other's wet wan face.

"We are the ghosts of those gay flow'rs,
That in your soft white hand you bore,
And soon the cheerless wintry bow'rs,
Will see us e'en no more."

A History of Rome, from the Earliest Times to the Death of Commodus, A.D. 192. By Dr. Leonard Schmitz, F.R.S.E., Rector of the High School of Edinburgh. London: Taylor and Hatton.

You have doubtless, gentle reader, visited the Picture Gallery of Holyrood; and, while you gazed with astonishment at the portraits of the long line of kings, with and without beards, you did not know which to wonder at most—the execrable taste of the collection, or the vast antiquity of the royal race of Scotland and of her records. Go to the old chroniclers, and you will have the lives of these kings narrated to you with almost the circumstantiality of the Court Journal. Buchanan is sceptical where England is concerned. He will not believe the tale that Englishmen tell—how king Diocletian of Syria had thirty daughters, who killed their husbands in one night, and were sent to sea in a ship without a man to help them, that they might thus expiate their crime—how they arrived at Britain, and, from demon husbands, produced giants—how Brutus-Ascanius' grandson, having killed his father by chance, was banished, came to Britain, subdued the giants, and took possession of the island. All this Buchanan will not believe; but he swears to Fergus I., king of Scotland, B.C. 330, and discourses of some eighty-five kings before the great Thane of Fife, that should be king thereafter. And so you know Fergus, and Fartharis, and Mainus, and Dornadilla, and Donatus, and so on through a list of names most edifying to read, doubtless to them that believe in them.

Haec prisca fides! Who now has faith enough to believe these tales? Not, we are sure, Dr. Small of Abernethy himself, of whom, it is said that, having dug up, in some part of Fife, a button, bearing on it the number 9; and having been reminded, when he produced it, as a proof of the Romans having been there in the shape of the ninth legion, that the said Romans were unacquainted with the Arabic numerals, he stoutly averred that this particular button was a better proof that the Romans *were* acquainted with Arabic numerals, than that, being unacquainted with them, they had not been there. And so, gentle reader, in this incredulous age, come from the Gallery of Holyrood, and purchase of our excellent publisher a History of Scotland—Tytler's, of course—and not one word will you find of Fergus nor of Donald Bain.

But this was a gradual process. Men first laughed quietly in their closets at the queer old worthies, before they guffawed them out of history. And have they not been consecrated in song? Has Shakspeare not immortalised Lear, and the race whence sprung Macbeth—though not of woman born? And so, what with the gallery, and the enshrinement of poetry, and of quaint chroniclers, the men of ante-recording times shall be preserved among us. Milton alone is sufficient to keep in remembrance the fables of early England. What says he?

"But now of Brutus and his line, with the whole progeny of kings, we cannot so easily be discharged; descents of ancestry long-continued, laws and exploits not plainly seeming to be borrowed or devised, which, on the common belief, have wrought no small impression; defended by many, denied utterly by few. . . . . Those old and inborn kings, never to have been any real persons, or done in their lives at least some part of what so long hath been remembered, cannot be thought without too strict incredulity."

Yet, both in Scotland and England, Fergus and Brutus, and their lines, are quietly dropped in all our modern histories. The same work has been going on in regard to other nations. Our present business is with Rome. And strange to say, the first note of scepticism was struck in Italy.* Laurentius Valla, who died, not an old man, in 1458, was the first to question Livy. Germany followed him in the person of Elaveanus, more than half a century having elapsed. In 1715, died Perigarius, a man of great independence of thought, whose dissertations and animadversions show that his immense learning and his ingenuity have conducted him nearly to the results reached in more recent times. Then followed Boyle, and in France, Pouilly and Beaufort. In Scotland, Hume and Ferguson stated their doubts, but wanted learning to push the matter further. At last, monarch of this region of historical inquiry, arose Niebuhr, with whose astonishing results the general public of this country were first made acquainted through the medium of a masterly paper in the "Edinburgh Review," in the year 1833, written by Dr. Arnold. Niebuhr's views have since been tested, and many of them modified by various writers—in our own country, principally by the great mind that first introduced him to notice in Great Britain. But his main statements remain unshaken; and happy in having had as his translators such men as Thirlwall and Hare, he has enjoyed the additional advantage, that one of his most talented pupils, Dr Schmitz, early in life became a denizen of this country. Through him we have had two volumes of lectures, which continue the systematic history already bestowed on us, and we are glad to learn that they form but part of a series, containing, in part at least, the researches of Niebuhr on other subjects than the history of Rome.

We have had in this country histories of Rome, as matters were then generally viewed, of great merit. There is much to be said in praise of Ferguson and of the laborious Hooke for the republic; and Gibbon's book on the concluding portion stands yet unapproached in European literature. Even Goldsmith has merits of his own. It is true that his able authority, Livy, was himself altogether careless of any thing like historical accuracy, as we now understand it. He took no pains to ascertain what was the truth, and, if the narrative flattered Roman pride, or admitted of romantic detail, that was sufficient. And so, while Livy has a power and a beauty in the pictures which he draws, that is perfectly unequalled—a grouping of incidents that is masterly in its picturesqueness, and a majesty of style which is the very *beau ideal* of the historical manner—he is, like our own Hume, quite worthless as an authority on all matters pertaining to constitutional usage; and, even in the narration of facts, he does not concern himself so much about the truth—gross contradictions often occurring of his own previous statements—as about the attractive and the ornamental. In all belonging to this department, he is unrivalled. And, in the same way, Goldsmith's style has a charm, a raciness, an idiomatic force, which renders him peculiarly attractive. But it is for style alone we can praise Goldsmith. He took no pains to remedy, in any respect, the defects of his authority. These are all the faults of Livy, of course aggravated by this—that, if

* Niebhur's Lectures, edited by Schmitz, vol. i. p. 300.

Livy did write as a Roman of the Augustan age, still he did write like a Roman. Let us give one or two very brief illustrations of Goldsmith's failure as a historian, in the abridgement made by himself, and commonly taught in the schools of this country. The Roman power, about a century before the Christian era, was exposed to imminent danger—a danger similar to that which menaced Christendom when the Saracens had penetrated into the heart of France. In more than four pitched battles had the forces of Rome been overthrown at the very threshold of Italy by the barbarian hordes, the Cimbri and the Teutoni, before they were quelled by the generalship of the ferocious Marcus. This peril is disposed of by Goldsmith in half a sentence. Again, the wars of Mithridates brought the Romans for the first time effectively into contact with the Jews—an event of deep interest in the history of the world. Goldsmith never notices this at all. And yet, in spite of such gross defects as these, the attractiveness of his style is such that we feel it to be positively painful to denounce what has afforded so much enjoyment.

Without mentioning the work by Dr. Arnold, of which nothing need be said here—a translation of foreign works, founded on Niebuhr, such as Michelet's—we may state, at once, that this work by Dr. Schmitz is decidedly the best elucidation, for either advanced classes or for students, of the new and correct views of Roman history. It is written with a thorough understanding of the subject, and after an investigation of what has been advanced for, against, and regarding the views of the book, from whom he does not scruple to differ, when he has occasion. And if any one, not conversant with the classics, or even any scholar, who has not leisure to devote deliberate attention to the subject, wishes to understand the history of Rome, in the only sequence, in which that history has been intelligently presented, he will meet with no such guide as this in our language. As Gibbon wrote, and Lord Mahon writes French, so Dr. Schmitz writes English not only purely, but with elegance and vigour.

It is of no small importance that, in the study of Roman history, we should have correct views, as illustrations are often drawn from it, affecting the political doings, narrowly affecting the passions of men in our own day. Even in matters of mere speculative history, the light thrown upon the past, rendering that past intelligible, is not without its value. In estimating human motives, it was a perfect marvel why, according to the received account, Servius Tullius, the sixth king of Rome, should have encountered the hatred of the aristocracy, and been the idol of the populace—the *plebs*—for his arrangements were, in the old account, all in favour of the aristocracy. Previously to his time, each citizen's vote was of equal value. But he, it was said, thought this arrangement too democratic, and so contrived it that the whole Forum was vested in the hands of the wealthy classes. Yet, it was the wealthy classes that wrought his downfall, and he was honoured, till latest times, as the good King Servius—true friend of the commons. The difficulty disappears when we find that previous to his time the *people*—meaning by that the *commons*—had no voice in public matters at all; and that his arrangement was one whereby, without disturbing too much the existing order of things, every man, not according to descent, as before, but according to his means—and here was an inducement to industry—had a voice in public affairs.

The Life and Character of Thomas Wilson, Esq., Treasurer of Highbury College. By his Son. One Vol. London: John Snow, Paternoster Row.

Memoir of William Knib. By J. H. Hinton, M.A. London: Houlston and Stoneman.

Memoir of Dr. Yates. By James Hoby, D.D. London: Houlston and Stoneman.

There are many who esteem a life passed in earnest labours to spread knowledge and improve the world, by elevating the thoughts and purposes of its occupants, better spent than the time of heroes or statesmen who, in accomplishing great changes on the surface of society, have won lasting fame. There are, however, few—very few—who endorse the opinion of adopting that course of life. We except the professional teachers of religion without doubting or denying, even while asserting that many in that class abandon the pursuit of wealth and extensive influence in abiding by their profession, there are many men calculated every way to rise high in secular pursuits, contentedly engaged, nevertheless, in teaching and counselling a very humble church in an obscure locality, placed in contracted circumstances, but delighted with their avocation, and rejoicing in its duties. But comparatively few men of wealth abandon the paths of money-making, to give the strength of their days to the world and its *best* interests. To the world, in theological language, there is enough given; on its improvement there is but little bestowed; although all will confess that the work of a member of the legislature, in his official capacity, can have little influence on the happiness of men, compared with the results of Thomas Wilson's labours. His biography is in reality a history of Evangelical Dissent in England, so far as it has been developed by external movements for the last half century. Biographical teaching may be useful to all classes, but will be most serviceable to men in the same rank to which its subject belonged. On that principle, this biography will be most useful amongst the wealthy mercantile classes. Many amongst them, like Thomas Wilson, are firmly impressed with the opinion, that mankind can only become permanently happy through religious influence. But how few have the heroism that in early life marked his resignation of a highly lucrative business, that he might consecrate all his time and energies to manage an academy devised for the instruction of the future ministers of religion; Mr. Wilson was elected to fill the office of Treasurer to the Evangelical Academy, on the death of his grandfather, in 1794, and he continued to hold the office, and to conduct the affairs of the academy, in its various changes to Hoxton and to Highbury, until his death in 1843, a period of nearly fifty years. He was born in 1764, and early initiated into business, from which he retired in 1798, when in his 34th year. The last forty-five years of his life formed a continued series of exertions in favour of religious instruction at home. This feature in the character of Mr. Wilson charms us. He began his course of benevolence as a business man. He conducted it in a business way. As a lay propagandist of Christianity, he pursued the means that had been so successful in selling ribbands. His work was systematically done. From all we read in this valuable book—his memoir—and from all we have learned

otherwise, we believe him to have been a cool and unimaginative person. He had not the slightest romantic idea in his character. That idea which occupied and filled his mind was this—the world will be made happier by the increased infusion of Christianity. He then set himself to work out his idea. To teach, there must be teachers; and he never abandoned the academy for teachers, until his dying day. But those who teach must have some organised system. A congregation must have a place of meeting; and Mr. Wilson employed the resources of a considerable fortune, in purchasing and building places of worship, in the leading towns of almost every English county, in many rural districts, and in the metropolis. His biography is written by his son, who says at page 326 :—

"I consider this practical exemplification of a noble spirit of Christian enterprise, in erecting three large chapels, almost entirely at his own expense, in less than ten years, at a cost of upwards of £25,000, as the great fact in my father's life, and specially worthy of honourable memorial. It is, I believe, unique and unexampled —at least I know of no similar case on record. The reader may also be reminded, that he not merely advanced large sums of money—altogether resigning all claim to interest, and uncertain what portion of the principle might be returned—of which, in fact, only about four-fifths were ultimately repaid, by yearly instalments, and not the whole of that during his life; the work also involved time, thought, strenuous mental exertion, patient waiting, and for some years, to a considerable extent at least, "the care of all the churches."

Mr. Wilson's subscriptions to country churches were frequently made absolute, but sometimes in the form of loans without interest, which were often written off altogether and always accepted only in part. Looking over the pages of this volume, in which all his benefactions are not recorded; the sums expended on religious purposes appear immense. His life was virtually passed in organizing new agencies; in saving old and weak congregations in devising, in planning, and in executing, by whatever means were presented, schemes for promoting the moral and spiritual enlightenment of the people. It is impossible to estimate the benefits to society, of which this man was the apparent author. The spiritual good belongs to another class—the secular improvement is manifest to all. Aiming at the higher, he could not miss the lower object. The fruit of all his works, when ripening for eternity, began to be gathered in time. The pleasure and the peace shed on his own heart by his manner of life, was infinitely purer and greater, even here, than all the gratification that the most unbounded outlay on personal objects could have afforded. We have his own rule of life for accomplishing his objects, in the advice he tendered to a young minister in whom he was interested.

"If we abandon no luxury, if we sacrifice no sensual indulgence, if we never deny ourselves that we may bless others, if we only bestow absolute superfluities upon the cause of God and the claims of the destitute, we neither rise to the elevation of evangelical beneficence, nor do what is required for the mortification of inordinate affection."

The "religious world" concede, we believe, that sacrifices in it, and for its purposes are very rare. We doubt even if the subject of this memoir made sacrifices. He lived in the utmost comfort and respectability, occupying, even in London, so considerable a place in the estimation of his fellow-citizens of Finsbury, that they wished to elect him as their representative, in the first reformed House of Commons. He declined the honour, although by no means uninterested in political movements, in popular principles, and the enfranchisement of the people. He did not abuse the world but he used it; and had the happiness of being led to find his highest pleasure in the doing of good.

One hundred Thomas Wilsons, during the first half of this century, would have entirely changed the state of society. They would have revolutionized England by the most unexceptional means. The importance and necessity of securing England does never seem to have been impressed on "the religious world," which is quite satisfied by a lodgment in Britain. It seeketh not, at least it seeks not effectually, to make the country all its own. It leaves spots of great magnitude, like the dark spots on the sun's surface, but only of more comparative importance. It recognises, but does not perform, its duty in these waste places. It sends few messengers to reclaim the vicious in our large towns. It knows, and has become accustomed to know without surprise, and only with the smallest possible shade of regret, that in every large town there are districts where thousands live and die in the most complete and perfect ignorance, in the most abject misery, and the most crushing destitution.

To them it scarcely ever speaks the words of love and kindness. It does not recognise the sin-struck man or woman as a brother or a sister of humanity. It takes not the sorrowing sinner by the hand to lead him or her back again into all truth. It goes but little on the highways or the byeways of the world to seek and save the lost. It leaves often those who are more sinned against than sinning, to perish in the hideous whirlpools of pollution, whose waters lave the very doorsteps of its churches. How few are its agents who are sent even to those densely-peopled quarters of our large towns, where ill rewarded industry herds with immorality, not of choice, but from necessity, until it degenerates into "vice :"—the doomed quarters—the "St. Giles," the "Liberties," and the "Briggates." Even those who are sent, generally perform their work in an unskilful way. A tract to a person perishing from want, is mockery alone; though it might be mercy if properly accompanied. We grant, indeed, that this truth is now not merely acknowledged, but adopted practically to some extent. The ragged schools, and schools of industry, are its practical acknowledgments. They are admissions of the theory, that we must not only teach but act.

We have two biographical volumes in addition to that which we have already quoted. The first contains the life of Dr Yates and Mr Pearce, both well known in connexion with the Baptist mission in India. The second, the life of Mr Knibb, whose name is so closely associated with the recollections of negro emancipation; we believe that both Yates and Knibb fell into their right place. The first was a most accomplished scholar; the second an earnest man, of great natural eloquence. The translations by Dr Yates are monuments of his industry and learning. The name of the second is written on the records of the basest and the noblest deeds connected with our nation. They were both English artisans in early life, and evangelists in maturer years. Dr Yates, who was undoubtedly one of the first of Oriental linguists, had previously been one of the best of boot and shoemakers.

William Knibb was a letter-press printer. William Yates was born on the 15th December 1792; he died on board ship while crossing the Red sea, on the 3d July 1845, in the 53d year of his life—a short life to achieve so much, that from a shoemaker's apprentice he rose to be one of the most useful Oriental scholars; of whom it was truly said, "As a scholar he was remarkable, not only for the solidity and extent of his learning, but also for his talent to turn it to good account. In Sanscrit, I believe, he was equal to the most celebrated. His Bengalee Bible, I have little doubt, will gradually become the standard of the language. He equally excelled in Urdu (or Hindostanee), and his introduction to that language has long been a standard work. Hindoo, Persian, and Arabic, he was familiarly acquainted with. The knowledge he thus possessed he applied to the advancement of Christian and general science in India. Simplicity, humility, and firmness, were his prominent characteristics." His biographer, Dr. Hoby, gives the following account of this great man's death, at page 338 :—

"After leaving the fantastic rocks of Aden, and the romantic but desolate scenery of Arabia Felix, they passed through the Straits, which as the name Babel Mandel signifies, proved indeed the "Gate of Affliction" to the dying man. With a burning sun, and the very waves of the Red Sea as hot as the sultry atmosphere, existence became insupportable. Once or twice, when an attempt was made to admit air, a sea broke in upon the expiring saint, who was compelled, therefore, to endure the suffocating heat. At length, exactly a month after he came on board, the struggle terminated, the voyage of life was ended, and the haven of eternal rest gained, before this first part of the voyage home was completed. The ship was still three days from Suez, in lat. 19° N. long. 39° E., when, on the third of July, the exhausted sufferer fell asleep in Jesus.

"There was a time when a learned missionary, the devoted Carey, was ejected from a British ship, with contumely, as if her very planks would have been contaminated, had he continued to tread her deck. Surely the change produced in one half century should call forth the adoring gratitude of the church of God! His successor in the great work of translating the Holy Scriptures, dying at sea, received the most honourable interment the circumstances allowed. A coffin was prepared—the flag lowered—the funeral service was read by a brother missionary—as many of the crew as could be spared were assembled—the officers and passengers generally joined in the solemn act, while the untiring engines ceased their giant labours, and unimprisoned vapour escaped free as the spirit which had fled. Thus were the precious remains committed to the sea—the wave parted for a moment, and as the liquid grave deepened, gently did the displaced waters still lower and lower close over the descending corpse, till, embedded in the sands, it found its final resting place. A moment more, and when all trace of gurgling had disappeared, the wheels revolved, and again the vessel moved on her majestic course! Thus mortals sink in death, the tide of life rolls over them, and all the world's activity proceeds, as if no such event had happened!"

Honour was due to the memory of the missionary. He had served the cause of man; he had proclaimed truth in the midst of darkness; and, by his solid scholarship, had opened the books of India to England, and the literature of Britain to the people of the East.

William Knibb was a man of humble attainments, but of vast moral courage; a noble love of liberty, and an earnest determination in helping its extension, even to the most oppressed and degraded. He was born on the 7th September, 1803; and, dying on the 15th December, 1845, had accomplished in a short life—forty-two years—more than many who, beginning with the highest advantages, sleep on for four-score years. The length of life is often measured on wrong principles. We apply towards the estimate more frequently the line of years than the measurement of work. Men have died at ninety who were more infants in work; and others have been taken from the world whose heads were grey with labour earlier even than William Knibb.

We freely admit that both the men, whose lives are narrated in these volumes were in their proper places. We doubt if they could have been so useful in any other position. Neither with them, nor with "the religious world," have we a murmur to make for the locality of the posts which they sought and were assigned. The statements and reasons adduced by their biographers for the choice of labour made by them are becoming so common, and, on our principles, are so erroneous, that we are induced to quote them. From the life of William Knibb we have little to take. At page 27, we find the following extract of a letter to a friend:—

"I believe I stated in my last, that the Committee of the Baptist Mission were then deciding as to the propriety of accepting me as a missionary, to fill up the place vacated by the decease of my beloved brother. The result of the decision is, that I am speedily to prepare to leave the shores of Britain, and to sail for Kingston; and I am now learning the Lancasterian system of education, as a prerequisite for this important station. The instruction of the young will form the major part of my employment, which exactly accords with the feelings of my heart; and I hope that, if consistent with the will of God, should my existence be protracted, I may be the instrument of turning many children from darkness into light, and from the power of Satan unto God. It is pleasing to feel an assurance that all our times are in his hand, and all our concerns under his control."

From this extract it will be observed that the writer was fond of teaching, and likely, therefore, to prove a successful teacher. From page 32 we quote a passage which shows that he was highly esteemed as a teacher by his students, and that is another element of success :—

"A cluster of small but illustrative incidents require to be just mentioned here. One is, that he had lately been informed of the conversion of his twin sister Ann, in consequence of a letter which he had written to her. A second is, that a subscription being necessary for the hire of a new room for preaching at Brick Street, the friends insisted on his writing 'something to put at the head of the collecting-book.' *A third is, that he had a very affecting partiny at Stapleton with his Sunday scholars "who clung round him," says Dr. Ryland,* "WITH TEARS, *and told him he must not leave them.*" Another is, that on his farewell visit to Kettering, he delivered an address to the children of the Baptist and Independent Sunday schools, with about two hundred spectators. It has, perhaps, an evidence that the spirit of his mission was on him, that on this occasion (to use his own words) he 'felt himself more comfortable than in any former exercise,' The last is, that in the streets of London, one of the secretaries of the Bethel Union invited him to take out a Bethel flag, "to which," he says, "I consented, and I hope soon to have it hoisted at Port Royal."

When William Knibb went to Jamaica, he had manifested no symptoms of the spirit that was within him. He was the man for Jamaica; but a prophet alone, amongst men, could have asserted so much with any propriety. He does not even seem to have dreamed of his own powers. The position of a teacher bounded his am-

bition; he never proposed to become an agitator—an effective agitator—a Christian agitator. At that time, therefore, to himself and to others, teaching seemed his business. That was his gift. It had been exercised to advantage at Stapleton. The children loved him. They clung round him. They wept for him. They supplicated him not to leave them. He left, and we read not that his successor occupied the same place in their affections, or was, therefore, likely to be so efficient. What we ask of the religious world and religious men is, why leave English children untaught, and send missionaries, or emigrate, to teach Negro children? Does not Norfolk, with its five hundred parishes, parish churches, and ministers, need teachers—missionaries, if they may be so named—when we are told in the minutes of the Committee of Council on Education, that in these parishes

"Very few of either sex can read or write. An opinion prevails that those who remain of the preceding generation more commonly possessed those acqisitions. A female has officiated as clerk in a parish for the last two years, none of the adult males being able to read. In another parish the present clerk is the only man in the rank of a labourer who can read. In another of 400 souls, when the present school was established two years ago, no labourer could read or write A Dissenting minister, addressing a small congregation, was lately interrupted by a cry of "Glory be to your name?" He immediaty repressed the cry, explaining that such language could be used only to the Deity. The answer was, "Then, glory be to both of you!" "This," says the Inspector, "I have too much reason to believe is a characteristic fact, the suppression of which would therefore disguise the truth."

The lamentable details, recently published, regarding the deep and desperate ignorance existing, in many parts both of Britain and Ireland, should suffice to show the necessity for the multiplication of good teachers in this country, and that here, at home, is one of the most necessitous mission fields.

In the life of Dr. Yates the preference to be shown for foreign missions is pressed as a duty. In reference to the early life of that eminent man we are told at page 22:—

"A small society of students was now formed, and many an hour of sweet and sacred fellowship was spent in their respective studies, in conference and prayer, which served to fan the flame of sacred love, and confirm the purpose of self-consecration. Among topics of discussion at these meetings were the relative claims of home and of heathen countries, upon those servants of Christ who proposed to act upon the commission, 'Go ye into all the world and preach the gospel to every creature.' Many profess to find in these words a cogent authority for entering upon the work of the Christian ministry; but, upon what principle the intention to labour at home, as pastors and teachers, should be almost universally cherished, it is almost difficult to say. At Bristol there was a growing tendency to weigh the claims of a perishing world in connexion with those of home. In the minds of not a few an opinion was formed, the reverse of that which had obtained previously. It had always been assumed that a preacher should enter upon his work in his native land, except some strong irrepressible desire impelled him to preach the gospel to the heathen; but this sentiment yielded to a conviction, in some minds at least, that, on the contrary, it was rather incumbent to be well satisfied that Divine Providence hedged up a man's way as to missionary work, before he ought to content himself with an ordinary opening at home."

The sum of this statement is, in other words, that a decided preference should be given to heathen lands over home, in the proclamation of the Gospel. Dr. Hoby's words mean this, if they have any intelligible meaning. Upon this principle the religious world have been acting. The outcast home population has been neglected. Many of them have been sinking in mental degradation and material circumstances. Ignorance has been gaining its lost ground. Vice has been shooting forth and flourishing in the most scandalous and almost unprecedented forms. But during all this time the religious world, like Dr. Hoby, has been giving a decided preference to foreign missions.

Dr. Yates himself laboured under the same error, for when a young man, we learn that—

"His services at Olney proved, however, so acceptable to the people, that many shortly afterwards expressed themselves very warmly in favour of his remaining permanently in that situation. Some expectation of an invitation to that import, led him to write, "If such a thing should happen, it would have no effect upon me.' He admitted, indeed, that his own pleasure and satisfaction in the work there were great, because, he said, 'I know that there I am doing good, and, if I was disposed to stay in England certainly there is no place at which I should better like to be fixed; but I do not think it is my duty to stay, consequently, I must go.' Arrangements were accordingly proceeded with for an ordination service at Leicester, solemnly to set him apart to the work to which he seemed to be so eminently called.'

We do not know that Olney was so thoroughly Christianised, such an enlightened and happy village, and the people in all the country round so well informed and instructed, that there was no work to do for a man gifted with the energy of Dr. Yates. We concede that he was led to the right place, but not, as stated by himself, from the right motive—although he seems to have taken a Scriptural view of the matter; and if his train of reasoning was incorrect, it brought him, nevertheless, to a happy conclusion.

"After arriving at Portsea, he found that, but for a slight occurrence, the *Earl Moira* would have put to sea without him, as the captain must have accompanied the convoy. Contrary winds, however, detained them from 11th October to the 24th. During this period he wrote a farewell letter to his parents. He had, in a former letter, silenced their objections, by reminding them, 'Christ says,' "Go into all the world, and preach the gospel to every creature." Shall I obey, or shall I not? If you can answer for me at the day of judgment, I would gladly stay at home and oblige you; but with my views of duty, if I stay at home, what comfort can I have in my own mind, and what success can I expect in my ministry?'"

What we have to say of this argument is, that if good for Mr. Yates, then a young man, it would seem to be good for every human being, or at least for every young preacher and teacher, and this country would be left destitute of religious teaching altogether. The error in the argument arises, like many other errors, from an omission in the quotation, or rather from omitting the duty of comparing it with parallel passages, and forgetting the words "beginning at Jerusalem." It is a scriptural principle, that a man's first duty is due to his own household, his own neighbourhood, and his own country. This regulation and systematising of duty has been utterly neglected; and, not merely home, but colonial and foreign instruction has suffered in consequence. Multitudes have grown up in this country in a state of brutal ignorance. Their souls are theoretically reckoned at the same value with other souls. Practically "the religious world" has

counted them worth little or nothing. Practically it seems to have doubted if they had souls. Our faith has had no home energy. It has propagated only in distant lands, and slowly there. "Slowly there," because a dreadful error has been committed. The class who are the most generous givers, when instructed and enlightened, have been neglected. The class from whom our soldiers are recruited, and our navies are manned, have been left witnesses against our religion. For every missionary sent out by "the religious world" to teach our system, the "State" has sent a hundred to proclaim its inefficiency, as restraining intelligent and civilising truth. Some little attention has been given to the education of "females in India" by many who have done nothing for the education of females in England, Scotland, and Ireland, though the ignorance of the last has a direct, obvious, and apparent bearing in retarding the conversion of the first, and far distant and evil-entreated class.

We return again to Mr. Wilson's memoir. Occasionally in the work we come on instructive passages as when the author writes, as he does repeatedly, of "the Wilson family"—the family of which Thomas Wilson read a genealogical statement when invited by a scion of the house—one of the merchants and aldermen of London, who has passed the chair, to some of the festive meetings during his mayoralty. The Wilson family "reminds one of the Percy family," or "the Douglas family," "the Stewart family," or "the House of the Tudors," merely by contrast. "The Wilson family" has no claims corresponding to those of the great aristocratic houses. There is no lustre shed over it, by reflection, from the red spot that marks a terrible crime. There is no bloody hand on its banners. Its fortunes were not founded in any great robbery. It did not even raise from the corner stones of some noble daring deed of unalloyed patriotism—an edifice blurred over by many dark crimes in ages of oppression and tyranny, and exhibiting the Mosaic work in its history of intermingled vice and virtue—a curious blending of the love of liberty with the practice of oppression. "The Wilson family," at least in this branch, traced their origin to John Wilson of Stenson, in Derbyshire, an honest farmer, who occupied a small freehold and a farm that had been "in the family" for several generations, and who, exactly a hundred years ago—a hundred years on the 25th of May—left Stenson, which he was never to see again, on a journey to London, with his son Thomas, the fifth of eleven children. On his return homeward—for a journey from London to Derbyshire was not then as now the work of a few hours—John Wilson became very ill and died at Leicester. It may be worthy of remark that the father and son left Stenson, in Derbyshire, on the 25th, and reached London "about the 30th." The same journey, after reaching the Midland Counties Railway, would now require as many hours. Thomas Wilson, the son, emigrated to the West Indies in 1749; but returning in 1752, he commenced business as a ribbon manufacturer in Coventry, along with some other members of his family, and they were all enriched in the pursuit of their profession; but the wealth they have acquired has been largely applied to public purposes, especially in connexion with the propagation of the Gospel. No reason exists, therefore, why a descendant of "the Wilson family" should not be pleased with his connexion and claim a higher place than a descendant of the leaders of banded slaves in the dark centuries. Such claims will soon be more readily acknowledged.

His early years were devoted to business, and his education was consequently not more liberal than was considered, at the close of the last century, sufficient for the desk and the warehouse. It has frequently been remarked, that classical literature has not any tendency to purify the mind. The characteristics of its heroes are likely to have a different result; and most of the works submitted to boys at academies, and young men at colleges, might be advantageously weeded. Something has been done for that object; but the editions formerly used were fitting subjects for the Society for the Suppression of Vice.

From the following extract, we learn that the son has no reason to consider his father a loser, by the want of a classical education.

"He might also be indebted, in part, for the purity of his youthful imagination, to his yet more happy ignorance of the licentious and abominable deeds ascribed to the heathen gods and goddesses. If nothing can be more important than to preserve untainted the native delicacy of the youthful mind, nothing, surely, can be more injurious than to initiate boys at a tender age into all the mysteries of the ancient heathen mythology, and to acquaint them with the absurdities and impurities of the Pantheon. He might, indeed, in future life, labour under some disadvantages in consequence of his unclassical education; but any such disadvantages were amply compensated. If those justly-admired models did not refine his taste, and stimulate his youthful fancy, by their beautiful descriptions of natural objects and scenery—if they did not correct and polish his style by their finished specimens of composition, and replenish his memory with their ample store of moral maxims—a greater predominance of imagination, a more close attention to the graces and elegancies of diction and writing, might only have diverted him, in subsequent years, from his great practical business. Nor did he sustain any serious loss from unacquaintance with the moral codes and aphoristic precepts of the heathen philosophers and poets, since he had known, from a child, those holy Scriptures, which were not only able to make him wise unto salvation, through faith which is in Christ Jesus; but are also profitable for all the purposes of moral instruction and practical wisdom, as well as for reproof and correction, that the man of God may be perfect, thoroughly furnished unto all good works."

He had advantages which no other classical nor out-of-door instruction can compensate for.

"The modern custom, introduced in many of our churches—borrowed, I believe, from our American brethren—of communicating scriptural instruction in Bible classes, is, in my humble opinion, 'a more excellent way' than the method of teaching them to repeat human catechisms, which, however generally accordant they may be with the oracles of God, and one, at least, in very general use, is not entitled even to this praise, are but "the words which man's wisdom teacheth." The great thing needed in order to the raising up of a godly seed, who shall be accounted to the Lord for a generation, is—that from their childhood, they be taught the Holy Scriptures in those words which the Holy Spirit has indited, and which are able to make them wise unto salvation, through faith which is in Christ Jesus. This good work, so far as it can be carried on in schools and classes, does not surely belong exclusively to ministers. What work can be more appropriate for devout and devoted women, especially pious matrons, than to be teachers of babes, the babes of those who are themselves ignorant and uninformed in the very principles of the oracles of God? But, certainly, this must be considered as the peculiar, imperative, and indispensable duty of enlightened

Christian parents, especially of mothers, who are called by God to be the religious teachers of their own offspring at a tender age. How few men have risen to eminence in the Church of Christ, who have not been trained and tutored in their early youth by mothers in whom dwelt the same unfeigned faith, which Lois and Eunice were honoured to be the instruments of communicating, through the Holy Scriptures, to the future evangelist, when he was a child!"

In after life, he was not from these circumstances induced to undervalue education. That life indeed was given to its promotion. In guiding, as he really guided the Academy of which he was treasurer, he endeavoured to raise an improved and more comprehensive standard of education; and we find his name recorded amongst the earliest supporters of the London University.

"Although my father's own advantages of education in his early life had not been of a superior kind, yet he was neither insensible to the value and importance, nor indifferent to the more extensive diffusion of literature, science, and general knowledge.

"Of this he gave a decisive proof in May 1825, when he complied with an earnest request to attend a meeting, to be held at the chambers of Henry Brougham, Esq., (now Lord Brougham,) in Lincoln's Inn, for the purpose of considering a plan for a metropolitan university. One of the other persons present was the late Rev. Edward Irving. I have often heard him refer to the solemn tones of protest in which that gentleman uttered his denunciation of the attempt to establish an university without a theological faculty. My father did not sympathise with that objection. He considered the proposed arrangement, of giving instruction during a portion of the day—and that not commenced at an early hour of the morning—a sufficient reason for dispensing with all religious worship, in connexion with the college exercises."

It is somewhat singular that the last public meeting attended by him was congregated to oppose Sir James Graham's infamous measure for Education. The baneful nature of that scheme has never yet been generally and fully understood. Its adoption and operation would have plunged England into a system of petty and heartless persecution under the name of education; but, perhaps, its evils taught men to regard more favourably the bad clauses in the recent minutes of Council, merely by contrast.

"Toward the end of May, 1843, my father appeared, for the last time, in a public capacity, as chairman of a meeting, held in Union Chapel, Islington, for the purpose of taking measures to oppose the passing of Sir James Graham's Education Bill, which he described as an "unjust, unconstitutional, and oppressive measure." He expressed his opinion very decidedly that no forcible means should be employed to compel parents to send their children to school, but that education should be perfectly free. He also spoke plainly and strongly in reference to the Church catechism, as in his judgment teaching children to say what is false, that they were born again of the Spirit when baptised—whereas baptism communicates no grace or spiritual influence. He declared his great objection to the Church of England, as based on the supposition that all are made Christians in baptism, the subsequent services at confirmation and burial proceeding on the same false and dangerous assumption; so that the church "knows nothing of sinners," except flagrant and notorious offenders."

Of these three men, all labouring in one cause, Mr. Wilson was unquestionably most useful, because he was not only doing good himself, but the cause of good in others. He not merely wrought, but made workers. He did not stop there, but formed also the scenes where they were to labour; and the results of his plans and perseverance in England can be clearly trace over ad great part of the land.

In politics he was a liberal—a Whig of the extreme school, perhaps a fitting representative of Finsbury; and in point of fact, such men, whatever may be nominally their party will be always found supporting, in their various walks the privileges of the people, for somehow the rule "Do unto others" perpetually haunts their minds.

The Irish Priest. London: Longman & Co.

A SMALL book, full of strange opinions, intermingling with many truths. We reckon the opinions strange, mostly in connexion with the title of the volume and the connexion of the story. An Irish priest's biography, condensed and confined to the leading points in his life, forms the story, which is attractively told. This Irish priest was of the humbler classes, as the greatest proportion of the priesthood are. His parents adopted an orphan girl, not because they were rich, but because she was poor. With this girl, when a boy, the future priest formed one of those very romantic attachments which may occur in childhood, to be forgotten. The Father of the parish, however, dashed all their speculations, before they rightly understood their meaning, by proposing to educate the boy for the priesthood. Nothing was more natural in those circumstances than that the girl should become a nun. Such a course was proposed in their juvenile speculations; but she died before that time could come.

"Do not sorrow so for me, darling; I shall keep my promise by you, and your soul shall not fly so fast heaven-ward, that I shall not be there to welcome it. You will not forget the little birds that sang to us by the green, and the wild flowers: they were all I had, Michael, and they were for you. Mother, kiss me, for I was your child—father, bid your Marion farewell; she will climb your knee no more! You are growing old, father, and I not by. Who will help you when your daughter—for you called me your daughter—is gone? Farewell, dear Michael; brother dear, farewell; you will bear me over the river no more. Do you remember the words of the old blind man you taught me coming from the school?—

"'As leaves are begotten, so indeed are men;
Some the wind bears along the ground,
While the budding wood, as in spring, produces more;
Such is the lot of man—one is born, another dies!'

"And now, the Holy Mother says, 'Come,' and baby at her breast says, 'Come,' and my little sister says 'Come,' and God himself calls me—I come, oh! I come.' And thus the precious child sank into unconsciousness. She never spoke word more, but passed with such smile as the malady permitted, from a world so rich, and yet so full of care, into that spiritual world for which so many bright gifts prepared her.

"Nor silk nor satin shrouded her limbs—no cap thralled her yellow hair! What matter, that body had shrined a loving heart—an angel soul.

"We laid her beneath the turf, beside a grassy knoll. The wild flowers she so greatly loved came thick upon her tomb; and a clustering woodbine made semblance to clasp a moss-grown stone, on which was rudely graven the name of

MARION.

"Here, when summer winds blew soft, and the song of birds came wafted on the breeze, have I sat far in the night, and heard, or fancied I heard, a voice—one, alas! forever stilled—call brother! Then, through tears, have I gazed upon the stars, and knew that she was there. Wise and gentle Marion, fare-thee-well! Didst bloom and fade unseen; but there are those who shall recall thee, while eyes can see or hearts cherish fond remembrance."

The feuds and quarrels that desolate Ireland become naturally the subject of the priest's manuscript. He early began to form acquaintance with them; as the following

extract will show. It also brings out the opinions of the author, who seems to have been, if priest at all, a bad Roman Catholic—certainly a Universalist, and one who holds by the most comfortable and convenient faith imaginable.

"One day, it so fell out I entered a cabin by the hill-side just as the young master left it, and took part in the following discourse.

"'And so, Michael, darling, you saw him; he went out just as you came in.'

"'I saw him,' was the reply.

"'The Virgin be over us,' continued the woman, 'and such a nice young boy!'

"'What pity—heretic cub, spawn of Luther, already damned, or shortly to be,' growled the man. And here he crossed himself while the woman sighed.

"'But you do not really think, do not mean to say, that one after God's image, so young, so innocent, shall incur this fearful doom?'

"'Come, now, Michael dear,—and the man smiled incredulously—'I suppose you do not know what is before him.'

"'As Christian man, or rather boy, then, I believe heart and soul, that it is the will and intent, as it is within the power, of Almighty God to save each wandering child of Adam—whether he be of Rome or Geneva, or whether he be neither.'"

The future priest saved the future landowner, and the boys became much attached, although their forms of religion differed widely; and friendship, without conformity, is not common in Ireland. Afterwards, and only shortly after, he saved the manor-house and family from being destroyed in a midnight attack. The narrative of the conflict is worth transcribing, though we cannot remember of any Irish landlord having ever adopted this decisive mode of scorching his foes, and routing them by blowing out his own door.

"About midnight dark forms shot past the trees, portentous noises invaded the silence of the night. Finally, a crowd of men, with stunning execrations, discharged a volley, bringing down the panes with tingling crash. A simultaneous rush was now made against the doors, which withstood the shock.

"The pealing echoes had scarcely ceased ere the wickets were thrust aside, and destruction was scattered among the hooting crew. With yells of rage and pain, the fallen were dragged aside, while the rest sought shelter behind the trees.

"A somewhat anxious interval now ensued. It was uncertain whether the besiegers would adventure afresh or retire. Soon, however, sheaves of straw and piles of blazing brush were assiduously thrust forward. Buckets, emptied from above, somewhat abated the vigour of the flames; but this dangerous service entailed a degree of exposure, of which the assailants were not slow to avail themselves.

"The night wore on, but tedious was he progress of destruction. It was, therefore, proposed, and carried by acclamation, to batter in the entrance by means of a recently-felled tree which happened to lie about. While some proceeded with this, others stood with levelled pieces ready to discharge the deadly contents against any one who should interrupt the work.

"It was but too evident that the door, though iron-bound and clenched, must yield at last! It creaked and groaned beneath the ponderous blows, while the house itself reverberated from top to bottom. On the critical position of the inmates it was frightful to think. The proprietor's resources, however, were not exhausted. Barrels, filled with sand and clay, were piled across the hall, while between this barrier and the door, casks of powder lay in grim repose. An infliction, hardly less fearful than that which they contemplated, awaited the assailants. The misguided men, in fancied security, urged each other on, and but redoubled their rage and violence as bolt and bar gave way.

"It was done! With one fell stroke the now frail structure was no more, and the assailants rushing forward, completely filled the aperture. But the crisis had been foreseen; a pealing voice cried, 'Now.' A lurid flash was seen, a bellowing report was heard, the mansion quivered, and all was still. Twenty human beings had passed into the eternity into which they were so ruthlessly about to thrust others, and the remaining few, destruction at their heels, fled in wild dismay.

"It was morn when I approached. Already soldiers, with magistrates and police, attracted by the firing, and more especially the thunder of the explosion, came pouring in. Every one set to work, and in a space of time incredibly short almost every trace of that wild night had disappeared."

We cannot follow this tale through all its sinuosities. There is no little interest in the chapters respecting the studies at Maynooth, though they are short. The whole system is condemned as one likely to chill the heart and freeze the feelings and the affections. Maynooth has not produced many great scholars, but that was not its object. It was intended to produce earnest men, banded together in support of a system; and as high scholarships was not requisite on entering, so we believe the knowledge with which the pupils came into the seminary is not increased, except in the peculiarities of Roman theology, when they leave. The new colleges will probably enough make an improvement in this respect.

"A fragmentary knowledge of English, and knowledge still more fragmentary of the ancient classics, was all that was expected, probably because it was all that could be realised. To these rude acquirements were now to be added a little scholastic logic, a course of barren divinity, and some faint inklings of natural science. It was doing the young men scant justice in the first instance and in the last; it was but poorly qualifying them for the influence they were to exercise, and the posts they were to fill. The world, its errors and its excellences, were alike excluded. Associates they had none, beyond those as incult as themselves; or teachers who for the most part had run the same career.

"Better, in truth, their books had been closed; better they had remained illiterate as the clod, even as the fishers and sail-makers of Christ! Better have cast scholastic lore aside; praying to God on bended knees; thanking him for the mighty gift of life, and abiding, with the soul's devotion, by his unalterable law for ever. Better far have braced their loins, and waiting on the sick and dying, comforted the unhappy, ministered to the sorrow-laden. Better even, laying hold of spade and plough, have taught the right culture of the soil, and remaining with the rude peasant, banished unthrift and intemperance. For man, after all, was their theme; with him they were to live, to die, to smile, to weep; he was to be their cross, their care, their condemnation, or their 'exceeding great reward.'"

When the gentleman who put powder to his own hall door, thereby discomfiting his enemies, died, the young man succeeded to the estates; followed the advice of the priest, and the dictates of his own warm heart; so that he became an excellent landlord; and he was shot dead by mistake while, visiting a neighbour who had with the peasantry an offensive character. The priest died early, wearied with the struggle against his country's apparent doom. The question, "What for Ireland?" that forms part of the title, finds no clear answer in the book; which is, however, very beautifully written, and quite deserves a careful reading. The profits of the work are to be given to the fund for the relief of the Irish poor—an additional and a strong recommendation in present circumstanes.

Travels in Peru. By Dr. J. J. Von Tschudi, translated by Thomasina Ross. London: David Bogue. One vol. 8vo.

THIS German traveller left Havre De Grace in the spring of 1838 for Peru. His voyage out occupied more

than three months; but he passed a considerable time in Peru, and has collected such an amount of materials as give a tolerably fair idea of the country and its prospects. The country itself seems destined for greatness, but its prospects are dark and miserable. The population of its leading towns is receding; and with the name of liberty there appears little of its substance. Doctor Tschudi throws a large portion of the responsibility for the condition of Peru on the priests.

"In the Sierra, as well as on the coast, the priests are usually the tyrants, rather than the guardians of their flocks; and they would frequently be the objects of hatred and vengeance, but for the deep-rooted, and almost idolatrous reverence, which the Indians cherish for priestcraft. It is disgusting to see the Peruvian priests, who usually treat the Indians like brutes, behaving with the most degrading servility when they want to get money from them. The love of the Indians for strong drinks, is a vice which the priests turn to their own advantage. For the sake of the fees, they frequently order religious festivals, which are joyfully hailed by the Indians, because they never fail to end in drinking bouts.

"Added to the ill-treatment of the priests, the Indians are most unjustly oppressed by the civil authorities. In the frequent movements of troops from one place to another, they are exposed to great losses and vexations. They are compelled to perform the hardest duties without payment, and often the produce of their fields is laid under contribution, or their horses and mules are pressed into the service of the military. When intelligence is received of the march of a battalion, the natives convey their cattle to some remote place of concealment in the mountains, for they seldom recover possession of them if once they fall into the hands of the soldiery."

And yet, from the tenor of the following extract, we should judge that these same priests are actually endeavouring to recover her people from the erroneous practices of their predecessors. The details of Palm Sundays' and Good Fridays' observances say little, certainly, for the religion, or even the taste, of the Peruvians.

"In order to facilitate the conversion of the idolatrous Indians, the Spanish monks who accompanied Pizzaro's army sought to render the Christian religion as attractive as possible in the eyes of the heathen aborigines of Peru. With this view they conceived the idea of dramatising certain scenes in the life of Christ, and having them represented in the Churches. In the larger towns these performances have long since been discontinued; but they are still kept up in most of the villages of the Sierra. Indeed, the efforts made by enlightened ecclesiastics for their suppression have been met with violent opposition on the part of the Indians.

"On Palm Sunday, an image of the Saviour seated on an ass is paraded about the principal streets of the town or village. The Indians strew twigs of palm over the animal, and contend one with another for the honour of throwing their ponchos down on the ground, in order that the ass may walk over them. The animal employed in this ceremony is, when very young, singled out for the purpose, and is never suffered to carry any burden save the holy image. He is fed by the people, and at every door at which he stops, the inmates of the house pamper him up with the best fodder they can procure.

"The ass is looked upon as something almost sacred, and is never named by any other appellation than the *Burro de Nuestro Senõr* (our Lord's ass). In some villages I have seen these animals so fat that they were scarcely able to walk.

"Good Friday is solemnised in a manner the effect of which, to the unprejudiced foreigner, is partly burlesque and partly seriously impressive. From the early dawn of morning the church is thronged with Indians, who spend the day in fasting and prayer. At two in the afternoon, a large image of the Saviour is brought from the sacristy, and laid down in front of the altar. Immediately all the persons in the church rush forward with pieces of cotton to touch the wounds. This gives rise to a struggle, in which angry words and blows are interchanged; in short, there ensues a disgraceful scene of uproar, which is only checked by the interposition of one of the priests. Order being restored, the sacred image is fixed on the cross by three very large silver nails, and the head is encircled by a rich silver crown. On each side are the crosses of the two thieves. Having gaped at this spectacle to their heart's content, the cholos retire from the church. At eight in the evening they reassemble to witness the solemn ceremony of taking down the Saviour from the cross. The church is then brilliantly lighted up. At the foot of the cross stand four white-robed priests, called los Santos Varones (the holy men), whose office it is to take down the image. At a little distance from them, on a sort of stage or platform, stands a figure representing the Virgin Mary. This figure is dressed in black, with a white cap on its head. A priest, in a long discourse, explains the scene to the assembled people, and at the close of the address, turning to the Santos Varones, he says, 'Ye holy men ascend the ladders of the Cross, and bring down the body of the Redeemer.' Two of the Santos Varones mount, with hammers in their hands, and the priest then says, 'Ye holy man on the right of the Saviour, strike the first blow on the nail of the hand and take it out!' The command is obeyed, and no sooner is the stroke of the hammer heard, than deep groans and sounds of anguish resound through the church; whilst the cry of '*Misericordia! misericordia!*' repeated by a thousand imploring voices, produces an indescribable sensation of awe and melancholy. The nail is handed to one of the priests standing at the foot of the altar, who transfers it to another, and this one in his turn presents it to the figure of the Virgin. To that figure the priest then turns, and addresses himself, saying, "Thou afflicted mother, approach and receive the nail which pierced the right hand of thy holy son!" The priest steps forward a few paces, and the figure, by some concealed mechanism, advances to meet him, receives the nail with both hands, lays it on a silver plate, dries its eyes, and then returns to its place in the middle of the platform. The same ceremony is repeated when the two other nails are taken out. Throughout the whole performance of these solemnities, an uninterrupted groaning and howling is kept up by the Indians, who, at every stroke of the hammer, raise their cries of '*Misericordia!*' These sounds of anguish reach their climax when the priest consigns the body of the Saviour to the charge of the Virgin. The image is laid in a coffin tastefully adorned with flowers, which, together with the figure of the Virgin Mary, is paraded through the streets. Whilst this nocturnal procession, lighted by thousands of wax tapers, is making the circuit of the town, a party of Indians busy themselves in erecting before the church door twelve arches decorated with flowers. Between every two of the arches they lay flowers on the ground, arranging them in various figures and designs. These flower-carpets are singularly ingenious and pretty. Each one is the work of two cholos, neither of whom seems to bestow any attention to what his comrade is doing; and yet, with a wonderful harmony of operation, they create the most tasteful designs, arabesques, animals, and landscapes, which grow, as it were, by magic, under their hands. Whilst I was in Tarma, I was at once interested and astonished to observe, on one of these flower-carpets, the figure of the Austrian double eagle. On inquiry, I learned from an Indian that it had been copied from the quicksilver jars, exported from Idria to Peru. On the return of the procession to the church, a hymn, with harp accompaniment, is sung to the Virgin, as the figure is carried under the arches of flowers. The bier of the Saviour is then deposited in the church, where it is watched throughout the night.

"On the following morning, at four o'clock, the ceremony of hanging Judas takes place in front of the church. A figure of Judas, the size of life, is filled with squibs and crackers, and is frequently made to bear a resemblance to some obnoxious inhabitant of the place. After the match is applied to the combustible figure, the cholos dance around it, and exult in the blowing up of their enemy."

The work extends to nearly five hundred pages; the statements made are very interesting, and, we believe, their accuracy may be relied upon. They are thus wound up:

"The facts adduced in the course of this volume, relative to the barbarous Colonization system of the Spaniard, must sufficiently prove how adverse was Spanish dominion to the improvement of the natives, and to the prosperity of the country. For Peru, Nature's bounteously favoured land, let us hope that there is reserved a future, happier than either the past or the present."

But of that, there is no immediate expectation, for all the hopes formed of the South American Republics have led to miserable disappointments.

We believe the work to be well translated.

POLITICAL REGISTER.

RAILWAYS AND CURRENCY.

The recent currency acts of Sir Robert Peel have come up at length for judgment before the public, and they are condemned. So long as the country is prosperous, they do neither good nor harm; but whenever the tide of our affairs turn, they begin to accelerate its backward motion. The most remarkable thing connected with these laws, to us, is not that so many bankers and merchants oppose them, but that they are supported by any person engaged in the industrial pursuits of the country. Their operation, when prosperity does not suspend them, is the best illustration of lighting the candle at both ends ever afforded by the legislature. Whenever the goods imported into this country rise in price, and more money is required for the transactions, the circulation is made less by law; for at that time the exchanges will assuredly be against this country, and the balances must be paid in gold.

The avowed object of Sir Robert Peel, in all his currency acts, has been the prevention of speculation, and over-trading. Of over-trading we hear so much that, occasionally, we are tempted to ask whether the people have been over-fed, over-housed, over-clothed, and over-taught, or if they have become over-rich.

Over-trading in one sense there never can be. The operative classes are more ambitious of leisure than of work. The contest for the Ten Hours Bill teaches that lesson. All the laws, often crude, sometimes injurious, adopted by trades-unions prove the existence of a check imposed by labour on "over-trading" far more efficient than any currency act. We suspect that, if events were rightly named, politicians would find what they call "over-trading" is the absence of "under-trading;" and that while the operatives have the management of these matters, so much in their own hands, there will never be any "over-trading." They take care to make "over-trading," in the right meaning of the term, unprofitable, by exacting high prices for, and putting, in short, a scale of almost prohibitive duties upon extra hours.

It is quite possible to make more goods than may be sold, only because bad laws intervene between the maker and his customer. It would be impossible to "over-trade" in that way with the present disposition of our operative classes in favour of short time, even with reduced wages, if artificial obstacles were not thrown up to prevent the intercourse of nations, and preserve their present state of alienation.

The object of Sir Robert Peel's late bills is, however, to prevent over-speculation. They were passed in 1844 and 1845, and were followed by the most extensive speculation ever manifested in this country. Their friends, however, allege that they prevented that speculation from going much farther than it did. There is unquestionably a limit to everything short of infinity; but if the railway speculation was stopped by Peel's bill, before it wrought its own cure, we are startled to think how near infinity human contrivances may go if left to their own course and guidance.

We rejoice that the railway speculation was of such an innocent character, as affects this country. It ruined some individuals, and embarassed others; but, on the whole, it came in good time to take up the surplus labourers that agriculture was throwing off, and manufactures could not employ. The supporters of the present currency acts blame it, indeed, for the existing money panic. With this charge we have not the slightest reason to be surprised. Their support of these acts is judicial evidence that they have not studied this class of topics sufficiently. The railways have certainly little to say or do in the subject. They must have straitened individuals, but they cannot have straitened the country. The money expended upon them passes from one man's bank account to another. In accomplishing this process, very little time is required. For a large part of the payments, the act is momentary. It is an affair of passing cheques. For the major part, some time is needed; but the money paid by labourers to shopkeepers and tradesmen falls rapidly into the hands of local and branch banks, or ultimately into those of the wholesale dealer, who seldom keeps cash on hand.

The railway expenditure does not go out of the country, and can only therefore affect the foreign exchanges to a very limited extent, and in no other way than house or ship-building—than draining or fencing, or any other process in the reclamation of waste lands. The only way in which it can affect the exchanges is, that, if railways were not in course of formation, a great number of the labouring population would be idle and the remainder would be working for smaller wages. Of course they would consume less tea and sugar, and, undoubtedly, also a smaller quantity of beer and spirits. There would be, consequently, a reduced consumpt of colonial products and grain, while the sums to be paid for these commodities would be proportionally reduced, and the exchanges so far eased.

Railways, however, share this tendency in common with house and ship-building, or with those beneficent operations in draining land, undertaken through direct Government encouragement, and the road-destroying and most unprofitable expenditure, sanctioned by the Government in Ireland. Sir Charles Wood may, therefore, quite as wisely press resolutions to stop all public works in Ireland, and all house or bridge-building—all harbour-making or dock-formation—all ship, boat, or steam vessel construction, and the cutting of the drains for which he lent the money—as resolutions to suspend railway legislation and railway bills.

Nothing can be more evident than that if the labourers at railways, at iron works, and other establishments, whose wages have been enhanced, in consequence of the new lines, were to live soberly, and put the balance of their earnings into the savings bank instead of the whisky shops no harm could come to the country by the operation. Instead of funds being low in price they would be high. Whenever a capitalist wanted to sell consols to pay his calls the Government broker would be ready to buy on account of the savings banks, or the building societies, the benefit societies, and the various clubs would cheerfully pay for his stock. The consideration shows how intimately the prosperity of this country is dependent upon the morality of the labouring classes.

Some parties allege that railways were very commendable up to a certain extent, and so long as the shareholders could pay the calls from the savings of their incomes; but whenever they began to borrow money for the purpose of meeting calls, they raised the rate of interest, interfered with the ordinary pursuits of commerce, and have done thus all the mischief that has been accomplished. This argument may or may not be incorrect in its result, but it is inaccurate in its statements and suppositions. If railways be made at all, they must be formed by the savings of some persons. If the shareholders borrow money to pay the calls, they must borrow from the savings of some individuals. So far as the country is concerned, it matters nothing whether they are working on their own savings or those of others, for there is no other source of accumulation except economy.

Then the effect of their proceedings on the rate of interest must have been the same, whether the shareholders used their own property or borrowed money. If a man saves money and does not put it out on railways he will expend or invest it in something else. If he saves without investing he will be able to lend. And if many persons who have been thus saving and lending continue to save but begin to invest, their accumulations are withdrawn from the lending market, and the result is the same on the value of money, as if they had borrowed a sum similar to that which they expend.

It is useless, therefore, to complicate the question by saying that while calls were paid from the accumulations of the shareholders, the railways were not injurious, but are rendered prejudicial whenever those calls are paid by borrowed money. The result on the money market, by either mode of transacting the business, would be the same.

If the expenditure on railways were to be taken as one course of the prevalent scarcity of money, still it could not account for the vast depreciation in almost every description of property that is now experienced. Adding the expenditure on railways of the last two years to the extra outlay for grain from foreign countries since harvest, a sum considerably under forty-five millions sterling will be produced. This vast sum does not account for depreciation of property equivalent to from one hundred and fifty to five hundred millions. There is no comparison between the presumed cause and the ascertained result; but we have already shewn, so far as the country and its financial arrangements are concerned, that the only part of railway expenditure that could have materially effected them is that small portion which the labourers may expend on foreign products, over and above the sums which, in more straitened circumstances, would be devoted by them to that purpose.

To save this small sum—for that is all the saving—the Legislature has been invited to suspend all railway works, although, in that case, the labourers and their families must come on the poor rates, and be supported for doing nothing. This plan of economising would be ruinously extravagant.

We have already seen that Sir Robert Peel's bills did not, in point of fact, stop speculation. We may also deny that the Government acts wisely in endeavouring to intermeddle with business. It is not likely that the Members of the Cabinet will generally have much practical acquaintance with commercial affairs; and the country has been often so well nigh ruined by theorists, that it would not be foolish to have done once and for ever with their intermeddling.

Those who require a change in the currency laws are taunted with seeking Government intervention. Nothing can be more false. The Voluntaries in religion might be with equal propriety accused of seeking Government interference with creeds and doctrines; because they invite Parliament to repeal some of its own acts. The opponents of the existing currency laws do precisely the same thing. They invoke not more, but less, government interference. They allege that the government are to a large extent trespassers on ground not their own; but the invitation to walk off is certainly not to be construed as a message with compliments, and the request of the parties concerned, that they would re-create themselves there, whenever their convenience served.

Sir Robert Peel, by his act of 1844, limited the circulation of the Bank of England to £14,000,000, on a basis of government securities, which is its fixed issue. The Bank may issue notes to any extent above that sum, but the currency must be based on gold. For every million of notes that it issues, it must have a million of sovereigns, or an equivalent to them in gold and silver on hand. Sir Robert Peel himself acknowledges that bullion currency is most expensive. There is—first, all its amount of capital sunk, and rendered into not fixed, but retrograding capital. Then, second, there are two processes of retrogression, for gold wears, and gold is lost—lost or destroyed to the country, which never is or can be the case with a paper currency. The result of necessity that money is made dear, and labour or profit is proportionately reduced; while capitalists, whose trade is exclusively to lend money on tangible and mortgaged, or pawned securities, prosper.

The classes who lose by this arrangement are very numerous, because whenever bankers foresee a run for gold to export, they contract discounts, and raise the price of money. In the struggle to stand upright, the middle classes waste their strength. They cast away their property below its value; and those who watch and wait for the wrecks of society pick it up. The tendency of the present currency law is therefore to repress the middle classes for the profit of wealthy men, who are no engaged in industrial pursuits.

Here, however, as in all similar cases, the evil sinks downwards to the lowest depths. Most undoubtedly, mills have been stopped in Lancashire and Lanarkshire, or wrought on short time, not merely for want of orders, but because orders that were not to be paid in cash, or in very short bills, could not be executed, for the bills were not negotiable, or could have only been cashed at a price which would have swept away much more than profits.

In the humblest places that can be called homes, where wasted strength was planning how a high expenditure could be made to square with a low income, Sir Robert Peel's acts came in and carried the earnings altogether away. The mill was stopped. The spindles stood still. A long holiday of starvation was secured. To maintain it, the home was emptied into the pawnshop; and such deep losses incurred, as a good harvest and twelvemonths busy work will scarcely retrieve. But if the poor sunk, wealthier capitalits prospered, and trade to them, amidst ruins, is a money-making process.

The apology for Sir Robert Peel's adoption of what he calls the most expensive currency, is to secure the convertibility of paper currency. Does it make that secure? Most certainly not. The Bank of England has fourteen millions of a fixed currency that is unbacked by gold. The other banks in England, Scotland, and Ireland have a considerable currency in the same position. It is quite possible that all bullion might be drawn down to these points, and where is the convertibility?

Bankers must risk that matter. They promise to pay in bullion when required; but people do not take their notes on account of that promise. They pass current because they represent solid property; because they are parts of houses, of lands, of ships; and because they are fragments of the national debt.

The proper cure for these matters is to revert to the Scotch system of banking before 1845, and extend its

provisions to England. It is notorious that this scheme wrought well. The currency commanded the utmost confidence. All classes were satisfied with its soundness. The excellence of the system was strikingly manifested by the fact, that a small circulation was made to do a large business. There were no failures to pay—there was no repudiation—no broken faith with the public—no inconvenience experienced—and there should have been no legislative intermeddling.

There could be no difficulty in requiring bankers to found so much of their circulation on Government securities; although, where the Companies are numerous, such provisions are superfluous. Still they can effect evil; and the result is, that the country has, so far as that portion of the currency extends a circulation managed without any expenre.

The adoption of this system in England would be equivalent to an addition of £20,000,000 to the fleeting capit—"the small charge," as it has not been inaptly termed, of the country.

We know there is a feeling in its favour in Lancashire and the manufacturing districts. It would not unduly depreciate the value of money. It would carry the country away from the verge of bankruptcy. It would form, in a present and temporary relief, a large and important and permanent benefit.

One-half or one-fourth of the energy which repealed the Corn-law would revoke the Currency-law, and accomplish, at least, an equal triumph.

DANIEL O'CONNELL died at Genoa on Saturday the 15th instant. He had reached the allotted threescore and ten years, and passed them by three to four years. When the Irish people shall be recounting to their children in future generations the dire calamities of the year of famine, they will not omit the crown (in their estimate) of them all—the death of the Liberator.

There will be many disputes, before the page of history records the character which shall finally prevail respecting this man—the greatest political personage of these times.

Mr. O'Connell used to say he was "the best abused man in Europe." This was true: and a truth significant of his importance in Europe. Since Napoleon, he has had no equal in the political power which he has wielded. People do not abuse a man without a purpose; and the amount of abuse may, therefore, be the measure of fear of the assailants for their interests. O'Connell effected a revolution in Ireland; and the signs of it were manifest in his own history, within the last twenty years. We remember when the forms of the constitution would not permit him to take his seat as a simple member of parliament. We knew him when, as the chief of a compact band of from forty to sixty members of the House of Commons, exercising the dominancy of a superior will and intellect over his inferiors. In mind and purpose, he was the most powerful man in British affairs—the master successively of the Melbourne and the Russell cabinets. Merle D'Aubigne says, the only man of these times like Martin Luther, in the power he wielded, was Daniel O'Connell; he was constantly acting on public opinion, by his pen and tongue, by letters and speeches, as a journalist and an orator. But Luther was never master of cabinets, and never, therefore, the most powerful personality concerned in the government of an empire. Of course, there is a difference between the greatness of a man's qualities, and the goodness of his position. There may have been a concurrence of circumstances which gave his greatness to O'Connell, but the weakest theory we have seen of it, is the one which refers it to the obstinacy of George the III. on refusing Catholic emancipation. In conversation, Mr O'Connell himself gave a satisfactory explanation of the matter. "A man has energy," he said, "and his circumstances determine the use he is to make of it." "There is a dumb war," he used to say, "always going on in Ireland." He had energy and he gave it to the cause of his race and his religion. The war did not make the energy, which unquestionably made itself powerfully felt in the battle and in the victory. There is always work to be done demanding the greatest energy, and it waits until the strong man rises to do it.

Never perhaps has any man lived and acted whose life has equalled that of Daniel O'Connell in consistency of agitation. If this be a virtue, he is the perfection of it. Though the horrors of the French Revolution almost made him a Tory when a boy, as soon as he made up his mind in early manhood his opinions and purposes at twenty-five were very nearly what they were at seventy. We have somewhere seen in one extract, the earliest expressions of his mind forty years ago, a list of the reforms he pledged himself to effect. There was no mincing modesty or timidity in this list. He said, "support me and I will do them." "The Parliament in College Green" was a late promise which every now and then was modified by an "or"—"Repeal *or* justice for Ireland." Writers who make much of the differences of race—a theme about which there is much nonsense in vogue—will be pleased to explain why this chief of the Celts—the Irish Celts—the mercurial, impracticable, versatile, talkative, unsteady Celts—has been for five-and-forty years a leading politician in the three kingdoms. The Saxon Peel has been a teetotum, the Anglo-Irish Wellesley a drifting iceberg, the half-Scotch half-English Brougham a "Will-o'-the-wisp" compared with this doggish, steady, obstinate Celt, O'Connell. His principles and purposes, his views and aims, and all his modes of carrying them out, have been the same for half a century. The greatest example of the Saxon qualities of steadiness and practicality in these days has been this great Celt. O'Connell had none of the imaginative genius of the Anglo-Irish, which displays itself in the splendour of the eloquence of Burke, Curran, Grattan, and Shiel. Compared with theirs, his was the eloquence of business. His rhetoric was all second-hand. He convulsed his audience at Covent Garden by describing the Corn-Law Dukes as fellows whose shadows were afraid to follow them. O'Connell, we said, *can* produce a good and witty joke of his own, when a friend interrupted us, saying—"It is taken from Hudibras, whose couplet is—

> 'A man he was so ghastly and so grim,
> His very shadow feared to follow him.'"

There was no original Irish wit in this greatest of the Irish. O'Connell had Saxon steadiness, and was destitute of Irish fancy; and to this curious fact must be ascribed the consequence that, while the florid orators of Ireland were weak and beautiful as flags on a ship of war, he was powerful and terrible as the guns within her port-holes.

O'Connell was the most kingly man of these days. His crown was indeed a cap, but his power was not ceremonial but real. He was the hero of his countrymen. In the eyes of the Liberals of Europe he was the august voice of an oppressed nation. Roman Catholic Europe revered him as the sainted champion of religion.

We might have given a detailed narrative of the life of this extraordinary man; but so far as this can be accomplished in limited space, it has been done, and well done, in the daily press.

To enter more minutely on his history, which is Ireland's history, is unnecessary with the knowledge that his biography will be written by his son.

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TAIT'S
EDINBURGH MAGAZINE.
JULY, 1847.

THE NAUTICO-MILITARY NUN OF SPAIN.

BY THOMAS DE QUINCEY.

(Concluded from page 876.)

LET us suppose Kate placed in a warm bed. Let us suppose her in a few hours recovering steady consciousness; in a few days recovering some power of self-support; in a fortnight able to seek the gay saloon, where the Senora was sitting alone, and rendering thanks, with that deep sincerity which ever characterised our wild-hearted Kate, for the critical services received from that lady and her establishment.

This lady, a widow, was what the French call a *métisse*, the Spaniards a *mestizza*; that is, the daughter of a genuine Spaniard, and an Indian mother. I shall call her simply a *creole*,* which will indicate her want of pure Spanish blood sufficiently to explain her deference for those who had it. She was a kind, liberal woman; rich rather more than needed where there were no opera boxes to rent—a widow about fifty years old in the wicked world's account, some forty-four in her own; and happy, above all, in the possession of a most lovely daughter, whom even the wicked world did not accuse of more than sixteen years. This daughter, Juana, was —— But stop—let her open the door of the saloon in which the Senora and the cornet are conversing, and speak for herself. She did so, after an hour had passed; which length of time, to *her* that never had any business whatever in her innocent life, seemed sufficient to settle the business of the old world and the new. Had Pietro Diaz (as Catalina now called herself) been really a Peter, and not a sham Peter, what a vision of loveliness would have rushed upon his sensibilities as the door opened! Do not expect me to describe her, for which, however, there are materials extant, sleeping in archives, where they have slept for two hundred and twenty years. It is enough that she is reported to have united the stately tread of Andalusian women with the innocent voluptuousness of Peruvian eyes. As to her complexion and figure, be it known that Juana's father was a gentleman from Grenada, having in his veins the grandest blood of all this earth, blood of Goths and Vandals, tainted (for which Heaven be thanked!) twice over with blood of Arabs—once through Moors, once through Jews;* whilst from her grandmother Juana drew the deep subtle melancholy and the beautiful contours of limb which belong to the Indian race—a race destined silently and slowly to fade from the earth. No awkwardness was or could be in this antelope, when gliding with forest grace into the room—no town-bred shame—nothing but the unaffected pleasure of one who wishes to speak a fervent welcome, but knows not if she ought—the astonishment of a Miranda, bred in utter solitude, when first beholding a princely Ferdinand—and just so much reserve as to remind you, that if Catalina thought fit to dissemble her sex, she did *not*. And consider, reader, if you look back and are a great arithmetician, that whilst the Senora had only fifty per cent. of Spanish blood, Juana had seventy-five; so that her Indian melancholy after all was swallowed up for the present by her Vandal, by her Arab, by her Spanish fire.

Catalina, seared as she was by the world, has left it evident in her memoirs that she was touched more than she wished to be by this innocent child.

* "*Creole*":—At that time the infusion of negro or African blood was small. Consequently none of the negro hideousness was diffused. After these intercomplexities had arisen between all complications of descent from three original strands, European, American, African, the distinctions of social consideration founded on them bred names so many, that a court calendar was necessary to keep you from blundering. As yet, the varieties were few. Meantime, the word *creole* has always been misapplied in our English colonies to a person (though of strictly European blood) simply because *born* in the West Indies. In this English use, it expresses the same difference as the Romans indicated by *Hispanus* and *Hispanicus*. The first meant a person of Spanish blood, a native of Spain; the second, a Roman born in Spain. So of *Germanus* and *Germanicus*, *Italus* and *Italicus*, *Anglus* and *Anglicus*, &c.; an important distinction, on which see Casaubon *apud Scriptores. Hist. Augustan.*

* It is well known, that the very reason why the Spanish of all nations became the most gloomily jealous of a Jewish cross in the pedigree, was because, until the vigilance of the Church rose into ferocity, in no nation was such a cross so common. The hatred of fear is ever the deepest. And men hated the Jewish taint, as once in Jerusalem they hated the leprosy, because even whilst they raved against it, the secret proofs of it might be detected amongst their own kindred, even as in the Temple, whilst once a king rose in mutiny against the priesthood, (Chron. ii. 26) suddenly the leprosy that dethroned him, blazed out upon his forehead.

Juana formed a brief lull for Catalina in her too stormy existence. And if for *her* in this life the sweet reality of a sister had been possible, here was the sister she would have chosen. On the other hand, what might Juana think of the cornet? To have been thrown upon the kind hospitalities of her native home, to have been rescued by her mother's servants from that fearful death which, lying but a few miles off, had filled her nursery with traditionary tragedies,—*that* was sufficient to create an interest in the stranger. But his bold martial demeanour, his yet youthful style of beauty, his frank manners, his animated conversation that reported a hundred contests with suffering and peril, wakened for the first time her admiration. Men she had never seen before, except menial servants, or a casual priest. But here was a gentleman, young like herself, that rode in the cavalry of Spain—that carried the banner of the only potentate whom Peruvians knew of—the King of the Spains and the Indies—that had doubled Cape-Horn, that had crossed the Andes, that had suffered shipwreck, that had rocked upon fifty storms, and had wrestled for life through fifty battles.

The reader knows all that followed. The sisterly love which Catalina did really feel for this young mountaineer was inevitably misconstrued. Embarrassed, but not able, from sincere affection, or almost in bare propriety, to refuse such expressions of feeling as corresponded to the artless and involuntary kindnesses of the ingenuous Juana, one day the cornet was surprised by mamma in the act of encircling her daughter's waist with his martial arm, although waltzing was premature by at least two centuries in Peru. She taxed him instantly with dishonourably abusing her confidence. The cornet made but a bad defence. He muttered something about "*fraternal affection*," about "esteem," and a great deal of metaphysical words that are destined to remain untranslated in their original Spanish. The good Senora, though she could boast only of forty-four years' experience, was not altogether to be "*had*" in that fashion—she was as learned as if she had been fifty, and she brought matters to a speedy crisis. "You are a Spaniard," she said, "a gentleman, therefore; *remember* that you are a gentleman. This very night, if your intentions are not serious, quit my house. Go to Tucuman; you shall command my horses and servants; but stay no longer to increase the sorrow that already you will have left behind you. My daughter loves you. That is sorrow enough, if you are trifling with us. But, if not, and you also love *her*, and can be happy in our solitary mode of life, stay with us—stay for ever. Marry Juana with my free consent. I ask not for wealth. Mine is sufficient for you both." The cornet protested that the honour was one never contemplated by *him*—that it was too great—that ——. But, of course, reader, you know that "gammon" flourishes in Peru, amongst the silver mines, as well as in some more boreal lands that produce little better than copper and tin. "Tin," however, has its uses. The delighted Senora overruled all objections, great and small; and she confirmed Juana's notion that the business of two worlds could be transacted in an hour, by settling her daughter's future happiness in exactly twenty minutes. The poor, weak Catalina, not acting now in any spirit of recklessness, grieving sincerely for the gulph that was opening before her, and yet shrinking effeminately from the momentary shock that would be inflicted by a firm adherence to her duty, clinging to the anodyne of a short delay, allowed herself to be installed as the lover of Juana. Considerations of convenience, however, postponed the marriage. It was requisite to make various purchases; and for this, it was requisite to visit Tucuman, where, also, the marriage ceremony could be performed with more circumstantial splendour. To Tucuman, therefore, after some weeks' interval, the whole party repaired. And at Tucuman it was that the tragical events arose, which, whilst interrupting such a mockery for ever, left the poor Juana still happily deceived, and never believing for a moment that hers was a rejected or a deluded heart.

One reporter of Mr. De Ferrer's narrative forgets his usual generosity, when he says that the Senora's gift of her daughter to the Alférez was not quite so disinterested as it seemed to be. Certainly it was not so disinterested as European ignorance might fancy it: but it was quite as much so as it ought to have been, in balancing the interests of a child. Very true it is—that, being a genuine Spaniard, who was still a rare creature in so vast a world as Peru, being a Spartan amongst Helots, an Englishman amongst Savages, an Alférez would in those days have been a natural noble. His alliance created honour for his wife and for his descendants. Something, therefore, the cornet would add to the family consideration. But, instead of selfishness, it argued just regard for her daughter's interest to build upon this, as some sort of equipoise to the wealth which her daughter would bring.

Spaniard, however, as he was, our Alférez on reaching Tucuman found no Spaniards to mix with, but instead twelve Portuguese.

Catalina remembered the Spanish proverb—"Subtract from a Spaniard all his good qualities, and the remainder makes a pretty fair Portuguese;" but, as there was nobody else to gamble with, she entered freely into their society. Very soon she suspected that there was foul play: all modes of doctoring dice had been made familiar to *her* by the experience of camps. She watched; and, by the time she had lost her final coin, she was satisfied that she had been plundered. In her first anger she would have been glad to switch the whole dozen across the eyes; but, as twelve to one were too great odds, she determined on limiting her vengeance to the immediate culprit. Him she followed into the street; and coming near enough to distinguish his profile reflected on a wall, she continued to keep him in view from a short distance. The light-hearted young cavalier whistled, as he went, an old Portuguese ballad of romance; and in a quarter of an hour came up to an house, the front door of which he began to open with a pass-key. This operation was the signal for

Catalina that the hour of vengeance had struck; and, stepping hastily up, she tapped the Portuguese on the shoulder, saying—"Senor, you are a robber!" The Portuguese turned coolly round, and, seeing his gaming antagonist, replied—"Possibly, Sir; but I have no particular fancy for being told so," at the same time drawing his sword. Catalina had not designed to take any advantage; and the touching him on the shoulder, with the interchange of speeches, and the known character of Kate, sufficiently imply it. But it is too probable in such cases, that the party whose intention has been regularly settled from the first, will, and must have an advantage unconsciously over a man so abruptly thrown on his defence. However this might be, they had not fought a minute before Catalina passed her sword through her opponent's body; and without a groan or a sigh, the Portuguese cavalier fell dead at his own door. Kate searched the street with her ears, and (as far as the indistinctness of night allowed) with her eyes. All was profoundly silent; and she was satisfied that no human figure was in motion. What should be done with the body? A glance at the door of the house settled *that:* Fernando had himself opened it at the very moment when he received the summons to turn round. She dragged the corpse in, therefore, to the foot of the staircase, put the key by the dead man's side, and then issuing softly into the street, drew the door close with as little noise as possible. Catalina again paused to listen and to watch, went home to the hospitable Senora's house, retired to bed, fell asleep, and early the next morning was awakened by the Corregidor and four alguazils.

The lawlessness of all that followed strikingly exposes the frightful state of criminal justice at that time, wherever Spanish law prevailed. No evidence appeared to connect Catalina in any way with the death of Fernando Acosta. The Portuguese gamblers, besides that perhaps they thought lightly of such an accident, might have reasons of their own for drawing off public attention from their pursuits in Tucuman: not one of these men came forward openly; else the circumstances at the gaming table, and the departure of Catalina so closely on the heels of her opponent, would have suggested reasonable grounds for detaining her until some further light should be obtained. As it was, her imprisonment rested upon no colourable ground whatever, unless the magistrate had received some anonymous information, which, however, he never alleged. One comfort there was, meantime, in Spanish injustice: it did not loiter. Full gallop it went over the ground: one week often sufficed for informations—for trial—for execution; and the only bad consequence was, that a second or third week sometimes exposed the disagreeable fact that everything had been "premature:" a solemn sacrifice had been made to offended justice, in which all was right except as to the victim: it was the wrong man; and *that* gave extra trouble; for then all was to do over again, another man to be executed, and, possibly, still to be caught.

Justice moved at her usual Spanish rate in the present case. Kate was obliged to rise instantly; not suffered to speak to anybody in the house, though, in going out, a door opened, and she saw the young Juana looking out with saddest Indian expression. In one day the trial was all finished. Catalina said (which was true) that she hardly knew Acosta; and that people of her rank were used to attack their enemies face to face, not by murderous surprises. The magistrates were impressed with Catalina's answers (yet answers to *what?*) Things were beginning to look well, when all was suddenly upset by two witnesses, whom the reader (who is a sort of accomplice after the fact, having been privately let into the truths of the case, and having concealed his knowledge,) will know at once to be false witnesses, but whom the old Spanish buzwigs doated on as models of all that could be looked for in the best. Both were very ill-looking fellows, as it was their duty to be. And the first deposed as follows:—That through *his* quarter of Tucuman, the fact was notorious of Acosta's wife being the object of a criminal pursuit on the part of the Alférez (Catalina): that, *doubtless*, the injured husband had surprised the prisoner, which, of course, had led to the murder—to the staircase—to the key—to everything, in short, that could be wished; no—stop! what am I saying?—to everything that ought to be abominated. Finally—for he had now settled the main question—that he had a friend who would take up the case where he himself, from short-sightedness, was obliged to lay it down." This friend, the Pythias of this short-sighted Damon, started up in a frenzy of virtue at this summons, and, rushing to the front of the alguazils, said, "that since his friend had proved sufficiently the fact of the Alférez having been lurking in the house, and having murdered a man, all that rested upon *him* to show was, how that murderer got out of the house; which he could do satisfactorily; for there was a balcony running along the windows on the second floor, one of which windows he himself, lurking in a corner of the street, saw the Alférez throw up, and from the said balcony take a flying leap into the said street." Evidence like this was conclusive; no defence was listened to, nor indeed had the prisoner any to produce. The Alférez could deny neither the staircase nor the balcony; the street is there to this day, like the bricks in Jack Cade's Chimney, testifying all that may be required; and, as to our friend who saw the leap, there he was; nobody could deny *him*. The prisoner might indeed have suggested that she never heard of Acosta's wife, nor had the existence of such a wife been ripened even into a suspicion. But the bench were satisfied; chopping logic was of no use; and sentence was pronounced—that on the eighth day from the day of arrest, the Alférez should be executed in the public square.

It was not amongst the weaknesses of Catalina—who had so often inflicted death, and, by her own journal, thought so lightly of inflicting it (if not under cowardly advantages)—

to shrink from facing death in her own person. Many incidents in her career show the coolness and even gaiety with which, in any case where death was apparently inevitable, she would have gone to meet it. But in this case she *had* a temptation for escaping it, which was probably in her power. She had only to reveal the secret of her sex, and the ridiculous witnesses, beyond whose testimony there was nothing at all against her, must at once be covered with derision. Catalina had some liking for fun; and a main inducement to this course was, that it would enable her to say to the judges, "Now you see what old fools you've made of yourselves; every woman and child in Peru will soon be laughing at you." I must acknowledge my own weakness; this last temptation I could *not* have withstood; flesh is weak, and fun is strong. But Catalina *did*. On consideration she fancied, that, although the particular motive for murdering Acosta would be dismissed with laughter, still this might not clear her of the murder, which on some *other* motive she might have committed. But supposing that she were cleared altogether, what most of all she feared was, that the publication of her sex would throw a reflex light upon many past transactions in her life—would instantly find its way to Spain—and would probably soon bring her within the tender attentions of the Inquisition. She kept firm to the resolution of not saving her life by this discovery. And so far as her fate lay in her own hands, she would (as the reader will perceive from a little incident at the scaffold) have perished to a certainty. But even at this point, how strange a case! A woman *falsely* accused of an act which she really *did* commit! And falsely accused of a true offence upon a motive that was impossible!

As the sun set upon the seventh day, when the hours were numbered for the prisoner, there filed into her cell four persons in religious habits. They came on the charitable mission of preparing the poor convict for death. Catalina, however, watching all things narrowly, remarked something earnest and significant in the eye of the leader, as of one who had some secret communication to make. She contrived to clasp this man's hands as if in the energy of internal struggles, and *he* contrived to slip into hers the very smallest of billets from poor Juana. It contained, for indeed it *could* contain, only these three words—"Do not confess. J." This one caution, so simple and so brief, was a talisman. It did not refer to any confession of the crime, *that* would have been assuming what Juana was neither entitled nor disposed to assume, but, in the technical sense of the Church, to the act of devotional confession. Catalina found a single moment for a glance at it—understood the whole—resolutely refused to confess, as a person unsettled in her religious opinions, that needed spiritual instructions, and the four monks withdrew to make their report. The principal judge, upon hearing of the prisoner's impenitence, granted another day. At the end of *that*, no change having occurred either in the prisoner's mind, or in the circumstances, he issued his warrant for the execution. Accordingly, as the sun went down, the sad procession formed within the prison. Into the great square of Tucuman it moved, where the scaffold had been built, and the whole city had assembled for the spectacle. Catalina steadily ascended the ladder of the scaffold; even then she resolved not to benefit by revealing her sex; even then it was that she expressed her scorn for the lubberly executioner's mode of tying a knot; did it herself in a "ship-shape," orthodox manner; received in return the enthusiastic plaudits of the crowd, and so far ran the risk of precipitating her fate; for the timid magistrates, fearing a rescue from the impetuous mob, angrily ordered the executioner to finish the scene. The clatter of a galloping horse, however, at this instant forced them to pause. The crowd opened a road for the agitated horseman, who was the bearer of an order from the President of La Plata to suspend the execution until two prisoners could be examined. The whole was the work of the Senora and her daughter. The elder lady, having gathered informations against the witnesses, had pursued them to La Plata. There, by her influence with the Governor, they were arrested; recognised as old malefactors; and in their terror had partly confessed their perjury. Catalina was removed to La Plata; solemnly acquitted; and, by the advice of the President, for the present the connexion with the Senora's family was postponed indefinitely.

Now was the last adventure approaching that ever Catalina should see in the new world. Some fine sights she may yet see in Europe, but nothing after this *(which she has recorded)* in America. Europe, if it had ever heard of her name (which very shortly it *shall)*, Kings, Pope, Cardinals, if they were but aware of her existence (which in six months they *shall* be), would thirst for an introduction to our Catalina. You hardly thought now, reader, that she was such a great person, or anybody's pet but yours and mine. Bless you, sir, she would scorn to look at *us*. I tell you, royalties are languishing to see her, or soon *will* be. But how can this come to pass, if she is to continue in her present obscurity? Certainly it cannot without some great *peripetteia* or vertiginous whirl of fortune; which, therefore, you shall now behold taking place in one turn of her next adventure. *That* shall let in a light, *that* shall throw back a Claude Lorraine gleam over all the past, able to make Kings, that would have cared not for her under Peruvian daylight, come to glorify her setting-beams.

The Senora—and, observe, whatever kindness she does to Catalina speaks secretly from two hearts, her own and Juana's—had, by the advice of Mr. President Mendonia, given sufficient money for Catalina's travelling expenses. So far well. But Mr. M. chose to add a little codicil to this bequest of the Senora's, never suggested by her or by her daughter. "Pray," said this Inquisitive President, who surely might have found business enough in La Plata, "Pray, Senor Pietro Diaz, did you ever live at Concepcion?

And were you ever acquainted there with Senor Miguel de Erauso? That man, sir, was my friend." What a pity that on this occasion Catalina could not venture to be candid! What a capital speech it would have made to say—"*Friend* were you? I think you could hardly be *that*, with 700 miles between you. But that man was *my* friend also; and, secondly, my brother. True it is I killed him. But if you happen to know that this was by pure mistake in the dark, what an old rogue you must be to throw *that* in my teeth, which is the affliction of my life!" Again, however, as so often in the same circumstances, Catalina thought that it would cause more ruin than it could heal to be candid: and, indeed, if she were really *P. Diaz, Esq.*, how came she to be brother to the late Mr. Erauso? On consideration, also, if she could not tell *all*, merely to have professed a fraternal connexion which never was avowed by either whilst living together, would not have brightened the reputation of Catalina, which too surely required a scouring. Still, from my kindness for poor Kate, I feel uncharitably towards the president for advising Senor Pietro "to travel for his health." What had *he* to do with people's health? However, Mr. Peter, as he had pocketed the Senora's money, thought it right to pocket also the advice that accompanied its payment. That he might be in a condition to do so, he went off to buy a horse. He was in luck to-day. For, beside money and advice, he obtained, at a low rate, a horse both beautiful and serviceable for a journey. To Paz it was, a city of prosperous name, that the cornet first moved. But Paz did not fulfil the promise of its name. For it laid the grounds of a feud that drove our Kate out of America.

Her first adventure was a bagatelle, and fitter for a jest book than a history; yet it proved no jest either, since it led to the tragedy that followed. Riding into Paz, our gallant standard-bearer and her bonny black horse drew all eyes, *comme de raison*, upon their separate charms. This was inevitable amongst the indolent population of a Spanish town; and Kate was used to it. But, having recently had a little too much of the public attention, she felt nervous on remarking two soldiers eyeing the handsome horse and the handsome rider, with an attention that seemed too solemn for mere *æsthetics*. However, Kate was not the kind of person to let anything dwell on her spirits, especially if it took the shape of impudence; and, whistling gaily, she was riding forward—when, who should cross her path, but the Alcalde! Ah! Alcalde, you see a person now that has a mission against you, though quite unknown to herself. He looked so sternly, that Kate asked if his worship had any commands. "These men," said the Alcalde, "these two soldiers, say that this horse is stolen." To one who had so narrowly and so lately escaped the balcony witness and his friend, it was really no laughing matter to hear of new affidavits in preparation. Kate was nervous; but never disconcerted. In a moment she had twitched off a saddle cloth on which she sat; and throwing it over the horse's head, so as to cover up all between the ears and the mouth, she replied, "that she had bought and paid for the horse at La Plata. But now, your worship, if this horse has really been stolen from these men, they must know well of which eye it is blind; for it *can* be only in the right eye or the left." One of the soldiers cried out instantly, that it was the left eye; but the other said, "No, no, you forget, it's the right." Kate maliciously called attention to this little schism. But the men said, "Ah, *that* was nothing; they were hurried; but now, on recollecting themselves, they were agreed that it was the left eye." Did they stand to that? "Oh yes, positive they were, left eye, left."

Upon which our Kate, twitching off the horse-cloth, said gaily to the magistrate—"Now, sir, please to observe that this horse has nothing the matter with either eye." And in fact it *was* so. Then his worship ordered his alguazils to apprehend the two witnesses, who posted off to bread and water, with other reversionary advantages, whilst Kate rode in quest of the best dinner that Paz could furnish.

This Alcalde's acquaintance, however, was not destined to drop here. Something had appeared in the young *caballero's* bearing, which made it painful to have addressed him with harshness, or for a moment to have entertained such a charge against such a person. He despatched his cousin, therefore, Don Antonio Calderon, to offer his apologies, and at the same time to request that the stranger, whose rank and quality he regretted not to have known, would do him the honour to come and dine with him. This explanation, and the fact that Don Antonio had already proclaimed his own position as cousin to the magistrate and nephew to the Bishop of Cuzco, obliged Catalina to say, after thanking the gentlemen for their obliging attentions, "I myself hold the rank of Alférez in the service of his Catholic Majesty. I am a native of Biscay, and I am now repairing to Cuzco on private business." "To Cuzco!" exclaimed Don Antonio, "how very fortunate! my cousin is a Basque like you; and, like you, he starts for Cuzco to-morrow morning; so that, if it is agreeable to you, Senor Alférez, we will travel together." It was settled that they should. To travel—amongst "balcony" witnesses, and anglers for "blind horses"—not merely with a just man, but with the very abstract idea and riding allegory of justice, was too delightful to the storm-wearied cornet; and he cheerfully accompanied Don Antonio to the house of the magistrate, called Don Pedro de Chavarria. Distinguished was his reception; the Alcalde personally renewed his regrets for the ridiculous scene of the two scampish oculists, and presented him to his wife, a splendid Andalusian beauty, to whom he had been married about a year.

This lady there is a reason for describing; and the French reporter of Catalina's memoirs dwells upon the theme. She united, he says, the sweetness of the German lady with the energy of the Arabian, a combination hard to judge of. As to her feet, he adds, I say nothing; for she had scarcely any at all. "*Je ne parle point de*

ses pieds, elle n' en avait presque pas." "Poor lady!" says a compassionate rustic: "no feet! What a shocking thing that so fine a woman should have been so sadly mutilated!" Oh, my dear rustic, you're quite in the wrong box. The Frenchman means this as the very highest compliment. Beautiful, however, she must have been; and a Cinderella I hope, not a Cinderellula, considering that she had the inimitable walk and step of the Andalusians, which cannot be accomplished without something of a proportionate basis to stand upon.

The reason which there is (as I have said) for describing this lady arises out of her relation to the tragic events which followed. She, by her criminal levity, was the cause of all. And I must here warn the moralising blunderer of two errors that he is too likely to make: 1st, That he is invited to read some extract from a licentious amour, as if for its own interest; 2d, Or on account of Donna Catalina's memoirs, with a view to relieve their too martial character. I have the pleasure to assure him of his being so utterly in the darkness of error, that any possible change he can make in his opinions, right or left, must be for the better: he cannot stir, but he will mend; which is a delightful thought for the moral and blundering mind. As to the first point, what little glimpse he obtains of a licentious amour is, as a court of justice will sometimes show him such a glimpse, simply to make intelligible the subsequent facts which depend upon it. Secondly, As to the conceit, that Catalina wished to embellish her memoirs, understand that no such practice then existed; certainly not in Spanish literature. Her memoirs are electrifying by their facts; else, in the manner of telling these facts, they are systematically dry.

Don Antonio Calderon was a handsome, accomplished cavalier. And in the course of dinner, Catalina was led to judge from the behaviour to each other of this gentleman and the lady, the Alcalde's beautiful wife, that they had an improper understanding. This also she inferred from the furtive language of their eyes. Her wonder was, that the Alcalde should be so blind; though upon that point she saw reason in a day or two to change her opinion. Some people see everything by affecting to see nothing. The whole affair, however, was nothing at all to *her*, and she would have dismissed it from her thoughts altogether, but for what happened on the journey.

From the miserable roads, eight hours a-day of travelling was found quite enough for man and beast; the product of which eight hours was from ten to twelve leagues. On the last day but one of the journey, the travelling party, which was precisely the original dinner party, reached a little town ten leagues short of Cuzco. The Corregidor of this place was a friend of the Alcalde; and through *his* influence the party obtained better accomodations than those which they had usually had in a hovel calling itself a *venta*, or in the sheltered corner of a barn. The Alcalde was to sleep at the Corregidor's house: the two young cavaliers, Calderon and our Kate, had sleeping rooms at the public *locanda;* but for the lady was reserved a little pleasure-house in an enclosed garden. This was a plaything of a house; but the season being summer, and the house surrounded with tropical flowers, the lady preferred it (in spite of its loneliness) to the damp mansion of the official grandee, who, in her humble opinion, was quite as fusty as his mansion, and his mansion not much less so than himself.

After dining gaily together at the *locanda*, and possibly taking a 'rise' out of his worship, the Corregidor, as a repeating echo of Don Quixote, (then growing popular in Spanish America) the young man who was no young officer, and the young officer who was no young man, lounged down together to the little pavilion in the flower-garden, with the purpose of paying their respects to the presiding belle. They were graciously received; and had the honour of meeting there his Mustiness the Alcalde, and his Fustiness the Corregidor; whose conversation was surely improving, but not equally brilliant. How they got on under the weight of two such muffs, has been a mystery for two centuries. But they *did* to a certainty, for the party did not break up till eleven. *Tea and turn out* you could not call it; for there was the *turn out* in rigour but not the *tea*. One thing, however, Catalina by mere accident had an opportunity of observing, and observed with pain. The two official gentlemen had gone down the steps into the garden. Catalina, having forgot her hat, went back into the little vestibule to look for it. There stood the lady and Don Antonio, exchanging a few final words (they *were* final) and a few final signs. Amongst the last Kate observed distinctly this; and distinctly she understood it. First drawing Calderon's attention to the gesture, as one of significant pantomime, by raising her forefinger, the lady snuffed out one of the candles. The young man answered it by a look of intelligence, and all three passed down the steps together. The lady was disposed to take the cool air, and accompanied them to the garden-gate; but in passing down the walk Catalina noticed a second ill-omened sign that all was not right. Two glaring eyes she distinguished amongst the shrubs for a moment, and a rustling immediately after.—"What's that?" said the lady, and Don Antonio answered carelessly—"a bird flying out of the bushes."

Catalina, as usual, had read everything. Not a wrinkle or a rustle was lost upon *her*. And, therefore, when she reached the *locanda*, knowing to an iota all that was coming, she did not retire to bed, but paced before the house. She had not long to wait: in fifteen minutes, the door opened softly, and out stepped Calderon. Kate walked forward, and faced him immediately; telling him laughingly that it was not good for his health to go abroad on this night. The young man showed some impatience; upon which, very seriously, Kate acquainted him with her suspicions, and with the certainty that the Alcalde was not so blind as he had seemed. Calderon thanked her

for the information; would be upon his guard; but, to prevent further expostulation, he wheeled round instantly into the darkness. Catalina was too well convinced, however, of the mischief on foot, to leave him thus. She followed rapidly, and passed silently into the garden, almost at the same time with Calderon. Both took their stations behind trees; Calderon watching nothing but the burning candles, Catalina watching circumstances to direct her movements. The candles burned brightly in the little pavilion. Presently one was extinguished. Upon this, Calderon pressed forward to the steps, hastily ascended them, and passed into the vestibule. Catalina followed on his traces. What succeeded was all one scene of continued, dreadful dumb show: different passions of panic, or deadly struggle, or hellish malice absolutely suffocated all articulate words.

In a moment a gurgling sound was heard as of a wild beast attempting vainly to yell over some creature that it was strangling. Next came a tumbling out at the door of one black mass, which heaved and parted at intervals into two figures, which closed, which parted again, which at last fell down the steps together. Then appeared a figure in white. It was the unhappy Andalusian; and she seeing the outline of Catalina's person, ran up to her, unable to utter one syllable. Pitying the agony of her horror, Catalina took her within her own cloak, and carried her out at the garden gate. Calderon had by this time died; and the maniacal Alcalde had risen up to pursue his wife. But Kate, foreseeing what he would do, had stepped silently within the shadow of the garden wall. Looking down the road to the town, and seeing nobody moving, the maniac, for some purpose, went back to the house. This moment Kate used to recover the *locanda* with the lady still panting in horror. What was to be done? To think of concealment in this little place was out of the question. The Alcalde was a man of local power, and it was certain that he would kill his wife on the spot. Kate's generosity would not allow her to have any collusion with this murderous purpose. At Cuzco, the principal convent was ruled by a near relative of the Andalusian; and there she would find shelter. Kate, therefore, saddled her horse rapidly, placed the lady behind, and rode off in the darkness. About five miles out of the town their road was crossed by a torrent, over which they could not hit the bridge. "Forward!" cried the lady; and Kate repeating the word to the horse, the docile creature leaped down into the water. They were all sinking at first; but having its head free, the horse swam clear of all obstacles through the midnight darkness, and scrambled out on the opposite bank. The two riders were dripping from the shoulders downward. But, seeing a light twinkling from a cottage window, Kate rode up; obtained a little refreshment, and the benefit of a fire, from a poor labouring man. From this man she also bought a warm mantle for the lady, who, besides her torrent bath, was dressed in a light evening robe, so that but for the horseman's cloak of Kate she would have perished. But there was no time to lose. They had already lost two hours from the consequences of their cold bath. Cuzco was still eighteen miles distant; and the Alcalde's shrewdness would at once divine this to be his wife's mark. They remounted: very soon the silent night echoed the hoofs of a pursuing rider; and now commenced the most frantic race, in which each party rode as if the whole game of life were staked upon the issue. The pace was killing: and Kate has delivered it as her opinion, in the memoirs which she wrote, that the Alcalde was the better mounted. This may be doubted. And certainly Kate had ridden too many years in the Spanish cavalry to have any fear of his worship's horsemanship; but it was a prodigious disadvantage that *her* horse had to carry double; while the horse ridden by her opponent was one of those belonging to the murdered Don Antonio, and known to Kate as a powerful animal. At length they had come within three miles of Cuzco. The road after this descended the whole way to the city, and in some places rapidly, so as to require a cool rider. Suddenly a deep trench appeared traversing the whole extent of a broad heath. It was useless to evade it. To have hesitated was to be lost. Kate saw the necessity of clearing it, but doubted much whether her poor exhausted horse, after twenty-one miles of work so severe, had strength for the effort. Kate's maxim, however, which never yet had failed, both figuratively for life, and literally for the saddle, was—to ride at everything that showed a front of resistance. She did so now. Having come upon the trench rather too suddenly, she wheeled round for the advantage of coming down upon it more determinately, rode resolutely at it, and gained the opposite bank. The hind feet of her horse were sinking back from the rottenness of the ground; but the strong supporting bridle-hand of Kate carried him forward; and in ten minutes more they would be in Cuzco. This being seen by the vicious Alcalde, who had built great hopes on the trench, he unslung his carbine, pulled up, and fired after the bonny black horse and its bonny fair riders. But this manœuvre would have lost his worship any bet that he might have had depending on this admirable steeple chase. Had I been stakeholder, what a pleasure it would have been, in fifteen minutes from this very vicious shot, to pay into Kate's hands every shilling of the deposits. I would have listened to no nonsense about referees or protests. The bullets, says Kate, whistled round the poor clinging lady *en croupe*—luckily none struck her; but one wounded the horse. And that settled the odds. Kate now planted herself well in her stirrups to enter Cuzco, almost dangerously a winner; for the horse was so maddened by the wound, and the road so steep, that he went like blazes; and it really became difficult for Kate to guide him with any precision through narrow episcopal paths. Henceforwards the wounded horse required Kate's continued attention; and yet, in the mere luxury of strife, it was impossible for Kate to avoid

turning a little in her saddle to see the Alcalde's performance on this tight rope of the trench. His worship's horsemanship being perhaps rather rusty, and he not perfectly acquainted with his horse, it would have been agreeable to compromise the case by riding round, or dismounting. But all *that* was impossible. The job must be done. And I am happy to report, for the reader's satisfaction, the sequel—so far as Kate could attend the performance. Gathering himself up for mischief, the Alcalde took a sweep, as if ploughing out the line of some vast encampment, or tracing the *pomærium* for some future Rome; then, like thunder and lightning, with arms flying aloft in the air, down he came upon the trembling trench. But the horse refused the leap; and, as the only compromise that *his* unlearned brain could suggest, he threw his worship right over his ears, lodging him safely in a sand heap that rose with clouds of dust and screams of birds into the morning air. Kate had now no time to send back her compliments in a musical halloo. The Alcalde missed breaking his neck on this occasion very narrowly; but his neck was of no use to him in twenty minutes more, as the reader will soon find. Kate rode right onwards; and, coming in with a lady behind her, horse bloody, and pace such as no hounds could have lived with, she ought to have made a great sensation in Cuzco. But, unhappily, the people were all in bed.

The steeple-chase into Cuzco had been a fine headlong thing, considering the torrent, the trench, the wounded horse, the lovely lady, with her agonising fears, mounted behind Kate, together with the meek dove-like dawn: but the finale crowded together the quickest succession of changes that out of a melo-drama can ever have been witnessed. Kate reached the convent in safety; carried into the cloisters, and delivered like a parcel the fair Andalusian. But to rouse the servants caused delay; and on returning to the street through the broad gateway of the convent, whom should she face but the Alcalde! How he escaped the trench, who can tell? He had no time to write memoirs; his horse was too illiterate. But he *had* escaped; temper not at all improved by that adventure, and now raised to a hell of malignity by seeing that he had lost his prey. In the morning light he now saw how to use his sword. He attacked Kate with fury. Both were exhausted; and Kate, besides that she had no personal quarrel with the Alcalde, having now accomplished her sole object in saving the lady, would have been glad of a truce. She could with difficulty wield her sword: and the Alcalde had so far the advantage, that he wounded Kate severely. That roused her ancient blood. She turned on him now with determination. At that moment in rode two servants of the Alcalde, who took part with their master. These odds strengthened Kate's resolution, but weakened her chances. Just then, however, rode in, and ranged himself on Kate's side, the servant of the murdered Don Calderon. In an instant, Kate had pushed her sword through the Alcalde, who died upon the spot. In an instant the servant of Calderon had fled. In an instant the Alguazils had come up. They and the servants of the Alcalde pressed furiously on Kate, who now again was fighting for life. Against such odds, she was rapidly losing ground: when, in an instant, on the opposite side of the street, the great gates of the Episcopal palace rolled open. Thither it was that Calderon's servant had fled. The bishop and his attendants hurried across. "Senor Caballador," said the bishop, "in the name of the Virgin, I enjoin you to surrender your sword." "My lord," said Kate, "I dare not do it with so many enemies about me." "But I," replied the bishop, "become answerable to the law for your safe-keeping." Upon which, with filial reverence, all parties dropped their swords. Kate being severely wounded, the bishop led her into his palace. In an instant came the catastrophe; Kate's discovery could no longer be delayed; the blood flowed too rapidly; the wound was in her bosom. She requested a private interview with the bishop; all was known in a moment; for surgeons and attendants were summoned hastily, and Kate had fainted. The good bishop pitied her, and had her attended in his palace; then removed to a convent; then to a second at Lima; and, after many months had passed, his report to the Spanish Government at home of all the particulars, drew from the King of Spain and from the Pope an order that the Nun should be transferred to Spain.

Yes, at length the warrior lady, the blooming cornet, this nun that is so martial, this dragoon that is so lovely, must visit again the home of her childhood, which now for seventeen years she has not seen. All Spain, Portugal, Italy, rang with her adventures. Spain, from north to south, was frantic with desire to behold her fiery child, whose girlish romance, whose patriotic heroism electrified the national imagination. The King of Spain must kiss his *faithful* daughter, that would not suffer his banner to see dishonour. The Pope must kiss his *wandering* daughter, that henceforwards will be a lamb travelling back into the Christian fold. Potentates so great as these, when *they* speak words of love, do not speak in vain. All was forgiven; the sacrilege, the bloodshed, the flight and the scorn of St. Peter's keys; the pardons were made out, were signed, were sealed, and the chanceries of earth were satisfied.

Ah! what a day of sorrow and of joy was *that* one day, in the first week of November, 1624, when the returning Kate drew near to the shore of Andalusia—when, descending into the ship's barge, she was rowed to the piers of Cadiz by bargemen in the royal liveries—when she saw every ship, street, house, convent, church, crowded, like a day of judgment, with human faces, with men, with women, with children, all bending the lights of their flashing and their loving eyes upon herself. Forty myriads of people had gathered in Cadiz alone. All Andalusia had turned out to receive her. Ah! what joy, if she had not looked back to the Andes, to their dreadful

summits, and their more dreadful feet. Ah! what sorrow, if she had not been forced by music, and endless banners, and triumphant clamours, to turn away from the Andes to the joyous shore which she approached!

Upon this shore stood, ready to receive her, in front of all this mighty crowd, the Prime Minister of Spain, the same Condé Olivarez, who but one year before had been so haughty and so defying to our haughty and defying Duke of Buckingham. But a year ago the Prince of Wales was in Spain, and he also was welcomed with triumph and great joy, but not with the hundredth part of that enthusiasm which now met the returning nun. And Olivarez, that had spoken so roughly to the English Duke, to *her* "was sweet as summer."* Through endless crowds of festive compatriots he conducted her to the King. The King folded her in his arms, and could never be satisfied with listening to her. He sent for her continually to his presence—he delighted in her conversation, so new, so natural, so spirited—he settled a pension upon her at that time, of unprecedented amount, in the case of a subaltern officer; and by *his* desire, because the year 1625 was a year of jubilee, she departed in a few months from Madrid to Rome. She went through Barcelona; there and everywhere welcomed as the lady whom the King delighted to honour. She travelled to Rome, and all doors flew open to receive her. She was presented to his Holiness, with letters from his most Catholic majesty. But letters there needed none. The Pope admired her as much as all before had done. He caused her to recite all her adventures; and what he loved most in her account, was the sincere and sorrowing spirit in which she described herself as neither better nor worse than she had been. Neither proud was Kate, nor sycophantishly and falsely humble. Urban VIII. it was that then filled the chair of St. Peter. He did not neglect to raise his daughter's thoughts from earthly things—he pointed her eyes to the clouds that were above the dome of St. Peter's cathedral—he told her what the cathedral had told her in the gorgeous clouds of the Andes and the vesper lights, how sweet a thing, how divine a thing it was for Christ's sake to forgive all injuries, and how he trusted that no more she would think of bloodshed. He also said two words to her in Latin, which, if I had time to repeat a Spanish bishop's remark to Kate some time afterwards upon those two mysterious words, with Kate's most natural and ingenuous answer to the Bishop upon what she supposed to be their meaning, would make the reader smile not less than they made myself. You know that Kate *did* understand a little Latin, which, probably, had not been much improved by riding in the Light Dragoons. I must find time, however, whether the press and the compositors are in a fury or not, to mention that the Pope, in his farewell audience to his dear daughter, whom he was to see no more, gave her a general license to wear henceforth in all countries—even *in partibus Infidelium*—a cavalry officer's dress—boots, spurs, sabre, and sabre-tache; in fact, anything that she and the Horse Guards might agree upon. Consequently, reader, remember for your life never to say one word, nor suffer any tailor to say one word, against those Wellington trousers made in the chestnut forest; for, understand that the Papal indulgence, as to this point, runs backwards as well as forwards; it is equally shocking and heretical to murmur against trousers in the forgotten rear or against trousers yet to come.

From Rome Kate returned to Spain. She even went to St. Sebastian's—to the city, but—whether it was that her heart failed her or not—never to the convent. She roamed up and down; everywhere she was welcome—everywhere an honoured guest; but everywhere restless. The poor and humble never ceased from their admiration of her; and amongst the rich and aristocratic of Spain, with the King at their head, Kate found especial love from two classes of men. The Cardinals and Bishops all doated upon her—as their daughter that was returning. The military men all doated upon her—as their sister that was retiring.

Some time or other, when I am allowed more elbow-room, I will tell you why it is that I myself love this Kate. Now, at this moment, when it is necessary for me to close, if I allow you one question before laying down my pen—if I say, "Come now, be quick, ask anything you *have* to ask, for, in one minute, I am going to write *Finis*, after which (unless the Queen wished it) I could not add a syllable"—twenty to one, I guess what your question will be. You will ask me, What became of Kate? What was her end?

Ah, reader! but, if I answer that question, you will say I have *not* answered it. If I tell you that secret, you will say that the secret is still hidden. Yet, because I have promised, and because you will be angry if I do not, let me do my best; and bad is the best. After ten years of restlessness in Spain, with thoughts always turning back to the Andes, Kate heard of an expedition on the point of sailing to Spanish America. All soldiers knew *her*, so that she had information of everything that stirred in camps. Men of the highest military rank were going out with the expedition; but they all loved Kate as a sister, and were delighted to hear that she would join their mess on board ship. This ship, with others, sailed, whither finally bound, I really forget. But, on reaching America, all the expedition touched at *Vera Cruz*. Thither a great crowd of the military went on shore. The leading officers made a separate party for the same purpose. Their intention was, to have a gay happy dinner, after their long confinement to a ship, at the chief hotel; and happy in perfection it could not be, unless Kate would consent to join it. She, that was ever kind to brother soldiers, agreed to do so. She descended into the boat along with them, and in twenty minutes the boat touched the shore. All the bevy of gay laughing officers, junior and senior, like schoolboys escaping from school, jumped on shore, and

* Griffith in Shakspere, when vindicating, in that immortal scene with Queen Catherine, Cardinal Wolsey.

walked hastily, as their time was limited, up to the hotel. Arriving there, all turned round in eagerness, saying, "Where is our dear Kate?" Ah, yes, my dear Kate, at that solemn moment, where, indeed, were *you?* She had *certainly* taken her seat in the boat: that was sure. Nobody, in the general confusion, was certain of having seen her on coming ashore. The sea was searched for her—the forests were ransacked. The sea made no answer—the forests gave up no sign. I have a conjecture of my own; but her brother soldiers were lost in sorrow and confusion, and could never arrive even at a conjecture.

That happened two hundred and fourteen years ago! Here is the brief sum of all:—This nun sailed from Spain to Peru, and she found no rest for the sole of her foot. This nun sailed back from Peru to Spain, and she found no rest for the agitations of her heart. This nun sailed again from Spain to America, and she found—the rest which all of us find. But where it was, could never be made known to the father of Spanish camps, that sat in Madrid; nor to Kate's spiritual father, that sat in Rome. Known it is to the great Father that once whispered to Kate on the Andes; but else it has been a secret for two centuries; and to man it remains a secret for ever and ever!

P.S.—The portrait of Kate at Aix-la-Chapelle, mentioned in Part I., is in the gallery of *Herr Sempeller:* Sempeler was a press error. There is reason, however, to think that Velasquez painted a portrait of her in 1624, for his Spanish Majesty. In the year previous, that great artist certainly painted a portrait of Charles I., then Prince of Wales; and a rumour is abroad that this picture has recently been discovered. Perhaps a little search would bring to light the Nun's. All things were strange that ever connected themselves with Kate; and amongst the latest of these strange things should be mentioned, that, in the Three Days of Paris (July, 1830), nearly all the copies of her memoirs and documents, just then printed by M. de Ferrer, perished by cannon shot.

THE HAND AND THE RING.

A STORY FROM THE OLD CHRONICLERS.

BY HANNAH LAWRANCE.

Not far from the low stone wall, that in the twelfth century circled the wide area where old St. Paul's stood, and just beside the massive stone cross that formed the centre of the market, at the top of Westcheap, a group of long-robed, long-bearded fathers of the city, were gathered one afternoon in the February of 1177. It was a gloomy afternoon, when the heavy grey clouds slowly sweeping from the east, and the low fitful moaning of the wind foreboded a stormy nightfall. But heedless of the keen air, although the sharp prickles of frozen snow were falling thick and fast, they continued their earnest conversation, crowding still more closely together, and drawing their wide hoods, lined with rabbit skin, more tightly round their faces. It was, indeed, no ordinary subject of discourse that kept these ancient men away from their blazing hearths that bitter afternoon. It was no question of political interest, although, on the morrow of the Candlemas just past, some of their number had been forced to placate the King with marks of pure silver, and although rumour was already busy with whispers of a new tollage to be imposed at Easter; but it was a subject that came even more closely home to them—the security of their good city and of their own dwellings. At the foot of this stone cross a bier was placed, and upon it, clothed in an under dress of fine cloth, and wrapped in a silk mantle, lined with rich fur, lay the corpse of a fine young man; his long light brown hair dabbled with blood, and a deep wound on the left temple. This body had been found, not far from the spot where it now lay, that very morning, and the inquiry "touching his death," which, by the ancient municipal laws, was always made, although coroners were not appointed until near the close of the following century, had just, under the superintendence of the earlderman of the ward, been completed; but as the body, from the unquestionable indications of the dress, the silk fur-lined cloak, the girdle clasp of foreign workmanship, evidently was that of a man of high Norman birth, it was judged best to leave it there until notice had been sent to Richard de Lacy, the King's Chief Justiciar, who was now holding court at Westminster.

Little pity did the corpse of that young man, so timelessly slain, seem to excite in the minds of the old men, who stood round still earnestly scanning the features, as though anxious to determine that important point, which the inquest had left undetermined—who he really was.

"Though, whomever he may be found to be, of this I am certain," said Adam le Blunde, of Tindace Street, "that the finding of the jurors was sooth, that he was slain in his own wrong. Heaven help us all!"

"Ay, heaven help us all!" responded Aylwin Hunne, the tanner, who had been one of the summoned witnesses; "awful times these! when abroad, we may be set upon by the strong hand, and at home, have our houses plundered by stout rife. I could not for certain swear, more especially seeing it was upon holy St. Erkenwald's copy of the gospels, that this young man was truly one of them; that heathen crew I mean who broke through my five doors and wounded Teuscarl and Sigar, stout fellows as they are, and carried off my strong chest; but I have little more doubt of it than that the King and his justiciar love silver marks, or that holy archbishop Thomas is a saint in heaven."

"The holy saints watch over this good city," ejaculated a third, Herlewin Godwinsone, the notary; "even in King Stephen's time never was the like known as we have seen this winter. Bands of stout armed men, full two score strong."

"More than *three* score, as *I* know to my cost," interrupted Aylwin Hunne.

"And," continued Herlewin Godwinsone, "not home-

less men, and bearing the wolf's head, but wealthy citizens, as 'twas said at the inquest, and some noblemen to boot."

"Holy saints!" exclaimed a very venerable looking man, whose eyes had hitherto been fixed on the corpse with a look almost of commiseration, "surely it cannot be!"

"Ah! worthy Galfrid, of the Langbourne, is scantly fit for an earlderman in these days," said Aylwin Hunne, shaking his head, "for he thinketh evil of no man."

"But we *must* believe what we ever see with our eyes, and ever hear with our ears, as the oath saith," replied Levestan, the goldsmith, who, as the principal inhabitant of the upper part of Westcheap, had been foreman of the jury.

"Was it not shown, clearly as yonder church, that of the full fifty men who broke, but two nights since, into Osbert de Westieslande's house, more than one had a gold bracelet? And was it not shown how that of the robbers who set upon Wido of Stebenhethe, as he was taking home the treasure from St. Martin's, one had a silk mantle under his coarse cloak, and the other a thumb ring?"

The old man looked earnestly at the speaker. "You do not say so," was his reply.

"But I do," said Levestan, the goldsmith; "and as to this young man lying here, it was shown that long, long after the curfew he was with a riotous company in a tavern at Eastcheap, that just as the bells for the midnight service rung at St. Martins-le-grand, there were noise and riot near here, and call for help against thieves; and that when Ricald, the herb-gatherer, came very early this morning, with his basket of herbs, to sell in the market, as his wont is, he stumbled over this very body, lying stiff, and cold; and in the right hand was part of a gold chain, so tightly grasped, that ye scarce might withdraw it."

"But might not the gold chain have been his?" said Galfrid, of the Langbourne, earnestly.

"Soothly not, seeing even nobles wear not *two*; and he had one about his neck; moreover, his purse being opened, a seal ring was found which Osbert de Westieslande hath sworn was stolen away from him two nights ago."

"And therefore he was doubtless slain in his own wrong," resumed Adam le Blunde, "and King Henry himself cannot except against our finding—though I would that the person attacked by the thieves had come forward."

"I would he had—but perchance he was not aware that he had slain this man," said a fourth.

"Likely enow; more especially as the death wound was given with a club, or staff," said Levestan, the goldsmith, turning back the thick clustering hair that partly hung over the blanched forehead.

A young man now came up; he wore the dress of the higher order of citizens, and the bracelet, and collar. "A woeful sight this," said Adam le Blunde, addressing him; "good Andrew, I would ye would give up your riotous courses, and remember your worthy father's ways. Heaven rest his soul! I carried a taper at his funeral eighteen years agone, and as I saw ye led up to the altar by Siward Lelutor to offer the corpse gifts, 'saints grant that yonder pretty boy may follow in his good father's footsteps,' said I."

The old man's voice faltered with emotion, but the young man laughed a scornful, but forced laugh.

"Many thanks, old neighbour," said he, "'twill be time enow some dozen years hence to fulfil your good wishes—but what is the finding of the jurors?"

"Slain in his own wrong; what else could it be? But beware Andrew Bucquint of riotous courses. Here is this young man—high-born as ye may see—dead, without prayer, or housel; lying like some scatterling, with no one to prepare a winding sheet, no kind voice to sing a dirge, no death-bell, no corpse-light."

But these accumulated images of destitution at the hour of death, which appealed so powerfully to the feelings of our Saxon forefathers, seemed to produce no effect upon the young man. "What is he to me?" said he, turning away from the body.

"Naught save that he doubtless began but as you have begun, so beware lest your end be like his."

The young man darted a fierce look at his unwelcome monitor; "grey hairs will babble," said he, and he strode hastily away.

"Saints know I have many a sad thought about him," resumed Adam le Blunde; "he hath not wanted for good counsel, seeing Siward Lelutor brought him up like his own son; but for all his care, he hath rioted through the whole of his patrimony, and heaven knows what may befall him!"

"Let us pray heaven that he may see his folly betimes," said Galfrid, of the Langbourne.

There were several persons now coming through "the little gate," as it was called, that afforded a passage during the day-time from the wide adjoining churchyard, to Westcheap. It was the deputation from the inquest returned with two clerks of the chief justiciar, and some half dozen men from the King's palace, who being well acquainted with the persons of the chief nobles and their followers, might probably identify the body at the cross; and with them, taking advantage of their safe escort along a road, which, beyond the church of St. Clement Danes, was seldom wholly free from "strong thieves," came Siward Lelutor, the mercer, and some of his men.

Now Siward Lelutor had been at Westminster ever since yesterday afternoon, for he had been charged to convey to the palace some precious gold band chain which the "lion-faced Plantaganet" had commanded him to bring, and for which, he had been promised immediate payment. This promise, the reader at all acquainted with royal doings in the middle ages will be well aware was not kept, but after long waiting, Siward had at length obtained his tallies—those promissory notes of our Plantagenets—and he was now returning, unconscious, until the message came to the chief justiciar, of what had occurred in Westcheap.

As the retainers of the palace pressed forward to endeavour to identify the body, the London mercer pressed in among them.

"Sweet Lady!" cried he, starting back, "it is the very young man who made forcible entrance into my house last Penticost *cour plenière*, and who claimed to be brother of the Earl of Ferrers.

"And he was; I knew him well," said one of the palace retainers, "and so you drove *him* forth by force and arms."

"I did," replied Siward Lelutor haughtily, "according to the custumal of our ancient city, that enacts that no follower of the King's Court, or Baron, can claim hos-

pitation in the dwelling of a citizen, save by his own free leave."

"A haughty race are ye," replied the man, "and yet, methinks 'tis strange that ye should not drive this band of robbers from the city, unless, as indeed 'tis said they are some of *you*."

"An' they came to me, methinks I would soon deal with them," returned Siward.

"Peace," said the clerk of the justiciar. "Our inquiry is not concerning robbers, but touching the death of this young man."

"*That* hath been settled by jurors appointed according to the laws of King Athelstane," said Levestan, the goldsmith, "so to take note of who he is, is now all that can be done."

The clerk of the high justiciar, a right learned ecclesiastic, who had studied three years at Oxford, and six at Paris, and moreover, attended Master Robert Pulleyn's lectures on the Pandects, cast an angry and scornful glance at the goldsmith with his "common law;" but the directions of Richard de Lacy had been so express and stringent, that no offence should be given to the citizens—the worthy justiciar being anxious enough to keep them in good humour, until the time of the tollage—so he sharply turned to Siward Lelutor and said, "you declare, then, that this body lying here was Eudo, brother of the Earl of Ferrers?"

"I do, to the best of my knowledge," replied Siward.

The same question was put to two of the palace servants; and the accompanying clerk having duly noted it down, and the three witnesses having appended their marks, the two clerks remounted their mules, and proceeded with their train westward.

"This is a sad sight," remarked Siward Lelutor, lingering beside the body, "to see Earl Ferrers's brother—tho' scant love can we bear to such as he—lying like a dog; and to be carried to his grave without passing bell."

"He may not have it—seeing he died in strife, and unconfessed," replied Adam le Blunde, "but masses may be said for his soul, and toward them I would willingly pay, especially seeing that his brother is now in Normandy, and knoweth naught of this."

The charitable proposition of Adam le Blunde met with hearty approval; each hand dived into the large ornamented purse suspended at the girdle, and when the almoner of St. Paul's drew near with his assistants to remove the body for burial—a task appropriated to that officer of the chapter in respect to all bodies found dead, or murdered within the precincts of the city, so much silver was given, that even he stood astonished. Of this, almost half a handful—a large sum in these days—was given by Galfrid, of the Langbourne.

"A worthy man is that," said the almoner, "so royally open-handed. A doleful day will it be for our city, when the death-bell tolls for him!"

The old men now summoned their respective attendants—who, less interested in these proceedings than their masters, had been beguiling the time beneath the penthouse of the Blue Lattice—and all now proceeded homeward. Siward Lelutor and his men took their way across the market; dived into a narrow lane among thickly-clustered houses, built of wood, with high slanting shingled roofs; passed by a narrow turning across Milk Street, another clergy-built portion of the city; and leaving the Ealderman's Berry, and the mouldering remains of King Athelstane's palace to the left, at length arrived at his own stone house, which, although built not far from the massive wall, stood almost alone, with a spacious courtyard in front, and a pleasant garden behind.

Seated beside his own hearth, Siward Lelutor took the cup from his daughter's hand which she had just filled for him, "alas! I cannot but think of that poor young man lying stark, and stiff at the cross," said he.

"And who was he, father?—were they able to find him out?" said she.

"The very young man who made strife here last Pentecost; ruffling then with his pages and men-at-arms, and now, with not even one priest to sing a mass for him."

"And how was he killed, dear father?"

"In his own wrong. He attempted to rob some passer-by, and he was found with part of a gold chain in his very hand."

"Did you see it, father?—did you see it?" said Edeva, hurriedly.

"No; I had nought to do with it."

"Holy saints! aid us," said Edeva. "Alas, what will the end be!" and she sat down to her broidery-frame; but her thoughts were far away.

While the worthy old men, who had taken part in the inquiry, were talking over the events of the day by their comfortable hearths, the same subject furnished conversation to a widely different class, assembled in a low room, well strewed with rushes, and hung with thick tapestry, having, too, at each end a stout door, furnished with bolts and bars, rather fitted for a castle dungeon than a private room. A table, on which was placed a silver standing cup of exquisite workmanship, stood in the middle, while large cushions, placed on a narrow, slightly raised ledge on each side the room, showed that the residence belonged to a Jew.

Partly leaning on these cushions, partly lying on the floor, were six or eight men, and conspicuous among them were two—a venerable old man, his features nearly concealed by his overhanging hood, and a middle-aged man, whose square yellow cap, and the two pieces of yellow cloth on the front of his gaberdine, showed him to be a Jew. This was Hakelot, the owner of the house in which, or rather under which, this company were assembled; and the venerable old man was his intimate friend, and known by the title of "Johan le Vieux."

"We shall miss him, for he was aye ready at the attack," said one; "but how came it that he lost his life?"

"Andrew Bucquint can tell, methinks," said another.

"And so can more than he," answered the young man, sullenly.

"Well," interposed the Jew, "what is past is past. The question now is, what is next to be done."

"'Twould be but just to rob old Adam le Blunde for the lecture he gave young Andrew at the cross," said the first speaker.

"He would have lectured me more severely, Fitzradulf, had he known how I was employed last night, and where I am this," said the young man, angrily.

"Nay, he would not; for had it been known ye belonged to us, dared ye have shown your face at the cross?" said a third.

"I went but because ye dared not show yours," retorted the young man.

"Now make no debate, I pray you," cried the Jew: "all hath passed over well; so where shall our next visit be?"

"To Siward Lelutor's," said the first.

"To Siward Lelutor's," cried three or four voices.

"Nay; there are richer than he," said Johan le Vieux.

"But none who deal in such costly merchandise," said the Jew; "he hath much treasure in his storehouse. Silks of divers colours, worthy to be weighed against pure silver, and gold bandekin, gleaming as though wrought with gems."

"But *that* is at the palace of Westminster," replied Johan le Vieux, "and exchanged for wooden tallies."

"That may be," replied Hakelot, "but there is treasure in that house that its master little knoweth of."

"Sweet lady! how?" whispered Johan le Vieux, drawing the Jew aside.

"Mind ye not who dwelt there in King Stephen's time," said Hakelot in a low voice. "I much misdoubt if there be not concealed somewhere a small stone chest with three locks."

"And what therein?" cried the old man, eagerly. "Gold?—bright, red gold?"

"No; gems—graven gems—powerful talismans," whispered the Jew.

"Wherefore hath this house not been attempted before?" said Johan le Vieux.

"We must wait for a fortunate time, and, moreover, go to work warily. 'Tis a strong stone house, and the treasure of magister Vives, if still remaining there, is doubtless guarded by strong spells."

"What is this whispering about?" cried Simon de Berevil, rising up, and taking a draught from the standing cup; "whither we shall go is the question. What say you, Andrew Bucquint; will you go with us to Siward Lelutor's?"

"Nay, ask him not," said Fitzradulf, who seemed to possess more correct feeling than the others; "ask him not to go *there*."

"But I will go, and right willingly," cried Andrew Bucquint; "scant reason have I to spare any in Siward Lelutor's household, save himself."

"Then, when shall we go?" asked Simon de Berevil.

"Not until his storehouses are re-filled, good Simon," said Johan le Vieux; "but that will be shortly; and meanwhile Hakelot will make us a charm, for the walls are strong."

"Dig through them, then, as we did at the treasure-house in the castle of Devizes," cried Simon de Berevil, who, in king Stephen's reign, had been one of the most desperate of plunderers.

"A goodly thought," exclaimed Hakelot; "for the stones are large, but may easily be removed; and with strong wedges, it may be done without disturbing the household."

"They are stout ones, I promise you, and will fight well," said Andrew Bucquint.

"Let them, when we are *in*; it is to be disturbed when making our entrance, that I hate," cried Simon de Berevil.

"Why not to-night, good Hakelot?" whispered Johan le Vieux.

The Jew shook his head. "I have but just gained notice of this stone chest, and I must try to find out where it is buried; so to-morrow I shall go to Siward Lelutor, to purchase some silk, and carry my staff; *that* will point out the buried treasure; and then I can inquire when his storehouse will be full again; for I know he expects more gold bandekin, and meanwhile we will take our measures."

The result of this conference was communicated to the rest.

More than a week passed away, and the death of the young man seemed to have put a stop to the robberies that had for so long disturbed the peace of the city; so the inhabitants blessed the saints that the danger was over. Little did they know that the arrival of Reginald de Barbeflet's great ship, with its precious freight of silks, and spices, and gold bandekin, was to be the signal for another attempt; and little did Siward Lelutor suspect on that clear bright morning, when he watched the tall masts and broad sails of that gallant ship, as she bore up and anchored in Edredshithe, that his own strong stone house was to be the place.

There were many gathered on the wharf; and among them Hakelot, the Jew, who soon returned to his house in the old Jewry, then the appropriated place of residence of the Jews, where Johan le Vieux was anxiously awaiting his arrival.

"And when shall it be?" said he, eagerly.

"To-morrow night," said the Jew; "the day is fortunate, the iron bars and wedges are ready, so bid them all hither to-morrow after curfew."

Johan le Vieux departed, well pleased that ere two nights had passed, the treasure—not that which Siward Lelutor would by that time have secured in his strong storehouse, but that thrice-locked stone chest, which, so the Jew declared, was buried right beneath the hearthstone of the inner room, would be Hakelot's and his; so he sought out Andrew Bucquint, and gave him the message to deliver to his companions; and moreover, urged upon the young man, seeing that he so well knew every part of the house wherein he had so long dwelt, to take the lead in the enterprise.

Little thinking what was to befall him, Siward Lelutor, on the following day, busied himself in removing the valuable stores which he had purchased from the ship to his own dwelling. Thus was he engaged, even until nightfall; and then was about to return to his home, when news was brought him that a large number of Croises, who, three years before, had set forth for the rescue of "that sweet land over the sea," as our forefathers so fondly named Palestine, had just been put on shore by one of the Cinque Port vessels, weary and penyless. A portion of these had found shelter at the hospital of St. Katherine, and many more were seeking for an asylum, when the devout and kind-hearted mercer, heartily welcoming them from their long and toilsome pilgrimage, insisted on their accompanying him home to partake his hospitality. The offer was too tempting to be refused; and Siward Lelutor saw, not with alarm, for our forefathers would have shared their last morsel with the pilgrim, but with some surprise, a full score, ready to avail themselves of his kindness.

"Come all," said he, "my house is large; and if you can sleep beside the hearthstone, on the rushes in

the hall, methinks I might find room for as many more."

The leader of the good company heartily thanked the mercer for his kindness, but refused to burthen him with more guests; so about a dozen proceeded onward with Siward Lelutor, while the leader stayed behind to endeavour to find lodging for the rest, attended by Siward's chief servant, who had express orders to endeavour to persuade them all to avail themselves of his proffered hospitality.

It was late and quite dark, when Siward and the returned Croises quitted Edredshithe. The evening bells were ringing—a late time, indeed, for our forefathers to be still engaged in business, for it was almost the supper hour; so no wonder was it that Siward strode hastily and cheerily onward, threading the narrow lanes that led to the top of Westeheap, and then diving into a maze of passages that led past the Jews' quarter—a locality always shunned after nightfall; and finally, notwithstanding the thick fog that had come on, he reached his own gate, ere the chimes of the adjoining little church of St. Alphege had ended their summons to vespers.

Seated round the blazing hearth, reciprocating the "wassail" of their host, and doing ample justice to the boar's head, the chine, the pasty, and the numerous substantial dishes placed before them, the Croises, after their many toils and privations, enjoyed with tenfold glee their hospitable entertainment, and well did they repay it, by the wondrous stories they told of the fair land of the east, and of the perils and strange adventures through which they had passed. And so delightful were these "personal narratives," that even Edeva looked up with a pleasant smile, while the servants pressed from the lower end of the hall, with stealthy tread and hushed breath, to listen. Ereley, the leader of the company, arrived; he brought the remaining men with him, for whom he had been unable to find lodgings; and still pleasantly passed the evening, until long after curfew.

At length, the leader beckoned his kind host aside. "It was by the especial grace of Heaven," said he, "that we have been led hither, for this very night will there be need for all of us. Your house is this night to be attacked by a large company of strong thieves, who will dig through the wall at the north-west corner."

"Impossible!" said the astonished mercer.

"Nay, 'tis sooth," replied the leader—Ingelram de Bayaham was his name; "for as I passed hither, two Jews, speaking the very language of the paynim, were in close discourse. So, hearing your name, I stopped and listened; and what I have told you, they said."

"Blessed be the saints!" cried Siward Lelutor, "'tis the very company of strong thieves for whom long search hath been made in vain; but now, with my bold fellows and your gallant company, we will give them such greeting as they shall long remember."

Meanwhile, in their accustomed room, the leaders of this desperate crew were assembled, all well armed, save Hakelot, who was considered as armed sufficiently with spell and talisman, and Johan le Vieux, whose age excused him. But Andrew Bucquint had not arrived.

"The saints or Sathanas grant that he hath not missed his way in this fog," cried Simon de Berevil; "is this the fortunate night you promised us, Hakelot?"

"It is," replied the Jew, "and until one hour after midnight nought can harm you."

"Only until one hour after?" exclaimed De Berevil.

"Until two hours," interposed Johan le Vieux.

The Jew turned to the last speaker—"How say you so?" said he.

"O, anything to prevent their going back. Remember the chest, and the gems, and the talismans," whispered the eager old man.

"They had best be early," resumed the Jew, fixing his eyes on a brass vessel containing water, and which at this period formed a good substitute for a clock; "let them set off one hour before midnight."

"We need be quick, then," said Simon de Berevil; "there is scantly half-an-hour, and our leader is not come."

"But he is," said Johan le Vieux, pointing to Andrew Bucquint, who at the moment entered the room.

"Now, success to our doings," cried Hakelot, filling the silver standing cup to the brim from a skin of wine, and offering it to Andrew Bucquint first.

"Choose another leader," said he, pushing away the cup; "I will not go."

"Good Andrew, wherefore?" cried they all.

"Because it will end ill. Only this morning, out beside the Clerk's well, a hare crossed my path."

"What marvel of that, this hard weather," cried Simon de Berevil; "I met one hard by the city wall."

"But even now, I had wandered out up to the forest boundary, by Totehill, and came home to take a short sleep, when I dreamt"——

"That we came off gallantly," cried Fitzradulf.

"That it failed," said the young man fiercely; "and the gyves, tight and cold, were on this very wrist;" and he struck his right arm.

"Nay, my good youth," said Johan le Vieux soothingly, "dreams oft come by contraries."

"But I dreamt it *twice*."

The reckless crew started, for this was considered a sure proof of the dream coming true. Even Hakelot looked anxiously at the speaker. At length he said—

"This is a fortunate night, we are strong in numbers and well armed, both with weapon and spell. It cannot be but we must succeed. Then, what say you, Andrew, to a charm—a powerful charm, against iron and steel?—against the gyves which you fear?"

"And, moreover, touch not weapon to-night, an' ye list. Go but with us and bear the lights, and show us the way," said Fitzradulf.

"My good youth, remember how much depends on you," urged Johan le Vieux, casting an anxious glance towards the clepsydra. "Go—do go—I will engage to bear you harmless."

"And that he can well do," said Hakelot. "He shall give you that ring," and he pointed to an agate ring on the old man's finger.

"Good Hakelot! what say you?" cried he, in the wildest alarm. "My precious ring! it hath never left this finger for twenty years."

"It will ensure him against iron and steel. You cannot want it, for you will not go," said the Jew.

"O, yes, I shall. Remember the chest, good Hakelot—it must not be left to *them*. Let them take the silks and bandekin, but not *that*."

"Nought will be had except you lend that ring," was the firm reply.

The whole group, except Andrew Bucquint, now stood ready to depart. The wedges shod with iron, and many a curious instrument, were distributed among them; the wine-cup had been so often filled and drained, that the skin was almost empty, and the rising water in the brass vessel was just on a line with the hour.

"You will go—surely you will go, and with that ring?" said Hakelot.

The young man raised his eyes: he had been deeply musing. "Yes, with that ring," said he, "but not without it."

"Good Andrew, this ring cannot avail you," said Johan le Vieux, earnestly.

"Give it me, and I go—give it not, and I stay," said the young man, sternly.

Johan le Vieux looked anxiously round. The Jew had turned from him. He hurriedly slipt a ring off his finger, which he placed on the forefinger of Andrew's right hand. "Go, good youth, with the blessing of the saints," said he.

A loud laugh echoed round, and taking a deep draught of the cup, Andrew Bucquint lifted the cressit—a small iron pan of coals which was to light them along—and the bundle of wax tapers, and departed with his companions.

"Touch not iron or steel, an' ye can avoid them," were the Jew's parting injunctions; "but if ye *must* fight, use the knife at your girdle."

"That silly young man," said Johan le Vieux. "Wherefore did ye speak of my ring to him?"

"Because, unless he wore it, I should fear for his safety," said Hakelot.

"Impossible! are they not all well guarded by spells?"

"Still, I like not his dreams. But he is safe, methinks, with that ring."

"Aha! he hath it not. It was my signet ring I gave him."

"You did?" said the Jew, fiercely. "Then beware of the end!"

Crowding round the fire in the hall, which was now covered up as was the custom of the times, the Croises and Siward Lelutor's servants, all well armed, sat in hushed silence; while in the adjoining chamber, where the first attempt was to be made, the mercer himself kept eager watch; and he caused rushes to be thickly laid along the floor to the entrance of the hall, that no footstep might be heard.

It seemed a long time to the watchers ere their summons came; but at length the low tramp of many footsteps, and the slight creeking of bolts broke the silence. Then came the tramp of nearer footsteps, and then a dull, heavy sound, as if some ponderous weight was being raised. Then Siward Lelutor softly trod across the rushes, and summoned the men. Ingleram de Baynham and twelve well tried companions followed into the chamber, just as one of the huge stones was dislodged from the wall; and, in silence, bearing the cressit, Andrew Bucquint and the foremost of the robbers made their way through, calling upon the others to aid him. Ingleram de Baynham laid about him as he had been wont in Palestine. He struck the cresset from the young man's hand, who drew his knife, while the Croises engaged the other robbers, who, unaware of this resistance, still pressed in, and sharp was the conflict. The numbers and courage of their opponents soon, however, prevailed, and the robbers fled, followed by Siward Lelutor's servants, who endeavoured to track them, but in vain. Meanwhile Siward called for lights, and made diligent search round about; but nought could be found save the cressit, and just beside, on the rushes, a right hand, fair, and well-shaped, with a signet ring on the forefinger.

Long ere dawn did the tale of the robbers, and their defeat, circulate throughout London; and as daylight appeared, on more diligent search being made among the many narrow turnings hard by, three of the robbers were found, quite dead; and news was also brought that a well-dressed young man had been carried, severely wounded, into the House of Cripples, close beside Cripplegate. As the morning advanced, the rich Jew Hakelot was discovered to have left his dwelling; and so great was the excitement among all classes, that the Portreve sent a pressing message to Richard de Lacy, the chief justiciar, praying him to come down and conduct the inquiry.

At the foot of the stone cross where the inquest had so lately been held, Richard de Lacy, in his ample scarlet robe, and ermine hood, supported by mace bearers and men at arms, took his seat; while, at his right hand, stood the Portreve and the sheriffs, and before him the marshalled witnesses, and most emphatic witness of all, the freshly severed hand with the signet ring.

"The hand is that of a young man," said Adam le Blunde, "but holy saints! the ring belongs to Galfrid, of the Langbourne!"

A shudder of horror ran through the bystanders at this remark—had that venerable old man been waylaid and murdered—so messengers were instantly despatched to his house. Meanwhile tidings came that the young man who had been taken to the House of Cripples was discovered to have recently lost his right hand; so the chief justiciar directed that he should be instantly brought before him, and that promise should be given of life and limb, provided he made full confession.

It was a sad sight to see that young man pale, and faint, unable to stand, brought in a litter, and laid down on the very spot where his murdered companion had been placed; and sadder was it to see the heart-broken look with which he regarded Siward Lelutor, who started with surprise, and exclaimed, "Andrew Bucquint, a robber!"

"Yes," groaned the young man, "but never should I have been so, save by the aid of Sathanas, and Galfrid of the Langbourne!"

"Sathanas, and Galfrid of Langbourne! What a ——! Galfrid, that worthiest of men, whose alms, and whose devotions were known to all, and the author of all evil!"

"He is mad," said the bystanders, and so said Galfrid himself, who now appeared, and who said he had missed his signet ring that morning, but could not tell how he had lost it.

But the chief justiciar paid little heed to his assertions; he ordered him to be silent, and bent down his head to listen to the confession of the maimed young man, who, with his left hand, placed upon the copy of the Gospels, which he reverently kissed, told how that desperate company of robbers had been organised by Galfrid, of the Langbourne, himself; and how, under the name of Johan le Vieux, he had attended when they met, counselled their doings, and received a large portion of the specie, "as

may yet be seen," added he, "in his stone chamber, beneath his storehouse."

"Sir Justiciar," exclaimed the old man, trembling with rage, "would that by trial by battle, I might prove on that man-sworn scatterling his utter falsehood; but I am past the age of challenge, and he is maimed."

"Demand justice from heaven, good Galfrid," exclaimed the bystanders, even now unwilling to believe his guilt; "cleanse yourself in the old way, by the ordeal."

"Most gladly," replied the old man; "Sir Justiciar, I demand the ordeal, the threefold ordeal."

This mode of appeal to Heaven had always been discountenanced by our Norman sovereigns and their law officers; but, perhaps for that very reason, the populace more determinately adhered to it. In this case, and among a people so wedded to their old customs as the ancient inhabitants of London, Richard de Lacy well knew that a refusal would only impede the course of justice, so he assented. "By which ordeal will you be judged?" said he (for the accused had always this option) —"by the iron or the water?"

Galfrid of the Langbourne, darting a savage look at his accuser, paused a moment, when the cry of "The water ordeal—the water," burst from the crowd.

The plunging the arm into boiling water was evidently a fairer test for an aged man than the snatching a red-hot iron bar, three pounds in weight, off the fire, and bearing it nine feet—so the justiciar assented. "Choose twelve law-worthy men on each side," said he, "and let the trial take place forthwith in the church of St. Gregory yonder."

There was some disappointment expressed at this. One reason why our forefathers preferred the ordeal was the pomp thrown around it as a religious ceremony, and in the adjoining cathedral that pomp could be displayed to advantage, while in the little church of St. Gregory only the simplest forms could be observed; and, moreover, it would not contain a tenth of the vast crowd that now quite filled the wide open space around the cross. But so the chief justiciar had commanded; so the priests repaired to the church to prepare the vessel of boiling water —the constables selected the "law-worthy" jurors, or witnesses—while Galfrid of the Langbourne, on his knees, addressed himself to his devotions.

Very soon two men from each side were summoned to enter the church, to ascertain that the water was actually boiling; and then followed the remaining witnesses, each sprinkled with holy water as he entered the church, and presented with the Gospels, which he was to kiss. These were raised on either side of the nave, and between them, supported by a crook, over a clear charcoal fire, hung the vessel of boiling water, from which the accused was to snatch a bar of iron, or a stone, immersing his arm for the threefold ordeal, up to the elbow.

The precious ring, which he believed would effectually secure him from harm by iron, or steel, was still on the old man's finger; but as no ring would be allowed to remain, he snatched it off and concealed it in his bosom. "The vessel is iron, and the bar is iron," said he (for so they usually were); "so I am still secure;" and, therefore, with a firm step he entered the church.

At the door he was met by the priest, who, duly asperging him with holy water, walked before him to the place of trial, reading the appointed collect, while many pressed in to behold the actual interposition of Heaven, on behalf of so good a man.

The accused had now advanced close to the fire, with eyes fixed on the ground, when, suddenly lifting them, he started back with a wild cry of alarm. "The vessel is *bruss!*" cried he, "it is *brass!* and I am secured but against iron and steel!"

"Where is security, save in the protection of Heaven?" said the startled priest.

But the old man heeded him not—nay, heard him not—for he looked horror-struck into the hissing and bubbling cauldron, and saw, far below, not the bar of iron, but a large stone which he was to snatch out. "I cannot, I cannot," said he, turning away.

"Galfrid, of the Langbourne," said the priest, "wherefore dost thou linger, come forward."

"I dare not, I dare not," cried he, utterly thrown off his guard by his terrors: "the ring that Hakelot the Jew gave me secures from iron and steel, but not from *brass*!"

Then arose a cry of rage and horror from the crowd, who now beheld in their late favourite but the friend of a hated Jew—but the bond-slave of Sathanas himself. "Take him to the Elms; away with him," was shouted; "he hath refused the ordeal."

"It now only remained for the chief justiciar to pass sentence. Galfrid, of the Langbourne, was dragged to the appointed place of execution, and there hanged; the ring, which was firmly believed to be the pledge of his compact with Sathanas, being flung into the fire.

"My testimony hath been wondrously found to be true," said Andrew Bucquint, again raising himself; "let me, therefore, confess ere I die, my part in the death of that poor young man, who lay dead, even where I am now lying. Good Siward Lelutor, know you this?" and he drew from his neck part of a gold chain.

"It is my daughter's; how came it in *your* hands?" cried he.

"Alas! although forbidden your house, I still was wont to linger about, though I knew Edeva no longer loved me. I could not bear to part from her, though she often bade me away; at length, on the night you were at Westminster, I refused to go without some token; and frightened—yes, frightened at the playmate of her girlhood, she gave me that chain. I sought my worthless companions; I boastfully displayed my prize; and when late we arose to depart, Eudo accompanied me to this very spot. There he accused me of having robbed your house, without calling them to share the plunder, and he seized the chain. We fought: I meant not to kill him; but, on the word of a dying man, he was killed in his own wrong."

The young man fell back exhausted. "Take him away, and take heed to him," said the chief justiciar to the attendants from the House of Cripples; "we have promised him life and limb, though the boon, methinks, is of little value."

This strange story soon spread throughout London, and great was the marvelling. The house of Galfrid, of the Langbourne, was searched, and much stolen property found therein, which being restored to its owners, the dwelling was set fire to, that, if possible, all memorial of a man who had so disgraced, not only his native city, but the high office of carlderman, might perish. And so

anxious were the fathers of the city that this should be, that in talking of him, they would not even use his real name, but spoke of him as "Johan le Vieux." And thus was the story told to Benedict Abbas, that worthy chronicler, who has given the outline of it in his book, but calling him Johannes Sene.

From that worthy chronicler we learn nought of Andrew Buoquint, whether he lived or died; but *we* find, that many, many years after, there was much fame of a holy man, who preached about in the northern parts of the kingdom, but who had lost his right hand. Some people said he had lost it by accident; others, and they were the most numerous, said he had lost it in fighting against the Saracens; but the lady Edeva de Baynham, having gone to hear him preach at the market cross of Northampton, was greatly moved, for she recognised the playmate of her girlhood. "O," said she, "well doth he recall to my mind the days of my youth, and the story of the 'Hand and the Ring.'"

LORD BYRON.

BY GEORGE GILFILLAN, AUTHOR OF "A GALLERY OF LITERARY PORTRAITS."

It is with diffidence that we approach the subject of the following sketch. It may seem that to attempt a new estimate of a character, so thoroughly scrutinized, and so widely appreciated as Byron's, is an attempt alike hopeless and presumptuous. And if we did approach it with the desire of finding or saying anything absolutely new, we should feel the full force of the objection. But this is far from being our ambition. We have decided to sketch Lord Byron's genius for the following reasons. In the first place, a very narrow is never a very wide, a very particular is seldom a very just scrutiny or estimate. In the second place, the criticism of single works pouring from the press, however acute and admirable, is not equivalent to a review of those works taken as a whole. A judgment pronounced upon the first, second, or third storeys of a building, as they successively arise, does not forestal the opinion of one who can overlook the completed structure. Of Byron's several writings we have every variety of separate critiques, good, bad, and indifferent—of his genius, as animating his whole works, we have no criticism, either indifferent, bad, or good. In the third place, the tumult which all Byron's productions instantly excited, the space they cleared and burnt out for themselves, falling like bombshells among the crowd, the strong passions they awakened in their readers, through that intense personality which marked them all, rendered cool appreciation at the time impossible. They came upon the public like powerful sermons on an excited audience, sweeping criticism away before them, blotting out principles of art from the memory of the severest judges, whose hearts they stormed, whose passions they inflamed—at the same time, that they sometimes revolted their tastes, and sometimes insulted their understandings. At night there was intoxication—in the morning calm reflection came. But, in the meantime, the poet was away, his song had become immortal, and the threatened arrows were quietly returned to the quiver again. In the next place, Byron's life and story formed a running commentary upon his works, which tended at once to excite and to bewilder his readers. His works have now illustrated editions: they did not require this while he lived. Then, his romantic history, partially disclosed, and, therefore, more effective in its interest—his early, hapless love—his first unfortunate publication—his Grecian travels—his resistless rush into fame—his miserable marriage—his amours—the glorious backgrounds which he chose for his tragic attitudes, Switzerland and Italy—his personal beauty—his very lameness—the odd and yet unludicrous compound which he formed of Vulcan and Venus, of Apollo and Satyr—favourite and football of destiny—the mysterious spectacle he presented of a most miserable man, composed of all the materials which make others happy—the quaint mixture of all opposites in his character, irreconcilable till in the ruin of death—the elaborate and cunning counteraction of every noble gift and accomplishment by some one fatal defect—the cloak of mystery which he now carefully threw over, and now pettishly withdrew from his own character—the impossibility of either thoroughly hating, or loving, or laughing at him—the unique and many-sided puzzle which he thus made, had the effect of maddening the public, and of mystifying his critics. Hal is charged by Falstaff with giving him medicines to make him love him. Byron gave men medicines to educe toward himself a mixture of all possible feelings—anger, envy, admiration, love, pity, blame, horror, and, above all, wonder as to what could be the conceivable issue of a life so high and so low—so earthly and so unearthly—so spiritual and so sensual—so melancholy and so mirthful, as he was notoriously leading. This was the perpetual stimulus to the readers of his works—this the eternal face and figure, filling the margins of all his pages. This now is over. That strange life is lived—that knot, too hard and twisted for man, is away elsewhere to be solved—that heart, so differently reported of by different operators, has undergone the stern analysis of death. His works have now emerged from that fluctuating and lurid shadow of himself, which seemed to haunt and guard them all; and we can now judge of them, though not apart from his personal history, yet undistracted by its perpetual protrusion. In the next place, Byron was the victim of two opposite currents in the public feeling—one unduly exalting, and the other unduly depressing his name—both of which have now so far subsided, that we can judge of

him out of the immediate or overbearing influence of either. And in the last place, as intimated already, no attempt has been made since his death, either to collect the scattered flowers of former fugitive criticism, to be bound in one chaplet round his pale and noble brow, or to wreathe for it fresh and independent laurels. Moore's life is a long apology for his memory, such as a partial friend might be expected to make to a public then partial, and unwilling to be convicted of misplaced idolatry. Macaulay's Critique is an elegant *fasciculus* of all the fine things which, it had occurred to him, might be said on such a theme—exhibits, besides, the coarse current of Byron's life caught in crystal and tinged with *couleur de rose*, like a foul winter stream shining in ice and evening sunshine—and has many beautiful remarks about his poems; but neither abounds in original views, nor gives, what its author could so admirably have given, a collection of common opinions on his entire genius and works, forming a full-length portrait, ideally like, vigorously distinct, and set, in his own unequalled imagery and language, as in a frame of gold.

Our humble endeavour at present is to make some small contribution towards a future likeness of the *poet* Byron. And whatever may be the effect of our remarks upon the public, and however they may or may not fail in starting from slumber the "Coming Man" who shall criticise Byron as Thomas Carlyle has criticised Jean Paul, and Wilson, Burns: this, at least, shall be ours—we shall have expressed our honest convictions—uttered an idea that has long lain upon our minds—and repaid, in part, a debt of gratitude which we owe to Byron, as men owe to some terrible teacher, who has at once roused and tortured their minds; as men owe to the thunderpeal which has awakened them, sweltering, at the hour when it behoved them to start on some journey of life and death.

We propose to methodise our paper under the following outlines. We would, in the first place, inquire into Byron's purpose. Secondly, into the relation in which he has stood to his age, and the influence he has exerted over it. Thirdly, into the leading features of his artistic execution. Fourthly, speak of the materials on which his genius fed. Fifthly, glance at the more characteristic of his works. And, sixthly, try to settle his rank as a Poet. We would first ask at Byron the simple question, "What do you mean?" A simple question truly, but significant as well, and not always very easy to answer. It is always, however, our duty to ask it; and we have, in general, a right, surely, to expect a reply. If a man come and make us a speech, we are entitled to understand his language as well as to see his object. If a man administer to us a reproof, or salute us with a sudden blow, we have a double right to turn round and ask "What's that for?" Nay, if a man come professing to utter an oracular deliverance, even in this case, we expect some glimmer of definite meaning and object; and if glimmer there be none, we are justified in concluding that neither has there been any oracle. "Oracles speak:" oracles should also shine. Now, in Byron's case, we have a man coming forward to utter speeches—to administer reproofs—to smite the public on both cheeks—in the attitude of an accuser, impeaching man—of a blasphemer, attacking God—of a prophet, expressing himself, moreover, with the clearness and the certainty of profound and dogmatic conviction; and we have thus, more than a threefold right to inquire, what is your drift, what would you have us to believe, or what to do? Now here, precisely, we think, is Byron's fatal defect. He has no such clear, distinct, and overpowering object, as were worthy of, or as has secured the complete concentration of his splendid powers. His object! What is it? Not to preach the duty of universal despair; or to inculcate the propriety of an "act of universal, simultaneous suicide;" else, why did he not, in the first place, set the example himself, and from "Leucadia's rock," or Etna's crater, precipitate himself, as a signal for the species to follow; and why, in the second place, did he profess such trust in schemes of political amelioration, and die in the act of leading on a Revolutionary war? Not to teach, nor yet to impugn any system of religion: for if one thing be more certain about him than another, it is, that he had no settled convictions on such subjects at all—and was only beginning to entertain a desire toward forming them when the great teacher, Death, arrived. Nor was his purpose merely to display his own powers and passions in imposing aspects: although much of this desire mingled with his ambition, still he was not altogether a vain attitudinizer. There is sterling truth in his taste and style of writing—there is sincerity in his anguish—and his little pieces, particularly, are the mere wringings of his heart! Who can doubt that his brow, the index of the soul, darkened as he wrote that fearful curse, the burden of which is "Forgiveness?" The paper, on which was written his Farewell to Lady Byron, is still extant, and it is all blurred and blotted with his tears. His poem, entitled "The Dream," is as sincere as if it had been penned in blood. And was he not sincere in sleep, when he ground his teeth to pieces in gnashing them? But his sincerity was not of that profound, constant, and consistent kind, which deserves the stronger name of earnestness. It did not answer to the best description in poetry of the progress of such a spirit, which goes on—

> "Like to the Pontick sea
> Whose icy current and compulsive course
> Ne'er feels retiring ebb, but keeps right on
> To the Propontick and the Hellespont."

It was a sincerity such as the falsest and the most hollow of men must express when stung to the quick; for hath not a human sham as well as a Jew—"eyes, hands, organs, dimensions, senses, affections, passions. Is he not fed with the same food, and hurt by the same weapons? If you prick him, does he not bleed? If you tickle him, does he not laugh? If you poison him, does he not die? And if you wrong him, does he not revenge?" Purpose, therefore, in its genuine

simplicity, and quiet deep sincerity, was awanting in Byron's character. And this greatly accounts for the wreck which he became; and for that misery—a misery which was wonderful, passing the woe of man—which sat down upon his spirit. Many accounts have been given of his grief. Macaulay says that he was a spoiled child. Another in verse declares—

> "The thought that he was greater than his kind
> Had struck, methought, his eagle spirit blind
> By gazing at its own exceeding light."

But the plain prose and English of it lies in his union of intensity of power with the want of intensity of purpose. He was neither one thing, nor yet another. Life with him was neither, on the one hand, an earnest single-eyed effort, nor was it, could it be, a mere display. He believed, and trembled as he believed, that it was a serious thing to die; but did not sufficiently, if at all feel, that it was as serious a thing to live. He would not struggle: he must shine; but could not be *content* with mere shining without struggle. And hence ill at ease with himself, aimless and hopeless, "like the Cyclops—mad with blindness," he turned to bay against society—man—and the Maker. And hence, amid all that he has *said* to the world—and said so eloquently, and said so mournfully, and said amid such wide, and silent, and profound attention—he has *told* it little save his own sad story.

I pass, secondly, to speak of the relation in which he stood to his age. The relations in which a man stands to his age are perhaps threefold. He is either before it or behind it, or exactly on a level with it. He is either its forerunner; or he is dragged as a captive at its chariot wheels; or he walks calmly, and step for step, along with it. We behold in Milton the man before his age—not, indeed, in point of moral grandeur or mental power; for remember, his age was the age of the Puritans, the age of Hampden, Selden, Howe, Vane, and of Cromwell, who was a greater writer than Milton himself—only, it was with the sword that he wrote—and whose deeds were quite commensurate with Milton's words. But in point of liberality of sentiment and width of view, the Poet strode across entire centuries, and went, indeed, so far before his contemporaries that he seemed, to many of them, to dwindle in the distance. We see in Southey the man behind his age, who, indeed, in his youth, took a rash and rapid race in advance, but returned like a beaten dog, cowed, abashed, with downcast head, and tail between his legs, and remained, for the rest of his life, aloof from the great movements of society. We behold in Brougham one whom once the age was proud to claim as its child and champion, the express image of its bustling, restless, versatile, and onward character, and of whom we still at least say, with a sigh, he *might* have been the Man of his time. In which of these relations, is it asked, did Byron stand to his age? We are forced to answer, in none of them. He was not before his age in anything, in opinion, or in feeling. He was not, in all or many things, disgracefully behind it; nor did he move with equal and measured steps in its procession. He stood to the age in a most awkward and uncertain attitude. He sneered at its advancement, and he lent money, and ultimately lost his life, in attempting to promote it. He spoke with uniform contempt, and imitated with as uniform emulation, the masterpieces of its literature. He abused Wordsworth in public, and in private "rolled him as a sweet morsel under his tongue;" or rather, if you believe himself, took him as a drastic dose, to purify his bilious and unhappy nature, by the strongest contrasted element that he could find. He often reviled and ridiculed revealed religion, and yet read the Bible more faithfully and statedly than most professed Christians—made up in superstition what he wanted in faith—had a devout horror at beginning his poems, undertaking his journeys, or paring his nails on a Friday—and had he lived, would probably have ended, like his own Giaour, as "Brother Byron," with hair shirt, and iron-spiked girdle, in some Achaian or Armenian convent. He habitually trampled on, and seems sometimes to have really despised, the opinion of the public; and yet, in some points, felt it so keenly, that, says Ebenezer Elliot, "he would have almost gone into hysterics had a tailor laughed at him." And although, when the *Edinburgh Review* sought to crush him like a worm, he rose from the heel, a fiery, flying dragon; yet, to the assaults of the meaner creatures of the press, he was pervious all over, and allowed minnikin arrows, which were beneath his laughter, to rouse his rage. Absurd and ludicrous the spectacle that of this Laocoon, covered from head to foot with the snakes of supernal vengeance, bearing their burden with deep agonized silence, starting and shrieking upon the application of a thorn, which the hand of some puny passing malignant had thrust into his foot. In one respect we grant that Byron was the spirit of the age; he was the representative of its wants, its weakness, its discontents, its dark unrest—but not of its aspirations, its widening charity, and its hopeful tendencies. His voice was the deep vague moan of the world's dream—his writhing anguish, the last struggle of its troubled slumber: it has since awaked, or is awakening, and, "as a dream when one awaketh," it is despising, too much despising, his image. He was a beaten man, standing high yet helpless between the Old and the New, and all the helpless and the hopeless, rallied round him, to proclaim him the one-eyed monarch of the blind; say rather to constitute him first magistrate over a city in flames—supreme ruler in a blasted and ruined realm. In one thing he was certainly a prophet; namely, a prophet of evil. As misery was the secret sting of all his inspiration, it became the invariable matter of all his song. In some of his poems, you have Misery contemplating; in others, Misery weeping aloud; in others, Misery revolving and reproducing the past; in others, Misery bursting the confines of the world, as if in search of a wider hell than that in which it felt itself environed: in others, Misery stopping

to turn and rend its real or imaginary foes; and in others, Misery breaking out into hollow, hopeless, and heartless laughter. (What a terrible thing is the *laugh* of the unhappy! It is the very "echo to the seat where sorrow is throned.") But in all, you have Misery; and whether he returns the old thunder in a voice of hundred power and majesty, or sings an evening song with the grasshopper at his feet—smiles the smile of bitterness, or sheds the burning tears of anger—his voice still speaks of desolation, mourning, and woe; the vocabulary of grief labours under the demands of his melancholy genius; and never, never more, till this scene of tears and sighs be ended, shall we meet with a more authentic and profound expounder of the wretchedness of man. And as such we deem him to have done good service; first, because he who approaches toward the bottom of human woe, proves that it is not altogether, bottomless, however deep; because, if human grief spring from human greatness, in unveiling the grief he is illustrating the grandeur of man; and, because, the writings of Byron have saved us, in this country, what in France has been so pernicious, "the literature of desperation:" they are a literature of desperation in themselves; they condense, into one volume, what in France has been diluted throughout many, and, consequently, our country has drained off at one gulp, and survived the experiment, the poison which our neighbours have been sipping for years to their deadly harm.

Thus, on the whole, we regard Byron neither as, in any sense, a creator, nor, wholly, as a creature of his period; but rather, as a stranger entangled in the passing stream of its crowd, imperfectly adjusted to its customs, indifferently reconciled to its laws—among men, but not of them—a man of the *world*, but not a man of the age; and who has rather fallen furiously through it—"a wild diver" spurning the heights, and seeking the depths—than left on it any deep or definite impression. Some men are buried and straightway forgotten—shovelled out of memory as soon as shovelled into the tomb. Others are buried, and from their graves, through the hands of ministering love, arise fragrant flowers and verdant branches, and thus are they, in a subordinate sense, "raised in glory." Others, again, lie down in the dust, and though no blossom or bough marks the spot, and though the timid shun it at evening-tides, as a spot unblessed—yet, forgotten it can never be, for there lies the record of a great guilty life extinct, and the crown of crime sits silent and shadowy on the tombstone. This is Byron's memorial in the age. But, as even on Nero's tomb "some hand unseen strewed flowers," and as "nothing dies but something mourns," let us lay a frail garland upon the sepulchre of a ruin—itself a desolation—and say *Requiescat in pace*, as we hurry on.

I come, thirdly, to speak of the leading features of his artistic execution, and the materials which his genius used. And here there are less mingled feelings to embarrass the critical contemplator. Strong, direct intellect, descriptive force, and personal passion, seem the main elements of Byron's poetical power. He sees clearly, he selects judiciously for effect from among the points he does see, and he paints them with a pencil dipped in his own fiery heart. He was the last representative of the English character of mind. His lordly independence and high-spiritedness; his fearless avowal of his prejudices however narrow, and passions however coarse; his constant clearness and decision of tone and of style; his manly vigour and directness; his strong unreasoning instinctive sense; his abhorrence of mysticism; and his frequent caprices—all savoured of that literature which had reared Dryden, Pope, and Johnson; and every peculiarity of the English school seems to have clustered in and around him, as its last splendid specimen. Since then our higher literature is rapidly charging with the German element. Byron was *ultimus Romanorum*—the last, and, with the exceptions of Shakspeare and Milton, the greatest *purely English* poet. His manner had generally all the clearness and precision of sculpture; indeed his clearness serves often to disguise his depth. As obscurity sometimes gives an air of mystic profundity and solemn grandeur to a shallow puddle, so, on the other hand, we have seen pools among the mountains, whose pellucidity made them appear less profound, and where every small shining pebble was a bright liar as to the real depth of the waters, such pools are many of the poems of Byron, and, we may add, of Campbell.

His dominion over the darker passions is one of the most obvious features in his poetic charater. He rode in a chariot drawn, if we may use the figure, by those horses described in the visions of the Apocalypse, "whose heads were as the heads of lions, and out of their mouths issued fire, and smoke, and brimstone." And supreme is his management of these dreadful coursers. Whatever is fiercest and gloomiest in human nature—whatever furnace-bosoms have been heated seven times hotter by the unrestrained passions and the torrid suns of the east and the south—wherever man verges toward the animal or the fiend—wherever misanthropes have folded their arms, and taken their desperate attitude—wherever stands "the bed of sin delirious with its dread"—wherever devours "the worm that cannot sleep, and never dies"—there the melancholy muse of Byron finds a haunt. Driven from a home in his country, he finds it in the mansions of all unhappy hearts, which open gloomily, and admit him as their tenant and their bard. To escape from one's-self is the desire of many, of all the miserable—the desire of the drunkard, of the opium-eater, of those who plunge into the vortex of any dissipation, who indulge in any delicious dream—but it is the singularity of Byron that he uniformly escapes from himself into something worse and more miserable. His being transmigrates into a darker and more demoniac shape; he becomes an epicure even in wretchedness; he has supped full of common miseries, and must create and exhaust imaginary horrors. What infinite pity that a being so gifted, and that might have

been so noble, should find it necessary perpetually to evade himself! Hence his writings abound, more than those of other authors, with lines and phrases which seem to concentrate all misery within them—with texts for misanthropes, and mottos for the mouths of suicides. "Years all winters"—what a gasp is that, and how characteristic of him to whose soul summer had not come, and spring had for ever faded! The charge of affectation has often been brought against Byron's proclamations of personal woe. But no one, we believe, was ever a constant and consistent hypocrite in such a matter as misery; and we think we can argue his sincerity, not merely from his personal declarations, but from this fact, that all the characters into whom he shoots his soul are unhappy. Tasso writhing in the dungeon, Dante prophecying evil, not to speak of his imaginary heroes, such as Conrad, Alp, the Giaour, and Childe Harold, betray in what direction ran the master current of his soul; and as the bells and bubbles upon the dark pool form an accurate measurement of its depth, so his mirth, in its wildness, recklessness, and utter want of genuine gaiety, tells saddest tales about the state of a heart which neither on earth nor heaven could find aught to cheer or comfort it.

Besides those intensely English qualities which we have enumerated as Byron's, there sprung out from him, and mainly through the spur of woe, a higher power than appeared originally to belong to his nature. After all his faculties seemed fully developed, and after critics and craniologists had formed their unalterable estimate of them, he began, as if miraculously, to grow into a loftier shape and stature, and compelled these same sapient judges, slowly and reluctantly, to amend their conclusions. In his "Cain," his "Heaven and Earth," and his "Vision of Judgment," he exhibited the highest form of the faculty divine—the true afflatus of the Bard. He seemed to rise consciously into his own region; and, certainly, for gloomy grandeur, and deep, desolate beauty, these productions surpass all the writings of the period. Now, for the first time, men saw the Pandemonian palace of his soul fully lit, and they trembled at its ghastly splendour; and yet, curious it is to remark that those were precisely the poems which the public at first received most coldly; and those who shouted applause when he issued the two first elegant, but comparatively shallow, cantos of "Childe Harold," which were the reflection of other minds, shrank from him when he displayed the terrible riches of his own.

We can only mention the materials on which Byron's genius fed—and, indeed, we must substitute the singular term—for his material was not manifold, but one: it was the history of his own heart that his genius reproduced in all his poems. His poetry was the mirror of himself.

In considering, fourthly, the more characteristic of his works, we may divide them into his juvenile productions, his popular, and his proscribed works. His juvenile productions testified to nothing but the power of his passions, the strength of his ambition, and the uncertainty of his aims. His "Hours of Idleness" was, in one respect, the happiest hit he ever made: it was fortunate enough to attract abuse from the highest critical authority in the empire, and thereby stirred his pride, and effectually roused his faculties. It required a scorching heat to hatch a Byron! In his "English Bards" he proved himself rather a pugilist than a poet. It is the work of a man of Belial, "flown with insolence and *wine*." His popular productions were principally written when he was still a favourite son of society, the idol of drawing-rooms, and the admired, as well as observed, of all observers. "Childe Harold" is a transcription of the serious and *publishable* part of his journal, as he travelled in Greece, Spain, and Italy. "The Giaour" is a powerful half-length picture of himself. "The Bride of Abydos" is a tender and somewhat maudlin memory of Greece. "The Corsair" was the work of one fierce fortnight, and seems to have brought one period of his life, as well as of his popularity, to a glittering point. In all this class of his poems we see him rather revolving the memory of past, than encountering the reality of present, misery. You have pensive sentiment rather than quick and fresh anguish. But his war with society was now about to begin in right earnest; and in prophetic anticipation of this, he wrote his "Parisina" and his "Siege of Corinth." These were the first great drops of the thunderstorm he was soon to pour down upon the world; and in the second of these, particularly, there is an electric heat and a frenzied haste which proclaims a troubled and distracted state of mind. In referring his medical advisers to it as a proof of his mental sanity, he rather blundered; for although it wants the incoherence, it has the fury, of madness. It is the most rapid and furious race he ever ran to escape from his own shadow. Then came his open breach with English society, his separation from his lady, and his growling retreat to his Italian den. But ere yet he plunged into that pool, where the degradation of his genius, and where its power were perfect, he must turn round, and close in wilder, loftier measures the sad song of "Childe Harold," which in life's summer he had begun; and strange it was to mark, in those two last cantos, not only their deepened power and earnestness, but their multiplied sorrow. He seemed to have gone away to Addison's "Mountain of Miseries," and exchanged one burden for a worse—sorrow for despair. He had fallen so low, that suicide had lost its charms; and when one falls beneath the suicide point, his misery is perfect; for his quarrel then is not with *life* but with *being*. Yet how horribly beautiful his conversation with the dust of empires—with the gigantic skeleton of Rome—with the ocean, which meets him like that simulacrum of the sea which haunted the madness of Caligula—with all the mighty miserable in the past—with those spirits which he summons from the "vasty deep"—or with those ill-favoured ones

> "Who walk the shadow of the Vale of Death."

He speaks to them as their equal and kindred

spirit. "Hell from beneath is moved to meet him at his coming: they speak, and say unto him, Art thou become like unto us?" As another potentate, do those "Anarchs old"—Orcus, Hades, and the "dreaded name of Demogorgon"—admit him into their chaotick company, and make him free of the privileges of their dreary realm.

Having thus taken a last proud farewell of society, with all its forms and conventionalities, he turned him to the task of pouring out his envenomed and disappointed spirit in works which society was as certain to proscribe as it was to peruse; and there followed that marvellous series of poems to which we have already referred as his most peculiar and powerful productions—most powerful, because most sincere. And yet the public proved how false and worthless its former estimate of Byron's genius had been, by denouncing those, his best doings, not merely for their wickedness, but for their artistic execution. It is humiliating to revert to the reviews and newspapers of that period, and to read the language in which they speak of "Cain," "Sardanapalus," and the "Vision of Judgment," uniformly treating them as miserable fallings-off from his former self—beneath even the standard of his "English Bards and Scotch Reviewers." "Cain" we regard not only as Byron's noblest production, but as one of the finest poems in this or any language. It is such a work as Milton, had he been miserable, would have written. There is nothing in "Paradise Lost" superior to Cain's flight with Lucifer through the stars, and nothing in Shakspeare superior to his conversations with his wife Adah. We speak simply of its merits as a work of art—its object is worthy of all condemnation: that is, to paint a more soured and savage Manfred, engaged in a controversy, not merely with himself, but with the system of which he is one diseased and desperate member; in the unequal strife overwhelmed, and, as if the crush of Omnipotence were not enough, bringing down after him, in his fall, the weight of a brother's blood; and the object of the fable is not, as it ought to have been, to show the madness of all selfish struggle against the laws of the universe, but to more than intimate the poet's belief, that the laws which occasion such a struggle are cruel and unjust. There is an unfair distribution of misery and guilt in the story. The misery principally accrues to Cain; but a large proportion of the guilt is caught, as by a whirlwind, and flies up in the face of his Maker. The great crime of the poem is not that its hero utters blasphemies, but that you shut it with a doubt whether these blasphemies be not true. Milton wrote his great poem to "justify the ways of God to man;" Byron's object seems to be, to justify the ways of man to God—even his wildest and most desperate doings. The pleading is eloquent, but hopeless. It is the bubble on the ridge of the cataract praying not to be carried over and hurried on. Equally vain it is to struggle against those austere and awful laws, by which moments of sin expand into centuries of punishment. Yet this was Byron's own life-long struggle, and one which, like men who fight their battles o'er again in sleep, he renewed again and again in every dream of his imagination.

"The Vision of Judgment," unquestionably the best abused, is also one of the best, and by no means the most profane, of his productions. It sprung from the savage disgust produced in his mind by Southey's "double distilled" cant, in that poem of his on the death of George the Third—which reversing the usual case, now lives suspended by a tow-line from its caricature. All other hatred—that of Johnson—that of Burke—that of Juvenal—that of all, save Junius—is tame and maudlin compared to the wrath of Byron expressed in this poem. Scorn often has the effect of cooling and carrying off rage—but here "the ground burns frore and cold performs the effect of fire." His very contempt is molten; his tears of laughter, as well as of misery, fall in *burning* showers. In what single lines has he concentrated the mingled essence of the coolest contempt, and the hottest indignation!

> "A better farmer ne'er brushed dew from lawn.
> A worse king never left a realm undone."
>
> "When the gorgeous coffin was laid low,
> It seemed the mockery of hell to fold
> The rottenness of eighty years in gold."
>
> "'Passion!' replied the phantom dim,
> 'I loved my country and I hated him.'"

There spoke the authentic shade of Junius, or at least, a spirit worthy of contending with him for the honour of being the "Best Hater" upon record.

And yet, mixed with the strokes of ribaldry, are touches of a grandeur which he has rarely, elsewhere, approached. His poetry always rises above itself, when painting the faded splendour wan—the stedfast gloom—the hapless magnanimity of the Prince of Darkness. With perfect ease he seems to enter into the soul, and fill up the measure and stature of the awful personage.

It were unpardonable, even in a rapid review, to omit all notice of "Don Juan," which, if it bring our notion of the man to its lowest point—exalts our idea of the Poet. Its great charm is its conversational ease. How coolly, and calmly, he bestrides his Pegasus even when he is at the gallop. With what exquisitely quiet and quick transitions does he pass from humour to pathos, and make you laugh and cry at once as you do in dreams. It is less a man writing, than a man *resigning* his soul to his reader. To use Scott's beautiful figure—"the stanzas fall off as easily as the leaves from the autumnal tree; you stand under a shower of withered gold." And in spite of the endless touches of wit, the general impression is most melancholy; and not Rasselas, nor Timon, casts so deep a shadow on the thoughtful reader as the "very tragical mirth" of Don Juan.

In settling, lastly, his rank as a Poet, we may simply say, that he must stand, on the whole, beneath and apart from the first class of poets, such as Homer, Dante, Milton, Shakspeare, and Goethe. Often, indeed, he seems to rush into their company, and to stand among them, like a

daring boy amid his seniors, measuring himself proudly with their superior stature. And, possibly, had he lived, he might have ultimately taken his place amongst them, for it lay in him to have done this. But life was denied him. The wild steed of his passions—like his own "Mazeppa"—carried him furiously into the wilderness, and dashed him down into premature death. And he now must take his place as one at the very head of the second rank of poets, and arrested when he was towering up toward the first.

His name has been frequently but injudiciously coupled with that of Shelley. This has arisen principally from their accidental position. They found themselves together one stormy night in the streets, having both been thrust out by the strong arm from their homes. One had been kicking up a row and kissing the serving-maids; the other had been trying to reform the family, but in so awkward a fashion, that in his haste he had put out all the lustres, and nearly blown up the establishment. In that cold, desolate, moonless night, they chanced to meet—they entered into conversation—they even tried, by drawing near each other, to administer a little kindly warmth and encouragement. Men seeing them imperfectly in the lamp-light, classed them together as two dissolute and disorderly blackguards. And, alas, when the morning came that might have accurately discriminated them, both were found lying dead in the streets. In point of purpose—temperament—tendency of intellect—poetical creed—feelings—sentiments—habits—and character, no two men could be more dissimilar. And the conjunction of their names is almost as incongruous, as though we should, in comparison, not in contrast, speak of Douglas Jerrold and Baptist Noel—Father Matthew and Professor Wilson—Thomas Carlyle and Andrew Marshall of Kirkintilloch—Dr. Brunton and Dr. John Ritchie.

We remember a pilgrimage we made some years ago to Lochnagar. As we ascended, a mist came down over the hill, like a veil dropped by some jealous beauty over her own fair face. At length the summit was reached, though the prospect was denied us. It was a proud and thrilling moment. What though darkness was all around? It was the *very* atmosphere that suited the scene. It was "dark Lochnagar." And only think how fine it was to climb up and clasp its cairn—to lift a stone from it, to be in after-time a memorial of our journey—to sing the song which made it terrible and dear, in its own proud drawing-room, with those great fog-curtains floating around—to pass along the brink of its precipices—to snatch a fearful joy, as we leant over, and hung down, and saw from beneath the gleam of eternal snow shining up from its hollows, and columns, or rather perpendicular seas of mist, streaming up upon the wind—

> "Like foam from the roused ocean of deep hell,
> Where every wave breaks on a living shore,
> Heaped with the damned, like pebbles—"

tinged, too, here and there, on their tops, by gleams of sunshine, the farewell beams of the dying day. It was the grandest moment in our lives. We had stood upon many hills—in sunshine and in shade, in mist and in thunder—but never had before, nor hope to have again, such a feeling of the grandeur of this lower universe—such a sense of horrible sublimity. Nay, we question if there be a mountain in the empire, which, though seen in similar circumstances, could awaken the same emotions in our minds. It is not its loftiness, though that be great—nor its bold outline, nor its savage loneliness, nor its mist-loving precipices, but the associations which crown its crags with a "peculiar diadem"—its identification with the image of a poet, who, amid all his fearful errors, had perhaps more than any of the age's Bards, the power of investing all his career—yea, to every corner which his fierce foot ever touched, or which his genius ever sung—with profound and melancholy interest. We saw the name Byron written in the cloud-characters above us. We saw his genius sadly smiling in those gleams of stray sunshine which gilded the darkness they could not dispel. We found an emblem of his poetry in that flying rack, and of his character in those lowering precipices. We seemed to hear the wail of his restless spirit in the wild sob of the wind, fainting and struggling up under its burden of darkness. Nay, we could fancy that this hill was designed as an eternal monument to his name, and to image all those peculiarities which make that name for ever illustrious. Not the loftiest of his country's poets, he is the most sharply and terribly defined. In magnitude and round completeness, he yields to many, in jagged, abrupt, and passionate projection of his own shadow, over the world of literature, to none. The genius of convulsion, a dire attraction, dwells around him, which leads many to hang over, and some to leap down his precipices. Volcanic as he is, the coldness of wintry selfishness too often collects in the hollows of his verse. He loves to the cloud and the thick darkness, and comes "veiling all the lightnings of his song in sorrow." So, like Byron beside Scott and Wordsworth, oes Lochnagar stand in the presence of his neighbour giants, Ben-mac-Dhui, and Ben-y-boord, less lofty, but more fiercely eloquent in its jagged outline, reminding us of the *via* of the forked lightning, which it seems dumbly to mimic, projecting its cliffs like quenched batteries against earth and heaven, with the cold of snow in its heart, and with a coronet of mist round its gloomy brow.

No poet, since Homer and Ida, has thus, everlastingly, shot his genius into the heart of one great mountain, identifying himself and his song with it. Not Horace with Soracte—not Wordsworth with Helvellyn—not Coleridge with Mont Blanc—not Wilson with the Black Mount—not even Scott with the Eildons—all these are still common property, but Lochnagar is Byron's own—no poet will ever venture to sing it again. In its dread circle none durst walk but he. His allusions to it are not numerous, but its peaks stood often before his eye: a recollection of its grandeur served more to colour his line, than the glaciers of the Alps, the cliffs of Jura, or the thunder hills of Scar, which

he heard in Chimari; even from the mountains of Greece he was carried back to Morven and

"Lochnagar, with Ida, looked o'er Troy."

Hence the severe Dante-like, monumental, mountainous cast of his better poetry; for we firmly believe that the scenery of one's youth gives a permanent bias and colouring to the genius, the taste, and the style, *i. e.*, if there be an intellect to receive an impulse, or a taste to catch a tone. Many, it is true, bred in cities, or amid common scenery, make up for the lack by early travel; so did Milton, Coleridge, Wilson, &c. But who may not gather, from the tame tone of Cowper's landscapes, that he had never enjoyed such opportunities? And who, in Pollok's powerful but gloomy poem, may not detect the raven hue which a sterile moorland scenery had left upon his mind? Has not, again, the glad landscape of the Howe of the Mearns, and the prospect from the surmounting Hill of Garvock, left a pleasing trace upon the mild pages of Beattie's Minstrel? Did not Coila colour the genial soul of its poet? Has not the scenery of "mine own romantic town" made much of the prose and poetry of Sir Walter Scott what it is? So, is it mere fancy which traces the stream of Byron's poetry in its light and its darkness, its bitterness and its brilliance, to this smitten rock in the wilderness—to the cliffs of Lochnagar?

SCOTTISH RIVERS.—No. II.

THE TWEED—*Continued.*

BY SIR THOMAS DICK LAUDER.

Of all the burghs in Scotland, we know of no one, possessing a character and an appearance so entirely and exclusively its own, as Peebles. Altogether different from the majority of such towns, that generally look like paltry portions of the suburbs of the capital which have rambled forth into the country, Peebles has a certain indescribable air of rurality hanging over it, which is quite refreshing to the poor wight who may escape thither, for a brief space, after having been long "in populous city pent." It is impossible for a brother of the angle to approach it, without thinking of the rod and reel and wicker basket; and yet we are not quite sure that many very great angling feats have been accomplished here, except by the famous Piper of Peebles, mentioned by Sir Walter Scott; yet it certainly possesses all the apparent advantages that an angler could desire. We have always been filled with the idea, that a certain innocent simplicity seems to hover over it, the purity of which is not impaired by any considerable spirit of manufacture; whilst at the same time, no shadow of rusticity seems to fall upon it—but on the contrary, the ghost of the aristocratic taste and manners of the Vieille Court, seems to stalk along its thinly peopled streets, and to loiter about its quaint looking houses and gardens, and the frequent Gothic ruins of its religious edifices, as if the embodied influences which descended on it in those ages long gone by, when our kings delighted to sojourn here, were still pleased sadly to wander about among the scenes of its former merriment and festivity.

The approach to Peebles from the north, or Edinburgh direction, becomes very pretty, as the road falls into, and runs down the glen of the Athelstoun or Eddlestone Water, an important tributary of the Tweed, as it is, itself, fed by a great many small streams. There are a good many pretty residences along its banks, and cultivation and planting have been carried to a great extent. Among these may be mentioned Portmore, Harcus, Darnhall, Cringletie, Chapelhill, Rosetta, Venlaw. Of these, perhaps, the most interesting of the whole, will be found to be that of Dearn or Darnhall, built some time previous to the year 1715 by Sir Alexander Murray of Blackbarony, Baronet. This Sir Alexander was a character of great magnificence. The site of the old house is on the slope of a narrow ravine, with its side to the rill at the bottom. A grand avenue of limes and pines led from the village of Athelstone up to the mansion, its upper extremity being cut out of the bank. But alas! the mound with most of the limes and pines are now gone.

The magnificence of Sir Alexander, who was the last of that line of the Murrays of Blackbarony, was not to be matched. He had travelled much abroad, and, especially, he had been for some time at the Court of Lisbon; and so it was, that he felt a desire to give to his countrymen some taste of the grandeur which he had witnessed in foreign parts, and accordingly, when he had to give an entertainment, he, in addition to his own servants, collected together all his tenants and villagers, whose services he could command, and putting them into suits of livery which he kept for the purpose, and having well drilled them to hold up their heads and to look big, he planted them in two rows, one on each side of the avenue, all the way from the public road of the village of Athelstone to the door of the mansion, the back of each man being placed opposite to the trunk of a lime or a pine-tree so that, in the event of rain falling, their clothes should be in some degree saved from the wet, by the overhanging foliage. There these figures stood stiff and motionless and silent, inspiring awe into the hearts of the astounded guests who approached the house between them. On their arrival, they were ushered, by the real domestics of the Baronet's establishment, into the drawing-room, and after a sufficient time had elapsed for the whole company to assemble, a strange, scraping, shuffling sort of noise was heard from the passage, which grew louder as it advanced, until the door was thrown open, and the great Blackbarony himself entered the apart-

ment, dressed out with all the grandeur of a sovereign Prince, and rubbing and shuffling his feet on the floor as he proceeded up the room, much to the astonishment of his guests, who could in no way account for a mode of walking which had neither elegance nor dignity in it. At length, however, it came out, that the then King of Portugal was afflicted with a weakness in his legs, which disabled him from raising his feet from the ground, and compelled him to shuffle along the floor in this way; and, that Sir Alexander had adopted this practice, to show his Courtly manners, and his intimacy with the Portuguese Monarch.—This water of Eddlestone has in its vicinity many remains of ancient camps, as well as of Druidical worship. The old castle of Shieldgreen at the head of the Soonhope-Burn, to the eastward of Winkstone, is a lofty ruin of a place, which seems to have been of some consideration in the olden time. Heathpool was an ancient property of the Lauder family.

As it approaches the Tweed, the Athelstone divides the town of Peebles into two parts.—The valley of the Tweed here expands into a large and fertile plain, where the agriculture is excellent, the hedges trimly kept, and where young, thriving, and well-grown plantations are rising in all directions, especially on the slopes and declivities of the hills. The late father and brother of the present Sir Adam Hay, Bart., largely contributed to the enrichment and embellishment of the country in this way. This extensive stretch of plain, to the south, is connected with the town by a bridge of five arches, which is so ancient, that the history of its erection is altogether lost. The site of the town is remarkably healthy, and it is a good deal frequented by families of the better sort, for the education of their children.

But we have most delight in going back to its olden time, when, during many reigns, it was a favourite place of recreative retreat for our Scottish monarchs. Antiquaries have been so busy, that they seem to have upset the claim of our King James the 1st., to the authorship of the ancient poem, called "Peblis to the Play;" and if so, then "Christis Kirk of the Grene," must necessarily go with it. And yet, the mere circumstance that the hospital of St. Leonard's, founded a little way down the Tweed, for infirm and indigent persons, was given, in 1427, by that monarch to his confessor, would seem to support the truth of the legend that the king was much attached to this place as a residence, as well as that he, well known to be a poet, was in reality the author of both the poems we have mentioned.

"At Beltane, quhen, ilk bodie bownis,
To Peblis to the Play;
To heir the singin and the soundis,
The solace, suth to say;
Be firth and forest furth the found;
Thay graythit tham full gay;
God wait that wald, thay do that stound,
For it was their feist day,
thay said,
Of Peblis to the Play."

The poem of "Christis Kirk of the Grene," is remarkable in its turn for its allusion to that of "Peblis to the play."

"W'es nevir in Scotland, hard nor sene
Sic dansing nor deray,
Nouthir at Falkland on the Grene,
Nor Pebillis at the Play,
As wes of wowaris, as I wene,
At Christis' Kirk on ane day:
Thair came our Kitties, weshen clene,
In thair new kirtillis of gray,
Full gay,
At Christis' Kirk of the Grene that day."

On his return from his long imprisonment in England, James was struck with the great deficiency which his subjects exhibited, in comparison with the English, in the use of archery. He did every thing to amend this evil, by the publication of acts for the encouragement of its practice, by threatening penalties on the one hand, and offering prizes on the other, and calling ridicule to his aid, he is supposed to have written this poem, which may be considered throughout, as a satire upon the awkwardness of the Scottish peasantry in the management of the bow. A silver arrow was long shot for annually here, each winner having the right to attach his silver medal to it, recording his triumph. And this is still preserved in the possession of the Magistrates. Archery throve considerably under this patriotic monarch, but after his murder, in 1437, it again declined, and this the more so, owing to the discovery and use of gunpowder, and we find that his successor, James the II., in a statute in 1557, prohibited the amusements of golf and football, that these sports might not interfere with the practice of the hackbut, arquebuss, and matchlock, which were now substituted at the Waiponschawings, for the bow and arrow. We believe, however, that the Royal Company of archers of the Queen's Body Guard for Scotland, annually repair to Peebles, to shoot for the prize. On the opposite side of the river, was the King's moor, where the ancient tournaments were held, and where the horse-races, and all the other games belonging to "Peblis to the Play," took place, and there the people were wont to be assembled down to a very late period, for the weaponschawings annually, in the months of June and October. An accurate account was taken of the appearance of each of the Barons, with the number of their followers, and the state of their horses and arms: and one of these documents, dated the 15th June, 1627, which is still preserved, is extremely curious; we give one entry only, as a sample of the rest, "Sir Archibald Murray, of Darnhall, well horsed, with a callet, accompanied with forty-two horsemen, with lances and swords, ten jacks and steel bonnetts, within the parishes of Kilbucko and Eddleston."

In the 13th year of the reign of Alexander III., a very magnificent, ancient, stone cross, was dug up at Peebles; beside it were found the relics of a human body, contained within a shrine, and supposed to be those of St. Nicholas; and, in consequence of this discovery, the King built a stately Church, in honour of God and the Holy Cross. From this time downwards, the Sovereigns of Scotland, were all, more or less, in the habit of

resorting to Peebles for retirement, for hunting, and for other rural amusements; as well as in their way to and from Ettrick Forest. And the names of particular places, still existing, prove the importance of Peebles as a seat of religion, as well as having been that of royalty; for we have the *King's meadows*, the *Dean's house*, the *Virgin inns*, the *Usher's wynd*, the *King's house*, the *King's orchards*, and above all, the *Cuinzee nook*, or the place where a mint must have stood. Buchanan, in his history of Scotland, tells us, that Lord Darnley retired to Peebles with his attendants, to avoid the fury of the Queen's jealousy and the courtiers' envy. And he unconsciously proves to us the high state of civilization to which the town had at that time reached, by telling us, that it was so full of expert thieves that King Henry was speedily obliged to retire from it. As we do not profess, in following out our present plan, to give an account of all the towns which may be found on the banks of the rivers, we are describing, we should not have dwelt so long upon Peebles, but for the singular air of decayed royalty that hangs over it, and which so strangely blends with its perfect simplicity and rurality.

Before quitting Peebles, we must not fail to notice a short but romantic legend connected with it which, we believe, owes its preservation to Sir Walter Scott. A daughter of the proud Earl of March, then the Lord of Neidpath castle, having accidentally met with a son of the Laird of Tushielaw, in Ettrick Forest, a strong mutual passion arose between them; a stop was put to their alliance by the parents of the lady, who thought that the match by no means befitted her quality. Filled with despair, the young man went abroad, and the result of his absence was, that the affliction of the young lady produced a deep consumption. The fond but foolish father, in the hope of saving his daughter's life, at last signified his wishes to the family of Tushielaw, that the young man might be recalled, and that his union with his daughter should be solemnized, so soon as the lady's convalescence should admit of it. The effect upon the lady's health seemed to be magical, but alas! it was but in appearance only. Eager to catch the first glimpse of her lover on the day he was expected, she ordered that she should be carried down from Neidpath to a house in Peebles, which belonged to the family, and there, laid at her ease on cushions on a balcony, she sat expecting him. So acute was her sense of hearing, that she distinguished his horse's footsteps at an incredible distance. The young man came riding briskly on, burning with eagerness to be in his lady's arms; and so intent was he on this object, and so filled with this one engrossing thought, that he never cast an eye on the balcony, or if he did, it was utterly to disregard a form and face which fell disease had now rendered difficult to recognize. On he rode, gaily and quickly to Neidpath. The lady, alas! unable to support the shock, fell back in the arms of her attendants, and died without a struggle.

Following the gentle course of the Tweed downwards from Peebles, we find its level banks enriched with the plantations, parks, and pleasure grounds of Kerrfield on the left, and King's meadows on the right. Hayston, the more ancient seat of the Hays, occupies a picturesque nook at some distance to the southward, towards the foot of the hills, which here send down several small feeders to the Tweed. The old riven Peel Tower of Horsburgh occupies a green knoll on the left bank, it is the ancient seat of a very old family, the Horsburghs of that ilk. It is an extremely picturesque object to look at, and the view from it is very beautiful. On the right bank, the woods of Kailzie hang on the slope of the rising grounds, and give evidence of a considerable expenditure both of taste and of money. Again, before reaching the little watering place of Innerleithen, which the public, we believe, without much justice or reason, have chosen to identify with the fictitious St. Ronans, we have the place of Glen Ormiston on the left bank, and Cardrona on the right.

The Leithen is a pretty considerable stream, and, rising in the northern heights which bound the county of Edinburgh, it has a fine run of above six miles, through the parish of the same name, in a pretty narrow glen between pastoral hills, till it joins the Tweed. The height of the hills is considerable, that of Windlestraw Law is 2,295 feet. The Leithen is a fine trouting river, and the village of Innerleithen is a great place of resort for anglers, where they may command the choice of that river, or the Quair, or the Tweed. But, indeed, the smallest burns among the hills connected with the Tweed, will be found to afford panniers full of fine trout to the skilful angler who knows when to take their streams at the proper time, and in the right condition; and there can be few pleasures, of the simple kind, which can excel the delight of wandering alone through these solitary wildernesses of heath—guided by the thread of the little stream only, and, dropping, as you move onwards, a shortened line over its banks, finding yourself ever and anon yoked with a fish, that compels you, in prudence, to give him somewhat of his own way, and a little indulgence in the music of the reel, before you begin to think of drawing him gently near you, in order to lay your hands upon him. How agreeably does the lid of your willow basket utter its peculiar gently creaking sound, in welcome to the panting captive, as you open it to insert him among those who have been placed there before him; and all this occurs among the solitude of Nature—the bleat of a lamb from the hill-side, or the hum of a bee from a heather bell, being all that may tell of the vicinity of animal life. There are regular games held at Innerleithen under the superintendance of the St. Ronan's Club, and, amongst other prizes, I believe, one is given for competition among the anglers for the best basketful of trout. The mineral spring here is much resorted to, and, consequently, the village itself has had some good houses added to it. Its situation at the narrow mouth of the glen is extremely pleasing and sequestered.

We must now cross the Tweed to its right bank, in order to investigate the scene—

"Where Quair, wild wimpling 'mang the flowers,
Runs down yon wooded glen, lassie."

This river and its tributaries and glens are extremely beautiful, and, in many places, very wild. The run of the Quair itself is about three or four miles. It has its source in Glendean's Banks, which form a chasm about half a mile in length, and from two hundred to three hundred feet in height. Its precipices are remarkable for producing falcons of a superior flight and courage. There are several quiet, rural, and romantic solitudes to be found here, and we may particularly notice Glen, the property of Mr. Allan above which yawns the fearful chasm of Gams-cleugh. But that which gives most interest to the scenery here is its association with "the Bush aboon Traquair," which indeed has, in reality, now dwindled to a comparatively insignificant object, being reduced to a few lonely looking birch trees standing in a thin clump, at a considerable height on the face of the hill. Doubtless, the grove was thicker and more shady at least, if it was not more extensive, at the time when young Murray of Philiphaugh, having crossed the intervening mountain-wilds, first met at this place, with the lovely Lady Margaret Stewart, a daughter of the house of Traquair, and became deeply enamoured of her. If the verses that are wedded to the ancient melody are in any way truly descriptive of the sentiments of the parties, it would appear that the lady must have received the gallant young Philiphaugh's addresses with gracious smiles at first, so as to fill his bosom with the best hopes, but whether he had presumed rather too much in this his first interview, or that the lady was naturally a flirt, must be matter of mere conjecture.

"Hear me, ye nymphs and every swain,
I'll tell how Peggy grieves me;
Though thus I languish and complain,
Alas, she ne'er believes me.
My vows and sighs, like silent air,
Unheeded, never move her;
The bonny Bush aboon Traquair,
Was where I first did love her,

That day she smiled and made me glad,
No maid seemed ever kinder;
I thought myself the luckiest lad,
So sweetly there to find her.
I tried to soothe my amorous flame,
In words that I thought tender;
If more there passed, I'm not to blame,
I meant not to offend her.

Yet now she scornful flies the plain,
The fields we then frequented;
If e'er we meet, she shows disdain,
She looks as ne'er acquainted.
The bonny bush bloomed fair in May,
Its sweets I'll aye remember,
But now her frowns make it decay;
It fades as in December.

Ye Rural Powers, who hear my strains,
Why thus should Peggy grieve me?
Oh! make her partner in my pains;
Then let her smiles relieve me,
If not, my love will turn despair,
My passion no more tender;
I'll leave the Bush aboon Traquair,
To lonely wilds I'll wander."

Unfortunately, neither poet nor historian, that we wot of, has left us the smallest clue to what the issue of this love affair really was, and under these circumstances, it appears to us to hold out strong temptation to the fiction-monger to work out from it his own romantic tale of mingled distress and happiness.

The ancient house of Traquair itself forms a very important and striking feature in the angle between the two streams, and in the midst of the combined scenery of the Quair and the Tweed. It raises its venerable head out of the fine old timber in which it is embosomed, and looks sternly over the vale, like a battle-seamed warrior, contented to enjoy his repose, but quite ready to be roused up to action in the event of circumstances demanding it. The building, indeed, when viewed at a distance, appears to be more important than it really is when approached; for then it is found to be considerably raised by an artificial terrace, so that the height of absolute masonry is not so great as might at first sight be imagined, and yet there is enough in reality to warrant the description in a note on Dr. Pennecuik, which says, "Traquair House, the seat of the noble Earl of that name, is a large and ancient building, on the banks of Tweed and Quair. The venerable, yet elegant appearance of this house, or rather palace, as Dr. Pennecuik terms it, has not less the air of royal grandeur, than the extensive *policy* and gardens have of taste and judgment. It is not particularly known at what time, or by whom, the oldest part of this noble structure was built. Part of it is of very remote antiquity, built on the banks of the Tweed, easily defensible from that side, and might possibly, in the days of hostility, be properly guarded on the other. It was in the form of a tower." Chambers tells us that "the great additions to the ancient tower, which caused the house to assume its present unfortress-like aspect, were made in the reign of Charles I., by John Earl of Traquair, Lord High Treasurer of Scotland under that monarch." We must say that we felt it to be a place replete with interest. Even the partial symptoms of disorder or decay, which we observed both within and without doors, heightened the effect of this. The *policy*, as the note we have already quoted, *more Scotico* designates the pleasure grounds, has grown up very much into a wilderness, amongst which there are some of the finest yews anywhere to be seen. When we visited the place, we had the good fortune to fall in with Lord Traquair's chaplain, the earl himself not being in Scotland at the time, and this kind and hospitable ecclesiastic of the Romish Church, to which this noble family has unremittingly adhered, gave us full license to indulge all the curiosity of antiquarian research with which we were filled. We visited every part of this curious house—curious from its many strange passages and stairs, and singular apartments and minute closets. Some of the furniture was old; but one very richly carved morceau, the cradle of James IV., underwent our minutest inspection, as being one of the most interesting objects we had met with. But if

we possessed the means of giving an outline of the unpretending and truly genuine hospitalities of this house—as they were administered, generation after generation, by its successive noble proprietors, during a long course of ages—we should, as we most conscientiously believe, be enabled to produce a series of graphic scenes, many of which would be infinitely touching to the human heart, as we have had full occasion to guess at from the slight sketches which we, from time to time, received from our grandfather of his experience of, and participation in, its hospitalities, during his acquaintance, as a young man, with what were then considered to be the ancient usages of the noble House of Traquair.

Old Pennecuik himself, in parting with Traquair, breaks out into the following verses, which, as a specimen of his poetry, we all the more consider ourselves as bound in honour to give to our readers, after the consideration that we have so abundantly availed ourselves of his prose:—

"On fair Tweedside, from Berwick to the Bield,
Traquair, for beauty, fairly wins the field,
So many charms, by nature and by art,
Do there combine to captivate the heart,
And please the eye, with what is fine and rare;
Few other seats can match with sweet Traquair."

And, after leaving it, he hastens to conclude his account of the Tweed, and of Tweeddale or Peeblesshire, by telling us that, "on the other side is the Pirn, which was the residence of the chief of the name of Tait; after which follow the Haughhead Bole—the Scrogbank—Kirnaw—Purvishill—Caverton—Gatehope Knowe—and Gatehope Burn, where Tweeddale ends, and marches with the sheriffdom of Selkirk, or the Forest." And as we know that none of these are objects of any peculiar interest, we shall now proceed to trace the Tweed into the Romantic Forest.

But before doing so we must notice the pleasant modern residence of Lord Elibank on its right bank, and still more, Elibank Tower, the ancient stronghold of his ancestors. The general scenery of the river here is that of prettily, though not grandly, shaped hills of fine green pasture, and the ruin in question stands high up on the gentle slope of one of these, there being no wood nearer to it than on the immediate bank of the river. This castle consisted of a double tower, surrounded by its outworks and subordinate buildings. Attached to it was a beautiful terraced garden, which encompassed it on the south and west sides, and one may easily imagine, that when the hillsides were covered with their due proportion of forest, and when these terrace gardens were in trim order, and when knights and ladies gay were at all times furnishing them with living figures, the scene altogether would be very different. If not founded by Sir Gideon Murray, the father of the first Lord Elibank, and directly descended from the renowned family of Blackbarony, it was at least repaired and enlarged by him. He was altogether a very remarkable man, and so remarkable for the judicious management of his affairs, that when James VI. came to Scotland to visit his northern subjects, Sir Gideon was chosen as the fittest individual to manage and control the expenditure consequent on the expedition. But whilst we cannot afford to go into any general account of the merits of Sir Gideon in this place, there is an anecdote connected with him which cannot be too often recorded, as it is richly illustrative of the manners of the times.

A feud had for some time existed between the Murrays and the Scotts. In prosecution of this, William Scott, son of the head of the family of Harden, stole, with his followers, from his Border strength of Oakwood Tower on the river Ettrick, to lead them on a foray against Sir Gideon of Elibank. But Sir Gideon was too much on his guard for his enemies, and having fallen on them as they were driving off the cattle, he defeated them, took them prisoners, and recovered the spoil. His lady having met him on his return, and congratulated him on his success, ventured to ask him what he was going to do with young Harden. "Why, strap him up to the gallows-tree, to be sure," replied Sir Gideon. "Hout na, Sir Gideon," said the considerate matron, "would you hang the winsome young Laird of Harden, when ye have three ill-favoured daughters to marry?" "Right," answered the baron, "he shall either marry our daughter, mickle-mouthed Meg, or he shall strap for it." When this alternative was proposed to the prisoner, he at first stoutly preferred the gibbet to the lady; but as he was led out to the fatal tree for immediate execution, the question began to wear a different aspect, and life, even with mickle-mouthed Meg, seemed to have a certain sunshine about it very different from the darkness of that tomb to which the gallows would have so immediately consigned him. He married Meg, and an excellent wife she made him, and they lived for many years a happy couple, and Sir Walter Scott came by descent from this marriage. Would we could transfer to these pages the animated sketch of this scene by our friend Mr. Charles Kirkpatrick Sharpe, which, we believe, hangs at Abbotsford, where a few bold lines so perfectly convey the whole humour, not only of the subject, but of the individual characters, as to leave all verbal description quite in the background.

(To be continued.)

DR. MERLE D'AUBIGNE'S LIFE OF CROMWELL.*

At first sight it might be somewhat difficult to imagine what reasonable motive could have induced another foreign writer, however able and accomplished, to assume "The Protector and his Times" as a theme. So much has been written, and admirably written, upon the subject, especially of late, that very little, it might be presumed, remained to be said by Dr. Merle† D'Aubigné. Accordingly, of original facts, or the fruit of renewed and careful historical research, we find little or nothing—absolutely nothing; and apart from one grand and leading idea, the key to the work, which we shall immediately explain, quite as little of original thought, or appreciation of the character of Cromwell.

With the remarkable work of Carlyle fresh in the mind of every reader, although there were no other obstacle, it must be admitted, that Dr. Merle has assumed no easy task. Of this he is fully sensible; and the magnitude of the undertaking, and fear of failure appear, from his deprecatory introduction, to have increased upon him. This modest apprehension leads to numerous preliminary explanations and apologies. What has grown into a work was originally, it appears, intended for an article in a continental Review; but—to accept the explanation of the author—as he proceeded, he came to feel it to be his duty to rectify the common opinion with regard to Cromwell's religious character; in brief, to compose an elaborate vindication and laudation of The Lord Protector, to do which, with effect, it was necessary to quote largely from his letters and speeches, as these are found in Carlyle's volumes. If left to form our own judgment of the motives which led Dr. Merle to expand his work, motives besides those common ones which induce men of letters to write and publish books, we would have said, that he wished to give to Protestant Europe an Anti-Catholic rallying-cry—a battle-word against Popery, in the name and memory of Cromwell. In England, at all events, the opinion formed of the character of The Protector is neither so low, nor yet so erroneous, as Dr. Merle D'Aubigné has assumed. Men of every party, and even the most bigoted Catholics, or fanatical High-churchmen, allow Cromwell to have been the most able of statesmen, a great military commander, and even a true patriot; to whom the honour and glory of his country were ever dear, and who exalted both. Few will now stigmatize Cromwell as a religious hypocrite, though policy made him, like other political leaders, sometimes temporize among hostile sects, or, when hard pushed, evade sincere explanation, by shrouding his real sentiments and wishes in a mystical jargon, only too familiar to religious men in his age. No man could declare his genuine sentiments more freely, forcibly, and roundly, when it so pleased him; and if he sometimes chose to involve himself in the fume and smoke of solemn words, either to render his real meaning unintelligible or double-handled, it is not always easy to clear such obscure or oracular utterances from every shade of seeming hypocrisy.

It ought to satisfy the most unqualified admirers of Cromwell, that, in public affairs, he was no greater hypocrite than the ablest and most upright and consummate politicians have generally been, and in religion no hypocrite in any discernible degree, when read and judged in the true spirit of his age. If Lord Brougham, Sir Robert Peel, or Lord John Russell were to hold forth in Parliament in the language of Cromwell, there would be little hesitation in pronouncing each of them a thorough hypocrite; though, on the other hand, he would be rash or uncharitable, who, from their avoidance of the Puritanic phraseology of the seventeenth century, would set them down as men without religion.

The character of Cromwell as a politician, a patriot, and a hero, as a man of strong devotional feelings, and one, free—like, thank Heaven! the great majority of civilized mankind—from gross vices, being now tolerably well understood, little was left to any new biographer, save to ascertain the precise degree in which this great man possessed the distinguishing graces of a private Christian, and a Christian ruler. And Dr. M. D'Aubigné, labouring very hard to establish the religious character of the Protector, leaves this chosen and honoured instrument in the hand of Provience, this great man—for great he was—immeasurably below many and many a humble, obscure Christian—if there be but one all-perfect pattern and model of the Christian virtues and graces. It is, then, his hostility to the Roman Catholic faith, shown chiefly, it is alleged, upon religious grounds, that Dr. Merle considers the leading object of Cromwell's life, as it was his crowning glory to have been, not alone the Protector of the Reformed Religion in England, but of European Protestantism. On this absorbing and interminable subject of Popery our author is an avowed alarmist; and, without sharing in his fears, his readers may admit, to the fullest extent, his statements concerning the zeal and activity of the modern Romish propagandists; though, at the same time, they may be no more afraid of the authority of the Pope being unduly extended over Great Britain, than that the altars of Jupiter will be again set up in Rome. Dr. Merle D'Aubigné fancies he perceives a crisis approaching in Britain, and involving all Protestant Europe, precisely similar to that which occurred in England

* Octavo, pp. 379. Edinburgh: Oliver & Boyd.

† Dr. Merle D'Aubigné requests his English readers to give him his true surname of Merle, D'Aubigne being merely an honourable addition assumed by his grandfather, in virtue of some matrimonial alliance, and in order that an appellation, which deserved well of Protestantism, might not become extinct.

in the middle of the seventeenth century—an insidious attempt, by Rome and her cohorts, to reconquer England, and thus to triumph over the principles of the Reformation in every land. He makes little, or but slight account of the political elements which incited, or rather produced, the civil wars of the seventeenth century, nor considers that the struggle was as much—and, in truth, far more—against arbitrary power, overstretched prerogative, than against Popery. He regards the great Rebellion almost solely as a religious war, which England, he imagines, may soon again be called upon to renew, with, alas! no Cromwell to direct her councils and lead her armies. Him God raised up to crush and destroy royalty, which had grown into the stronghold of Popery, and to become the champion and bulwark of the Reformed Religion. We conceive Dr. Merle's fears either overstrained or groundless. The nonsensical and superstitious frippery of Puseyism at which he is so alarmed, will, if left to itself, soon pass away, and is already fast vanishing before the returning sobermindedness of many of its adherents, and the good-humoured derision of the spectators of its phantoms and fooleries. Puseyism has, in fact, never taken any hold whatever of either the thinking or the industrious classes of the community. How should it? Its apostles have been either enthusiasts or restless priests, desirous of fortifying the tottering power of the Church and the sacerdotal order; and its disciples idle, half-instructed men and women of the "higher classes," with whom shows and substances, words and things, assume much the same importance. We refer to the grosser element—the outer husk of Puseyism; for in its core, as in the inner heart of all things, there is to be found good as well as evil. This view cheers us under the solemn warnings and grave prophecies of the Genevese doctor, delivered in such terms as the following:—

"If England desired in the present day, as her princes desired in the seventeenth century, to restore Popery—if the number of those unfaithful ministers, who abjure the Gospel for the Pope, should multiply in her bosom—if that superstitious madness should spread to their congregations—if the heads of the Church should continue to slumber, and, instead of rescuing their flocks, allow them to proceed towards the wolf that is waiting to devour them—if the government, not satisfied with granting liberty to Popery, should encourage it still farther by endowing its seminaries, paying its priests, building its churches, and restoring throughout Great Britain the power of the Roman bishop.....then would England probably be convulsed by a crisis, different, it might be, from that which startled the reign of Charles, but not the less formidable. Again the earth would quake, again would it open to pour forth devouring flames."

The object of this work, we have said, and it is one never lost sight of, is to arouse the anti-Catholic feelings or slumbering religious prejudices of the British nation; and, to effect this, the deeds and the name of The Protector are made the battle-word. The great, if not actuating motive of Cromwell, during his whole career, is represented as deadly and determined hostility to the Papal power and the Catholic religion. The love of liberty, the interest and glory of England, were always subordinate to what our author considers the grand and leading principle of Cromwell's public life. In the war which, it may be supposed, Cromwell waged with Spain from State policy and the desire of national aggrandizement, his biographer finds a more powerful motive in the Protector's fixed determination to crush Rome. After quoting from one of Cromwell's speeches, delivered at an epoch when war was to be declared against Spain, and to be vindicated, not by citing Grotius and Vatel, as statesmen do now, but the Revelations, "The Beast," and "The Man of Sin," Dr. Merle D'Aubigné says:—

"In Cromwell's views Rome was the antichristian spiritual power, and Spain the civil power by which she had long been abetted. There may be persons who will dispute that this can be found in the Apocalypse, but no one will dispute that it is really found in history. The verdict of posterity has ratified his opinion.

"If the positive principle he gave to the British state was morality and faith, the negative principle was *resistance to Popery*. He held each of these in equal importance, for at bottom they concentre in one .....in the Gospel. With their aid England has seen the days of her exaltation; when they are neglected or set aside, then will come the day of her decline. While the Protector made war upon Spain, he was in reality fighting against Rome."

As the volume is a continual testimony against the Popish faith, a perpetual sounding of the alarm against Popery to the degenerate rulers of England, we are at no loss to find passages, often written with much animation and fervour, in which the author, both directly and indirectly, enforces his doctrines which, it may be remarked, are very frequently accompanied by protestations of the warmest zeal for religious liberty. It is not our business to vindicate Dr. Merle D'Aubigné's consistency. In one place, in referring to the grand model he would set before the eyes of modern English statesmen, he remarks:—

"Cromwell was not satisfied with merely frightening the Pope in his own Babylon, and with directing his efforts in every quarter against the Roman power; he at the same time zealously pursued the great cause of the Reformation in Europe and in the world, and thus assigned to England that station as Queen of the Protestant World, which has been, and ever will be, her glory and her strength, so long as she shall remain true and faithful to this great calling. This was his third ruling passion, —religious liberty—the greatness of England—the prosperity of Protestantism. Where is the statesman that has ever had in view nobler and more beneficial objects?

* * * * * *

"Cromwell thought it his vocation to be in the whole world what he was at home—the great champion of religious liberty."

In another place it is said, and we give but slender samples of this sort:—

"It is the Protector's glory that he discerned in Rome the chief enemy to the liberty, prosperity, and piety of nations. This in our days is called prejudice and superstition. Severe lessons will teach the nations, to their cost, which of the two is right—their modern leaders, or the great man of the seventeenth century."

It is throughout forgotten, or wilfully overlooked, that Elizabeth, to whom Dr. Merle will scarcely, we imagine, allow the very name of Protestant, was, politically, as much entitled to be called "the Defender of the Faith," as was Cromwell, who is thus honourably designated by him. In referring to the massacre of the Protes-

tants in Piedmont, which, together with the "Irish St. Bartholomew," are described in the strong and warm language to which the remembrance of these horrors and atrocities naturally move every Christian man, whether Romanist or Protestant, our author expatiates upon the zeal displayed by Cromwell to obtain redress and justice for the persecuted Waldenses, who, upon his powerful interposition, were restored to the same religious liberty which they had enjoyed undisturbed for centuries. On the authority of Neale, and we should have preferred that of an original letter or State document, we are told that, after his effectual interposition for the Protestants of Piedmont,

"This Defender of the Protestant faith, wishing to give the Pope and the petty princes of Italy a lesson calculated to strike them with terror, gave out, that as he was satisfied they had been the promoters of this persecution, he would keep it in mind, and lay hold of the first opportunity to send his fleet into the Mediterranean to visit Civita Vecchia and other parts of the ecclesiastical territories, and that the sound of his cannon should be heard in Rome itself. He further declared publicly that he would not suffer the true faith to be insulted in any part of the world."*

As "Defender of the Faith," Cromwell did not, however, rashly engage in war. So far as remonstrance and negotiation could reach, sound policy, apart from religious sentiment, must have led him, as they did Elizabeth, to stipulate in all his treaties for protection, or freedom of conscience, to those professing the reformed faith. But, as is here truly said, "Cromwell was no less prudent than brave." England was never once plunged by the Protector into a religious war—a war of polemic opinion. The Protestant pastors, in the south of France, had at one time nearly instigated their flocks to actual rebellion, and Oliver, at this crisis, seems, though very cautiously, to have felt his way.

"Agents sent by the Protector into France seriously urged him to declare in favour of the oppressed and persecuted religion. The most influential French pastors corresponded with the heads of the Council of State in England. The fermentation and enthusiasm were general throughout all the south; and the Protestants, imagining the eve of their deliverance to be at hand, fasted and prayed publicly for the preservation of the Protector, calling him plainly 'their only hope next to God!' But Cromwell was no less prudent than brave."

It was by his "moral influence," not the less powerful certainly from being backed by his victorious fleets and armies, that he could most effectually aid the natural allies of Reformed and Revolutionized England—the Protestants of the continent. It was in this way that, at a subsequent period, he interposed for the Protestant citizens of Nismes, when called to sharp account in a quarrel with the bishop and the magistrates of the city. This, by the way, was the special act which entitles the Protector to the gratitude of Dr. Merle D'Aubigné, who, in his introduction, states—

"As I am myself descended from Huguenot refugees, it seemed to me that I had a debt to pay to this illustrious man. There were, perhaps, some of my forefathers among those inhabitants of Nismes, whom the powerful intervention of the English chief rescued from the vengeance of the soldiers of Louis XIV., already marching against that city to execute the orders of the court to the last extremity."*

We have already shown the *animus* of this work, and, if further illustration were required, it might, among many other passages, be found in the moral thus drawn from the tumult at Nismes.

"Had Cromwell's spirit animated the English government in our days, the iniquity of Otaheite would never have been committed; and we should not have seen the priest-party in France inveighing, on the one hand, against the three northern powers for annihilating the independence of Cracow, and, on the other, making war upon a people who have never known a master, and who, as regards moral power and political and religious life, are certainly far superior to the Cracovian citizens. The energy with which this little nation has held in check for several years the people who consider themselves the first in the world, is a pretty clear proof that it deserves to be independent. The priest-party of France, by protesting against the occupation of Cracow and by provoking the assault on Otaheite, has had the unenviable honour of furnishing the civilized world with the most notorious example in modern times of that blindness which *strains at a gnat and swallows a camel.*"

Cromwell, we have seen, had the wisdom to reject the counsels, and refuse the supplications of the Protestant pastors of France, and the flocks they rashly instigated to insurrection. "It was by other means," says the writer of the above passage, "he should come to the support of the Protestants—by his moral influence, and not by his armies." And, as often as churchmen and theologians indulge in meddling and dictation, raise the cry of war, or counsel armed interposition, statesmen would do well to pause, and to deserve the praise bestowed upon Cromwell, for not rushing into war without first counting the cost; upon him who—when the French Protestants 'i fasted and prayed publicly for the preservation of the protector, calling him plainly *their only hope* next to God"—wisely kept England free of the quarrel.

Our author considers, and most justly, The Protector's zeal for religious liberty—for freedom of conscience—as one of his noblest characteristics. So fairly, though with a high hand, did Cromwell, as soon as his power was somewhat consolidated, carry himself among hostile sects, that his biographer, Villemain, has, upon this neutrality or Catholicity of spirit, shrewdly founded a plausible charge of hypocrisy; for how, in an age when the petty distinctions of rival religious denominations, when mere forms were held of greater importance than the essentials of christianity, could Cromwell alone have remained indifferent to the watch-words and badges of sect? How could he, at that momentous period, when interference and faith were so closely allied, remain neutral and indifferent to the triumph of his own faith of Puritanism, unless, a consummate hypocrite, he really viewed each sect merely as the instrument of his ambition and statecraft, and had no religion of any kind, that was not subservient to his policy? The thought is natural in M. Villemain, though,

*Neale, Hist. Puritans, ii. 654, 655.

* One of the Author's ancestors quitted Nismes a few years after Cromwell's intervention, and found a refuge at Geneva.

we are persuaded, far from just. Cromwell, whatever varying opinions may be formed of his purely christian character, certainly believed himself a religious man. Even what Dr. Merle describes as "a Biblical affectation of language"—an affectation, by the way, coming fast into vogue in our own day—was more a characteristic of his age, than the studied utterance of hypocrisy. And the ennobling distinction will ever remain to Cromwell, that, as his mind ripened, and his power advanced, so did his elevation and expansion of spirit. His severity to the Irish Catholics was mainly that of a politician, and directed almost solely against those intriguing and restless priests whose object it was to subvert his government, and disturb the peace of the community; and the self-same policy led to his frequent checks of Presbyterian interference with his purposes.

Dr. Merle D'Aubigné makes very frequent mention, if not boast, of his own excessive liberality or perfect tolerance, though it is doubtful how far Romanists, Unitarians, Free-thinkers and all not included in the denomination evangellical, are included within his pale. He even condemns some of the acts of Cromwell, and the religious restrictions which he at first imposed upon the Catholics. Yet he considers The Protector, upon religious considerations, not merely justified, but honoured in his severity to the Irish Catholic priesthood; and it seems very probable that he considers the recent Catholic Emancipation as a wrong and most dangerous concession, going much too far, since it admits Papists into Parliament.

But we must quote the passage which, with many others, justifies our conclusion, and makes us strongly doubt whether Dr. Merle be really the ultra-tolerant Protestant which he sincerely believes himself.

"In these days he will be severely reproached for his intolerance of Popery in Ireland. 'I shall not suffer the exercise of the mass,' he said. Let us examine the matter seriously.

"If Cromwell had truly at heart the prosperity of Ireland, it is evident that he must have desired to see that country renounce the mass and the Pope.

"Nothing can be more superficial, nothing more false, than those opinions so prevalent on the Continent and even in the British isles, which ascribe all the misery of Ireland to the *absenteeism* of the great gentry, to the conduct of the English government, and to other causes of a similar nature. We may admit that these circumstances have exerted a certain influence on the condition of this unhappy people; but the true source of evil must be looked for elsewhere. Can we see the difference which exists between episcopalian England, presbyterian Scotland, and popish Ireland, and not immediately perceive the origin of the woes of the last-named country? Or will it be pretended that the Irish people are of a race inferior to others?

"The influence of religions is immense. *Godliness is profitable unto all things, having promise of the life that now is, and of that which is to come.* It is the priests who have made the Irish what they are; or rather it is a degrading religion which has debased alike priest and people—a gross superstition, a corrupt system of morals, ideas false and out of date, which have robbed this nation of its energy, and engendered in it carelessness, imprudence, and misery. Priests, degraded by error, have themselves degraded their poor flocks. We would say nothing to diminish the responsibility of England and of her government: she is great in every way; but all impartial judges must acknowledge, that it is from the seven-hilled city whence flow those torrents which have inundated this interesting and unhappy nation with ignorance, superstition, servility, and wretchedness—with humiliation, famine, pestilence, and death. The papacy by vitiating the revelations of Christianity, by establishing again in the world a sacerdotal caste, which it was the object of the gospel to abolish everywhere, by retarding the nations wherever she was dominant, and by keeping them in all respects in the rear of the others—will have to answer before God and man for the poverty and sufferings she has entailed on an island, which, before it was subjected to the Pope, was at the head of all christian countries, and which is now, alas! at the lowest step in the scale.

"The Oratorians,* charmed, it would seem, by the fruits which the waters of Popery have produced in Ireland, have formed the *pious* design of introducing them into England. They are digging at the foot of the Quirinal Hill to draw from the bowels of the earth *the bitter water that causeth a curse*, and their friends in England are as earnestly engaged in making the canals and reservoirs for its reception. The special danger of their exertions consists in this: the workmen have been brought up in the midst of Protestantism, whose light and strength they are now turning against it. If it were merely a question of some few dirty and ignorant monks, such as Rome manufactures in Italy, Spain, Portugal, and elsewhere, there would be no cause for fear. But these vermin will not creep in until later, to eat into the tree and destroy its fruits. The fashionable Oratorians have the task of clearing the way for them. If the State and the Church envy England the condition of Ireland, let them hasten to give their aid to this noble project conceived at Oxford, carrying on at Rome, and which will soon be in execution through England. But if the misery of Ireland, if its dead and living corpses, fill their hearts with sorrow and alarm; then let Church and State act energetically, each in its own sphere, and let them labour earnestly in building dykes to stop *the water that cometh by the way of Edom, water as red as blood.* A question of suicide is now pending in England."

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"If we desire to see what Popery makes nations in these days, we have only to cast our eyes upon Belgium, which next to Ireland is the most popish country in Europe. We shall find there a fertile soil, a land offering immense resources, and a people once at the head of European manufactures and commerce, but of whom the fourth part is now reduced to mendicancy and is dying of hunger. Will it be said that here, as in England, the government is in fault? Impossible! for the Belgian government since 1831 has been the most catholic in Europe. In consequence of the prevalence of jesuitism in that kingdom, subsequent to the Revolution, the number of priests has been augmented by 2600. More than 400 convents have been opened, whence issue in all directions Franciscan friars, capuchins, and other sluggards of the same brood (we are not aware if there are any Oratorians); and these priests and monks have invaded everything, enslaved everything.

"The result soon appeared: Belgian pauperism has taken its place at the side of Irish pauperism; and in Belgium its intensity is in direct proportion to that of Popery. The wretchedness is far more aggravated in the Flemish provinces, which are entirely subject to the priests, than in the Walloon (French) provinces, which were once protestant, and whose spirit is nearer that of Protestanism. 'Such,' says a correspondent, 'is the state to which Belgium has been reduced by the clerical party in less than fifteen years.'

"If therefore Oliver Cromwell loved Ireland, if he desired its happiness and prosperity, he must have wished above all things to see Popery and the mass dissapear, and to behold the establishment of evangelical Christianity and of the Bible."

Is this a true picture of the condition to which

*Mr. Newman and his friends.

Belgium has been reduced "by the priests in only fifteen years?"—Belgium, long the favoured seat of arts, manufactures, and industry, and at the same time Catholic—yet so changed in only fifteen short years! If such statements are to be implicitly received, bad as our opinion of some of the tendencies, moral and political, of the Roman Catholic religion is, we must go a step farther, and become immediate converts to Dr. D'Aubigné—sympathizers in the political no-Popery outcry which shows symptoms of renewal pending the coming election.

Every one is at present bringing forward his panacea for Irish misery, and Dr. Merle D'Aubigné's remedy, if not quite all that is required, is at least worthy of attention, were it only as an illustration of the ease with which some gifted men in their closets abroad can solve the most difficult problems, social, political, and religious, and lay down the law, or indicate the right path, to British legislators and rulers, who, in this case, might with advantage study at Geneva.

"As the Gospel is the only means of saving Ireland, how then can we impart to its wretched inhabitants this infallible remedy?

"In the first place, let there be no attempt to introduce either a clerical and traditional religion, or a rationalist and unitarian system. What we must give them is the Gospel, nothing but the Gospel, the *entire* Gospel. Fashionable people may amuse themselves in their drawing-rooms and boudoirs with Puseyite or Socinian notions; but a nation requires positive and living elements. Christianity in all its simplicity, with all its richness and its strength, can alone save from this mortal sickness.

"If truth is the first means, christian love is the second. *Charity never faileth:* its effect is sure, it is a living word which shall never fall unto the earth. To preserve Ireland, there must be a great manifestation of the spirit of truth in the fruits of christian love.

"I will add, however, a third means. A respectable ecclesiastical form is necessary to encourage the poor catholics, whom the calumnies of their priests perpetually alarm with the disunion and disorder of protestant sects. In their house of bondage, they have contracted certain wants which ought to be respected. The two protestant churches, which are the most numerous in Ireland, the episcopalian and the presbyterian, present all that can be desired; but let them be circumspect, and walk together in harmony.

"Another question here occurs: To gain the Irish people, must we not first put out of sight that which offends them, break the bonds which unite the episcopalian church to the state, and by giving the former powerful community more liberty, give it also greater energy and life?"

The Rev. Baptist Noel and Sir Robert Inglis, "one of the most estimable Christians and public men in England," are quoted ere it is farther said—

"If it were clearly established that the cause of evangelical Protestantism in Ireland has been abandoned by the state, then our *own exertions* would, *under God's blessing*, have far more strength and efficiency. *Faith which worketh by love* has power in spiritual things only.

"Such thoughts as these were not altogether foreign to Cromwell. Although he desired to have recourse to the *law* against the chiefs of Popery, he was willing to behave very differently towards the people."

Readers, unacquainted with previous works relating to The Protector, will often find the quotations from the letters and speeches of Cromwell not the least interesting and instructive portion of this volume; but as Mr. Carlyle's work has so very lately been widely diffused, we must be chary in the use of Oliver's pithy and pregnant utterances. The following was directed against those "busy and meddling" Presbyterian ministers, as Cromwell considered them, who had taken refuge in the castle of Edinburgh, which he had invested, and who rejected his frank and politic invitation to come down, on the faith of his protection, to preach, on a Sabbath during the siege, in their respective churches. "The Scotch clergy," says Carlyle, "never got such a reprimand since they first took Ordination." The letter was addressed to the Governor of the besieged fortress.

"'Edinburgh, 9th September, 1650.

"'Sir—The kindness offered to the ministers with you was done with ingenuity [ingenuously], thinking it might have met with the like. If their Master's service (as they call it) were chiefly in their eye, imagination of suffering would not have caused such a return.

"'The Ministers in England are supported, and have liberty to preach the Gospel; though not to rail, nor, under pretence thereof, to overtop the Civil Power, or debase it as they please. No man hath been troubled in England or Ireland for preaching the Gospel; nor has any minister been molested in Scotland since the coming of the army hither. The speaking truth becomes the ministers of Christ. When ministers pretend to a glorious Reformation, and lay the foundations thereof in getting to themselves worldly power, they may know that the Sion promised will not be built with such untempered mortar.

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"'I have nothing to say to you but that I am, sir, your humble servant,

OLIVER CROMWELL.'"

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"On the 12th of September, Cromwell sent another letter to the governor, to refute the complaints made by the inhabitants, and particularly by the ministers.

"'You say,' writes Oliver, "you regret that men of civil employments should usurp the calling and employment of the ministry; to the scandal of the Reformed Kirks. — Are you troubled that Christ is preached? Is preaching so exclusively your function? Doth it scandalize the Reformed Kirks, and Scotland in particular? Is it against the Covenant? Away with the Covenant, if this be so! I thought the Covenant and these professors of it could have been willing that any should speak good of the name of Christ: if not, it is no Covenant of God's approving; nor are these Kirks you mention in so much the spouse of Christ.

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"'You err through mistaking of the Scriptures. Approbation [*i. e.* ordination, solemn approbation and appointment by men] is an act of conveniency in respect of order; not of necessity, to give faculty to preach the Gospel. Your pretended fear lest error should step in, is like the man who would keep all the wine out of the country lest men should be drunk. It will be found an unjust and unwise jealousy, to deprive a man of his natural liberty upon a supposition he may abuse it. When he doth abuse it, judge.'"

If the acts of Cromwell, where policy interfered, were not always consistent with a real and enlarged toleration, his sentiments were in general free and noble, and far indeed in advance of most of those around him, whether lay or clerical. In one of his remarkable speeches he thus rebukes the members of his Parliament, many of them of the sect to which he himself belonged, as well as the Presbyterians, for their encroaching and intolerant spirit, and direct attacks upon the religious freedom of their fellow-subjects.

"'Is there not yet upon the spirits of men a strange

itching? Nothing will satisfy them unless they can press their finger upon their brethren's consciences, to pinch them there. To do this was no part of the contest we had with the common adversary. And wherein consisted this more than in obtaining that liberty from the tyranny of the bishops to all species of Protestants to worship God according to their own light and consciences?'

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"'What greater hypocrisy than for those who were oppressed by the bishops to become the greatest oppressors themselves, so soon as their yoke was removed? I could wish that they who call for liberty now also had not too much of that spirit, if the power were in their hands!—As for profane persons, blasphemers, such as preach sedition; the contentious railers, evil-speakers, who seek by evil words to corrupt good manners, persons of loose conversation—punishment from the civil magistrate ought to meet with these.'"

Highly as our author lauds Cromwell, or the spirit of an age, fostered, if not formed, by the genius of the Protector, some blemishes are discovered in this great Christian hero, and some in the new system of government. One was, that "religion was too closely allied with politics;" and on this head Dr. Merle D'Aubigné makes one of the most instructive discourses to be found in his whole volume. But as his opinions on Church establishments, or the alliance of Church and State, are very well known in this country, the topic may be passed. The example of Cromwell is often pointed out to the present rulers of England, but they may probably, and not altogether unjustly either, draw very different conclusions out of the same facts from some of those to which Dr. Merle D'Aubigné has come. Men often interpret history, as they do scripture, very much to square with their preconceived notions, interests, wishes, or favourite line of policy. What, in the middle of the nineteenth century, Cromwell would have done with the Roman Catholics of Ireland, with the great bulk of the Irish nation in other words, can only be surmised from the manner in which he acted in his own time; and this certainly does not lead to the conclusion that he would have adopted the counsel and guidance of the bigoted Anti-Catholic party. Dr. Merle D'Aubigné says in one place:—

"The prudent firmness with which Oliver combated these extremes of religious parties, at a time when they were so potent, and when the true principles of liberty were not generally acknowledged, deserves our highest admiration. Even his adversaries have confessed it. Mr. Southey, although a zealous Episcopalian, and an enemy to the commonwealth, and who regarded the disastrous restoration of Charles II. as the salvation of England, says in his Book of the Church:—'Cromwell relieved the country from Presbyterian intolerance; and he curbed those fanatics who were for proclaiming King Jesus, that, as his Saints, they might divide the land amongst themselves. But it required all his strength to do this, and to keep down the spirit of religious and political fanaticism.'

"Perhaps his zeal was the more remarkable, as it did not reach the point to which many of his friends had arrived—the separation, namely, of Church and State. In his third speech, even when professing the doctrine of an established State religion, he boldly claims liberty of conscience for all. He says, 'Every sect saith, O give me liberty! But give it him, and to his power—he will not yield it to any body else!.... Where is our ingenuousness? Liberty of conscience is a thing that ought to be very reciprocal. I may say it to you, I can say it: All the money of this nation would not have tempted men to fight upon such an account as they have here been engaged in, if they had not had hopes of liberty of conscience better than Episcopacy granted them, or than would have been afforded by a Scots Presbytery, or an English either. This, I say, is a fundamental. It ought to be so. It is for us and the generations to come.'

"Why did Cromwell, when he stood forth as the champion of religious liberty, maintain the principle of a special Church established by the State? It has been supposed that he was guided by political considerations, being unwilling to strip the public authority of every sort of direction in religious matters, which exert so great an influence over the people. In the speech we have just quoted, he assigns another reason:—'The supreme magistrate should exercise his *conscience* in erecting what form of church government he is satisfied should be set up.'"

Modern statesmen, while emulating Cromwell's zeal, must not lose sight of his "prudent firmness" in checking hostile sects. The power which Cromwell claimed for the chief magistrate, of erecting whatever form of religion his conscience dictated, stretches far enough; but, while asserting this power, he was too wise to attempt setting up his own sect, though, from political as well as personal causes, it enjoyed much of his favour and patronage. Dr Merle D'Aubigné, however, thinks that, though the Protector "went very far in religious liberty, it was still not far enough."....

"Had he left all sects free, without protection as without restraint—had *Evangelical Episcopacy*, in particular, been able to move freely—religion would have escaped that narrow mannerism, that cant with which it has been reproached sometimes, perhaps with reason, by men of the world." This seems true liberality, though it must be kept in mind that all sects holding what are termed evangelical doctrines are only here meant, at least if the above sentiment is to be reconciled with other parts of the book which we have already cited.

Though the whole of this work may rather be described as a panegyric than a Life or "Vindication" of the Protector, some of his errors, as we have seen, are hinted at, or pointed out, though many more are palliated. One leading fault is, however, repeatedly dwelt upon for reproof and warning. — From fanatical enthusiasm — from spiritual pride, or an over-weening self-sufficiency—Cromwell, and many good men of his time, claimed, in following frames and moods, to be acting under the immediate inspiration and guidance of the Spirit of God; thus rejecting, or, at least, neglecting the "more sure word of prophecy." This delusive arrogancy Dr. Merle D'Aubigné never fails earnestly to rebuke. One illustration of this species of delusion may serve for all. Before the parliamentary military leaders had openly, or in deeds, declared the purpose upon which they were pretty well resolved beforehand, namely, of "calling Charles Stuart, that man of blood, to sharp account for the blood he had shed, and the mischief he had done," they assembled in conclave, and for three days were exercised in prayer in Windsor Castle; and here our author inquires "who can entertain any doubt of their uprightness, of their true piety, and lively faith?" There may be room for grave doubts; but no one can question that the crisis was come, and that it was full time to be resolved

and up and doing. As in nearly every similar case, recorded in profane history, the answer to these solemn prayers was exactly such as might have been foretold; and, notwithstanding his admiration of the fervent piety of the chiefs who thus combined secret political deliberation with public diets of prayer, our author is constrained to inquire—

"And yet, were they really in the right path? We entertain some doubt on this point. There is perhaps no case in which we see more clearly the importance of being enlightened on the true principles of christian conduct. When the leaders of the army wished to know what they ought to do, they examined into what they had done when they felt happiest and nearest to God: such are not the means prescribed by Heaven. They should have asked themselves, 'What does God command us in "His Word?" It is not by our feelings that He will guide us, but by his commandments. Our feelings may lead us astray. *There is a way which seemeth right unto a man, but the end thereof are the ways of death.* The Word of God never misleads us.' A Christian's walk is in the divine commandments: to act according to one's own sensations, one's interior illumination, is the walk of the mystic. If the officers assembled at Windsor did not then fall into fanaticism, they were at least in a path which might lead to it; and some of them fell into it afterwards."

Under similar impulses of a mind already made up, Oliver, after some natural relenting and great apparent spiritual conflict, signed the death-warrant of Charles I.

The temper in which a man, or body of men, commences such devotional exercises, as those described below, ever argues "a foregone conclusion." Such men seek not guidance that squares not with their own views. What a sad picture of gross self-delusion, if not worse hypocrisy, it presents!

"It was this which guided him in the sentence passed on Charles, and freed him from all his doubts and scruples. John Cromwell, at that time in the Dutch service, had come to England with a message from the Prince of Wales and of Orange to endeavour to save the king's life. When introduced to his cousin Oliver, he reminded him of the royalist opinions he had formerly entertained at Hampton Court. The latter, still uncertain as to the line of conduct which he ought to pursue, replied, that he had often fasted and prayed to know the will of God with respect to the king, but that God had not yet pointed out the way. When John had withdrawn, Cromwell and his friends again sought by prayer the path they ought to follow; and it was then the parliamentary hero first felt the conviction that Charles's death alone could save England. From that moment all was fixed: God had spoken; Oliver's indecision was at an end; it remained now merely to act and accomplish that will, however appalling it might be. At one o'clock in the morning, a messenger from the General knocked at the door of the tavern where John Cromwell lodged, and informed him that his cousin had at length dismissed his doubts, and that all the arguments so long put forward by the most decided republicans were now confirmed by the will of the Lord. Enthusiasm, then, was the cause of Cromwell's error. This is a fault in religion; but may it not extenuate the fault in morals?"

Dr. Merle D'Aubigné here advances some rather questionable opinions; for what enormity has not been committed while the perpetrator has most sincerely believed that, instead of obeying his own evil and blinding passions, he was obeying the will, and promoting the glory of God? He, however, acknowledges that, in this instance, the Lord spoke not by Cromwell, and that the execution of the King was an unnecessary step; though, like every reasonable man who understands and loves civil liberty, he fully recognizes the necessity of the Revolution, independently of the special reasons for which he chiefly values it, namely, the destruction or extirpation of Popery in the British Islands — of that anti-christian faith, which he maintains that Charles I., like all the Stuarts, systematically strove to establish.

This "error in religion"—the fatal and presumptuous error of obeying the passionate impulses of his own secret desires, under the warrant of an imaginary direct answer to prayer, instead of soberly searching out the will of God as declared in the Scriptures—our author considers "the only important blemish to be found in Cromwell." At the same time," he adds, "it is the key which opens and explains his whole life. His piety was sincere, but it was not always sober." And yet, how does the Doctor account for Cromwell's uniform sobriety of mind, and calm, consummate wisdom in the field, the cabinet, and in the early councils of the rebel leaders? The key does not fit every ward of the lock. Dr. Merle D'Aubigné condemns the death of the Royal martyr (as Charles I. is still fancifully called), but yet palliates the deed, while, what many will regard as worse acts in his hero appear to him to require no laboured vindication, or rather to merit praise. Of the fearful campaign in Ireland, he adopts Mr. Carlyle's view, without basing that view upon the same large, if untenable, premises.

Of the death of Charles, it is said—

"The death of the king must for ever bear in history a mark of reprobation. We condemn it in the most explicit manner. But if the ideas of Milton and of so many Englishmen in the seventeenth century are erroneous, their error is akin to that of Melancthon, Farel, and Calvin, and of the churches of Berne, Zurich, Schaffhausen, and Basle, in the case of Servetus. We shrink with as much horror from the death of the heretic as from that of the despot. We abhor these executions, as we abhor the piles of John Huss, of Savonarola, and of the thousands of victims whom Rome has immolated. And yet we should take the peculiarities of the times into consideration."

It is surely going far enough for a lover of religious freedom to place the heretic and the despot in the same category; as if their errors or guilt were at all equal either in degree or kind, as if an individual entertaining some speculative opinion or dogma of belief, which his fellow-Christians condemn or disapprove, were as dangerous to society as the acts of the chief magistrate who, by secret intrigue and open force, seeks to subvert the constitution, and destroy the rights and liberties which he is appointed to guard. Those who admit that the death of Servetus was a crime in any sense—and some hardy spirits, we believe, even in our enlightened time, do not scruple to justify what Dr. Merle D'Aubigné "shrinks from with horror"—must confess that the unhappy heretic who used no weapons but his pen and his tongue, was much less criminal than the despot, who, according to our author, sought at once to crush the liberties of England, and to introduce popery — who had "with one hand torn the time-honoured charters of the nation, while he stretched the other towards the despotic pope of Rome."

We shall not enter into the defence of the illegal and arbitrary acts—the usurpation, or the alleged ambition of Cromwell. The Protector's own pithy explanation is, we conceive, enough; "while Parliament deliberated, the nation would have had its throat cut." He stepped in, though unlawfully, and saved England from so fatal a catastrophe; and this is his brief yet ample vindication.

A few sentences from the summary of the Protector's character, which follows a long account of his deathbed, will serve to show what the author's opinions are, and whether the reader may concur in them all or not.

"It is seldom that a great man is a Christian; but Cromwell was both. The result has been, that men of the world have scouted him as a hypocrite.

* * * * * *

"What most distinguishes Cromwell above all great men, and especially above all statesmen, is the predominance in him—not only in his person, but *also in his government*—of the evangelical and christian element. He thought that the political and national greatness of Britain could not be established in a firm manner, unless the pure Gospel was communicated to the people, and unless a truly christian life flowed through the veins of the nation.

* * * * * *

"Although in the bosom of Protestant nations evangelical Christianity is far from having reached the perfection it ought to possess: it is sufficient to compare these nations with others, in order to perceive that such is, in general, the effect of those principles of which Oliver was one of the most eminent advocates. In Great Britain and Spain we have a signal illustration of this truth.

"If Cromwell salutes the English nation, as 'a very great people—the best people in the world'—it is because they are 'a people that have the highest and clearest profession among them of the greatest glory, namely Religion.' If some who desire to have 'horse-races, cock-fightings, and the like,' say, 'They in France are so and so!' Oliver replies: 'Have they *the Gospel* as we have? They have seen the sun but a little. We have great lights!'.....He declares what has been the principal means employed by him to effect the good of the British nation: 'I have been seeking of God—from the great God—a blessing upon you (the parliament), and upon these nations.' In his closet alone, and on his knees, he wrestled with God to promote the good of his people. One cause was with him superior to all the political interests of his people—the cause of Christ!"

For some occult reason of climate, latitude, or local boundary, Dr. Merle D'Aubigné, singularly enough, considers Presbyterianism quite unsuited to England, and imagines that what had once very nearly been the established religion of that country can never again take root, or thrive on the south side of the Tweed. Nor does he seem, in the abstract, greatly to admire the Presbyterian form, though, from particular circumstances, he is at present more disposed to fraternize with the Free Church, which holds by the principle of Establishment, than with the Scottish Voluntaries, who approach more closely to his own opinions on Church government, and of the many evils necessarily attending the alliance of Church and State. He certainly pays no compliments to our Covenanting ancestors, at the expense of historical truth. Charles I. had flattered himself that the quarrels of his enemies, the Puritans and Presbyterians, would lead them to extirpate each other, but this hope failing, he rather leaned to the Puritans, who had the English army with them, than to the Presbyterians, who were bound by their covenant to "extirpate Episcopacy," while the Puritans *i. e.* Independents, believed, that if the Presbyterians got the upper hand "they would tyrannize over conscience as much as the bishops themselves had done." And our author does not consider this alarm groundless, when he roundly asserts.

"In fact the presbyterians, whenever they offered to treat with the king, always proposed that steps should be taken to suppress the Independent opinions, as well as those of other sectaries."

In the famous manifesto of the Parliamentary Army, a principal point insisted upon was "religious liberty."

"The independents consented that the presbyterian religion should be the religion of the nation, thus granting to the latter body a superiority over their own party; but they claimed for all Christians the full enjoyment of civil and religious rights. This, says Lord Clarendon, was their great charter, and they were determined not to lay down their arms until they had obtained it. The independents had shed their blood for parliament in maintaining the liberties of England, and they thought it strange they should be allowed no other liberty than that of expatriation. The presbyterians in the English Revolution represented, generally, order, moderation, and respect for the Constitution; but the independents, it must be acknowledged, knew much better than they the great principles of religious liberty. If we call to mind the manner in which presbyterianism afterwards vanished from England, leaving behind it only a small number of Unitarian congregations, we cannot help thinking that some bad principle must have crept into this party. Scotland is the true country for this system of church constitution, which has never been able to maintain its footing on the south of the Tweed."

This ill adaptation of the south to the Presbyterian form—which is elsewhere termed an "exotic" in England—appears a remarkable fact, though it must not hold true at all times, as in a corrective foot-note we are informed that "a young Presbyterian Church in England, professing the principles of the Free Church," is taking root in the ungenial southern soil, and is already, in numerous congregations, "bringing forth fair fruits." We had always understood that the various bodies of Scottish Presbyterian Dissenters, now known as the United Secession Church of Scotland, had many vigorous and thriving off-sets in the south long before the Free Church came into existence. But this is an error into which a foreign writer may easily fall, and along with others it may be corrected in that narrative of his travels in Britain which Dr. Merle D'Aubigné announces, and which will probably be a work of greater temporary interest than the present hasty volume, from the freshness of its facts and the imposing array of contemporary proper names. We have seen the original manuscript of part of this work, and found it highly interesting, though, like the present, in which D'Aubigné draws evidently from Neale's "History of the Puritans," not always a fair historical work; it is sometimes inaccurate in matters of detail.

No one at all conversant with the history of Cromwell and his Times can consider the present work either as an original, philosophic, and impartial treatise, or a searching and well-digested

historical and biographical narrative; and it might with far greater propriety and effect, we should think, have appeared in France or Geneva than in this country. Yet it is adapted to a large class of readers among us who consider Dr. Merle D'Aubigné a high authority, and who might never have been induced to look into a better book upon the same subject, if wanting the stamp of a popular religious name. What we have ventured to deprecate as its great leading fault—its attempt farther to arouse the already active and embittered spirit of religious animosity in these islands—some of its readers will consider its chief merit. But as all who are intelligent, and at the same time candid among them, must possess better means or opportunities of comprehending the exact degree of danger to be apprehended from the spread or ascendancy of Popery in Britain than the Genevese Divine, we would hope that profiting by the lessons of freedom of religious opinion given by Cromwell, and exercising their own understandings, they will surmount all idle terrors of either the Pope or Mr. Newman. If the soil and air of England cannot foster, as Dr. Merle D'Aubigné thinks, Presbyterianism, much less are they favourable to Romanism.

ECHOES.

BY CALDER CAMPBELL.

I LISTEN to my heart at times
Until I hear it beat;
And then methinks it rings and rhymes
In symphony complete:
A music, born of pulse and vein,
And fever in the blood.
How awful is this *human* strain!
How little understood!

If art could teach the Man of Art
To tell, by such vague sounds,
The thoughts that rush from brain to heart,
As through wild woods mad hounds—
I would not let one loved one's ear
Press fondly on my breast,
Lest that which fills my soul with fear
Should thence be heard or guess'd.

The tongue may tell its tale of truth
To loveful, pitying ears,
And Age confess its sins of youth,
With eyes that weep no tears;
But each, and all of us, have that
Within us we would hide
From even the tenderest friend e'er sat
In kindness at our side.

The birds within the forest sing
Till Echoes—all around—
Repeat such melodies as bring
A balm on each glad sound:
The leaves that fall, in falling breathe
Out music—and the breeze
Wakes cadences that sweetly wreathe
Song-garlands o'er the trees:—

The sea sends music to the shore,
And Echo gathers all
Those different harmonies, till o'er
The world in song they fall;
But human hearts, whose throbs are rife
With joy, and grief, and pain—
What are their echoes? Mortal life
Shall hear them—but in vain!

Enough to know, our hearts lock up
Such thoughts as—were they told—
Might bitter make Love's sweetest cup
And mar its brightest gold!
We seek for sympathy 'mongst men,
But, when we find it, know
It soothes us for our lesser ills,
Not for our greater woe.

That greater woe within us dwells,
Known but to God and us,
We dare not ope the secret cells
Where we enclose it thus:—
And so *I* listen to my heart,
At times when all is still,
And think it well Art hath no art
To syllable each thrill.

And thus I pine for sympathy,
And tell my lesser woes;
Still meeting kind and patient friends
To pity me for those:
For just as music on the wind,
Or murmur on the flood,
Echoes there are amidst mankind
As well as in the wood!

A MONUMENTAL FIGURE IN A CHURCH.

EVER kneeling, ever praying,
'Neath thy canopy of stone—
Ever mouldering, ever graying,
Ages thou hast dwelt alone.
Stony Image! Knight or Lady—
For I know not what thou wast—
Time hangs o'er with wing so shady,
That thy very sex is lost.
Shield and scutcheon in their places
Might be carved around thy tomb,
But of these there are no traces,
Here there rests an equal gloom.
Crest or trophy might have granted
Tidings that I fain would know;
Name and fame alike are wanted,
And unanswered I must go.
Clifford, Nevile, Fane, or Percy,
Whatsoe'er thy rank or line,
Needing, like the humblest, mercy—
Like the weakest, help divine,
Were thy sins so great and grievous,
Thou should'st pray through all the past?
He that can and will relieve us,
He will lift thee up at last.
Nay, rise now, undo that clasping,
Brood not ever o'er thy fate;
Shut the book that thou art grasping,
Sit thee down and meditate.
Ah! how chilly are thy fingers,
Pious Image, turned to stone—
Not a heart-beat in thee lingers,
Every sign of life is flown.
Flown! I wander—life and vigour
Never had thy rigid frame,
Thou art but a stony figure,
Feebly acting Knight or Dame.
Then, farewell! 'tis quickly spoken,
Yet I fear this awful mien
Will avenge thy quiet broken,
Looking through the years unseen;
Coming on thy knees to haunt me,
As thou prayest, all alone,
Coming silently to daunt me
With thy fixed mysterious frown.

J. Y. J.

THE LATE ROBERT MACKENZIE DANIEL.

The late Mr. Robert Mackenzie Daniel, author of the "Young Widow," the "Scottish Heiress," and other popular works of fiction, was best known to general readers, through his *soubriquet* of the "Scottish Boz." We think it was the *Literary Gazette* which first designated Mr. Daniel by that title; and from its aptness, as indicating the peculiar quality of his talents, it was at once adopted and received as just, by the general reading public. Not that his style was in anything akin to that of the distinguished author of "Pickwick," for never, perhaps, in that respect alone, did two authors differ more widely than the "Scottish Boz," and the original "Boz," but rather that the name being already in the market, as the head of a class of literature, original in the real sense of the term, and distinctive for the deep and varied acquaintance with human life which it displayed, it appeared to the mind of the critic, the most aptly descriptive of an author, who, without possessing attributes of genius at all comparable to Dickens, yet owned, in common with his great prototype, the quality of treating the subjects which he chose as the groundworks of his novels, in a manner truly original, and totally devoid of the violations of truth and nature, so characteristic of fashionable works of fiction. Mr. Daniel finished his career but a short time ago, and a posthumous production from his pen, entitled the "Cardinal's Daughter," has just made its appearance. Sir Egerton Bridges remarks, that in perusing any literary work, the reader is always anxious to know something of its author—how he thought, how he spoke, and what were his habits; and if such curiosity is excited in the case of books in general, how much more so in the case of one whose author has ceased to exist before his hand was allowed to give the last polish to its pages, and whose final moments—his brain now torn and dismembered by the stern necessities of his position, a wife and children looking for that support, which his exertions were inadequate to supply, was enshrouded amid the clouds of dark insanity!

Robert Mackenzie Daniel was born in Inverness-shire in the year 1814. His father was a small landed proprietor or laird, within a short distance of the county town, and Robert was the youngest child of a rather numerous family. His school education having been completed at Inverness, young Daniel was sent at the age of fifteen to Marischal College, Aberdeen. Here he remained for the space of three years diligently pursuing his studies, and though he was by no means what is generally styled an "arduous student," still the basis of general knowledge which he acquired was scarcely inferior, nay, perhaps, superior, to that which the utmost ardour in most other youths could have supplied. After years built a superstruction of information upon this basis surpassed but seldom. Even in boyhood there were few subjects of an intellectual nature in which he was not tolerably conversant; and a strong inclination to a desultory mode of study continued with him through life. Unlike most men who have their peculiar "hobby," instead of regarding merely one subject as worthy of particular attention, he ever "looked with appetite of keenest edge" upon everything alike. No epicure in the choice of viands for the intellectual palate, he resembled the hard-working labourer, who, returning from his day's laborious toil, devours his evening's meal without questioning its quality. On quitting Aberdeen, he removed to Edinburgh, from the desire of his friends that he should now direct his studies with a view to the bar, which was also his own inclination at this period. In prosecution of this object, he entered the office of a writer to the Signet, at the same time attending the law classes of the University. His legal studies were pursued with unremitting vigour, although he by no means neglected the cultivation of his mind in other respects. For the space of several sessions he was a constant attendant upon the prelections of Professor Wilson, and had a strong taste for a literary life deeply engendered in his mind by the illustrious example he saw before him. After a residence of four years at Edinburgh, Mr. Daniel began to abandon the idea of following the profession of an advocate. Although he had hitherto devoted himself to the study of Scottish jurisprudence with zeal, his more matured thoughts, as already hinted, at length began to manifest a decided tendency to a literary occupation. Perhaps the resolution of abandoning the bar was confirmed by other circumstances of even a more pressing nature than strong inclination towards a different mode of life. The tardiness of success at the Scottish bar to any but those of powerful connexion amongst writers or solicitors is proverbial. You are sure to meet with some degree of success if you wait long enough for it, and this probationary process of waiting must be gone through according to the strictest letter of what the Scotch call "gentility." It was precisely the inability to find the means to support this "gentility" which Mr. Daniel was in want of. He looked before him, and beheld in the vista of professional struggle long years of obscurity and neglect. He bethought him that he might meet with success as a *literateur* in London, and, accordingly, we find him there in the latter part of 1836. His fate at first as a literary man in the great metropolis, was similar to that of most men at their outset—he wrote for periodicals by the dozen, but his communications were very often rejected. After a season of trial and vexation, he was for a brief period engaged in connexion with the "Courier," a deceased evening paper. This situation he subsequently exchanged for the editorship of the "Court Journal," on the establishment of that weekly, which he conducted for the space of two years. Of Mr. Daniel's ephemeral productions, poetical and prose, we can take no account, scattered as they are over numerous London magazines, to which he in time found admission. His maiden novel was the "Scottish Heiress," which was produced in 1842. The marked success which attended this, his first considerable attempt, encouraged its author to another effort in the following year, and accordingly the "Gravedigger" appeared in 1843. His second production, however, was scarcely received with the same amount of popular applause as his first, and it was always regarded by its author as a failure. In 1844, Mr. Daniel having recently married, removed from London to Jersey, hoping that, amid the Elysian beauties of that ancient islet, he

might find that quiet and repose so requisite to continuous literary labour. There, in a short space of time, he produced the "Young Widow," which, from the universal favour with which it was greeted, at once placed its author in a distinguished position amongst popular novelists. He was now in regular demand at the circulating libraries—a work by the "Scottish Boz" was sure to command a sale, and he needed no longer indulge misgivings as to his prospect of success in that department of literature which he had adopted. His next effort was the "Young Baronet," which was fated to be the last published in its author's lifetime. It was published in November 1845, and fully supported the opinions which the best critics had already expressed of Mr. Daniel's talents. We have said that the subject of our notice retired to Jersey, in the hope of finding that quiet and repose, which continuous literary labour so necessarily requires; and such enjoyments would have been his, had he kept aloof from extraneous pursuits by no means congenial to his mind. It happened, in an evil moment, that Mr. Daniel, in January 1845, accepted the editorship of a paper then started in Jersey, designated the "Jersey Herald." In the small community of the Channel Islands, the tide of party politics runs to an inconceivable height; and any individual occupying the position of editor of a public Journal, is always regarded as the rightful devoted victim of personal abuse, from all who differ in opinion from that system of policy which he advocates. There are two political parties in Jersey—the Rose party, and the Laurel party. They are so called from the distinctive badge which the adherents of each respectively wear in their buttonholes on gala days. Their politics of course have nothing to do with the politics of England; but originate entirely within their own little circle. The Rose party may be regarded as the Whigs of the locality, and very illiberal Whigs they are: the Laurel party may be called the Tories and, if there is a pin to choose between them, the latter are decidedly the more liberal of the two. Such is the virulence of party faction, and the personal danger to which an editor of a newspaper is exposed, that the luckless wight who occupies this distinguished position is obliged to be always armed, on the street and in his office, with a life-preserver, or oaken cudgel, in order to be prepared against the anticipated attacks of those upon whose political escapades he has descanted in his columns. Mr. Daniel was the editor of a Rose paper, and the numerous nose-pullings and cudgellings of which he was the victim, at the hands of the Laurelites, embittered the existence of a man not adapted for, at least, that species of party strife. Mr. Daniel conducted the "Jersey Herald" till September, last year, when, immediately subsequent to Her Majesty's visit to the island, he was overtaken by a mental malady which, six months afterwards, resulted in his death. On the appearance of the malady in question—which, by the way, had for some time previously been foreshadowed by unequivocal symptoms—he was removed by his friends to England, where, notwithstanding the unabated exertion of the most eminent medical skill, his disease underwent no alteration for the better. The decay of his physical powers keeping pace with the daily increasing hopelessness of his mental recovery. Mr. Daniel, unconscious of every thing passing around him, gradually sunk, till at length his career terminated at the early age of thirty-three. His death took place in March last, in Bethlehem Hospital.

In estimating the merits of Mr. Daniel as an author, it would perhaps be untrue to say, that (although his pages are undoubtedly, in a remarkable degree, exempt from the usual sickly sentiment, and other nameless unnatural characteristics of the great mass of novels devoted, more or less, to the portraiture of fashionable life) he was the best and most skilful writer of his class. In dealing justice to the author of the "Young Widow," let us not be unjust to others who have pushed themselves into notoriety in the same field. Be it sufficient, therefore, to say of him in the laudatory strain, that he was a writer of great talents and great promise. His style of language, clear, copious, and severely adorned, was at all times calculated to express, in the noblest accents, the varied thoughts and emotions of his intellectual mind. The "Cardinal's Daughter," to which reference, as a posthumous work, has already been made, evinces that, notwithstanding the reputation its author had already attained in one department of novel-writing, he was destined, had time and opportunity been permitted, to achieve fame loftier and more enduring in the higher historical walk.

The "Cardinal's Daughter" is the only work of Mr. Daniel of which the basis is taken from history. It is ushered in by a preface, to which we must make slight allusion, as it explains the reason for which (not to speak of the protracted illness and death of its lamented author), it had not received final corrections at his hands. The work was, in fact, written before his malady commenced, but its correction and publication had been delayed for some time, in order that he might, by editing "The Poor Cousin," introduce his wife to the notice of the public, probably, under the apprehension, "that in a short space she would be left to obtain, by her own exertions, for herself and children, that livelihood which, though at most severe sacrifices of mind and body, he had hitherto supplied." Happily, "The Poor Cousin" met with that success which its editor so anxiously desired, and the widow is now fairly embarked in the career from which the husband has just been removed. A new work is advertised as shortly to appear from her pen; and, from the ability evinced in her former production, we are justified in anticipating that the same meed of approval won by the first effort, will not be denied to the second.

The "Cardinal," alluded to in the title, is Cardinal Wolsey, and the "Daughter" is Henriette, a nun, said to have been the offspring of that celebrated dignitary. Although the "Daughter" gives name to the work, yet the Cardinal himself is the most prominent and interesting character therein. One Ralph Brandon, a purely fictitious character, is also introduced, and occupies a very important position among the actors in the drama. He is the Cardinal's secretary, and passionately in love with Henriette, whom, at the anticipated dissolution of the monasteries, he intends to marry. The chief interes of the story consists in the detail of the fresh obstacles the Cardinal every day devised to frustrate the ultimate designs of Brandon. The latter has imbibed the principles of the reformed faith, then rapidly gaining ground, and this difference of opinion from his master, furnishes the opportunity of numerous hits at the state of the Church at that period. Space, however, will not permit us to give even a hasty outline of the story, and the reader who is curious to learn the full details of the "Cardinal's Daughter," must consult the work itself

The tale is artistically put together, and exhibits, on the part of its author, great power as a historical romancist.

One would almost fancy that the writer who could adopt for the title of a work a name so peculiar as that before us, meant to make it a handle for exposing the immorality of one of the greatest men in former times. In this idea, however, he would be mistaken. Instead of regarding Wolsey as, in any degree, unworthy of his vocation as a priest, our author considers the priesthood as highly honoured, and illustrated by possessing him within its pale. Mr. Daniel is, in fact, the most unqualified admirer of the butcher's son, we remember ever to have met with. He talks of "that glorious mind which had burst like prisoned flame over difficulties which environed it, and snapped the iron chains which bound it to neglect—that lightning energy of character which had rendered him triumphant at home and abroad, feared by those who hated him, and respected by those who derided his birth; and which had stamped upon the countenance of Wolsey, a character of greatness which no bearing could disguise." Some writers have stigmatised the Cardinal, as one, who, like Richard the Third, possessed neither "love nor pity," and who, in order to gain his own personal ends, would hesitate at no means which craft or dishonesty could devise. Our author, on the contrary, avers, that "generous, vigorous, and lofty as his character was, tempestuous, and daring as his life had been, there were still elements of the richest affection in Wolsey's heart," and instead of falling in with the representations of those who describe him as avaricious, he advocates the old man's part by assuring us that "his nature was bountiful as the day." The following is the author's conception of the character of Brandon in conjunction with that of Wolsey:—

"They might have formed a study for a painter. Wolsey's bold expressive features now perfectly exposed—the noble forehead and curled grey hair—the large clear eyes, so full of fire, yet changeful as a woman's—the fine broad chest and manly air, which the guise of priesthood could not conceal, and the insignia of his dignity lying spurned, as it were, at his side—showed, or might have seemed to show, something of the trinity of his character—the judge, the statesman, and the priest—while he wore upon his countenance a stamp of genius which also showed that he was fitted for them all. Brandon, too, had something in his aspect that made one look on it again. Deformed in person yet handsome in features, slightly built yet of a frame indicating strength and activity—young in years, and of an expression of countenance denoting impetuosity even to fierceness, there was yet blended with it a firmness and a haughty gravity, which, far from weakening the general effect, gave it a vigour and a character of determination eminently its own. Both knew each other well; the one had almost attained the summit of his ambition—the other had but entered upon the race, yet was conscious of possessing those qualities which lead to the greatest success: both were superior to the times in which they lived—the one, indeed, had all the passions and enthusiasm of youth to an intensity that was his curse—the other had none of these, yet it is not saying too much to affirm that there was something of fellowship between the young secretary and his priestly lord."

Mr. Daniel, throughout all his works, evinces great power in the use of passionate declamation when occasion calls it forth; but no subject which he has previously treated, afforded so frequent opportunity for the display of his talents in this respect as the present. We think he could have made a good dramatist. In the following Brandon and Henriette are engaged in colloquy upon the crimes of the Church:—

"'But the Cardinal——'

"'Will fall with the Church which he madly upholds.'

"'And thou?'

"'I will grieve for my lord, but rejoice that the hated rule of Rome is at an end—I will joy for thee, my loved one, but mourn for poor Katherine, banished from wedlock and a throne, at the caprice of a tyrant's will.'

"'Ralph this is the heretic's creed.'

"'I reck not. The crimes of the Church are odious in the sight of God, and their rule is tyranny to man. The splendour that decks their stately domes is purchased with the orphan's bread—the rich lands that smile around them are shut against the poor man's kine—their learning is cloistered as a precious thing, and their knowledge serves but to bind with stronger shackles the consciences, the thoughts, the mind, the bright immortal soul of man. When a boy I cursed them. I longed to grapple with the men that threw a holy mantle over a heart of guile: they are a load upon the land—England rots beneath their sway—let the day come, I will be foremost to tear them from their lofty seats—to bear the crafty secrets of their hallowed dens. I know them; they are hounds that whine around the foot of power, and make merchandise of man's devotion to his God. There is a handwriting on the wall—this kingdom has departed from them, and the hearts of good men will exult in liberty. Oh! it is a foul blot on this beautiful world that man should thus become a god to man, and deal heaven's curse and pardon with a palsied hand—an old dotard in a scarlet gown! Let the day come, I will be the first to welcome it. I long to see my countrymen free in soul—liberty they will have—a tyrant now sits upon the throne, but superstition aids him not, and when the channels of knowledge are unbarred, men will then canvass the royal power, its limits and its rights. Yes, my Henriette, I long to see the day, when England shall shake off her vassalage to Rome—when these greedy churchmen shall be taught that splendour is not needed in holy ministering, and the English peasant can raise his brow to heaven, heedless of a dull priest's frown!'

"'This is the language of the heretics,' repeated Henriette, gazing earnestly upon him.

"'It matters little, sweet one, if it is the language of truth. I tell thee, my Henriette, that a day is at hand when the nests of these proud birds shall be rifled and their plumage torn.'"

Scarcely inferior to his power of declamation already referred to, are the abilities of our author in description. Many of the descriptions in the "Cardinal's Daughter" are very effective; the appearance of London in the reign of Henry the VIII. is especially so. Conducted by Mr. Daniel, we wander in imagination along the fields, skirting the "Strand" of the river Thames, till we arrive at a "Convent" whose "Garden" is the "Covent Garden" of to-day, the mart for vegetables and flowers. London of the sixteenth century is called up before us in vivid colouring, at every page. Every spot, associated in immortal history with the events of the period in which the scene of the present work is laid, is compelled into our presence, and made to appear just as they severally appeared then; old St. Pauls, Whitehall, Westminster Abbey, and its then surrounding sylvan country of green fields and wooded hills. Among the characters secondary to those already named, may be mentioned the "Bluff Harry" himself, and his ill-fated consort, Anne Boleyn; both equally necessary for a work founded on any subject connected with the career of Wolsey. How true to fact such characters are drawn, we leave to readers of history to determine.

The prominent faults of the "Cardinal's Daughter" are those incident to all literary productions written against time. The necessities of his family demanded that he should write rapidly and incessantly; while the earlier portion of the sheets was going through the press,

Mr. Daniel was stretched upon his death-bed; nor did any vitality of mind remain to direct such corrections as, had his intellect remained with him, would doubtless have been made; and before the latter portion of his manuscript had as yet even come into the printer's hands, he was in his grave. The "Cardinal's Daughter" is, in the true sense of the phrase, a "posthumous work," and as such let it be judged.

SONNETS: "BY THE SAD SEA WAVE."

BY CALDER CAMPBELL.

I.

What of the Sea, to-day? what of the Sea?
Bringeth it news from some untrodden shore,
An echo of the dying whirlwinds roar?
A batter'd bough, rent from a riven tree,
To tell of by-gone tempests? Still, to me,
Is Ocean fraught with messages, the core
Of human hearts to thrill with fear:—no more,
Though storms may rave, yet must its billows be
The rolling hearse that bears to some far strand
A lifeless freight, or shipwreck'd corse, or bark
Shatter'd, dead bird, or branch! Yea, still to land
The Sea brings back Earth's Dead—Life's soulless ark!
But Jesus, through the waves, above the dark,
Up-bears the sinking Christian in his Saviour-hand.

II.

Yet—nor the Sea, nor Life, are always bearers
Of death-wan passengers—of sin-blind guests:
Both have their blessed ventures—faithful breasts
In home-returning vessels—safe wayfarers
Amid strong surges! Let us then be sharers
Of cheerful hopes—what time the ocean wrests
Our thoughts from shore. All God's bright world attests
That, though its inmates are the frequent wearers
Of raiment, dyed in sweat, and blood, and pain—
Life hath not death, but life, for goal!—and so
We should not drop our tears of hopeless woe
On the corpse-carrying coursers of the main,
But smile to see it—knowing it to be
A type of Life and of Eternity!

Torquay, October, 1840.

THE CORN FIELD.

On yonder rising ground, where lately waved,
Brown with the summer's sun, a goodly crop;
Bright, bristly ears, each with auspicious weight
Bent graceful down, from its high polished stem—
From beneath, peering obsequious, many
A flow'ret pale, reared its neglected head;
Unseen and undisturbed, save when the rook,
Or wicked sparrow, thievish visits paid,
And dived beneath to enjoy their plunder.—
Each sudden noise affrights them, robber-like,
And now the rook starts from his yellow covert,
Spreads his sable wings, the sparrow too,
More nimble, takes his flight, and all again
Is still.—But now the breeze steals gently o'er
The field; each ear obedient, rustles
A reply—anon with greater force it lifts
Its voice; they wave their homage with but
One accord, save where the schoolboys' pranks,
And wanton merriment, near yonder path
Have traced a devious route, and on the ground
Is laid, full many a precious ear, else,
Beauteous and fruitful as the rest.
* * * * * Behold
The scene is changed; for with industrious zeal,
The busy reapers well have plied their task,
And left no single stalk in pristine attitude.—
Oh! 'tis a lovely sight to view the corn,
Now bound in sheaves, and these in happy clusters
Scatter'd o'er the field: each on the other
Leans, as on a loving friend, dependent,
Yet, supporting in its turn—no voice is there,
But, 'tis a speaking sight, for ev'ry sheaf
Is eloquent, and from the whole ascends
One noiseless, yet emphatic, hymn of praise.—
Is there one sight bespeaks our Maker's love?—
Tells of his tender care and love for us;
'Tis, then, the harvest field, where round is spread
The kind provision for our future wants;
Nature in lov'liest aspect there is seen,
Sun, sky, and fields in sweetest guise appear,
And all for man.—Praise Him, ye thoughtless ones,
Nor be alone ungrateful, let your hymns
Of praise outspeak dumb nature's eloquence;
Let them be heard, fervent and warm, the off'ring
Of a grateful heart, ascending up to Heaven.

Dion.

THE LONELY OAK.

Wide and high thy branches spread;
The winter of age is on thy head;
Thy sturdy comrades all have died,
For Time hath swept them from thy side;
Yet, though storms fiercely have o'er thee broke,
Thou hast braved them all, thou lonely oak!

But the time has been when, young and fair,
Thy branches waved to the summer air;
And the red deer slept beneath thy shade,
And the birds in thy boughs sweet music made,
And the wind through thy green leaves softly spoke,
With a happy voice, thou lonely oak!

Yes, thou hast seen when our native land
Was fettered not by a stranger's hand;
When our youths were brave, and our chiefs were free,
And our maidens were bright as the sunlit sea,
And the bard, when stretched by thy mossy side,
Chaunted his tales of Erin's pride.

Dost thou not sigh for the wild birds wing,
When by thee he cleaves in the budding spring?
Dost thou not sigh with him to stray
To those giant woods so far away?
Here thou hast no companions near thee—
Not even one is left to cheer thee.

But I would grieve to part with thee;
I would miss thy form, old friendly tree;
For on many a sultry summer's day,
In childhood's time, when faint with play,
I have sought thy kindly sheltering shade,
And my weary form beneath thee laid.

And in manhood's time, when I strove to store
My seeking mind with ancient lore—
Thy lone and silent foot I sought,
And tuned my mind to a deeper thought;
And the light, through thy thick leaves, faintly broke,
As it shone on my page, old kindly oak!

And when I have grown old like thee,
And age has come on me silently,
Like a shadow upon the sea;
And when, with a tottering foot, I stand
On the viewless bank of an unknown land,
I will wait for Death's resistless stroke—
And I'll sleep beneath thee, my lonely oak!

F. L. O. B.

RELIEF OF THE POOR IN SCOTLAND.

A NOVEL and important document has been presented to Parliament this session, entitled the "First Annual Report of the Board of Supervision for Relief of the Poor in Scotland." One of the most notable features of the Scottish Poor-law Act, passed in 1845, was the erection of a central Board or Commission, somewhat akin to the Board of Poor-law Commissioners in England, and charged with the supervision of the parochial officials. Previous to the passing of the new Act, the parishes were left to do very much as they pleased: the consequence was, great inequality in the mode and amount of relief throughout Scotland, and in the majority of parishes an inconceivable degree of hardship and injustice to the poor. The old poor-law, in so far as it appeared on the statute book, was not to blame for these evils. The rights of the poor, and the duties of the parochial boards, were singularly well defined by the various acts and proclamations which the Legislature and Privy Council of Scotland, from the days of James VI. to those of William and Mary, had with exemplary perseverance enrolled among the laws of the realm. Even the usual checks and counterchecks, with which it is customary in this country to regulate the exercise of authority and secure the impartial discharge of official duty, were not neglected. A power of appeal was given from the parochial boards to the sheriffs of counties; and from these again to the lords of session. Magistrates, justices of the peace, sheriffs and judges, were all by turns invoked to protect the interests of the poor, and to visit the negligence of parishes with severe pecuniary penalties. In short, the sustenance of the poor was constituted a *right*—a legal and civil *right*—surrounded with the same sanctions as the right of property, and capable of being enforced by the same means as a creditor would recover a just debt, or as an heir of tailzie would make good his claim to an estate. But in vain were all these benevolent precautions. The "still small voice" of charity which issued at intervals from the hall of Parliament, or the recesses of the Secret Council, was utterly lost amid the theological contentions and civil convulsions of the times. The first enactments relating to the poor, were passed in the crises of the Reformation: the last received the touch of the Royal sceptre when the nation had newly and but temporarily emerged from the fiery struggle by which an ancient line of kings was finally expelled from the throne. The claims of the poor and indigent had but small chance of being respected in an age when ecclesiastics strove for supremacy, and kings themselves were forced to contend for their crowns. Even when civil turmoil had subsided, and peace, order, and government were fully established, new pretexts were not long in being discovered for evading the administration of laws which proposed to relieve the wants of the poor out of the superfluities of the wealthy. It was found that such a mode of relieving destitution was very ill adapted to the peculiar genius of the Scottish people; and another system, or rather the no-system which had prevailed from the beginning of the Reformation, was applauded as exceedingly congenial with the pride, modesty, and independence of the national character. Science and philosophy came to the aid of avarice and greed; and elaborate arguments, founded upon ingenious but speculative theories of population, were added to the more vulgar reasons dictated by sheer selfishness, in support of the dogma that no provision should be made for the poor. The indigent population in Scotland were thus flattered, argued, and mystified out of their legal claims. The acts and proclamations intended for their protection were forgotten; while that benevolence which beats spontaneously in the bosom of society, was lulled into dormancy or exhausted in other exercises than the humble one of feeding the hungry and clothing the naked. The precarious collections at the church-doors, distributed often with a partial, and always with a stinted hand, formed the only patrimony of the poor. The result was obvious. In seasons of prosperity, the poor shared, to some extent, the abundance of the country; but in periods of gloom and distress, their numbers and their destitution increased to an alarming degree, pouring over the land a flood of vagrancy, pestilence, and immorality, the sad traces of which remained long after the calamity, which was their primary cause, had disappeared.

But the tide ultimately began to turn. Benevolence, reason, and an enlightened self-interest, gradually assumed their proper sway. The general desire for practical reforms, which began to be manifested after the passing of the Reform Bill, directed attention at once to the condition of the poor. Their extreme destitution was found to be, in Scotland at least, the great *origo mali*—the one radical source of filth, ignorance, vagabondism, and disease. The best schemes of sanitary and moral reform were seen to be utterly worthless, so long as the numerous class, whom the misfortunes and vicissitudes of time had reduced to a state of dependent poverty, were either doomed to starve upon three farthings a day, or abandoned to a life of wild and unsettled vagrancy. In 1841 the well-known case from the parish of Ceres was brought before the Court of Session; and a decision was given by that supreme judicatory which exercised a powerful influence on the position of the poor-law question in Scotland. Hitherto attention had been exclusively directed to the necessity of a new Act of Parliament; but the decision in the Ceres case shed a sudden light over the laws for relief of the poor which had already found their way into the Statute-book. It was established by a majority of the judges, that the proceedings of the parochial boards were subject to the review of the Court of Session; that this power of review on the part of the Supreme Court extended to the question of amount of aliment, as well as to the more strictly legal question

of right to relief; and lastly, that the Court was disposed to give a much more liberal interpretation to the words "needful sustentation," occurring in the ancient statutes, than had hitherto formed the practice of the parochial boards. The widow of Ceres obtained redress; and soon after the allowance of two old women, sisters, residing in the parish of Balmaclellan, was raised from 2s. 3d. to seven shillings a-week, by a similar process. Such successful pleading was sure to find numerous imitators. Cases of inadequate relief were poured into Court from all parts of the country; and, in almost every instance, the result was adverse to the parish and in favour of the pauper. The heritors and kirk-sessions, alarmed at the dreary prospect of assessment which these decisions opened up to them, and the equally galling burden of legal expenses with which they were threatened, did they not give implicit obedience to the new interpretation of the law, suddenly changed their tactics, and became as eager for the introduction of a new poor-law into Scotland as they had formerly been opposed to it. The disruption of the Church in 1843, by greatly diminishing, and in some parishes altogether sweeping away, the weekly contributions at the Church doors, by which the poor under the old system were mainly supported, brought matters rapidly to a head; and the Government, taking advantage of these changes in the opinion and position of parties, the Act of 1845 was introduced into Parliament, and passed rapidly through its various stages without encountering any formidable opposition.

A wide diversity of opinion prevails respecting the nature and intention of this new law. That large portion of the public, who, not feeling deeply interested in the question, take but little pains to acquaint themselves with its practical bearings, are, for the most part, content to regard it exactly as its preamble describes it—"An Act for the *better* administration of the laws relating to the relief of the poor in Scotland." While, on the other hand, those who pay a closer attention to the working of the measure, and take a deeper interest in the condition and complaints of the poor, are inclined to condemn it as a cunning contrivance for stopping the cases of appeal in the Court of Session, and destroying the chance of justice which, by the Ceres case, had been unexpectedly opened up to the poor through the channel of that supreme judicatory. These conflicting opinions will be most effectually tested by the practical results of the measure, and therefore we proceed to lay before the reader, as concisely as possible, the leading facts contained in the Report of the Board of Supervision.

The first and main point in the Report to which we would call attention, is the increase in the expenditure on the poor in Scotland. From the returns made to the Board of Supervision, it appears that the sum raised from all sources for the relief and management of the poor, in the year ending 1st February, 1846—during the latter half of which the Board of Supervision and the machinery of the new law were in operation—was £306,044. In the previous year the sum raised for the same purposes was £258,814 19s. 11½d., being £36,417 8s. 1½d. less than the sum expended in the year ending 1st February 1846. Nor is this increase confined to the year 1846 alone; for if we take the four years preceding 1845, we find that there was an average annual increase in the expenditure on the poor of no less than £21,890 15s. And going back farther still, it appears that during the six years from 1836 to 1841 inclusive, there was a progressive increase, amounting in all to £47,439. Were we to go still farther back, we believe the same feature would be exhibited; but taking the ten years from 1st January 1836 to 1st February 1846, we have the sufficiently striking result that the funds for the relief of the poor have increased by £135,002, or nearly 79 per cent. At the time the Board of Supervision drew out their Report, they anticipated a still greater increase in the year ending 1st February 1847; and it is very probable that their next returns will show that the sum raised for the poor in Scotland has been doubled in eleven years—a space of time in which the population has possibly not increased more than some 10 or 12 per cent.

So much for the fact of increase: let us briefly inquire into the causes to which it is to be attributed. It is obvious that this increase in the expenditure on the poor cannot be traced to the operation of the Act of 1845, seeing that it existed and was progressing at an annually increasing ratio many years before the passing of that measure. The increase in the first year of the new law is certainly greater than in any previous year; but when we take into account the additional cost of management under the new system, it seems doubtful whether the recent measure has not actually checked, rather than augmented, the force with which the sum expended on what is, properly speaking, the relief of the poor, was increasing. Nor do we believe that the increase is owing to any increase in the amount of destitution in the country, or even in the number of paupers on the parish rolls.* There is one fact especially which seems to overturn such a supposition. In the years 1839-40-41, when the most extreme distress prevailed in all parts of the country, the expenditure on the poor was less, and the rate at which it increased was smaller, than in 1843-44-45, which were years of abundance and prosperity. Had the poor-law expenditure of Scotland been affected in any sensible degree by the state of trade and the condition of the people, this state of things would have been entirely reversed. The expenditure in the three former years would have been large, and in the three latter it would have undergone a rapid diminution. It is obvious, therefore, that the progressive in-

* We would have this latter remark to be understood as applying to the whole country in general. There are no doubt some exceptions—as, for example, the city parish of Glasgow, where the poor rates have increased from £24,000 in 1846, to £48,000 in 1847, owing partly we believe to an increase of paupers on the roll. It will be observed, however, that we allude in the text to the increase of expenditure prior to 1846.

crease which has been going on in the sum raised for the poor cannot be taken as any indication of an increasing amount of destitution, though it is by no means improbable that such an evil may exist collaterally with it. In support of the same opinion, it may also be observed, that though the expenditure during the year 1845, was greater by £36,417 8s. 1½d. than in the previous year, yet the number of paupers on the roll, at the end of the former year, was only 6,362 more than at the end of the latter. Supposing that these additional paupers were on the roll six months on an average out of twelve, and that they received the average allowance of £3 10s. per annum, this would produce an increase in the expenditure of only £11,133 10s., being less than one-third of the actual increase which took place. There must be some other causes at work, therefore, in producing the increased expenditure, than any increase which is going on in the number of the recipients of relief, or in the amount of actual pauperism.

We are disposed, no less by the facts of the case than by inclination, to trace the rapid increase of the funds, raised for relief of the poor, to a more hopeful and satisfactory source. We believe it is, in a great measure, accounted for by the more general adoption of the plan of assessment, and by the suppression of mendicity and the increased allowances with which the introduction of that mode of relief is invariably accompanied. In 1842, there were only 230 legally assessed parishes in Scotland. In 1846, when the Board of Supervision made up their report, the number of such parishes had increased to 448. When an assessment is instituted in a parish, the old system of supporting the poor, or rather of the poor supporting themselves, by public begging, is abolished; but to compensate the poor for the loss of this source of subsistence, their allowances must always be increased. In 1842, the average rate of allowance in the assessed parishes, was £2 14s. 9d.; while in the non-assessed parishes, it was so low as £1 0s. 4d. The same disparity will still be found to exist; so that the introduction of assessments into 218 additional parishes since 1842, must have had a powerful effect in raising the rate of allowance, and, consequently, in increasing the amount of expenditure on the poor. Some idea of the extent to which allowances have increased, may be formed from the fact, that while in 1842 the average rate of allowance in assessed parishes was, as we have stated, £2 14s. 9d., in 1846 it was so high as £3 10s. over both the assessed and the non-assessed parishes. Here, then, is the true source of that increased expenditure to which the Board of Supervision has called attention; and the main question to be considered is, whether the important change, both in the rate of allowance and in the mode of raising the funds, which is gradually spreading over Scotland, be really necessary and beneficial?

That a considerable augmentation of the allowances was absolutely requisite, will not be disputed by any, who are at all acquainted with the miserable pittances which it was customary to dole out to the poor in Scotland, in the name of a legal provision. Five shillings a quarter was considered, in the majority of parishes, an ample allowance for any poor old man or woman; and with some such paltry sum as this, the most destitute and deserving persons were left to eke out subsistence by appeals to the charity of their neighbours. A system of mendicity was thus engendered among a people proverbially proud and high-spirited, which was most discreditable to the Christian benevolence, and entirely inconsistent with the rapidly increasing wealth, of the country. The homes, the food, and the clothing of the poor were all of the meanest description; and the most shocking scenes—aged paupers falling exhausted on the roads and the streets, and helpless widows laying themselves down, amidst their famishing offspring, to die—were of frequent occurrence. This deplorable state of matters was all the more inexcusable, inasmuch as in Scotland none but the infirm, the disabled, or the orphaned poor were entitled to relief. The able-bodied have never been recognised as qualified objects of legal support; so that three-fourths of the arguments, which are usually urged against a public provision for the poor, lose all their force when applied against the poor law of Scotland. To increase the rate of allowances was a course to which the parochial boards were urged by every principle of justice and every feeling of regard for the public interest; and we have little doubt that the fruits of this policy, if wisely and temperately pursued, will be manifested in the improved health, morality, and happiness of the community.

It is a misapprehension to suppose that a system of adequate allowances is worse to the public, even on the score of expense, than the niggardly system which has so long been common in Scotland. The poor must always be supported somehow. If no provision is made for them, they will contrive a way of providing for themselves. The more criminal, and especially the juvenile class, will apply themselves to the art of thievery; while those of a timid and innocent cast of character will prefer to beg. The few, whose honesty and virtuous pride prevent from resorting to either alternative, will, doubtless, endure severe distress, and eat much less of the public bread than would have fallen to their lot under a system of legal relief; but any saving to the community, from this source, will be far more than balanced by the exactions of impostors, who, taking advantage of the license, which must always be granted under such a system, will mix in the crowd of beggars, and, in the garb of poverty, prey upon the benevolence, the fear, and the ignorance of the public. But of the enormous sums thus extracted from the community there is never any return. The figures which indicate this quantity never appear in the Report of a Board of Supervision, or any board whatever, to appal the economist, or frighten debt-ridden lairds. The exaction of beggary is an unfathomed abyss of expenditure, but an abyss not less real or less impoverishing to the commonwealth, because its limits are not accurately known. On the other

hand, every farthing expended under a legal system of relief is noted down, and in due time blazoned forth in reports and returns. In passing, therefore, from one system to the other, as we are now doing in Scotland, it may often happen that an apparent increase in the expenditure on the poor, is accompanied with an actual saving to the community; and this, we believe, is the case in the present instance. There is an increase in the public contributions to the poor; but, along with this, there is a decrease of mendicity and vagrancy, and of all the evils, pecuniary and moral, which follow in their train.

Apart from considerations of expense, the new system has many advantages over the old. It is regular and certain in its operation. It admits of every case being thoroughly investigated before relief is administered, and consequently affords the best security for the detection of imposture. It reaches the pockets of the greedy and uncharitable, as well as of the liberal and benevolent, and so equalises the burden of the poor. And, by means of its officers, its public character, its steady and constant authority, it secures the adoption of measures, such as the education and employment of destitute children, by which thousands may be timeously rescued from the depths of pauperism, into which they would be inevitably plunged, if left to be swept along by the current of natural circumstances. The old system, on the other hand, can lay claim to none of these excellences. It is most uncertain and capricious in the distribution of its gifts. It fattens the sturdy and importunate beggar by the wayside, while it leaves the honest and diffident poor to starve in the dingy seclusion of their homes. It imposes a most unequal burden upon the kind-hearted, while it spares the hoarded gains of the illiberal. And by leaving the bereaved and the unfortunate to shift for themselves, it encourages vagrancy, permits beggars to multiply, and, neglecting all preventive and preservative measures, exposes society to the ravages of an ever-growing and inveterate pauperism.

In this view of the question, which we humbly take to be the correct one, the gradual increase which has taken place, during the last ten years, in the poor law expenditure of Scotland, is to be regarded with anything but feelings of alarm or regret. It is, on the contrary, the symptom of a most wholesome change in the administration of relief, both as regards the interests of the poor and of the community. Nor can it even be justly supposed that the expenditure has nearly reached its highest point yet. If the poor of Scotland are to be provided for like the poor of other civilised countries, it is clear that we must make up our minds to a considerable additional increase of poor law expenditure. In Holland the annual expenditure on the poor amounts to 4s. 4d. a-head on the entire population; in France, to nearly 10s. a-head; and in England, it is now reduced to about 5s. 10d. per head. But in Scotland, though containing, perhaps, a greater proportionate number of destitute persons than any of these countries, the expenditure on the poor is still only 2s. 3d. per head on the whole population. We believe that, with the proverbial economy of the Scotch poor, and by means of right educational institutions, and a proper spirit of enterprise and improvement on the part of owners of property and capital, the poor rate in Scotland may, with all justice to the poor, be smaller than in any country of Europe. But Scotland is not so distinguished above neighbouring countries, either for the superior education of her poorer classes, or the extensive industrial enterprise of her landowners, as to entitle her, in present circumstances, to any such immunity. She still suffers herself to be trammelled by a barbarous law of entail, which directly prohibits the improvement of the soil, and the independent sustenance of the poor; and, though once at the head of European nations in point of education, there are but too good grounds to believe that, in this respect also, she now occupies an inferior position. So long as Scotland is content with matters as they are, her poor rate *must*, and, we will add, it *ought* to increase.

Even supposing that the number of poor on the roll was to remain as it is at present, without any addition, the increase in the rate of allowance, which is still indispensably necessary, would be sufficient of itself to swell out the general expenditure to a very considerable extent. For though a rapid increase has taken place of late in the amount of allowances, these are still far from what the necessities of the poor require, and from what would be sufficient to justify a measure which we ought never to stop short of, viz., the total suppression of mendicity and vagrancy. It appears from the Report before us, that the average rate of allowance per annum, throughout Scotland, is £3 10s., or about 1s. 4d. per week. Let any one consider the most ordinary wants of a human being—the lowest items of expenditure for food, clothing, and housing, which are indispensably requisite to support existence—and say whether such a rate of allowance be not very inadequate for the "needful sustentation" of the poor. It would be totally insufficient, even though designed for the maintenance of one individual only; but the truth is, that though appearing in the returns of the Board of Supervision as the average aliment of each individual pauper, it is practically the average aliment of an entire family of paupers. The majority, perhaps, of persons on the roll, are widows with families of helpless children, and old infirm men, whose wives, by reason either of their own infirmity or the attention which they must pay to their frailer partners, are really as dependent upon parochial support as their husbands themselves, though not admitted nominally to the roll. In all such cases, of course, the allowance allotted is not required for the sustenance of one merely, but of two, and frequently of a much larger number of destitute human beings—a consideration which must bring home to every judgment and every heart, a painful sense of the gulf which still separates the poor of Scotland from a necessary and adequate provision.

We confess that the more we examine the

amount of allowances in the various districts of Scotland, the more reason do we find for surprise, if not a much severer feeling, in regard to the policy which has been pursued by the Board of Supervision. To this central body, according to the new law, all complaints of inadequate aliment must be addressed in the first instance. No pauper, however cruelly starved, is permitted access to the Supreme Court, until the Board first decide that he has a just cause of action; and by this novel contrivance the Board has literally become invested with those functions which formerly devolved upon the Court of Session. There is a marked contrast between the decisions of the Court and those of the Board; and the poor have certainly not been gainers by the change. The voice of the Judges was ever raised on the side of the oppressed, and we believe there is not a single instance, in recent years, of a pauper complaining to their Lordships of inadequate relief, without obtaining ample and immediate redress. But on the other hand, so far as can be gathered from this Report, there does not appear to be one case in which the Board of Supervision has declared a poor man to have a just cause of action! Out of 497 complaints lodged with the Board in the short space of six months, no fewer than 397 were directly refused any redress; the remaining 182 having been withdrawn, on account of some additional aliment wrung from the Parochial authorities by the remonstrance of the Board. It is impossible for a casual peruser of the Report to judge whether the additional aliment thus obtained by the complaining paupers be adequate or not; because this document, though it be the only account of their stewardship which the Board is called upon to render, very singularly omits to inform us what the aliment complained of amounted to; how much additional relief was granted; or whether the parties complaining were single or married, healthy or bedridden, partially or totally destitute, solitary paupers or the heads of young and helpless families. Had the Board intended to keep Parliament and the country in perfect ignorance of its ideas of what constituted adequate relief to the poor, it could not have constructed its return of applications for increase of aliment, on a happier or more suitable principle. We can well believe, that, amid the hurry of winding up the affairs of a protracted Parliament and the bustle of preparation for a general election, the Report has been quite successful in blinding the eyes, both of the officials of the Government, and the members of the Legislature, to the real character of the proceedings of the Board; but, to the writer of this article, and to those who, like him, have other and clearer sources of information than this official document, it is abundantly evident that the Board is in the almost daily habit of refusing the applications of paupers, whose allowances do not amount to one-half the sum which the Court of Session promptly awarded to the widow of Ceres, or the sisters Halliday of Balmaclellan.

It is an alarming novelty in this constitutional country, that a Board of some eight or nine gentlemen, armed certainly with extraordinary powers, but still not authorised to repeal or enact, but simply to administer laws, should secretly and systematically set themselves to overturn the injunctions of the statute-book, and to wrest from a numerous portion of Her Majesty's subjects that "needful sustentation" which has been so recently declared to be their imprescriptible right by the highest legal authorities in Scotland, without provoking the interference of a guardian Legislature, or drawing forth the unanimous protest of an indignant nation. It is true, the parties wronged are the poor—the down-trodden, the tattered, the hungry, and the friendless poor—to whom the spirit of Selfishness has denied the simplest offices of humanity, and whom the power of Authority would now exclude from the commonest privileges of citizenship. But yet it may be well to remember that the Constitution can be as fatally wounded in the person of a pauper, as of a peer. Such is the noble doctrine which the genius of British liberty teaches. There are rights and privileges of a high and noble order, which none but the more distinguished citizens are yet permitted to possess; but there are others of a less glittering, perhaps, but not less valuable character, which, in the darkest days of British history, were the birthright of all. In these latter are included the right to be governed according to the laws, and the right to a free and equal administration of justice. Both of these have been shamefully violated in the persons of the poor of Scotland. A secret and irresponsible Board has been erected, which takes upon itself, without the sanction of Queen, Lords, or Commons, to contravene the statutes, and overturn the decisions of the courts. To complete this new despotism, no pauper is permitted to have access to the College of Justice, until he first obtain permission from this central Board, although his object is to obtain redress from the wrongs inflicted by this very Board, or the parochial authorities of whom it has constituted itself the patron and protector. The purport of the regulation virtually is, that the poor shall not be permitted to ask for justice in the usual legal channels, until the parties of whose injustice they complain may choose to allow them! Had the parochial authorities been bound equally with the poor to submit to the decrees of the Board of Supervision, then, however unconstitutional the law, it would, at least, have had the merit of dealing impartially with the parties most closely interested; but while the Act of 1845 debars a pauper from appealing to the Court of Session from an adverse decision of the Board, it places no similar restriction upon the parochial authorities with whom he is struggling, but leaves them full power to drag the poor man through a painful process of litigation whenever the decision of the Board may chance to be in his favour. A more partial, unconstitutional, and un-British regulation, was never admitted to the statute-book; and having tamely permitted this outrage on the rights of the poor, who can tell where the evil will stop? Once familiarise with

the legislation and legal practice of this country such maxims as, that no poor man shall be permitted to enter a court of law against the rich until a secret Board sit in conclave upon his case, and declare that he has a just cause of action, and what becomes of the boasted purity of British justice, the equality of British subjects, the disenthralling magic of British soil, and all the high-sounding attributes with which we have been accustomed to associate the name and glory of our country? Could the practical mischief of such an innovation be confined to the class of paupers, many might not care perhaps to bear its shame; but of this there can be no security. The blow which strikes down the most common right, inevitably weakens the stability of the highest. The poison of injustice habitually administered to the meanest extremity of the body politic, will circulate with malignant virulence through the entire frame.

Whatever evils may be expected to result to other classes of the people, there can be no doubt that to the poor the closing of the Court of Session is daily bearing very bad fruits. Complaints of inadequate relief are rejected by the Board of Supervision, which there can be no doubt would have received immediate redress from the Court; and even in those cases in which "the ground of complaint is removed" by the Board, the additional aliment allowed, always much less than was judged necessary in similar cases by the Court, is only obtained after the most distressing delay. A case appears in the return of applications to the Board, in which, after having remitted the complaint to the parochial authorities three several times, the Board at length intimated that permission would be granted the pauper to enter the Court of Session; and additional relief was granted *nearly six months after the complaint was lodged.* A poor cripple and his destitute family were thus deprived nearly half a-year of the "needful sustentation" to which they were entitled by law; while the parochial Board, which was the cause of this injustice, was not only subjected to no expenses, but actually gained by the illegal act to the extent of nearly four pounds—the amount of the poor man's additional aliment for six months; whereas, had the case been decided by the Court, the parish would have been compelled to pay over to the pauper the additional allowance *from the date of his first application to the parochial board,* besides bearing the expense of the litigation. It is obvious that the effect of this change must be to encourage parochial boards in resisting the just claims of the poor; and that, in fact, it operates as a premium upon the obduracy with which they disregard the entreaties of paupers, and the orders of the Board of Supervision.

Another striking evil which still clings to the administration of the poor-law in Scotland, is the inequality in the amount of allowances in the various parishes. The average allowance in one parish is £8 0s. 7d. per annum; in another it is 2s. 6d.; and between these wide extremes, there are average allowances of every amount. Sometimes the greatest difference prevails in the same city. In the city parish of Glasgow, for example, the average allowance is £5 2s. 3d.; while in the Barony parish, in the same city, it is only £3 17s. 8d. No one will say that the expense of subsistence varies so much in these two parishes as to justify this wide difference of allowance; and upon what other ground is it possible to defend it? In the northern county of Ross, the average allowance is £1 9s. 3d.; while in the southern county of Kirkcudbright, it is £4 7s. 3d. It cannot be said that the poor are so much more numerous in the former county than in the latter, or that the value of property is so much less, that it is unable to sustain so great a burden; for Kirkcudbrightshire, in proportion to its population, supports fully twice as many poor as Ross-shire, and expends, in relief, to the extent of 1s. 3¼d. per pound on its real property; while the expenditure of Ross-shire does not amount to more than 5½d. per pound on its real property. Yet the Board of Supervision must be pretty well satisfied with the state of matters in Ross-shire; for after a tour of inquiry, made by their Secretary, in the Highland counties, that gentleman arrived at the conclusion that 1s. 3d. per week is a quite adequate allowance for an entirely destitute Highland pauper! If 1s. 3d. be a sufficient aliment in Ross-shire, the allowances given in many other parts of Scotland must be extremely extravagant; and if the Board does not think it necessary to raise the allowances in the one case, it ought to reduce them in the other. The glaring inequality which prevails in the mode of treatment must necessarily attract the poor from the favourable to the unfavourable parishes, and thus prove a source of great injustice to those very districts where the law is most strictly obeyed.

The Report of the Board of Supervision, therefore, along with many signs of progress to a better system, exhibits much that is objectionable. The minor defects, to which we have not been able to allude, are numerous, but very inferior in importance to the neglect of destitute children, the stinted allowances given to the most deserving poor, and the encouragement of mendicity and vagrancy, which still characterise our poor-law system. Let the benevolent classes be once fully assured that every really destitute person is readily and adequately provided for by the regular officers, and in a very short time you may sweep from society those daring bands of vagrants which infest the wynds of large cities, and periodically spread plunder and havoc over the rural districts. But in present circumstances, every benevolent person knows very well that a poor-law official is not one who relieves, but one who wrangles with the poor, and if possible denies them support; and so long as this lasts, vagrancy, imposture, and theft must be tolerated.

CONDITION AND PROSPECTS OF WESTERN ASIA.

Among the questions suggested by the present condition of the world, none, perhaps, is more deeply interesting than that which regards the state and prospects of Western Asia. Lying in close juxta-position with Europe, its aspect, nevertheless, presents the most striking contrast with everything European. Covered, in many places, by primitive populations, and elsewhere by the mingled dregs of all races, it has long excited the attention of statesmen and diplomatists, of politicians and philosophers, and displayed moral and social phenomena which have perplexed them all.

A contemporary writer, who, to give greater currency to his speculations, has clothed them in the forms of fiction, deserves the credit of having directed some degree of public attention to that part of the Asiatic continent comprehending Syria and Palestine. How far his opinions are to be interpreted seriously, it is, of course, impossible to decide; and this constitutes the chief objection to works which are neither fact nor fiction, and embody innumerable notions for which the author would not be held strictly responsible. But this is of comparatively little moment. The important point just now for Europe to clear up is, whether or not our actual principles of civilisation be sufficiently powerful to regenerate society in the East. In order to arrive at any definite conclusion, we must previously be acquainted with the spirit which pervades that society, which travellers have usually overlooked, and which the chroniclers of passing events seem hitherto to have regarded as beneath their notice.

The moment we traverse the Mediterranean and pass into the East, we encounter tribes of men whom we can with difficulty recognise as our contemporaries. Instead of having migrated from one geographical division of the globe to another, we seem to have travelled back centuries in time, and to be placed among generations commonly supposed to have long past away. The novelties we observe in costume and manners constitute the least remarkable feature in the picture before us: were all the inhabitants of Syria, and the East generally, to be clothed at once in the garb of Englishmen or Frenchmen, and to adopt, at the same time, our furniture and our cookery, our domestic architecture and our amusements, the most essential difference between them and us would still remain untouched. Even the adoption of our opinions, religious, political, and literary, would leave behind a line of demarcation too broad to allow any approximation to identity.

In what, then, it will perhaps be asked, does the difference between them and us consist? It may seem philosophical to say, that man in every age and country is the same; and that all that distinguishes race from race, and people from people, is comprehended under the terms, religious and civil institutions. But there is something else—something which, for want of a more appropriate expression, we must call the make and constitution of the mind. No one can have resided any time in the East, and been conversant with any one of its numerous populations, without having become intimately convinced of this; though few, perhaps, have studied, and much fewer still comprehended, the range of circumstances in which the peculiarity originated. Persons who have philosophised in one corner of the world, and upon a narrow basis, are too apt to conclude that our thoughts and opinions exist independently of those influences, the sum of which we denominate nature. They forget that man is a part of the universe, and not altogether an independent part, since all his primitive ideas come to him from without, while his feelings are moulded and are the creation of his mind, impregnated by external influences.

In Syria all great and prolific ideas may be said to be extinct. It has no creed of any kind on which it can itself place reliance, much less which it can offer fearlessly to the rest of the world. Syria has always been a sort of Golgotha of faiths, where the intellectual offspring of other lands has found death and sepulture. The streams of population have very strongly set in from every part of the world, towards that lovely land, where they have melted away, in a manner not explained in history. Before the invasion of the Israelites, who fought their way thither from Egyptian servitude, it had been conquered and possessed by a great variety of tribes from the desert and elsewhere; but none has taken root in it; to all appearance there never has been a Syrian people—a people living under the same institutions—speaking the same language—believing the same opinion—and tracing their origin to the same stock. On the contrary, fragments of a hundred nations have met there and settled in sight of each other, but without amalgamating—without forgetting their difference of origin—without laying aside their hereditary antipathies—without, in short, acquiring anything in common, a spark of patriotism or fraternal attachment. Consequently, the annals of Syria are without parallel in the history of the world. Small as it is, it has never, properly speaking, formed one country, though its numerous tribes have, nearly in all ages, been constrained to submit together to some foreign conqueror.

There is now no aboriginal vitality in Syria. The very Arabs of the desert, though distinguished for boldness and generosity in their native waste, are soon forsaken by the proud spirit of enterprise when they settle in Syria, and induced to prefer enjoyment to exertion, and to devote to dreamy indolence the life which in the desert would have been swayed by stern virtue or ambition.

Of this Mohammed himself was sensible, as we may gather from the observation which he made on Damascus. Having, from the neighbouring mountains, surveyed its gardens and groves; its orchards, meadows, and limpid streams, and in-

haled the perfumed atmosphere which breathed around, he said it was too delicious, and refused to enter it. He felt that the rude man of the wilderness, who aimed at affecting the moral aspect of half the world, had nothing to do in so interesting a place. His mind and body required to be braced by the air of the desert, by toil, by fatigue, by resolute contention with man and nature. The bait which he so wisely shunned, the caliphs, his successors, were caught with, to their ruin. Their courage and their virtue melted away in the spicy valleys of Syria, where their stern creed and martial manners have degenerated into a stupid superstition and the habits of thieves.

Everything throughout the Syrian land, from north to south, bears upon it the indelible stamp of decay and death. Populations, formerly numerous and powerful, have dwindled almost to nothing. Industry is at a stand-still, commerce is fast forsaking the country, agriculture is neglected, the government is oppressive, and the subjects are, in consequence, discontented and disloyal. No doubt fresh insurrection and revolution will, in the course of time, be organised in Syria; and it might even, if properly investigated, be found to be true that, at this moment, efforts are making to undermine the authority of the Ottoman Porte, and give a new master or masters to the Syrians. But this would affect Europe only in so far as the change might be secured by its own political intrigues or combinations; for of so little consequence, to the rest of the world, are the internal struggles and vicissitudes of that country in themselves, that the overthrow and establishment of a new dynasty in Syria, if brought about by native means, would not disturb, for an hour, the calculations of any statesman in Christendom.

At present the East is awaiting, in a passive state, the impression that may be made upon it by the masculine powers of the West. This must be quite evident to those who considered the late troubles in the Lebanon, which were excited, continued, and terminated entirely by European influence. Throughout the whole range of country inhabited by the Maronites, French emissaries laboured for years, sowing diligently the seeds of dissension, undermining the authority of the Sultan, sharpening their prejudices against the Druses, and giving birth to indefinite hopes of effectual succour from Christendom. With the result of all this active intriguing the world is too well acquainted. The ambition of the Maronite was extinguished in blood. Having got up the storm, the French agents effected their escape, and suffered it to burst pitilessly on the heads of their victims. The Druses rose in insurrection—the Turks poured an army into the mountains—all resistance was overpowered—and the wretched Maronites learned, too late, that they had been induced to lean on a broken reed.

At this moment European diplomacy is again at work among the scattered tribes of the Lebanon; not, however, with a view to civilise them, and improve their condition, but in order to enlarge the field of political intrigue, and multiply the points by which it hopes to obtain a footing in the East. To unmask the iniquity of such a design would be highly praiseworthy, because, however cheaply we may hold the intellect of the Syrians, it is impossible we should regard them without sympathy and compassion. They reckon among them a considerable number of that persecuted race, the Jews, who have there, perhaps, been subjected to more ignominy, insult, and contempt, than anywhere else in the world. Mr. D'Israeli, in his recent work, represents the thing differently. But no traveller who has ever set foot in the East, and witnessed there the practical degradation of the Israelites, will corroborate his views. Among the terms of reproach which an angry Mussulman can apply to another, the most opprobious and offensive is that of "Yahoodi," or "Jew." The scale of insult runs, as nearly as possible, as follows: When the annoyance is slight, the offended individual satisfies his bile with calling his neighbour an "Infidel;" but the term is often applied jocularly, as we denominate a child a "little rogue." When more anger is intended to be expressed, the reviler selects the word "dog;" from which, as his rage increases, he will descend to "pig;" and, lastly, to "Jew," beyond which there is but one lower depth, into which a sinner against social usages can be thrust, but this is so peculiarly Oriental, that we abstain from translating the term.

Condemn, as earnestly and sincerely as we may, the prejudices of all Eastern nations against the Jews, it is impossible for us to deny the fact, nor are we, indeed, able to perceive any advantage that could accrue from creating in Europe a false impression upon the subject. The Osmanlis seldom read our speculations, and when they do, can only respect us when they find our reasoning based on truth. Now they are conscious that, throughout the Turkish empire, the Hebrew race is under a ban, condemned to carry on the most disreputable callings—overwhelmed with perpetual scorn—excluded from all social intercourse—thrust aside, in the common highways of life, by the meanest and most despised among the believers in the Koran—and condemned to console themselves, for all this weight of scorn and obloquy, by the possession of money. It is quite true that capital is power, and that pashas and grandees in the East, as well as in the West, are occasionally constrained to mask their dislike, and ask favours of the persecuted race. But this, only, is not a thing to be proud of. That the money-power sometimes triumphs over birth and rank, over prejudice and bigotry, is quite true; but this does not prove the non-existence of fanaticism, or show that the objects of perpetual contempt are not despised. We are not excusing the ignorance and folly of the Orientals, but simply stating an undeniable fact. By way of illustration, let any man inquire for the Jewish quarter in any eastern city, and he will invariably be directed to the worst built, the most dingy, filthy, and infected with malaria, where the devoted children of mammon hoard their gold, in stench and obscurity. Scarcely

will a Mohammedan deign to look into its unsavoury streets, where his nose is assailed by anything but the perfumes of Arabia, the entrance to which he proverbially compares with the descent to Gehennam, and whose inhabitants he believes to be destined to the warmest conceivable quarter in the next world.

The worst consequence, perhaps, resulting from feelings and ideas so reprehensible, is the sense of degradation experienced by the sufferers; whatever may in this country be imagined to the contrary, the Jew of the East almost acquiesce in the judgment of his Turkish neighbour. He feels himself to be weak and powerless, and perpetually breathing an atmosphere of scorn and obloquy; withers and dwindles, under its deleterious influence, into the wretched creature he is supposed to be. He crawls about the city in fear and trembling, and never experiences the dignified feelings of a man, but when bending over his gold, the sole staff of his life, with which he sometimes is enabled to smite the heathen, and return them a portion of the scorn they lavish on him. In England a Jew may always be respectable if he pleases. The laws recognise in him most of the rights of citizenship, and will shortly grant him all he can desire, or that humanity can contend for in his behalf. But how different is the case in the East? There he has no rights, is acknowledged by no law, protected by no institutions; but simply suffered to exist as a necessary evil, like a drain or a kennel; all but his own people shun him in the street, and consider themselves polluted by his very touch. Even the fascinations of beauty, which reconcile the nobles and princes of the East to the women of all other nations, seldom or never subdue their aversion for a Jewess, whom they generally regard with as much abhorrence as a vampire. We never knew of a female Yahood having been admitted into a harem. The inerradicable prejudices of creed and race forbid the shocking idea. All the other inmates, at the first glimpse of that acquiline physiognomy, which our less fastidious taste often regards as handsome, would immediately take to flight, and leave the perfumed chambers and luxurious gardens a desert to their possessor.

Nothing, therefore, can be more preposterous than the idea of seeking, among the unfortunate Yahoodis of Syria, the germs of a new revelation to ameliorate the condition of the human race. The mind of Asia, from Behring's Straits to the Isthmus of Suez, is burnt out. Nothing but the cinders, as it were, of creeds and dogmas, bespreads its empires and kingdoms. The dwellers in secluded fastnesses—the pastoral wanderers over steppes and plains—the ignorant and uncivilised populations which congregate together, and carry on rude trades and callings, in large, but disorganised cities, still cherish the wrecks of outworn religions, sometimes with warmth and enthusiasm, but for the most part with a lassitude and indifference which it is painful to witness. When brought, therefore, accidentally into contact with an European, the Oriental, in spite of the stupid prejudices which he has inherited from his forefathers, experiences the most humiliating consciousness of inferiority. He sees that the man from the West, of colossal stature and iron-mould, can do what he can't—that he can subdue to his own uses the powers of the elements—that he is irresistible in war, and wise and full of resources in peace—and the pride which besotted ignorance engenders melts away in the light of facts.

This is more especially the case with respect to Englishmen, a wonderful idea of whose power and character has penetrated even into the wildest deserts and least enlightened portions of Asia. Who and what we are, they frequently fail to comprehend. With the resources, and even, perhaps, with the geographical position of our islands, they are unacquainted. They only know that we have marched as conquerors over half the east; that from central Asia to the Chinese wall, our banners have waved, and our soldiers deposited their bones; and that our fleets have swept like hurricanes, along the coasts of every maritime nation in the habitable world—that we possess more colonies than they can number, and that we have acquired everything, by the exertion of an intellectual energy, never hitherto displayed by any other people known to history. If the project, consequently, were proposed to them of reconstructing our social system, by means of any mental influence originating in the East, they would treat the idea with the most contemptuous ridicule. To discover the gigantic proportions of Great Britain, we must detract from her as we do from the Pyramids, and take our stand among the tribes and races which contemplate her from a distance. That the Asiatics thoroughly comprehend us, and are able to infer our future destiny, from what we have already accomplished, we are very far from affirming. But the slightest possible knowledge of their opinions and manner of thinking will suffice to convince us that they would as soon think of deranging the march of the constellations, as hope to give a bias to our civilisation, by any process of thought or modification of belief originating among them, in their present helpless condition; and if Asia, generally, be a spent volcano, Syria may be regarded as its most exhausted crater.

Nevertheless, the material prosperity of the country might be indefinitely promoted, could we but impart to it some few of these institutions to which Europe owes all its greatness. Mr. D'Israeli ridicules Parliaments, and declaims with bitterness against what he calls the tyranny of self-government. At present the Syrians if consulted might possibly, for want of knowing better, agree with him; but if they would ever emerge from the miserable state of servitude in which they now grovel, they must consent, in these matters, to imitate the Franks, and be at the pains to tyrannise over themselves. Upon careful inquiry, it would, we think, be found that the desire for some such revolution already exists among them, though the unfortunate circumstances in which they have long been placed — their sectarian divisions, the obstacles, material and political, which have obstructed the development of trade

and industry—and the jealousy of certain European powers, have prevented them from acting in obedience to their impulses. If we run our eye along the mountains and valleys which intersect and diversify the face of the land, reasons will present themselves more than sufficient to explain the existing moral lethargy of Syria. That which may be denominated the basis of the population, and is composed of Arabian elements, has hitherto proved unsusceptible of all political amelioration. We mean the partizans of the Sunnee sect, or followers of the first three caliphs. Scattered indiscriminately among these, are the sectaries who uphold the pretension of Ali, known elsewhere in the East under the name of Sheahs, but in Syria denominated Metwalis. Between these two divisions of Mohammedans there exists a degree of rancorous hostility, which they who are versed in the history of the Inquisition may, perhaps, be able to understand. Their hatred, in fact, is exactly proportioned to the slightness and futility of its cause. But what will not men convert into a pretext for destroying each other? Look at the Musulmans of Northern India, how they break forth at stated periods into lamentations for the death of Hassan and Hussein; how they parade with frantic gestures through the streets; listen how they wail and howl and lash themselves into a frenzy of grief; observe how, in the paroxysms of this madness, they assail the inoffensive Hindoos, the fierce and truculent Sikhs, towards whom they have comparatively no cause of quarrel; and then imagine with what deadly fury they would be likely to fall upon those who represent to them the murderers of their prophets.

In a distinct part of Syria, consisting of lofty and almost inaccessible mountains, we find, in great numbers, the indomitable followers of the mad caliph Hakim Beamrilla. Into the peculiarities of their creed and customs we cannot just now enter; more Jesuitical than the Metwalis, they industriously disguise that heresy; affect to think in accordance with all who converse with them, but secretly in their own secluded shrines, practise rites, and give utterance to opinions, which, if openly proclaimed, would excite one universal shudder through the Mohammedan world. These formidable heretics are the Druses, who, without being at all understood by Europe, have attracted so much attention by the remarkable part they have always played in the intestine quarrels of their country.

Close neighbours to these are the Maronites or Christians of the Lebanon, who, though far more numerous than the Druses, have generally been inferior to them in power, because much less passionately addicted to a military life. The history of this fragment of Christendom surviving in the midst of the Mohammedan world, is full of interesting vicissitudes, which would be instructive did men in reality derive any practical advantages from the annals of past times. Even the existence of the Maronites, however, may be regarded as an extraordinary circumstance, though less so than that of the Armenians, who, driven forth from the cradle of their race and faith, live scattered throughout the east like the Jews, finding all the delights of home and country in their chests and money bags. These patient and economical people, who are ever ready to compass sea and land, through devotion for the breeches-pockets, constitute an important part of the population of Syria, where they contend with the Ishmaelites and Israelites for the mastery in all matters of cash. Among those who do not believe in the Book, few are more disliked or more fiercely persecuted than the Armenians. From the banks of the Nile to those of the Orontes, Abanna, and Pharphar, we find innumerable anecdotes in circulation, illustrative of their avarice and worthlessness. Pashas and Kadhis acquire popularity by oppressing them. Mohammed Ali, who possesses some original ideas, and loves to depart from the traditional policy of the Turks, has sought to attach the Armenians to his government, by bestowing on them titles and places, and enabling them, like another money-making race of old, to spoil the Egyptians. But his plan has been attended with little success; none of his discontented subjects being more bitterly hostile to him than the Armenians in his service, upon whom he has lavished favours, whom he has fed and educated, and who would still be buried in the darkest night of obscurity, but for his unaccountable partiality.

Another Syrian tribe far more obscure to Europeans, is that of the Ansarièh, upon whom Mr. D'Israeli has bestowed so large a share of his admiration. Two things belonging to the people deserve special notice; first, they preside over the cultivation of that wild and oderiferous tobacco, which under the name of Jebel Lataskia, solaces the wearisome marches of travellers in the East; and second, they uphold some strange form of worship, which has the fascination of mystery about it, though enough perhaps has been revealed to enable us to form an idea of what the mystery was intended to conceal. It would perhaps be more correct to denominate the Ansarièh a sect than a tribe, though they unquestionably differ from the Maronites and Druses, in descent as well as in creed. Very strange notions have been propagated concerning them by travellers. Volney, in general so accurate and sagacious, was misled by Assemani; and succeeding writers have, for the most part, contented themselves with copying or abridging his account.

Akin to these fantastical tobacco growers, though of still more obscure tenets and practices, are the Ismaelieh, who, through a long succession of ages have persevered in their attachment to superstitions which the ordinary speculators upon human nature innocently believe to be extinct. In the East, however, follies are slow to die. Even that which we believe to be an universal antidote, the Press, fails to cure the Syrian mountaineers of their traditional infatuation. We behold printing going on in the midst of men more benighted than the Hellens before the advent of Cadmus among them with his alphabet. Books, in Syria, so far from putting superstition to flight,

only, as far as hitherto appears, tend to foster it. The fables, in which the people believe, get imbedded in their literature, so that the more they read the more their credulity is nourished. Not, indeed, that they read much; they are too indolent for that.

Perhaps we discover in the Kords and Turcomans, who with Yezidis complete the cycle of Syrian populations, the only instrument by which Western Asia can possibly, by a spontaneous movement, be regenerated. These manly, though fierce and barbarous tribes, were the idea once to present itself powerfully to their minds, might easily erect an empire, the growth of which even Europe itself would find it difficult to check. They hover perpetually in the back-ground of the Turkish dominions, gifted with prodigious strength, but disinclined hitherto to make use of it. Their connexion with interior Asia would ensure to them an inexhaustible supply of soldiers; and their rudeness and ignorance would render them too indifferent to the most lavish sacrifice of human life, to induce them to pause for a moment in the career of ambition, should they once enter upon it. The Turks and the Arabs are, for all great purposes, effete; so that it would be unphilosophical to expect anything further from them. The other inhabitants of Syria are numerically too weak to form or carry out any extensive plan of conquest; and the Kords and Turcomans who might, as we have suggested, be more successful, should they make the attempt, have hitherto only pushed their vanguard into Northern Syria; and, in the present state of the world, are not likely to be inspired by the idea of acquiring supremacy in Western Asia.

What then, it may be asked, is to be the fate of that part of the world? Is the political edifice of the Turkish Empire capable of re-construction, and, if so, can it be built up by European diplomacy, or must some modification of Asiatic genius preside over it? Without being at all dogmatic on the point, we would invite the statesmen of the West to consider diligently the progress they seem to have made in restoring vitality to the Ottoman Porte. The tendency of all they have accomplished up to this moment, seems only to have been to hasten the overthrow of that which they meant to reinstate in its primitive condition. There has been no revival of patriotism—no restoration of faith among the Turks, who have dwindled gradually into a sort of Oriental Epicureans, intent on present enjoyment, forgetful of the past, and careless of the future. Meanwhile, the greatest power of the North has been steadily pressing upon the frontier, extirpating or subjugating one small population after another; and causing it to be universally felt, that it is merely by an artificial check, originating in political combinations, and not by any native power of resistance, that it is restrained from extending its frontier to the Persian Gulph. On the other extremity of the Turkish Empire, there is a space widening every day into which European energy must sooner or later flow. We allude to Egypt, which cannot long remain under the domination of the Mohammedans. As soon as that vast Pashalic shall lapse, as it most probably will, to Great Britain, the Turkish territories, compressed between two mighty empires will be diminished rapidly; the Russians extending their conquests south, the English north, until the same strange phenomena which met our view in Central Asia, are repeated at the western extremity of that continent. At what point the two opposing forces will meet and shock against each other, it will be for futurity to decide; though, if we might regulate our speculations by the experience of all ages, it would not be difficult even now to draw the impassible line of demarcation.

The fate, then, of Western Asia as it appears to us is, to be absorbed by Europe which will only then have thoroughly accomplished its mission, when its two imperial races shall extend their dominions parallel to each other, from the Ægean to the Yellow Sea.

All the populations of Syria, with the exception of the Osmalis, are industrious, and nearly every district of the country abounds with sources of wealth. All that is required, therefore, is to rouse the spirit of production, which may at once be done by affording effectual protection to property, and opening sufficient outlets for the multiplied creations of industry. Many provinces are admirably adapted to manufacture; others are gifted with an inexhaustible fertility; some, bordering on the desert, would find a never-failing market among the Bedouins; others, skirting the sea, would look to Europe for their customers. It is unnecessary to enumerate here the productions of Syria, but we may mention its silk, and tobacco—its corn, and wine, and oil—its honey and its balm—its frankincence, and its unrivalled steel. But, perhaps, the greatest source of Syrian wealth—we mean of possible and future wealth—lies in an article almost of untried growth—that is to say, in cotton, in which, from various circumstances which have come to our knowledge, we feel convinced it might be made to rival even the most favoured districts of America. What is called the upland Georgia cotton, is scarcely equal to some grown along the skirts of Lebanon, and the whole valley of the Jordan and the vast plains of Esdraelon and the Hauran could produce an article not inferior in fineness.

It is in circumstances like these, and not in wandering about the deserts in the hopes of enjoying interviews with angels, that the Syrians are to seek the instruments of their future regeneration. The best angel they could meet with just now would be a steam-engine. Not that we undervalue those pure principles of action with which Heaven inspires great men, through whom it instils truth and piety into the great moral world, as it instils moisture into the physical, by means of those lofty mountains which avert and attract the clouds; but over such processes we have no control. Our business is to wield, for the promotion of our own comforts and happiness, the physical powers with which Nature has surrounded us. No madness can be greater than that which

would prompt us to interrogate an ignorant people respecting the means of bettering human society. With them revolution does not necessarily signify ascent—they change, but do not always improve. | Witness the outbreak of the Whahabis, who brought about what is technically called a revival in the Mohammedan world, and gave, for a time, a new direction to the currents of faith and opinion. But it happened that the principle they introduced was not prolific of civilisation; and so, after drenching the desert with blood, and thinning populations already too scanty, they retreated into their original obscurity, having only added one sect more to a part of the world which had before too many.

By introducing the lever from Europe, a very different state of things may be brought about. Already the vast populations of Asia are heaving and fermenting, and exhibit an inclination to put on new forms, and assume a similitude to the nobler races of the West. And what is this lever to which we allude? Simply the conviction that there is nothing in this world so noble as honest industry, which leads men, in the first place, to create property, and, in the next, makes them resolute to defend it. Let the East, then, return, under better auspices, to its old practice of buying and selling, and to its hereditary reverence for merchants—those great apostles of civilisation, who, whether they travel on the camel or in the caravan, in a ship or behind a steam-engine, are sure to humanise more or less all those with whom they have any dealings. We look upon Western Asia as hopeless as far as regards any spontaneous efforts.

Their improvement must be accomplished by reconciling the nations of the East to their own interests, by showing them that there is something more sacred than the sword; that there are such things as human rights and human liberties; and that there is and can be no degradation in the subjection of ignorance to knowledge. In glancing at their present condition, though we have not confined ourselves entirely to the surface, we have experienced little temptation to enter into minute details, which can only then be profitable, when they have been preceded by a general statement of facts, by a mapping out, as it were, of the whole subject, which, however vast and comprehensive, rests on one single principle, the necessary and lasting subordination of force and violence to political wisdom. At this very moment we actively influence the whole fabric of society throughout Asia. European agents stud the entire continent, insomuch that there is not a single prince or emir, from the isthmus of Suez to the utmost limits of Mongolia, who has not his mind, from time to time, enlightened by some one from the West, commissioned to extend the circle of our arts and our commerce. This may, perhaps, reveal to many a state of things with which they were not previously familiar. We could print a long list of emissaries who are now labouring unostentatiously in that vast vineyard.

In Central Asia we find more unadulterated populations on which to operate. It is easy to excite or enlighten a man of Samarcan, a dweller in Kokan, or a Kurgis Kasak. But, as you approach the Mediterranean, you have first to break through a crust of false refinement before you can reach the pure well-springs of intellectual activity. But, beginning at the right end, awakening the spirit of industry, and teaching men how to surround themselves with material comforts, you may effect a decisive amount of good. This we have practically demonstrated in the case of many other countries and populations. We have peopled districts which, within the memory of man, were unproductive and uninhabited; we have converted dens of robbers into the abodes of trade and industry. We have in one province, and within a single century, added forty millions to the population; we have multiplied new heads of cattle, introduced new grains and grasses, trees, shrubs, and plants; opened up mines, hitherto unknown, and clothed mountains and valleys, once devoted to barrenness, with the richest harvests. We are not the advocates of ambitious conquests; it is not our desire to subjugate mankind; but we certainly esteem it our greatest privilege, that we can, when called upon by circumstances, teach the least enlightened nations of the earth, how to emerge from want and ignorance, into the enjoyment of all the blessings which industry and good government can bestow.

THOMAS CHALMERS AND DANIEL O'CONNELL.

We noticed at the close of last number, the death of Daniel O'Connell, at Genoa, on the fifteenth May. The blow fell heavily on Ireland at a period of famine, of disease, and in the year of death. Immediately afterwards Thomas Chalmers died at Edinburgh, on the 31st May. The stroke cut sharply almost to the heart of Scotland. They were the two greatest Commoners of their age—walking in lines distinctly apart; and yet occasionally, and at not a few points, approaching each other. The circumstances of their greatness and their death within so short a period have induced many to institute comparisons between their character. The lives of an earnest Theologian and an acomplished Lawyer—the habits of the Professional chair and the Political tribune do not often afford many grounds of just comparison; but they are not wanting in these lives—lives that will occupy so much of history. The one will be written by the son of O'Connell, and the other by the son-in-law of Chalmers; who has left the manuscript, we understand, of many valuable works.

Thomas Chalmers was found dead in his bed-

room, on the morning of the day when he was to have addressed the Free Church Assembly on their Collegiate Scheme, of which he was, in every sense, officially and practically, "the Principal." The intelligence created the most painful feeling in Edinburgh—a feeling that soon circulated over all Scotland, and wherever, indeed, his life and works were known. It stunned the body with which he was specially connected—it startled all men. In one sense, it could not so much be said to have caused grief. He died, not stricken with many years—not knowing the burden of extreme weakness—in happy ignorance of the bitter sorrows attending decayed powers—in the most robust health of mind—without a scar on his immense intellect—with great works accomplished—with sincere love from all, even from his opponents, acquired—with a soul at peace with here and hereafter, with earth and heaven, with God and man, so far as man in any case can say of his brother man: and yet he died full of years, and of honours, and of usefulness. It was reported that he had been struck by an apoplectic fit; again, that he was carried away by disease of the heart; and we have heard that neither of these statements is accurate. It is said that there was no such cause of death in him. A friend remarked to us that he had absolutely swooned away—passed into eternity in something like a feeling of sickness—without pain, and without such disease as might not have been easily stayed by any friendly hand. But he was alone with God. There was no mortal friend there to carry to his lips even a glass of water. No man ever was known to die liker to Enoch, to Moses, and to Elijah. Few men ever combined more beautifully the Patriarch's walk with God—the meekness and humility of the Lawgiver—the fire and the zeal of the Prophet, in their character.

Thomas Chalmers was originally a Fifeshire minister, of the moderate school in the Established Church of Scotland. He was for some years far more remarkable as a young man of considerable scientific acquirements than as an earnest preacher or a careful pastor. While in his country parish a change in his manner of thought, in his style, and the substance of his preaching was observed—not as the gradual consequence of long and intense thinking, but as the result of an immediate and decisive conviction. He was soon drawn to Glasgow, and in the two charges which he occupied in that city, he obtained, as a preacher, the highest popularity and the greatest measure of practical usefulness reached by any man of his generation in Scotland. Subsequently he accepted the chair of moral philosophy in the University of St. Andrews. After spending some years there he was removed to the theological chair in Edinburgh. We mention these points in his life, not because we are writing its history, but to notice how this man was made, schooled, and managed to do his greatest work. All these movements were subordinate to that end. He was first practically learned the inefficiency of a curacy; next he had the lives and working of two kinds of rural parochial ministers educed in his own experience; then was he brought to feel, in his own person, the weight and burden of a city charge in a locality deficient in wealth, but abounding in population, for such was the character of both his charges in Glasgow; afterwards he was set to teach and gather a knowledge of university defects; and when all this was done, he was transferred to Edinburgh, there to educate the men whom he left to carry out his projects; and to wield that influence which he exercised amongst all Evangelical Churches.

In tracing the characters of the two great men whom death has brought together, we find far more similarity than their different modes of thought would actually lead us to anticipate. Their energy was remarkable. O'Connell accomplished objects that were considered by his contemporaries thoroughly unattainable. Chalmers wrought out effects that few men would have hesitated to pronounce impracticable. There required to be in each of their minds a strong element of hope. A marked resemblance existed between them in this respect. But there was an equally marked contrast in their mental qualities. O'Connell, at an early period of his life, fixed on some definite principles, and he clung to them with few and comparatively slight changes. The mind of Thomas Chalmers was perpetually expanding. He either resigned or was driven from one position after another, in his practical efforts; but invariably he advanced. He was never known to "retract, not by a hairsbreadth," of principle. He began life a moderate in politics and doctrine. His doctrine was changed, and that changed his politics. He then held in ordinary politics the position of a Conservative-Whig, and in ecclesiastical the place of a Conservative-Evangelical. The steps from this point were remarkably gradual. He first thought to convert patrons; then he obtained the enactment of the veto; at another time he sought a "*liberum arbitrium*" for the ecclesiastical courts; next he advanced boldly to the integrity of the call; and he ended with the absolute proposition of election by the people. His views on the connexion between Church and State were similarly modified. He began at matters as they stood in his youth—then he sought to enlarge the Establishment—by-and-bye he was compelled to acknowledge the existence of chains and fetters, that he had assumed in his celebrated apologies and arguments for that connexion should not exist; with a knowledge of these evils there arose to his mind the necessity of labouring for their removal; that he failed in this work, and ended his life a practical Voluntary, proves more than any incident in the history of this controversy the hopelessness of attaining together freedom of action and the dignity of an Establishment. But these changes in the mode of pursuing an end involved no change in the end sought. In all he kept steadily one object in view. The good of the people, and that also of the common people, was his great lifetime's aim. From the day of one vital change in Kilmany, to that day when he died, there was no alteration of the goal—no shifting of the ambition that he sought and che-

rished. Full of benevolence, he loved all men, but especially those who most needed counsel and direction. To him his opponents have ever conceded this honour. In the midst of bitter dissension—in the casting up of the muddy waters of agitation, there never floated on their surface the tiniest charge of selfishness or self-seeking against him.

The Irish Leader was less fortunate. His motives were assailed; his person was hated; his character was attacked; his consistency denied: yet through all these charges it may be true—and we believe it to be true—that he made little change of his one leading purpose; but many changes in the means used for prosecuting its attainment.

There was no such great dissimilarity in the titling of the respective objects sought by them. The advancement of religion was, we doubt not, with both the original object. The subsequent differences arose in the character of the religion they sought to promote, and the means which they chose to attain their purpose. Dr. Chalmers wanted to confer temporal benefits, by first making men religious. Mr. O'Connell wished to promote the interests of his faith by gaining for its followers political power. It was just to secure for them this power; and a feeling of right brought Chalmers in 1828 to the aid of O'Connell, nor know we that more valuable aid, out of Ireland, was ever afforded to his great scheme of Catholic Emancipation.

But there was a great dissimilarity in the creeds to which they adhered. Within the pale of nominal Chistianity there can be none scarcely farther apart. Chalmers, standing with his Bible, repudiated and repelled the claim of any man to think for him or for other men, and assert for their thoughts the privilege of judgment without appeal. O'Connell was a mediæval Roman Catholic. In his composition there was as large a portion of the "jus-divinum" as could consist with a sturdy Radicalism. He venerated the memory of Thomas A'Beckett, if not as the "*ultimus Anglorum*," yet as one of the highest and best of the English. In one department, therefore, and that the most important department of human affairs, he admitted not the possibility of error—and allowed not the propriety of reform. Towards his Church, O'Connell had only to give faith and fealty; while Chalmers gave his fealty to his faith, and moulded his Church to the advancement of his creed. Thus, not only by profession, but by choice and from principle, Thomas Chalmers cast the greater part of his energy into the path of Church Reform: by profession and necessity, Daniel O'Connell employed his powers in political reform; and yet it is, as we have said, that both had for their end this one community of object—the advancement of a religion. A French (Parisian) paper designates O'Connell the greatest lay Catholic. He was the impersonification of profound obedience to his Church. Thus he came also to be a living type of that faith; for in no instance has a stronger intellect ever bowed to its dictates. Thomas Chalmers was the type of another kind of Catholicity. He was a link amongst the Evangelical Protestant Churches. He loved all, and by all he was beloved. No man, therefore, could with more propriety be supposed to impersonate the visible union that they have recently formed. And thus these two leaders were, in this point, the representatives of thoroughly antagonistic principles—of submission and of inquiry. Singularly accordant with this fact were their last employments. O'Connell died at Genoa on a pilgrimage to Rome, not so much, we fervently believe, a "medicinal" as a "devotional" exercise. Chalmers bore his testimony once more before the rulers of the land in favour of perfect religious freedom, and against a "toleration" that is the "mockery of liberty;" and he returned home to die. The last acts of both were representative of their respective principles.

In literary attainments they both occupied the highest place in their native divisions of the empire. O'Connell's life was busy, bustling, and planning. That of Chalmers was busy, planning, and acting, but not bustling. He seemed to do his work leisurely, and yet the quantity was immense. The simplicity of his life, and the occasional retirement that he provided, enabled him to leave those works that will perpetuate his name to the boundary of time, and extend it to the confines of earth; because there are in them many marks of a strong and original genius, lighting up all the dark places on which it fell. His published works form twenty-five volumes, to which, we believe, fifteen will be added, consisting principally of those commentaries on Scripture—his *Horæ Biblicæ*—to which his last years were given. O'Connell left few literary remains. His acts and speeches were his works. The latter would occupy many volumes—and who can deny to them the distinctive marks of true genius? Lesser men than either—infinitely lesser men—quibbling respecting originality, have denied it to both: and to both they have denied it wrongously. These jaundiced critics say that they were not coiners but circulators of thought. They allege that neither Chalmers nor O'Connell wrought a mine of ideas, but counted out and paid away the precious things that other men had drawn from the deep wells of their own thoughts. In the case of both, we hold it to be the utterance of an opinion that every day for many years bore witness against. We are not now writing a review of O'Connell's speeches, nor of Chalmers' works, or it would be an easy matter to make quotations, and ask what may be called "original," if these deserve not the name. We take another and a shorter way. What matters it to us that men should think profoundly and perpetually, if they never act? To mankind it would signify nothing that a rough labourer did ever cast up, from under the world's crust, richly precious stones, to be tossed over the surface like chips of granite, if there was no skilful artizan to polish the dark surfaces, to bring out the beauty of the colouring that otherwise, to the world, had not existed, and to render the gems valuable. And so with thought.

What matters it to men that idle dreamers think? The men of the age are those who think and act. To breathe into the lifeless form of thought the vitality of action is the work of genius. The thoughts, like the clerk's handwriting in a bill of exchange, may be useless, until a signature gives them value and currency. This is exactly the respective relations of indolent thinking, and thought and action, on the world's price-lists. The mere jewellery of literature is of small use to a world perishing for lack of necessaries. Now, both these men thought and acted. They pursued widely different roads to radically different ends; but both were earnest workers, and there is to be found the most valuable genius in true earnestness.

In one view there was between their respective attainments a palpable and marked difference. O'Connell was a lawyer and a literary man; but we believe that he was not a scientific man. Chalmers touched every point of human knowledge with the confident finger of a master. His conclusions may have been sometimes erroneous, but it was always evident that he was acquainted with the subjects of which he wrote or spoke. There was no division of human learning where he did not penetrate, and he never entered any department without making the path clearer to those who were to follow. From some of his deductions in political science we dissented. The theory of supporting pauperism, common to the Scottish divine and the Irish politician, was in our opinion utterly inadequate. As planned by Dr. Chalmers, it included the outward framework of the millenium, and we are dealers with a sinful world. It embraced, at least, the idea that all men should be church-goers, and all the wealthy men should be generous alms-givers, and all the poor economical and industrious; but without waiting till the whole machine was fitly put together, his sanguine temperament led him to set one wheel agoing before the others were finished, and it broke down. It could not well be otherwise, for to our view it seemed like the expectation of work from a steam-engine while the steam is only half formed.

The difference between the nature of the populations on whom they had principally to operate, marks a distinction in their character. Chalmers had to deal with a shrewd, cool, examining and calculating, rather a disputative people. O'Connell wielded a mass of zealous, warm-hearted, unthinking and believing minds. The characteristic of the unmixed Celt is to believe. He is never so happy as when led and guided. He relies always implicitly on something told to him by a superior authority, and is never careful to examine its proofs. The people amongst whom Chalmers was cast inquire before they believe. They are perpetually demanding evidences and reasons. Their ages of superstitious reliance were run out before he arose. They had their time of childhood, which was passed. We say not that the Celtic character does not admit of similar modification and change. Our only remark is, that for the tribes in these islands the time has yet scarcely come. Even under the strict discipline of Rome, however, and beneath its great exactions of belief, we think that the Lowland Scotch always doubted. There is sufficient evidence of this fact in the writings of Sir David Lindsay of the Mount, and his contemporaries and predecessors. There is still more satisfactory evidence in the lightning-like rapidity with which the doctrines of the Reformation spread amongst them at a period when communication was slow, and the power of the press almost unknown. There may have been an aptitude in the people to receive the opinions then taught, in order, upon usual principles, to account for the celerity of the change. It is unnecessary to assume that this must be the explanation, but on ordinary principles and experience we should form that opinion; and it is not improbable that, from traditional fragments running downwards from distant days, and from other causes, a substratum of disbelief, not in Christianity, certainly, but in the pretences of the priesthood, had always occupied the inner depths of the Scottish mind. By the Irish there was and is little or no doubt or hesitation. They are mistaken by those who consider them an irreligious people, for they are fervent and zealous believers in the doctrines that they have been taught. Mr. O'Connell knew this characteristic. He knew the influence that he held in the friendship and alliance of the priests. He required few exertions to secure the allegiance of his followers. To rouse their zeal, to promote their activity, to exhibit their numbers, to consolidate their strength, and to wield this gigantic weapon, he made pilgrimages, he held meetings, he besought, he incited, he counselled, he dictated; but he never reasoned, not because he was weak of fence at that point, but because he did not require to reason. His assertions were at once received, believed, and circulated. He had no fear for an enemy within his camp. He dreaded no doubting friend or opposing foe amongst his own. Therefore he had no such fight as Chalmers—whose every step required to be explained—whose every advance was the cause and the fruit of battling contest; who had always to argue, and enforce, and explain the causes, and reasons, and proprieties of each advance. In their later years the scene was changed. Peace came to Chalmers: strife to O'Connell. The former crossed the Jordan, on the banks of which he had lingered long, and placed its waters between him and a moral wilderness of doubters, and dreaders, and cautious men, who ever kept an eye upon the riches by the Nile, and the beauties of the plain. Henceforward his friends and followers were compact and undivided. It fared otherwise with O'Connell. Within the very walls of his prison, amongst his companions of the State trials, there were those who doubted his wisdom. A new party arose in Ireland—a fierce, implacable party—who brought poetry into politics, and thought of conquering the Saxon by rhymes. This section of the Irish

knew nothing of subtle devices. They had no policy but that of hatred. To hate England, and to humble England, was with them an object dearer even than to raise Ireland. They would have exchanged her connexion for any yoke, and, we believe, would rather have sent representatives to Baltimore than to London. A few years earlier in his lifetime O'Connell would have put his heel on these young rebels, and squeezed vitality out of their character. When they appeared his energy was gone; and they had to cope not with the living man but with his corpse. There was thus in their end a remarkable dissimilarity. That of Chalmers was eminently peace: of O'Connell vexation and difficulty.

They were born in circumstances not greatly dissimilar. They were sons of the people. The idea of O'Connell's aristocratic origin was necessary to his greatness in Ireland. He required to be thought high by birth to attain trust as a leader. The circumstance exhibits another difference in the Scotch and Irish character. The former are naturally democratic: the latter are feudal. The great bulk of the Scotch people who honoured and respected Dr. Chalmers, never inquired whether his father was a shoemaker, a tailor, a shopkeeper, or a bonnet-laird. They had a general idea that he came of honest parentage—if they had any idea on the subject—but the fact did not greatly interest them. On the other hand, O'Connell was a more powerful man than he would have been without that O'. It was the *imprimatur* of an old family—the mint stamp of gentle blood. It was like a copyright—a license to act, and lead, and teach, and order. Even O'Connell himself was not devoid of latent respect for aristocratic honours. In the midst of his democracy there was a tendency carrying him backwards. He looked behind, and loved the jagged points of feudalism that struck out in the long vista of ages, covering, with a profitless verdure, the hard-heartedness of an unproductive soil. He saw greatness in the mist of the middle ages, and traced out for himself pictures of excellence in the cowled monk and the moping nun—the mail-clad baron, and the figments of his vassals' happiness. But Chalmers and O'Connell were both of, from, and for the people. Both respected rank—leaned towards dignities—anticipated, at different periods of their lives, earnestness from "natural leaders"—and were disappointed because they had to learn by bitter experience that they lived at the dawning of the age of chivalry, of intellect, and nobility of mind, when the money power is breaking down all feudal distinctions, and fulfilling its own destiny by making way for another power and a better influence.

They were born nearly at the same period. They found their respective countries in a state of vassalage. The creed of O'Connell and the country of Chalmers were proscribed. The faith of the one and the countrymen of the other were outlawed. The Roman Catholics of Ireland and all the people of Scotland, with few exceptions, were put out of the Constitution. The life of O'Connell was devoted to the undoing of this evil. The life of Chalmers to the preparation of men to undo that and similar wrongs. O'Connell made politics a profession. Chalmers influenced them without design or concurrence. Like all living men of threescore and ten years, they have witnessed changes amounting to revolution. With their youth is associated the remembrance of the American War and the French Revolution; with their manhood the great European War and the overthrow of Napoleon; with their maturer years those peaceful triumphs which have changed the surface of society, and in which they bore a conspicuous part. The services of both in the cause of freedom have been invaluable. Chalmers was not a politician in the party sense of the name. For no inconsiderable period of his life he leaned to Conservatism, because, like many good and sanguine men, he was cheated by the hypocritical professions of religion on which Peel founded his party. He had no personal purpose to serve in his political attachments. No man's conservatism was of a more generous nature. He had formed in his mind a splendid theory of life and living; and he expected its reduction to practice. Beautiful was that vision, as it appeared to the minds of others—beautiful beyond description, as the walls and turrets of the fabric were gradually unfolded to his own view. It resuscitated the old idea of a religious sovereign, peerage, and people, virtually covenanted together to do justice, to love mercy, and to walk humbly with their God. It comprehended a thoroughly religious people—an intelligent peasantry, saving money—a well educated "artizanism," becoming rich; the first gradually merging into farmers, and the second into traders. It had a middle class, acting always under the highest and strongest guiding and restraining influence. It was coronated by an aristocracy dispensing clerical patronage on religious principles; for it is a strange fact, that Dr. Chalmers first intended to remedy the evils of patronage by converting the patrons, and thus ensuring their appointment of religious men. The fact indicates the progressive character of Dr. Chalmers' mind, ever moving towards truth. In after years he would have told a converted patron, that he must resign a privilege which no religious man could exercise amongst his brethren. He would have told the noblest and the richest man in his communion that there the peasant and the peer were equal; and that in no manner could distinctions of worldly grandeur be recognized in spiritualities. Dr. Chalmers, though he reared splendid visions, was no mere idle dreamer; He hoped, but how he wrought! If his imagination sometimes over-reached the sobrieties of severe reasoning, it never touched except to excite his wonderful energy.

We remember one morning in May—now five years ago. The light of dawn was struggling with the light of gas in a crowded church of Edinburgh for pre-eminence. For many hours an anxious debate had been continued there. The subject was painful—the interest was intense—the stake was large. The issue was to try not the weight of a party, but the stability of an es-

tablishment. The actors and the audience were both nervous for the result. That nervousness was increased by the period to which they had watched and waited—until, from the high windows, there came down a tinge of dawn, waxing every second stronger and stronger, until it had softened down the brilliancy of the gas flame to a cold and chill "grey" light, between the night and morn. Dr. Chalmers had been weak, and unable to attend the discussion; but he entered, and in a few emphatic sentences, moved the deposition of some ministers. He knew the consequence. He felt that this deposition would prove to be the severance of the ties between his friends and the Church—it destroyed all the hopes, and neutralised all the labours of years—it left him in old age to begin the world anew, so far as all his projects for public teaching were concerned—it divided him from an institution which he venerated, which he adorned, to which he clung with more than earthly love. This was the crisis of his history.

Eighteen months later we were in a crowded court of Dublin, and few places are more inconvenient for a crowd than law-courts in general—those of Dublin are not exceptional to the rule. A trial for misdemeanour—an extraordinary trial, on which the attention of the empire was fixed—had run its weary length of many days. The principal man among the accused—the leading man of Ireland—was to plead his own cause. The eloquence of professional advocates was exhausted in favour of other clients. And now the man against whom the case was levelled—at the bar of his country—before one of its juries—under the influence of adverse and party feelings—was to defend his character and his obedience to the law from official charges. There was not a whisper in that Court. Word by word the elaborate defence was listened to. Sentence after sentence was heard, in anxious expectation of such withering eloquence as rung on Tara's hill, and Mallow's plains. The expectation was disappointed. The address was skilfully formed, so as to combine the subtleties of a profound lawyer with the simplicities of an aggrieved yeoman, who preferred to make his own defence. But there was no excitement. The defence was cold and unenergetic. That was his crisis.

A few evenings later — the next Saturday night—a vast crowd were congregated on the quays of the Liffey—in the outer hall of the Four Courts, a perfect mob of barristers were assembled, speculating and betting on the verdict. Within the courts, the stifling and crowding was seriously sickening. Two or three wretched candles, on a table before the bench, made darkness barely visible. For hours, the harrowing suspense had lasted. For hours, the steam had been up and ready and blowing off from the steamer at Kingston quay that was to carry to England the verdict of the Jury. At last, the minute-hands of many watches were overlooked, and their owners examined the "seconds," for it was almost midnight, and no verdict could be returned after that for twenty-four hours. The Jury came into the box in haste. Their verdict was mentioned, but twelve had struck on some of the church clocks. The verdict, like Ireland often, was too late by the minutest portion of time—the smallest space by which it could be behind. The verdict was hostile. Its effects are remembered. He overcame it—we doubt if he ever overcame them; for he felt convinced that he had become connected with indiscreet men, for whose sayings he might be held responsible; and yet he could not dissolve and reconstruct the body which he ruled.

There was no remarkable difference at these periods between the ages of O'Connell and Chalmers. The first was seemingly victorious: the second was apparently defeated. The first was dealing with a political, and the second with a religious cause. But the political society bore on religion, and the religious body influenced politics. Cheerfully and hopefully Thomas Chalmers set himself again to work. He devised, he counselled, he struggled with difficulties, and surmounted them all. In a wonderfully short time, he had formed a new edifice on new principles. All his former labours—his churches—his schools—his libraries—his entire mechanism had gone from him; all was lost except the good spirit and the earnest men who had rallied round him, and whom he had trained and taught. It does not seem to have so fared with O'Connell's projects. They have not flourished since in anything like their former power and strength. His influence seems to have faded. The famine came and struck it down. The same famine found Chalmers writing essays on the means of checking its power, and transforming its evils into benefits. It found him practically working against its immediate results; advising subscriptions to feed the hungry; and, while doing good, at the same time converting this judgment into a testimony of the power and the zeal of his communion.

No man can doubt the anxiety of O'Connell on this subject. It paralysed him. The crisis was too dreadful for his exhausted powers. The want—the disease—the deserted cottages, and crowded grave-yards of Ireland in 1847 overstrained his means of resistance to calamity, and he perished in grief and sadness.

Religious influences are the bones and sinews of the mind. Few great things have been done without them. Our earnest and useful workers have all been full of faith. Men who stamp their influence on the subtle sands of time, and write their names so deeply there for good that all the waves of years obliterate them not, have ever been fervent believers. The faith of Chalmers taught him the urgent necessity of self-exertion and self-reliance as a means—and he nobly acted out the principle. The implicit belief in the judgment of other men, required of and freely tendered by O'Connell, had a different influence; and, to us at least, the circumstance furnishes some partial and faint explanation of the different degrees of success that attended their battles with adversity.

The moral influence of both was great. O'Con-

nell wielded immediately the minds of the greatest number. The influence of Chalmers was exerted over a more educated class. It may be doubted whether, during the later years of his life, O'Connell's power extended far out of his own party —if five or six millions of people can with propriety be designated a party. The influence of Chalmers was not so exclusively Scottish or sectarian. If it was not the property of a sect, neither was it the heritage of a country. There is a great error committed by those who suppose that O'Connell agitated Ireland. He was an agitator, but he found his country agitated. He entered public life at the period of an armed rebellion—he had to contend with its dregs. Secret associations covered the country—midnight murder was a common offence in the land—armed bodies executed the sentence of secret tribunals. The wild justice of revenge was the rule of the west. The Lynch law of the States was systematically administered in Ireland. Against this state of insubordination he struggled vehemently. His efforts and eloquence for half a lifetime were directed against it. He brought the people out into open action. He denounced all secret societies, even those of an apparently harmless, and those, also, of an apparently beneficent, character. To give consistency to this movement, he abandoned and even assailed "Free Masonism." No man ever did more in Ireland to fix the brand of abhorrence on all secret institutions.

His voice was raised against violence. He taught that no reform was worth the shedding of blood. He even seemed to place on life what some might call an extravagant value. From addresses made to great bodies, at periods of excitement, it would not be difficult to select expressions and sentences of a different and of an unjustifiable character; but we have to judge the man by his whole acts, and they were pacific.

Murder is said still to be a common crime in Ireland. In one way the statement is true. The actual crime exists; and immediately to the doer, and the victim, and the public, it is immaterial how the crime originates. In tracing guilt, however, we must come to its causes, and the causes of Irish crime are principally "agrarian." The proposals that O'Connell advocated; plain plans of justice, not less sought by Roman Catholics than Protestants, would have removed these causes; and we must not blame a man's schemes for not rooting out an evil until they be adopted.

O'Connell himself has been accused of cowardice in his latter years. This was an obvious error. He had taken life in single combat. There was blood upon his hand, and it went with him to Genoa. But a very indifferent judge of men required only to see the man, and pronounce the charge of cowardice utterly false. Then he was accused of avarice and trading in politics. He loved influence and power. Amongst his countrymen, an ostentatious display, an overflowing hospitality, and an open house, were necessaries of his political existence. But he died poor; and there are many generous acts yet to be told of this singular man.

The influence of Dr. Chalmers was of a thoroughly different and more permanent character. The one moved society—the other re-constructed it. The one fought nobly on the surface—the other sought to the heart. The eloquence of the onewas mingled with many rough passages, that of the other was pure. The theme of the one was the world principally; chiefly, the other moulded the world by pointing to eternity. The one wrought incessantly, but forgot to teach successors; the other laboured vigorously, but went on preparing hundreds, on most of whom a shred, though on many a small shred of his mantle was to fall. Some danger exists that the work of the one will perish at his grave; that of the other, even reckoning on the lowest reasoning alone, is secured. They lived in a changing age, and were the instruments of urging forward many of its changes. The success of the Politician is recorded in Hansard. Its monuments are Acts of Parliament. These statutes, however, reached not to the deep places of society. They went no lower than ten-pound voters. They were not shafts sunk into the mass of evil that covers over Ireland- The success therefore was incomplete.

He, however, taught his people to think and act together. Whether his lessons were attended with permanent results has yet to be learned. The first election will give us facts on this subject. But he taught them, at least, the power that they seem already to forget—the power of union; and he urged social changes that will yet be adopted, and credited to other men.

The efforts of the Theologian were directed to change men. He regarded their existing position in society as a minor matter. He felt that as their thoughts changed so would their position. He struggled after the major good, with the knowledge that within it the minor was included. His combinations were, therefore, less remarkable for numbers, or for immediate and apparent power. They wrought more slowly and gradually, because he did not so much move the world, as he moved men out of its beaten tracks. He contested no elections. He issued few political letters. He seemed to rise over all these things. But he was the means of urging forward rapidly new currents of thought. Amidst all difficulties he still saw that his system moved; so he was full of hope and of cheerfulness to the end.

The experiments conducted simultaneously by these men, with a combination of the highest powers—with consummate tact—with unwearied energy, and running over half a century, leaves on the most unimpassioned mind, in letters deeply graven, this one fact, that, in liberating a people from outward thraldom, the best progress will be made by breaking the inner bonds, and setting the spirit free—by doing in the heart and the house, what we want done in the senate and the state.

ZELINDA; OR, THE CONVERTED ONE.

FROM THE GERMAN OF BARON DE LA MOTTE FOUQUE.

BY ADOLPH BERNSTEIN.

CHAPTER I.

A MILD evening air rose from the waves that wash the shores of Malaga, awakening the guitars of many merry musicians, who either whiled away a lonesome hour in the ships that lay at anchor in the harbour, or who chanced to be in some suburban villa with its beauteous gardens. Their melodies, vying with the tunes of the feathered songsters of the grove, seemed to greet the return of evening's refreshing coolness, and were wafted, as it were, on the wings of the gentle zephyrs that breathed from ocean over the adjacent paradise. Some groups of soldiers reclining on the beach, and who intended to pass the night under the canopy of heaven, that they might be ready to embark at earliest dawn of day, forgot, through the charms of the pleasant evening, their former resolve to devote these last hours, which were to be spent on European soil, to the comfortable enjoyment of refreshing slumber. This purpose had, however, given way to jovial carousings; the scene assumed the appearance of a military mess; soldier-songs were sung; flasks containing generous Xeres-wine were opened and quickly emptied; whilst the air rang with the "Vivats" occasioned by drinking the health of the great military toast of the day, the Emperor Charles V., who at this moment was besieging that pirate's nest, Tunis—and whom these soldiers were destined to join as a reinforcement.

The merry troops were not all countrymen. Only two companies were Spaniards; the third consisted entirely of Germans; and doubtless many squabbles had arisen on account of the difference of customs and idiom. But now the common dangers of their approaching voyage and exploits, as also the pleasurable sensations produced by the mild southern evening, served to tighten the bond of fellowship among them in free undisturbed concord. The Germans tried to converse in the Castilian idiom, the Spaniards in German, nor did it occur to either the one or the other to ridicule the oddities of speech which now and then were heard in the community. They mutually assisted each other; considering only the pleasure of the companion addressed, the speakers used the idiom most familiar to their respective hearers.

At some little distance from the boisterous group, a young German officer, Heimbert von Waldhausen by name, lay reclining under a cork-tree, gazing at the stars with fixed look, and thus apparently quite estranged from that spirit of social hilarity which was wont to characterise him, and render him a favourite among his comrades. Don Fadrique Mendez, a brave young Spanish captain, and usually as grave and thoughtful as the other was cheerful and affable, solemnly accosted him in the following manner.

"Pardon me, senor, if I disturb your meditations. Since, however, I have frequently had the pleasure of witnessing your heroism and brotherly attachment in many an hour of need, I address myself to you in preference to any one else, for the purpose of requesting the assistance of your knightly service this evening, provided that this does not interfere with your own arrangements."

"Dear Friend," replied Heimbert, "I will not conceal from you the fact that I have some important matters to transact ere sunrise, but till midnight I am disengaged, and entirely at your service."

"That suffices," said Fadrique; "for by midnight all the tones must be hushed, with which I intend to take leave of what is dearest to me in this my native place. But that you may be so acquainted with all the particulars as beseems a generous comrade, listen to me attentively for a few short minutes:—

"Some time before leaving Malaga for the purpose of joining myself to the standard of our great Emperor, in order to assist in spreading the glory of his arms throughout Italy, I, according to the custom of young knights, was in the service of a beautiful young Lady of this town, called Lucilla. She had at that time barely arrived at the threshold which separates childhood from maidenhood; and whilst I, a mere boy, just capable of handling a sword, presented my homage in a friendly, boyish manner, it was received by my young mistress in a way equally friendly and childlike. I soon after took my departure for Italy, and, as you who have since then been my companion in arms well know, have been at some warm engagements, and travelled over many an enchanting corner of that delightful country. Amid all the shiftings and changes of my course, I always had the image of my mistress deeply imprinted on my memory, and never, for a moment, lost sight of the promises I made her at departure; though, to tell the honest truth, I was actuated by a feeling of honour, inasmuch as I had pledged my word, rather than by any very ardent or immoderate glow of feelings in my heart. On recently returning to my native town, after having wandered, Ulysses-like, through so many strange and various regions, I found my mistress married to a rich nobleman here. Love now yielded to maddening jealousy—this all but omnipotent child of Heaven, or of the infernal regions, spurred me on to track Lucilla in all her walks: from her home to church, from thence to the door of any of her friends, thence again to her home, or to a circle of ladies and knights—in short, as indefatigably as opportunity would possibly permit. When, however, I became convinced that no other young knight was in her train, and that she had devoted all the affections of her heart to the husband, not of her choice indeed, but that of her parents, I was perfectly satisfied, and would not have importuned you now, had not Lucilla whispered into my ear, the day before yesterday, imploring me not to provoke her lord, who was of a very irascible as well as bold temper; that although not the least danger could ensue to her, whom he fondly loved and honoured, yet his rage would burst forth the more furiously on me. Thus you may easily perceive, noble brother, that I could not avoid proving my utter contempt of all personal danger, by following Lucilla's footsteps still more closely than before; and by serenading her each night under her flowery lattice, until the morning star began to make ocean's waves his mirror. This very night, at the hour of twelve, Lucilla's husband journeys to Madrid, after which time I purpose entirely to avoid the street in which he lives; till then, however, I shall commence, as soon

as dusk will decently permit, one incessant serenade of love romance before his house. Of course, I have my suspicions that not only he, but also Lucilla's brothers are prepared to give me a soldier-like reception, and therefore, Senor, have thought fit to enlist your valiant sword in this brief adventure."

Heimbert now took the Spaniard cordially by the hand, and said: "To prove to you, dear friend, how willingly I undertake to execute your wishes, I will exchange confidence for confidence, and relate to you an agreeable adventure that happened to *me* in this town, at the same time engaging the favour of your assistance in a little scheme after midnight. My tale is brief and will not detain us longer than we otherwise should have to wait, till twilight shall have set in with deeper and more lengthened shadows.

"On the day we entered this town, I took a fancy to promenade up and down the beautiful gardens which surround it. It is now long since I first set foot in these southern climes, but I am almost constrained to think that the dreams which nightly transport me to my northern Fatherland contribute greatly to render every body and everything that surround me here strange and astonishing. At least I know that every morning, on awaking, I am as much lost in amazement, as though I had just arrived. In such a mood, I wandered, on that day, among the aloes, laurels, and rose-laurels. Suddenly I heard a scream, and a young lady, slender in figure and dressed in white, fell into my arms in a fainting fit, whilst her companions ran about in the greatest alarm and confusion. A soldier can generally collect himself in a short space of time, and thus I immediately became aware that an enraged bull was pursuing the damsel. I lost not a moment in swinging the fair one over a hedge then in full blossom, vaulted over myself after her, when the animal, blind with fury, rushed past; nor did I ever learn anything respecting its fate, except that some young knights, in a neighbouring square, had been intending to practise with it, previous to the regular bull-fight, and that this had occasioned its unceremonious course through the gardens.—We now stood quite alone, the lady still insensible in my arms, whom to behold was to me such an enchanting sight, that I never in my life felt at once so delighted, and yet so sad. At last I laid her gently on the ground, and sprinkled her angelic brow with water from an adjacent fount. I remembered, indeed, that under these circumstances the fresh breezes of the sky should gain admittance to the alabaster bosom and neck, but I could not venture on such a step in the case before me—being too entranced with looking at her.

"She expressed her thanks in words both graceful and modest, and called me her knight, but I still stood like one enchanted and could not utter a syllable, so that she must have almost taken me to be dumb. At last, however, I found words to address to her, and from my heart proceeded a request that the lovely maiden would often deign to be found in this same garden; I told her that in a few weeks the service of the Emperor would oblige me to go into sultry Africa, and besought her to grant me the bliss of seeing her lovely features till then. Regarding me partly with smiles, partly with tenderness, she nodded assent. In compliance with the eagerness of my request, she has faithfully kept her promise, and appeared to me almost every day, though we have not exchanged very many words with each other; for, notwithstanding that she frequently came unattended, I could do nothing else than walk by her side in mute astonishment and ecstasies. At times she sang a song, and I also one. On informing her yesterday that our departure was nigh at hand, it seemed as though dew sparkled in her soft blue eyes. I too must have appeared quite overcome, for she said, as it were to console me: 'Honest and unassuming soldier, I will trust thee as I would an angel. After midnight, ere to-morrow's dawn invites you to your journey, I permit you to take leave of me on this very spot. If you can obtain some faithful, discreet comrade to accompany you and prevent disturbance on the part of strangers, it will be all the better; as there may be many a tumultuous soldier traversing the streets on his return from a farewell banquet.' And now Fortune has provided me with just such a comrade, and I go to the lovely maid with double pleasure."

"Would that your adventure were replete with peril," said Fadrique, "that I might be enabled, practically, to prove to you how much my life is at your service. But come, noble comrade, the time for my adventure has arrived."

And enveloping themselves in their capacious Spanish mantles, both young captains bent their steps hastily towards the town, Fadrique having meanwhile put a handsome guitar under his arm.

CHAPTER II.

The night-violets before Lucilla's window had already begun to breathe out a refreshing odour, when Fadrique, who leant against the corner of an old church-like edifice on the opposite side, which spread a huge shadow around, tuned his instrument. Heimbert had placed himself not far from his comrade behind a pillar, having a naked sword under his mantle, and looking about on every side with his bright blue eyes, resembling two watchful stars.

Fadrique sang:—

I.

In merry May upon the meadow,
Graceful stood a flow'ret bright;
White and ruddy—soft and slender,
'Twas my youthful eyes' delight.
Its praise I frequent sang the while,
It blossomed 'neath my secret smile.

II.

Far, since then, and wide I've wandered,
In dangerous and bloody ways;
My wanderings o'er, to home returning,
I sought my flower of early days.
No more it grew in open air.
Transplanted was my flow'ret fair.

III.

Surrounded by a golden railing,
I marked the bright, secluded spot;
Seemed thus to me the gardener saying—
"Admire the flower, but touch it not?"
The golden rails to him I grant,
Give me my flower—my flower I want.

IV.

Yet while around I'm wandering,
Sadly I touch my lyre's soft string;
And, as before, thy loveliness,
My flow'ret loved and lost, I sing—
The gardener can't deny me this,
Nor rob me of this secret bliss.

"We will soon see that, Senor," exclaimed a man, approaching Fadrique, unperceived, as he thought; who, however, having ascertained the stranger's proximity through a signal given by his vigilant companion, replied with the utmost coolness—

"If, Senor, you are desirous of having a lawsuit with my guitar, allow me to intimate that, on such occasions, my instrument is furnished with a steel tongue, which has already rendered some important legal services under similar circumstances. To which of the two, then, are you willing to address yourself at present—the guitar or the advocate?"

Whilst the stranger, somewhat puzzled, still maintained silence, Heimbert had made up to two muffled figures, who stood at a little distance, as though they were stationed there with the view of intercepting his comrade's retreat, should he feel disposed to make his escape. "I presume, gentlemen," said Heimbert in a jocular manner, "that we are all here on the same errand, viz., to prevent any one from disturbing the conversation of those two noblemen. As regards myself, at least, you may rest assured that whosoever manifests the slightest wish of interrupting them receives my poignard in his heart. Take courage then; I fancy we shall fulfil our trust nobly." The two figures hereupon bowed courteously, though with evident embarrassment, and were silent.

On the whole, the coolness which the two soldiers had evinced throughout the whole affair entirely disconcerted their three antagonists, who were at a loss how to commence the affray; all doubts upon the subject were, however, dismissed, when Fadrique, tuning his guitar anew, prepared to accompany his instrument with his voice. This mark of defiance and contempt, as though there were no danger or even shadow of danger, at last had the effect of exasperating Lucilla's husband—for it was he who had taken his stand at Don Fadrique's side—to such a degree that, without any further delay, he drew his sword from its scabbard, and exclaimed, in a voice almost stifled with rage—"Draw, or I will thrust you through the body in an instant."

"With all my heart," said Fadrique composedly; "there is no necessity for you to threaten me thus; you might have spoken to me more civilly." Then carefully depositing his guitar in one of the niches of the edifice, he seized his sword with his right hand, saluted his opponent after the approved manner of fencing etiquette, and put himself on the defensive.

At first the two muffled figures, who, as the reader will probably have already conjectured, were no other than Lucilla's brothers, stood motionless at Heimbert's side, but when they saw Fadrique pressing upon their kinsman, their gestures were strongly indicative of a desire to interfere in the matter. Heimbert, noticing this, brandished his powerful weapon in the clear moonshine, and said—

"I beg, gentlemen, that I may not have to practise upon yourselves what I so lately alluded to! I trust that you will not compel me to take any steps; but, in the event of there being no alternative, I shall, without a doubt, keep my word."

The two young men, on hearing this speech, stood motionless and perplexed by the mingled firmness and trusty fidelity of Heimbert's words.

Meanwhile, Don Fadrique, who, though he pressed his opponent hard, had nevertheless been generous enough not to wound him, practised one of those dexterous feats common to skilful swordsmen. Striking his antagonist's weapon out of his hand, he tossed it up in the air, and adroitly catching it again near the point, politely presented the handle to the other, with these words—

"Take it, Senor, and I hope that our affair of honour is now ended, as, under these circumstances, I may confess to you that my presence here, at this moment, is solely for the purpose of showing that I fear no sword in the world. The cathedral clock is striking twelve, and I give you my word of honour, as a knight and a soldier, that neither does Donna Lucilla, in the slightest degree, favour my suit, nor will I ever again, were I to remain a hundred years in Malaga, sing love ditties from this spot. Have no scruples to order your travelling carriage, and may God bless you."

Having taken leave of his discomfited opponent with grave and solemn courtesy, he went away. Heimbert followed him, having previously shaken hands in a friendly way with the two young strangers, and addressed them as follows:—"Oh! no, gentlemen, let it never enter your head to interfere in an honourable duel; pray, remember that."

He soon made up to his companion, and walked at his side full of ardent expectation, and with so violent a palpitation of heart that he could not utter a syllable. Don Fadrique Mendez likewise was silent; only when Heimbert stopped at a neat garden gate, and, pointing to the heavily-laden orange branches, said, "This is the spot, dear comrade!" Only then did the Spaniard open his mouth, as in the act of asking a question; but he immediately seemed to have changed his purpose, and only replied—"Of course, according to our preconcerted arrangements, I shall stand sentry at the gate till dawn; I give you my word of honour for that."

Thereupon he began to march backwards and forwards before the gate, with his drawn sword like a sentinel, whilst Heimbert, trembling all over, slipped into one of the walks partially obscured by the densely overhanging, fragrant foliage.

CHAPTER III.

He had not to seek long for the lovely constellation which he felt was destined to guide the course of his whole future life. A delicate figure, whom Heimbert soon recognised to be the object of his love, approached him at a little distance from the gate, in tears (as the full moon, just ascending in the heavens, showed), and yet smiling with such tender grace that her tears resembled a festive ornament of pearls rather than a veil of sadness. Full of feelings of felicitous joy, as well as deep anguish, the two lovers walked in silence side by side along the blooming hedgerows; now, a stray branch, rocked by the gentle evening breeze, brushed the lyre under the maiden's arm, producing a soft murmur that mingled sweetly with Philomela's notes; now, her taper fingers flew over its chords in seraphic flight. The shooting stars seemed to dart forward in unison with the flighty tones of the lyre. O! how replete with heavenly bliss was this walk to both the lovers; no impure feelings, no unhallowed desires, disturbed the current of their meditations. They walked side by side, happy in the thought that heaven had willed

their pleasure, and so little desirous were they of ought else but each other's company, that even the transitory nature of present delight receded into the background of their memory.

In the centre of this charming garden, a grass plot, decorated with well-chiselled statues of Parian marble, contained a fountain shedding its melodious jets around. At its edge, the lovers seated themselves, taking a refreshing gaze, now at the stars of heaven, reflected by the kindly moon in the calm blue waters, now regarding each other's features, glowing with healthful beauty.

The maiden fingered her guitar, whilst Heimbert, moved by emotions unintelligible to himself, sang as follows:—

Maiden, tell, O tell me name,
Reveal by what undying flame
This heart is scorched, till it can bear
Of life no longer any share:
Would'st thou be kind, then tell to me,
Maiden, if love has found out *thee?*

Suddenly, he paused, and a blush, caused by fear that his boldness had given offence, overspread his face. The maiden also reddened, and, turning her face slightly from the instrument, accompanied it with her voice, thus:—

DONNA CLARA.

I.

Tell me, ye stars, bright shining,
Mirrored in the fountain's tide,
Who is the maiden sitting
And the youth its brink beside?
Needs the maiden tell her name?
Tells it me this blush of shame?

II.

The knight's name first discover,
Fair Castille, who on the day
Of thy most famous battle,
Fought at Pavia.
Highest in the rolls of fame—
Heimbert is the hero's name.

III.

Conqueror in that proud battle,
And in hundred fights beside,
He sits now by the fountain,
Donna Clara at his side.
Now the hero knows her name,
Needs she *feel the blush of shame?*

"O, as to that Pavian affair," said Heimbert, blushing as deeply as before, but not from the same cause, "upon my word, Donna Clara, it was a mere trifle, a bit of preparatory exercise, nothing more; and, if I ever chanced to encounter peril or difficulty, I could never merit such joy as I now experience in your company! Ah! now I know your name, and may lisp it, lovely Clara! But do tell me who it was that mentioned my little adventures to you in so flattering a manner, and I will carry him in my arms henceforth."

"Does the noble Heimbert von Waldhausen imagine," replied Clara, "that the grandees of Spain send not their sons into the hottest part of the fight at Heimbert's side? You must have noticed them, Senor, during some period of the engagement, and why may not some kinsman of mine have related your exploits to me?"

Meanwhile, a small bell was heard sending forth its silvery voice from a neighbouring palace, and Clara whispered, "'Tis high time, I must be gone; adieu, my love!" And, with tears in her eyes, but a smile on her ruby lips, she curtsied to the young soldier, who almost fancied that a fragrant kiss breathed upon his mouth. On collecting his wandering senses, he saw that Donna Clara had disappeared; the vault of heaven was beginning to be tinged with beams faintly shed from the east, and Heimbert, with a world of proud feelings in his breast, returned to his expecting friend at the gate.

CHAPTER IV.

"A word with you," said Fadrique, sternly, to Heimbert, on coming out of the garden, and presented the point of his sword at his breast in a fencing attitude.

"You are mistaken, my dear comrade," said the German jestingly. "It is I, your friend, and not a meddling stranger, as you at first supposed."

"Think not, Count Heimbert von Waldhausen, that I mistake you for another," replied Fadrique. "But my word has now been kept, my sentinelship has expired, and I must request you, without further delay, to draw, and defend your life, whilst one drop of heart's warm blood circulates through our veins."

"By all the Saints," said Heimbert, with a deep-drawn sigh, "I have frequently heard that in these southern lands there are sorcerers who confuse people's heads by magic words and enchanting spells, but I have never experienced it to be true, till this day. Recollect yourself, my good comrade, and accompany me back to the shore."

Fadrique smiled grimly at these words, and answered, "Dismiss that idle conceit of yours, and learn what cause I have to challenge you thus to mortal combat. Know that the maiden who met you near the entrance of this *my* garden, is my own sister, Donna Clara Mendez. Hasten, then, to handle your weapon, and give me satisfaction."

"No, not for the world," said the German, without ever touching his sword; "you shall be my kinsman, Fadrique, but not my murderer, and much less will I become yours."

Fadrique's only reply was an impatient shake of the head, and an angry thrust at his comrade, who still stood immoveable, and said, "No, Fadrique, I cannot find it in my heart to harm thee; for, besides being the brother of *her* on whom my best affections are concentred, you are probably also the same who discoursed to her of my deeds, during the Italian campaign, in such honourable terms?"

"When I did so, I was a fool," muttered Fadrique, in accents dictated by passion. "But do thou, cajoling, chicken-hearted coward, draw thy sword."

Fadrique had scarcely uttered these words, when Heimbert, exclaiming, "Let who will bear it longer, I cannot," and foaming with rage, made his weapon leap out of its scabbard, and now both combatants thrust at each other like madmen.

The contest was of a far different character from that in which Fadrique had shortly before been engaged with Lucilla's lord. They were well matched; either young soldier was an able swordsman; boldly breast was opposed to breast; like rays of light both blades dashed against each other, now this, now that, making a passado quick as lightning, and as quickly parried sideways by the opponent. The left foot stood firmly rooted in the ground, the right either advanced for a desperate thrust, or receded into a position of defence. From the circum-

spection and unrelenting spirit exhibited by both parties, it was not difficult to conjecture that one of the two would breathe his last under the overhanging branches of the orange-trees, which were now being gilded by the morning dawn streaming in upon them; and such, doubtless, must have been the result, had not a cannon-shot from the port, echoing all around, suddenly broken the silence of approaching dawn.

The combatants, as though under the influence of a command common to both, stood still, and while they were listening for a repetition of the same sound, a second shot discharged its thunder. "It is the signal for departure, Senor," said Don Fadrique. "We are now in the Emperor's service, and all contentions that do not relate to the foes of Charles V. are hushed for a time."

"Certainly," answered Heimbert; "and I postpone my revenge for the insluting appellation you have applied to me, till the siege of Tunis is terminated."

"And I," added Fadrique, "consent to defer till then the vengeance of one who will not brook the heraldic glory of his family, transmitted with unsullied purity through a long line of noble ancestors, to be stained even by the semblance of dishonour."

"Willingly granted." And now the two soldiers hastened to the beach, ordered the embarkation of their troops, and when the sun overtopped the ocean, both were in the same bark, cutting the rippling surface of the main, far from Malaga's strand.

CHAPTER V.

The ships had to contend for some time with contrary winds, and when at last the Barbary coasts began to be visible, evening had so far usurped its black dominion over the watery waste, that no pilot, belonging to the little fleet, would venture to cast anchor in the shallow strand. In anxious expectation of the morning dawn, they cruised about on the waters, which had now become comparativly calm; during which time the troops, eager for the fight, crowded together impatiently on the decks, to take a view of the scene of their future exploits.

Ever and anon the heavy ordnance of both besiegers and besieged pealed deep notes of thunder from Fort Goleta; and as night spread her dark mantle thicker and thicker around, the lurid flames, bursting from some mighty conflagration, became more and more visible—the fiery course of the red-hot cannon balls, as they shot along in fantastic directions, grew more distinct—and their effects, as they dealt out death and destruction, more ghastly.

Now the Mussulmans must have made a sally, for some smart firing, evidently proceeding from small guns, was heard amidst the roar of cannons. The fighting suddenly drew nearer to the trenches of the Christians, and the troops, who witnessed the whole affair from the decks of the ships, were uncertain whether the redoubts of the besiegers were in danger or not. At last the Turks were seen driven back into their fort, the Christians pursuing them, and a deafening cheer of victory resounded from the Spanish camp.—Goleta was stormed.

How the ships' crews, consisting of young, and yet experienced, soldiers, rejoiced at the sight of the animating scene, no one, whose pulse throbs higher at the sound of glory, need be told, and on all others description would be entirely lost. Heimbert and Fadrique stood near each other. "I do not know how it happens," said the latter, soliloquising, "but I feel as though I were destined to plant my victorious flag to-morrow on yonder heights, which are now illuminated by the purple glare of cannon-balls and conflagration."

"I feel so too," exclaimed Heimbert; then both maintained a sullen silence, and turned away from each other in ill-will.

The long-expected dawn had lit up the partial gloom of the surrounding scenery, the ships made for shore, the troops landed, and an officer was immediately despatched to the camp, in order to inform Field-Marshal the Duke of Alva of the arrival of the reinforcement; whilst the troops, after having cleaned their arms, and drawn themselves up in military order, stood in all the pride of warlike accoutrement, awaiting their great leader. A cloud of dust advancing in the distance announced the return of the officer who had been despatched to give information of the landing of the troops; he arrived almost breathless, with the intelligence that the General was close at hand; and as the word "*Alva*" signifies "*dawn*" in the Castille idiom, the Spaniards huzzaed loudly at the coincidence, and regarded it as a favourable omen, for with the approach of the cavalry, the first warm rays of the sun illumined the horizon.

The earnest figure of the General was now seen on a tall jet black Andalusian charger. After galloping once up and down before the troops, the mighty warrior reined up in the centre of the line, looked earnestly, but with evident satisfaction, along rank and file, and at length said: "Soldiers, you stand in good order for muster; that is as it should be, and what Alva likes. Notwithstanding your youth, I see you are disciplined soldiers. We shall now proceed to muster, after which I shall conduct you to warm work."

He then dismounted, and, walking up to the right wing, put one squadron after another through various evolutions, always having the respective captain of each division at his side, and mentioning the most trifling incident to him. A few stray cannon balls from the fort occasionally whizzed over the heads of the troops as they were passing muster; then Alva would stand still, and cast a scrutinising glance at the men; but when he saw that not one of them moved an eyelid, a contented smile hovered a moment around his severe, pallid countenance. When he had mustered the forces to his heart's desire, he remounted his steed, and galloping once more to the centre, said, as he stroked down his long curly beard with his right hand—"I congratulate you, soldiers, on your creditable appearance, wherefore you shall participate in the glorious day that even now dawns upon our whole Christian army. Soldiers, we attack Barbarossa! Need I say more to arouse your bravery? Do you not already hear the drums beat in the camp? Do you not see him defying the imperial forces? Then do your duty!"

"Long live Charles V.!" resounded from the ranks. Alva now beckoned the officers to approach him, and assigned to each his post. He generally mixed up German and Spanish squadrons, to spur on the emulation of the soldiers to the highest pitch of bravery. Thus it happened that Heimbert and Fadrique were ordered to one and the same spot, which they recognised to be the iden-

tical one they had seen on the previous evening enveloped in flames, and each individually had desired for himself.

Loud thundered the cannons, the drums beat, flags fluttered merrily in the breeze, "march!" burst simultaneously from the lips of either captain; the troops eagerly obeyed the order, and prepared for an assault.

CHAPTER VI.

Thrice Fadrique and Heimbert had advanced up the heights, almost as far as the mound of an intrenchment, and thrice they were forced back with their troops into the plain beneath, by the desperate stand which the Turks made. The Mussulmans yelled with savage joy after the retreating foe, made strange music by the clash of weapons, and, with insulting gibes, invited another attempt to gain the heights, at the same time signifying their intention to mow down the bold aggressors with their scythe-like scimitars, and hurl huge missiles on them. The two captains, grinding their teeth with discomfited passion, rallied their troops anew, who had been materially thinned by three unsuccessful onsets; while a murmur ran through the line, that an enchantress was fighting on the side of the Turks, and gaining them the victory.

Duke Alva arrived at the spot just at this critical moment; casting a look of astonishment at the breach that had been made, he exclaimed—"What, the foe not routed here yet! I am amazed; for I had anticipated better things from you young men, and also from the soldiers under you!"

"Hark ye, hark ye!" said Fadrique and Heimbert, galloping at the head of their division. The troops cheered loudly, and desired to be led against the enemy. So great was the ardour of all, that even the wounded and the dying summoned their failing strength to cry out, "On, comrades, on!" Suddenly their mighty leader leapt down from his horse like a shot, snatched a partisan out of the stiff, cold hand of a prostrate soldier, and appearing at the head of both wings, said, "I will share your glory. In the name of Heaven and of the Holy Virgin, forward, my fine fellows!"

The ascent of the hill was now vigorously made, the hearts of all beating with increased confidence, the field-cry rose to the skies triumphantly; several of the soldiers already began to exclaim, "Victoria! Victoria!" The Mussulmans staggered and fell back. Suddenly there appeared in the Turkish lines a maiden, resembling some indignant angel; she was covered with purple, gold-embroidered robes, and when the Moslems beheld her, though they were on the point of being defeated, shouts of "Allah, il Allah!" coupled with the name of "Zelinda! Zelinda!" rent the air.

The maiden drew from under her arm a small box, having opened and breathed into which, she hurled it at the Christians. Immediately a wild din issued forth from the destructive casket, and an immense number of rockets, grenades, and other messengers of death, sending forth ruin and devastation, burst forth. The besiegers, taken wholly by surprise, for a moment ceased storming.

"Advance!" cried Alva. "Advance," urged the two young officers, just as a flaming shaft clung to the Duke's hat, which was covered with feathers, and made such a hideous crackling noise that the general fell insensible to the ground. Both German and Spanish soldiers fled in dismay down the hill; the onset again proved fruitless. The Mussulmans shouted in triumphant derision, whilst, in the midst of the fleeing soldiers, Zelinda's beauty sparkled like a malignant star.

Alva, on recovering his senses, found Heimbert stretched over him by way of protection; the young soldier's cloak, arm, and face were strongly marked by the flames which he had not only extinguished around his general's head, but had also kept off a huge mass of ignited matter proceeding from the same direction, by throwing himself extended on the body. The Duke was about to thank his youthful defender, when a party of soldiers made up to him in great haste, informing him that the Saracens were attacking the opposite wing. Without a moment's delay, the great hero mounted the nearest charger, and galloped to the spot where the peril was most imminent.

Fadrique looked with glowing eyes up to the mound where the damsel, brandishing a two-pronged spear in the air with her snowy arm, now encouraged the Mussulmans in Arabic, and now mocked the Christians in Castilian. On seeing her in this attitude, the Spaniard exclaimed, "Oh the senseless maiden! does she think to intimidate me, and yet exposes herself to the danger of being taken by me, a tempting booty?"

And as though magic wings had grown from out his shoulders, or as if he had been mounted on Pegasus of legendary lore, he began to ascend the heights with such incredible celerity, that even Alva's recent onset seemed a snail's pace in comparison. In a few moments he had gained the heights, seized hold of the maiden in his arms, after having wrested spear and shield from her, whilst Zelinda clung with all the agony of despair to a palisade. Her cries for assistance were vain, partly because the Turks were induced by Fadrique's wonderful success to believe that the damsel's magic power had become extinct, and partly because the trusty Heimbert, who had been a spectator of his comrade's bold achievement, now led on both squadrons to the charge, and thus diverted the attention of the Turks. This time the infuriated Mussulmans, paralysed by the joint influence of superstition and surprise, were totally unable to withstand the heroic onset of the Christians. The Spaniards and Germans, assisted by successive reinforcements of those who had been in the plain below, completely routed the enemy. The Mahometans set up a hideous howl, whilst the stream of conquest flowed ever further and further, till at last the holy banner of the German Empire, and that of the regal house of Castille, fluttered in unison on the glorious battle-field before the ramparts of Tunis amid the swelling chorus of "Victoria! Victoria!"

(To be continued.)

LITERARY REGISTER.

Journal of a Few Months' Residence in Portugal, and Glimpses of the South of Spain. 2 vols. London: Moxon.

The writer of this Journal is a lady who withholds her name. She is also fond of putting other people's names, and even the names of places and ships, in blank, cutting them off with a dash, as if she was anxious to throw some degree of mystery around her wanderings. However much this love of the anonymous may detract from the value of her book, as a work of authority on the subjects treated of, it cannot affect its claims to praise, either for liveliness of style or beauty of description.

We learn incidentally that the authoress went to Portugal for her health. Her impressions of that country are certainly more agreeable than what might have been supposed, from the ideas generally entertained in England of that portion of the Peninsula and its inhabitants. It occupies, at present, rather a prominent feature in European politics, and this Journal of a Residence in it will derive some additional interest from the peculiar circumstances in which it is placed, just at this particular time.

There is, perhaps, no country in Europe that has been less visited by professional bookmakers, and fashionable tourists, for the purposes of description, and there is none that is so little familiar to English readers. The authoress seems to know the character of the country and of the people well, and to have rather a favourable opinion of both.

"The worst symptom," she says, in her preface, with striking truth, "in the modern character of Portugal, and one, indeed, which to us at a distance, does make the Portuguese appear ridiculous, is that everlasting *civil-warring* on a small scale, which seems to begin without a plan, to pause without a result, and after a sullen lull to be resumed without any definite aim. But, for these turbulent humours, the mass of the people are far less to blame than some of their upstart rulers, who, availing themselves of the evils of a disputed succession, have made the instability of the throne, and the fever of the public mind, subserve their dishonest ambition, like thieves to whom an earthquake or a fire is an opportunity for plunder."

The first volume, and the early portion of the second, are almost exclusively devoted to Portugal. The main object of the authoress in writing her journal was an amiable one—it was the wish to assist in removing the prejudices entertained against the Portuguese by many, even of our most intelligent countrymen. She relates no personal adventures, for none of these came in her way, and Portugal she describes as, in general, a quiet country, and very safe to travel in. On this point she remarks:—

"The truth is, as I believe, that unless you lay yourself out for danger by some bravado, or some indiscretion of temper, or by neglect of such ordinary precautions as are customary and reasonable, you may, when the country is not overrun with *civil warriors*, travel in Portugal as securely, if not so smoothly, as you can navigate the Thames from Vauxhall to Richmond."

The chief merit of the work, and it claims no higher, is its eloquent descriptions of scenery, and frequent illustrations of the generally amiable character of the Portuguese. The authoress and her party landed in May 1845, by the Queen steamer, from Southampton, at St. John's da Foz, a fashionable bathing village, about three miles from Oporto, where they resided till the following November. One of their grand amusements while there was to go down to the beach and witness the bathing. The following scene is truly Portuguese:

"The Portuguese, high and low, have great faith in the efficacy of a course of sea baths, and all seem to think there is a charm in exact numbers. The Fidalgo will on no account cease from his dippings till *his* number, whatever it may be, seventy or ninety, or more or less, is complete; and the poor man, who may be able to spare only *one* day from daily labour, will compress his number into the twenty-four hours, taking forty or fifty, or perhaps more dips in that space of time. There is a charm in days too, and the anniversary of St. Bartholomew is among the poorer classes the great day. This year it fell upon a Sunday, and the concourse of people was immense. The shore was literally covered with bathers thick as they could stand, for two or three miles. The process began before five o'clock A.M., and was on this day scarcely ended at sunset. The peasants come from great distances, are dressed in their holiday attire, and strange as various were the costumes that presented themselves to my English eye in our village, the Foz, this day. The massive gold chains and ear-rings of the women surprised me most; chain upon chain, the weight of which *must* have been oppressive to many a slender neck that I saw thus adorned. One figure of a group that passed through the village made even the Portuguese look round. A lady on a fine black mule, attended by a gentleman on a very handsome black horse, and followed by two running footmen; and indeed they had to run to keep up with the quick jog-trot of the animals. The Senhor was dressed as any English gentleman might be dressed for taking a ride on the Steyne at Brighton. But his Senhora! She was the wonder. Attired in a rich black silk, curiously fashioned, fitting tight to the figure, and showing off the well-rounded waist; on her head a large square clear white muslin kerchief richly embroidered round the edge, falling down the back and below the shoulders, rather standing off from the shoulders, and upon this a round beaver hat, of a shining jet black. The crown of the hat was also round, with a little inclination to the sugar-loaf shape—the brim might be three inches wide. The white kerchief did not appear on the forehead, but came out from under the hat, just behind the ears, leaving an unobstructed view of a pair of magnificent gold ear-rings; the neck was encircled by massive gold chains, one of which depended as low as the waist."

From the Foz, soon after their arrival, the authoress and a female friend, accompanied by two gentlemen, a Galician servant and a muleteer, set out on an equestrian tour of the province *Entre Douro e Minho*, the smallest, except Algarve, but the most fertile and most populous, and certainly the most interesting, province in Portugal. They had letters of introduction to various parties in their route, and were every where received, due allowance being made for the difference in national customs, with kindness and hospitality. At Barcellos—which the authoress describes as a fine old town, with a detestable inn, "like almost all the rest in the country"—one Senhor G——, to whom they had a letter of introduction, sent them some half dozen bottles of champagne, and what they valued far higher, two bottles of Edinburgh ale, the latter of which was stowed away for future service, as "a juice far more precious in that latitude than champagne, or even than tokay." At Ponte de Lima they spent a day in the house of a Senhor M——, where they were well entertained, and where they heard the following characteristic anecdotes of Sir Charles Napier, "the old Commodore:"—

"Admiral Napier (Don Pedro's admiral—the Nelson of his cause) lodged himself in this house in the course of his gallant vagaries as an amphibious warrior in the north of Portugal, after his exploit at Cape St. Vincent. Senhor C—— gave a curious account of his bluntness of deportment to the astonished natives. Senhor C—— called on him here. 'What do you want?' inquired the admiral. He was lounging on the sofa in the drawing-room, smoking a cigar; he was dressed in clothes once blue, now of no colour; and was altogether the most slovenly-looking of heroes.—'I called to pay my respects.'—'Will you write?'—'Whatever your Excellency pleases.' The admiral throws his cigar out of the window, takes a pinch of snuff, and reflects. 'Write then to the Juiz da Fora, he must feed all my men directly. Is that done?'—'Yes.'—'Send it off then.'—A pinch of snuff. 'Write to such an authority of such and such a parish or village; he must furnish three bullocks, &c. &c.;' and so he went on, taking pinches of snuff, and issuing his requisitions. The abbot and principals of a neighbouring monastery waited on him in form. They were introduced, and ranged themselves in semicircle, making their bows. The admiral on his sofa seemed in a 'brown study,' till reminded by some gentleman that these visitors were persons of distinction. 'What do they want?'—'They come to offer their compliments to your Excellency.'—He got up, inclined his head, and thanked them, '*Muito obrigado, muito obrigado*'—much obliged, much obliged—and bowed them out. His demeanour here was thought altogether rough and eccentric. I dare say he had neither leisure nor inclination to bandy compliments with Portuguese gentlemen and friars, the greater part of whom, he might well suspect, wished him and all Don Pedro's partisans at the bottom of the Atlantic ocean. I give this report without offence, I trust, just as it was made to us by Senhor C——, and confirmed by several of Senhor M——'s friends. Senhor M—— was absent at the time of Napier's foray; for he, too, had found it prudent to expatriate himself during the tyranny of Don Miguel, by whose government every man of substance and of local influence, who did not declare himself for the 'king absolute,' was treated as a foe and a traitor. Senhor M—— took refuge at Liverpool."

There are some very interesting descriptions of landscape and forest scenery in this first portion of the "Journal," and especially of the striking and sublime mountains of Gêrez. At Braga, the authoress was much taken with the specimens of antiquity which abound in that town and the surrounding district; and she indulges in a learned and very interesting disquisition as to the Roman remains in Portugal, and the affinity that subsists between the Latin and Portuguese languages.

After a short stay at Oporto, the authoress proceeded to Lisbon, and the most remarkable "sights" in and around that city are described with animation. Of the Cortes she thus writes:—

"Yet another convent, *per*-verted, I have to speak of—that of San Bento—now the Cortes. The Commons' House is a fine room. The President's seat is in the centre of one side of the room; the members sit in front of him, on benches raised one above the other, and above them, or rather behind them, for they do not sit *under* the gallery, is a gallery all round for spectators—auditors more correctly. The room appropriated to the peers is small, and very common place; the only ornament a wretched portrait of the Queen, which hangs above the President's chair at the end of the room, under a crimson canopy. The members sit upon benches raised one above the other, just, in fact, as persons sit in pews, only without doors, as in a modern London church. I observed the bench appropriated to the bishops was the last, consequently the most elevated, though the furthest from the President. The gallery for strangers is immediately behind the bishops; the benches run across the room; they are divided in the middle. The opposition takes the left side—the left of the President—our right, looking as we did from the other end. We were fortunate enough to see in the House of Peers, the Duke of Palmella, the Conde de Villa Real, Fonseca de Magalhaens, Conde de Lavadio, Conde de Taipa, the Marquis of Fronteira, Costa Cabral—the then minister, expelled a few weeks afterwards, and a refugee at Madrid, thence to return, after his partisans should have worked up another reaction, to struggle up once more into the seat of power and pence, and to maintain himself there if he can. But it is clear, that such men as Cabral and his brother, though they may be competent "to disturb the peace of all the world," are far from qualified to rule it when "'tis wildest."

The reader is not so fortunate as to have any personal descriptions of those celebrated personages whom the authoress met in her tour. Sketches of some of the distinguished individuals, mentioned above, would have given additional interest to her book. At Cintra, among other objects of interest, she visited the Marialva Palace. The private apartments of the present royal family of Portugal, are thus described:—

"We saw the private apartments of the king and queen, most simply furnished—chintz and muslin curtains; floors covered with Portuguese matting, very pretty; some few large and handsome china bowls, and other ornaments of this kind; and baskets and boxes of carved ivory from India, delicate in texture and workmanship. The apartments of the children modest and pretty, opening upon a charming old-fashioned French garden, whence you see the little town, the lofty Serra, the mighty ocean, and the soft undulating ground that lies between the rough rocks and the often rougher waters."

The women of Portugal, according to this writer, are not remarkable for their beauty; in this respect, she thinks the women in the north excel those of the south.

"I have not seen," she says, "a pretty woman since we left St. Joao da Foz, and in figure and gait these Southerns are far inferior to their sisters of the North. Of their figure, to be sure, you cannot judge so well, as it is generally concealed by the long dull-brown cloak, which is universally worn by all who can afford to purchase a cloak. A square white kerchief, tied under the chin, the corner hanging down behind, is the only covering to the head. Those who do not possess cloaks, wear some shabby shawl, or cotton kerchief pinned over the shoulders. In Lisbon I observed a few of the long scarlet cloaks, trimmed and faced with a broad stripe of black velvet. In Collares I saw a man wearing a black hat, the crown of which was very high and sugar-loaf shaped; but the hats most generally worn have low, round, barber-basin-like crowns, ornamented round the top with tufts of black silk or worsted."

The authoress gives a glowing account of the amiable disposition and "tender-heartedness" of Donna Maria, and represents her as having no real power.

"Her sceptre may be likened to a living serpent, that may glide out of her hand any day, but not without having stung her. She is distracted by Proteus charters and ever-changing constitutions—by *liberal* ministers, who would govern her and her people with absolute sway, less, too, for the lust of power than the lust of filthy lucre—by an ill-armed, ill-paid, ill-conditioned soldiery, ever ready for riot at the call of the highest bidder, and military chiefs, who would all be Cæsars over Cæsar—by a discontented pauper people, who are tired of carrying on their shoulders the quacks and demagogues who have fooled them; a people who have trusted everybody till they will trust nobody. She is distracted between old friends and new friends, the new prevailing. Her husband, a Saxe-Coburg Gotha, is said to be no friend to England: his adviser, a German in the French interest, and his Portuguese creatures—some of them mouthy and red-hot *patriots*, as they call themselves, literary, philosophical, and political—are downright *Afrancesados* in their paltry rancour against Great Britain."

It is to Great Britain, however, that Donna Maria not only owes her throne, but the preservation of her throne; and her late conduct has shown her to be not quite entitled to the amiable character which the writer of this "Journal" has drawn of her.

The authoress visited Cadiz, Seville (where she witnessed, to her thorough disgust, a bull-fight), Gibraltar, Malaga, Granada, Carthagena, Valencia, and Barcelona, on her return to England; and of these places she has given a rapid *en passant* descriptive account. But we will not follow her into Spain. Her book is an interesting one, and will have its little day of popularity, to be shoved aside and forgotten as other and more recent tourists enter with their "Journals" on the scene, to be replaced by later travellers in their turn.

The Angler's Companion to the Rivers and Lochs of Scotland. By Thomas Tod Stoddart. Edinburgh and London: Blackwood and Sons, 1847.

A PLEASANT and right healthy recreation is angling. To stroll by mountain and valley, by loch and stream, with rod and tackle, line and bait; to hook the fish, and land the spoil on bank of river, rivulet, mill-pond, stream or streamlet; whether it be bold biting perch, active yet cautious dace, heavy and dull barbel, suspicious bream, ugly bull-head, long-lived and cunning carp, eager chub, gliding minnow, greedy grayling, tail-forked parr, voracious pike, reed-haunting tench, or finest of river fish, the beautiful, ever-lively, sport-affording trout; is exercise delightful to the frame, and exhilarating to the spirit; sufficient, as the first treatise on the subject ever published in England affirms, "to cause the helthe of your body, and specyally of your soul!" The gentle craft! Well named, and well entitled to the name. To it literature owes many delectable works—two in particular are renowned "in song and story." Of the first—the curious tract entitled the "Treatyse of Fyshinge wyth an Angle," published by Wynkin de Worde in 1496—Dame Juliana Berners, prioress of a nunnery near St. Albans, is said to have been the authoress. This lady seems to have been an enthusiastic admirer of the sport. "The angler," she says, "atte the leest, hath his holsom walke and mery at his ease, a swete ayre of the swete sauoure of the meede floures that makyth him hungry; he hereth the melodyous armony of the fowls, he seeth the yonge swannes, heerons, duckes, cotes, and many other fowles, with their brodes, whych me seemyth better than alle the noyse of houndys, the blastes of hornys, and the scrye of fowles, that hunters, fawkeners and foulers can make. And if angler take fysshe, surely thenne is there noo man merier than he is in his spyryte." Here is true poetry!—"He seeth the yonge swannes,"—away in their mountain lakes amidst the everlasting hills, and "the heerons," "and many other fowles, with their brodes," such as men "in populous cities pent" have no chance of seeing, never in all their lives, unless they too go there to look for them. Falconry is now well nigh unknown in England; these railway times of ours are not favourable for hunting; "the sound of the bugle horn" is no longer heard cheerily, as of yore, on the greensward; and the game-laws have pretty nearly brought fowling to its doom. But ever fresh, and ever new, and ever perpetuated, is the fisher's art. Untouched by time, un-malisoned by custom, and unproscribed by statute, angling flourishes "in immortal youth;" the amusement of high and low, and the passion of all who have devoted themselves to its mysteries.

For the other book referred to, as renowned in English literature, need we mention the venerable work of Izaak Walton? Who has not heard of, who has not read, the Complete Angler?—that inimitable discourse, which to all time will teach lessons of practical wisdom in the art of angling, well called by gentle Izaak "the contemplative man's recreation." To clerical and secular, gentle and simple, rich and poor, young and old, high and low, the art recommends itself by so many natural claims, and so numerous are its pleasurable and health-inspiring influences, that we wonder not at its being a favourite pastime with our English and Scotch people of all classes, or that our national literature should contain so many interesting works on the subject. In both prose and verse angling is the theme of many an enthusiastic descant. On the excitement it creates, and the feelings it stirs within the breast, Mr. Stoddart, the author of the volume before us, writes eloquently:—

"Hence it is," he says, "from the very variety of emotions which successively occupy the mind, from their blendings and transitions, that angling derives its pleasures; hence, it holds precedence as a sport with men of thoughtful and ideal temperament; hence, poets, sculptors, and philosophers—the sons and worshippers of genius, have entered, heart and hand, into its pursuit. Therefore it was, that Thomson, Burns, Scott, and Hogg, and in our present day, Wilson and Wordsworth exchanged grey-goose quill and the companionship of books, for the taper wand and the discourse, older than Homer's measures, of streams and cataracts. Therefore it was, that Paley left his meditative home, and Davy his tests and crucibles, and Chantrey his moulds, models, and chisel-work—each and all to rejoice and renovate themselves; to gather new thoughts and energies, a fresh heart and vigorous hand, in the exercise of that pastime which is teeming with philosophy."

Mr. Stoddart's "Scottish Angler," published in 1835, proved him to be well acquainted with the craft "in all its branches," as practised in the different rivers, streams and lochs of Scotland. His loch and river-side experience, since that period, has been very extensive; and he may now be considered a master in the art. To young sportsmen, his present volume, a goodly one of 430 pages, will be an invaluable *Vade Mecum*. By older ones, it will be esteemed as a right trusty and useful guide and companion. On all subjects connected with the preparation for the sport, that is, the providing the *materiel* for pursuing the recreation successfully, he lays down the best and most practical directions; giving descriptions of the tackle, bait, flies, &c., required, and furnishing an account of the fish usually angled for in the Scottish streams and lochs. In this, many interesting notices in the natural history of the different fish, and particularly of the salmon tribe, are introduced.

With respect to the use of worms, and especially of natural and artificial flies, the reader will find here some very useful suggestions. Mr. Stoddart is an authority on all such vital matters. But, in these points, every angler knows that the season, and the kind of flies common in the neighbourhood of the place fished, must greatly determine the choice of bait.

Everything relating to river trout, and the various methods of capturing them, was comprised in his former treatise; and so far as the contents of the present volume

are concerned, the views expressed throughout are the result of more enlarged information on all the subjects treated of. Mr. Stoddart has touched but briefly on the subject of trouting with the fly, as well as on the method of dressing fly-hooks; but on the practice of worm-fishing in clear waters, minnow and parr-tail spinning, the employment of the salmon-roe as a bait, &c., he has entered into circumstantial details.

As regards such equipments as horse-hair, casting-lines, &c., the author gives some excellent advice. On this point the fishers of a past generation seem to have been more knowing than our present race of anglers, with whom silk-worm gut has come into pretty general use. The following passage, from its allusion to Sir Walter Scott, is worth extracting:—

"Judging from the specimens that, from time to time, have come under my notice of the fishing tackle used by our forefathers, I am led to the opinion that there is no horsehair to be obtained in our modern days, which, in point of roundness, length, and power, at all approximates to what was employed by them. This is owing partly to the practice, now in vogue, of docking our stallions before the tail has had time to acquire its full strength, and partly, also, to the care and attention formerly exercised in the selection of the article. One of the finest specimens of good horse-hair I ever remember to have met with, was presented to me, along with a bait hook and some red hackles, by the late Mr. William Laidlaw, the friend and factor of Sir Walter Scott. This and its accompaniments were part and parcel of the identical fishing tackle discovered along with the mislaid MSS. of Waverley, and alluded to by Sir Walter, in the general preface to his novels. I make no doubt but, with the single hair in question, I could have managed, provided my rod was a pliant one, and my eel-line ran easily, a salmon of ten or twelve pounds in weight, not, indeed, in such water as the Trow Crags, or any of the rocky straiks and clippers that afford facilities for fish to cut or wear through the line, but in an open, unobstructed cast or pool, where the salmon could show no cunning, and, at the same time, exert its full strength and speed. The hair alluded to, I may mention, was white, clear, and long, not of the coarse, black description, which even now-a-days is common enough, and possesses, without question, strength to capture the largest of our river fish."

To the general reader, the chapters on the angling streams of Scotland will be very interesting, but by regular anglers they will be found invaluable. The choice of a stream is sometimes a matter of great moment to the fishers, from the kind of fish that inhabits it, and the greater or less prospect of sport it is likely to yield. The Tweed, as affording greater facilities for trout fishing, stands highest in Mr. Stoddart's estimation; but the claims of the Forth, the Tay, the Clyde, and their tributaries, with those of the different rivers in the North and North West of Scotland, are not overlooked. This account of the first class rivers in Scotland, is the more valuable, as it comprises all that relates to their salmon fishings in the way of produce, rental, &c.; taken from statistical sources, and enriched by quotations from authorities.

The work contains lists of the most approved flies for Scottish rivers, especially Tweed, with four neat sketches, and an illustrative map of Scotland. This is the high season for angling; and the name of Mr. Stoddart's book, flanked by his own name, will ensure it a welcome from the brethren of the gentle craft, and from all others just entering on its enjoyments.

The National Cyclopædia. Vol. I. London: Charles Knight, 1847.

As a book of reference this publication, when completed, must take a standard place. It is on the same plan as the "Penny Cyclopædia," though more comprehensive in its details, being, in fact, but another version of the same extensive work, its vast materials carefully condensed and revised; and its price, like its limits, judiciously abridged. In its present shape the utility of the work cannot fail to be at once recognised. Many of the articles in the "Penny Cyclopædia," the larger geographical ones particularly, are sadly deficient in arrangement and succinctness of information. In the "National Cyclopædia" the superintendence in these respects seems to have been more efficiently exercised, as there are fewer of such defects apparent. The larger work can only be purchased by the rich and by public libraries. The present, from its smaller price and less extent, will be found to be what it is designed for, of greater use to the greatest number, and as specially the book for the great body of the people. It will be the only real "Popular Encyclopædia," far superior in every respect, and far cheaper too, than the one that passes under that name. In natural history, biography, and geography, it is particularly rich, and in the more important articles the authorities are given. The publication is to be illustrated with many hundred wood cuts.

The Crusaders; or, Scenes, Events, and Characters, from the Times of the Crusades. By Thomas Keightley. London: Parker, 1847.

A NEW edition, in one volume, of a work which has already received the public approval, published under the direction of the Society for promoting Christian Knowledge. It gives an interesting and well-arranged account of those romantic and extraordinary "episodes in history," set on foot by blind enthusiasm, and sustained by superstitious zeal, called by historians the Crusades, and comprises all the authentic information we possess relative to those memorable events, which make the annals of western Europe and of Palestine stand out so prominently in the history of the twelfth century. Although professing to be more a picture of manners than a regular narrative, the book, from the nature of the contents, and its attractive style, reads like a romance, having all the hues and colours of reality. Crusader, Greek, Turk, and Saracen pass before the reader, with all their national and individual, social and religious distinctions of character, and surely never was there a time when these were more marked, or exercised a greater influence on motive and conduct, as at the era of the holy war, waged on the Moslem by the soldiers of the Cross. The work concludes with the crusade headed by Philip Augustus and Richard Cœur de Lion.

Letters on the Criminal Code. By a Barrister of Lincoln's Inn. London: Stevens, 1847.

The substance of these letters, written in a vigorous style, appeared in the *Spectator* newspaper last year. They are chiefly directed to an examination of two of the proposed alterations on the Criminal Code, viz., the making a capacity to discern the law of the land the sole test of Criminal Insanity, and what the author calls "the almost complete suppression of the constitutional right of resistance to the exercise of unlawful authority." On

these points, especially the first, he lays down some very sound maxims; and his observations on the whole subject of the English Code of Criminal Law will be found very interesting and useful to all who may turn their attention to its amendment.

The Foundation Statutes of Merton College, Oxford; with the subsequent Ordinances. From the Latin. Edited by Edward France Percival, M.A., of Brasenose College, Oxford. London: Pickering, 1847.

Merton College, the oldest permanently endowed foundation for the maintenance and education of scholars in Oxford, unconnected with the monastic orders, was founded in 1264, and became the model of all the other societies of that description. Its founder, Walter De Merton, was Bishop of Rochester and Chancellor of England in the thirteenth century; and the present volume, which only extends to 141 pages, comprises the statutes and charters of foundation, with the subsequent ordinances of Archbishops Peckham, Chichely, and Laud, from the original Latin. The introduction contains a succint account of the early history of Merton College, with a review of the state of education at the university at that period. Merton is celebrated as being the place where Roger Bacon and Duns Scotus, the latter the most eminent scholastic philosopher of his age, taught philosophy and rhetoric; and where the first reformer, John Wycliffe, was educated. Among its more eminent members were Bishops Jewell and Hooper, Sir Thomas Bodley, and Sir Henry Saville. A neat lithotint view of Merton College forms the frontispiece of the volume, which, to all Oxford men, and especially to those educated at Merton, will have an especial value. As a collection of ancient academic laws, it will be found to possess an interest even to persons unconnected with either.

POLITICAL REGISTER.

The present Parliament will be dissolved during the month, and the election of representatives for probably the next five years will occur on the present registration. We do not recollect of any general election that promised to display less party spirit. There is no vitality in any party, and the constituencies will not quarrel over the ashes of factions whose vitality is burnt out. This circumstance may not, however, be favourable in any shape to the promotion of necessary reforms, and the practical advancement of the nation. The repeal of the corn-law has intoxicated a large section of the population with a feeling of their own power and security. Famine and dearth of employment, of wages and of food, have infected another portion. There hangs over all a weariness with politics. This, therefore, is the period which an able minister, and unscrupulous, would select to retrograde. And we have been retrograding.

The Church stands more firmly in her position now than at any time since 1829. While we write, an act to make four new bishops is passing rapidly through the dying parliament; though the railway reform measure is cast aside by the physicians, who say for the patient that being *in articulo mortis* such temporalities must give place to spiritual business.

The duty of electors in providing for the future involves a looking at the past. We have had a foolish intervention in Portuguese affairs, undertaken to establish peace in that country, by suppressing the party that we acknowledge to have been right. This is the Palmerstonian theory of justice. The electors should take care that it do not become British practice.

Our last letters and papers from India describe the most providential escape that the country has recently experienced from a disgraceful act. We had a war of forty-eight hours' duration with the Chinese. Our forces fought their way up the Canton river—captured forts—spiked nearly nine hundred cannon — earned a new instalment of glory—and lost not one man. This was war almost on the principles of the Peace Society.

The cause of quarrel is hardly known. Some Chinese porters probably insulted or overcharged the English merchants. Angry language, a mob, and a "row" ensued. Such things are not less common in Canton than Wapping. A report was despatched to the Commander of our forces. A correspondence ensued with the Chinese authorities. It was unsatisfactory; and, therefore, the two glorious days followed. Without the official statements more cannot be said of the matter. To the fighting, therefore, we do not at present object. It would appear to have been harmless to the last degree. It seems even to have been war with a pacific tendency, confined to the destruction of belligerent implements. But the papers reveal an intention of the most desperate character. The submission of the Chinese officer came in time to save the bombardment of Canton; but in no more than time. The preparations were made. The tools were ready. The gunners seem to have been standing, matches in hand, when the reprieve arrived that saved a town with nearly one million people from bombardment.

We have reason to be thankful for this deliverance from one of the darkest stains that could have been inflicted on the honour of our nation and the character of our arms. Such limited Christianity as we have credit for in the East, was well nigh destroyed by the zeal of the commander on that station to burn slay and bombard. He was under no irritation. He had not lost a man. He had captured famous forts. He had spiked cannon innumerable. He must have administered a full dose of retribution for all the harm that had occured. He had no captives to extricate from Canton. He had no bloodshed to revenge. He had no great danger to avert.

Still he proposed to bombard a large, though a helpless city. He schemed the burning of so many warehouses—the demolition of so many houses—the utter prostration of streets and squares—for the honour of the British name; and the slaughter of innumerable women and children, in order to help our sales of cottons, linens, woollens, and hardware goods. The sale of the goods was a laudable object; but why propose to scatter our metal for nothing—and worse than nothing—throwing it away in killing customers. Designedly, the man is no better than Louis Philipe's officer, who, by the same mail, we learn, has slain a thousand Cochin Chinese; and burned a number of their ships, as their first lesson in the Christian faith.

These Cochin-Chinese are desperate heathens, who would on no account listen to the Jesuitical and other missionaries sent amongst them by the Lyons Propaganda. We even believe that they dealt harshly by these gentlemen. What of that? The missionary is, or should be, a living martyr. He should have a martyr's spirit in him. He goes uncalled—he preaches unsought. He assails the prejudices of his hearers—he seeks their good, but they condemn him for endeavouring to do them evil. His work is noble, fearless, but it should be pacific. He has no right to claim the arm of war to enforce the persuasions of the Gospel. He is unjustifiable in reading lectures on the sermon of the Mount, or preaching discourses from the text, "Blessed is the peace-maker," through a hundred pieces of artillery, loaded by grape, with an Admiral of the tricolour for clerk.

That system will never thrive. It will not convert stubborn men. It may kill bodies, but it will not save souls; it may scatter brains, but it will never soften hearts. And as the Bishop of Exeter has been taught not to make deacons of his schoolmasters; so we doubt not that Louis Philippe will yet learn — it may be by a bitter lesson — not to make missionaries of his Admirals of the Red and Blue.

This, however, is not so directly the business of the British people, as it is to be thankful that Canton was not bombarded from any delay of the Chinese messengers. It would have formed a standing blot on the nation, and a foul blot—a spot of blood on our annals that would have stuck long, and sunk so deeply, that a great many Dr. Morrisons would have toiled long and earnestly before it could have been washed away. The duty of the electors is to see that their representatives are men who will put such fiery notions out of the minds of the officers whom they employ in distant quarters of the world, to secure the safety of our traders, but not to burn the houses, and break the limbs, or destroy the lives of their customers. The Bible, we fear, is greatly neglected in our fleets on the Chinese waters, though we suppose there are chaplains there; and we would recommend the last verse of the book of Jonah as a proper subject of consideration and comment with these gentlemen.

Organic reforms seem to be forgotten. The ballot, the franchise, the equalization of representation, sleep—but they only sleep. They are not dead. Their vitality remains; and, probably enough, before the next Parliament has run its course, one or more, or all, will again come forward with greater power than they have yet attained.

Upon these topics, the next House of Commons will stand nearly like the present. There is no reason to suppose that the number of independent and popular members will be fewer, while there may be some ground to expect that the mere hangers-on of any party in power—the moveable force—will be greater. This class of persons are always most successful in a calm. Men slide in safely then who would be shivered in a storm.

The Peel party, for example, will be greatly reduced. That seems the present probability. Wherever they have to stand a contest, they will enter the lists with a bad character. They cannot overcome the indecision of their position—they are neither whig, radical, nor conservative. It would, of course, be a noble thing to say they were honest men—perfectly independent of all parties. But then the ridicule that would follow the saying must be overwhelming.

Ireland will furnish a large number of non-descripts. The representation of that section of the empire will come out very confusedly. The Whigs have the advantage of being in place. They can issue the most agreeable acknowledgments. They have the appointment to vacant places at present. The fact will tell for them powerfully. The old Tories, on the other hand—the Bentinck party—have the power and prestige of the country gentlemen; and the tenantry are at present in the land owner's agent's books for arrears. This misfortune, we suspect, will tell at the hustings. Famine, it will be found, canvasses most successfully.

The Repealers, at another time, might have made head-way south and west; but being at present engaged in maligning and saying all kinds of evil of each other, we presume that, in biting the shadow they will lose the substance, and meet the fate of the foolish dog, by failing to deserve the bone.

We expect more Whigs for the English counties; and both for them and the Scottish counties a few earnest and sincere farmers' men, determinedly set against game preserves—and those waste preserves that are known by the title of entail laws on the statute book.

There are two or three practical measures of reform to which the electors should pledge all candidates, or have nothing further to say to them than very emphatically, No. These game-laws need to be repealed. They are unfitted for a densely peopled country, and useless in the wilderness. Justice to sparrows requires that all other wild birds and fowls should be brought to their level in the eye of the law; and the equal rights of rats demand that no undue favour should be shown to other undomesticated four-footed

beasts. A departure from these simple principles has been productive of many crimes and much suffering to humanity. A return to them will give peace and solitude to many jailers. The trespass law can be kept stringent. That has nothing to do with the favouritism shown to game; and no rational man can expect—but by the way no rational man would expect, though we observe that some candidates for legislative honours say that they anticipate—a great accession of trespassing from the repeal of the laws relating to game.

The entail laws are another of the most heinous nuisances from feudalism in existence. They are designed to preserve the integrity of large estates, and provide that they shall be very badly cultivated. They prevent a free trade in land, which is essential to healthy and profitable farming: they prevent the multiplication of a middle class of owners—the squires, and the yeomen—most valuable classes, for whose decadence the most flourishing aristocracy cannot offer a return. They also secure the non-cultivation of those wastes of arable land that in every way disgrace and disfigure the three kingdoms, but especially Scotland. They create a pauperised class springing from the richest and the greatest families; and possessing at least two characteristics of the unjust steward. We scarcely need say more against the character of these laws: they are their own scandal. They exist still—like a remnant of the past long out of its time—weak for good and powerful for evil. The electors should pledge their representatives to the repeal of those laws; and when they are at this work, they will do well by casting the law of primogeniture into the scale.

The Currency laws of Peel disorganise business. They are a successful attempt to place the neck of industry under the heel of capital. They have worked out no benefit. They have created no new value. They have given no new security. They have not made employment steadier, nor trade more remunerative.

On the other hand they make all the other classes the periodical prey of the money class. Since the autumn of 1845, we have passed through a crisis which has made lenders and non-operative persons immensely richer, at the cost of spinning girls in Manchester, seamsters in London, knife-grinders in Sheffield—all who work, and all who buy and sell. We assume that the electors, after the recent near neighbourhood to national bankruptcy, will now, with the opportunity in their hands, provide for the extinction of these laws, by only returning members who are willing at least to repeal the obnoxious parts of those acts passed since 1845—the better plan is to repeal them altogether and to re-enact the few clauses that are accordant with free trade in money as men trade in any other commodity.

On the 25th ultimo, Lord John Russell stated his intention, so far to accommodate his educational projects to justice, as to allow the children of Dissenters to attend the national schools, without being compelled to attend the national Church, or learn its catechism; to give grants to Dissenting schools, without intermeddling in their religious teaching; and to extend grants to Roman Catholic schools, in a way satisfactory to the Roman Catholic Institute.

These changes still leave the Minutes in many respects objectionable, though they are towards the course that we have been vigorously censured for advising. They are, however, only intentions expressed in the form of answers to a string of questions asked by arrangement, we have no doubt.

The endowment of the Roman Catholic priests in Ireland will be probably proposed in the next Parliament. O'Connell was a barrier, and is removed by death. That measure, from whatever quarter the funds were derived, would merely prop an evil injurious to Ireland in every respect. It would confirm the existence for a long period of a practice that works badly. It would consolidate the power of the Irish aristocracy, and we do not think that they have wielded their influence for the good of the Irish people. We rejoice to observe that nearly all new candidates are pledged against this course; and even a minority of electors, in many constituencies, can defeat it, if they will; and we trust they will remember that they have now to decide its merits, and that it is the grand question referred to the hustings and the polling-booths. One of two courses will be adopted respecting Ireland — to give more or less; and it will be most consonant with the interests of both religion and freedom, to adopt the latter plan.

In 1841 many candidates made statements which they explained at a convenient opportunity to mean something different from the general meaning attached to their language. In 1847 men will learn to ask the pledges in writing—to publish them with the signatures attached, and to place them out of the range of mis-reporting, a blunder of which we hear far oftener than it occurs.

There is another feature in these matters. Candidates often promise to support measures which they expect not to be proposed; and electors believe that they have done their duty when they have merely been trapped. It is not easy to trace every turning of a ready promiser; but generally by obtaining, not merely a reluctant assent to a given opinion, but an understanding that the candidate will join other members in urging the adoption of any course on the Government of the day —the danger to which we refer may be avoided. Six hundred and fifty-eight orators in the House of Commons would make a nice mess of business; but though we do not want them all to be speaking men, yet they can all sign round-robins, and forward them to the captain, who will often rather grant the boon craved, than risk the mutiny supposed to lurk behind rejection.

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TAIT'S EDINBURGH MAGAZINE.

AUGUST, 1847.

SCOTTISH RIVERS.—No. II.

THE TWEED—*Continued.*

BY SIR THOMAS DICK LAUDER.

THE Banks of the Tweed abound in simple rural charms, as you proceed downwards from Elibank Tower, and they partake of that peaceful pastoral character which its green sided hills bestow upon it. But if their natural beauties were tenfold what they really are, they would afford but a weak attraction, compared to that which is created by a powerful combination of associations, in the place of Ashiestiel. This beautiful residence, hanging, as it were, on the brink of a steep wooded bank on the southern side of the Tweed, is the property of our old and much valued friend, General Sir James Russell, whose services to his country, added to those of Colonel Russell, his gallant father, might have imparted celebrity to any spot of earth with which they were connected. But we sufficiently know the pride which our old friend takes in the well-earned and wide-spread fame of his near relative, Sir Walter Scott, to make us quite aware that we are perfectly safe from any risk of exciting jealousy on his part, in ascribing the interest which attaches to Ashiestiel, to the circumstance of its having been so long the residence of our Scottish Shakspeare. Mr. Lockhart tells us, that in 1804, Scott feeling it to be his duty, as Sheriff of Selkirkshire, to hold a permanent residence in the County, and the house of Ashiestiel being vacant by the death of his uncle, Colonel Russell, its proprietor, and the absence of his son, the present General Russell, who was then a young man in India, he took a lease of the place, and there spent all those portions of the year, during which he was free from attendance on the Courts of Law at Edinburgh, down to about the end of 1811, when he had made his first small purchase of land at Abbotsford. Thus it was that all his poetical productions, until the publication of *Rokeby*, may be said to have been produced at Ashiestiel. Previous to this period of his history, Scott had spent his times of vacation in a cottage on the romantic banks of the Esk near Edinburgh. Thus it is, that he, himself, notices his change of abode: "I left, therefore, the pleasant cottage I had upon the side of the Esk, for the 'pleasanter banks of the Tweed,' in order to comply with the law, which requires, that the Sheriff be resident, at least, during a certain number of months, within his jurisdiction. We found a delightful retirement by my becoming the tenant of my intimate friend and cousin-german, Colonel Russell, in his mansion of Ashiestiel, which was unoccupied during his absence on military service in India. The house was adequate to our accommodation, and the exercise of a limited hospitality. The situation is uncommonly beautiful, by the side of a fine river, whose streams are there very favourable for angling, surrounded by the remains of natural woods, and by hills abounding in game. In point of society, according to the heartfelt phrase of Scripture, we dwelt 'amongst our own people;' and as the distance from the metropolis was only thirty miles, we were not out of reach of our Edinburgh friends, in which City we spent the terms of the summer and winter sessions of the Court, that is, five or six months in the year." But who is there who may have bestowed the least degree of study on the constitution of his mind, as gathered from his autobiography and his writings, both in poetry and in prose, who cannot feel with us the boundless expansion of heart which Scott must have experienced, when he found himself fairly established as the inhabitant of this retired residence, in full and easy command of the endless regions of such a wild, mountainous, and pastoral country, as that of Ettrick Forest, on which all his earliest affections had been most firmly fixed, as being more particularly that which he might call the land of his ancestors, where every stone, and brook, and hollow, and hillock, and grove, had its story attached to it, most of which had been long familiar to him, and this, at a time of life, when, notwithstanding his lameness, he was a young, healthy man, and, as we remember him, alike active, both on foot and on horseback, and when his intellect may be said to have been in its fullest vigour? We cannot help feeling persuaded, that those seven years, the whole vacations of which were spent at Ashiestiel, were by far the happiest of Scott's life, doubly relished as they must have been, from the intermediate periods of professional confinement. He enjoyed that sort of possession of the place, that might be called nearly equal to that of

the proprietor himself. He had more than ordinary interest in it, from its being the patrimonial property of his cousin-german. He was left at full liberty to plant and prune, and make such alterations and improvements, as cost but little, and which yet furnished an agreeable occupation, and created an additional interest to the inhabitant of the place, and above all, he was free from all those carking cares of lairdship, or land-ownership, of the extent of which no one, who does not possess land, can possibly have any just notion. Brimful, as he doubtless was, of the consciousness of the wonderful talent that was in him—burning to give it way—and every fresh effort that he made to do so being hailed by the loudest plaudits, not only of his friends or of his countrymen alone, but of the whole reading world—and all this being to him, all the while, as little more than the mere wanton sport of his youth—we cannot look for one moment on Ashiestiel, without believing, that for seven years of his life, it was the paradise of Sir Walter Scott.

It is thus, that throwing his intelligent and poetical mind back into the days of the olden time, and contrasting them with those which were then present to him, he describes, in general terms, the scenery of Ettrick Forest, through which he daily wandered, conjuring up a thousand romantic circumstances, and clothing them, as he went, with the most enchanting accessories belonging to ancient days which are now no more.

"The scenes are desert now, and bare,
Where flourished once a forest fair,
When these waste glens with copse were lined,
And peopled with the hart and hind.
Yon thorn, perchance, whose prickly spears
Have fenced him for three hundred years,
While fell around his green compeers—
Yon lonely thorn, would he could tell
The changes of his parent dell,
Since he, so grey and stubborn now,
Waved in each breeze a sapling bough;
Would he could tell how deep the shade
A thousand mingled branches made;
How broad the shadows of the oak,
How clung the rowan to the rock,
And through the foliage showed his head,
With narrow leaves and berries red;
What pines on every mountain sprung,
O'er every dell what birches hung,
In every breeze what aspens shook,
What alders shaded every brook!
'Here in the shade,' methinks he'd say,
'The mighty stag at noontide lay;
The wolf I've seen, a fiercer game
(The neighbouring dingle bears his name),
With lurching step around me prowl,
And stop, against the moon to howl;
The mountain boar, on battle set,
His tusks upon my stem would whet;
While doe, and roe, and red deer good,
Have bounded by, through gay greenwood.'"

Mr. Lockhart says, and we believe with the greatest truth: "that Scott had many a pang in quitting a spot which had been the scene of so many innocent and noble pleasures, no one can doubt; but the desire of having a permanent abiding place of his own, in his ancestorial district, had long been growing upon his mind." And indeed, he was amply repaid for all that he did at Ashiestiel, by seeing his gallant and much-loved cousin, General Russell, sit down at length among the trees which he, as an affectionate kinsman, had planted and pruned for him during his absence. "But," adds Mr. Lockhart, "he retained to the end of his life a certain 'tenderness of feeling' towards Ashiestiel, which could not, perhaps, be better shadowed than in Joanna Baillie's similitude." And this was the letter which this most distinguished lady wrote to him upon this occasion;—"Yourself, and Mrs. Scott, and the children, will feel sorry at leaving Ashiestiel, which will long have a consequence, and be the object of kind feelings with many, from having once been the place of your residence. If I should ever be happy enough to be at Abbotsford, you must take me to see Ashiestiel too. I have a kind of tenderness for it, as one has for a man's first wife, when you hear he has married a second." The expressions of Scott's honest, but plainer friend, James Hogg, the Ettrick Shepherd, are equally striking; "Are you not sorry at leaving auld Ashiestiel for gude and a', after having been at so much trouble and expense in making it a complete thing? Upon my word, I was, on seeing it in the papers." Were we to indulge in our own speculations on a subject which might be considered as perhaps too delicate to admit of any such interference with it, especially if pushed to any great extent, we should begin by stating our belief that Sir Walter Scott, if he could have subdued the ambitious desire which seems to have possessed him of making himself the head of a family of landed estate, and could have contented himself with being the comfortable tenant of other people's places of residence, might have been even yet walking about, as hale and hearty among us as we now happily see a number of his dearest and most intimate friends and contemporaries. And, although we should have been grieved to the heart, if he could have been supposed to have gone on writing till he had written himself out, we cannot help feeling persuaded that he might have made very large additions to his voluminous works, and with the fullest chance that they might have been quite as vigorous in composition and in writing, if not perhaps more so than some of his latest existing productions. And then, alas! how sad and melancholy it is for us to have lived to behold the utter annihilation of that aerial vision, which he followed throughout his whole life as a reality, and which has so quickly and so entirely melted away—that already, in the course of but a very small number of years, his whole male representatives should be extinct! May Almighty God bring this great and striking lesson on the futility of all human hopes, and the perishable nature of all human plans, fully home to the breast of every one who may be called upon to reflect on it!

Mr. Stoddart, in his excellent recent publication, "The Angler's Companion," says—"It is not until it reaches Ashiestiel that Tweed is looked upon by salmon-fishers with much regard. Higher up the fish killed by the rod are comparatively few, and these, most of them, in execrable condition."

The Cadon water comes rapidly down from the high hills to the north, and running through the parish of Stow, it throws itself into the Tweed

a little below Clovenfords. This point of junction used to be a favourite rendezvous with the angler; and we have ourselves thrown at least as many lines into the streams of the Tweed here, as, if arranged in pages, might have made a good thick volume. But the water must be in prime condition, and the fish in a particularly taking humour, when we come to this part of the river, to enable us sufficiently to abstract ourselves from the enjoyment of the exquisite scenery which here suddenly bursts upon us, so as to be able to pay the requisite attention to rod, line, and flies, to secure that success which every angler must necessarily desire. This is one of the most beautiful parts of the Tweed; and well do we remember the day when, wandering in our boyhood up hither from Melrose, we found ourselves for the first time in the midst of scenery so grand and beautiful. The rod was speedily put up, and the fly-book was exchanged for the sketch-book. We wandered about from point to point, now and then reclining on the grass, and sometimes, from very wantonness, wading into the shallows of the clear stream; and so we passed away some hours of luxurious idleness, the pleasures of which we shall never cease to remember.

A very short description of the scenery must suffice. On the right bank stands the charming residence of Yair, belonging to the very old family of Pringle of Whytbank. The house is surrounded by a lofty amphitheatre of hill, covered with timber of the most ancient and luxuriant growth, and the green lawn stretches towards the clear pebbly-bottomed river, which there runs past it in an unbroken, wide, and gentle, though lively stream, making music as it goes. Lower down, where the pass narrows, it assumes the character which Scott gives it in the following verses, in which he so feelingly alludes to the late Alexander Pringle, Esq., of Whytbank, and his interesting family of boys, the eldest of whom is the present Alexander Pringle, Esq., recently one of the Lords of Her Majesty's Treasury; the rest of them have been since scattered over the world, and have undergone all the various vicissitudes of life. The lines, which form part of the introduction to the second canto of Marmion, are so extremely beautiful, that we shall make no apology for quoting them:—

"From Yair—which hills so closely bind,
Scarce can the Tweed his passage find,
Though much he fret, and chafe, and toil,
Till all his eddying currents boil—
Her long-descended lord is gone,
And left us by the stream alone.
And much I miss those sportive boys,
Companions of my mountain joys,
Just at the age 'twixt boy and youth,
When thought is speech, and speech is truth.
Close to my side, with what delight,
They pressed to hear of Wallace wight,
When, pointing to his airy mound,
I called his ramparts holy ground!
Kindled their brows to hear me speak;
And I have smiled to feel my cheek,
Despite the difference of our years,
Return again the glow of theirs.
Ah, happy boys! such feelings pure,
They will not, cannot long endure;
Condemned to stem the world's dark tide,
You may not linger by the side;
But Fate shall thrust you from the shore,
And Passion ply the sail and oar.
Yet cherish the remembrance still,
Of the lone mountain, and the rill;
For trust, dear boys, the time will come,
When fiercer transport shall be dumb,
And you will think right frequently,
But, well I hope, without a sigh,
On the free hours that we have spent,
Together, on the brown hill's brent."

In his first voyage to India, it was the lot of one of those young gentlemen to be involved in all the terrors and perils of the Kent East Indiaman that was burned at sea.

On the left bank of the Tweed, opposite to the Yair, is the fine old Scottish mansion of Fairnielee, belonging to the Pringles of Clifton. It affords a very interesting specimen of the Scottish style of architecture, and its old hedges and terraces, and the grand ancient timber by which it is surrounded, complete the richness of the scenery of this part of the river. The Bridge of Yair furnishes another happy feature in the scene, soon after passing which, the hills open out above Sunderland Hall, into an extensive plain, immediately above the junction of the Ettrick with the Tweed. The vale of the latter river now expands, and the prospect downwards becomes of the richest description; but before proceeding to enter upon it, we must concisely discuss the course of that important tributary the Ettrick, as well as that of its sub-tributary the Yarrow, and these two embrace so large a tract of country, including almost the whole forest, that it would seem that volumes must be absorbed in the notice of it. But our readers have been already pretty well informed as to the general nature of this country, both as it was in the olden time and as it is now, from the matter which we have already brought before them, and especially from Scott's own highly descriptive verses. How, indeed, should we delight to luxuriate in imagination over the whole of the forest as it was when in its wildest state, when human dwellings were few in it, and thinly scattered—and where the wanderer might now come unexpectedly upon the humble cottage in some retired dingle, or be startled by the sudden appearance of the frowning outworks of some tower or peel judiciously pitched on some position of natural strength! whilst the lonely church of St. Mary's or some other smaller chapels, to be found set down here and there, in the midst of these woodland wilds, might be supposed to produce some degree of peaceful influence on the rude and stormy bosoms of those who dwelt in cot or tower. Then think of the animal life with which the whole of these sylvan districts were filled, and the picturesque pursuit of the woodcraft which it naturally created. The magnificent urus, bison, or wild bull itself, rushing through the coverts, and glaring fearfully at the passenger who disturbed him from his lair. One head in the hall at Abbotsford, found in a neighbouring moss, indicates an animal three times the size of the wild cattle kept at Chillingham. Let all these picturesque circumstances be mingled with those love-mak-

ings, merry-makings, feuds, and fights, which must have taken place amongst such a population, and we shall find that it would produce a stock of materials for the poet or the artist, that would be perfectly exhaustless.

But to come down to the plain matter of fact as it now stands. Instead of the endless woodland which once covered the country, Dr. Douglas, in his view of Selkirkshire, published in 1798, says —"In stating the number of acres in wood at 2,000, I have followed Mr. Johnston. The best information which I could collect from the conversation of gentlemen and farmers, in different corners, made it rather less." The general appearance of the country is a succession of green and bare hills, gradually rising one above another in height. Dr. Douglas says—"Their naked and bleak aspect, when seen at a distance in cloudy weather, is lost upon riding among them, and beholding the rich sward with which they are covered, the clear streams which issue from their sides, the fleecy flocks browsing on their green pastures, and their lambs frisking around. The animation of the scene is heightened by patches of brushwood and small clumps of trees, with which, in a few places, the hills are adorned—the fertility of the vales, by which they are separated from each other—and the romantic banks of the waters which wash their bases."

But now let us, in the first place, give our attention to the Ettrick, and in so doing let us not forget that it gives origin to the old Scottish song, "Ettrick Banks"—

"On Ettrick's banks, ae simmer night,
At gloaming when the sheep cam' hame,
I met my lassie, braw and tight,
While wand'ring through the mist her lane.
My heart grew light, I wanted lang
To tell my lassie a' my mind,
And never till this happy hour,
A canny meeting could I find." &c.

The Ettrick rises, as we are told, from among a few rushes, between Loch-fell and Capel-fell, on the south side of a range of hills, which may be called "the back-bone of the country," at a point two miles above Potburn, which is said to be the highest situated farm-house above the sea in the south of Scotland. Mr. Stoddart tells us that "Ettrick abounds in nice trout, weighing, on the average, a quarter of a pound, but I have killed them occasionally, below Thirlestane, upwards of a pound, and recollect seeing one taken there nearly three times that weight. From the burns which empty themselves in the upper districts, I have known my friend John Wilson, Jun., of Elhray, to capture, with the worm, twelve dozen in the course of a forenoon. Sea-trout, both the whitling and the bull species, ascend the Ettrick in November, sometimes in great numbers—as many as three score have been slaughtered, by means of the leister, in one night, out of a single pool. The true salmon killed on an occasion of this sort are comparatively few."

Lord Napier's ancient residence of Thirlstane tower, with its few venerable ash trees and its extensive plantations, give an immediate interest to this highly elevated part of its banks. Ettrick, however, cannot boast of many trees during the first twenty miles of its course, but its hills are greener, and its valleys are wider and fitter for cultivation than those of the Yarrow. A little way above its junction with the latter stream, its sides are skirted with natural wood, its plains become more extensive and fertile, and the adjoining hills are covered with planted wood. On the side of the Ettrick, opposite to Thirlstane, are the remains of the tower of Gamescleuch. A genealogy of the Scotts, in the possession of Lord Napier, tells us that "John Scott, of Thirlstane, married a daughter of Scott of Allanhaugh, by whom he had four sons, Robert, his heir, and Simon, called Long-spear, who was tutor of Thirlstane, and built the tower of Gamescleuch." It soon afterwards receives two tributaries from the right, a small rivulet called Timah, and the Rankle-burn, which is not only celebrated by the song of the "Maid of Rankle-burn," but which is likewise rendered remarkable by its being the place where the progenitors of the Buccleuch family first took up their residence—when

"—— old Buccleuch the name did gain,
When in the cleuch the buck was ta'en."

The legend, as told in the notes to the "Lay of the Last Minstrel," simply states that, "Two brethren, natives of Galloway, having been banished from that country, for a riot or insurrection, came to Rankle-burn, in Ettrick forest, where the keeper, whose name was Brydone, received them joyfully, on account of their skill in winding the horn, and in the other mysteries of the chase. Kenneth Mac Alpin, then king of Scotland, came soon after to hunt in the Royal forest, and pursued a buck from Ettrick-heuch to the glen now called Buck-cleuch, about two miles above the junction of the Rankle-burn with the river Ettrick. Here the stag stood at bay; and the king and his attendants, who followed on horseback, were thrown out by the steepness of the hill and the morass. John, one of the brethren from Galloway, had followed the chase on foot, and now coming in, seized the buck by the horns, and, being a man of great strength and activity, threw him on his back, and ran with his burden about a mile up the steep hill, to a place called Cracra-cross, where Kenneth had halted, and laid the buck at the sovereign's feet."—

"The deer being cureéd in that place,
At his majesty's demand,
Then John of Galloway ran apace,
And fetched water in his hand.

The king did wash into a dish,
And Galloway John he wot;
He said, 'thy name now after this
Shall ever be called John Scott.

The forest and the deer therein,
We commit to thy hand;
For thou shalt sure the ranger be,
If thou obey command.

And for the buck thou stoutly brought
To us up that steep heuch,
Thy designation ever shall
Be John Scott in Buccleuch.

* * * * *

In Scotland no Buccleuch was then,
Before the buck in the cleuch was slain;

Night's men at first they did appear,
Because moon and stars in their arms they bear.
Their crest, supporters, and hunting horn,
Show their beginning from hunting came;
Their name, and style, and book doth say,
John gained them both into one day."

Immediately opposite to the junction of the Rankle-burn with the Ettrick, appear the grey ruins of the old tower of Tushielaw. They stand on the side of a hill, near the road that runs up the Ettrick. It was long the stronghold of a powerful family of the name of Scott, who were famous free-booters, or border-riders, or moss-troopers, which epithets, we beg our readers to believe, are meant by us to convey the highest compliments we can pay them. We have already had occasion to notice the romantic legend, regarding the daughter of the Earl of March, who met with the son of the Laird of Tushielaw in Ettrick forest—of the love that arose between them—of the manner in which it was crossed—and the sad fate of the lady, who died of a broken heart just as her fondest wishes appeared to be about to be realised. We earnestly hope that Adam Scott, son of David Scott, of Tushielaw, was not the young knight of the legend, for he (Adam) bore the very distinguished name of "King of the Thieves." His fate too was somewhat summary, and rather unromantic, for, in the famous excursion which King James V. made through the Border—with the intention of ridding himself and his country of some of the great characters who were most remarkable for keeping up its predatory fame—he came suddenly to Tushielaw one morning before breakfast, and hanged King Adam over the horizontal bough of an old ash tree that grew over his own gate, all along the bark of which were to be felt and seen various nicks and hollows, formed by the ropes on which many an unhappy wretch had been hanged by the remorseless Tushielaw himself.

We must not forget to record that, in an old house not far from Ettrick Church, we are informed by James Hogg, the Ettrick Shepherd, himself, that he first drew the breath of life:—

"Here first I saw the rising morn;
Here first my infant mind unfurled,
To judge this spot, where I was born,
The very centre of the world."

At Newhouse, the Ettrick has worn its way through a deep ravine, where the rocks rise almost perpendicularly, covered with furze, and overhung with copsewood, presenting rather a wild scene; but, otherwise, there is little interesting in this river, until after it has received the Yarrow.

For our parts, never shall we forget the day when we made our happy excursion, from Selkirk, to trace this classical and musical stream to its source. We shall not stop at present to notice the delight we enjoyed in our drive up the vale of the Yarrow, for, as our custom is, in following out our present plan, to trace those tributary and other streams downwards, we shall begin by noting our sensations on reaching the lone St. Mary's Loch and the Loch of the Lowes. We have been great wanderers in our day, and we have looked upon scenes as lonely, accompanied by all the savage accessories of Alpine scenery, peaked mountains, precipitous cliffs, valleys encumbered by gigantic fragments of rock, and altogether devoid of verdure, roaring cataracts and thundering streams, and dark and hardly fathomable lakes, that silently reflected the beetling cliffs and the shred of sky that hung over them; but never before, at so high an elevation, did we meet with so perfect an emblem of simple and unadorned beauty, silently sleeping in the lap of Nature. A crystalline sheet of water poured out to so great an extent, amidst pastoral and comparatively green hills, and not the trace of a dwelling to remind us that there might be other human beings there as well as ourselves. How perfectly descriptive of the peacefulness of this lovely scene are these two simple lines of Wordsworth:—

"The swan on sweet St. Mary's Lake
Floats double, swan and shadow."

The river itself rises from the hills which form the boundary of Dumfries-shire; and finding its way into the upper and smaller lake called the Loch of the Lowes, it speedily passes from it into the upper part of St. Mary's Loch, which is seven and a half miles in circumference, its greatest depth being about thirty fathoms. The Meggat water, which comes in from the left as a tributary to St. Mary's Lake, is a stream of considerable importance. We may as well proceed at once to notice the angling which is afforded by this neighbourhood. We find that Mr. Stoddart says that the Yarrow, "as an angling stream, is of good repute, and contains nice trout, weighing from one and a half pound downwards. Near the loch the average is about half a pound, and I have frequently taken two or three dozen of that weight. The woodcock wing and mouse fur body form a favourite fly. Minnow, also, during summer is highly attractive in some of the streams. In Douglass burn are numbers of small trout. St. Mary's Loch is well stocked with trout averaging half a pound. I have often, however, killed them a great deal heavier, and recollect, on the Bourhope side, encreeling a yellow trout that measured nearly twenty inches in length. Such an occurrence, however, is extremely rare. Besides trout, St. Mary's Loch contains pike and perch; the former, of late years, are much on the increase, whereas in the Loch of the Lowes, which is connected with it by a stream not fifty yards in length, they are manifestly falling off in numbers. About sixteen years ago, when I first angled in these lochs, the upper one contained no trout whatsoever, and the under one, if any, few pike.. Now, the upper one, on the south side, has abundance of trout, and these better in quality than what are met with in the Lower Lake. In an edible point of view, the pike of the above lochs are very superior to the fish of this description generally met with, and attain to a great size. I recollect killing one that weighed nineteen pounds. My implement was a small trouting-rod, and when I brought the fish to bank, there was only a strand composed of three horse hairs left near the hook to support him, the other

two strands of the winch line having given way. Discharging themselves into these lochs, are several streams, the largest of which is the Meggat water—an excellent summer trouting river, where I have caught fish upwards of two pounds in weight. At the foot of the Meggat, close to where it enters St. Mary's Loch, I recollect, on the occasion of a flood, killing with the fly three panniers full of trout, each containing a stone weight and upwards, in the course of a day. These were all taken out of a space of water not exceeding half a mile. Another large capture made by me on this stream took place while in company with the Ettrick Shepherd, and the creelfuls we respectively emptied out on arriving at Henderland (we had fished down during a small flood from the head of Winterhope burn, a course of four or five miles), would have astonished even a Tweedside adept. The Chapelhope burns and Corsecleugh, which enter the Loch of the Lowes, also contain numerous trout. There are plenty of perch in the upper lake, and the lower one is occasionally visited by salmon and bull-trout. I have caught both of these fish with loch flies from the margin, but never met with one in an edible condition." We carried fishing rods and tackle with us, and had determined to devote at least an hour or two to serious angling, but the beauty and novelty of the scenery made us quite unfit to do anything of the sort, or, in short, to do anything but enjoy Nature. We must mention, however, that, notwithstanding appearances, there is one solitary house, which stands between the two lakes, where a brother of the angle may find comfortable quarters. It is not an inn, but a cottage, inhabited by Mrs. Richardson, who is always willing to extend her hospitality to anglers, and to do all in her power to make them comfortable. And, O! what a place to spend some quiet days, in the full enjoyment of solitary thought; and with what feeling does Sir Walter Scott allude to this:—

"Oft in my mind such thoughts awake,
By lone Saint Mary's silent lake;
Thou know'st it well—nor fen, nor sedge
Pollute the pure lake's crystal edge;
Abrupt and sheer the mountains sink
At once upon the level brink;
And just a trace of silver sand
Marks where the water meets the land.
Far in the mirror bright and blue,
Each hill's huge outline you may view;
Shaggy with heath, but lonely bare,
Nor tree, nor bush, nor brake is there,
Save where, of land, you slender line
Bears thwart the lake the scattered pine.
Yet even this nakedness has power,
And aids the feeling of the hour;
Nor thicket, dell, nor copse you spy,
Where living thing concealed might lie;
Nor point, retiring, hides a dell,
Where swain or woodman lone might dwell.
There's nothing left to Fancy's guess,
You see that all is loneliness;
And silence aids—though the steep hills
Send to the lake a thousand rills;
In summer tide, so soft they weep,
The sound but lulls the ear asleep;
Your horse's hoof-tread sound's too rude,
So stilly is the solitude.
Nought living meets the eye or ear,
But well I ween the dead are near;
For though, in feudal strife, a foe
Hath laid Our Lady's Chapel low,
Yet still beneath the hallowed soil,
The peasant rests him from his toil,
And dying bids his bones be laid
Where erst his simple fathers pray'd."

Again, to indulge our fancy in recalling that which we consider to be the wild and romantic state of this country, let us imagine the forest stretching itself over every part of this scene—let us have the wild swans sweeping in graceful evolutions over the surface of the lake, and occasionally drooping in their flight, in order to skim more closely over its transparent bosom—let us have the much venerated Chapel of St. Mary, which stood on its eastern side, as entire as it was previous to its destruction by the Clan Scott, in their feud with the Cranstons—let us have in it its holy clerks and their assistants, the ruins of whose dwellings are still discernible—let us have the restoration of those Peel Towers of which the vestiges of one or two of some importance still remain, especially that of Dryhope, near the lower extremity of the lake—and let us have their inmates produced before us as they were, and full of strange and strongly-agitating passions—let us have the urus, the great palmated stag, and the red deer restored—and let us, for a spice of terror, have the wolf, the mountain boar, and other such animals, added to our objects of interest—and then let us set poets, artists, and fiction-mongers to work upon the bill of fare we have provided for them, to write or paint as they best can. The names of Ox-cleuch, Deer-law, Hart-leap, Hyndhope, Fawn-burn, Wolf-cleuch, Brock-hill, Swine-brae, Cat-slack, &c., which still exist, many of them belonging to different places, are sufficient to prove how universally these animals inhabited the forest.

We have already noticed that the Meggat Water, coming in from the left, yields a large contribution to St. Mary's Lake. On its banks are the vestiges of the castle of Henderland, which, with the surrounding estate, is the property of our much valued friend, William Murray, Esq., of Henderland. A mountain torrent, called Henderland Burn, rushes impetuously from the hills, through a rocky chasm called the Dow-glen, and passes near the site of the tower. This tower was once the stronghold of a famous freebooter called Cockburne of Henderland, and the position, besides being apparently unapproachable by the strong hand of legal power, must have been peculiarly favourable for making inroads into the cultivated districts, both to the south and the north. We have recently had occasion to notice the summary manner in which James V., in his progress through the Borders, dealt with Adam Scott of Tushielaw. The king remained only to satisfy himself that he had seen the last dying struggle of that worthy, when he took a path over the mountains which separate the vale of Ettrick from the head of Yarrow, which has ever since borne the name of "King's Road." The monarch arrived so suddenly at Henderland, that he surprised Cockburne sitting at dinner, and without one moment's delay, he ordered him to be

taken out and hanged before his own door. Filled with horror, his wife fled to a place still called the Lady's Seat, where the roar of the foaming cataract might drown the tumultuous noise, which attended the execution of her beloved husband. The following old ballad given in the Border minstrelsy, is said to be her "Lament:"

"My love he built me a bonny bower,
And clad it a' wi' lylie flower,
A brawer bower ye ne'er did see,
Than my true love he built for me.

"There came a man, by middle day,
He spied his sport, and went away;
And brought the king that very night,
Who brake my bower, and slew my knight.

"He slew my knight, to me so dear;
He slew my knight, and poined his gear;
My servants all for life did flee,
And left me in extremitie.

"I sewed his sheet, making my mane;
I watched the corpse, myself alane;
I watched his body, night and day;
No living creature came that way.

"I took his body on my back,
And whiles I gaed, and whiles I sat;
I digged a grave and laid him in,
And happed him with the sod sae green.

"But think na' ye my heart was sair,
When I laid the moul' on his yellow hair;
O think na' ye my heart was wae,
When I turned about, awa' to gae?

"Nae living man I'll love again,
Since that my lovely knight is slain;
Wi' ae lock of his yellow hair
I'll chain my heart for ever mair."

The monument of this unfortunate knight and his lady, consisting of a large stone broken into three parts, still lies in the deserted burial-place that surrounded the chapel of the castle, with this inscription on it—"Here lyes Perys of Cokburne and his Wyfe Marjory."

Near to the point where the Kirkstead Burn joins the lower end of the lake are the ruins of Dryhope Tower, celebrated as the birth-place of Mary Scott, daughter of Philip Scott, of Dryhope. She was rendered famous by the traditional name of the Flower of Yarrow. She was married to Walter Scott of Harden, who was as renowned for his exploits as a bold Border-rider, as she was for her beauty. We know not whether the well-known ballad should be considered as dedicated to her, or to some subsequent Flower of Yarrow, for we believe that there were others, after her time. We certainly can hardly conceive the rough, moss-trooping Harden dissolving into such verses as these:—

"Happy's the love which meets return,
When in soft flame souls equal burn,
But words are wanting to discover,
The torments of a hopeless lover.
Ye registers of Heaven relate,
Whilst noting o'er the rolls of fate,
Did you there see me marked to marrow
Mary Scott the Flower of Yarrow?"

And believing, as we do, that the verses are the production of a more modern and less romantic age, we shall spare our readers from the infliction of any more of them; whilst, at the same time, we give them the assurance, from our own experience, that they pass very well when sung to the simple melody to which they belong, which possesses the true character of border music.

Douglass, or the Dhu Glass, the black and grey water, is the next tributary of consequence. It descends from the left, from the Blackhouse Heights, which rise 2,370 feet above the sea, and it joins the Yarrow immediately after passing a craggy rock, called the Douglass Craig. The remains of the ancient tower of Blackhouse, stand in this wild and solitary glen. The building appears to have been square, with a circular turret at one angle for carrying up the staircase, and flanking the entrance. From this ancient tower, Lady Margaret Douglass was carried off by her lover, which gave rise to that sad, but well-authenticated, legend which is told in the ballad called, "The Douglas Tragedy."

"'Rise up, rise up, now Lord Douglas,' she says,
'And put on your armour so bright,
Let it never be said that a daughter of thine
Was married to a Lord under night.

"'Rise up, rise up, my seven bold sons,
And put on your armour so bright,
And take better care of your younger sister,
For your eldest's awa' the last night.'

"He's mounted her on a milk-white steed,
And himself on a dapple grey,
With a bugelet horn hung down by his side,
And lightly they rode away.

"Lord William looket o'er his left shoulder,
To see what he could see,
And there he spyed her seven brethren bold,
Come riding o'er the lee.

"'Light down, light down, Lady Marg'ret,' he said,
'And hold my steed in your hand,
Until that against your seven brethren bold,
And your Father, I make a stand.'

"She held his steed in her milk-white hand,
And never shed one tear,
Until that she saw her seven brethern fa',
And her father hard fighting, who loved her so dear.

"'Oh, hold your hand, Lord William!' she said,
'For your strokes they are wondrous sair;
True lovers I can get mony a ane,
But a father I can never get mair.'

"O, she's ta'en out her handkerchief,
It was o' the Holland sae fine,
And aye she dighted her father's bloody wounds,
That were redder than the wine.

"'O chuse, O chuse, Lady Marg'ret,' he said,
'O whether will ye gang or bide?'
'I'll gang, I'll gang, Lord William,' she said,
'For you have left me no other guide.'

"He's lifted her on a milk-white steed,
And himself on a dapple grey,
With a bugelet-horn hung down by his side,
And slowly they baith rode away.

"O they rode on, and on they rade,
And a' by the light of the moon,
Until they came to yon wan water,
And there they lighted down.

"They lighted down to tak' a drink
Of the spring that ran sae clear;
And down the stream ran his gude heart's blood,
And sair she 'gan to fear.

"'Hold up, hold up, Lord William,' she says,
For I fear that you are slain!'
'Tis naething but shadow of my scarlet cloak,
That shines in the water sae plain.'

"O they rode on, and on they rode,
And a' by the light of the moon,
Until they cam' to his mother's ha' door,
And there they lighted down.

"'Get up, get up, lady mother,' he says,
'Get up and let me in!
Get up, get up, lady mother,' he says,
'For this night my fair lady I've win.

"'O mak' my bed, lady mother,' he says,
'O mak' it braid and deep!
And lay Lady Marg'ret close at my back,
And the sounder I will sleep.'

"Lord William was dead long ere midnight,
Lady Marg'ret long ere day—
And all true lovers that gang thegither,
May they have mair luck than they.

"Lord William was buried in St. Marie's kirk,
Lady Marg'ret in Marie's quire,
Out o' the lady's grave grew a bonny red rose,
And out o' the knight's a brier.

"And they twa met, and they twa plat,
And fain they wad be near,
And a' the warld might ken right weel,
They were twa lovers dear.

"But bye and rade the Black Douglas,
And wow but he was rough!
For he pulled up the bonny brier,
And flang't in St. Marie's loch."

Seven large stones, erected on the neighbouring heights of Blackhouse, mark the spot where the seven brethren were slain, and the Douglas burn is said to be the stream at which the lovers stopped to drink.

Opposite to the Douglas water, that of Altrive comes in from the right. Here it was that James Hogg, the Ettrick Shepherd, had his small farm, which, we believe, his Grace the Duke of Buccleuch generously gave him rent-free, and here he accordingly lived until his death. Nothing can be more retired, or thoroughly pastoral-looking, than the country around the kirk, manse, and bridge of Yarrow, and it is impossible for a stranger, who may be in the habit of exercising his reflective powers as he journeys along, to pass by this simple House of God, humbly reared, as it is, among these extensive wilds, without feeling how calm, and pure, and uncontaminated with worldly thought and the bustle of busy life, must be—or, at least, ought to be—the worship that is likely to arise from beneath its grey roof. This is, indeed, a peaceful scene now; but, from various appearances, as well as traditions, this particular neighbourhood would seem to have frequently witnessed bloody and fatal feuds. It must be a charming place of temporary sojourn for the angler, for we took occasion to lean over the bridge, and narrowly to inspect the river running under it, when we discovered many fine trouts, and some of them of a very large size. The new statistical account says, that "salmon, grilse, whitling, trout, eels, par, minnows, barbels, and sticklebacks, tenant the rivers." But we suspect that few clean salmon or grilses get as high as this, in such condition as to afford good sport to the angler, or good food to man. It is remarkable that lampreys used to come up here to spawn, and, if we do not mistake, we ourselves saw several sticking to the stones, near the bridge, like floating pieces of tangle.

It would seem that two sanguinary and fatal combats took place hereabouts, in ancient times, and it appears to be very difficult to determine, to which of the two the old ballad, called the "Dowie Dens of Yarrow," was, in reality, dedicated. A certain knight, of the name of Scott, who was probably John, sixth son of the laird of Harden, who resided at Kirkhope, or Oakwood Castle, was murdered hereabouts by his kinsmen, the Scotts of Gilman's-cleuch. Again, in a spot called Annan's Treat, a huge monumental stone, with an eligible inscription, was discovered, which is supposed to record the event of a combat, in which the male ancestor of the present Lord Napier was slain. And then two tall unhewn stones are erected on Annan's Treat, about eighty yards distant from each other, which the smallest child tending a cow will tell you, mark the spot where lie the twa Lords, who were slain in single fight. Scott tells us, that "Tradition affirms, that, be the hero of the song whom he may, he was murdered by the brother, either of his wife, or betrothed bride. The alleged cause of malice was the lady's father having proposed to endow her with the half of his property, upon her marriage with a warrior of such renown. The name of the murderer is said to have been Annan, and the place of the combat is still called Annan's Treat."

"Late at e'en, drinking the wine.
And ere they paid the lawing,
They set a combat them between,
To fight it in the dawing.

"'Oh stay at hame, my noble lord,
Oh stay at hame, my marrow!
My cruel brother will you betray,
On the dowie houms of Yarrow.'

"'Oh fare ye weel, my ladye gaye!
Oh fare ye weel, my Sarah!
For I maun gae, though I ne'er return,
Frae the dowie banks of Yarrow.'

"She kissed his cheek, she kaimed his hair,
As oft she had done before, O;
She belted him with his noble brand,
And he's away to Yarrow.

"As he gaed up the Tinnis bank,
I wot he gaed wi' sorrow,
Till down in a den, he spied nine armed men,
On the dowie houms of Yarrow.

"'Oh come ye here to part your land,
The bonny forest thorough?
Or come ye here to wield your brand,
On the dowie houms of Yarrow?'

"'I come not here to part my land,
And neither to beg nor borrow;
I come to wield my noble brand,
On the bonny banks of Yarrow.

"'If I see all, ye're nine to ane;
And that's an unequal marrow;
Yet will I fight while lasts my brand.
On the bonny banks of Yarrow.'

"Four has he hurt, and five has slain,
On the bloody braes of Yarrow,
Till that stubborn knight came him behind,
And run his body thorough.

"'Gae hame, gae hame, good-brother John,
And tell your sister, Sarah,
To come and lift her leafu' lord;
He's sleeping sound on Yarrow.'

"'Yestreen, I dreamed a doleful dream,
I fear there will be sorrow;
I dreamed I pou'd the heather green,
Wi' my true love, on Yarrow.

"'O gentle wind, that bloweth south,
From where my love repaireth,

Convey a kiss from his dear mouth,
And tell me how he fareth!

"'But in the glen strive armed men;
They've wrought me dole and sorrow;
They've slain—the comliest knight they've slain—
He bleeding lies on Yarrow.'

"As she sped down yon high, high hill,
She gaed wi' dole and sorrow,
And in the den, spied ten slain men,
On the dowie banks of Yarrow.

"She kissed his cheek, she kaimed his hair,
She searched his wounds all thorough;
She kissed them till her lips grew red,
On the dowie houms of Yarrow.

"'Now, haud your tongue, my daughter, dear!
For a' this breeds but sorrow;
I'll wed ye to a better lord
Than him ye lost on Yarrow.'

"'O haud your tongue, my father, dear!
Ye mind me but of sorrow;
A fairer rose did never bloom,
Than now lies cropped on Yarrow.'"

As we proceed downwards from the Dowie Houms of Yarrow, the banks of the river contract, and the scenery becomes more picturesque, and nothing can be more romantic than the old place of Hangingshaw, for ages the property of that ancient family the Murrays of Philiphaugh, but now belonging to Mr. Johnstone of Alva. The castle, which stood on a commanding terrace, about half-way up the hill on the left bank of the river, was unfortunately burned by accident about seventy years ago, when Miss Murray of Philiphaugh, sister of the present laird, the lady who was afterwards mother of the present Sir John Murray Nasmyth, of Posso, was saved from the flames as a child, by being extricated through a small window. Nothing now remains of the ruins but a few feet of the wall and some outhouses. There was great grief in the country in consequence of this misfortune, as the proprietor and his family were much beloved for their many virtues—virtues which have not been lost in the person of his present representative, the brother of Lady Nasmyth, whom we have had for some years the advantage of knowing and respecting, as one of the most honourable, upright, and straightforward gentlemen with whom we have ever been acquainted. This was certainly the building which is so pointedly noticed in the old ballad of the "Song of the Outlaw Murray," who was an ancestor of the present family. The ballad itself is too long for entire quotation, but thus it begins:—

"Ettricke Foreste is a fair foreste,
In it grows manie a semelie trie;
There's hart, and hynd, and dae, and rae,
And of a' wild bestis grete plentie.
There's a fair castelle, biggit wi' lyme and stane,
O! gin it stands not pleasauntlie!
In the fore front o' that castelle fair,
Twa unicorns are bra' to see;
There's the picture of a knight, and a ladye bright,
An' the grene hollin abune their brie."

Scott tells us that Mr. Plummer, the sheriff-depute of Selkirkshire, had assured him, that he well remembered the insignia of the unicorns existing on the old Tower of Hangingshaw.

"There an outlaw keepis five hundred men;
He keepis a royalle cumpanie!
His merryemen are a' in ae liverye clad,
O' the Lincone grene say gae to see;
He and his ladye in purple clad,
O! gin they lived not royallie!"

This bold and gallant knight was in no other respect an outlaw than this, that he thought he had reason to believe himself as much king of the surrounding forest, which he won by his sword from the Southrons, as the King, James V., who, we think, then reigned, believed himself to be king of Scotland. Nothing in the ballad would lead us to imagine that Murray abused his power by acting the tyrant within that which he held to be his own natural jurisdiction. The ballad is very interesting, and the whole story of it may be told in two words. A report reaches the king, informing him of the princely and independent life which Murray leads. The king resolves to bring him under his dominion, and marches with a strong force to bring him to reason.

"The king was coming through Cadon Ford,
And full five thousand men was he,
They saw the derke foreste them before,
They thought it awsome for to see."

But the king, unwilling to proceed to extremities with a knight who appears to have been of noble and gallant courage and character, expresses a desire to treat, and at last, after much negotiation, he grants such terms, at Murray's request, that he cannot refuse to accept of them, and so he at once becomes a faithful and powerful vassal of the crown.

"'Thir landis of Ettricke Foreste fair,
I wan them from the enemie;
Like as I wan them, sae will I keep them,
Contrair a' kingis in Christentie.'

"All the nobilis the king about,
Said pity it were to see him dee—
'Yet grant me mercie, sovereign prince,
Extend your favour unto me.

"'I'll give the keys of my castell,
Wi' the blessing o' my gay ladye,
Gin thou'lt make me sheriffe of this foreste,
And a' my offspring after me.'

"'Wilt thou give me the keys of thy castell,
Wi' the blessing of thy gaye ladye?
I'll make thee sheriffe of Ettricke Foreste,
Surely while upward grows the tree;
If you do not traitour to the king,
Forfaulted sall thou nevir be.'"

Murray, with great honour to himself, then proceeds to make terms for the safety of all his allies and followers, and these being all generously settled by the king to his new vassal's satisfaction, that which had threatened to have produced a most sanguinary conflict was happily and peacefully terminated without a drop of blood being shed.

We never can forget that delicious day of idleness which we spent amidst the shades of Hangingshaw. The umbrage of the timber is magnificent, and what we most rejoiced in were the rows of grand old yew trees, which are such as are rarely to be met with. The scene is altogether a woodland one, and it exhibits the remains of symmetrical gardening, run, by neglect, into wildness. How we wished to have been able to have reared up the old house again, as if with

the wand of a magician, even if the consequence had been that we should have been compelled to drink off the famous "Hangingshaw Ladle" full of that potent ale which, whilst the ancient family flourished here, always stood on tap to slake the thirst of all comers whatsoever.

Passing the modern place of Broadmeadows the situation of which, on the left bank, is very charming, we come next to Newark Castle, on the right bank—perhaps the most interesting object on the whole stream of the Yarrow, whether we consider its picturesque effect, its romantic situation, or the many interesting associations that are connected with it. Its name of Newark seems to have been given to it to distinguish it from a much more ancient castle which once stood somewhere in this neighbourhood, called Auld Wark, which is said to have been founded by Alexander III. Both were originally designed for the residence of the sovereign when he went to hunt in Ettrick Forest. It seems to have been held by the celebrated outlaw Murray, and to have at that time formed part of the property regarding which he negotiated with James V. In later times it was granted to the family of Buccleuch, who made it an occasional residence for more than a century. Here, it is said, that the Duchess of Monmouth and Buccleuch was brought up, and it was probably for this reason that Sir Walter Scott chose to adopt it as the scene in which the old harper is made to chaunt the "Lay of the Last Minstrel" for her amusement.

"He passed where Newark's stately tower
Looks out from Yarrow's birchen bower:
The minstrel gazed with wishful eye,
No humbler resting place was nigh.
With hesitating step at last,
The embattled portal-arch he passed,
Whose pondrous grate, and massy bar
Had oft rolled back the tide of war;
But never closed the iron door
Against the desolate and poor.
The Duchess marked his weary pace,
His timid mien and reverend face,
And bade her page the menials tell,
That they should tend the old man well;
For she had known adversity,
Though born in such a high degree;
In pride of power, in beauty's bloom,
Had wept o'er Monmouth's bloody tomb."

A horrible association is attached to the courtyard of this castle, for here it is said that General Leslie, the conqueror at Philiphaugh, did summary military execution on some of the prisoners taken there, and we do not shudder the less at this cruelty, that we happen to have his blood in our veins.

On the opposite bank of the river stands an humble cottage, nestled among the wood; but lively and unpretending as its roof may be, it may well claim to be noticed among the proudest of the objects of which this highly favoured Yarrow can boast. Here it was that the justly celebrated and enterprising Mungo Park first saw the light. The name of the farm is Fowlshiels.

We know of few rivers, either in the Highlands or Lowlands, which afford more beautiful rocky scenery than the Yarrow does here. Its steep banks are fringed with the most elegant, free-growing, natural oaks, and overgrown with the richest herbage of plants that artist could desire, whilst the stream itself rushes fiercely and precipitously along, boiling, eddying, and sparkling among the rocks and stones, producing the utmost animation and variety. A walk conducts along the right bank, and the whole forms a part of the grounds of his Grace the Duke of Buccleuch's hunting seat of Bowhill, which, with its extensive plantations, may be said to fill the whole space lying within the point of junction of the Ettrick and Yarrow.

A little way below Newark, but on the left bank of the river, is the Harehead wood, where Mr. Murray, of Philiphaugh, has built himself a very pretty residence. And still lower down than this, lies the extensive battle-plain of Philiphaugh, opposite to the town of Selkirk. Before crossing to Selkirk we shall hastily touch on some of the circumstances connected with the battle. It appears to be most strange that Leslie could have advanced with his small army by so long and circuitous a route towards Philiphaugh without Montrose, who was living in Selkirk, having been made aware of it. But the fact is, the Marquis was so hated by the people about here, that no information was allowed to reach him. On the other hand, every one seems to have been ready to assist Leslie, and certain willing and faithful guides whom he fell in with, conducted a portion of his small force, round by a circuitous path, in such a way as to place it directly in rear of the Royal army. The surprise was sudden and fatal, and Montrose himself was so little prepared for it, that he had hardly time to reach the field of battle, so as to participate in the defeat. We have seen a curious silver locket, found on the field of Philiphaugh, and now in the possession of Mr. Graham of Lynedoch. It is heart-shaped—on one side there is carved a long straight heavy sword, and below it a winged heart, showing probably that it belonged to a Douglas—on the other side is a heart pierced through with darts, with the motto, "I live and dye for loyaltye." On opening it, there is engraven on the inside of the lid, "I mourne for Monarchie," and the locket contains a most beautiful minute *alto-relievo* likeness of Montrose.

Now let us sing—

"Up wi' the sutors o' Selkirk."

for honester or *baulder* fellows are nowhere to be found. We, for our part, shall never forget the circumstance of our being invited by them to a large meeting, which was got up expressly in our honour, and where we had the satisfaction of being listened to with great attention by them and the good and true men of Galashiels, who likewise appeared there, whilst we unfolded to them some of our liberal doctrines. These were the descendants of those brave men who marched to Flodden, and perished in that fatal field. That exquisitely beautiful song, the "Flowers of the Forest," as it is now known, was composed by a lady in Roxburghshire many years ago, to the ancient tune of the old ballad, the words of which are now almost en-

tirely lost. The first and last lines of the first stanza of the existing verses are part of the old ballad.

"I've heard them lilting, at the ewe milking,
Lasses a' lilting, before dawn of day;
But now they are moaning on ilka green loaning;
The flowers of the forest are a' wede away."

Close to Selkirk is one of the most lovely and unique spots which is anywhere to be found—we mean "The Haining." We never shall forget the wonderful effect of this scene when we were first introduced to it as a juvenile angler. It appeared to us rather like some dream of the fancy than anything real. And, alas! we cannot, without deep grief, recal our last visit to this spot of fairy-land, which took place a short time previous to the death of our friend, Mr. Pringle, of Clifton, the late proprietor. The house, of large size and, in some respects, somewhat Italian in its style, is found standing on a long architectural terrace, hanging over one of the most beautiful and peaceful-looking lakes that ever was seen. The banks of the lake, as they recede from the eye into the deer-park, are lawny, and charmingly wooded. The terrace is ornamented with fine statues, and, in short, the *tout ensemble* is like a scene freshly imported from Italy. And at the time we last saw it, as already alluded to, it was, indeed, altogether Italian; for the heat was so intense that we could not exist in the house, and, accordingly, our evenings were spent sitting listlessly on the terrace, watching the gamekeepers fishing from the boats with their nets, and in the enjoyment of the lovely scene and balmy air, and occasionally puffing a cigar, or imbibing a refreshing draught of hock and soda-water. Alas! our amiable and kind host is now no more!

Below Selkirk, the valley of the Ettrick widens, and the river presents few objects of interest until its junction with the Tweed, which we have already had occasion to notice, takes place immediately below Sunderland Hall.

SECRET SOCIETIES.

BY THOMAS DE QUINCEY.

At a very early age commenced my own interest in the mystery that surrounds secret societies; the mystery being often double—1. *What* they do; and 2. What they do it *for*. Except as to the premature growth of this interest, there was nothing surprising in *that*. For everybody that is by nature meditative must regard, with a feeling higher than any vulgar curiosity, small fraternities of men forming themselves as separate and inner vortices within the great vortex of society, communicating silently in broad daylight by signals not even seen, but if seen, not understood except among themselves, and connected by the link either of purposes not safe to be avowed, or by the grander link of awful truths which, merely to shelter themselves from the hostility of an age unprepared for their reception, must retire, perhaps for generations, behind thick curtains of secrecy. To be hidden amidst crowds is sublime—to come down hidden amongst crowds from distant generations, is doubly sublime.

The first incident in my own childish experience that threw my attention upon the possibility of such dark associations, was the Abbé Barruel's book, soon followed by a similar book of Professor Robison's, in demonstration of a regular conspiracy throughout Europe for exterminating Christianity. This I did not read, but I heard it read and frequently discussed. I had already Latin enough to know that *cancer* meant a crab, and that the disease so appalling to a child's imagination, which in English we call a cancer, as soon as it has passed beyond the state of an indolent schirrous tumour, drew its name from the horrid claws, or spurs, or roots, by which it connected itself with distant points, running underground, as it were, baffling detection, and defying radical extirpation. What I heard read aloud from the Abbé gave that dreadful cancerous character to the plot against Christianity. This plot, by the Abbé's account, stretched its horrid fangs, and threw out its forerunning feelers and *tentacles* into many nations, and more than one century. *That* perplexed me, though also fascinating me by its grandeur. How men, living in distant periods and distant places—men that did not know each other, nay, often had not even heard of each other, nor spoke the same languages—could yet be parties to the same treason against a mighty religion towering to the highest heavens, puzzled my comprehension. Then, also, when wickedness was so easy, *why* did they take all this trouble to be wicked? The *how* and the *why* were alike mysterious to me. Yet the Abbé, everybody said, was a good man; incapable of telling falsehoods, or of countenancing falsehoods; and, indeed, to say *that* was superfluous as regarded myself; for every man that wrote a book was in my eyes an essentially good man, being a revealer of hidden truth. Things in MS. might be doubtful, but things printed were unavoidably and profoundly true. So that if I questioned and demurred as hotly as an infidel would have done, it never was that by the slightest shade I had become tainted with the infirmity of scepticism. On the contrary, I believed everybody as well as every*thing*. And, indeed, the very starting-point of my too importunate questions was exactly that incapacity of scepticism—not any lurking jealousy that even part might be false, but confidence too absolute that the whole must be true; since the more undeniably a thing was certain, the more clamorously I called upon people to make it intelligible. Other people,

when they could not comprehend a thing, had often a resource in saying, "But, after all, perhaps it's a lie." *I* had no such resource. A lie was impossible in a man that descended upon earth in the awful shape of four volumes octavo. Such a great man as *that* was an oracle for me, far beyond Dodona or Delphi. The same thing occurs in another form to everybody. Often (you know)—alas! *too* often—one's dear friend talks something, which one scruples to call "rigmarole," but which, for the life of one (it becomes necessary to whisper), cannot be comprehended. Well, after puzzling over it for two hours, you say, "Come, that's enough; two hours is as much time as I can spare in one life for one unintelligibility." And then you proceed, in the most tranquil frame of mind, to take coffee as if nothing had happened. The thing does not haunt your sleep; for you say, "My dear friend, after all, was perhaps unintentionally talking nonsense." But how if the thing that puzzles you happens to be a phenomenon in the sky or the clouds—something said by Nature? Nature never talks nonsense. There's no getting rid of the thing in that way. You can't call *that* "rigmarole." As to your dear friend, you were sceptical; and the consequence was, that you were able to be tranquil. There was a valve in reserve, by which your perplexity could escape. But as to Nature, you have no scepticism at all; you believe in *her* to a most bigoted extent; you believe every word she says. And that very belief is the cause that you are disturbed daily by something which you cannot understand. Being true, the thing ought to be intelligible. And exactly because it is *not*—exactly because this horrid unintelligibility is denied the comfort of doubt—therefore it is that you are so unhappy. If you could once make up your mind to doubt and to think, "Oh, as to Nature, I don't believe one word in ten that she says," then and there you would become as tranquil as when your dearest friend talks nonsense. My purpose, as regarded Baruel, was not tentative, as if presumptuously trying whether I should like to swallow a thing, with an *arrière pensée* that, if not palatable, I might reject it, but simply the preparatory process of a boa-constrictor lubricating the substance offered, whatever it might be, towards its readier deglutition; that result, whether easy or not easy, being one that followed at any rate.

The person, who chiefly introduced me to Baruel, was a lady, a stern lady, and austere, not only in her manners, which made most people dislike her, but also in the character of her understanding and morals—an advantage which made most people afraid of her. Me, however, she treated with unusual indulgence, chiefly, I believe, because I kept her intellectuals in a state of exercise, nearly amounting to persecution. She was just five times my age when our warfare of disputation commenced, I being seven, she thirty-five; and she was not quite four times my age when our warfare terminated by sudden separation, I being then ten, and she thirty-eight.—This change, by the way, in the multiple that expressed her chronological relations to myself, used greatly to puzzle me; because, as the interval between us had diminished, within the memory of man, so rapidly, that, from being five times younger, I found myself less than four times younger, the natural inference seemed to be, that, in a few years, I should not be younger at all, but might come to be the older of the two; in which case, I should certainly have "taken my change" out of the airs she continually gave herself on the score of "experience." That decisive word "experience" was, indeed, always a sure sign to me that I had the better of the argument, and that it had become necessary, therefore, suddenly to pull me up in the career of victory by a violent exertion of authority; as a knight of old, at the very moment when he would else have unhorsed his opponent, was often frozen into unjust inactivity by the king's arbitrary signal for parting the tilters. It was, however, only when very hard pressed that my fair antagonist took this *not* fair advantage in our daily tournaments. Generally, and if I showed any moderation in the assault, she was rather pleased with the sharp rattle of my rolling musketry. Objections she rather liked, and questions, as many as one pleased upon the *pourquoi*, if one did not go on to *le pourquoi du pourquoi*. *That*, she said, was carrying things too far: excess in anything she disapproved. Now, *there* I differed from her: excess was the thing I doated on. The fun seemed to me only beginning, when she asserted that it had already "over-stepped the limits of propriety." Ha! those limits, I thought, were soon reached.

But, however much or often I might vault over the limits of propriety, or might seem to challenge both *her* and the Abbé—all this was but anxiety to reconcile my own secret belief in the Abbé, with the arguments for not believing; it was but the form assumed by my earnest desire to see *how* the learned gentleman could be right, whom my intense faith certified beyond all doubt to *be* so, and whom, equally, my perverse logical recusancy whispered to be continually in the wrong. I wished to see my own rebellious arguments, which I really sorrowed over and bemoaned, knocked down like ninepins; shown to be softer than cotton, frailer than glass, and utterly worthless in the eye of reason. All this, indeed, the stern lady assured me that she *had* shown over and over again. Well, it might be so; and to this, at any rate, as a decree of court, I saw a worldly prudence in submitting. But, probably, I must have looked rather grim, and have wished devoutly for one fair turn-up, on Salisbury plain, with herself and the Abbé, in which case my heart told me how earnestly I should pray that they might for ever floor *me*, but how melancholy a conviction oppressed my spirits that my destiny was to floor *them*. Victorious, I should find my belief and my understanding in painful schism: beaten and demolished, I should find my whole nature in harmony with itself.

The mysteriousness to me of men becoming partners (and by no means sleeping partners) in

a society of which they had never heard; or, again, of one fellow standing at the beginning of a century, and stretching out his hand as an accomplice towards another fellow standing at the end of it, without either having known of the other's existence—all *that* did but sharpen the interest of wonder that gathered about the general economy of secret societies. Tertullian's profession of believing things, not *in spite* of being impossible, but *because* they were impossible, is not the extravagance that most people suppose it. There is a deep truth in it. Many are the things which, in proportion as they attract the *highest* modes of belief, discover a tendency to repel belief on that part of the scale which is governed by the lower understanding. And here, as so often elsewhere, the axiom, with respect to extremes meeting, manifests its subtle presence. The highest form of the incredible, is sometimes the initial form of the credible. But the point on which our irreconcilability was greatest, respected the *cui bono* of this alleged conspiracy. What were the conspirators to gain by success? and nobody pretended that they could gain anything by failure. The lady replied—that, by obliterating the light of Christianity, they prepared the readiest opening for the unlimited gratification of their odious appetites and passions. But to this the retort was too obvious to escape anybody, and for me it threw itself into the form of that pleasant story, reported from the life of Pyrrhus the Epirot—viz., that one day, upon a friend requesting to know what ulterior purpose the king might mask under his expedition to Sicily, "why, after *that* is finished," replied the king, "I mean to administer a little correction (very much wanted) to certain parts of Italy, and particularly to that nest of rascals in Latium." "And then—" said the friend: "and then," said Pyrrhus, "next we go for Macedon; and, after that job's jobbed, next, of course, for Greece." "Which done," said the friend: "which done," interrupted the king, "as done it shall be, then we're off to tickle the Egyptians." "Whom having tickled," pursued the friend, "then we" —"tickle the Persians," said the king. "But after that is done," urged the obstinate friend, "whither next?" "Why, really man, it's hard to say; you give one no time to breathe; but we'll consider the case in Persia, and, until we've settled it, we can crown ourselves with roses, and pass the time pleasantly enough over the best wine to be found in Ecbatana." "That's a very just idea," replied the friend; "but, with submission, it strikes me that we might do *that* just now, and, at the beginning of all these tedious wars, instead of waiting for their end." "Bless me!" said Pyrrhus, "if ever I thought of *that* before. Why, man, you're a conjurer; you've discovered a mine of happiness. So, here boy, bring us roses and plenty of Cretan wine." Surely, on the same principle, these French Encyclopédistes, and Bavarian Illuminati, did not need to postpone any jubilees of licentiousness which they promised themselves, to so very indefinite a period as their ovation over the ruins of Christianity. True, the *impulse* of hatred, even though irrational, may be a stronger force for action than any *motive* of hatred, however rational, or grounded in self-interest. But the particular motive relied upon by the stern lady, as the central spring of the anti-Christian movement, being obviously insufficient for the weight which it had to sustain, naturally the lady, growing sensible of this herself, became still sterner; very angry with me; and not quite satisfied, in this instance, with the Abbé. Yet, after all, it was not any embittered remembrance of our eternal feuds, in dusting the jacket of the Abbé Barruel, that lost me, ultimately, the favour of this austere lady. All *that* she forgave; and especially because she came to think the Abbé as bad as myself, for leaving such openings to my inroads. It was on a question of politics that our deadliest difference arose, and that my deadliest sarcasm was launched; not against herself, but against the opinion and party which she adopted. I was right, as usually I am; but, on this occasion, must have been, because I stood up (as a patriot, intolerant, to frenzy, of all insult directed against dear England); and she, though otherwise patriotic enough, in this instance ranged herself in alliance with a false anti-national sentiment. My sarcasm was not too strong for the case. But certainly I ought to have thought it too strong for the presence of a lady; whom, or any of her sex, on a matter of politics in these days, so much am I changed, I would allow to chace me, like a foot-ball, all round the tropics, rather than offer the least show of resistance. But my excuse was childhood; and, though it may be true, as the reader will be sure to remind me, that she was rapidly growing down to my level in that respect, still she had not quite reached it; so that there was more excuse for me, after all, than for *her*. She was no longer five times as old, or even four; but when she would come down to be two times as old, and one time as old, it was hard to say.

Thus I had good reason for remembering my first introduction to the knowledge of Secret Societies, since this knowledge introduced me to the more gloomy knowledge of the strife which gathers in clouds over the fields of human life; and to the knowledge of this strife in two shapes, one of which none of us fail to learn—the personal strife which is awakened so eternally by difference of opinion, or difference of interest; the other, which is felt, perhaps, obscurely by all, but distinctly noticed only by the profoundly reflective, viz., the schism—so mysterious to those even who have examined it most—between the human intellect and many undeniable realities of human experience. As to the first mode of strife, I could not possibly forget it; for the stern lady died before we had an opportunity to exchange forgivenesss, and *that* left a sting behind. She, I am sure, was a good forgiving creature at heart; and, especially, she would have forgiven *me*, because it was *my* place (if one only got one's right place on earth) to forgive *her*. Had she even hauled me out of bed with a tackling of ropes in the dead of night, for the mere purpose of reconciliation, I should have said—"Why, you see, I

can't forgive you entirely to-night, because I'm angry when people waken me without notice, but to-morrow morning I certainly will; or, if that won't do, you shall forgive *me*. No great matter *which*, as the conclusion must be the same in either case, viz., to kiss and be friends."

But the other strife, which perhaps sounds metaphysical in the reader's ears, then first wakened up to my perceptions, and never again went to sleep amongst my perplexities. Oh Cicero! my poor, thoughtless Cicero! in all your shallow metaphysics not once did you give utterance to such a bounce as when you asserted, that never yet did human reason say one thing and Nature say another. On the contrary, every part of Nature—mechanics, dynamics, morals, metaphysics, and even pure mathematics—are continually giving the lie flatly by their facts and conclusions to the very necessities and laws of the human understanding. Did the reader ever study the *Antimonies* of Kant? If not, he has read nothing. Now, *there* he will have the pleasure of seeing a set of quadrilles or reels, in which old Mother Reason amuses herself by dancing to the right and left two variations of blank contradiction to old Mother Truth, both variations being irrefragable, each variation contradicting the other, each contradicting the equatorial reality, and each alike (though past all denial) being a lie. But he need not go to Kant for this. Let him look as one having eyes for looking, and everywhere the same perplexing phenomenon occurs. And this first dawned upon myself in the Baruel case. As Nature is to the human intellect, so was Baruel to mine. We all believe in Nature without limit, yet hardly understand a page amongst her innumerable pages. I believed in Baruel by necessity, and yet everywhere my understanding mutinied against *his*.

But in Baruel I had heard only of Secret Societies that were consciously formed for mischievous ends; or if not always for a distinct purpose of evil, yet always in a spirit of malignant contradiction and hatred. Soon I read of other Societies even more secret, that watched over *truth* dangerous to publish or even to whisper, like the sleepless dragons that Oriental fable associated with the subterraneous guardianship of regal treasures. The secrecy, and the reasons for the secrecy, were alike sublime. The very image, unveiling itself by unsteady glimpses, of men linked by brotherly love and perfect confidence, meeting in secret chambers, at the noontide of night, to shelter, by muffling, with their own persons interposed, and at their own risk, some solitary lamp of truth—sheltering it from the carelessness of the world, and its stormy ignorance—this would soon have blown it out—sheltering it from the hatred of the world, that would soon have found out its nature, and made war upon its life—*that* was superhumanly sublime. The fear of those men was sublime—the courage was sublime—the stealthy thief-like means were sublime—the audacious end, viz., to change the kingdoms of earth, was sublime. If they acted and moved like cowards, those men were sublime: if they planned with the audacity of martyrs, those men were sublime—not less, as cowards, not more as martyrs; for the cowardice that appeared above, and the courage that lurked below, were parts of the same machinery.

But another feature of sublimity, which it surprises one to see so many coarse-minded men unaware of, lies in the self-perpetuation and phœnix-like defiance to mortality of such Societies. This feature it is that throws a grandeur even on a humbug, of which there have been many examples, and two in particular, which I am soon going to memorialise. Often and often have men of finer minds felt this secret spell of grandeur, and laboured to embody it in external forms. There was a phœnix-club once in Oxford (up and down Europe there have been several) that by its constitution grasped not only at the sort of immortality aspired after by Phœnix Insurance offices, viz. a legal or notional perpetuation, liable merely to no *practical* interruptions as regarded paying, and *à fortiori* as regarded receiving money, but otherwise fast asleep every night like other dull people—far more faithful, literal, intense, was the realisation in *this* case of an undying life. Such a condition as a "*sede vacante*," which is a condition expressed in the constitutions of all other societies, was impossible in this, for any office whatever. That great case was realised which has since been described by Chateaubriand as governing the throne of France and its successions. "*His Majesty is dead!*" shouts a voice, and this seems to argue, at least, a moment's interregnum: not at all; not a moment's: the thing is impossible: simultaneous (and not successive) is the breath that ejaculates "*may the King live for ever.*" The birth and the death, the rising and the setting, synchronise by a metaphysical nicety of neck-and-neck, inconceivable to the book keepers of earth. These wretched men imagine that the second rider's foot cannot possibly be in the stirrup until the first rider's foot is out. If the one event occurs in moment M, the other they think must occur in moment N. That may be as regards stirrups, but not as regards metaphysics. I admit that the guard of a mail-coach cannot possibly leave the post-office *before* the coachman, but upon the whole a little after him. Such base rules, however, find themselves compelled to give way in presence of great metaphysicians—in whose science, as I stoop to inform book-keepers, the effect, if anything, goes rather a-head of the cause. Now that Oxford club arose on these sublime principles: no disease like intermitting pulse was known *there*. No fire, but Vestal fire, was used for boiling the tea kettle. The rule was—that, if once entered upon the *matricula* of this amaranthine club, thence forwards, come from what zone of the earth you would—come without a minute's notice—send up your card—Mr. O. P., from the Anthropophagi—Mr. P. O., from the men whose heads do grow beneath their shoulders—instantly you were shown in to the sublime presence. You were not limited to any particular century. Nay, by the rigour of the theory, you had your own choice of millennium,

Whatever might be convenient to you, was convenient to the club. The constitution of the club assumed, that, in every successive generation, as a matter of course, a President duly elected, (or his authorised delegate) would be found in the chair; scornfully throwing the *onus* of proof to the contrary upon the presumptuous reptile that doubted it. Public or private calamity signified not. The President reverberated himself through a long sinking fund of Surrogates and Vice-Presidents. There, night and day, summer and winter, seed-time and harvest, sat the august man, looking as grim as the *Princeps Senatûs* amongst the Conscript Fathers of Rome, when the Gauls entered on the errand of cutting their throats. If *you* entered this club on the very same errand, the President was backed to a large amount to keep his seat until his successor had been summoned. Suppose the greatest of revolutions to have passed over the island during your absence abroad; England, let us say, has even been conquered by a polished race of Hottentots. Very good: an accomplished Hottentot will then be found seated in the chair; you will be allowed to kiss Mr. President's black paw; and will understand that, although *farewells* might be common enough, as regarded individual members, yet by the eternal laws of this eternal club, the word *adjournment* for the whole concern was a word so treasonable, as not to be uttered without risk of massacre.

The same principle in man's nature, the everlasting instinct for glorifying the everlasting, the impulse for petrifying the fugitive, and arresting the transitory, which shows itself in ten thousand forms, has also, in this field of secret confederations, assumed many grander forms. To strive after a conquest over Time the conqueror, is already great, in whatsoever direction. But it is still greater when it applies itself to objects that are *per se* immortal, and mortal only as respects their alliance with man. Glorification of heaven—litanies, chaunted day and night by adoring hearts—these will doubtless ascend for ever from this planet. That result is placed out of hazard, and needs not the guarantee of princes. Somewhere, from some climate, from some lips, such a worship will not cease to rise. But, let a man's local attachments be what they may, he must sigh to think that no assignable spot of ground on earth, that no nation, that no family, enjoys any absolute privilege in that respect. No land, whether continent or island—nor race, whether free-men or slaves, can claim any fixed inheritance, or indefeasible heirlooms of truth. Yet, for that very reason, men of deep piety have but the more earnestly striven to bind down, and chain their own conceptions of truth within the models of some unchanging establishments, even as the Greek Pagans of old chained down their gods * from deserting them; have striven to train the vagrant water-brooks of Wisdom, lest she might desert the region altogether, into the channels of some local homestead; to connect, with a fixed succession of descendants, the conservation of religion; to root, as one would root a forest that is to flourish through ages, a heritage of ancient truth in the territorial heritage of an ancient household. That sounds to some ears like the policy that founded monastic institutions. Whether so or not, it is not necessarily Roman Catholic. The same policy—the same principle—the sighing after peace and the image of perpetuity—have many times moulded the plans of *Protestant* families. Such families, with monastic imaginations linked to Protestant hearts, existed numerously in England through the reigns of the First James and Charles—families amongst the gentry, or what on the Continent would be called the lower nobility, that remembered with love the solemn ritual and services of the Romish Church; but with *this* love combined the love of Protestant doctrines. Amongst these families, and distinguished amongst them, was that of the Farrers.* The name of their patrimonial estate was Little Gidding, and, I think, in the county of Hertford. They were, by native turn of mind, and by varied accomplishments, a most interesting family. In some royal houses of Europe it was once a custom, that every son, if not every daughter, should learn a trade. This custom subsisted down to the days of the unhappy Louis XVI., who was a locksmith; and I was once assured by a Frenchman, who knew him well, not so bad a one, considering (you know) that one cannot be as rough as might be wished in scolding a locksmith that one is obliged to address as "your majesty." A majestic locksmith has a sort of right to be a bad one. The Farrers adopted this custom, and most of them chose the trade of a bookbinder. Why this was a good trade to choose, I will explain in a brief digression. It is a reason which applies only to three other trades, viz. to coining, to printing books, and to making gold or silver plate. And the reason is this—all the four arts stand on an isthmus, connecting them, on one side, with merely mechanic crafts, on the other side, with the Fine Arts. This was the marking distinction between the coinages of ancient classical days and our own. Our European and East Indian coins are the basest of all base products from rude barbaresque handicraft. They are imagined by the man, some horrid Cyclops, who conceived the great idea of a horse-shoe, a

* "*Chained down their Gods*":—Many of the Greek states, though it has not been sufficiently inquired *which* states and in what age, had a notion that in war-time the tutelary deities of the place, the epichorial gods, were liable to bribery, by secret offers of temples more splendid, altars better served, &c. from the enemy; so that a standing danger existed, lest these gods should desert to the hostile camp; and especially, because, not knowing the rate of the hostile biddings, the indigenous worshippers had no guide to regulate their own counterbiddings. In this embarrassment, the prudent course, as most people believed, was to chain the divine idols by the leg, with golden fetters.

* "*The Farrers.*"—There is, but by whom written I really forget, a separate memoir of this family, and published as a separate volume. In the county histories (such as Chauncy's, &c.) will also be found sketches of their history. But the most popular form in which their memorials have been retraced is a biography of Nicholas Farrer, introduced into one of the volumes, I cannot say which, of the Ecclesiastical Biography—an interesting compilation, drawn up by the late Dr. Christopher Wordsworth, a brother of the great poet.

poker, and a tenpenny nail. Now, the ancient coins were modelled by the same immortal artists that conceived their exquisite *gems*, the cameos and intaglios, which you may buy, in Tassie's Sulphurs, at a few shillings each, or for much less in the engraved *Glyptothecæ*. But, as to coining, our dear lady the Queen (God bless her!) is so avaricious, that she will have it all to herself. She taboos it. She won't let you or me into the smallest share of the business; and she lags us if we poach. That is what *I* call monopoly. And I do wish her Majesty would be persuaded to read a ship-load of political economists that I could point out, on the ruinous consequences of that vice, which, otherwise, it may be feared nobody ever will read. After coining, the next best trade is Printing. This, also, might approach to a Fine Art. When entering the twilight of dotage, reader, I mean to have a printing-press in my own study. I shall print some immaculate editions, as farewell keepsakes, for distribution amongst people that I love; but rich and rare must be the gems on which *I* shall condescend to bestow this manual labour. I mean, also, to print a spelling-book for the reader's use. As it seems that he reads, he surely ought to spell. I hope he will not be offended. If he *is*, and dreadfully, viewing it as the most awful insult that man could offer to his brother man, in that case he might bequeath it by will to his possible grandson. Two generations might wash out the affront. Or if he accepts, and furnishes me with his name, I will also print on a blank leaf the good old ancestral legend—"A. B., *his* book, Heaven grant him grace therein to look" As to Plate-making, it seems to rank with mechanic baseness; you think not of the sculptor, the chaser, and their exquisite tools, but of Sheffield, Birmingham, Glasgow, sledge-hammers, and pincers. It seems to require no art. I think I could make a dessert spoon myself. Yet the openings which it offers are vast, wherever wealth exists, for the lovelier conceptions of higher art. Benvenuto Cellini—what an artist was *he!* There are some few of his most exquisite works in this country, which may be seen by applying in the right quarters. Judge of him by these, and not by his autobiography. There he appears as a vain, ostentatious man.* One would suppose, to hear *him* talk, that nobody ever executed a murder but himself. His own are tolerable, that's all you can say; but not one of them is first-rate, or to be named on the same day with the Pope's attempt at murdering Cellini himself, which must command the unqualified approbation of the connoisseur. True, the Papal attempt did not succeed, and most of Cellini's *did*. What of *that?* Who but idiots judge by the event? Much, therefore, as I condemn the man's vanity, and the more so because he claims some murders that too probably were none of *his* (not content with exaggerating his own, he absolutely pirated other men's murders!) yet, when you turn from this walk of art, in which he practised only as an *amateur*, to his *orféverie*—then you feel the interval that divides the *charlatan* from the man of exquisite genius. As a murderer, he was a poor creature; as an artist in gold, he was inimitable. Finally, there remains *book-binding*, of which also one may affirm, that, being usually the vilest of handicrafts, it is susceptible of much higher effects in the enrichments, tooling, architecture, heraldic emblazonries, &c. This art Mr. Farrer selected for his trade. He had travelled on foot through Spain; and I should think it not impossible that he had *there* seen some magnificent specimens of book-binding. For I was once told, though I have not seen it mentioned in any book, that a century before the date of Farrer's travels, Cardinal Ximenes, when printing his great Complutensian Bible, gave a special encouragement to a new style of binding—fitted for harmonising with the grandeur of royal furniture, and the carved enrichments of gothic libraries.* This, and the other accomplishments which the Farrers had, they had in perfection. But the most remarkable trait in the family character, was the exaltation of their devotional feelings. Had it not been for their benignity and humility, they might have been thought gloomy and ascetic. Something there was, as in thoughtful minds left to a deep rural solitude there is likely to be, of La Trappism and Madame Guyon Quietism. A nun-like aspiration there was in the females after purity and oblivion of earth: in Mr. Farrer, the head of the family, a devotional energy, put forth in continual combat with the earthly energies that tempted him away to the world, and with all that offered itself under the specious name of public usefulness. In this combination of qualities arose the plan which the family organised for a system of perpetual worship. They had a family chapel regularly consecrated, as so many families of their rank still had in England. They had an organ: they had means of forming a choir. Gradually the establishment was mounted: the appointments were completed: the machinery was got into motion. How far the plan was ever effectually perfected, would be hard to say. The increasing ferment of the times, until the meeting of the Long Parliament in Nov. 1640, and in less than two years after *that*, the opening of the great civil war must have made it absolutely impossible to adhere systematically to any scheme of that nature, which required perfect seclusion from worldly cares within the mansion, and public

* When a murderer is thoroughly diseased by vanity one loses all confidence in him. Cellini went upon the plan of claiming all eminent murders, suitable in point of time and place, that nobody else claimed; just as many a short poem in the Greek Anthologies, marked *adespoton* (or, *without an owner*), was sported by one pretender after another as his own. Even simple homicides he would not think it below him to challenge as his own. Two princes, at the very least, a Bourbon and a Nassau, he pretended to have shot; it might be so, but nobody ever came forward to corroborate his statement.

* This was the earliest attempt at a Polyglot Bible, and had its name from the town of *Complutum*, which is, I think, *Alcala de Henarez*. The Henarez is a little rive Some readers will thank me for mentioning that the ac cent is on the *first* syllable of Complutum, the *u* in th penultimate being short; not Compultum but Complū tum.

tranquillity outside. Not to mention that the Farrers had an extra source of molestation at that period, when Puritanism was advancing rapidly to a domineering station of power, in the public suspicions which unjustly (but not altogether unplausibly) taxed them with Popish leanings. A hundred years later, Bishop Butler drew upon himself at Durham the very same suspicion, and in some degree by the very same act, viz., by an adoption of some pious symbols, open undeniably to the whole catholic family of Christian Churches, and yet equivocal in their meaning, because popularly appropriated from old associations of habit to the use of Popish communities. Abstracting, however, from the violent disturbances of those stormy times in the way of all religious schemes, we may collect that the scheme of the Farrers was—that the chapel services should be going on, by means of successive "reliefs" as in camps, or of "watches" as at sea, through every hour of the day and the night, from year to year, from childhood to old age. Come when you might, come in the dawning, come in the twilight, come at noonday, come through silent roads in the dead of night, always you were to be sure of hearing, through the woods of Little Gidding, the blair of the organ, or the penitential wail of the solitary choristers, or the glad triumphant burst of the full choir in jubilation. There was some affinity in Mr. Farrer's mind to the Spanish peculiarities, and the Spanish modes of grandeur; awful prostration, like Pascal's, before the divine idea; gloom that sought to strengthen itself by tenfold involution in the night of solitary woods; exaggerated impressions (if such impressions *could* be exaggerated) of human wretchedness, and a brooding sense of some unknown illimitable grandeur—a sense that could sustain itself at its natural level, only by eternal contemplation of objects that had no end.

Mr. Farrer's plan for realising a vestal fire, or something beyond it, viz., a *secrecy* of truth, burning brightly in darkness—and, secondly, a *perpetuity* of truth—did not succeed; as many a noble scheme, that men never heard of, has been swept away in its infancy by the ruins of flood, fire, earthquake, which also are forgotten not less completely than what they ruined. Thank Heaven for that! If the noble is often crushed suddenly by the ignoble, one forgetfulness travels after both. The wicked earthquake is forgotten not less than the glorious temples which it ruined. Yet the Farrer plan has repeatedly succeeded and prospered through a course of centuries, and for purposes of the same nature. But the strange thing is (which already I have noticed), that the general principle of such a plan has succeeded most memorably when applied to purposes of humbug. The two best-known of all Secret Societies, that ever *have* been, are the two most extensive monuments of humbug on the one side and credulity on the other. They divide themselves between the ancient world and the modern. The great and illustrious humbug of ancient history was, THE ELEUSINIAN MYSTERIES. The great and illustrious humbug of modern history, of the history which boasts a present and a future, as well as a past, is FREEMASONRY. Let me take a few liberties with both.

The Eleusinian humbug was for centuries the opprobrium of scholars. Even in contemporary times it *was* such. The greatest philosopher, or polyhistor, of Athens, or of Rome, could no more tell you the secret—the *to aporeton* (unless he had been initiated, in which case he *durst* not tell it)—than I can. In fact, if you come to *that*, perhaps I myself *can* tell it. The ancient philosopher would retort that we of these days are in the same predicament as to our own humbug—the Freemasons. No, no, my friend, you're wrong *there*. We know all about that humbug, as I mean to show you. But for what we know of Eleusis and its mummeries, which is quite enough for all practical purposes, we are indebted to none of you ancients, but entirely to modern sagacity. Is not *that* shocking, that a hoax should first be unmasqued when it has been defunct for 1,500 years? The interest which attaches to the Eleusinian shows, is not properly an interest in *them*, but an alien interest in accidents indirectly connected with them. Secret there was virtually none; but a mystery at length begins to arise—how it was that this distressing secret, viz., of there being no secret at all, could, through so many generations, pass down in religious conservation of itself from all profane curiosity of outside barbarians. There was an endless file of heroes, philosophers, statesmen, all hoaxed, all of course incensed at being hoaxed, and yet not one of them is known to have blabbed. A great modern poet, musing philosophically on the results amongst the mob "in Leicester's busy square," from looking through a showman's telescope at the moon, is surprised at the crowd of spectators going off with an air of disappointment:

> "One after one they turn aside; nor have I one espied,
> That doth not slackly go away, as if dissatisfied."

Yes, but I can tell him the reason of that. The fact is, a more pitiful sight for sight-seers, than our own moon, does not exist. The first man that showed *me* the moon through a glass of any power, was a distinguished professor of astronomy. I was so incensed with the hoax (as it seemed) put upon me—such a weak, watery, wicked old harridan, substituted for the pretty creature I had been used to see—that I marched up to him with the angry design of demanding my half-crown back again, until a disgusting remembrance came over me, that, being a learned professor the showman could not possibly have taken any half-crown, which fact also destroyed all ground of action against him as obtaining money under false pretences. I contented myself, therefore, with saying, that until he showed me the man in the moon, with his dog, lanthorn, and bundle of thorns, I must decline corroborating his fancy of being able to exhibit the real old original moon and no mistake. Endymion never could have had such a sweetheart as *that*. Let the reader take my advice, not to seek familiarity with the moon. Familiarity breeds contempt.

It is certain that, like the travellers through "Leicester's busy square," all the visiters of Eleusis must have abominated the hoax put upon them—

> ——— ———"nor have I *one* espied,
> That did not slackly walk away, as if dissatisfied."

See now the different luck of hoaxers in this world. Joseph Ady is smoked pretty nearly by the whole race of man. The Continent is, by this time, wide awake; Belgium has refused to take in his letters; and the cruel Lord Mayor of London has threatened to indict Joe for a fraud, value twopence, by reason of the said Joe having seduced his lordship into opening an unpaid letter, which was found to contain nothing but an invitation from "yours respectfully"—not to a dinner party—but to an early remittance of one pound, for reasons subsequently to be disclosed. I should think, but there's no knowing, that there might be a chance still for Joe (whom, really one begins to pity, as a persecuted man—cruising, like the Flying Dutchman, through seas that have all closed their ports), in Astrachan, and, perhaps, in Mecca. Some business might be done, for a few years, in Timbuctoo; and an opening there would undoubtedly be found for a connexion with Abd-el-Kader, if only any opening could be found *to* Abd-el-Kader through the French lines. Now, on the other hand, the goddess, and her establishment of hoaxers at Eleusis, did a vast "stroke of business" for more than six centuries, without any "unpleasantries"* occurring; no cudgels shaken in the streets, little incidents that custom (by making too familiar,) has made contemptible to the philosophy of Joe; no round robins, signed by the whole maindeck of the academy or the porch; no praetors or lord mayors threatening actions *repetundarum*, and mourning over twopences that had gone astray. "Misfortune acquaints a man with strange bed-fellows;" and the common misfortune of having been hoaxed, lowers the proudest and the humblest into a strange unanimity, for once, of pocketing their wrongs in silence. Eleusis, with her fine bronzed face, might say proudly and laughingly—"expose *me*, indeed!—why, I hoaxed this man's great-grandfather, and I trust to hoax his great-grandson; all generations of his house *have* been, or *shall* be hoaxed, and afterwards grateful to me for not exposing that fact of the hoax at their private expense."

There is a singularity in this case, of the same kind as that stratagem, (but how prodigiously exceeded in its scale,) imperfectly executed on the Greek leaders by the Persian Satrap Tissaphernes, but perfectly, in one or two cases, amongst the savage islands of the South Seas, upon European crews, when one victim, having first been caught, has been used as the means of trepanning all his comrades in succession. Each successive novice has been tamed, by terror, into an instrument for decoying other novices, from A to Z. Next, after this feature of interest about the Eleusinian *Teletai*, is another which modern times have quickened and developed, viz., the gift of enormous nonsense, the inspiration of nonsense, which the enigma of these mysteries has been the fortunate means of blowing into the brains of various able men. It requires such men, in fact, to succeed as speculators in nonsense. None but a man of extraordinary talents can write first-rate nonsense. Perhaps the prince of all men, ever formed by nature and education, for writing superior nonsense, was Warburton. The natural vegetation of his intellect tended to that kind of fungus which is called "crotchet;" so much so, that, if he had a just and powerful thought (as sometimes he had), or even a wise and beautiful thought, or even a grand one, by the mere perversity of his tortuous brain, it was soon digested into a crotchet. This native tendency of his was cultured and watered, for years, by his practice as an attorney. Making him a bishop was, perhaps, a mistake; it certainly stunted the growth of special pleading, perhaps ruined the science; on the other hand, it saved the twelve judges of that day from being driven mad, as they would have been by this Hermes Trismegistus, this born Titan, in the realms of *La Chicane*. Some fractions of the *virus* descended through the Warburtonian commentaries upon Pope, &c., corroding the flesh to the very bones, wherever it alighted. But the Centaur's shirt of W.'s malignity was destined for the Hebrew lawgiver, and all that could be made to fall within that field. Did my reader ever read the "Divine Legation of Moses"? Is he aware of the mighty syllogism, that single block of granite, such as you can see nowhere but at St. Petersburg, on which that elaborate work reposes? There is a Welsh bridge, near Llanroost, the birth-place of Inigo Jones, built by that architect with such exquisite skill, that the people astonished me (but the people were two milk-maids), by protesting that invariably a little breeze-footed Camilla, of three years old, in running across, caused the bridge to tremble like a guilty thing. So admirable was the equilibrium, that an infant's foot disturbed it. Unhappily, Camilla had sprained her ancle at that time, so that the experiment could not be tried; and the bridge, to me, seemed not guilty at all (to judge by its trembling), but as innocent as Camilla herself. Now, Warburton must have sought to rival the Welsh *pontifex* in this particular test of architectural skill; for his syllogism is so divinely poised, that if you shake this key-stone of his great arch (as you certainly may), then you will become aware of a vibration—of a nervous tremor—running through the entire dome of his divine legation; you are absolutely afraid of the dome coming down with yourself in the centre; just as the Llanroost bridge used to be near going into hysterics when the light-footed Camilla bounded across it. This syllogism, on account of its connexion with the Eleusinian hoax, I will rehearse: it is the very perfection of a crotchet. Suppose the *major* proposition to be this—That no reli-

* "Unpleasantries"—this is a new word, launched a very few years back in some commercial towns. It is generally used—not in any sense that the reader would collect from its antipole, *pleasantry*, but in a sense that he may abstract from the context in the sentence above.

gion, unless through the advantage of divine inspiration, could dispense with the doctrine of future rewards and punishments. Suppose the *minor* proposition this—That the Mosaic religion *did* dispense with that doctrine. Then the conclusion will be—*ergo*, the Mosaic religion was divinely inspired. The monstrous tenor of this argument made it necessary to argue most elaborately that all the false systems of false and cruel religions were affectionately anxious for maintaining the doctrine of a future state; but 2dly, that the only true faith and the only pure worship were systematically careless of that doctrine. Of course it became necessary to show, *inter alia*, that the Grecian States and law-givers maintained officially, as consecrated parts of the public religion, the doctrine of immortality as valid for man's expectations and fears; whilst at Jerusalem, at Hebron, on Mount Sinai, this doctrine was slighted. Generally speaking, a lie is a hard thing to establish. The Bishop of Gloucester was forced to tax his resources as an artist, in building palaces of air, not less than ever Inigo Jones before him in building Whitehall or St. Vitus's bridge at Llanroost. Unless he could prove that Paganism fought hard for this true doctrine, then by his own argument Paganism would be found true. Just as, inversely, if he failed to prove that Judaism countenanced the false doctrine, Judaism would itself be found false. Which ever favoured the false, was true; which ever favoured the true, was false. There's a crotchet for you, reader, round and full as any prize turnip ever yet crowned with laurels by great agricultural Societies! I suspect that in Homeric language, twice nine of such degenerate men as the reader and myself could not grow such a crotchet as that!

The Bishop had, therefore, to prove—it was an obligation self-created by his own syllogism—that the Pagan religion of Greece, in some great authorised institution of the land, taught and insisted on the doctrine of a future state as the basis on which all legal ethics rested. This great doctrine he had to suspend as a chandelier in his halls of Pagan mythology. A pretty chandelier for a Christian Bishop to be chaining to the roof and lighting up for the glory of heathenism! Involuntarily one thinks of Aladdin's impious order for a roc's egg, the egg of the very deity whom the slave of the lamp served, to hang up in his principal saloon. The Bishop found his chandelier, or fancied he had found it, in the old lumber garrets of Eleusis. He knew, he could prove, what was taught in the Eleusinian shows. Was the Bishop ever there? No: but what of that? He could read through a milestone. And Virgil, in his 6th Æneid, had given the world a poetic account of the *Teletai*, which the Bishop kindly translated and expanded into the truth of absolute prose. The doctrine of immortality, he insisted, was the chief secret revealed in the mysteries. And thus he proved decisively that, because it taught a capital truth, Paganism must be a capital falsehood. It is impossible to go within a few pages into the innumerable details. Sufficient it would be for any casual reader to ask, if this were the very hinge of all legislative ethics in Greece, how it happened that it was a matter of pure fancy or accident whether any Greek, or even any Athenian, were initiated or not; 2dly, how the Bishop would escape the following dilemma—if the supposed doctrine were advanced merely as an opinion, one amongst others, then what authority did it draw from Eleusis? If, on the other hand, Eleusis pretended to some special argument for immortality, how came it that many Greek and some Roman philosophers, who had been introduced at Eleusis, or had even ascended to the highest degree of μυησις, did not, in discussing this question, refer to that secret proof which, though not privileged to develop, they might safely have built upon as a postulate amongst initiated brothers? An opinion ungrounded was entitled to no weight even in the mobs of Eleusis—an argument upon good grounds must have been often alluded to in philosophic schools. Neither could a nation of holy cowards, trembling like the bridge at Llanroost, have had it in their power to intercept the propagation of such a truth. The 47th of Euclid I. *might* have been kept a secret by fear of assassination, because no man could communicate *that* in a moment of intoxication; if his wife, for instance, should insist on his betraying the secret of that proposition, he might safely tell her—not a word would she understand or remember; and the worst result would be, that she would box his ears for imposing upon her. I once heard a poor fellow complain, that, being a Freemason, he had been led the life of a dog by his wife, as if *he* were Samson and *she* were Dalilah, with the purpose of forcing him to betray the Masonic secret and sign: and these, he solemnly protested to us all, that he *had* betrayed most regularly and faithfully whenever he happened to be drunk. But what did he get for his goodness? All the return he ever had for the kindness of this invariable treachery was a word, too common, I regret to say, in female lips, viz. *fiddle-de-dee:* and he declared, with tears in his eyes, that peace for *him* was out of the question, until he could find out some plausible falsehood that might prove more satisfactory to his wife's mind than the truth. Now the Eleusinian secret, if it related to the immortality of the soul, could not have the protection of obscurity or complex involution. If it had, then it could not have been intelligible to mobs: if it had *not*, then it could not have been guarded against the fervor of confidential conversation. A very subtle argument could not have been communicated to the multitudes that visited the shows—a very popular argument would have passed a man's lips, in the ardour of argument, before he would himself be aware of it.

But all this is superfluous. Let the reader study the short essay of Lobeck on this subject, forming one section in three of his *Aglaophamus*, and he will treat, with derision, all the irrelevant skirmishing, and the vast roars of artillery pointed at shadows, which amuse the learned, but disgust the philosophic in the "Divine Legation." Much remains to be done that Lobeck's rustic seclusion

denied him the opportunities for doing ;* much that can be done effectually only in great libraries, *But* I return to my assertion, that the most memorable of all Secret Societies was the meanest. That the Society which made more people hold their tongues than ever the Inquisition did, or the mediæval Vehm-gericht, was a hoax ; nay, except Freemasonry, the hoax of hoaxes.

* It may seem strange to insinuate against the *Aglaophamus* any objection, great or small, as regards its erudition—*that* being the main organ of its strength. But precisely here lay the power of Lobeck, and here his weakness; all his strength, and his most obvious defect. Of this he was sensible himself. At the very period of composing the *Aglaophamus*, he found reason to complain that his situation denied him access to great libraries : and this, perhaps, is felt by the reader most in the part relating to the Eleusinian mysteries, least in that relating to the Orphic. Previously, however, Lobeck had used his opportunities well. And the true praise of his reading is, not so much that it was unusually extensive, as that it was unusually systematic, and connected itself in all its parts by unity of purpose. At the same time it is a remark of considerable interest, that the student must not look in Lobeck, for luminous logic, or for simplicity of arrangement, which are qualifications for good writing, unknown to the great scholars of modern Germany, to Niebuhr altogether, and in the next degree unknown to Ottfried Mueller, and to Lobeck. Their defects in this respect are so flagrant, as to argue some capital vice in the academic training of Germany. Elsewhere throughout the world no such monstrous result appears of chaotic arrangement from profound research. As regards philosophy, and its direct application to the enigmas of these Grecian mysteries, it is no blame to Lobeck that none must be looked for in *him*, unless he had made some pretence to it, which I am not aware that he did. Yet in one instance he ought to have made such a pretence : mere good sense should have opened his eyes to one elementary blunder of Warburton's. I tax W., I tax all who have ever countenanced W., I tax all who have ever opposed W., I tax Lobeck as bringing up the rear of these opponents, one and all with the inexcusable blindness of torpor in using their natural eyesight. So much of philosophy as resides in the mere natural faculty of reflectiveness would have exposed [pure sloth it was in the exercise of this faculty which concealed] the blunder of W. in confounding a *doctrinal* religion [such as Judaism, Christianity, Islamism] with a Pagan religion, which last has a *cultus* or ceremonial worship, but is essentially insusceptible of any dogma or opinion. Paganism had no creed, no faith, no doctrine, little, or great, shallow, or deep, false or true. Consequently the doctrine of a future state *did* not (because it *could* not) belong to Paganism. Having no doctrines of *any* sort, Grecian idolatry could not have *this*. All other arguments against W. were *a posteriori* from facts of archæology : this was *a priori* from the essential principle of an idolatrous religion. All other arguments proved the Warburtonian crotchet to be a falsehood : this proves it to be an impossibility. Other arguments contradict it : this leaves it in self-contradiction. And one thing let me warn the reader to beware of. In the Oriental forms of Paganism, such as Buddhism, Brahminism, &c., some vestiges of opinion seem at times to intermingle themselves with the facts of the mythology : all which, however, are only an after-growth of sectarian feuds, or philosophic dreams, that having survived opposition, and the memory of their own origin, have finally confounded themselves with the religion itself as parts in its original texture. But in Greece there never *was* any such confusion, even as a natural process of error. The schools of philosophy, always keeping themselves alive, naturally always vindicated their own claims against any incipient encroachments of the national religion.

(To be concluded in next Number.)

LEIGH HUNT ON THE PENSION LIST.

BY GEORGE GILFILLAN, AUTHOR OF A "GALLERY OF LITERARY PORTRAITS."

It might rouse old Castlereagh or "Gentleman George" himself, from their dishonoured graves, to witness the recent distribution of pensions. Once so sternly reserved for the broken-down hacks of aristocratic literature, for those whose right hand had lost its cunning in defending the indefensible, and whose tongue had at last cleft to the roof of their mouths in bawling down the honest and the true—or for the dismissed mistresses, and superannuated bodymen and butlers of the nobility—they are beginning, though still slowly and sparsely, to drop upon men of real merit, and upon the wives and families of the great departed. The Whigs, who no more than the Tories, have been munificent in their patronage of genius —nay, who in one egregious instance (when, namely, they stopped the pensions of Coleridge and the little band who shared with him the tardy liberality of George IV.) disgraced themselves by unseemly penuriousness—seem at last determined to redeem their character. They have, as all the world now knows, conferred pensions on Leigh Hunt, on Father Matthew, and on the families of Chalmers and Hood. This is as it should be, and as it should have been, long ere now. It were wrong to criticise, too severely, the probable motives for these acts of liberality—to inquire whether they have not become awake to the prudence of taking a leaf out of Peel's book, whose readiness to help Haydon amid the perplexities of state intrigue, and the agonies of a dissolving cabinet, did him such honour, and flew abroad far as the report of that one pistol which startled the whole land ; or whether they have been partly shamed into one of these gifts, by the generous proposal of the London literati, or whether we must class their conduct with those numerous acts of penitence which precede a parliamentary deathbed : without asking such ticklish questions, we, in common with every man of letters, and every lover of literature, are called upon to be thankful for it, to rejoice in it, and to find in it a happy augury for the future. Let the "sons of the morning" be glad. They are no longer so much under the ban of public opinion and the proscription of power as they were. If no rain of mitres, or degrees, or dignities may be expected, still they shall henceforth not altogether lose their reward. They will now have a new stimulus to exertion in the hope that, in proportion to the energy and the truth of their exertions, may be the provision which a grateful country and a good Government are likely to make for their declining years, and that there is

less probability of their grey hairs going down to the grave as those of paupers, or of being carried thither by the hands of pauper children.

Such congratulations, however, can only avail, if it turn out that such gifts, as the Government has lately bestowed, are the firstlings of a large future fold. If not, if they be simply a sop to Cerberus, why, let Cerberus take his sop, and straightway seek more. Let the public, which has so unequivocally demanded, and got this concession, be strengthened by it to redouble its demands. There are still other veterans in the field of literature unprovided for besides Leigh Hunt, other authors and other divines besides Hood and Chalmers may drop off suddenly in those days, when death, like all other things, is going at railway speed, and leave nothing behind but the barren lustre of a name. Government may go to sleep again on the subject, and the public, and above all, the press must be prepared ever and anon to break its repose, and in defect of a "starling," to "holla out" with its thousand tongues such names as it deems most to deserve and most to require the bounty of the nation.

In considering the whole history of the recent pensions, we meet with many circumstances calculated to inspire us with pleasure and with gratitude. In the first place, we cannot but allude again to the noble offer of the London literateurs to give amateur performances in behalf of Leigh Hunt, in London, Liverpool, and Manchester. It not only testifies to their generosity, but is one among many proofs, that the wretched jealousies which were wont to disgrace the literary world, are fast passing away, that a better spirit is coming upon our era, and that a real and not a nominal republic of letters may by and bye be formed. And whatever of such roots of bitterness do still remain spring from whatever remains of the old degradation and contempt to which authors were subjected. Not very long ago, they were first classed with wild beasts, and then wonder was expressed that they bit and devoured each other. In proportion as they have been permitted to rise in the scale of respectability, have their unseemly jarrings died away, showing very clearly that the quarrels of authors have sprung from their calamities, and that of course when the cause is removed, the effect must expire with it. We were pleased, too, to observe the power which public opinion has acquired in wrenching from hands, however reluctant, the good things of the state. How generally and indignantly was this expressed at the bare rumours that the family of Hood were to be cast desolate upon the world! And how fast was that "hope deferred," which so long sickened the heart of poor Leigh Hunt, beginning to produce a very different feeling in the breast of the public, who are every year becoming more and more alive to the obligations which they owe him! Such murmurs, not loud but deep, were not lost upon the ears of Government, who even, were their seat in office securer than it is, would not be safe in defying any distinct or general demand from the *vox populi*. Accordingly it was granted, and the grant has given all but universal delight. We happened to be the first next to Mr. Hunt and his family, to learn the fact; we spread it, of course, as widely as we could; and throughout a long journey, and in intercourse with every variety of class, found it to excite unmingled satisfaction. Literary men clapped their hands for joy. Clerical men expressed their gratification in a style calmer, but as sincere. Commercial men, who had never probably read a line of his writings, but were familiar with him as a national name, were overjoyed. Politicians, who read no poetry, and knew Hunt only as the quondam-martyr in the liberal cause, felt it to be a triumph of their principles. The admirers of his genius, all of whom regard him as their personal friend, were as happy as if a pension had been presented to themselves. The Press, we find, both Tory and Liberal, has since taken up a similar note. And although we have heard one or two mutterings of dissatisfaction, yet they have been so low, so stifled, and, altogether, so few and so contemptible, as only to serve to accent the voice of the general joy. This shows that, after all, men have some heart, some gratitude — that, in the words of Shakspere, the "great soul of the world is just." And it must, we think, have astonished Mr. Hunt and his friends themselves; for we are convinced that, till of late, they were not aware of the full interest which the age had in his fortunes, and of the full pride which it felt in his genius and his fame.

We were delighted, lastly, with the candour and discrimination discovered in the selection of the objects for this act of national munificence. Of the merits of Hood—having spoken so recently—why need we say more? If he had been a mere punster, like Jekyll; a mere curious and clever combination of divine and diner-out, like Sydney Smith; a mere heartless and witty *bon vivant*, like Hooke—an age which is rapidly becoming sincere, and which, as an earnest man may be known in his very laughter, is discovering its earnestness in its very picture-books and jest-books, would not have so eagerly sought a pension for his family. It was not gratitude simply for so much tickling pleasure received; it was not merely admiration for his genius; but it was a sense, caught almost by instinct, of the purity of his purpose—the humanity of his nature—and of the martyrdom which that humanity inflicted on him; not to speak of the sacrifices of soul to popular effects, of taste and tendency to necessity—which his circumstances extorted from him—that made Hood such a favourite with the public. Every man that had read so much as his "Song of the Shirt," or his "Bridge of Sighs," felt himself in debt to their author, and rejoiced at whatever was done, whether through private contribution or through the public funds, to discharge even a fractionary part of what could never in whole be defrayed.

The claims of Dr. Chalmers were of a kind which still more commended themselves to the general mind and feelings. And yet we protest against a disposition we observe in many quarters to speak slightingly of the deserts of literary

men when compared with those of clergymen. We look upon this as a more vulgar Scotch prejudice. Let both be rated at their proper value. Literary men, though belonging to the real *clerus*, do not make such high pretensions as the clergy, and are not to be tried by so severe a standard. They do not save souls professionally; but, surely, they enlighten intellects, and they cheer hearts. They do not visit the sick in person; but they send in their vicarious monthly or weekly messengers, to enliven and console the forgotten and the solitary, the widow and the orphan. Theirs is not the loud oracular thunder; but theirs is often a still small voice, winning a gentle and irresistible way into the heart of the community. If they lead not always the great outward movements of society, they create and direct an undercurrent which is becoming even mightier than they. And, though the pulpit be still the throne of Scotland (and long may it so continue!) yet dim must be the eyes which discern not that in England, and many other countries, the Press is the real ruler, and the best way to check and wisely to regulate it is not, surely, by underrating those who wield its power. Let it not be forgotten, too, that while clergymen are by rank counted gentlemen, and therein secured against insult, and endowed with much influence, it is, or was, otherwise with literary men; that while the remuneration of clergymen is, generally, stated and secure, that of *literateurs* is most fluctuating and uncertain; and that thus there is the less reason for sacrificing the claims of the one on the altar of the other, or of wondering that Government is considerate enough to recognise and honour both. For our parts (and we surely may speak without prejudice) we prefer the "Song of the Shirt," or some of Hunt's little papers in the "Indicator," to thousands of the sermons which every morning sees published, and which no eye sees bought or read.

In saying this, we are so far from wishing to derogate from the name of Chalmers, that we mean to make it an opportunity for indicating what was, perhaps, his highest praise—that he combined, more entirely than any man of the period, the characteristics of the man of letters and science, and of the great preacher and divine. In this point, what recent name of the Christian world can we weigh beside his, and not find it wanting? With more elegance, more acuteness, more wit, and more high-wrought and dazzling finish and point, Hall was yet a small and narrow soul compared to Chalmers; he wanted his width—his warm-heartedness—his profound and generous sympathies; and his eloquence, when *printed*, looks like a taper beside a furnace—it is well-trimmed, brilliant, pointed, but not a broad or consuming fire. Foster, compared to him, was a gloomy monk; Irving, an intense maniac. In power, both were probably superior, but not in that management of power—that turning of it to practical purposes, which doubles its momentum and worth—and still less in that genial element in which his power was bathed. And yet we cannot say that we grieved for the departure of this princely man; we have felt more at the fall of an aged leaf, at the breaking of a hoary wave on the shore at the close of a summer's day—his work was so evidently over, and his destiny closed. But our minds in rapid, yet lingering review, went over the history of his life, and the character of his mind, as of one living and now lost. What was his meaning, and whence his power, were questions that came upon us with strange urgency? And we felt that the following words best conveyed our ideas, and constituted the epitaph we should inscribe on his tombstone. Not a great theologian, though possessed of vivid ideas on theology—not a man of science, though widely acquainted with many branches of science—not a philosopher, though possessing much of the spirit of philosophy—hardly a man of genius, for such a subtle idealizing faculty as Jeremy Taylor for instance, or of great poets was not his—but one, whose high talent and energy, inflamed through the force of their own motion, and burst out into the conflagrations of eloquence—a Christian orator unequalled—one in whom *emotive* sympathy with the spirit of the age—with the Scottish people—with the poor around him—with all that was lovely and of good report, was the ruling element—but for which, all his varied powers and attainments would have only rendered him a younger and less agile brother of Brougham, but which, possessed, made him the man of a country and of an age—made him lead great hosts and gain great victories—and acquire for himself a reputation as enviable and as unenvied (save by the very Pariahs of party) as ever was won by uninspired man.

We were fortunate enough—when recently in England—to track his course in more places than one. We heard of him in the parlour of the author of "Sartor Resartus" whom he had—uninvited, unexpected, but not unwelcome—visited. They had met twenty years before, and had parted mutually estranged, if not disgusted. They met recently, and parted after some hours' intercourse, mutually delighted. We can fancy their meeting like that of two rivers—one broad, rapid, clear, and sunny—the other still, gloomy, and profound—both chanting their own song—the one a loud, yet irregular "thunder psalm;" the other a wilder, lower, and more mystic melody. Two spirits more earnest—two more in essential points at one and two—more influential over the rising minds of the age—did not breathe. They met—they interchanged thoughts, like the shields of Diomede and Glaucus—they parted to meet no more on earth, for the one was bound for eternity, and had only time to look in and make peace with a kindred spirit, ere he went his way. We need not remind our readers, that Dr. Chalmers had, in an article on "Morell's philosophy," taken occasion to pass a glowing panegyric on Thomas Carlyle, and that this suitably paved the way for their last meeting.

We heard of him again, in the house of the gentleman just named, Mr. Morell, and sat, so it chanced, in the chair, where for two hours he had

discussed divers grave and high subjects, with that accomplished young philosopher. He promised, we understand, to arrange matters for getting Mr. Morrel to deliver a course of lectures in Edinburgh during the ensuing season. We trust that the spirited directors of the New Philosophical Institution there will do themselves the honour of adopting and carrying into effect Dr. Chalmers's generous proposal.

To return, however, to Leigh Hunt. The thought of his pension suggests still more pleasing emotions than do the others. He is alive, and long may he live to taste the bounty of his Sovereign. He has long ago most honourably won the prize that has at last accrued to him—won it, not merely by his literary merit; this great as it is (for he is already a British classic—he has been before the public for nearly fifty years as a poet, journalist, critic, essayist, and translator, and, apart from his political writings, is the author of forty separate volumes), is perhaps his least merit—he has won it still more by the consistency of his political career—by the kindliness and generosity of his nature—and by the savage injustice of the treatment which he underwent, both as a literary man and as a politician. When sometimes disposed to think him too sensitive even to the criticism of his friends, and too jealous of his established reputation, we always modify our judgment when we remember the victimization which he underwent from his foes. It is easy for those whose worst sufferings in life have been the headaches of excess, or the flea-bites of village scandal, to talk contemptuously of the soreness of a man, who for years stood on the pillory of public opinion, and had to sustain not merely the mud artillery of the base and the mean, but the fiery and orient shafts of men of kindred genius, whom circumstances and fate had ranged as archers against him, and who must have felt to those bright but mis-directed missiles much as the struck eagle does to the dart, feathered with her own plumage, which lays her low. The trample of Satyrs and other obscene things he might have endured; but to be patient under the tread of such demigods as Byron, Wilson, Moore, and Lockhart, *hic labor hoc opus fuit*. Yet all this he has survived, and this itself proves him possessed of no common powers, to say the least, of endurance, and we trust we may add, of forgiveness and charity too.

We glory in Hunt's pension, not merely for his sake, but for the sake of a class of men of whom he is the last living representative. Now may the injured shades of Hazlitt, Shelley, and Keats, deem themselves in some measure appeased. These all, as well as Hunt, had their errors; they all needed *counsel*, and, instead of counsel, received proscription—murder—under the judicial forms of criticism. They asked for bread, and received a stone, not over their graves, but in their foreheads. They sought liberty to sing, and what is rarely denied to the veriest ballad-singer was refused to them; their mouths were closed with a shower of cinders and mud. Men *swore* at them as blasphemers, and *cursed* them in the name of the Blessed. Hunt alone has lived to find the late remorse of love, so long exhibited by the public, at length sanctioned and sealed by the signet of power.

We were never more fortunate than in the time when we called on this amiable and distinguished person. He had newly received the notice of his pension. His appearance fully verified what we had said of him years ago. He is a grey-haired boy, whose heart can never grow old. He received us with as much cordiality as if we had been old friends. He spoke, in the flurry of his heart, as if this pension would now be to him "riches fineless," and smiled when we compared him to a schoolboy, who imagines that his first shilling can span the round of all conceivable enjoyments. He showed us Lord John Russell's letter, and expatiated on the delicacy and kindness which it discovered. He spoke, during the short time we were with him, on various subjects, and in a gay, lively, discursive style. His conversation is a winding, wimpling, sparkling stream, whereas that of Carlyle, which we had listened to a few evenings before, is a river of lava, red, right onward, and irresistible. Among other things about his friend Shelley, he mentioned that he had translated all the works of Spinoza, and that this translation was still extant. He received us in his library, which, as usually happens, forms a true index of the man. Its shelves are radiant with the best belles lettres of every country and age. It is a room, the very sweat of which you imagine will be poetry. Green leaves look in at its window, and a divine gush of sunshine half seamed them with gold. It seemed as if in that favoured room the "milder day" had begun. All things were in fine keeping—the old young poet, grey hairs on his head, but youth in his eyes and hand—the shelves laden with spirit—the sunny day—the leaves fluttering without, as if stirred with secret and half-born delight, to be recognised and renewed when their dream of being blossoms into being itself—the letter lying on the table, unconscious of the joy it had conferred—we shall never forget our emotions, and shall surely mark Thursday, the 24th of June, with a white stone.

After a grasp of his hand, with which ours was long warm, and a pat on the shoulder, which said, not in English nor Latin, but in the natural language of all mankind, *Perge Puer*, our friend and we left, uncertain which of us most to love the dear old man, to whom we must now bid farewell by his full name—James Henry Leigh Hunt.

While writing the above, our attention has been called to a sensible paper in a recent *Spectator* on the Pension Fund. In it the writer proposes the establishment of a new and larger fund, to be administered by the sovereign, solely as the executive and responsible officer of the nation. We fear the public is not quite ripe for such a measure. We are sure that even if it were adopted, the fund would still require to be strictly and jealously watched. Who, pray, is to instruct the Crown in the choice of the proper objects of such a charity? Till such a fund be formed—

and the present certainly is scandalously limited—we call again upon the public and the press to guard it like the apples of the Hesperides, and to see sternly to it, that none but men of the true "Seed-royal" be permitted to share its sparing and precious bounty.

ZELINDA; OR, THE CONVERTED ONE.

FROM THE GERMAN OF BARON DE LA MOTTE FOUQUE.

BY ADOLPH BERNSTEIN.

(Concluded from page 495.)

CHAPTER VII.

In the confused throng of victorious and vanquished troops, Zelinda had contrived to disengage herself from Fadrique's arms, and fled from him like an arrow shot by a skilful bowman, or like the wild gazelle among its native hills, so that she was soon lost to the eyes of the young soldier in these paths well known to her, though love lent him wings.

The loss of so splendid a prize added an edge to the keenness of the Spaniard's rage, which burned in his breast against the unbelieving foe. Wherever a luckless group was still found offering resistance to the progress of the triumphant Spaniards, Fadrique put himself at the head of his troops, who gathered around him as a standard of victory; whilst Heimbert never quitted his side, and like a faithful shield, warded off danger in various shapes, to which his comrade, intoxicated by success, and yet stung with rage at the loss of his fair captive, heedlessly exposed himself. On the following day, intelligence was gained of Barbarossa's expeditious flight, and the troops entered the gates of Tunis without opposition. The squadrons under the command of Fadrique and Heimbert were close together.

Dense volumes of smoke spread through the streets; the soldiers were frequently obliged to shake off portions of inflamed materials which settled upon their mantles, and richly-plumed morions or storming-caps. "I fear the enemy has, in despair, set fire to some powder magazine!" exclaimed Heimbert, warily, whilst Fadrique nodding assent to the suggestion, hastened to the spot whence the smoke proceeded, followed by his soldiers.

On suddenly turning the corner of a street, they found themselves in front of a magnificent palace, out of whose elegant windows flames issued forth, which, in their fitful glare, seemed like torches of death lighting up the noble edifice in the hour of its tottering grandeur; now, spreading a halo, bright as a sunbeam, over some part of its gigantic dimensions, and now again enveloping it in a gloomy cloud of smoke. And like a faultless statue, the ornament of the whole magnificent edifice, stood Zelinda, on an arch of dizzy height, beneath which the sportive flames were wreathing a fiery garland, and called loudly on some of her fellow believers to aid her in rescuing from the lambent flames, the lettered wisdom of many centuries, which was stored up within the tottering building. The arch now began to rock to and fro, from the violence of the flames below; some of the stones composing it gave way, and Fadrique anxiously warned the maiden of her imminent danger; scarcely had she receded a few steps, before the very spot on which she had previously stood, in a moment came down with a huge crash, and crumbled into a thousand fragments on the pavement. Zelinda retreated into the inside of the burning palace, whilst Fadrique ran up the winding stairs which were of marble, followed by his faithful protecting comrade, Heimbert.

They hurried through high-roofed halls that echoed their footsteps at every tread; above their heads the ceiling was formed into lofty arches, and one chamber led to another like the various mazes of a labyrinth. On all sides the walls were covered with ornamented shelves, containing piled-up rolls of parchment, papyrus, and palm leaves, which, filled with characters of bygone ages, had now, alas! reached the end of their existence, for the flames had already effected an entrance and were consuming these records of hieroglyphic times. The fiery element, which now spread its lurid covering around one beam after another, had been kindled by the rage of some Spanish soldiers, who, disappointed in their expectations of plunder, had thus given vent to their savage feelings, the rather that in these singular characters they recognised only the impressions of magic and witchcraft. Fadrique flew, as in a dream, through the splendid halls and corridors lit up by a glare at once magnificent and terrible, whilst the only sound that issued from his lips was, "Zelinda, Zelinda!" and the only object that presented itself to his eyes, the image of his enchanting love. Long did Heimbert follow at his side, till both at last reached a staircase of cedar-wood, which led to a still higher story, when Fadrique, after having stood and listened, suddenly exclaimed: "It is, it is Zelinda! I hear her voice above; she calls, she needs my aid!" Scarcely had he uttered these words before he stood on the steps which were already emitting sparks. Heimbert delayed an instant: he saw the stairs tottering, and was about to apprise his friend of his impending danger, but at that moment the whole scene burst into volumes of flame with a terrific crash. He could only just perceive, through the flame and smoke, Fadrique firmly grasping the iron railing above and suspended by it;—there was no way left to follow him. After brief deliberation Heimbert hastened to the neighbouring rooms, hoping to find some passage by which he might regain his lost comrade.

Meanwhile Fadrique, invited by the damsel's voice, had entered a gallery, the floor of which, enveloped in flames, was falling into the abyss beneath with a tremendous noise, whilst a range of pillars on each side still braved the fury of the devouring element. He now beheld the figure of his lady-love on the opposite side, clinging to a pillar with one hand, and with the other menacing some Spanish soldiers who seemed prepared each moment to seize her. Fadrique could not come to her assistance,

as the space which divided them was too broad to be leapt over. Trembling lest his cries should frighten the maiden, who thus might fall into the yawning gulph beneath, he said in a whisper, as though he were wafting his words across the flaming interval, "Zelinda, Zelinda, yield to no desperate thoughts, your protector is at hand!"

The maiden turned her queenly head towards him, and when Fadrique saw that she was collected and calm, he exclaimed in the thunder of a war-trumpet, addressing himself to the soldiers: "Back, audacious rascals! the first that approaches one step nearer the lady, falls by my avenging arm!" They started, and were about to turn away, when one among them said: "Comrades, the knight will not eat us, and the space he has to cross before he can reach us is considerable. As to the lady precipitating herself down this gallery—it seems as though the captain there were her gallant, and the lady who has a gallant is not, generally, very eager to throw her life away."

These words created a unanimous burst of boisterous applause, and the soldiers again advanced; Zelinda stood at the extreme edge of the flooring, in the act of leaping down. At this critical moment Fadrique, looking like an infuriated beast of prey when disappointed of its victim, tore his targe off his shoulders, and hurled it with his dexterous right hand so surely that the ringleader of the soldiers received a violent blow on his skull, and fell senseless to the ground. The rest once more stood still. "Away with you,' cried Fadrique in a commanding voice, "or my poignard transfixes the next presumptuous fool that dares to advance one step, and then let the rest beware of my vengeance when I reach them."

The weapon glistened in the soldier's hand, but still more did his eyes sparkle with rage; the villains fled. Zelinda now bowed courteously to her deliverer, and lifting up several scrolls of palm leaves which, having dropped from her hands, lay close at her feet, hastily made her way through a side door of the gallery. Fruitless was the search made for her by Fadrique throughout the whole of the burning palace.

CHAPTER VIII.

On a sort of common within the conquered town, Duke Alva and some of the principal Spanish nobles had collected together, for the purpose of questioning several Ottoman prisoners, through interpreters, what had become of the wonderful female who appeared as the inspiring angel on the Turkish trenches, and must be regarded as one of the loveliest enchantresses ever beheld by mortal eyes. Their answers did not afford much information, since the captives themselves, though aware that the beautiful Zelinda possessed the power of magic, and was accordingly reverenced by their nation as a sovereign mistress, knew little or nothing concerning her mysterious visits to Tunis, whence she came, or to what corner of the earth she had now betaken herself. The conqueror, deeming this account fabulous, or at best evasive, began to threaten the prisoners with condign punishment unless they should reveal more satisfactory details, when an old Dervise, who had been overlooked till now, stepped forth and said, with a grim smile: "Whoever is desirous of tracking her steps, may do so forthwith. I will conceal from him nothing that I know of her mysterious course, and I do know some little. But I must first exact a promise that I am not to be compelled to accompany the adventurer, be he who he may. If this condition be not complied with, my lips are closed; and no circumstances whatever shall induce me to open them."

He looked like one who would prove as good as his word, and Alva, pleased with a decision of character that so nearly resembled his own, pledged himself to the proposed condition, whereupon the Dervise began as follows:

"Having once upon a time penetrated into the almost boundless desert of Sahara (whether led on by curiosity or some other feeling, I do not now remember), I lost my way, and after wandering about for some time, I at length, half dead with fatigue and vexation, reached one of those fruitful islands, commonly called Oases."

Now followed, in true oriental style, a description of the wonderful things seen there, so that the hearts of the listeners swelled with fond desire, and now their hair stood on end at the recital of some horrible thing; though, on account of the strange accent and the stream-like rapidity of the old man's utterance, scarcely one half of the tale could be gathered.

On the whole, however, it was inferred that Zelinda lived in a blooming island, in the midst of the pathless steppes of the desert, and that during the last half hour she had been on her way thither, as doubtless the Dervise well knew, but was unwilling to express in definite terms. The sneering manner in which the old man had concluded his story, proved that he had nothing more at heart than that some adventurous Christian might be led to undertake a journey which would inevitably be attended with extreme peril, if not actual loss of life. At the same time, he took a solemn oath that the whole matter was precisely as he had related it, and that he had not been guilty either of adding to, or diminishing from the exact truth. The Spanish nobles stood around him in speechless amazement and contemplation.

At this juncture, Heimbert, who had just been compelled, by the violence of the flames which enveloped the castle ruins, to quit his friend's side, stepped forth and bowed low to the great leader of the united troops. "What may your wish be, valiant young sword?" asked Alva, nodding familiarly to the youthful soldier. "I remember your cheerful, blooming features; 'tis not long since you showed yourself my guardian angel, and since I know that your request cannot be but honourable and knightly, 'tis granted ere you speak it."

"Good, my lord Duke," said Heimbert glowing with modest pride, "since you permit me to prefer my humble petition, I would that you allowed me this very hour to pursue the beauteous Zelinda, whose path yon strange Dervise has pointed out."

The warrior once more nodded assent, and added: "So noble an adventure could not be entrusted to a worthier knight."

"I question that," uttered a sturdy voice in the crowd. "But well I know, that I, rather than any man, may claim a right to the adventure, even if it were the prize for the storming of Tunis. Who first scaled the ramparts, or entered the town a conqueror?"

"It was, unquestionably, Don Fadrique Mendez," replied Heimbert, leading forth his comrade by the hand, and presenting him to the collected nobles. "Though

I should forego the reward already granted to me, I will console myself, for *he* has merited the thanks of the whole army more than *I* have."

"Neither of you is deprived of his reward," exclaimed Duke Alva; "to each, I now grant leave to track the maiden's steps, in any manner he may choose."

Quick as lightning the youthful heroes darted from the circle in opposite directions.

CHAPTER IX.

Like a vast ocean of sand extending to the remotest horizon, destitute of every object to vary the monotony of its immense surface, unchangeably white and one continuous waste, the wilderness of Sahara meets the eye of the wanderer whose unfortunate lot it is to explore its barren regions. It may be said to resemble the ocean in this respect also, that ever and anon huge waves of sand are driven upwards, whilst not unfrequently, too, a nebulous mist broods over its gigantic plain. It is not, however, that mild, sportive undulation which unites, as it were, all the coasts of this earth, where each successive wave that rolls towards you seems pregnant with news from every distant blooming isle, and when it has communicated its intelligence, recedes with your answer into the wavy dance—no! it is only the miserable coquetting of the sultry winds with the inconstant sand that falls down again into its joyless bed, where human beings know no happiness, and where they tarry not. It is not the genial refreshing exhalation of the main, in which friendly fairies love to frolic, shaping in airy form now blooming gardens, and now splendid palaces and gorgeous piazzas—it is a suffocating vapour, rebelliously mounting up from the desolate region to the scorching sun.

Hither the two adventurers had come at the same moment, and with looks that bespoke feelings of trepidation, were peering into the trackless chaos which lay widely extended before them. Zelinda's footsteps, which were not easily lost sight of, had till then obliged them almost always to join company, wherefore Fadrique was not a little discontented, and often threw a scowling glance at his unwelcome companion. It had been the eager wish and hope of both to overtake Zelinda before the desert should have buried her course in hopeless uncertainty. But now both were disappointed in their wishes, as the avalanche of sand, perpetually in motion, made it a most difficult and uninviting task to pursue a southern path by the guidance of the stars till, as fabled story narrates, the wanderer would come to a wonderful blooming Oasis, the abode of a most lovely enchantress. The young men looked dolefully on the immense void before them, their steeds snorted as they snuffed the dry, parching air, whilst doubts and despair seemed to overcloud the brows of their riders. Then, as though the word of command had been given, they leaped down from their saddles, and loosed the girths of their chargers, in order that the noble animals, which must have died for the want of subsistence in the arid desert, might retrace their way and gain a happier home. And now having taken some provisions from their saddle-bags, they disengaged their feet from their heavy riding-boots, and disappeared, like two courageous swimmers, in the boundless expanse.

CHAPTER X.

Where the sun was the only guide by day, and the starry array at night, it could not but happen that the two adventurers soon lost sight of one another, more especially since Fadrique purposely avoided his comrade's society, to which he now felt unconquerable aversion. Heimbert, on the other hand, entertained no other thoughts than those which had reference to the attainment of his end, and walked on in southern direction, cheerfully hoping for assistance from above.

Night and morning had succeeded each other several times, when Heimbert stood, one evening about twilight, alone in the vast sandy plain, without a single settled object in the wide sphere of his vision. The light flask, hanging from his side, was emptied of its contents; and evening, instead of refreshing breezes, was accompanied by a whirlwind of sultry sand, so that the exhausted wanderer was necessitated to press his glowing cheeks close to the arid ground, to escape, in some measure, the fatal influence of the moving clouds. At times he heard a noise, as if something were rapidly rushing past him, or sweeping the ground with the ample folds of a mantle; on such occasions he would rise in anxious haste, but he only perceived what he had, alas, too often seen lately, the wild animals of the wilderness, sportively roaming through the vast void in enjoyment of undisturbed liberty. Now he would see ugly camels, now long-necked giraffes with seemingly disproportionate limbs, and now again a long-legged ostrich hurrying along with extended sail-like wings. They all appeared to mock him, and he had already resolved not to open his eyes again, but linger on till death should put an end to his sufferings, rather than behold these strange-looking creatures disturbing his tranquillity at the hour of death.

On a sudden he heard the prancing of a snorting steed which stopped close by him, and he fancied that a human voice whispered into his ear. Though half reluctant, he could not resist his inclination to rise once more, and great was his astonishment on seeing a horseman, in Arabian costume, seated on a well-made Arabian courser. Transported with joy, at again finding himself in the vicinity of a human being, he exclaimed, "O man, whoever thou art, welcome in this frightful solitude, and refresh, if thou canst, thy fellow-man, who else must die of thirst!" And immediately recollecting that the accents of his dear native tongue were unintelligible in this secluded locality, he repeated the same address in that mixed dialect termed *Lingua Romana*, which forms the ordinary vehicle of intercourse used by Heathens, Mahometans, and Christians, in those parts of the world where they meet together in any great numbers.

The Arabian maintained strict silence for some little time, and seemed to chuckle at the rare booty chance had thrown in his way. At length he replied, in the above-mentioned idiom, "Know that I too was in the Barbarossa fight, and though our defeat was not a little vexatious at that time, yet I find myself somewhat compensated in seeing at my feet, and in so truly miserable a condition, one of the conquerors in that siege."

"*Miserable*, did you say?" asked Heimbert, enraged; and whilst insulted honour gave him more than his usual strength for the moment, he started up, unsheathed his sword, and, with his right, made a desperate thrust at the stranger.

"Oho," sneered the Arabian, receding a few paces; "can the Christian adder still hiss so loudly? As for that matter, I need but strike my legs against my dark-brown friend here, and, galloping off, leave thee to thy wretched fate, thou stray worm."

"Away with thee, heathen dog!" replied Heimbert. "Rather than accept a crumb from thy hands, I will perish here, should my gracious God not be pleased to provide manna for me in the wilderness."

The Arabian now urged his flying steed, and galloped a few hundred paces, laughing in loud mockery at his helpless foe all the while. Then he halted, looked round at Heimbert, and again approaching said: "Thou really dost appear to me too good to die here of hunger and thirst. See, my glorious sabre shall despatch thee!"

Heimbert, who had again sunk down in hopeless despair on the burning sand, quickly got upon his feet, at these words, sword in hand, and though the Arabian's steed bore down upon him with rapid course, the expert swordsman, with one stroke of his weapon, intimidated the charger of his foe, and parried the blow which the Arabian, like all Mahometans, struck at him backwards with his scythe-like cimitar.

Several times the Arabian charged on one side and on another, in vain hoping to cleave his foe. At last he became impatient, and approached so boldly, that Heimbert, whilst parrying a side thrust, gained time to seize the horseman by the girdle with his left, and pull him down from his horse, which then galloped off. The violent exertion which this feat cost him caused Heimbert to fall to the ground; he lay, however, upon his antagonist, and skilfully drawing a poignard from its sheath, held it before his eyes. "Wilt thou have compassion, or death?" asked he.

The Arabian, casting his eyes up to the murderous knife that glittered before him, replied, "Be merciful, thou valiant fencer. I yield myself into thy hands."

Upon this Heimbert commanded him to throw down the sword, which he still held in his right. He did so, and both combatants rose, but soon sank down again on the sand, for the victor still felt much more feeble and exhausted than the vanquished one.

The affectionate steed of the Arabian had meanwhile again approached; for it is the wont of those noble animals never to desert their masters, even when prostrate. Thus it stood behind the two men, and, extending its long, graceful neck, looked at them in a friendly manner.

"Arabian," said Heimbert, in a somewhat weak voice, "take from off thy horse's back the food and beverage thou carriest about with thee, and set all down before me here."

The other humbly obeyed this order, and now appeared as anxious to execute the dictates of his superior foe, as he before burned with rage against him.

After having taken a draught of palm-wine from a skin, Heimbert looked with refreshed eyes at the young Arabian by his side; and when he had partaken of some fruit, and quaffed a little more of the palm-wine, said, "Was it your intention to proceed on your journey this night, young man?"

"Oh yes!" answered the Arabian, with sad looks. "On a remote Oasis dwell my aged sire and blooming bride. Now, though thou shouldst give me my liberty, I fear I shall pine away in this sultry desert, for want of provisions, ere I reach the fond limit of my journey."

"Can it be," asked Heimbert, "the Oasis which the fair magician, Zelinda, inhabits?"

"Allah protect me!" exclaimed the Arabian, clasping his hands together. "Zelinda's enchanted isle is accessible to none but enchanters. It lies in the distant, scorching south; but our friendly island is situated in the cool west."

"Well," replied Heimbert, cheerfully, "I only desired to know whether we were to be companions on the way. But if this be not the case, we must of course divide the provisions, as I do not wish that so brave a soldier as yourself should perish with hunger and thirst."

Hereupon the young German commenced arranging both eatables and liquid in two different shares, placing the larger portion at his left, and the smaller at his right; and giving the former to the astonished Arabian, said:—"You see, my dear fellow, I have either not far to go, or I must sink in the wilderness, this my mind foretells me. And, besides, I cannot proceed so far on foot as you can on horseback."

"Victorious master!" said the Mussleman, with amazement, "am I to keep my horse too?"

"It were indeed a sin," replied Heimbert, with a smile, "to separate so generous a steed from so expert a horseman. Ride on, and may you reach your home in safety."

He now assisted him in mounting; and as the Arabian was about to express his thanks for his generosity, the latter suddenly ejaculated, "the magic maiden!" Having uttered these words, he galloped away over the plain. Whilst Heimbert, turning to the other side, by the light of the moon, which now shone clearly, perceived close at his side a bright figure, whom in an instant he recognised to be Zelinda.

CHAPTER XI.

The maiden looked fixedly for some minutes into the young soldier's face, and appeared to be searching for words to address him, whilst Heimbert was equally at a loss for speech, when he beheld the object of his long and tedious search now standing before him. At length she said, in the Castille idiom, "Thou wonderful enigma, I have been a witness to all that passed between thee and the Arabian; and the whole event confuses my brain like a whirlwind. Speak to me without delay, that I may know if thou be an angel or a madman."

"I am neither, lovely maiden," replied Heimbert, with his usual sweetness. "I am only a straying wanderer, and have just now been practising one of the grand precepts of Christianity."

"Sit down," said Zelinda, "and tell me something concerning thy religion, which must be a very strange one to have such professors as thou art. The night is cool and still; and seated at my side, thou needst not fear the dangers of the desert."

"Lovely damsel," said Heimbert, with a smile, "I am not of a timid disposition; and especially when I speak on such a subject, I do not know what fear is."

Hereupon both sat down on the sand, which had now become cooler, and commenced an interesting conversation, whilst the full moon, like a golden magic lamp, shone down upon them from the azure sky.

Heimbert's words, full of fervour, truth, and innocence, sank like mild sunbeams gently and quickening into Zelinda's heart, resisting the dismal world of magic that lay therein, and gaining sovereignty for a more lovely and benign power. As morning began to dawn, Zelinda, after a long and earnest conversation, said: "Thou must accompany me to my island, and there thou shalt be regaled, as beseems such a messenger as thee, much better than here, in the barren wilderness, with miserable palm wine."

"Pardon me," exclaimed Heimbert, "it is painful for me to refuse the request of a lovely maiden, but for once I cannot help it. Listen to me, I wot that in your island much splendour is collected together by the aid of your forbidden arts; and that the beauteous forms and shapes which God created are metamorphosed. The sight of these things might confuse my senses, nay, entirely rob me of them. If, therefore, you are desirous to know, in its purity and integrity, what I have to communicate to you, it were better that you came to visit me here in the desolate wilderness."

"You should rather accompany me," replied Zelinda, shaking her head, as she smiled somewhat in mockery. "You were neither born nor educated a hermit; and my Oasis possesses *not* that wild strange disorder which you seem to imagine. The truth is simply this—shrubs, flowers, and animals from all quarters of the globe are congregated there, and the effect is perhaps slightly novel, since each thing partakes, in some measure, of the nature of the other, somewhat similar to what you may have seen in our carvings, the so-called Arabesques. A flower changing its hues, a bird growing from a branch, a fountain sparkling with fire, a melodious twig—these, forsooth, are not ugly things."

"Let him keep away from temptation who does not wish to perish by it," said Heimbert seriously. "I prefer the sandy plain. Will you again visit me?"

Zelinda looked down discontentedly, and then suddenly answered, with a low inclination of her head, "Yes, expect me at the approach of evening." And turning away, she was soon lost in the clouds of sand that rose from the plain.

CHAPTER XII.

At twilight the lovely Zelinda returned, and passed the night in animated conversation with Heimbert; always departing at early morn in a state of increased humility and strengthened piety; and thus several days passed away.

"Thy palm wine and dates are diminishing," said Zelinda one day, offering Heimbert a flask of generous wine, and some delicious fruit. He gently refused the gift, however, and added: "Beauteous damsel, willingly would I accept thy present, did I not fear that it is in some way connected with magic art. Or can you assure me to the contrary, protesting, by Him, of whom you now begin to know something?"

Zelinda hung down her head in mute shame, and took back her proffered gifts. On the following evening she brought a similar present, and with a confident smile took the desired oath. Then Heimbert, without hesitation, partook of the excellent repast; and from this time on, the scholar carefully provided for her teacher in the desert. Ever and anon Heimbert would hint to her how his friend Fadrique's fervent love for her had alone impelled him to dare the fatal wilderness, and seek, even by so dear a means, to attain the sole object of his comrade's affection. She recalled to memory the brave and handsome soldier who gained the hill in order to clasp her in his arms, and likewise related to her companion the scene in the flaming library. Heimbert, too, spoke of the knightly power of Fadrique; of his noble and unspotted manners; his warm affection for Zelinda, which was manifested during the night after the siege of Tunis, in broken ejaculations, muttered in dreams, with all the earnestness of one who is awake.

Thus the image of the Spanish soldier was indelibly stamped on Zelinda's heart, and having taken deep root, spread both gently and firmly. Heimbert's vicinity, and the almost adoring nature of the attachment which the scholar cherished for the teacher, did not, in the least, interfere with this development, for, from the very first moment, his appearance had impressed her with those feelings of purity and heavenliness, which effectually prevent the intrusion of earthly love. When Heimbert was by himself, he used frequently to smile with placid satisfaction, and say, in his own dear native tongue, "I am so delighted to be enabled to perform the same service for Fadrique *consciously*, that he once did for me with his sister *unconsciously*." And then he would sing a German sonnet on Clara's beauty and charming loveliness of character, so that his melody, ringing gracefully over the lonesome desert, beguiled the monotony of his retirement.

As Zelinda came one evening, in her wonted natural dignity, bearing a basket of provisions for Heimbert, he accosted her with a smile, and said: "I cannot conceive why you should still take the trouble, kind maiden, to visit me in the desert here. You cannot surely find pleasure in magic arts, since the spirit of truth and love has begun to dwell in you. You might easily transform the appearance of things in the Oasis to the state in which God created them, and then I could accompany you thither." "You speak truly" said Zelinda, "I too have thought of this for some time, and should have arranged all properly, had not a strange visiter disturbed my power. The Dervise you saw in Tunis is at present with me in the island; and as we had formerly been accustomed to practise our magic feats together, he wished to do so again. He observes the change which has been effected in me, and therefore presses me vigorously to join in his schemes."

"He must be expelled from the island, or converted," exclaimed Heimbert, fastening his military feet, and raising his targe from the ground. "Pray be kind enough immediately to conduct me to the fairy isle."

"You avoided it so scrupulously before," said the astonished maiden; "and it is yet quite unaltered in its strange appearance."

"*Before*, it would have been temerity in me to venture thither," replied Heimbert. "You kindly came to see me here, and this was better for both of us. Now, however, the old Dervise might lay snares for you, and therefore I feel it to be my knightly duty to undertake this work." And the pair walked rapidly through the now darkening desert, in the direction of the blooming isle.

CHAPTER XIII.

Enchanted odours began to play around the temples of the wanderers; the stars, ascending in the heavens,

displayed, in the far distance, a copse waving under the influence of the gentle zephyrs. Heimbert cast his eyes down to the ground, and said: "Do thou precede, lovely maiden, and guide my steps to the spot where I may find the menacing Dervise. I will not needlessly look at any objects which may disturb my tranquillity of mind."

Zelinda complied with his request, which changed the relative position of the pair; the maiden became the guide, and Heimbert consented to be led in untrodden paths by her in whom he reposed the utmost confidence.

Branches occasionally brushed his cheeks, as though in mockery or caressingly; wonderful birds, springing forth from the copse, gaily carolled melodious notes; the velvet sward beneath their feet, on which Heimbert's eyes were still fixed, began to be covered with golden-crested, green-eyed serpents; whilst coronets of gold, and precious stones of every possible hue and shape, sparkled in rich abundance. These, on being touched by the serpents, emitted silvery sounds. The wanderer, however, walked on, indifferent to every object that met his senses, and eager only to follow the steps of his fair conductress.

"We have arrived at our destination," said the maiden, in a low tone of voice; and Heimbert, looking up, beheld a shining grotto, in which lay a man asleep, and covered, after the old Numidian fashion, with gold scaly armour. "Is that figure in golden fish-skin also some magic juggle?" asked Heimbert, jocosely. "Oh no," replied Zelinda, looking very serious; "it is the Dervise himself; and this coat of mail, smeared with charmed Dragons' blood, which he has put on, proves that he was made aware by his magic arts of our approach."

"What does it signify," said Heimbert, "since he must have learnt that sooner or later?" Upon this he began to exclaim; "Awake, old gentleman, rise up! A friend wishes to speak to you on matters of importance."

As the old man opened his large rolling eyes, everything in the magic grotto began to stir—the water danced—branches devoured each other in wild contention; and the stones, shells, and corals, united in a concert of harmonious strains. "Roll on in wonderful confusion," cried Heimbert, as with steady gaze he beheld the jingling mass. "You shall hardly lead me astray in my good path; and as for your unearthly din, God has given me a sound and sonorous soldier's voice." Then turning to the Dervise, he said: "Old gentleman, it seems that you already know all that has taken place in reference to Zelinda and myself. But, should this not be the case, I will now briefly relate to you the circumstances of her all but entire conversion to Christianity,* and of her speedily becoming the bride of a noble Spanish knight. Be sure not to throw any obstacles in the way, for it is likely to prove a very advantageous one to you. Still better, however, were it if you yourself would consent to become a Christian. Let us converse together on the subject; but previous to doing so, cause this mummery and juggling to cease around us. Our doctrine sets forth things of too heavenly and mild a nature to be uttered in a trumpet-voice."

The Dervise, on the other hand, burning with rage and fury, had not even listened to the latter part of the knight's speech, and he now pressed upon him vigorously with his scythe-like sword. Heimbert merely held out his sabre, and said: "Take heed, Sir! I understand just now that your weapon is charmed; but it has no power over this good sword which has been consecrated on holy ground."

In wild dismay the Dervise started back from the weapon; but leaping forth again in a manner equally wild, he plied the German knight on the opposite side, who with difficulty parried the tremendous thrust made by the cimitar of his foe. Like a golden-crested dragon, the Mahometan continued to wheel round and round his antagonist, with a celerity which, coupled with the long-hanging beard, had a most hideous, hobgoblin appearance. Heimbert was on his guard at every point, watching for some opportunity to thrust in his sword between the scales. His wishes were at last crowned with success; on the left side, between the arm and breast, the dark garment of the Dervise was visible, and like lightning the German's blade was inserted with sure aim. The old man exclaimed in a loud voice: "Allah! Allah! Allah!" and on his face fell lifeless to the ground.

"I pity his fate!" sighed Heimbert, as, leaning on his sword, he gazed at the dead body. "He fought bravely, and his last breath was spent in invoking the name of his 'Allah,' by which he doubtless means God. Well, he shall not want a decent grave." Thereupon he scooped out a vault by the aid of the broad cimitar of the deceased, put the corpse into it, covered it up with sods, and knelt down in silent but hearty prayer for his own safety, and that of "the Converted One."

CHAPTER XIV.

After having knelt for some time in silent devotion, Heimbert rose up and cast his eyes first upon the smiling Zelinda, who stood by his side, and then on the scene around him, which had undergone a complete change. Cleft and grotto had disappeared, animals and trees in mixed confusion had vanished; a gently sloping meadow inclining downwards from the spot where Heimbert stood, a valley of sand below, springs gushing forth with melodious murmur, here and there a date-shrub bending over the path, met his eye, whilst the whole scene, lit up by the rising beams of Aurora, smiled in sweet and simple peacefulness. "You cannot but feel," said Heimbert, addressing himself to his companion, "that the Creator of the world has ordered and made all things more lovely, excellent, and grand than anything that even the highest human art can possibly effect or obtain by transformation.

The pair walked on in meditative silence towards one of the sweetest little springs in the whole Oasis, and just as they had reached its border, the sun shone directly upon them. Heimbert had not yet considered what Christian name he should give the maiden, but as he drew near the water and beheld the vast sandy desert lying all extended around him, he could not help thinking of the holy hermit, St. Antony,* in the Egyptian wil-

* The words used by my author, are: "so gut als eine Christin" (as good as a Christian). The meaning I take to be, that Zelinda's mind had received the seeds of Christian doctrine, but no formal confession had as yet transpired from the lips of the fair convert, to warrant the assertion that she was actually converted to the faith.—*Translator's Note.*

* This Saint was born in Egypt (A. D. 251). He used the book of Nature as his text-book, and preferred it to

darness, and this led him to call her by the name of "Antonia."

They spent the day in pious discourse, and Antonia showed her friend a small cave, in which she had concealed all kinds of provisions for her subsistence in the Oasis. "For," said she, "I came hither for the sole purpose of understanding the work of creation better in retirement, without knowing aught at that time of magic art. Soon, however, the Dervise came tempting me, and the horrors of the desert, as well as all that seducing spirits showed me in dreaming and otherwise, seemed to enter into an alliance with the old man's words."

Heimbert scrupled not to take with him as much wine and dried fruits as might still be fit for use on the journey, and Antonia assured him that by taking a route which was well known to her, they would reach the border of the vast sandy desert in a few days. As the cool of the evening drew near, both set forward upon their journey.

CHAPTER XV.

The travellers had gone over a considerable part of the desert, when they one day beheld in the distance a human figure reeling now to this side, now to that. The wanderer seemed to be going about at random, and Antonia, with her Eastern eagle-eye, saw distinctly that it was not an Arabian, but a man in knightly costume.

"Dear sister," exclaimed Heimbert, full of anxious joy, "it is, doubtless, poor Fadrique, in search of you. Pray, let us hasten, lest he should lose us, or even his life, in this immense wilderness." They exerted themselves to the utmost, in order to reach the distant stranger, but it being still a warm part of the day, and the sun throwing down his scorching rays, Antonia could not long endure the fatigue of rapid walking; meanwhile, clouds of dust began to mount every now and then, and the figure was lost, to the eyes of the searching pair, as a form shaped forth in the harvest mist.

When the moon shone clearly, they began anew their hasty march, called after the straying figure, put up white handkerchiefs at the end of their walking-sticks, to flutter in the dark blue atmosphere over their heads, but all was in vain. The object of their straining gaze, which had lately disappeared, still remained lost to their sight. The coy giraffes once more darted past them, and the estriches hurried along with outspread wings.

In the morning dawn Antonia at last stood still, and Heimbert spread out his cloak upon the sand, that she might rest more comfortably and securely. He had no sooner completed this arrangement, however, than he cried out in astonishment, "As I live, there lies a man, quite covered with dust and sand. I hope he is not dead!" and pouring a few drops of wine upon the man's brow, he gently rubbed his temples.

The man thus revived, slowly opened his eyes and said, "Would that the dew of morning had never again refreshed me, and that I had died, unknown and unlamented, here in the wilderness, which must, sooner or later, be my fate."

Having uttered these words, he again closed his eyes like one who is drowsy with sleep; but as Heimbert persevered in his work of love, the other raised himself slightly up, and looking in astonishment, first at Heimbert, then at the maiden, he said, as he ground his teeth, "Ha, was that your intention? I was not even to be allowed to die in the satisfaction of secluded privacy! but must previously witness the triumph of my rival, and the mockery of my sister!"

On concluding these words, he arose with great effort, and, drawing his sword, aimed a thrust at Heimbert. The latter, without moving his arm or sword, replied in friendly accents: "I cannot harm thee, since I see thee in so exhausted a state; and, besides, I must first conduct this lady to a place of safety."

Antonia, who at first had beheld the enraged stranger with considerable amazement, now placed herself between the two men, and said: "Fadrique, neither misery nor anger can entirely disfigure your lineaments. But in what has my noble brother here wronged you?"

"Brother!" cried Fadrique, in utter astonishment.

"Or godfather," replied Heimbert. "Whichever of the two you please. Only do not call her Zelinda any longer; her name now is Antonia, a Christian, and thy bride."

Fadrique listened to these words, which appeared almost incredible to him; but Heimbert's honest manner, and Antonia's modest blush, solved the beautiful enigma. In transports of joy, he sank down before the lovely object of his affection, and, in the midst of the inhospitable desert, a rich bouquet of love, gratitude, and trusty confidence, blossomed heavenwards.

The vehemence of sudden pleasure at last yielded to physical exhaustion. Antonia stretched her wearied limbs on the sand, that had now become hotter, and, like a flower, she slumbered under the protection of her bridegroom and chosen brother.

"Slumber thou also," said Heimbert, gently to Fadrique. "Thou hast roamed about and art weary, for thy eyes are heavy and need repose. As I am not the least fatigued, I will keep watch over Antonia and thee."

"O, Heimbert," sighed the noble Castilian, "my sister shall be thy bride, that is nothing more than right. But with regard to our little private matter"——

"Of course," said Heimbert earnestly, "when we are in Spain, you will give me satisfaction for your hasty words. Till then, however, I beg you will not mention the subject. Before the termination of an affair of honour, every allusion to it is unpleasant."

Fadrique laid himself down on the sand, overpowered by sleep, and Heimbert cheerfully knelt in prayer to his God for past success, and, submitting the future to his guidance, full of happiness and confidence.

CHAPTER XVI.

On the following day, the three travellers arrived at the commencement of the desert, and rested a week in an adjoining village, which, shaded by trees, and clothed with the verdant carpet of nature, contrasted like a little paradise against the joyless Sahara.

Especially did Fadrique's state of health make this delay requisite. During the whole time of his separation from Heimbert, he had not once left the desert, but ob-

all other modes of cultivating the intellect. Having once heard a sermon preached on St. Mark x. 21, "Go thy way, sell whatever thou hast, and give to the poor," he literally obeyed the Divine precept, by selling his immense possessions and distributing the money to the poor. His life was of the most self-denying sort; he slept on the bare ground or in caverns, subsisted on bread and water, which he only took after sunset, and passed whole nights in prayer. He may be called the veritable founder of *monastic life.—Translator's Note.*

tained his precarious subsistence from wandering Arabs, whilst often he had been without any food for several consecutive days. He had at length entirely missed his way, so that not even the stars could guide him to the right path; and thus he roamed about sadly and to no purpose, like the clouds of dust that rose around him from the sandy plain.

When now he occasionally fell asleep after dinner, whilst Antonia and Heimbert, like two smiling angels, guarded his slumbers, he would frequently shriek out, and gaze about him with looks of extreme terror, until he beheld the two faces of his friends, when he would again sink down into calm repose. Being questioned, on awaking, respecting his frightful dreams, he replied that nothing, during his wanderings in the desert, had been a greater source of pain to him than his fallacious dreams; for now he would fancy himself at home, now in the camp amongst his jovial companions, or even in the presence of Zelinda; but then the stern reality would again undeceive him, and he found himself at such times doubly wretched in the vast wilderness. Hence, whenever he awoke, he still shuddered, and sleep was not unfrequently expelled by the dim recollection of former terrors. "You cannot form any conception of my imaginary woe," added he; "to be banished, on a sudden, from these well-known walls into the boundless desert! To behold, instead of the lovely face of my dear bride, an ugly camel's head bending over me! This, my dear friend, you will allow, is no slight cause of fear."

Such, together with all other remnants of former evils, soon departed from Fadrique's mind, and the journey to Tunis was now cheerfully commenced. The injustice he had inflicted upon Heimbert, and the inevitable consequences thereof, could not fail sometimes to spread a gloomy cloud over the noble Spaniard's brow, but it was also the cause of softening down the innate, haughty fire of his nature, and Antonia was thus enabled to entwine her heart the more tenderly and warmly around his.

Tunis, which had once been the scene of Zelinda's magic arts, and her enthusiastic animosity displayed against Christians, now witnessed Antonia's solemn baptism on a consecrated spot, soon after which ceremony, all three took ship for Malaga with prosperous breeze.

CHAPTER XVII.

Donna Clara sat one evening musingly at the fountain where she had formerly bid adieu to Heimbert. The lyre in her lap gave forth sweet notes, which her taper fingers were enticing from it as in a dream; and a melody at last arose, accompanied by the following words, which she warbled with half-opened lips:—

In far-distant climes roves my love,
He heeds not his Clara, who sighs
That she cannot resemble the dove,
When at eve to its nest it hies.

This bosom betrays but too well,
Each rising and painful emotion;
And these eyes, as they glisten, tell
Of my warm and constant devotion.

Oh, far, far away is my love,
He heeds not the maiden he prized
All gems and all riches above,
And *she* lingers alone, despised.

The lyre was silent, and soft dew-drops sparkled in her mild, angelic eyes.

Heimbert, who was concealed behind some orange-trees near the fountain's edge, felt, as it were in sympathy, warm tears chasing each other down his cheeks; whilst Fadrique, who had brought both him and Antonia thither, could no longer restrain the outburst of his feelings on again beholding his dear sister, but stepped forward to greet her, as he led Antonia and Heimbert by the hand.

Every one can best picture to himself such moments of superhuman bliss; and it were doing him but a poor service to relate what one did, or the other said. Likewise do thou, sweet reader, imagine this picture in thy own way, which will come easy to thee if thou art enamoured of the two couples before thee. Should this latter supposition, however, not be true, wherefore expend useless words?

Trusting, then, that some courteous reader takes delight in the pleasure experienced by the reunion of lovers, and of brothers and sisters, and can consent to linger over their further adventures and ultimate fate, I shall proceed with my tale, stimulated by feelings of renewed confidence.

Though Heimbert, looking significantly at Fadrique, was about to retire as soon as Antonia had been committed to Donna Clara's protection, yet the noble Spaniard did not assent to the proposal which the look indicated. He invited his companion in arms, as imploringly as though he were his brother, to stay to supper; this feast was attended by some relations of the family of Mendez, in whose presence Fadrique declared the brave Heimbert of Waldhausen to be the affianced bridegroom of Donna Clara, ratifying the betrothal in the most solemn manner, so that the match could not be broken off, let what will happen, howmuchsoever *apparently* opposed to the alliance.

The witnesses, though rather surprised at these novel precautions, nevertheless gave their sanction, at Fadrique's desire, to their complete fulfilment; this they were rather inclined to do, since Duke Alva, who happened to be in Malaga on some naval affairs, had filled the whole town with stories of the bravery of both young soldiers.

When the choicest wine was circulating, in crystal glasses, around the festive board, Fadrique stepped behind Heimbert's chair, and whispered into his ear, "If it is convenient to you, Senor—the moon has just risen and shines like midday—I am now ready to give you the necessary satisfaction."

Heimbert nodded in a friendly manner, and the young men left the room, after receiving kind nods from their unsuspecting brides.

As they walked along the fragrant enclosures of the garden, Fadrique said with a sigh: "How happily could we wander here, were it not for my over-hasty temper!"

"Yes," replied Heimbert, "it is true; but since matters stand thus, and cannot be altered, let us proceed at once to the termination of the affair, in order that we may ever regard each other as soldiers and as knights."

"Certainly!" said Fadrique, and they hastened to a remote part of the garden, whence the clash of their swords could not penetrate to the merry saloon they had just quitted.

CHAPTER XVIII.

In that silent enclosure, where blooming shrubs grew around, not a sound was heard proceeding from the joyous company in the festive saloon, not a voice from the thronged

streets of the town broke the general stillness, whilst the full moon solemnly lit up the scene—it was the proper spot.

Heimbert and Fadrique now drew their glittering weapons from their scabbards, and stood opposed to each other ready for the combat. But before a thrust was made, a strange feeling prompted them to fall into each other's arms; lowering their weapons for a moment, they were locked in brotherly embrace—and then quitting one another's hold, the fearful duel began.

They were no longer companions in arms, nor friends, nor kindred, who thus pointed their murderous weapons at each other. One antagonist thrust at the other keenly, yet coolly; guarding, at the same time, his own breast against hostile attack.

After having exchanged several dangerous passes, the combatants paused and looked at each other with increased affection, each anxious to test the valour of his associate.

Heimbert, with his left, turned Fadrique's sword, which met him on making a tierce sideways, but whilst doing so, the razor edge of his opponent's weapon penetrated his leather glove, and the crimson blood gushed forth. "Stop," exclaimed Fadrique, and they examined the wound, but on finding it to be trifling, they renewed the combat, after having previously bound up the scratch with a handkerchief.

A few moments had elapsed, when Heimbert made a successful thrust at Fadrique's right shoulder, and now the German, in his turn, cried "Stop," as he felt sure that his thrust had taken effect. At first, Fadrique denied having received any hurt, but soon blood began to flow copiously from the wound, and he was obliged to accept his friend's proffered services.

The cut, however, proving unimportant, the noble Spaniard felt his strength undiminished either in arm or hand, and once more each blade glistened in the air.

At this moment, the garden gate, which was not very distant from the scene of action, was heard clinking, and a horseman seemed to be approaching through the shrubbery. Both combatants ceased from their engagement, and turned with impatient looks towards the unwelcome intruder, who was now perceived, in the figure of a warrior mounted on a tall charger, brushing through the rows of slender pines.

Fadrique, as master of the house, addressed the stranger as follows: "Senor, why you have taken it upon you to intrude upon the privacy of a stranger's garden, I shall discuss with you another time. For the present, I shall content myself with requesting that you will rid us of all further inconvenience by instantly departing, favouring me, however, with your name."

"I intend not to quit this spot," replied the stranger: "my name I will readily communicate; you are in the presence of the Duke of Alva." And by a sudden turn of his horse, the moon shone full upon his long pensive features, the seat of true greatness, dignity, and awe.

The two young soldiers bowed low, and let their weapons fall.

"I should know you," continued Alva, measuring them with his twinkling eyes. "Yes, in truth, I do know you well, ye young heroes of the siege of Tunis. Heaven be praised that two such brave soldiers, whom I had already given up as lost, yet see the light; but now relate to me what affair of honour has directed your blades against each other. You will not, I trust, scruple to declare before me your knightly differences."

The Duke's wish was fulfilled. Each of the noble youths related the whole of the events from the evening prior to embarkation, up to the present moment, whilst Alva listened in silent meditation, without moving a feature.

CHAPTER XIX.

The soldiers had long since ended their narrative, and the Duke, still lost in contemplation, said not a word. At last he addressed them as follows: "As I hope for mercy on the last day, young knights, from my conscience I pronounce your honour truly vindicated with regard to each other. Twice have ye stood up in mortal combat on account of the slights which escaped Don Fadrique Mendez' lips; and though the two unimportant scratches respectively received may not suffice to efface the stain of these gibes, yet I hold that your common perils before the ramparts of Tunis, and the deliverance afforded by Count Heimbert von Waldhausen to Don Fadrique Mendez in the desert, after obtaining for him his bride, empower Count Waldhausen to forgive an opponent for whose welfare he has testified such lively interest. Legends of ancient Rome have told us of two captains under the great Julius Caesar, who, having amicably adjusted a difference, formed a brotherly alliance with each other, and fought side by side in the Gallic wars. But I affirm that you have done still more for each other, and therefore declare your dispute ended for ever. Sheathe your swords, and embrace in my presence."

In obedience to the commands of their general, the young knights now sheathed their weapons, but, jealous of the least injury their honour might sustain, they still hesitated to clasp each other's necks.

The great hero beheld them somewhat angrily, then said: "Think ye, gentlemen, that I could wish to save the life of two brave soldiers at the expense of their honour? Rather than do so, I would have them both killed before my eyes at the same moment. I see, however, that some other measures must be adopted with such head-strong fellows as ye are."

And leaping down from his horse, which he then tied to a tree, he stepped between the two knights, having his drawn battle-blade in his right, and exclaimed: "Whoever denies that all differences between Count Heimbert von Waldhausen and Don Fadrique Mendez have not been honourably and sufficiently adjusted, must answer for his opinion to the Duke of Alva; and if those two knights themselves should have any objections to bring forward, let them state them. I stand here as the champion of my convictions." Upon this the youths made a low obeisance to their great general, who led the reconciled parties to their brides.

The Duke would not be deprived of the pleasure of taking a prominent share in the solemnisation of the nuptials, and took upon himself the part of giving away both the lovely brides to their handsome bridegrooms, being also present at the marriage feast.

All lived from that time in undisturbed joyful harmony; and though Count Heimbert was shortly after summoned with his beautiful spouse into his fatherland, yet letters of salutation were mutually exchanged between the friends; and the late posterity of Count Waldhausen

prided themselves on their connexion with the noble house of Mendez, whilst the descendants of the latter treasured up tales respecting the brave and generous Heimbert with eager fondness.*

* The title of this tale is in the original "The Two Captains."

TO MY STUDY.

A thousand blessings on thee now
My quiet little room,
For all thy power to clear my brow,
And dissipate my gloom.
I enter thee with haggard looks,
And heart o'ercharged with pain;
I look upon my darling books,
And I am strong again.

Hatred and envy, strife and fear
(The cankers of our lot),
Contempt and coldness come not near,
And weakness is forgot.
There is, at least, a quiet nook
Where I may draw my breath,
And out on life's broad river look,
Fast sweeping on to death.

Here death himself has lost his powers,
I dread him here no more,
He cannot kill life's sweetest flowers,
For they have died before.
He cannot kill the love of dream
That faded long ago,
A moment's sunbeam from above,
Upon a path of woe.

He cannot kill the hopes of fame,
That flushed upon my brow;
The future echoes, not my name,
E'en that is silent now.
True, he may shroud the kindling past
From memory's anxious view;
But then the death-shade would be cast
O'er sin and sorrow too,

For memory's book holds many a leaf,
It sickens me to see;
Then turn I jaded for relief,
My little room, to thee.
When all-resigned I sit and rest,
Regardless of my doom,
And loving thee of all things best,
My quiet little room!

JOAN OF ARC.

In reference to M. Michelet's History of France.

BY THOMAS DE QUINCEY.

(Concluded from page 184.)

La Pucelle, before she could be allowed to practise as a warrior, was put through her manual and platoon exercise, as a juvenile pupil in divinity, before six eminent men in wigs. According to Southey (v. 393, Book III., in the original edition of his "Joan of Arc") she "appall'd the doctors." It's not easy to do *that;* but they had some reason to feel bothered, as that surgeon would assuredly feel bothered, who, upon proceeding to dissect a subject, should find the subject retaliating as a dissector upon himself, especially if Joanna ever made the speech to them which occupies v. 354—391, B. III. It is a double impossibility; 1st, because a piracy from Tindal's *Christianity as Old as the Creation:* now a piracy *à parte post* is common enough; but a piracy *à parte ante*, and by three centuries, would (according to our old English phrase*) drive a coach-and-six through any copyright act that man born of woman could frame. 2dly, It is quite contrary to the evidence on Joanna's trial; for Southey's "Joan" of A. Dom. 1796 (Cottle, Bristol), tells the doctors, amongst other secrets, that she never in her life attended—1st, Mass; nor 2d, the Sacramental table; nor 3d, Confession. Here's a precious windfall for the doctors; they, by snaky tortuosities, had hoped, through the aid of a corkscrew (which every D.D. or S.T.P is said to carry in his pocket), for the happiness of ultimately extracting from Joanna a few grains of heretical powder or small shot, which might have justified their singeing her a little. And just at such a crisis, expressly to justify their burning her to a cinder, up gallops Joanna with a brigade of guns, unlimbers, and serves them out with heretical grape and deistical round-shot enough to lay a kingdom under interdict. Any miracles, to which Joanna might treat the grim D.Ds. after *that*, would go to the wrong side of her little account in the clerical books. Joanna would be created a *Dr.* herself, but not of Divinity. For in the Joanna page of the ledger the entry would be—"Miss Joanna, in acct. with the Church, *Dr.* by sundry diabolic miracles, she having publicly preached heresy, shown herself a witch, and even tried hard to corrupt the principles of six church pillars." In the meantime, all this deistical confession of Joanna's, besides being suicidal for the interest of her cause, is opposed to the depositions upon *both* trials. The very best witness called from first to last deposes that Joanna attended these rites of her Church even too often; was taxed with doing so; and, by blushing, owned the charge as a fact, though certainly not as a fault. Joanna was a girl of natural piety, that saw God in forests, and hills, and fountains; but did not the less seek him in chapels and consecrated oratories.

This peasant girl was self-educated through her own natural meditativeness. If the reader turns to that divine passage in *Paradise Regained*, which Milton has put into the mouth of our Saviour when first entering the wilderness, and musing upon the tendency of those great impulse a growing within himself—

* Yes, old—very old phrase: not, as ignoramuses fancy, a phrase recently minted by a Repealer in Ireland.

"Oh, what a multitude of thoughts arise!" &c.

he will have some notion of the vast reveries which brooded over the heart of Joanna in early girlhood, when the wings were budding that should carry her from Orleans to Rheims, when the golden chariot was dimly revealing itself that should carry her from the kingdom of *France Delivered* to the eternal kingdom.

It is not requisite, for the honour of Joanna, nor is there, in this place, room to pursue her brief career of *action*. That, though wonderful, forms the earthly part of her story: the intellectual part is, the saintly passion of her imprisonment, trial, and execution. It is unfortunate, therefore, for Southey's "Joan of Arc" (which however should always be regarded as a *juvenile* effort), that, precisely when her real glory begins, the poem ends. But this limitation of the interest grew, no doubt, from the constraint inseparably attached to the law of Epic unity. Joanna's history bisects into two opposite hemispheres, and both could not have been presented to the eye in one poem, unless by sacrificing all unity of theme, or else by involving the earlier half, as a narrative episode, in the latter;—this might have been done —it might have been communicated to a fellow-prisoner, or a confessor, by Joanna herself, in the same way that Virgil has contrived to acquaint the reader, through the hero's mouth, with earlier adventures that, if told by the poet speaking in his own person, would have destroyed the unity of his fable. The romantic interest of the early and *irrelate* incidents (last night of Troy, &c.) is thrown as an affluent into the general river of the personal narrative, whilst yet the capital current of the *epos*, as unfolding the origin and *incunabula* of Rome, is not for a moment suffered to be modified by events so subordinate and so obliquely introduced. It is sufficient, as concerns *this* section of Joanna's life, to say—that she fulfilled, to the height of her promises, the restoration of the prostrate throne. France had become a province of England; and for the ruin of both, if such a yoke could be maintained. Dreadful pecuniary exhaustion caused the English energy to droop; and that critical opening *La Pucelle* used with a corresponding felicity of audacity and suddenness (that were in themselves portentous) for introducing the wedge of French native resources, for rekindling the national pride, and for planting the Dauphin once more upon his feet. When Joanna appeared, he had been on the point of giving up the struggle with the English, distressed as they were, and of flying to the South of France. She taught him to blush for such abject counsels. She liberated Orleans, that great city, so decisive by its fate for the issue of the war, and then beleaguered by the English with an elaborate application of engineering skill unprecedented in Europe. Entering the city after sunset, on the 29th of April, she sang mass on Sunday, May 8, for the entire disappearance of the besieging force. On the 29th of June, she fought and gained over the English the decisive battle of Patay; on the 9th of July, she took Troyes by a coup-de-main from a mixed garrison of English and Burgundians; on the 15th of that month, she carried the Dauphin into Rheims; on Sunday the 17th, she crowned him; and there she rested from her labour of triumph. What remained was—to suffer.

All this forward movement was her own: excepting one man, the whole Council was against her. Her enemies were all that drew power from earth. Her supporters were her own strong enthusiasm, and the headlong contagion by which she carried this sublime frenzy into the hearts of women, of soldiers, and of all who lived by labour. Henceforwards she was thwarted; and the worst error, that she committed, was to lend the sanction of her presence to counsels which she disapproved. But she had accomplished the capital objects which her own visions had dictated. These involved all the rest. Errors were now less important; and doubtless it had now become more difficult for herself to pronounce authentically what *were* errors. The noble girl had achieved, as by a rapture of motion, the capital end of clearing out a free space around her sovereign, giving him the power to move his arms with effect; and, secondly, the inappreciable end of winning for that sovereign what seemed to all France the heavenly ratification of his rights, by crowning him with the ancient solemnities. She had made it impossible for the English now to step before her. They were caught in an irretrievable blunder, owing partly to discord amongst the uncles of Henry VI., partly to a want of funds, but partly to the very impossibility which they believed to press with tenfold force upon any French attempt to forestal theirs. They laughed at such a thought; and whilst they laughed, she *did* it. Henceforth the single redress for the English of this capital oversight, but which never *could* have redressed it effectually, was—to vitiate and taint the coronation of Charles VII. as the work of a witch. That policy, and not malice (as M. Michelet is so happy to believe), was the moving principle in the subsequent prosecution of Joanna. Unless they unhinged the force of the first coronation in the popular mind, by associating it with power given from hell, they felt that the sceptre of the invader was broken.

But she, the child that, at nineteen, had wrought wonders so great for France, was she not elated? Did she not lose, as men so often *have* lost, all sobriety of mind when standing upon the pinnacle of successes so giddy? Let her enemies declare. During the progress of her movement, and in the centre of ferocious struggles, she had manifested the temper of her feelings by the pity which she had everywhere expressed for the suffering enemy. She forwarded to the English leaders a touching invitation to unite with the French, as brothers, in a common crusade against infidels, thus opening the road for a soldierly retreat. She interposed to protect the captive or the wounded—she mourned over the excesses of her countrymen—she threw herself off her horse to kneel by the dying English soldier, and to comfort him with such ministrations, physical or spiritual, as his situation allowed. "Nolebat," says the evidence,

"uti ense suo, aut quemquam interficere." She sheltered the English, that invoked her aid, in her own quarters. She wept as she beheld, stretched on the field of battle, so many brave enemies that had died without confession. And, as regarded herself, her elation expressed itself thus:—on the day when she had finished her work, she wept; for she knew that, when her task was done, her end must be approaching. Her aspirations pointed only to a place, which seemed to her more than usually full of natural piety, as one in which it would give her pleasure to die. And she uttered, between smiles and tears, as a wish that inexpressibly fascinated her heart, and yet was half fantastic, a broken prayer that God would return her to the solitudes from which he had drawn her, and suffer her to become a shepherdess once more. It was a natural prayer, because Nature has laid a necessity upon every human heart to seek for rest, and to shrink from torment. Yet, again, it was a half-fantastic prayer, because, from childhood upwards, visions that she had no power to mistrust, and the voices which sounded in her ear for ever, had long since persuaded her mind, that for *her* no such prayer could be granted. Too well she felt that her mission must be worked out to the end, and that the end was now at hand.—All went wrong from this time. She herself had created the *funds* out of which the French restoration should grow; but she was not suffered to witness their development, or their prosperous application. More than one military plan was entered upon which she did not approve. But she still continued to expose her person as before. Severe wounds had not taught her caution. And at length, in a sortie from Compiegne, whether through treacherous collusion on the part of her own friends is doubtful to this day, she was made prisoner by the Burgundians, and finally surrendered to the English.

Now came her trial. This trial, moving of course under English influence, was conducted in chief by the Bishop of Beauvais. He was a Frenchman, sold to English interests, and hoping, by favour of the English leaders, to reach the highest preferment. *Bishop that art, Archbishop that shalt be, Cardinal that mayest be,* were the words that sounded continually in his ear; and doubtless, a whisper of visions still higher, of a triple crown, and feet upon the necks of kings, sometimes stole into his heart. M. Michelet is anxious to keep us in mind that this Bishop was but an agent of the English. True. But it does not better the case for his countryman—that, being an accomplice in the crime, making himself the leader in the persecution against the helpless girl, he was willing to be all this in the spirit, and with the conscious vileness of a cats-paw. Never from the foundations of the earth was there such a trial as this, if it were laid open in all its beauty of defence, and all its hellishness of attack. Oh, child of France! shepherdess, peasant girl! trodden under foot by all around thee, how I honour thy flashing intellect, quick as God's lightning, and true as that lightning to its mark, that ran before France and laggard Europe by many a century, confounding the malice of the ensnarer, and making dumb the oracles of falsehood! Is it not scandalous—is it not humiliating to civilisation—that, even at this day, France exhibits the horrid spectacle of judges examining the prisoner against himself; seducing him, by fraud, into treacherous conclusions against his own head; using the terrors of their power for extorting confessions from the frailty of hope; nay (which is worse), using the blandishments of condescension and snaky kindness for thawing into compliances of gratitude those whom they had failed to freeze into terror! Wicked judges! Barbarian jurisprudence! that, sitting in your own conceit on the summits of social wisdom, have yet failed to learn the first principles of criminal justice—sit ye humbly and with docility at the feet of this girl from Domrémy, that tore your webs of cruelty into shreds and dust. "Would you examine me as a witness against myself?" was the question by which many times she defied their arts. Continually she showed that their interrogations were irrelevant to any business before the court, or that entered into the ridiculous charges against her. General questions were proposed to her on points of casuistical divinity; two-edged questions which not one of themselves could have answered without, on the one side, landing himself in heresy (as then interpreted), or, on the other, in some presumptuous expression of self-esteem. Next came a wretched Dominican that pressed her with an objection, which, if applied to the Bible, would tax every one of its miracles with unsoundness. The monk had the excuse of never having read the Bible. M. Michelet has no such excuse; and it makes one blush for him, as a philosopher, to find him describing such an argument as "weighty," whereas it is but a varied expression of rude Mahometan metaphysics. Her answer to this, if there were room to place the whole in a clear light, was as shattering as it was rapid. Another thought to entrap her by asking what language the angelic visiters of her solitude had talked: as though heavenly counsels could want polyglott interpreters for every word, or that God needed language at all in whispering thoughts to a human heart. Then came a worse devil, who asked her whether the archangel Michael had appeared naked. Not comprehending the vile insinuation, Joanna, whose poverty suggested to her simplicity that it might be the *costliness* or suitable robes which caused the demur, asked them if they fancied God, who clothed the flowers of the valleys, unable to find raiment for his servants. The answer of Joanna moves a smile of tenderness, but the disappointment of her judges makes one laugh horribly. Others succeeded by troops, who upbraided her with leaving her father; as if that greater Father, whom she believed herself to have been serving, did not retain the power of dispensing with his own rules, or had not said, that for a less cause than martyrdom, man and woman should leave both father and mother.

On Easter Sunday, when the trial had been

long proceeding, the poor girl fell so ill as to cause a belief that she had been poisoned. It was not poison. Nobody had any interest in hastening a death so certain. M. Michelet, whose sympathies with all feelings are so quick that one would gladly see them always as justly directed, reads the case most truly. Joanna had a two-fold malady. She was visited by a paroxysm of the complaint called *home-sickness;* the cruel nature of her imprisonment, and its length, could not but point her solitary thoughts, in darkness, and in chains (for chained she was), to Domrémy. And the season, which was the most heavenly period of the spring, added stings to this yearning. That was one of her maladies—*nostalgia*, as medicine calls it; the other was weariness and exhaustion from daily combats with malice. She saw that everybody hated her, and thirsted for her blood; nay, many kind-hearted creatures that would have pitied her profoundly as regarded all political charges, had their natural feelings warped by the belief that she had dealings with fiendish powers. She knew she was to die; that was *not* the misery; the misery was that this consummation could not be reached without so much intermediate strife, as if she were contending for some chance (where chance was none) of happiness, or were dreaming for a moment of escaping the inevitable. Why, then, *did* she contend? Knowing that she would reap nothing from answering her persecutors, why did she not retire by silence from the superfluous contest? It was because her quick and eager loyalty to truth would not suffer her to see it darkened by frauds, which *she* could expose, but others, even of candid listeners, perhaps, could not; it was through that imperishable grandeur of soul, which taught her to submit meekly and without a struggle to her punishment, but taught her *not* to submit—no, not for a moment—to calumny as to facts, or to misconstruction as to motives. Besides, there were secretaries all around the court taking down her words. That was meant for no good to *her*. But the end does not always correspond to the meaning. And Joanna might say to herself—these words, that will be used against me to-morrow and the next day, perhaps in some nobler generation may rise again for my justification. Yes, Joanna, they *are* rising even now in Paris, and for more than justification.

Woman, sister—there are some things which you do not execute as well as your brother, man; no, nor ever will. Pardon me if I doubt whether you will ever produce a great poet from your choirs, or a Mozart, or a Phidias, or a Michael Angelo, or a great philosopher, or a great scholar. By which last is meant—not one who depends simply on an infinite memory, but also on an infinite and electrical power of combination; bringing together from the four winds, like the angel of the resurrection, what else were dust from dead men's bones, into the unity of breathing life. If you *can* create yourselves into any of these great creators, why have you not? Do not ask me to say otherwise; because if you do, you will lead me into temptation. For I swore early in life never to utter a falsehood, and, above all, a sycophantic falsehood; and, in the false homage of the modern press towards women, there is horrible sycophancy. It is as hollow, most of it, and it is as fleeting as is the love that lurks in *uxoriousness*. Yet, if a woman asks me to tell a falsehood, I have long made up my mind—that on moral considerations I *will*, and *ought* to do so, whether it be for any purpose of glory to *her*, or of screening her foibles (for she *does* commit a few), or of humbly, as a vassal, paying a peppercorn rent to her august privilege of caprice. Barring these cases, I must adhere to my resolution of telling no fibs. And I repeat, therefore, but not to be rude, I repeat in Latin—

> Excudent alii melius spirantia signa,
> Credo equidem vivos ducent de marmore vultus:
> Altius ascendent: at tu caput, Eva, memento
> Sandalo ut infringas referenti oracula tanta.*

Yet, sister woman—though I cannot consent to find a Mozart or a Michael Angelo in your sex, until that day when you claim my promise as to falsehood — cheerfully, and with the love that burns in depths of admiration, I acknowledge that you can do one thing as well as the best of us men—a greater thing than even Mozart is known to have done, or Michael Angelo—you can die grandly, and as goddesses would die were goddesses mortal. If any distant world (which *may* be the case) are so far ahead of us Tellurians in optical resources as to see distinctly through their telescopes all that we do on earth, what is the grandest sight to which we ever treat them? St. Peter's at Rome, do you fancy, on Easter Sunday, or Luxor, or perhaps the Himalayas? Pooh! pooh! my friend: suggest something better; these are baubles to *them*; they see in other worlds, in their own, far better toys of the same kind. These, take my word for it, are nothing. Do you give it up? The finest thing, then, we have to show them is a scaffold on the morning of execution. I assure you there is a strong muster in those far telescopic worlds, on any such morning, of those who happen to find themselves occupying the right hemisphere for a peep at *us*. Telescopes look up in the market on that morning, and bear a monstrous premium; for they cheat, probably, in those scientific worlds as well as we do. How, then, if it be announced in some such telescopic world by those who make a livelihood of catching glimpses at our newspapers,

* Our sisters are always rather uneasy when we say anything of them in Latin or Greek. It is like giving sealed orders to a sea captain, which he is not to open for his life till he comes into a certain latitude, which latitude, perhaps, he never *will* come into, and thus may miss the secret till he is going to the bottom. Generally I acknowledge that it is not polite before our female friends to cite a single word of Latin without instantly translating it. But in this particular case, where I am only iterating a disagreeable truth, they will please to recollect that the politeness lies in *not* translating. However, if they insist absolutely on knowing this very night, before going to bed, what it is that those ill-looking lines contain, I refer them to Dryden's Virgil, somewhere in the 6th Book of the Æneid, except as to the closing line and a-half, which contain a private suggestion of my own to discontented nymphs anxious to see the equilibrium of advantages re-established between the two sexes.

whose language they have long since deciphered, that the poor victim in the morning's sacrifice is a woman? How, if it be published on that distant world that the sufferer wears upon her head, in the eyes of many, the garlands of martyrdom? How, if it should be some Marie Antoinette, the widowed queen, coming forward on the scaffold, and presenting to the morning air her head, turned grey prematurely by sorrow, daughter of Cæsars kneeling down humbly to kiss the guillotine, as one that worships death? How, if it were the "martyred wife of Roland," uttering impassioned truth—truth odious to the rulers of her country—with her expiring breath? How, if it were the noble Charlotte Corday, that in the bloom of youth, that with the loveliest of persons, that with homage waiting upon her smiles wherever she turned her face to scatter them—homage that followed those smiles as surely as the carols of birds, after showers in spring, follow the reappearing sun and the racing of sunbeams over the hills—yet thought all these things cheaper than the dust upon her sandals in comparison of deliverance from hell for her dear suffering France? Ah! these were spectacles indeed for those sympathising people in distant worlds; and some, perhaps, would suffer a sort of martyrdom themselves, because they could not testify their wrath, could not bear witness to the strength of love, and to the fury of hatred, that burned within them at such scenes; could not gather into golden urns some of that glorious dust which rested in the catacombs of earth.

On the Wednesday after Trinity Sunday in 1431, being then about nineteen years of age, the Maid of Arc underwent her martyrdom. She was conducted before mid-day, guarded by eight hundred spearmen, to a platform of prodigious height, constructed of wooden billets supported by occasional walls of lath and plaster, and traversed by hollow spaces in every direction for the creation of air-currents. The pile "struck terror," says M. Michelet, "by its height;" and, as usual, the English purpose in this is viewed as one of pure malignity. But there are two ways of explaining all that. It is probable that the purpose was merciful.—On the circumstances of the execution I shall not linger. Yet, to mark the almost fatal felicity of M. Michelet in finding out whatever may injure the English name, at a moment when every reader will be interested in Joanna's personal appearance, it is really edifying to notice the ingenuity by which he draws into light from a dark corner a very unjust account of it, and neglects, though lying upon the high road, a very pleasing one. Both are from English pens. Grafton, a chronicler but little read, being a stiff-necked John Bull, thought fit to say, that no wonder Joanna should be a virgin, since her "foule face" was a satisfactory solution of that particular merit. Holinshead, on the other hand, a chronicler somewhat later, every way more important, and universally read, has given a very pleasing testimony to the interesting character of Joanna's person and engaging manners. Neither of these men lived till the following century, so that personally this evidence is none at all. Grafton sullenly and carelessly believed as he wished to believe; Holinshead took pains to inquire, and reports undoubtedly the general impression of France. But I cite the case as illustrating M. Michelet's candour.*

The circumstantial incidents of the execution, unless with more space than I can now command, I should be unwilling to relate. I should fear to

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* Amongst the many ebullitions of M. Michelet's fury against us poor English, are four which will be likely to amuse the reader; and they are the more conspicuous in collision with the justice which he sometimes does us, and the very indignant admiration which, under some aspects, he grants to us.

1. Our English literature he admires with some gnashing of teeth. He pronounces it "fine and sombre," but, I lament to add, "sceptical, Judaic, Satanic—in a word, Anti-Christian." That Lord Byron should figure as a member of this diabolical corporation, will not surprise men. It *will* surprise them to hear that Milton is one of its Satanic leaders. Many are the generous and eloquent Frenchmen, beside Chateaubriand, who have, in the course of the last thirty years, nobly suspended their own burning nationality, in order to render a more rapturous homage at the feet of Milton; and some of them have raised Milton almost to a level with angelic natures. Not one of them has thought of looking for him *below* the earth. As to Shakspere, M. Michelet detects in him a most extraordinary mare's nest. It is this: he does "not recollect to have seen the name of God" in any part of his works. On reading such words, it is natural to rub one's eyes, and suspect that all one has ever seen in this world may have been a pure ocular delusion. In particular, I begin myself to suspect that the word "*la gloire*" never occurs in any Parisian journal. "The great English nation," says M. Michelet, "has one immense profound vice," to wit, "pride." Why, really, that may be true; but we have a neighbour not absolutely clear of an "immense profound vice," as like ours in colour and shape as cherry to cherry. In short, M. Michelet thinks us, by fits and starts, admirable, only that we are detestable; and he would adore some of our authors, were it not that so intensely he could have wished to kick them.

2. M. Michelet thinks to lodge an arrow in our sides by a very odd remark upon Thomas à Kempis; which is, that a man of any conceivable European blood—a Finlander, suppose, or a Zantiote—might have written Tom; only not an Englishman. Whether an Englishman could have forged Tom must remain a matter of doubt, unless the thing had been tried long ago. That problem was intercepted for ever by Tom's perverseness in choosing to manufacture himself. Yet, since nobody is better aware than M. Michelet, that this very point of Kempis *having* manufactured Kempis is furiously and hopelessly litigated, three or four nations claiming to have forged his work for him, the shocking old doubt will raise its snaky head once more—whether this forger, who rests in so much darkness, might not, after all, be of English blood. Tom, it may be feared, is known to modern English literature chiefly by an irreverent mention of his name in a line of Peter Pindar's (Dr. Wolcot), fifty years back, where he is described as

"Kempis Tom,
Who clearly shows the way to Kingdom Come."

Few in these days can have read him unless in the Methodist version of John Wesley. Amongst those few, however, happens to be myself; which arose from the accident of having, when a boy of eleven, received a copy of the *De Imitatione Christi*, as a bequest from a relation, who died very young; from which cause, and from the external prettiness of the book, being a Glasgow reprint, by the celebrated Foulis, and gaily bound, I was induced to look into it; and finally read it many times over, partly out of some sympathy which, even in those days, I had with its simplicity and devotional fervor; but much more from the savage delight I found in laughing at Tom's Latinity. *That*, I freely grant to M. Michelet, is inimitable; else, as regards substance, it strikes me that I could forge a better *De Imitatione* myself. But there is no knowing till one tries. Yet, after all, it is not

injure, by imperfect report, a martyrdom which to myself appears so unspeakably grand. Yet for a purpose pointing, not at Joanna but at M. Michelet—viz., to convince him that an Englishman is capable of thinking more highly of *La Pucelle* than even her admiring countryman, I shall, in parting, allude to one or two traits in Joanna's demeanour on the scaffold, and to one or two in that of the bystanders, which authorise me in questioning an opinion of his upon this martyr's firmness. The reader ought to be reminded that Joanne d'Arc was subjected to an unusually unfair trial of opinion. Any of the elder Christian martyrs had not much to fear of *personal* rancor. The martyr was chiefly regarded as the enemy of Cæsar; at times, also, where any knowledge of the Christian faith and morals existed, with the enmity that arises spontaneously in the worldly against the spiritual. But the martyr, though disloyal, was not supposed to be, therefore, anti-national; and still less was *individually* hateful. What was hated (if anything) belonged to his class, not to himself separately. Now Joanna, if hated at all, was hated personally, and in Rouen on national grounds. Hence there would be a certainty of calumny arising against *her*, such as would not affect martyrs in general. That being the case, it would follow of necessity that some people would impute to her a willingness to recant. No innocence could escape *that*. Now, had she really testified this willingness on the scaffold, it would have argued nothing at all but the weakness of a genial nature shrinking from the instant approach of torment. And those will often pity that weakness most, who, in their own persons, would yield to it least. Meantime, there never was a calumny uttered that drew less support from the recorded circumstances. It rests upon no *positive* testimony, and it has a weight of contradicting testimony to stem. And yet, strange to say, M. Michelet, who at times seems to admire the Maid of Arc as much as I do, is the one sole writer amongst her *friends* who lends some countenance to this odious slander. His words are—that, if she did not utter this word *recant* with her lips, she uttered it in her heart. "Whether she *said* the word is uncertain: but I affirm that she *thought* it."

Now, I affirm that she did not; not in any sense of the word "*thought*" applicable to the case. Here is France calumniating *La Pucelle:* here is England defending her. M. Michelet can only mean, that, on *à priori* principles, every woman must be presumed liable to such a weakness; that Joanna was a woman; *ergo*, that she was liable to such a weakness. That is, he only supposes her to have uttered the word by an ar-

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certain whether the original *was* Latin. But, however *that* may have been, if it is possible that M. Michelet* can be accurate in saying that there are no less than *sixty* French versions (not editions, observe, but separate versions) existing of the *De Imitatione*, how prodigious must have been the adaptation of the book to the religious heart of the fifteenth century! Excepting the Bible, but excepting *that* only in Protestant lands, no book known to man has had the same distinction. It is the most marvellous bibliographical fact on record.

3. Our English girls, it seems, are as faulty in one way as we English males in another. None of us lads could have written the *Opera Omnia* of Mr. à Kempis; neither could any of our lasses have assumed male attire like *La Pucelle*. But why? Because, says Michelet, English girls and German think so much of an indecorum. Well, that is a good fault, generally speaking. But M. Michelet ought to have remembered a fact in the martyrologies which justifies both parties. the French heroine for doing, and the general choir of English girls for *not* doing. A female Saint, specially renowned in France, had, for a reason as weighty as Joanna's, viz., expressly to shield her modesty amongst men, worn a male military harness. That reason and that example authorised *La Pucelle;* but our English girls, as a body, have seldom any such reason, and certainly no such saintly example, to plead. This excuses *them*. Yet, still, if it is indispensable to the national character that our young women should now and then trespass over the frontier of decorum, it then becomes a patriotic duty in me to assure M. Michelet that we have such ardent females amongst us, and in a long series—some detected in naval hospitals, when too sick to remember their disguise; some on fields of battle; multitudes never detected at all; some only suspected; and others discharged without noise by war offices and other absurd people. In our navy, both royal and commercial, and generally from deep remembrances of slighted love, women have sometimes served in disguise for many years, taking contentedly their daily allowance of burgoo, biscuit, or cannon balls—anything, in short, digestible or indigestible, that it might please Providence to send. One thing, at least, is to their credit: never any of these poor masks, with their deep silent remembrances, have been detected through murmuring, or what is nautically understood by "skulking." So, for once, M. Michelet has an *erratum* to enter upon the fly-leaf of his book in presentation copies.

4. But the last of these ebullitions is the most lively. We English, at Orleans, and after Orleans (which is not quite so extraordinary, if all were told), fled before the Maid of Arc. Yes, says M. Michelet, you *did:* deny it, if you can. Deny it, my dear? I don't mean to deny it. Running away, in many cases, is a thing so excellent, that no philosopher would, at times, condescend to adopt any other step. All of us nations in Europe, without one exception, have shown our philosophy in that way at times. Even people, "*qui ne se rendent pas,*" have deigned both to run and to shout, "*Sauve qui peut!*" at odd times of sunset; though, for my part, I have no pleasure in recalling unpleasant remembrances to brave men; and yet, really, being so philosophic, they ought *not* to be unpleasant. But the amusing feature in M. Michelet's reproach is the way in which he *improves* and varies against us the charge of running, as if he were singing a catch. Listen to him. They "*showed their backs,*" did these English. (Hip, hip, hurrah! three times three!) "*Behind good walls, they let themselves be taken.*" (Hip, hip! nine times nine!) They "*ran as fast as their legs could carry them.*" (Hurrah! twenty-seven times twenty-seven!) They "*ran before a girl;*" they did. (Hurrah! eighty-one times eighty-one!) This reminds one of criminal indictments on the old model in English courts, where (for fear the prisoner should escape) the crown lawyer varied the charge perhaps through forty counts. The law laid its guns so as to rake the accused at every possible angle. Whilst the indictment was reading, he seemed a monster of crime in his own eyes; and yet, after all, the poor fellow had but committed one offence, and not always *that*. N.B.—Not having the French original at hand, I make my quotations from a friend's copy of Mr. Walter Kelly's translation, which seems to me faithful, spirited, and idiomatically English—liable, in fact, only to the single reproach of occasional provincialisms.

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* "If M. Michelet can be accurate." However, on consideration, this statement does not depend on Michelet. The bibliographer, Barbier, has absolutely *specified* sixty in a separate dissertation, *soixante traductions*, amongst those even that have not escaped the search. The Italian translations are said to be thirty. As to mere *editions*, not counting the early MSS. for half a century before printing was introduced, those in Latin amount to two thousand, and those in French to one thousand. Meantime, it is very clear to me that this astonishing popularity, so entirely unparalleled in literature, could not have existed except in Roman Catholic times, nor subsequently have lingered in any Protestant land. It was the denial of Scripture fountains to thirsty lands which made this slender rill of Scripture truth so passionately welcome.

gument which presumes it impossible for anybody to have done otherwise. I, on the contrary, throw the *onus* of the argument not on presumable tendencies of nature, but on the known facts of that morning's execution, as recorded by multitudes. What else, I demand, than mere weight of metal, absolute nobility of deportment, broke the vast line of battle then arrayed against her? What else but her meek, saintly demeanour, won from the enemies, that till now had believed her a witch, tears of rapturous admiration? "Ten thousand men," says M. Michelet himself, "ten thousand men wept;" and of these ten thousand the majority were political enemies knitted together by cords of superstition. What else was it but her constancy, united with her angelic gentleness, that drove the fanatic English soldier —who had sworn to throw a faggot on her scaffold, as *his* tribute of abhorrence, that *did* so, that fulfilled his vow—suddenly to turn away a penitent for life, saying everywhere that he had seen a dove rising upon wings to heaven from the ashes where she had stood? What else drove the executioner to kneel at every shrine for pardon to *his* share in the tragedy? And, if all this were insufficient, then I cite the closing act of her life as valid on her behalf, were all other testimonies against her. The executioner had been directed to apply his torch from below. He did so. The fiery smoke rose upwards in billowing volumes. A Dominican monk was then standing almost at her side. Wrapt up in his sublime office, he saw not the danger, but still persisted in his prayers. Even then, when the last enemy was racing up the fiery stairs to seize her, even at that moment did this noblest of girls think only for *him*, the one friend that would not forsake her, and not for herself; bidding him with her last breath to care for his own preservation, but to leave *her* to God. That girl, whose latest breath ascended in this sublime expression of self-oblivion, did not utter the word *recant* either with her lips or in her heart. No; she did not, though one should rise from the dead to swear it.

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Bishop of Beauvais! thy victim died in fire upon a scaffold, thou upon a down bed. But for the departing minutes of life, both are oftentimes alike. At the farewell crisis, when the gates of death are opening, and flesh is resting from its struggles, oftentimes the tortured and the torturer have the same truce from carnal torment; both sink together into sleep; together both, sometimes, kindle into dreams. When the mortal mists were gathering fast upon you two, Bishop and Shepherd-girl—when the pavilions of life were closing up their shadowy curtains about you, let us try, through the gigantic glooms, to decipher the flying features of your separate visions.

The shepherd girl that had delivered France—she, from her dungeon, she, from her baiting at the stake, she, from her duel with fire—as she entered her last dream, saw Domrémy, saw the fountain of Domrémy, saw the pomp of forests in which her childhood had wandered. That Easter festival, which man had denied to her languishing heart—that resurrection of spring-time, which the darkness of dungeons had intercepted from *her*, hungering after the glorious liberty of forests —were by God given back into her hands, as jewels that had been stolen from her by robbers. With those, perhaps (for the minutes of dreams can stretch into ages), was given back to her by God the bliss of childhood. By special privilege, for *her* might be created, in this farewell dream, a second childhood, innocent as the first; but not, like *that*, sad with the gloom of a fearful mission in the rear. This mission had now been fulfilled. The storm was weathered, the skirts even of that mighty storm were drawing off. The blood, that she was to reckon for, had been exacted; the tears, that she was to shed in secret, had been paid to the last. The hatred to herself in all eyes had been faced steadily, had been suffered, had been survived. And in her last fight upon the scaffold, she had triumphed gloriously; victoriously she had tasted the stings of death. For all except this comfort from her farewell dream, she had died—died amidst the tears of ten thousand enemies—died amidst the drums and trumpets of armies—died amidst peals redoubling upon peals, volleys upon volleys, from the saluting clarions of martyrs.

Bishop of Beauvais! because the guilt-burthened man is in dreams haunted and waylaid by the most frightful of his crimes, and because upon that fluctuating mirror—rising (like the mocking mirrors of *mirage* in Arabian deserts) from the fens of death—most of all are reflected the sweet countenances which the man has laid in ruins; therefore I know, Bishop, that you also, entering your final dream, saw Domrémy. That fountain, of which the witnesses spoke so much, showed itself to your eyes in pure morning dews; but neither dews, nor the holy dawn, could cleanse away the bright spots of innocent blood upon its surface. By the fountain, Bishop, you saw a woman seated, that hid her face. But as *you* draw near, the woman raises her wasted features. Would Domrémy know them again for the features of her child? Ah, but *you* know them, Bishop, well! Oh, mercy! what a groan was *that* which the servants, waiting outside the Bishop's dream at his bedside, heard from his labouring heart, as at this moment he turned away from the fountain and the woman, seeking rest in the forests afar off. Yet not *so* to escape the woman, whom once again he must behold before he dies. In the forests, to which he prays for pity, will he find a respite? What a tumult, what a gathering of feet is there! In glades, where only wild deer should run, armies and nations are assembling — towering in the fluctuating crowd are phantoms that belong to departed hours. There is the great English prince, regent of France. There is my lord of Winchester, the princely cardinal, that died and made no sign. There is the Bishop of Beauvais, clinging to the shelter of thickets. What building is that which hands so rapid are raising? Is it a martyr's scaffold?

Will they burn the child o Domrémy a second time? No: it is a tribunal that rises to the clouds; and two nations stand around it, waiting for a trial. Shall my lord of Beauvais sit again upon the judgment-seat, and again number the hours for the innocent? Ah! no: he is the prisoner at the bar. Already all is waiting: the mighty audience is gathered, the Court is hurrying to their seats, the witnesses are arrayed, the trumpets are sounding, the judge is going to take his place. Oh! but this is sudden. My lord, have you no counsel? "Counsel I have none: in heaven above, or on earth beneath, counsellor there is none now that would take a brief from *me*: all are silent." Is it, indeed, come to this? Alas! the time is short, the tumult is wondrous, the crowd stretches away into infinity, but yet I will search in it for somebody to take your brief: I know of somebody that will be your counsel. Who is this that cometh from Domrémy? Who is she that cometh in bloody coronation robes from Rheims? Who is she that cometh with blackened flesh from walking the furnaces of Rouen? This is she, the shepherd girl, counsellor that had none for herself, whom I choose, Bishop, for yours. She it is, I engage, that shall take my lord's brief. She it is, Bishop, that would plead for you: yes Bishop, SHE—when Heaven and Earth are silent.

THE IMPERIAL PARLIAMENT AND IRELAND.

THE Session of Parliament, which has just closed, will, in the eyes of the future historian of Parliamentary progress in this country, stand out as one of the most remarkable in some of those features that chiefly distinguish the actings of a legislative body, which the prior half of the present century contains. Summoned to great deeds by the occurrence of a mighty and deplorable emergency; power entrusted to it which Parliaments seldom enjoy, by the effect of that calamity in stunning men, and therefore removing, for the moment, all the jealousies of party; professions abundant, and rhetoric to overflow, concerning the necessity that Ireland be re-organised; the aid at the commencement, of Ireland's huge popular Tribune, and the absence of all thought of any real obstruction from faction:—the termination is, nevertheless, only a heaping of nothing upon nothing; the avowed absence of an idea as to how the country connected with us can be relieved from its misery; the dispersion of eight millions of English money in feeding the Irish as paupers; and legislative provision that as soon as possible all the surplus revenue of that ill-fated country go down the same hopeless road.

It is not strange that this world contains disasters: it is rather strange how it survives at all. We should be offended if any rash man—any malicious Frenchman, for instance—proposed to doubt our high, and extensive, and exemplary civilisation; yet thus stands the fact:—to open our eyes to the truth that our course with Ireland has not been satisfactory, we needed the occurrence of a plague sweeping off nearly a fifth of the population; and after it did occur, we have used it simply to confiscate the disposable wealth of the country—that alone on which rests the practicability of sustaining institutions required to aid in the production and advancement of a better order of things. In resolving to treat the Irish peasantry as paupers, our social philosophy has exhausted itself; and very likely, in a few years, we shall turn round and abuse our too willing disciples for yielding to the seductions proposed to them as our only remedy for their ills.

At the beginning of the session, our legislators found Ireland wholly disorganised and almost *in extremis*. Something was immediately accomplished—they gave her food: in the work of benevolence England is ever true to herself. But it was necessary to look beyond this instant pressure—to launch the country anew and cheer her as she leapt towards her new course. The air is scarcely still yet, that was set in motion by Lord John Russell's most brave words, and the shouts that hailed them. We were to have waste lands possessed and colonised; we were to have encumbered estates disencumbered and shifted from possession of the needy and ignorant into the hands of mighty capitalists, we were to have a peasantry no longer pressed by narrowness of room, and landlords freed from the distress of light purses; as a back ground only—a wall to save the destitute tumbling off into outer space—we were to have the POOR LAW. We have indeed got the poor law, but nothing else!

The matter, however, is too serious for treatment, only remotely bordering on levity; nay, in presence of the difficulties now before us, even the question of praise or blame shrinks into comparative insignificance; we are summoned too urgently to look to our common safety to have either leisure or disposition for indulging in profitless crimination. The state of affairs then seems simply as follows:—In respect of its social condition, Ireland is precisely as it was; not a step or even an approximation to one, has been taken for the removal of the causes of its misery and disorganisation: its society hangs as loosely as before, or rather it still consists of two parties so dependant on each other, that each is needed to work out the other's welfare, but which are yet towards each other as if in a state of civil war; we leave it in that as we found it, without one hope or ray of brightness in the sky of its future; and in this condition we have imposed on it a poor law. How often must our countrymen be warned on this subject, that they are trying a perfectly new and most perilous experiment. How often must that delusion be dispelled which considers the enactment of an Irish poor law merely the repetition or extension of a policy that has wrought beneficially for the society of Great Britain? Surely it is impossible for any practical end, to compare a law whose function it has been simply to care for and sustain those unfortunates, who, through a variety of causes, will ever and anon fall off from an organisation, even so perfect, compact, and comprehensive as that of England, and the previously unheard of attempt to organise a country of paupers, by legalising their right to appropriate the only, and by far too small, surplus wealth

in possession of Ireland! Know we not the difficulty of safely working that law even here—where there is no hostile combination, or aught to contend with, except the natural inclination of a recognised pauperism to extend itself? Across the channel, on the other hand, the claim for relief from the common fund will inevitably become a national demand; it will enter, henceforth, among the rights of the Celt, to be vindicated against the Saxon; and, judging from bygone experience, it seems one of the most certain events of the future, that the powerful and gigantic conspiracy will prevail.

It is, indeed, a most fortunate change which has passed over the public opinion of England, in respect of her treatment of our sister Ireland—the growth, viz., of the conviction, that all previous Irish policy must be abandoned, as wholly useless; but, if success is now to attend us, we must reach also the further truth, that there is no good policy save one, viz., THE AROUSING OF THE INDEPENDENT ENERGIES OF THE PEOPLE OF IRELAND. It is already an anomaly—a spectacle to all the world, that a country so rich, and with inhabitants so apt in apprehension, and ready in action, does not sustain itself, or rather is, at this late age, ever hovering over the gulf of pauperism; but it were still a more astonishing event to find England announcing that for this state of things she can find no cure, that, although herself in the van of civilisation, she knows so little of the principles that regulate the progress and greatness of nations, that she cannot grope her way in dealing with a problem which, we venture to say, appears easy to all the world except herself. That there is no natural complexity in the case—looking at it in the abstract—might long ago have been pressed upon us by the little disguised wonder of foreign statesmen, that we cannot discern the truth. A very slight consideration, in fact, will show, that there are only two procedures open to us:—either we must alter the existing society in Ireland, so as to fit it for some known higher economic condition; or we must inquire what economic condition will permit the organisation and advancement of that society as it is? Now, the former plan demands extensive aid from emigration. The economic condition we naturally would desire for Ireland, is some similitude of our English one; and this is impossible so long as the relative numbers of the different classes in Ireland remain as they are. A wholesale deportation of peasantry, until their numbers be reduced to what is needful as labourers for working the capital at present sunk, or which may be soon sunk, in Irish industry, is clearly the first step towards the realising of such a policy, so that we are at once met by the practical difficulties of an almost compulsory emigration, and the paramount necessity of organising the peasants in the colony to which they were sent—even leaving out of sight that the plan is essentially a very humiliating admission of our ignorance how to use so much strength and capacity in evoking those benefits which the presence of man, in any region of our globe, ought to insure. If then we turn our eyes from this scheme to the only alternative, we recognise, at the outset, that we touch on a more natural plan; for no difficulty here menaces us, excepting the difficulty of adjusting our laws and the general action of the state, that the community before us may unfold itself according to its fitnesses, and in virtue of those powers which are possessed by every community upon the earth. We require here no emigration—no interference with man as the organising element of that region, but simply the alteration of our social arrangements, *so that each man shall have* RIGHTS *correlative with his* DUTIES. In a former paper, the writer of this brief notice indicated when this fundamental principle of all order and progress was destroyed in Ireland, and how, by an unconscious tyranny, England had, up to these present times, hindered its being replaced. Like all other national or social catastrophes, the dark calamity which has latterly overtaken the Irish people would, if left to itself, have unquestionably worked out the reparation of the commonwealth. Let us shudder only, while we dread that unconscious tyranny may again be the result of English interference—that, while it benignly forbids confusion, it may forbid, likewise, through inveterate blindness, the removal of that by which the calamity was evolved! We are aware through how dense a mist even fair and impartial minds in this country are constrained, by their position, to reject any proposal touching apparently on landlord right, and having for its end the constitution of an independent peasant proprietary. The point in economic progress at which we have arrived is, in fact, through its very advancement, the bane of our dealings with Ireland. Having risen entirely above the remembrance even of a condition so imperfect, we regard the notion of legalising it in the light of a proposal to return to barbarism; but, nevertheless, that very condition, under its various modifications, is the existing economic state of all countries on the face of the earth, England excepted. It is *we who really are in the abnormal or exceptional condition;* and it is the heavy misfortune of Ireland that we insist upon comparing her with ourselves, of judging and governing her by our ideas, instead of seeking advice and example from the arrangement and mode of progress in societies of a corresponding age, and in similar phases of their development. It is a strong expression, but, we firmly believe, a true one, that the proposal of emigration as a cure of evils like those of Ireland, would, in any other country in the civilised world, be regarded as indicative of fatuity.

We have reached now the following position of affairs. The term CONFISCATION must no longer be flung in the face of a wild measure of reform, or used as a *bugbear*: it has become a REALITY; it is irresistibly proceeding. Landlords have, therefore, to choose—will they permit fixity of tenure—will they grant the peasantry a home, a real, and not a nominal footing in Ireland—or *will they continue the poor law?* In the former case there would be hope—in the latter there is none! In the course of the next few years the world will have to witness the reorganisation of a country through the operation of that vigorous Conservatism which arises from the feeling by a peasantry that their heritage is free, and their accumulations safe for their children—a Conservatism that as yet has never failed—or that direct alternative, the progressing and completed ruin of as fair an island as exists in Europe, because its children had neither the virtue to trust nor the kindness to aid each other.

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SIR ROBERT PEEL ON FREEDOM OF DISCRETION, &c.

THE ex-Premier has addressed to his constituency of Tamworth an explanatory pamphlet in reference to his conduct during this Parliament, from 1841 to 1847. The address has the appearance of being dictated by Polk rather than by Peel. It is long, and so much interlarded with figures, that the good voters of Tamworth will never read, and many of them, if they did read, would not comprehend the reasonings and statements, the facts and the figures, of their neighbour, friend, and most obedient servant. This recapitulation of things done is, however, addressed really to Great Britain and Ireland, nominally to Tamworth. It contains many points worthy of observation, and none more so than the demand which Peel makes on the confidence of his constituency when he asks "freedom of discretion." This is a new term in politics to designate an old practice. We admit it to be an honest term. It fairly describes the privilege requisite for slippery statesmen. It is a pledge. Sir Robert Peel pledges himself to "freedom of discretion." It is the very pledge, signed, and sealed, and sworn to by the unjust judge, spoken of in Scripture, who, because he neither feared God nor regarded man, enjoyed, to an eminent degree, "the freedom of discretion." This unjust judge was not, indeed, the inventor of the principle. That Egyptian Pharoah, who could no more be bound with promises than Sampson with withes, and who was only subdued by the plague of death, practised "freedom of discretion" with great zeal and satisfaction. Some readers have considered the phrase to be of the same significance with the Duke of Newcastle's claim "to do what he liked with his own." There is that difference in the two expressions which exists between "a man's own" and "a man's neighbour's own." "Freedom of discretion," used in an address from a candidate to a constituency, implies leave to do what the candidate pleases with the political influence, property, and liberties, of the electors upon whom his designs are entertained.

This freedom of discretion is the most serviceable condition on which a candidate can take his seat in Parliament. It is the widest possible commission. It leaves him open to act as he may deem most advisable, in whatever circumstances may arise. Sir Robert Peel has been styled the Minister of expediency, and the title is not misapplied. He was not the Minister of party—and he could not have been styled the Minister of principle. His own language furnishes, probably, the best definition of his position. He is the politician of discretion. In the management of his Staffordshire estate—in conducting his transactions in bonds or investments—in the purchase and distribution of paintings and sculpture—in everything that relates to his houses and home, to his accounts and accumulations, to his shares and his bank book, to his broker and his Mr. Lloyd Jones—Sir Robert Peel is entitled to perfect freedom of discretion; but in the name and on account of his constituency of Tamworth, and especially in that of the still larger constituency of Great Britain and Ireland, whom he also seeks to represent, and in whom we confess to a deeper interest than in the electors of his borough, we protest against the claim of perfect liberty made by this discreet gentleman.

The opinion is yearly becoming more fashionable amongst our Parliamentary representatives, from the head to the extremities of parties, that they are to be regarded as independent gentlemen, who are to act and vote as they deem right and fitting. The great majority of their number protest against pledges, and talk of the dignity of their position, assuming a consequence that is quite unnecessary and untenable on their part. The ex-Premier has embodied the claim in a new maxim. He has reduced the rounded sentences of more diffuse and less skilful orators to an essence, and expressed it in a convenient form. He has done for various dark and unintelligible phrases and paragraphs what certain dealers in pickles and preserves profess to do for one pound of rump steak—he has compressed them into the bulk and weight of a single lozenge, capable of preserving life. One worthy tradesman, some years ago, advertised assiduously Sir Robert Peel's sauce; another in a gentler line of business offered to sell, if we remember rightly, Sir Robert Peel's syrup, which was said to be a perfect blessing to those mothers who nursed their own babies. The sauce, which was principally useful to sportsmen, fell out of repute in late years, and has not been much advertised, and we fear that the syrup was found not to answer its purposes; but here is a lozenge that will be taken warmly by gentlemen who combine, in one person, the somewhat adverse characters of legislator and sportsman, and who finding it inconvenient to prepare at once both for the moors and the hustings, can instruct their agents to purchase for them such and such a borough or constituency, with a supply of Peel's "freedom of discretion," and save the annoyances of speeches, and canvassing, and pledging.

There is, however, a serious constitutional question involved in this demand. A gentleman invested with freedom of discretion ceases to be a representative. Our idea of representation is, when one man expresses the convictions and feelings of another man, or of many men. The representative of a commercial house is generally understood to be in the confidence of his superiors; but he does not exercise "freedom of discretion" unless on emergencies that may arise without being foreseen, and on which he must act without the opportunity of consulting those whom he represents. Commercial houses have, indeed, another and probably a very common class of representatives in their partners; but they do not exercise freedom of discretion. They act for

themselves and for others. A man, acting for himself alone, may enjoy this freedom; but whenever he begins to act for another, or conjoins the interests of another in his actings, then his "perfect liberty" is abridged. There is no doubt that the representatives of the people are largely interested in the prosperity of the country. They may hold many shares in the concern; but it does not, in any way, follow that they are to be invested with freedom of discretion. We concede freely that circumstances arise on which they must depend on their own sagacity and information. Therefore a constituency may act properly in not always selecting a candidate who fully agrees with the views of the majority, but who may be deficient in that practical wisdom and information which is eminently desirable. Still a body of electors must not divest themselves of their privilege to weigh and consider measures for themselves; and to select men to express their views on all cognate questions, who coincide with, and are prepared to enforce, the opinions of their constituencies. We regard the House of Commons as the assemblage of the people through their representatives; but the people cannot be regarded as in any way assembled there if these gentlemen are to be invested with freedom of discretion. The Commons, we believe, to be merely a convenient scheme for bringing together those who are physically prevented from meeting in their own persons. Therefore we hold the very essence and spirit of that House to be strangled in the demand which Sir Robert Peel puts boldly for himself and for others, and which others put more cautiously and timidly for themselves.

The objections taken to this view of representation are not, in our opinion, of great moment. The public business of the House of Commons is generally the subject of long and earnest discussion before it is settled there. The health of towns had been the subject of reports and pamphlets and sanatory schemes before Viscount Morpeth or his predecessors introduced their bills to be abandoned. The corn laws had been discussed interminably in every parish, hamlet, and city of the Empire, before the ex-Premier's conversion. Speeches in the Houses of Legislature are not, though addressed to the Speaker, intended so much to sway the company as to affect the country. They are spoken in-of-doors with a view to out-of-door consequences. The orators always have an eye to the reporters, and an intention upon the daily press. Invariably we find questions are ripened for legislation in the workshops, on the exchanges, and in the press of the provinces. They are then introduced into the metropolitan circles, are talked of in the clubs, are discussed in the coffee-houses, and kept before the world by the daily press; until, after several defeats in Parliament, they finally are successful. We have a firm conviction that the majority of exceptions to this rule are miserable jobs. It may be said, of course, that this theory destroys the dignity of the Legislature as a deliberative Assembly, and reduces it to the status of a meeting of delegates, who have only to vote, without reasoning. This objection is, however, inconsistent with the real state of the case. Our theory agrees most remarkably with facts. The House of Commons is not merely a ministerial, but also a deliberative body. We understand that the genius and experience of the nation—the flower of genius—and the ripeness of experience, should be gathered together there, to act in accordance with the previous decisions of the people, and to guide them in their future deliberations. It is not our fault, nor should it be charged on our theory, that the richest genius and the ripest experience are often excluded to make place for wealthy dotage, for aristocratic juvenility, or even for unmarked and well-intending mediocrity. That circumstance rises from the indisposition of the electors to guard their own interests; and we are only desirous to save them from pursuing further a wrong course.

The debates of the Legislature are principally useful in laying before the nation the arguments in reference to different questions—in preparing some minds for changes, and reconciling others to their advent. There is one section of the Legislature whose members enjoy perfect freedom of discretion, but it is not the House of Commons. Sir Robert Peel's claim can be admitted when her Majesty is pleased to consign him to the tomb of ambition. Whenever he is elevated to the Peerage, he will have full freedom of discretion; but until that time, he should be content with that more limited freedom which constitutionally belongs to the members of the more influential body.

The request, to which we have referred, is the most important thing in Sir Robert Peel's pamphlet. Like many other second thoughts, it comes too late to save his credit with his old party. It was just the thing for 1841; and if it had been standing alone then, unflanked by modifications, and considerations, and understandings, there would have been no chance for Mr. D'Israeli now in Buckinghamshire. Mr. D'Israeli is a great man now, because the member for Tamworth omitted to put freedom of discretion in a right position in his address of 1841. We consider the recent reputation of the Arab politician to be founded in ruins. He is the phœnix of Conservatism—springing out from his predecessor's ashes. But, in 1847, the caution is not wanted. It is the hasp and padlock on the stable-door when the steed is stolen. It resembles the worn-out patience of a man, who, wearied and worried with perpetual depredations, nails to his orchard wall a board with the announcement, terrible to all urchins, "traps and spring-guns set in these grounds—trespassers will be prosecuted with the utmost rigour of the law," when his jargonelles have all unaccountably disappeared, and there remains not a single "non-such," or "heart's-delight," when only half a dozen cherries, so high that the wasps or the sparrows alone could safely steal them, are left to look down upon those "memories of the past"—the withered and the withering leaves.

Sir Robert Peel does not require to tell his former

friends that he requires "freedom of discretion." He is habit and repute addicted to the exercise of that branch of liberty. He is a sturdy beggar, who takes first, and then asks permission. The cool civility with which he invites his constituency of Tamworth not to elect him unless they are pleased with the condition, is a mere flight of satire. They know, of course, that they must elect him. That is his affair. He alone can prevent them from electing him, by keeping off the hustings. When he is once there it is much the same thing whether he requests "freedom of discretion" or "freedom to have the Bishops out of the House of Peers"—whether he solicits their leave to endow Dr. M'Hale, or to invite Pius IX. to take apartments in Lambeth palace—the electors of Tamworth must return their man. To gild the matter, they are informed that Sir Robert has been invited to stand for many commercial constituencies of greater numbers and importance. We have heard of a requisition from Birmingham, and another from Glasgow. The first was stopped by the way, and the second perished of inanition. Requisitions are matters entirely at variance in their nature with returns. Nothing is easier than to get up a requisition; and often nothing more difficult than to get it followed by a return. It is quite obvious that Sir Robert Peel could not have been returned for Glasgow. We sincerely doubt whether he could have polled five hundred votes. We do not believe that he would have been more successful in Birmingham. We remembered, though others may have forgotten, the feeling against him respecting the currency-laws in both these towns, whose inhabitants and traders have been heavy losers by his prejudice for metal. We regard the great commercial constituencies, therefore, as cast into the pamphlet merely to soften the fate of Tamworth. That is, however, a matter between the writer and his own conscience. In his old borough, Sir Robert Peel has full freedom of discretion; and our object is to protest against the gradual assumption of the privilege by other and by lesser, and by less discreet men.

ON FINANCE AND FREE TRADE.

"The grapes are sour," quoth the fox, as he turned from the tree, after many an ineffective effort to reach them. The fox is a true philosopher; he always strives after the self-command that conceals mortification, and wears in defeat the brow of victory. This kind of hypocrisy is by no means despicable; in political life it is particularly desirable. Sir Robert Peel assures his friends at Tamworth that he is "without the intention or wish to resume either that authority which belongs, or ought to belong, to office, or that influence which is conferred by the lead and guidance of a great political party"—the lead and guidance of a great political party will naturally spring from the confidence of that party, or from its necessities. A party without a leader according to its wishes, must, in the freedom of discretion, make a compact with necessity; and this bargain is the hardest ever driven. We are not certain that Sir Robert Peel ever enjoyed the confidence of his party, and at present he is nearly deserted; although the time may come when the helm will again be offered to the dangerous pilot, who will then recover the intention and the wish to resume that authority which belongs, or ought to belong, to office.

The candidate of Tamworth speaks of office as at his disposal. He slumbers with pen in hand, and dreams that the ball is at his foot. It is not his intention to resume office. The refusal rests with him; the offer is really with the electors—with the people—although directly with the Crown. The resumption of office is not, therefore, his affair. As yet the offer is not made, and never may be made again. There are, undoubtedly, more principles to be retracted by Sir Robert Peel, ere he has the refusal of office in his power, than those that he has already gainsaid. The feeling forming on the currency-laws may bear him back again to repeal them, and to complete the circle of his self-sacrifices. There will then remain no principle which he has ever defended, and has not lived to assail and overthrow. For the possibility of this juncture, notwithstanding his present intentions, the ex-Premier prepares by a careful and elaborate review of the success that has attended his experiments in finance and taxation. Finance is supposed to be Sir Robert Peel's strong point. Talk of him and of his measures in the cabin of any steamer in our seas, and the chances are that half-a-dozen persons will break in with, "but Sir Robert is a splendid financier." There are few stage-coaches on the roads now, but there are some; and the name of the Tamworth Representative could not be mentioned on the top of one of them by a travelling and inquiring American, but he is certain of hearing from the guard, "that Sir Robert is a great hand at figures." A great hand he is—assuredly a very great hand—for he cuts and shuffles, and tosses so here and there all the nine numerals, with lots of "noughts," that one gets bewildered amongst them, and would require to be extricated by a Mr. Tidd Pratt—the very soul of modern accountantship. As Mr. D'Israeli declares that all science is of Arabic origin—which may be true enough in one way, if the garden of Eden be in Arabia—and as the numerals are ascribed to the Arabs, we don't know that he might not be able to see through some of Sir Robert Peel's mystifications of the Multiplication Table; but for our own part, we have long thought seriously, that the ex-Premier had yet one service to render his country, and which he can alone accomplish—namely, to account the National Creditors out of the several sums due to them. He has only to commence operations on them individually, in order to show, by columns of statistics, that they were paid off five years ago, and have since been receiving in interest a bonus upon nothing, for nothing was due.

The object of his arithmetic, addressed to the people of Tamworth, is to show that from 1841 to 1846 he reduced taxes amounting to £7,625,000,

without reducing the revenue more than £779,000. We have no natural reluctance to figures—having twenty years since studied book-keeping by single and double entry, and since then had to deal with several twisted skeins of numerals; but we cannot discover any immediate sequence between the reductions of taxation effected by Sir Robert Peel and the increase of revenue from the departments which he did not reduce. There are some elements of revenue that might be increased by the abolition or reduction of other taxes. The removal of the tax on tea would be followed by a greater consumpt of sugar than at present; and necessarily there would be realised an additional income from the sugar duties. But indiscriminate reductions can have no great or immediate result of this nature. Nothing is more calculated to injure any cause than sanguine and unfounded calculations propagated in all quarters, certain to be refuted by experience, and liable ever to prejudice a particular policy in public estimation. Freedom of trade, for example, would not work an instantaneous miracle. A patient reduced to weakness from a long course of bad living is not to expect strength immediately on his abandonment of evil practices. He may be restored by perseverance to sound health. Months or years of a proper course of life may entirely change and renovate his system, but he need not run round his friends on the third day of his return to reason and morality, inviting them to mark the strength that cold water has imparted to his frame on receipt. An invalid cannot draw on health bills payable at sight. He must write out a long date if he expects his drafts to be accepted and paid. The social economy of a nation is, at least, equally difficult to cure. The repeal of some acts, and the adoption of other statutes, will not convert gloom into sunshine with a magician's stroke. In this, as in most other matters, we must wait and work: thankful that the Legislature has, in removing impediments, done its part.

Sanguine calculations characterise all the ex-Premier's arithmetical arguments; and he has been an eminently fortunate statesman. He came last into power on the back of a season of great distress, and he was thrust out of office at a date immediately preceding the greatest calamity that has fallen on this country since the war. The interval was marked by great prosperity, and by an excitement and speculation unprecedented in the current century, or perhaps at any other time. The rapid distribution of capital, and the influence of tolerably good harvests, and low prices, combined to increase the demand for colonial and foreign produce, and the amount of duties payable on their importation. Even in 1847 the importation, the consumpt, and the revenue from colonial and foreign produce, has increased; and in many quarters this symptom of weakness has been mistaken for a proof of returning strength. Grain has reached a price that renders the use of sugar in distillation advisable, and thus its consumpt has increased. Tea and coffee have been substituted to a great extent for the ordinary food of the Irish, and even of a large number of the Scottish and English people; and it must be remembered that a considerable portion of the increase in the consumpt of these articles in the Clyde, the Mersey, and the Severn, has been on Irish account, although nominally set down to the English and Scottish receipt of custom. There is not an importer or a wholesale grocer in Glasgow, Liverpool, or Bristol, who cannot substantiate this statement; and who knows not, what Sir Robert Peel seems to forget, that our increased revenue in 1847, in part at least, and in no inconsiderable part, arises out of our increased misery; being, in fact, part of the eight million loan repaid in duties. The fact, to any party acquainted with these subjects sufficiently clear without a parade of figures, shows the limited degree of trust that must be placed in tables; and the probability that deception may lurk even amongst the numerals, leading us to believe in the reality of prosperity, while we are driving rapidly on the road to ruin. The flattering array of tables may be only the hectic spot on the face of beauty, disclosing its progress in consumption, and to the grave.

There are two classes of duties which Sir R. Peel's Government touched: one, that they repealed—and another, that they reduced. From those that were repealed there is nothing to expect. Out of nothing, nothing can be made. Their removal is a direct and dead loss to the revenue; but may be a gain to the people, greater in extent than their money value; and thus they may render good service to the State, even in their demise. The duties, for example, have been withdrawn from the importation of the raw material of manufactures—from cotton wool, from flax, and other produce; and thus the manufacturers of these articles have been relieved. Lord George Bentinck, in endeavouring to refute the arguments of Sir Robert Peel, quotes the fall in the exports of cotton, linen, and woollen manufactures in the first five months of 1847, compared with the first five months of 1845, as evidence that the repeal of the cotton duty has not served the interests of our manufacturers. Both statesmen err by leaning fixedly on the numerals. The fact adduced by Lord George Bentinck, only shows that a mere accountant is incapable of estimating, through the channels afforded by his profession alone, the progress or the decay of a nation. We fear that all parties have allowed themselves to be misled by an exhibition of figures, without a consideration of principles. It cannot be denied, that the exportation of cotton, linen, and woollen manufactures fell in the period quoted by Lord George Bentinck; and it even makes the case more favourable for the noble Lord that there was a rise in the value of the raw material; so that although no higher prices may have been obtained for cotton yarns and goods exported, yet the duty repealed had all been thrown into the cost of production, rather than into the profit fund. It does not, however, follow, from a reduction in the foreign exports occurring immediately on the abolition of the cotton duty, that the trade

was not greatly benefitted by the repeal of that tax. Except for that step the demand for foreign markets might have been less, and our power to compete with foreign makers crippled. Lord George Bentinck, therefore, has no evidence, in figures, that the repeal of the duty, in any way, interfered with the sale of the products, and Sir Robert Peel is not supported, even by his figures, in the response for which he works the oracle.

The reduction in our foreign exports, on a comparison of the first five months of 1845 with the similar period of 1847, is established by tables. There can be no doubt that we exported more goods in 1845 than in 1847. It does not follow that we sold more. When Sir Robert Peel was moving the adoption of his new measures in 1846, he quoted the liberal exports of 1845 to prove the success of his policy. The quotations were applauded. The triumph was considered complete. The Minister and his friends were deceived by numerals. They looked at the bare figures, which are facts of doubtful character, and forgot all other considerations. The exports of 1845 were largely composed of consignments. Goods were sent out in the hope that they would sell. In some cases bills were drawn upon them. In others orders were given for produce to be paid by these proceeds. Either alternative produced the same issue of forcing the sale of manufactures in foreign markets below their value. In 1847 there have been fewer consignments. Money has been scarce, and discounts have been dear, so that even distant orders have been occasionally neglected, and the business done has been of a more substantial character than in 1845. When, therefore, Sir Robert Peel quoted the increase of exports in 1845, as the ground of proceeding with his measures in 1846, he relied upon a show of figures which were thoroughly unsubstantial; and now when Lord George Bentinck retaliates these same figures on his opponent, he is in a similar error. We believe that the time is not yet fully come when the consequences of the late commercial measures can be judged from facts. The present year is, and even the previous year was, exceptional in the ordinary course of events. The harvests of 1845 and 1846 disorganised all commercial proceedings; and even if that had not occurred, there has not been sufficient time given from practical results to prove the expediency of these measures. On that subject we entertain no doubt. It is a matter dependent on principles to which statistics will ultimately conform themselves. The British people have done their part to open up the world's trade, and other nations must follow in these paths. Early in 1846, Sir Robert Peel quoted the imports of live cattle to show that the removal of the prohibition to import them had not led to a great influx of foreign stock. He had forgotten that stock of this description cannot be reared in a single quarter. At the time the foreign cattle brought into this country were not numerous, but in 1847, so far as it has yet gone, they have increased three hundred per cent. on the importations of 1845. Years are required to bring business into new channels, after obstructions are cleared away; and we cannot yet look for the fair and legitimate results of acts that only passed the legislature a few months since, in a season that has been exceptional to all general rules.

Sir Robert Peel's address begins with 1841. He seems to have cut away all the previous years of his lifetime. To the last parliament, and to that alone he invites the attention of his constituents. History will not thus deal with facts. Whatever degree of assistance he may have ultimately rendered to a system of policy that could be no longer obstructed, however it might have been weakened—its delay was mainly to be ascribed to his opposition. The credit that he can claim belongs only to a late convert. He has proclaimed how much wiser than the Premier of England had many a spurned and contemned village politician been, who—even before the Manchester League had given weight and consistency to the agitation—proclaimed within his circle the principles of free trade which the Legislature have recently adopted. This fact has been much overlooked, and with it the earnest consistency of men who furnished the arguments on which this great change proceeded when its advocacy was repaid by scorn and persecution. We have heard of a penny subscription to Peel—a penny subscription to provide a testimonial to a man for being, by his own confession, a fool during thirty years of his public life, and a wise man only in the thirty-first! A penny subscription to pay the means of testifying national gratitude to the statesman who has always kept upon the winning side, and has stood by injustice until there was not a plank left for wrong to float by! A penny subscription for a convert who resisted reason, and was only instructed by famine and the registration courts! Then, surely, we should have a twenty shilling's subscription to such men as Colonel Thompson, Mr. Hume, Ebenezer Elliot, and Mr. Villiers. If Peel is to be rewarded for succumbing when resistance was unavailable, how should the men be remunerated by whom the siege was conducted, the breaches made, and this citadel of corruption compelled to surrender! Even before the Manchester men, who finally settled the question of the corn law, combined for that purpose, how many individuals in humble circumstances, in small towns and even in rural districts, suffered loss, and reproach, and persecution, from their desire to aid in disenthralling their native land from those very bonds that Peel was applauded and rewarded for defending. Good men do not work for applause; and it is well, for amongst the friends of free trade virtue had need to be its own reward.

THE CURRENCY LAWS.

There is in this pamphlet a curious omission. The writer professes to give an account of his Parliamentary career from 1841 to 1847. He is at the confessional, and pretends to make a clear exposition of all his transactions; but he omits those measures which he said in 1844 and 1845

were designed and calculated to ensure all the protection to capital and industry that human legislation could afford. In 1844 he thus described the probable operation of his new currency law :—

"To ensure, so far as legislation can ensure, the just reward of industry, and the legitimate profit of commercial enterprise, conducted with integrity, and controlled by provident calculation."

In 1845 this law was partially extended to Scotland. The nature of the changes then accomplished was important. The issue of paper circulation was converted into a gradually narrowing monopoly. It was not fixed in the hands of a definite and non-decreasing body, but in that of a body limited only against increase, and exposed to all the probabilities of decrease. The new currency bills are self-acting in this respect. They make certain, not merely that the monopolists shall not increase but that they shall decrease. All the contingencies of failures, of removals, of deaths—all these means that are ever operating to remove one, and produce another race of business-men—are employed to reduce the amount of the paper circulation, or to compress the paper issue within smaller limits; and thus to render the privilege more obnoxious.

The laws enacted in 1844 and 1845 fix the paper currency to a definite amount. They enact a fixed currency without ensuring fixed prices or fixed numbers. They operate for its gradual destruction. It is true that the banks may issue paper to any extent on a metallic basis. There is nothing to prevent them from purchasing sovereigns, storing them past in their vaults, and issuing notes to correspond with the quantity in their possession. That, however, is not a paper, but a gold currency. It is extended, or contracted, with the metal which it represents. Sir Robert Peel himself declares that gold is the most expensive currency. The fact is undeniable. In the first instance, gold must be bought. The capital which it represents is sunk. It becomes of no further utility, and the annual charge of interest, of tear and wear, and of absolute loss incurred to the nation, is a comparatively small, but not an inconsiderable disadvantage. The law was, however, to provide security and stability. Security it does not provide. The public have still to confide in the capital, the property, and the prudence of the bankers. The security provided by the Act is an expensive delusion. There are, indeed, two branches to which the term security may be applied. The convertibility of the notes might be, but is not secured. Even in the case of the Bank of England, there is an issue of fourteen millions, based upon Government securities. It is calculated that the circulation never will fall within that sum; but the calculation is entirely arbitrary. There is no absolute security attainable that the catastrophe which is deemed impossible may not occur; and the security for convertibility would become immediately worthless. Bankers, however, not only issue paper, but take deposits. That forms the largest transaction in Scottish banking. The banker is an agent between those who have to lend and those who have to borrow. He lends, however, on time bargains. Discounted bills must run their dates. The holder cannot demand payment until the date is run out. But deposits are accepted without any limitation of this nature. They are payable on demand. The deposits of Scotch banks are supposed to exceed their circulation in the proportion of 12 to 1. This supposition is, we believe, greatly within the truth. We observed, in the accounts of one bank recently, deposits amounting to five millions, and in the proportion of 16 to 1 on its circulation.

The Currency Laws offer no precaution against a run by depositors and the power to pay in gold would not survive three days in a panic of this nature. There is no security afforded by these laws that is value for a tenth of their cost.

They are equally inefficient in obtaining stability. Within the short period of three years since their enactment, we have seen money more abundant and cheaper than at any former period: and again money scarcer and dearer than ever it has been since the country became distinguished by a very marked expansion of commerce. Its business for some years has been wisely done. With the great exception of the railway works, its commerce has been based on the soundest foundations. Except for this circumstance, the present year must have been distinguished by the most ruinous and widely spread embarrassments. The export of four or five millions of sovereigns shook credit and confidence. One man became nearly insolvent with a little silver mine in his possession. A bankrupt, overstocked with silver, would certainly have been a rare phenomenon in the practice of Mr. Commissioner Fonblanque; but the contingency was not impossible. Money rose, and other property, excepting corn and foreign imports, fell. All home manufactured property was (and is) reduced in value. Everything receded before the corn and the money powers. Ten and twelve per cent. were freely paid for money by houses of ample means; and credit has been supported by such costly sacrifices as business cannot afford. Even while we write, one of the greatest public companies in England, the London and North-western, is advertising for loans on three years' bonds at five per cent; and two years ago the same company could have borrowed at three and a half per cent.

The meaning of this is, that the man who, two years since, could command £100,000 may now be nominally worth no more money, but its value is really equivalent to that of £145,000 at the period named. Capital has gained and industry has lost on that sum £45,000. Property in shares, in stocks, and even in goods, has been depreciated in a corresponding degree. The reduction of the property invested in the national funds is nominally not less than sixty millions sterling within twelve months. An eminent and well-informed sharebroker stated in one of his monthly circulars, that the reduction in the value of all stocks ordinarily saleable in our markets, includ-

ing national funds, could not be calculated at less than *one hundred millions* within the same period. Our foreign exports may be roundly estimated at fifty-five millions, and, in conducting that branch of business, there must be an average outlay of money for a not less period than eighteen months, from the day that the miner strikes his pick into the ore, or the husbandman casts his seed into the soil, or the hatches are closed over bales of cotton wool in the Mississipi, of raw silk in the Ganges, or of Australian wool in the Yarra Yarra, until that day when the British merchant obtains payment of the hardware, the cottons, the linens, the silks, or the woollens sold to his foreign customers. The period named is too short for the process; but as the outlay progresses at each stage of the manufacture, we may assume eighteen months as something like an average. The difference in the value of money within twelve months—caused, we insist, by those Currency Laws which Sir Robert Peel has omitted to number amongst his achievements of the last six years—is even to the best trading houses equal to two per cent. For eighteen months this rate gives three per cent. on all our foreign exports; and a gross sum on fifty-five millions of £1,650,000 taken annually from the wages of labour, or the profits of capital actively engaged in business, and the returns of skill, risk, and enterprise and paid over to the mere money-lender. Capital is to that extent enriched, and industry impoverished.

The money requisite in the preparation of manufactures for the home market, in the ordinary transfer of goods here, in our agriculture, our commerce, and our fisheries, is much larger than is supposed, even by parties largely engaged in business. So far back as 1831, it appeared from the returns of the stamp tax on bills and receipts, according to M'Queen's calculations in his "Statistics of the British Empire," that the amount of capital transferred by bills of exchange, and on which discounts were paid, was £398,392,951. The addition to prices in this season, and the general increase of business within sixteen years, justify us in assuming the capital transferred on bills of exchange at £500,000,000 within 1847. We presume that the average of these bills run for ninety days or three months. Large numbers are for shorter dates—some for eight, ten, and twenty days—a larger number at one month—a comparatively small number at sixty days; but to meet that there are numerous and heavy bills drawn at four, at six, and even at twelve months. We assume three months as a fair average, and one-half per cent.—taking the increased rate of money at two per cent.—is the gross extra charge made on this capital per annum, by Peel's bills—which he forgets to mention in his address, as if they were matters of comparatively little moment, though they are at present agitating society everywhere; influencing elections; and felt in their consequences by all classes who work and earn. The extra charge for that part of the country's business done through bills of exchange, on the preceding basis of calculation, is £2,500,000. Even there, however, we have only a comparatively small portion of the capital affected by these acts. Whatever raises the value of money taxes industry. The annual produce of the agriculture and fisheries of Great Britain and Ireland was estimated in 1831 at £474,029,688. The capital, requisite for preparing agricultural produce for the market, is not to a large extent transferred by bills of exchange. There are bills passing amongst the smaller class of farmers; but generally the advances, where advances are requisite, are made by bankers or private individuals in the form of loans. Since 1831 the value of agricultural produce has very greatly increased, and we are not guilty of any reflection on the circumstances of the tenant farmers by supposing that this accumulation of produce is not raised without loans of at least, on an average, £175,000,000, because the capital invested in the soil by tenant farmers is assumed to be equal to £700,000,000; and we may fairly presume that one-fourth of the sum is held on loan. At an additional interest of two per cent., the extra cost on this department is £3,500,000. The gross value of property in land, timber, mines, and all other matters that range under the general title of the landed interest is £250,000,000. We do not over-estimate the value of that portion of this property which is under mortgage in assuming it to be one-fifth of the whole, or £500,000,000, on which we believe at least £400,000,000 to be borrowed. An addition of two per cent. to the annual interest on this sum is a yearly charge of £8,000,000. The value of house and shop property, and buildings of that description, is estimated at £750,000,000; and we believe that they are mortgaged to one-fourth of their value, or to the amount of £187,500,000; and the addition of two per cent. per annum to this sum makes £3,750,000. The capital absolutely sunk in manufactures within the three kingdoms may be estimated at £250,000,000; of which, we presume, that one-fourth is on loan, or £62,500,000; and, pursuing our previous estimate, the extra annual charge is equal to £1,240,000. The stock of goods in the hands of wholesale and retail dealers, and in transit, forms another item connected with this department. This division of the national capital was estimated sixteen years since at £350,000,000. Notwithstanding the increase of business, we doubt if this particular outlay has increased; because the facilities of communication are daily lessening the inducements to keep large stocks on hand. We may suppose regarding it, however, assuming the estimate of 1831 to be correct in 1847, that one-fourth is held on loan, or advances in some form; and we shall thus find that an extra charge is again incurred in this department of £1,710,000. The money loans on railways, shipping, roads, harbours, and similar public works, greatly exceed £100,000,000; but, assuming that sum, there is an extra charge upon it of £2,000,000, on this calculation. The summation of these different charges makes a large sum, although we have avoided altogether the outlay on articles of luxury.

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The different items of extra charge for capital, which we have enumerated amount collectively to a sum of £22,700,000,* leaving out of view the first in our statement, and which, partially at least, may be accounted for in other departments.

This sum is lost annually to the earners of money, and added to the stock of those who hold capital without employing it in business. It is a tax paid to the money interest, exactly as the corn-law was a tax paid to the landed interest. It is a tax which we should oppose and endeavour to repeal by the same arguments, and the same means, that were successfully employed against the corn monopoly. The real interests of the country require, quite as much, cheap money as cheap food. They are not less impeded by a monopoly of money, than they were by a monopoly of bread. Free trade in currency is fully as essential to the advancement of the country, and the welfare of the working classes, as free trade in corn; and the extra charge for capital, established by these laws, falls as obviously on the first producers of wealth as the extra charge incurred for bread. The direct tax in all such matters is, however, always less than the indirect. The sums actually paid, as we have stated, fall necessarily and greatly short of the charge on wages or profits. If a trader of any description pays five, six, or seven per cent. for the capital which he borrows, he will charge a similar sum towards expenses on his own capital engaged in his business, and he will necessarily reduce wages, so as, if possible, to leave some profit over this charge. By this view, which is in fact a reality, we shall find that the increased charge on the business of the country, that charge which comes necessarily before wages and profits, is not less than sixty millions annually, in consequence of Sir Robert Peel's restrictions on the currency, of which he seems now to be so mistrustful, that they have no place in his catalogue of "good deeds."

These evils, however, are ascribed by the friends and supporters of the Currency Laws to the rapid construction of railways. The subject has spread out so much in our hands already, that we cannot spare space for the refutation of this error, which arises out of a great misapprehension respecting the circulation of money; but during the late war the country raised, without an approach to bankruptcy, double the money for fighting purposes, to be expended in foreign countries, that even the *Times* calculates to be required annually for four or five years in the construction of railways at home. Since the peace there has been sunk in foreign loans a larger capital than is required for investment in new railways at home, without the apparent and real inconvenience and suffering occasioned from some cause or causes during the past nine months. The immense difference allowed by all parties to exist between a home and foreign outlay, must not be forgotten when we take these facts into consideration. There is an argument on this subject so brief and convincing, in a pamphlet published during this month by an eminent supporter of Sir Robert Peel's general policy, that we insert it here, while we refer to the pamphlet itself, as one in which many facts connected with this question will be found very clearly and ably stated, by a gentleman of the highest literary character, unconnected with business, and whose interest, if he studied his self-interest, would lead him to support a measure that raises the value of money by reducing the price of commodities.*

"That the demand for capital to complete the railways which have received the sanction of the Legislature, occurring at the same time when the importation of food occasioned by the Irish famine, and consequent exportation of gold, is most extensive, has very much aggravated the existing distress, may readily be conceded. It is impossible that calls for £500,000 or £1,000,000 a week can go on for any length of time, when credit is short and accommodation difficult, without occasioning a serious derangement of the money market. But would the capital of the country be unable to meet these calls, if the *currency were not contracted*, and the wealth of Great Britain even in sufficient quantities melted down into the form which constitutes oil for the social and industrial machine? That is the point, and in order to arrive at a right conclusion on the subject, we must examine what the capital of the country has proved equal to in former and present times.

"During the war, when the population of the country ranged from fourteen to eighteen millions, and its exports from forty to fifty millions annually, but when it had a sufficient currency, no less than £600,000,000 was borrowed in twenty-two years by the Government, never at a higher rate than 5¼ *per cent.*, being on an average about £28,000,000 a-year. In the years 1813, 1814, and 1815, no less than £156,000,000 were borrowed, being at the rate of a *million a week* for three years, and yet the dearest of these loans was contracted for by Government at £4 15s. 6d. *per cent.*! Are we to be told that the capital of the country has *decreased* so much during the last thirty years, that while a million a week was felt as no strain by eighteen millions of British subjects, when continued for three years from 1813 to 1815, payment of the same sum for a few weeks brought eight-and-twenty millions to the verge of ruin in 1847? Has the boasted industry of the Anglo-Saxon race not only accumulated nothing, but merely fed upon its savings, and ruinously contracted its stock during that period? If so, it says little for the liberal party and the political economists, who, during the last quarter of a century, have had the entire direction of its affairs, that so deplorable a result should have followed the adoption of their measures.

"In the next place, unequivocal symptoms at the present day demonstrate that there really is no deficiency in our capital, but that all we want is a sufficient currency. The capital of the country has been greatly *enlarged*, instead of being contracted, by the recent currency laws; because the value of money has been increased forty or fifty *per cent.* Every million has, for every useful or necessary purpose, been turned, by the laws of 1819, 1826, and 1844, into a million and a-half. The reality of this change—of this vast addition to the available capital of the country, distinctly appears in the current rate of interest, which, as every one knows, anterior to the present crisis, had fallen to three *per cent.* The funds were above 100: for some weeks they were 103 and 104: the four per cents. were successively changed into 3½, and the 3½ to 3¼ *per cent.*, without any difficulty by Government. Is this state of things an indication of diminished capital? Is it not rather the clearest indication of *redundant capital?* of a state of things in which the accumulated savings of the nation during thirty years of peace, have become so considerable that they can no longer find a profitable investment at home? In truth, the South American mania of 1825, and the North American mania of 1836, as well as the Railway mania of 1845, have all been brought about by the same cause, viz., a plethora of capital in the country, which led men to seek the hazard of foreign undertakings, rather than the certainty of slender domestic profits.

"In the third place, if the present state of the money market is considered, it affords the most decisive evidence

* We observe, that in printing off the preceding page, the value of property in land, &c., is set down at £250,000,000 instead of £4,500,000,000.

* Free Trade and a Fettered Currency. By Archibald Alison, F.R.S.E., author of "The History of Europe during the French Revolution," "England in 1815 and 1845," &c.—Wm. Blackwood & Son, Edinburgh and London.

that it is in the Currency, not the Capital, that the deficiency exists. The Chancellor of the Exchequer borrowed £,8,000,000 for the Irish loans at £3 7s. 6d. *per cent.* The 3 *per cent.* funds are now at 88: they have never, during the present crisis, been below 86 *per cent.* This shows that the rate of interest for durable investments has not yet generally risen to *four per cent.* But advances of cash by bankers for temporary purposes have risen generally to six, in some cases to ten, twelve, and fifteen *per cent.*—a state of matters wholly unexampled, even when the nation was expending one hundred and twenty millions a-year, and lending Government fifty millions annually during the war. The capitalist for a durable investment is still glad to get 4 or 4½ *per cent.*; but the money-changer will not let his cash out of his hands for less than six, eight, ten, or twelve *per cent.* Can more decisive proof be required that capital is abundant even to excess, and currency scarce even to famine?"

The essential charge made by Sheriff Alison against the laws of 1819, 1844, and 1845, is, that they have turned every million for every useful and necessary purpose into a million and a half. That, however, has not been done by fair enterprise, but by a legislative juggle—by a shifting of the numerals. If Sir Robert Peel's fortune was four hundred thousand pounds before 1819, he has legislated it into six hundred thousand pounds by his bills since that period. According to this view of the case the national debt has virtually been increased by four hundred millions. And who have lost by the change? From whose pockets has this immense *bonus* on capital been extracted? From those, assuredly, whose entire capital is the price of labour in some of the departments wherein by skill or toil men gain from the world leave to live. The contributors to the great loss which industry has sustained by the legislation of Sir Robert Peel are to be met in all circumstances and places. He opposed the ten hours factory bill; and the humblest worker in a manufactory loses something by his currency measures. He opposed the land improvement bills of Ireland, and its peasantry need to lean on England for relief, partly because of his obnoxious prejudice for gold. There is no man so poor who works and earns, from whom some means have not been drawn to increase these accumulations of capital by this device. It has gone down through its agencies to the most wretched places, where the advocate of sanatory reform, or the teacher of religious truth, almost trembles to enter, and abstracted from desperate penury a tax on its farthings. Where the widow's family meet together, in winter nights, when their work is done, by a dim fire, and beside a humble board, this ingeniously shrouded tax, paid by labour to money, enters and pares away a part of their earnings, or adds to their working hours, that it may fling steadily its stones from every field on the cairns of wealth. The steady grinding agency of this power is not its most remarkable mode of taxing the industrious. Its deficiency of stability is its most pernicious characteristic. It wants sobriety and steadiness in its operations. By endeavouring to fix the amount of circulation without the possibility of fixing the work that the circulation has to perform, it necessarily creates and compels the wildest fluctuations. When wheat is 45s. per quarter, it is obvious that a smaller circulation will suffice to transact the business of the trade in bread than when wheat is 90s.; but Sir Robert Peel has virtually declared that the same amount of money must suffice either with 45s. or 90s. as the standard of wheat. It is idle to suppose that when grain rises in price the circulation may be increased by gold. That is the most unlikely thing imaginable, because when we have dear food we have always extensive imports; and instead of increasing we are reducing our stock of gold. Such has been the operation on the currency of the imports rendered necessary by the late calamitous harvest. Instead of the circulation accommodating itself to the expanded prices of necessaries; it has been, and under the present acts it always will be, reduced in amount as prices rise. Gold has to be exported; and a portion of the paper currency resting on gold has to be withdrawn. We are not permitted, in that case, to fall back on the realised property of the country and the credit that it affords; but we are compelled to dispose of that property on any terms. The principle of Sir Robert Peel, and Mr. Lloyd Jones, and Sir Charles Wood is, that then we must sell manufactures at whatever price they will bring, in order to rectify the Exchequer. This is the policy prescribed by them for the nation. Let us apply it to the transactions of an individual trader, and mark the celerity with which it would place him in the *Gazette*.

On every occasion when his payments exceeded his cash in hand, if he were creditless and compelled to sell his stock, as advertisers say, ninety per cent. under prime cost, at half nothing, at whatever it will bring, or at a costly sacrifice, either his transactions must be miserably circumscribed, or he would sink into ruin. Such, however, is the national policy supported by the money-monopolists; and their object is to bring, as they often bring, bargains to the warehouses of the most extensive capitalists. There are men who only buy in a crisis, just as there are certain fowls that make the greatest noise in a storm; and noxious birds that dine best from a battle-field.

We do not propose in this number to discuss these changes that are evidently requisite in the management of the currency. We have confined our observations rather to a statement of some of the evils caused by the present system. The public are only beginning to learn the characteristics of the currency bills that have been passed since 1818. They see only yet in dim outline the injustice and wrong that has been, and is daily being inflicted on them. They have heard repeatedly the necessity inculcated of keeping faith with the public creditor; but they are only beginning to perceive that there is such a thing as keeping faith with the public debtor. They are learning that there may be a want of faith in increasing the nominal value of money, at a period when the public engagements are very large. They are feeling the exceeding absurdity of wasting capital to obtain a circulating medium which presents no advantages over another that might be obtained for one-sixth of the cost. Reluctant as England is to learn from Scotland, yet many

Englishmen perceive that there must be some advantages in the old Scotch mode of transacting Bank business, which gives a trader interest for every ten pounds that he can throw day by day into his bankers: gives thus to every man who receives money a premium on his exertions to reduce the circulating medium, and transacts an amount of business not proportionably inferior to that of England on one half and less than one half of the proportionate circulation.

The importance of currency reform is everywhere admitted. There is a feeling spreading in all quarters that free trade in money is not less essential to the public comfort than free trade in corn, in cotton, in wool, or in any other commodity. The extent of loss caused by the present system is neither ascertained nor ascertainable; but that does not prevent the conviction from spreading, that now, with the Manchester Free Trade League dissolved, we have yet to make our greatest struggle for free trade; and without any body existing to lead the way in seeking commercial reform, we have yet to accomplish our greatest commercial improvements.

With the knowledge that this subject was agitating the electors—was introduced into the addresses of candidates for seats in the Legislature—was discussed at meetings for reckoning with old members, and meetings for examining new aspirants—was the subject of question and answer, of speech, of promise, and pledge—Sir Robert Peel, the author of the currency acts, and designedly, or otherwise, a large gainer by the currency acts, was guilty, at Tamworth, in July 1847, of deserting his own natural offspring. As a correct historian, he was bound to have mentioned their existence; but he has nothing to say, and he says nothing respecting them. His silence may be more gratifying than his speech could have been. To the existing system there is a darker omen in his studied neglect of the topic, than in his preparation to recede when he last addressed the House of Commons on the subject. There may be some who suppose that, in the composition of this address, Sir Robert Peel remembered distinctly the Dissenters' Chapels' Bill, but had forgotten the Currency acts, and, if they please, so they may continue to suppose. But the ex-Premier has not a deficient memory.

IRISH ENDOWMENTS.

A considerable portion of Sir Robert Peel's pamphlet is occupied with arguments to show the propriety of endowing the Roman Catholics in Ireland, if any statesman should ever want to take that step. The ex-Premier by no means says that he is to take the initiative. He does not propose to introduce a bill into the first session of next Parliament on the subject, but he argues the case at great length. We can scarcely suppose that Sir Robert Peel enters on this argument entirely with the view of illustrating what he may believe to be an abstract truth. It is by no means likely that he discusses the topics merely as an exercise in logic. For that purpose the proposal to endow Mohammedanism in one section, and Brahmanism in another division of India, would have answered his purpose equally well.

There is no doubt that Sir Robert Peel had a special object to serve in devoting so much space and time to prove the propriety and justice of endowing the priesthood in Ireland. And when Lord John Russell declared in the London tavern to the London electors that "he did not know that any one means to propose such a measure," namely, this endowment, he also must have known that Sir Robert Peel would not be averse to make the proposal. We have no means of ascertaining how far the London electors are satisfied with the Premier and the ex-Premier's statements, but if they are to be included in one administration, as there is reason to believe, we see every ground to expect from Baron Tamworth in the House of Peers, early in 1849, a very elaborate speech terminated by a string of resolutions on the subject.

Sir Robert Peel's principal argument is, that a nation is not in any way committed to the doctrines which it pays for teaching. The fact is consoling, because we as a nation have been committed to everything in the form of a creed, from the immolations of Juggernaut on the Ganges to the consecration of bells on the St. Lawrence. We teach all manner of doctrines. His second argument is, that we have gone so far in this course already, that there is little reason for stopping now. "In for a penny, in for a pound," is the concentration of his argument on this head. We endow already Roman Catholics in several colonies, and Unitarians in Ireland; therefore he says there can be no case of conscience for stopping now. But there is a case of purse. A sum of £200 per anannum for each of 3000 individuals has been estimated by the friends of this policy as necessary for its effectual practice. The estimate is £600,000 per annum—a serious addition to existing burdens.

Between the people and their rulers there is a remarkable difference on this subject. The people have no interest in maintaining church establishments, except for the value they yield in public instruction. Then rulers have an additional interest in the patronage which they produce. The apparent question agitated on every hustings where there is a popular constituency is, "will we endow the Irish priesthood?" but the real question is, "will we maintain the Irish Church?" This is the view taken of the matter by the Roman Catholics of Ireland. They repudiate the endowment, not because a connexion with the State can necessarily be wrong in their estimation, but because they want to bring down the Irish Church. Peel would stake them to the earth like a stockade, to defend the Church and its patronage. They prefer to be free, saying or thinking wisely, "You must endow us, or disendow the Church," and we prefer the latter alternative. That is the real nature of the question; and when one set of Liberals talk of applying all the ecclesiastical property of Ireland to State purposes, and yet say that they will support the Established Church in England and Scotland, do they ever reckon how long Voluntaryism will be exclusively practised in Ireland before its adoption in this country? Would they say three years?

IMPENDING REVOLUTION IN THE DEKKAN.

FORMERLY it would have been a task of much difficulty to interest the public of this country in any of the passing events, however important, of Indian history. Steam has altered all this. It is now possible to excite as deep a solicitude respecting the revolutions and changes of dynasty which take place within the limits of our Asiatic empire, as it is to awaken public sympathy with any other portion of our stupendous dominions. The chain has become visible which connects the Indian Peninsula with Great Britain. The Overland Mail is one of our habitual necessities, so that we could no more do without fortnightly news from Bombay, Calcutta, and Madras, than we can, during the sitting of Parliament, without a daily report of its proceedings.

We are, therefore, induced to direct the attention of our readers, very briefly, to what is now taking place, or is likely soon to happen, in one of the greatest provinces of the Dekkan—the dominions of the Nizam of Hydrabad. The islands of Great Britain and Ireland comprehend an area of about fifty-seven thousand square miles. His Highness the Nizam's territories consist of about ninety-five thousand square miles, a very large proportion of which has, at different times, been added to the original province of Hydrabad by the generosity of the East India Company. Throughout this extensive kingdom, anarchy, the most complete, prevails at the present moment: the army, increased unnecessarily, but constantly defrauded of its pay, is in a state of open rebellion; the people, oppressed, pillaged, and denied justice, would gladly take up the same position with the army if they dared; while the subsidiary force, supplied to His Highness by the Company, for the purpose of overawing his own troops, and keeping his subjects in reluctant subjection, is in a state of comparative demoralisation, through the concurrence of various causes, which may, perhaps, be hereafter enumerated.

As another mail must arrive before the present article appears, numerous modifications may be introduced into the internal relations of the Hydrabad State. But the experience of a full century warrants us in maintaining, that nothing can prevent its progress from bad to worse but the pensioning of his Highness, and the substitution of British for Native authority throughout the country. If the disorders which have forced us into the adoption of this opinion were of a lingering character, we might hope that a change of men, bringing along with it, also, a change of measures, would stay the progress of dissolution, enable his Highness to recover the ground which he has lost, and spare the British Government the painful duty, long deferred, of stepping in to preserve a numerous and once powerful people from something like social extinction.

But no one can have studied the history of Hydrabad without being convinced that its disorders are chronic, that they are inherent in the very constitution of the Government, and that, consequently, nothing whatever can heal them while that wretched modification of evil, polity, is suffered to exist. Unfortunately, there is too great a sameness in Oriental history for a detailed narrative of the occurrences which have taken place in the Hydrabad province, since Nizam ool Moolk became its virtual sovereign in 1724, to prove interesting. Most persons are familiar with the troubles which broke out in India after the death of Aurungzebe, when the unwieldy fabric of the Mogul empire, which had grown up and spread with wonderful rapidity, hastened, with no less swiftness, towards its dissolution. It possessed nothing of that compact and intricate organisation which enabled the declining empire of Rome to resist, through a long series of ages, the attacks of barbarous nations, and to crumble away at length, rather beneath its own weight, than through the shocks imparted to it from external political bodies. The Mogul empire was a rough, ill-constructed machine, which had no sooner been put in motion than it began to decay; and, when it fell to pieces, they who should have experienced the strongest desire to reunite and build it up again were the most eager to complete its ruin, and to enrich themselves with its spoils.

In history, as in everything else, the majority of mankind are imposed upon by pompous and high-sounding names. They read of the Mogul empire, and imagine that it required unrivalled genius to overthrow it, and erect the fabric of a new political power on its ruins. But who were the men that shattered the imperial Government of Delhi, and converted their several Soubahs into so many independent sovereignties? No statesmen of transcendent abilities, but bold and crafty adventurers, who were indebted much more to the accidents of their position than to their own abilities. As in such a game it was necessary that some should lose, so likewise was it necessary that some should win; and they whose courage or villany was crowned with success were often not intellectually superior to those whom, in the combinations of the hour, they outwitted and cut off.

Nevertheless, the founder of the Nizam's power in the Dekkan was a man of remarkable talent, and mental resources. From the moment he determined to fall off from the emperor, which he did rather in compliance with custom, than in consequence of any original political conception of his own, he had to contend with numerous and great difficulties. All the subtlety, power, and wickedness of the Court he saw swayed against him. But we must not thence infer that he himself was either good or powerless. On the contrary, force, in this struggle, was pitted against force, and villany against villany. In the end, the Soubadhar of the Dekkan's wickedness was triumphant. In self-defence partly, and partly through ambition, he sought to escape from the necessity of obedience to the emperor. Another nobleman was appointed to succeed him. An army was sent to reduce him to subjection. He faced the forces of his prince, as he would have done those of a public enemy, in the field; and his proposed successor having fallen into his hands, in consequence of a brilliant victory, he sent back his head to Delhi, as the most striking reply he could offer to the commands of him who had originally made him Soubadhar.

Nizam ool Moolk having, by successful rebellion, made himself sovereign of the Dekkan, found his throne encircled by multiplied and hourly increasing dangers. Extreme old age was fast creeping upon him. One of his

own sons, in obedience to the immemorial practice of the East, took up arms against his authority in 1740, but was, without difficulty, defeated; after which, strange to say, the father spared his life, and not only so, but treated him kindly. An old prince in the East has always what, in nautical phraseology, is denominated a warm berth. Presuming years to be invariably accompanied by weakness, the Mahrattas invaded the Nizam's dominions, but met, from the energetic usurper, with so fierce a reception, that they were exceedingly happy to be permitted to retire within their own borders, and be free from pursuit there.

In 1748, Nizam ool Moolk died at an exceedingly advanced age, leaving behind him twelve children, six sons and six daughters, every one of whom, from the loose order of succession observed in the East, thought immediately of arriving at the crown, the sons in person, the daughters through their male offspring. Nazir Jung, the rebel of 1740, being in the capital at the time of his father's death, was enabled to make the first trial at wielding the sceptre of the Dekkan. Into the contest and disorders which followed, it would be in no way profitable to enter. The series of events was sufficiently intricate, and the crimes perpetrated were of the most startling character; but this in the East constitutes no novelty. The rule is to behold brother warring against brother, and after the death of each successive sovereign, to see the palace deluged with the blood of his family. No class of persons taste less of the happiness of security than they who aspire to the diadem. From the moment they ascend above the level of private life, they become a mark for the shafts of all other men, and are hunted down like so many wild beasts, their own brethren and near relatives almost invariably leading the chace.

A remarkable example of this truth was afforded by the successors of this same Nizam ool Moolk, who, discovering the superior daring and vigour of Europeans, took a number of French officers into their pay, and thus originated that practice which has since proved fatal to so many native princes. There in the Dekkan, as in everywhere else, the rivalry between the French and English immediately displayed itself. The British, impatient of the ascendancy which they saw their neighbours acquiring in the Dekkan, strenuously put in practice every art of which they were masters to counteract their policy and overthrow the fabric of their ambition. On the other hand, the French in Southern India, led by a series of able and unscrupulous adventurers, were no less anxious and persevering in their opposition to us; and for a time their supple manners and national aptitude for intrigue secured them a decided superiority. For more than forty years the contest was carried on at every native Court in India. At the outset the advantage was nearly always on the side of the French; their suppleness of manners, which often amounted to cringing servility, recommending them far more strongly to the classes whose minds they sought to wield, than the proud, haughty, and often impracticable character of the English. Energy, however, is power. In the cabinet and in the field, the genius of France retired before that of Great Britain. Our defeats, equally with our victories, inspired us with the indomitable resolution to persevere, till, in the year 1798, we succeeded in annihilating the last remnant of French power in the Dekkan.

It is not, at present, our purpose to dwell on military details, for which reason we have merely glanced at the struggles which the English and French carried on, for so many years, in this part of India. Not that this wild and irregular war was destitute of interest, or that the men, by whom it was carried on, were unendowed with those brilliant qualities which shed a halo around human actions, and command the attention of posterity; but that our object just now is to describe the disorganisation existing in the Nizam's dominions, and to point out some of the causes which would appear to have led to it.

The Company's first direct connexion with the Nizam took place in 1759, when a treaty was concluded, securing peculiar advantages to both parties. But treaties are seldom kept. In private life, when men enter into contracts they usually design to fulfil them, because before making any engagement, they are careful to understand that benefit will accrue to them by keeping their faith. It is not so with princes or states. The intricacies and complexities of public officers are so great that no man or set of men can look forward and ascertain what course it will be for the interest of his country to pursue, when a few years or even months shall have elapsed; and, therefore, however honest may be the intentions with which the parties contracting enter into treaties, it must depend very much on chance whether in the long run their engagements are or are not fulfilled. This is more especially the case in India, where so multiplied and conflicting are the interests, so complicated the relations, so fluctuating and uncertain the characters of states and men; it is altogether impossible to foresee what turn affairs may take in particular conjunctures, and, therefore, it is difficult for human power to preserve unvarying consistency.

This, if properly considered, will explain many of those anomalies in our Asiatic history about which historians declaim to so little purpose. Most of these writers are little acquainted with politics, either in theory or practice. Learned, perhaps, in the records of past times, but unacquainted with mankind, and with the business of existing dates, they reason like rhetoricians, and too often decide like pedants. We must make great allowances for men acting on the spur of the moment, judging of events amid the turmoil of the battle, or in the obscurity of an atmosphere rendered opaque by intrigue and lies.

In their transactions with the Nizam, the servants of the East India Company often gave proof of more zeal than discretion. They hurried into compacts, they formed alliances, they conducted treaties, they engaged in wars, the final result of which was that the territories of their ally were perpetually augmented, while his capacity for ruling over them appeared to diminish in the same ratio. Probably it will be thought no crime in an Indian prince to devise the overthrow of the British power. We scarcely, therefore, impute that as an offence to any of the successors of Nizam ool Moolk. But when a sovereign has been placed on the throne by any particular person or persons—when through the same influence he has long been maintained in that position—when with persevering zeal and fidelity his enemies, internal and external, have been suppressed—when his revenues have been improved, his foreign relations rendered easy, and his whole condition in every way made better—we think that some degree of gratitude will be regarded as pardon-

able even in an Indian sovereign. Now the history of the Nizams of Hydrabad exhibits them in the light of dependents of the British power. We have always been their defenders and protectors; we have preserved them from the ambition of the Mahrattas, of Hyder Ali, and Tippoo Sultan; we have put down, in their behalf, innumerable rebellions among their own subjects; we have enabled them to collect their revenues, to amass armies, and to extend and consolidate their power.

But what return have they made to us for all this? Formerly, when the hope of expelling us from India was still rife among the native chiefs, Hindoo and Mahomedan, they intrigued perpetually in order to effect that purpose; and afterwards, when that prospect no longer presented itself, they secluded themselves in sullen and frigid pomposity, and devoted their lives to sensual indulgences, contriving to cast upon us all the odium and burden of misgovernment. Though perpetually warned of the danger they would inevitably incur by entertaining French adventurers in their service, they, towards the close of the last century, encouraged M. Raymond, a man of distinguished abilities, to organise an armed force at Hydrabad, no otherwise dependent on the sovereign than that as it received its pay from him. His Highness, therefore, observed its youth with delight, inwardly congratulating himself that he should soon possess the power of setting the English at defiance, and, perhaps, of making good his claim to the sovereignty of all Southern India. M. Raymond encouraged his countrymen to flock round him, and a perpetual current of adventurers speedily set in from Paris to Hydrabad. The corps of mercenaries augmented rapidly, until it at length amounted to fourteen thousand men, thoroughly disciplined and officered by Europeans. By degrees its leaders caused the Nizam and his court to feel that they did not look upon themselves in the light of dependents on the royal bounty, but wielded independently that instrument with which thrones are set up or pulled down. His Highness, not without reason, became alarmed. He felt that he had created for himself a master from whose grasp he could not possibly escape without foreign aid. Still, in obedience to the ruling maxims of Indian policy, he dissembled and temporised, and threw himself upon the mercy of fortune.

It just then happened, agreeably enough to his Highness's wish, that M. Raymond's corps excited the uneasiness of the Governor-General, who was not ignorant of Napoleon's designs upon the East, and considered the Hydrabad force simply as one of his advanced posts. Representations were, therefore, made to the Nizam, pointing out the impolicy of his giving encouragement to the French, and signifying distinctly that the British Government would not stand quietly by, and see the principal influence in the Dekkan monopolised by its enemies. In this step, the Nizam saw his own deliverance, and immediately consented, strictly out of deference to the English, that the necessary measures should at once be taken for the suppression of the French corps. M. Raymond had recently died, and the officers next in succession to him were engaged in angry contests for the chief command. While they were amusing themselves in this manner, a small British force, with his Highness's consent, surrounded their cantonments, and summoned them to disband their troops, throw down their arms, and deliver themselves up prisoners of war. Without striking a single stroke, or offering the slightest opposition, they obeyed the orders of England, being every one of them intimately convinced that her Star was in the ascendant throughout the East. They were forthwith conveyed to Europe, and restored to their country without the ceremony of exchange of prisoners.

From that time to the present, His Highness has been acknowledged under British influence and protection. A considerable British force, called the Nizam's contingent, has been quartered in his territory at his expense, for the suppression of insurrection at home, and for the defence of his frontier from sudden inroads. This corps has been gradually augmented from six to about twelve thousand men of all arms, commanded by British officers, and differing in no respect from the Company's regiments. But they by no means constitute the sole military establishment of Hydrabad. Like all other Indian princes, the Nizam is fond of the pomp and trappings of war, though we have long relieved him from the necessity of ever carrying it on seriously, except against his own subjects. He has, consequently, collected around him a rabble of adventurers and vagabonds from all parts of India, Robillas, Pathans, Affghans, Arabs, Sikhs, Rajpoots, amounting in all to eighteen thousand men, whose pay is always in arrears, and who are, consequently, as a rule, on the verge of rebellion.

But has his Highness, it may be asked, no use whatever for these troops? We would not undertake positively to maintain that he has none. He certainly finds employment for them occasionally, first, in creating more rebellions among his subjects, and next, in quelling them. But what, then, is the character of his subjects? Are they a warlike people, given naturally to strife and contention, and averse from all peaceable callings? Quite the reverse. They are, to the last degree, pacific and industrious; but, instructed by sad experience in the secret of all native government, they find it incumbent on them, in self-defence, to cultivate the art of war, and be always ready to take up arms against the forces of the crown. Accordingly, all the wealthy and powerful Zemindars, or holders of landed estates throughout the Nizam's dominions, entertain soldiers in their pay, which, taken collectively, would probably exceed in amount the British contingent. The men are constantly under arms to protect the villages, not from the excesses of foreign invaders or public enemies, but from the forces of the Prince who go forth annually for the collection of tribute, precisely as the marauding armies of antiquity, or of France in modern times, used to collect contributions from all who were weaker than themselves.

These contributions his Highness's army denominates taxes, while the people give them the name of *chout*, or tribute collected by force. The *rationalé* of collecting those contributions is extraordinary. His Highness's troops march up to a village, encamp before its walls—nearly every cluster of human habitations being fortified in India—and send in the demands of the treasury for such and such an amount of money. On the other hand, the Zemindars, previously informed of the approach of the army, have been careful to concentrate their own forces, with which they line the walls of the town or village, and take possession of every commanding post in the neighbourhood. Regular negotiations now take place between the belligerent

parties—his Highness's officers lowering their demands, or raising, or adhering to them, according to the numbers of the enemy, or the strength of their walls. Diplomatic proceedings are carried on sometimes for whole weeks, when the issue of a contest appears doubtful to the leaders on both sides. Sometimes, however, the Zemindars, confident in their own strength, refuse all payment whatsoever, alleging the badness of the preceding harvest, or the scantiness of the rains, or the ravages of insects, as their reason for demanding a total remission of taxes. The signification of this logic is perfectly understood: but, as might alone there constitutes right, his Highness's representative, when he happens to be the weaker party, accepts the reasons of the Zemindars, and proceeds on his march.

When, on the other hand, the agents of the treasury are greatly superior in numbers and strength to the villagers, the latter reluctantly succumb and defray his Highness's demands with, of course, as many reductions as they can prevail on his collectors to make. The most disastrous consequences ensue when the parties consider themselves nearly equal. Under these circumstances, battles are fought, villages stormed, sacked, and set on fire, with all the barbarity and atrocity which attend the storming of cities in ordinary warfare. Little do honest folks in this country, whose backs are set up by the appearance of the tax gatherer, reflect how inoffensive an individual he is, compared with his namesake in the East. The same *animus*, of course, pervades the genus in all countries; but writs, executions, and the rough and often heartless achievements of brokers are here, in the civilised West, substituted for the proceedings of an armed multitude, excited by all the worst passions which degrade human nature, and let loose by law upon a harmless people.

In the native state of Budh, this brilliant Asiatic system developes itself with the greatest vigour and effect, it not being at all uncommon for an officer in the British cantonments to be able, during the Nawab's annual campaign against his subjects, to reckon forty villages in flames at a time, all burnt in satisfaction of the demands of the cour. We have not exercised the same arithmetical faculty in the Dekkan, but there also the burning village is a thing of ordinary occurrence at the proper season of the year.

The Nizam, however, it may be said, is poor, and must have wherewith to carry on the operations of Government. If this were the case, we should not be able to range ourselves among the apologists of the system, than which nothing can be more execrable. But what will the reader say when he is informed that his Highness is the richest native Prince in India, that his coffers overflow with jewels and gems, and that in the great treasury of Golconda between four and five millions sterling in hard cash have been hoarded for generations, and perpetually increased by the savings of successive Sovereigns. Many persons in Europe have been surprised at the heaps of riches said to be kept by the Emperor Nicholas in the vaults of the Kremlin, which, after all, perhaps, amount to less than the hoards of this petty Indian despot. But Russia is a vast empire, over whose whole extent agriculture is, or may be, profitably carried on, while the greatest encouragement consistent with an arbitrary monarchy, is given to commerce and industry. If its Sovereign, therefore, be in love with treasure, he may amass it without paralysing trade or utterly impoverishing his subjects, though even the withdrawal of so large a mass of the precious metals from the market must occasion some derangement in monetary transactions. But where in countries like Oude and Hydrabad, we find the princes smitten by the lust of gold, grasping and hoarding it up indefinitely, we cannot avoid throwing blame on the supreme government for suffering so many millions of its subjects to be oppressed and pillaged by individuals, so little deserving to exercise the functions of delegated sovereignty.

Some readers, however, will probably be of opinion that the immense sums of money thus collected and treasured up, are intended to be applied to the uses of the State in seasons of great and pressing emergency. Would it were so! But such is by no means the case; for the hoards of Golconda and Hydrabad are not regarded as the property of the public, but belong to the sovereign in his private capacity, as a Mahomedan gentleman, to be exhausted in his personal pleasures, or bestowed on favourites, or applied, in one word, to any purpose which his caprice, vice, or villainy may suggest.

This was rendered painfully apparent during the recent dissension with the troops, on the subject of arrears of pay. His Highness could not need to be informed, that if he collected in and about his capital numbers of mercenaries, regular and irregular, they must be subsisted in one of two ways, that is, by grants from the public treasury, or by defrauding and plundering the peaceful inhabitants. By the public treasury, we mean not his Highness's treasury, but the funds collected by the Dewan or Minister, and appropriated to the defraying of the expenditure of the State. Now this is generally empty, because all his Highness's functionaries, from the highest to the lowest, have their hands in it, by which means they amass enormous fortunes, while the public service is neglected, and the wretched army cheated of its pay. No troops, under such circumstances would display any great degree of loyalty or consideration for the property of the peaceful inhabitants. The Beloochis, under the Ameers of Scinde, and the Khalsa, under the Lahore government in the Punjaub, afforded the world an example of what undisciplined irregulars and a skilfully organised army will equally be guilty of when thus tempted. We can experience, therefore, no surprise when we are told that the rabble of adventurers from all parts of India and the neighbouring countries upon whom the Nizam bestows the name of soldiers, should live recklessly, at free quarters upon the inhabitants, since it would be difficult to say how else they could live.

No revelation that we can make will suffice to convey an adequate idea of the state of desperate anarchy which has prevailed for years, we might almost say for generations, throughout his Highness's dominions. We shall point out briefly a few features of the frightful picture, it being, we fear, beyond the powers of language to pourtray the whole in fitting colours. Not long ago a number of Sipahies, belonging to the British contingent, having to proceed on duty from one part of the Nizam's territories to another, were fallen upon by a rabble of his Highness's mercenary troops who, to show their utter contempt for all law and authority, cut off the ears and noses of the unfortunate women after having otherwise illtreated them. These

persons, be it observed, were British subjects, so that it is quite as incumbent on the supreme government to call the Nizam to account for this outrage, as it would be under similar circumstances, to insist upon reparation from the Shah of Persia or the Czar of all the Russias. When, however, representations are made on the subject of such enormities to the court of Hydrabad, the miserable and infatuated prince, wrapped in fancied dignity, turns a deaf ear to our complaint, and endeavours to disgust the resident by contemptuous silence.

A remarkable example of this insane policy was exhibited two or three years ago. The second in rank among the British officers at Hydrabad having been out with his friends on a hunting excursion, passed by a fort or castle in which a number of discontented Sikhs in his Highness' service, had sullenly shut themselves up because they found it impossible to obtain their pay. Upon seeing Captain Malcolm, the officer in question, they conceived the design, either of sacrificing him to their indignation, or of making him the instrument of their attempts upon the treasury. Persons on the spot who gave themselves the trouble to speculate on the matter were much divided in opinion, some attributing to them the more atrocious purpose, and some the milder one. Whatever their intention may have been, certain it is, that when Captain Malcolm declined to accept of their invitation to place himself at their mercy in the castle, they opened upon him a heavy fire of musketry, from which he was fortunate enough to escape by hard riding. The Resident, as was proper, immediately made application to his Highness to have the affair investigated and the offenders punished. In what sort of language his representations were couched we are unable to say. Probably it was firm and urgent. Whatever it may have been, his Highness paid no attention to it for many days, we might perhaps say weeks, and so ultimately, nothing was done.

On other occasions offences still more flagrant have been committed against British officers and soldiers, for which no redress seems ever to have been obtained, unless when we have ourselves taken it with arms in our hands. Instances, not a few, have occurred of British subjects having been made prisoners, by the unpaid mercenaries scattered in strongholds over the country, and kept as hostages, in perpetual apprehension of death, till the apathetic and unprincipled sovereign has thought proper to advance to those wretches a part of their pay. Occasionally skirmishes take place between detachments of the contingent force, and the Rohilla and Arab mercenaries, who, whatever may be their character or laxity of principle, are still greatly to be pitied. They take service under the Nizam, under the express stipulation of being paid, and that too at a considerably higher rate than the company's troops, but invariably discover, before they have been long in the country, that in Hydrabad it is easier to promise than to pay. Then follows discontent. The soldier runs in debt, his creditors become clamorous, his means of subsistence precarious, he has no resources, he takes to robbery, and often commits murder and other revolting crimes, to sustain that miserable existence which he has devoted to the service of a worthless prince. At the present moment, the Linewallahs, as they are called, are twenty months in arrears of pay, and his Highness, thus deep in their debt, denies, by the aid of the British contingent, to get rid of his liabilities, though exceedingly loath to disband the men, for whom he has no use, and whom he will not pay. As an act of extraordinary magnanimity, he has made them an offer of one-fourth of the amount due to them, that is to say, confesses himself to be a bankrupt, who can only pay five shillings in the pound.

But the worst part of this dark and disgraceful picture is the duty too often assigned to the British contingent; which is converted into an instrument of intolerable oppression towards the inhabitants, and of fraud and villainy towards his Highness's own troops. By whatever calamity the people may be visited, however great their poverty or their losses, they are compelled to discharge their debt towards the treasury, or become hopeless fugitives and vagabonds, as often as the Court thinks proper to apply for the aid of the contingent. Against the British, the natives of Hydrabad never dream of holding out long. They regard us as what they have hitherto always found us, that is to say, irresistible; and yet, in nearly every case in which we have had to coerce them, we have been the instruments of mere ruthless oppression. In the contest now impending with the desperate Linewallahs, the task we have before us cannot be executed with honour. The money they claim is unquestionably due to them, and, what is more, their debtor is fully able to pay. What he wants to perpetrate is a fraud; and he is the more eager to consummate this crime because he persuades himself that the disgrace of it will fall upon the English.

After what has been said, no one will experience the slightest surprise that murders and assassinations should be of daily occurrence throughout the Hydrabad territories. Blood, in fact, is shed in the streets of the capital with impunity, and at a still greater distance from what ought to be the seat of justice as well as of power, crime of every description is still more rife. There exists, in fact, no such thing as security for property or life. All the functions of civil government have ceased, and society may, without any figure of speech, be said to be fast resolving itself into its original elements. Every man trusts to his own private means of self-defence, and would think it an act of folly to make application to the law; which has degenerated into an unmeaning farce, and would excite people's laughter and ridicule, if it did not entail perpetual calamity on them. Throughout the country we behold, realised on a grand scale, the fearful delinquencies which Leo Africanus describes in his account of the city of murderers on the outskirts of the kingdom of Fez.

Distress and poverty, of course, keep pace with the disorders of government, and it is not too much to say, that a very considerable portion of the population has been destroyed by the sword of anarchy.

Such is the actual condition of Hydrabad, a state placed nominally under the protection of Great Britain, and supposed to be administered under our direction. If there be any who think that affairs ought to continue as they are, we should be glad to understand by what reasons they support their opinions. We, for our part, can discover none which have the slightest tendency to reconcile us to the flagitious misrule exercised by the Nizam over his subjects. He is a contemptible tyrant, as low and little in his vices as he is insignificant in all other respects. He has no claim to reign, he has long ago forfeited any right

he may have possessed, and his incompetency and worthlessness are recorded in characters of blood upon the whole length and breadth of his unhappy dominions. Still, our Indian government will never effectually interfere unless compelled. There exist certain treaties, we are told, every one of which we have kept, and his Highness repeatedly broken. We are far from advocating contempt of treaties—far from maintaining the doctrine that we should do evil that good may come; but, in the present instance, our case is clear, and unobstructed by any of those considerations which, at many other periods of our Indian history, have rendered it doubtful whether we should or could proceed in a certain direction. At present, there cannot among statesmen be two opinions. There are, we are aware, certain gentlemen of thin, stapled intellect, who, even though they should recognise the necessity of superseding the native governments in India, would lament the circumstance. These strange individuals are what may very properly be denominated the lovers of the sentimental and picturesque in politics, who would never remove a single abuse or grievance which could be made to tell in a literary picture of society. Not that they themselves are able to draw such a picture, but that they like to experience the sensations it is calculated to produce when delineated by others. They need, however, be under little apprehension on this score, for India will continue to produce a prolific harvest of such things long after they shall have been laid quietly in their graves. What we now want to see, were it but as a novelty, is a faithful administration of justice throughout the Hydrabad dominions, which would certainly be a process that for some years to come, would astonish the natives, who have hitherto regarded anything approaching to such a state of things as a fabulous invention of the poets. At the same time, they have but to look across their own borders to see the thing actually realised in the British provinces, though there, also, it would be quite practicable to effect numerous improvements.

THE ALLOTMENT SYSTEM—ITS BENEFITS AND ITS DEFECTS.

THE most pacific movement of agrarianism is that known under the name of the Allotment System. The Gracchi, Caius and Tiberius, had no dream, in that old Rome of theirs, of such a peaceful change. We are more pacific in all things, now than then. Our virtue and their *virtus* have far different meanings. Social amelioration, moral reform, intellectual betterment, peaceful progress, are the watchwords of the advocates of the allotment system. No one charges them with a contemplation of agrarian outrage. They are not nicknamed the disciples of Spence. Yet, notwithstanding the allotment system is a notion of agrarian reform, if it be but the shadow of its shade. It is a surface to which there is an under-current, and that under-current is agrarian right. The right to the land, a certain claim, at least, to a certain portion of an acre, is deeply felt by the working classes. Some of the other ranks, also, feel on their part, that there is a something of justice in this claim; that the labourer should have as his own some portion of the land on which he labours; that the peasant should be united to his country by an interest in its soil. Their concession, therefore, is the allotment system, upon the benefits and defects of which we would say a few words.

The undoubted benefits of the allotment system, where it has been fairly carried out, claim our first attention. The system of allotments has increased the amount and quality of produce. The crops it produces, with the aid of the spade and the manure of a cottage, are comparatively astonishing. Its murphies are marvellous—its corn crowning. Its quarter of an acre of wheat, spade cultured, large in straw and full in ear, is a fine contrast to the plough-tilled, ten-acre field of the farmer. It has enlarged also the general stock of labour expended on the soil. It has enabled the labourer to apply his own leisure moments to a profitable account, as well as those of his wife and family. By giving him an interest in the soil, the extra labour it requires becomes interesting to him. Thus is it, that the allotment system has commenced the practical solution of the difficult problem of attractive industry. A rood of land under this system has frequently produced vegetables, furnishing wholesome food, enough for six months' consumption. Herein is a motive to labour, a stimulant to industry, an industrial school for the peasant's family. Nor is this all. The benefits, individually considered, of the allotment system, have proved not only physical advantages, but also moral blessings. Master Idle was ever the biggest thief at school. Industry is the church of virtue. The system of garden allotments has employed the evenings of many who would otherwise have resorted to the pot-house, the pitch-halfpenny, or the skittle-ground. It has preserved many—it has reclaimed many. It has not only filled the table, but also protected the soul. It has not only replenished the body, but likewise moralised the mind.

In relation to the country at large, the benefits of the allotment system must be looked at parochially. A better instance to the point than that of the parish of Cholesbury, brought forward originally by Mr. Ferrand in his Bill for the Allotment of Waste Lands, cannot be adduced. The parish of Cholesbury, previous to the introduction of the allotment system, was in a deplorable condition. The poor-rates consumed all its produce, and the population was only kept from starvation by rates in aid from the neighbouring parishes. Some land, abandoned by the farmers, was divided into allotments among the labourers. Previous to this allotment in 1832, Cholesbury was almost exclusively a pauper parish. After this allotment in 1842 it had not an able-bodied pauper in its parochial boundaries. In 1832 its land was valueless.

Now its average value is greater than that of the surrounding parishes. In 1832 pauperage consumed the profit of all the land in the parish. Now the poor maintain themselves and families in comfort on only a portion of that land. In 1832 the weekly winter expenditure in support of the poor averaged £5. Now it does not exceed as many shillings per week. In 1832 the paupers were maintained by rates levied on other parishes. Now they contribute to the amount of one-eighth of the whole parochial expenditure. And, lastly, no person, since the introduction of the allotment system into the parish, has been convicted of any offence against the laws of the country. This comparison is most highly favourable. "Look on that picture, and on this!" The simple facts speak volumes.

Notwithstanding the decided success of the allotment system in the parish quoted and in many others, however, there are many and strong obstacles to the universality of that system, and not a few defects in the system itself. Among the obstacles against its universality, we shall confine ourselves to the difficulty of obtaining lands for its operation, and abstain from allusion to those that would bring us into conflict with prejudices, parties, and persons. That the difficulty of obtaining land is a great obstacle to the universality of the allotment system, we shall best prove by reference to the report of the select Parliamentary committee, appointed to inquire into the results of the allotment system, &c. That report says (page 3)—"The desire of obtaining the tenancy of land appears to be universal among the mechanics and artizans of manufacturing towns and villages, as well as among the inhabitants of rural districts; but, in both cases, the difficulty of procuring land has opposed a continual obstacle to the gratification of this desire." Mr. James Orange, Secretary to the Northern and Midland Counties Labourers' Friend Society, one of the witnesses, also states, "That in many places societies that were formed for the purposes of holding allotments were unable to exist, on account of the impossibility of getting any land for the purpose. Beeston, Hyson Green, Lenton, Ratcliffe on Trent, Radford, and Sneinton, were places where the societies had been obliged to be given up, because they could not procure land." (Page 90.) Other witnesses, more strongly, if possible, corroborated this statement. Add to this, that the land rented for allotments is generally the dearest and worst piece in the parish. Its owner obtains much more from his several poor *allottees*, than he would do from a rich individual tenant. The report from which we have just quoted confirms this. A witness states that, after one year of free occupancy, he would have given £1 per acre for Dartford Heath, a stony soil, for allotments. The rector of Broad Somerford, in Wiltshire, another witness (page 16), stated that he let out 100 acres, of what appeared, from the examination, to be marsh land, formerly yielding only £60 per annum, under the allotment system, at 35s. per acre, or £175 per annum! From the best source of authority, therefore, we may conclude, that the difficulty of obtaining land for allotments, and the shameful price fixed upon it, when obtained, are great obstacles to the extension of the allotment system.

From these obstacles we turn to the defects in the system itself. The most obvious of these is the point of tenancy. Land to be assured a sufficient cultivation should be held on a perpetual tenure. The long leases in Scotland, and the superiority of Scotch farming, support this view. Guernsey and Jersey are more direct examples of its benefits. Those islands, with small holdings, under a perpetual, and almost inalienable tenure, display an agrarian prosperity elsewhere known. Wheat crops of fifty bushels per acre, and twenty tons of potatoes per acre, are there an ordinary produce. The lowest rent in those islands is £5 per statute acre. Their population exceeds 1100 per square mile, while in England it is under 280. There the ground is a garden, and pauperism and crime almost unknown. The allotment system, on the contrary, is connected with chance tenancy, or with short leases. The interest of the labourer is limited or fortuitous. He feels that the improvements of his labour, the hard sweating work of his leisure hours, the fruit of his extra toil, may be transferred to another. His industry thus loses stimulus. He will work but for a temporary purpose. This is a great defect connected with tenancy under the allotment system. To render industry attractive, to give security, confidence, and energy to labour, the tenure should be perpetual, and the land inalienable.

The other main defect in the allotment system, which we shall adduce, is its radical principle of small holdings. That these have succeeded well in the Channel Islands and in Tuscany, is owing not so much to the plan of parcelment, as to the state of tenure and other circumstances there connected with them. In France small farms are deteriorating agriculture. Individual monopoly of land, in great quantities, is, indeed, much more to be dreaded; but small holdings must everywhere divide the population, limit their efforts and intercourse to a petty sphere, circumscribe their intellectual development, and functional variety, and deprive them of that power and progress which congregation alone can give. The allotment system offers no sphere for the desirable union of agriculture and manufactures. The advantages of sanitary reform, of draining, of ventilation, of lighting, would be considerably lost upon it. In fact a decision has to be made between the parcelled and the associative systems. With the latter, the union of manufactures and agriculture would be possible. With the latter the economics of unitary habitation, and the advantages of congregation, might be obtained. With the former these benefits would be practicable. We say then that undoubtedly the allotment system has been of considerable utility in some parishes. We see, however, great obstacles to its extension, and also weighty defects in its system, as a general plan of social reform. These obstacles, however, would be overcome by the

united capital and joint-stock enterprize of the associative plan, and these defects would be remedied by the system of association. Our conclusion is—locate the people upon the land, not in allotments but in an associative way, on purchased, inalienable farms, with a union of manufactures and agriculture, and all the benefits of the allotment system will be obtained, its obstacles overcome, and its defects remedied.

G. B.

LITERARY REGISTER.

NATIONAL EDUCATION.

BY DAVID STOW, ESQ.

London: J. Hutchard & Son.

The writer of this pamphlet is a gentleman who has long taken a very lively interest in the important cause of Education. For the last thirty years, he has been engaged in Glasgow, in founding and maturing that *system* of education which is advocated, and recommended to public notice in this tract. After so long and intimate a connexion with one of our most celebrated educational institutions, anything, on the subject of education, from the pen of Mr. Stow, cannot fail to have its due weight, and secure the attention of those who take an interest in this vital question.

We state the object of the author in his own words:—it is "to show that, while great improvements have been made in education of late years, still the wants and condition of the people are not yet met by a system fitted to elevate them morally and intellectually, and more particularly to meet the condition of the youth of large towns." It is "to prove that *teaching* is not *training*—that the education of the 'child' consists not merely in instructing or teaching his head—that intellectual training is not necessarily moral, although moral training cannot be conducted without its being at the same time intellectual—that the cultivation of the 'whole man,' or the 'child,' must include the exercise of the affections, as well as the physical habits—that the understanding must be cultivated, and the whole based on the unalterable will and law of God, as contained in the Scriptures of truth."

The system, then, recommended by Mr. Stow, is that known by the name of the *Training* system—a name derived from the words of Scripture, "Train up a child in the way he should go," &c. Education, he considers to imply, not merely *instruction*, but chiefly *training*, or the formation of *right habits* in the youthful mind.

In order to work out successfully the *training* system, two things the author considers to be essentially necessary—the training school *premises*, and the *trained* master. Regarding the former he says:—"In education, as hitherto conducted in school, even under the most highly intellectual system, we have had instruction, and not training. Schools are not so constructed as to enable the child to be superintended—the master has not the opportunity of training, except under the *unnatural* restraint of a covered school-room; and it is imagined, or, at least, stated, that children are morally trained without their being placed in circumstances where their moral dispositions and habits may be developed and cultivated, as if it were possible to train a bird to fly in a cage, or a race-horse to run in a stable."

The machinery thus required must be attended with very considerable expense. And how is this expense to be met? Mr. Stow admits that the subscriptions of the people will not accomplish this, and considers the assistance of the State absolutely necessary. On this point he says:—"We have always advocated large Government grants for the moral and intellectual training of the young, knowing that otherwise the people would never educate themselves, and that the private subscriptions of the wealthy would fail in providing the requisite funds for that purpose. Let all good men, of every truly Christian sect and party, now heartily unite in the effort of rendering the people of this nation, not merely the greatest, but the best—the most moral—the most intelligent—the most pious in the world. Let our strength lie, not only in our fleets and armies, and mechanical powers, but in an intelligent, a moral, a religious, and, therefore, a prosperous and happy people. Let us show to Government that we can realise all the money it requires of us, and, by the prudence of the expenditure, lay claim to further and much larger sums."

After explaining and illustrating, at some length, the training system, Mr. Stow next occupies a considerable space in noticing the principal systems of education at present in existence—pointing out both their excellencies and defects, which we certainly think he has done in a very fair and judicious manner. Notice is taken of the "Old Rote" system, of the Scottish Parochial school system, of the Prussian system, of the Infant school system, of the Borough Road, or British and Foreign school system, of the National school system of England, of the Irish system of education, of the Intellectual system, of Normal seminaries for preparing teachers and trainers.

At the end of the pamphlet, the reader will find an Appendix, containing several valuable papers and statistics relating to the subject of education.

Mr. Stow deserves all praise for his unwearied and disinterested exertions in behalf of education, in the time that is past, and, by the publication of this judicious and seasonable pamphlet, the public owe him a still greater debt of gratitude. The system he recommends we consider to be admirable, and much needed, especially for the thousands and tens of thousands of young people in our large towns, who, it is to be feared, are totally neglected by their parents, and who, therefore, must receive all their moral training in such institutions as those established by Mr. Stow. It is a system, too, that has been tried—tried for many years, and proved successful. With most of the sentiments and statements in this excellent and sensible tract, we cordially agree, and recommend it to all who take an interest in the cause of education. It will be found to repay a careful and attentive perusal.

GEORGE LOVELL.

BY J. S. KNOWLES.

Three volumes, London: Edward Moxon.

We had this novel put into our hands some time since as we were leaving London. It is a weary thing to travel at night by railway; the lights in the carriages burn badly, and are not designed to make reading agreeable, On this particular journey, we were seated opposite a Frenchman, from some of the manufacturing towns in his country, who was desirous of knowing the name, history and character of everything between London and Liverpool, and who seemed to mistake us for Mr. Bradshaw. Civility to strangers is, however, one of those virtues that must be practised in the present day, when one knows not how soon he may be in return thrown into a strange land, and we were only able to to improve our acquaintance with George Lovell at such moments as the zeal for useful knowledge manifested by the silk manufacturer from Lyons would permit. The result of his inquisitiveness was, that we were kept out of bed to three or four that morning, before the volumes commenced in London were finished in Liverpool. We have not seen any work of a similar kind more thoroughly unexceptionable. The story of the novel is of modern date, and it relates, of course, to the state of society at the present day. Lovell is a commercial traveller, acting for his father, young, inexperienced, but of good principles. His father is desirous that he should marry early; and, like many other old gentlemen, imagined that he could save time and trouble to his son in doing for him what people always like to do for themselves. Accordingly, he proposed that the young gentleman should marry the daughter of a neighbouring merchant in Cornhill or Cheapside. Mr. Lovell, junior, never having had his affections engaged in one way or another, was quite indifferent to the subject, and appeared to have no more objections to marry a wife than to engage a clerk on his father's recommendation. In pursuing his journey northwards, however, young Lovell got enamoured of an outside passenger, in a snowy morning, who was in humble circumstances, and unable to pay for an inside seat. His first act of civility was to give up his own warm corner for the stranger's sake. The story of their attachment is quite as full of romance as anything of the kind can be in the days of mail coaches. There was a duel—a great deal of libertine persecution of the lady by aristocratic vagabonds—a vast number of difficulties and dangerous circumstances; but, finally, the "seamstress," who was met by Lovell, while flying without a name from the persecutions of a clerical and a titled blackguard, was discovered to be the daughter of an old friend of the Lovell family, and everything went on remarkably well. We do not think the plot of the story so nicely managed as the matter hung on it. It is a very good plot, but to say the truth—the moral reflections—the exposure of the world's ways—and the manner in which this is done—are all better. To the credit of old Mr. Lovell, by the counselling of old Mrs. Lovell, he became a warm friend of the marriage, not only before his daughter-in-law's family were known, but when she was supposed to be the daughter of a felon, liable to be hung for forgery. Mr. and Mrs. Lovell the older are the greatest characters of the book. But when their son began t provide for the education of his protoge, just before he had turned marriage fairly over in his mind, and when he half thought of adopting her as a sister—when it was a divided case between the two relationships—for Lovell was a perfectly honourable person—he displayed no little judgment in the course of studies that he suggested. We shall copy the catalogue of the small library which was to be handed to his future wife:—

"His first visit was to a bookseller's. There he purchased a small bible and prayer-book, handsomely, though not ostentatiously, bound; a pocket copy of Shakespeare; that loveable novel, the Vicar of Wakefield—in interest, moral, nature, and genius, the first of all the class—an extraordinary work! transcendant merit, not unlikely to be overlooked by nine-tenths of the world, because it is so unpretending! palpability, in comparison with which the works of *reputed* greater authors are dreams! truthfulness in romance! situations, incidents, reflections that bear *homewards*, that take us to our hearths, and fix us there, keeping our finest, dearest, most sacred feelings, astir! thrilling or gushing as we read! at once the sweetest novel and the gravest tract! man and his Creator!

"To the Vicar of Wakefield he added the Seasons; Campbell's elegant Gertrude of Wyoming, with his imperishable gems of minor poems appended—his masterpieces; the Death of Abel; Paul and Virginia; the History of Charles the Twelfth, in the original; a French Grammar and Dictionary; a compendium of English, Scotch, and Irish history. Such was the portable library which he designed for Phœbe's use."

Phœbe had, however, read a few books before that time; and she had learned French in the following strange fashion:—

"'And what have you read?'

"'The Pilgrim's Progress, sir, Robinson Crusoe, the Book of Martyrs, the History of England, Paradise Lost, and Telemaqué.'

"'Telemaqué!' exclaimed Lovell, "What! can you read French?'

"'I read Telemaqué, sir, since I went to London. A young Frenchwoman in the establishment taught me. I have read the whole of it, and was half through it, for the second time, when the perfidy of my mistress—which the good French girl discovered and disclosed to me—obliged me to leave my situation. She was a very kind-hearted creature, sir, and, but for her assistance, I don't know how I should have managed. She changed several coins of her country, which she happened to have by her, into our money, to enable me to come here. She was what they call a Hugenot. A reverse of fortune had brought her parents and her to England. They speak against French women, sir, but, I am sure, a purer minded, kinder hearted creature, than she was, never existed.'

"'How long were you in that establishment?'

"'Four years, sir.'

"'And how old were you when you went to it?'

"'Rather more than twelve.'

"'Why, then, you are only sixteen!'

"'And about a month over, sir.'"

But Phœbe, although she could read both English and French, could not write, and we quote the reason why, especially as we thoroughly sympathise in all that relates to Rowland Hill:—

"'One minute longer, Phœbe: we must be prepared at once against accidents. Something may separate us, though I see no likelihood of such an occurrence at present. It is best to leave as little as we can to chance. I must give you my address, and arrange about your corresponding with me.' Here Phœbe's countenance became suddenly overcast. 'You will *correspond* with me, Phœbe?' inquired Lovell, inferring that she hesitated. 'You will write to me?'

"The sweet girl hung her head, and shook it despondingly.

"'What!' exclaimed Lovell, in astonishment. 'Do

you withhold the first proof of confidence that I require of you—for I must require it—it is *necessary*.'

"A tear glistened upon the full lid, that half veiled her downcast eye.

"'My girl!—my good and candid girl!' exclaimed Lovell, 'what is the meaning of this?'

"'I scarcely know how to write, sir. I never learned,' was at last the admission of the now weeping Phœbe.

"'What! you have learned to read, and you never learned to write!'

"'I had no occasion, sir; I had no one to write to,' was her innocent explanation. 'I might have written, to be sure, to the friend I informed you of; and I often thought of trying what I could do, but the *expense* of a letter, sir—I received nothing besides my board.'

"And is there to be no statue to you, Rowland Hill? Do marble and bronze on every hand anticipate, with impatient honours, the rewards of posterity for a hero, who, through the sinews of a hundred thousand warriors, and with the aid of captainship, hardly inferior to his own, on every side of him, has won a host of fields; and is there no mould or chisel for you? You who have filled up the pernicious gulph which poverty and distance interpose between man, and the best cherisher of his affections and virtues—his home! Poor artisans!—by whose fast wasting and disproportionably renewed vigour the manufacturer grows fat and sleek, enlarges his little lawn into a domain of miles, and his country-box into a palace—heed not now though you should be obliged to send your children from you far, far, to seek for better fortune at less toil. Without stinting a meal, you can talk to them when you please; learn how it fares with them! counsel them, encourage them; comfort them when they need it; keep them still upon their guard, beset if they should be with knavery or lust—almost as though they were still within the range of the paternal eye. Abstracted from the millions of the land, what a sorry remainder would you leave! What were the land without you? If you are the base of the society, how broad is that base! of what moment that it should be sound; Rowland Hill has found out the secret of rendering it so, and for preserving it so.

"The Revenue! Pounds, shillings, and pence? Dross! Set a sum upon the domestic tie!

"And there is no monument for you, Rowland Hill? They wished you a kind good morning at the General Post-office! Justice! But it was politely done. There is nothing for you, or next to nothing—a mighty spirit of gratitude!—sprinkle of a few thousands of pounds! when the tithe of a million might have been raised for you in mere penny beads, and not the pocket of a contributing errand-boy perceptibly the lighter! But there was nothing flashy, Rowland Hill, about *your* achievement! It cost neither treasure, nor blood and sweat! It was announced by no brawling of Gazettes!—it was celebrated by no public rejoicings—the blustering of cannon, fireworks, illuminations. It shook not the world with the struggles of its mighty birth, though for ages it will do what it hath already done—worlds of good. It came upon us as softly as a sheet of French letter-paper falls to the ground, not making any noise at all.

"Never, dear Rowland Hill—we use the epithet in hearty earnest—never was public testimonial botched and bungled so lamentably as yours! Thoughtlessness, apathy, and stupidity, must have foisted themselves upon your friends, as the promoters of it. There ought to have been arranged a simultaneous demonstration of thanks to you, in every city, town, village, and hamlet throughout the United Kingdom! If we have heard aright, the compliment cost something short of twenty thousand. Why, London alone might have paid the shot for the rest of the empire, without doing anything to wag its head for, after all! But, Rowland Hill, we fear you want the *knack*. You may have the talent, the benevolence, the patriotism, to plan and suggest a benefit, perhaps one of the most important that the country ever received from the services of a single man; but we suspect you lack the cunning to know that patriotism, benevolence, and talents, must either directly or indirectly bestir *themselves*, and *thoroughly* too, to secure their due reward, or be content to go without it. The debts that are due to *them* are seldom, if ever, discharged *spontaneously*."

This is a strange story, though such things may be true; but Phœbe soon learned to write when a case of necessity arose. Mr. Lovell, jun., sometimes had evil counsellors. He was wounded in a duel undertaken on account of Phœbe, who was residing in the inn where he lodged. The fighting of duels is one of those brutal, though once fashionable, practices condemned by Mr. Knowles. The surgeon, who attended Mr. Lovell, was by no means high in morals, and he supposed that the attachment was not one likely to end in marriage. So thus he counselled his invalided patient:—

"The surgeon was not the very best companion for the young man at such a moment. He wa more of a voluptuary than exactly consisted with either his years or his profession. Defend us from grey hairs and free morals. It is an odious union! Profligacy with a sanction. One such character is a more prolific source of contamination to youth than the society of a dozen new-fledged profligates. In the latter case there is no warrant for folly; in the former it appears to be justified.

"He talked about indiscretions that are venial—desires, which, although it might seem criminal to indulge, it was, at the same time, unnatural to mortify—weakness incident to the wisest and best of men—irregularities, inseparable from the freshness and glow of youth—opportunities which it was not to be expected that flesh and blood could resist—in short, worked our hero up into a determination to set at rest that very night all doubt and surmise, by obtaining an interview with the object who had supplied so striking an incident in the business of the evening; and then left him with a congratulatory shake of the hand, assuring him that he esteemed himself most happy in having found out the cause, as he believed, of his patient's protracted recovery, and at the same time suggested the remedy, that would insure acceleration."

Such was the surgeon's morality. Next we give that of an intended clergyman—and it certainly is not better; though neither the medical nor the clerical portraitures want originals in the world:—

"'Well sir; I entered college. My abilities obtained me a tuition, and that tuition insures me independence. I have abandoned the idea of entering the church, as the calling does not exactly square with my notions of enjoyment. A far better prospect has been opened to me by my friend. His father is on his last legs. In the course of a year or two, the son will certainly step into his shoes, and so necessary have I made myself to him, that the moment he does so, I may regard myself as the agent for the whole of his estate; preparatorily to which I have latterly turned my attention to the law, sir. I might have taken orders and entered the church with advantage, as my friend has a living in his gift, which, in the course of things must shortly become vacant, the present incumbent having already lived to an unusually advanced age; but the living, sir, only brings in a poor thousand a-year, subject to reduction from the necessity of maintaining a curate, as what rector would be tied to his flock from year's-end to year's end, when by sacrificing a tithe of his income, he can transfer the better half of his duties if not indeed the whole of them, to the charge of another? But the agency, sir, will be twice as productive, upon the very lowest calculation; so that, as you must perceive, there is no comparison whatsoever between the relative eligibility of the two speculations.'

"'Religion a speculation!' thought Lovell. 'The plan of the Godhead, for the redemption of man, perverted into a scheme for mere worldly speculation!'

"'Yes, sir,' resumed the agent presumptive, 'my friend could never do without me. At this very moment he is playing a game, in which, without my assistance, the odds are a hundred to one that he would have been defeated. He is not sure of it even now, sir.'

"'What kind of game?' inquired Lovell, whose curiosity began now to be excited.

"'A game of the heart, sir. The most beautiful creature, I have every reason to believe, that ever occasioned a heart-ache, though I never caught more than a glimpse of her and that but once.'"

The proposed victim in this game of the heart became Mrs. Lovell.

The government, it is said, have offered Sheridan Knowles a pension of one hundred pounds per annum. We regret that they should have offered that sum. Mr. Knowles is the novelist of morality, if we may use that term. We might go farther and say, in relation, at least, to George Lovell, that he is the novellist of religion; and that not a sickly sentimentalism under this high name—but the religion of the New Testament. Mr. Knowles is a grateful man. He had received some kindness in Glasgow, and thus he remembers it in his first volume:—

"And yet can we ourselves forget the welcome that greeted us, when, poor—almost stark naked in our circumstance—we entered as a foreigner—a perfect stranger—a city, the inhabitants of which share with their countrymen the reputation of exclusive clannishness, with only half a dozen letters of recommendation in our hand. How these letters were honoured! How those to whom we brought them collected their connexions and friends around us!—feasted and fostered us! How their kindness warmed into attachment, not slowly but rapidly: not transiently, but permanently! How that attachment has cheered and gladdened us for nearly thirty years! How it manifests, *now*, all the solicitude and fervour of an own brother's love! Glasgow! capital of hospitable cities! we neither drew our breath in you, nor spent our youth in you. You are neither part or parcel of our fatherland! yet base were we to utter penury of mind and heart, did we not feel as your son; for never son of your own was cherished by you more fondly, more cleavingly than we were! Were! ay, and *are!* May your civic motto be ever fulfilled. May you flourish, old Glasgow!"

SIXTY YEARS HENCE.

Three volumes. London: T. K. Newby.

We may mention this work, now that the potato disease is checked—we hope it is past, and Mr. Smees' *Avis Vastator* is sickly. We were frightened at the volumes previously, and had some doubts of the propriety of doing anything towards extending their publicity. The corn speculators would have made double fortunes by quoting them in their circulars, if they had known of their existence. And wild as these volumes really are, we could make up commercial volumes of circulars almost equally frantic. Mr. Bull of New York, who kept writing to us all perpetually that there was no more corn in America, could write this novel. Mr. Bull is one description of the Joseph Ady school. He keeps fortnightly advising something to your advantage; but for two or three months past it has always turned out to our disadvantage, on this side of the Atlantic, until last arrival, when the advices were rather in our favour; as it was discovered that the corn stocks of America were not quite run out.

Sixty Years Hence might have furnished the *Mark Lane Express*, our friend of *The Economist*, and similar journals, with valuable extracts during all this corn struggle. They seem, however, to have overlooked the book.

Its story hangs on galvanism. One person learned in all black arts discovered how to make most mischievous insects. They were ferocious animals. The locusts of the East were trifles when compared with them—not for bulk, but numbers and destructive qualities. They destroyed all green leaves; and of course they began with the potatoes, as we know at this day to our cost. As years went forward, the insect grew, quite in the march of evil pointed out by the trade. It attacked the beans next. Then it turned to the corn crop. A general famine was necessarily the consequence, and mankind would have been extirpated; but that "set a thief to catch a thief;" the man who galvanised this judgment into existence contrived a means of destroying it, or of securing the fields on which his patent anti-insect mixture was spread against the ravages which his insects made. He was a very scientific man, and lodged with a coarse money-making chair and table broker, named John Cash; for the doer of all this mischief was very poor. John Cash saw that the composition might be valuable. He got instructed in the secret, and then being undesirous of a partner in this money making business; and finding the recipe quite right, he managed to have his instructor committed to a lunatic asylum. By-the-bye, we are past the times when lunatic asylums can be used for these purposes; but John Cash had founded a small one of his own as a testimony to his benevolence. Many years passed onward. The inventor of the insect was in his hopeless prison. John Cash was on the Exchange trading with his anti-insect corrosive, and making enormous wealth. Convulsions spread in society. Tumults, revolts, rebellions, revolutions famine-made, appeared everywhere. Thrones were cast down. Nations were obliterated. All southern and western Europe were united in one government, under one legislature. Paris was its metropolis. The money-power was its tyrant. Gold its idol and its curse. The book, or its anonymous author, gets very wild before all these things ar „effected, as may be readily supposed. There is no doubt that under "an allegory" the author meant to describe the progress of the money power. Living men sit for his pictures. Nobody can doubt Sir Robert Peel's. Lord Brougham's is clear like history. A name could be attached to John Cash; but as two or more have been mentioned, and Cash is a desperate villain—while his supposed types are respectable wealthy men—we dare not disclose the secret.

The composition of the Parisian Legislature of the united monarchies sixty years hence is extravagantly mad. The money qualification to the lower house is ten thousand pounds. Our sterling money still keeps its superiority, it may be observed. To the Upper House a much higher qualification is necessary. In our opinion, property qualifications for legislators will not exist sixty years hence, neither in Paris nor in London. John Cash becomes interminably rich, as a consequence of working both the insect and the insect killer; and as the fatal consequence of the money power, he becomes ultimately dictator. At this time the insect maker has escaped from his living grave; and has instructed a younger and a better man in his mysteries. The disciple wet his parched lips with very much kindness. But still the old man was desperate. In his worst mood of misanthropy, this insect maker constructed an immensely superior animal in ferocity, and let it loose on men, and died, muttering curses as the new destructive element was launched into the world. John Cash

had no recipe against its power. None but the new disciple could tell how it might be combated, and his knowledge was imperfect. But John Cash seized him and sunk him to the lowest cell of his Benevolent Asylum. From that he broke out finally by the influence of his galvanistic power. He wrought a miracle! The bolts, bars, and solid masonry were fused in the lightning that he conjured down on the building, if he did not create it. The conjuror alone escaped unhurt. No diseased imagination was ever more thoroughly wild in its conceptions than that of this author, and yet he is not, we believe, in John Cash's Lunatic. And while there is absolute madness in some of his imaginings, there is beauty in his quieter thoughts, and genius in his descriptive passages. The last incident we have mentioned is beautifully described :—

"The dreariest hour in the captive's solitude—when the mouse leaps out of his bitter loaf, when the tadpole and the leech from his dungeon moat defile the water he raises to his fevered lips, when motionless with sickness he dreads the tooth and feels the cold feet of the carnivorous rat patter over his forehead, when the rude hand of the jailor has crushed the beetle or the spider grown tame from long companionship, or rooted out the lonely plant whose growth he had learned lovingly to watch—is nothing to that of his first restoration to the cell from which he had been suffered to emerge, after long confinement, to breathe the pure air of heaven, and dream that he was free.

"Hope—where the future is hopeful—withers in the most sanguine breast. What, therefore, must have been the desolating thoughts of Tempest pent in that living sepulchre without a chance of egress, and without one prospective ray to illuminate the despair of that dank dark dungeon's night?

"There was nothing to relieve, but everything to sharpen his anguish. The very thought, that his sufferings were unmerited, added to their poignancy. He was not even in the situation of those who, though still clinging to existence with the tenacious instinct of the love of life, have yet been in some measure sated with its experiences. Tempest—without the consciousness of having lived, without the memories and regrets which satisfy the soul they sadden—was arrested on the threshold of the world that wooed him, withheld from the fruition of untried delights which disappointment had not leavened, and consigned to the oblivion of the grave—an artificial grave without the repose, and divested of the hopes of that in which out-worn humanity finds refuge.

"The night and day were one in his gloomy prison; but though he made no effort to mark the time—for what was time to him?—it became evident that a night or day at least had elapsed without the appearance of the jailor to bring him food or drink.

"Then his growing thirst began painfully to mark the hours, and the horrible suspicion flashed across his mind, that he was devoted by his present guardian to a death of famine.

"After long-repeated and exhausted cries, he relapsed into silence. The last chance vanished that, accidentally forgotten, his voice might still have been heard. If murder were designed who would heed the shout of the supposed maniac? Why, therefore, longer rouse the echoes of those unpitying walls?

"He sat down: a cold shudder ran over him. The sensations he exhibited were those of one buried in a trance when awakening in the coffin. The very air seemed close and suffocating. He gasped for breath. All the distinctive horrors of death by starvation he had ever heard or read of came, crowding on his harrowed memory. The gnawing pang—the acute despair—the wolfish howl—the longings of the cannibal, were vividly present in his thoughts. Imagination conjured up the draught of blood from the sufferer's own veins—the long delirium—the wasted frame—the afterwards discovered skeleton, whose fingers' gnawed, and horrible contortion, argue the unspeakable agonies of vitality thus departing.

"The maddening contemplation of such a death was almost enough to urge the victim of it to dash out his brains against the walls. Yet this was the death to which his connexion with the galvanist had led—from which the galvanist might have saved him—the reserved, not for him alone, but perhaps for all mankind.

"At this thought a curse inexpressibly bitter gathered in his heart. He began to doubt the justice of the Supreme Power, whose abstinence from all exceptional control over terrestrial weal or woe, beyond that proceeding from his primordial laws, he had once recognised as distinctive of eternal wisdom.

"There came a change, but no relief in these weird imaginings. The vivid promptings of despair gave way to the dull monotony of desolation, and then succeeded to it.

"At length, rather a mechanical instinct than a hope urged the captive to try the walls and fastenings of his cell.

"Both seemed to mock his efforts. The wall was solid stone, the door did not even respond by a faint vibration to the most desperate concentration of his strength.

"But yet, so utter was the darkness that he had been obliged to explore by the touch the sides and flooring of his cell, and as his finger travelled over them he lighted on certain inequalities, which he discerned to be characters rudely graven on its surface. Was he awake and saw, or was it the delusion of delirium? those characters formed the name of his departed master.

"This, then, was the dungeon in which the deceased galvanist had been for so many years immured. Even here, then, there was hope so long as there was life; but how long would there still be life for Tempest?

"Beside this name there was the date; beside the date were other characters—innumerable characters—the smoothness of the wall was roughened by their multitude, the work of the captive's dreary leisure. Deprived of writing implements, he had made a note-book of the stone, and scratched upon the wall whole passages of his mind's history in hieroglyphics, unintelligible to all but their inventor, except to Tempest, his initiated disciple.

"Nothing but that insatiable thirst for knowledge, which had marked his early life, could for a moment have diverted his thoughts from the burning thirst then throbbing in his veins and husky in his throat. Once or twice he essayed to read, and then—with breathless interest—he read on, unmindful of his pain, forgetful of his misery.

"Hours passed, and Tempest thought no more of his thirst or of his despair.

"His mind, if not his eyes, devoured the unexpected record. That which he had longed so ardently to know was here made manifest. He followed, step by step, the process of his predecessor's thoughts. One by one he discovered and connected the missing links of his own imperfect knowledge, till, by degrees, the secrets of the galvinist were revealed.

"Tempest had thus appropriated all the galvinist had withheld. He had possessed himself of more than his predecessor's power; because gifted with the intellect to compass, and with the energy to master, weapons which the old man had never dared to wield. The youth was now, as he had so long dreamed, lord of the grey-beard's spell! From the exultation of absorbing thought, he was at last recalled to a sense of the stern reality.

"If it were terrible to die before, Tempest felt that to perish then would be to die a thousand deaths: he was resolved to live. He willed it with that energy of volition which overcomes impossibilities. He tried the powers he had mastered as a new-fledged bird which essays its wings, or as the blind restored will sometimes open their eyes and glance at the offended sun with rash impatience.

"Too reckless and unpractised, at every effort he risked annihilation from the fluids, which flashed and roared like the summoned spirits which howled round the necromancer in old tales, to tear him into atoms in the first error in his incantation.

"His cell—filled with a fitful brightness, whose intensity increased or waned—was light as day. His glance

could pierce not alone the night of his dark cell, but even the masonry of its vaulted arch, with more clearness than a sun-ray struggles through the mist. The figures dim, the muffled sounds, the thoughts confused, of men—from whom walls of stone divided him—dawned to his eyes and ears and apprehension, and then again one fault—in the manipulation his untutored hand practised too daringly—left him a wholesome warning of the destruction he had narrowly escaped, as he lay stunned and prostrate in the darkness.

"But Tempest was desperate, if not utterly fearless. He could but perish: starvation and oblivion were within, the world and its renown beyond, those walls.

"With the convulsive energy which his overwrought nerves permitted, he once more gathered the subtle fluids round him. Like a child disporting with the lightenings of the thundering Jupiter, he made them flash and play around his frail frame, which one error in their management would have reduced to ashes; until, at length—taking leave of life like one who attempts a desperate hazard, and recommending his soul to God—he concentrated all his power, and made a final effort.

"A shock was felt—an explosion heard—the walls were shaken—the building rocked—the lead poured in a cascade from the roof—the molten iron of bolts and gates and bars ran in a glowing stream—but Tempest was unharmed. His prison doors were no longer. He walked out. The millionth part of a hair's breadth had made the difference for him between annihilation and freedom!"

It was at this juncture that his coadjutor rose ultimately against John Cash, who was murdered by his son. That son seeks to reign. The insect-killer opposes him. There is a battle—defeats to the monopolists—freedom to the people—the utter destruction of all galvanistic corn insects—the composition made useless—the *Avis Vastator* being a *past* curse—and finished like wolves in Yorkshire—while the insect-killer; the tyrant's foe marries—as he deserves—very much to his advantage; and the world, as we understand the story, begins to rise out of its ruins again in the year one thousand nine hundred and eight.

Such is "Sixty Years Hence;" indescribably the most horrible and mysterious work of 1847, as yet published; and if any custodier of a circulating library wants excitement for his customers, in summer or autumn quarters, this is his book; and he is safe to order twelve copies, it is so crammed with mystery, money, insects, potato-disease, famine, pestilence, crime, lunacy, murder, madness, love, and eccentricity. For its moral tendencies we give no warranty.

IBERIA WON.

A Poem. By Thomas Hughes.

London: Thomas Longman & Co.

The recent experience of the *Athenæum* warns critics from taking liberties with Mr. Hughes, unless from a desire to be rendered famous in bitter verses, with very black and most fantastic engravings. Upon the whole, however, it is a good plan for authors to defend themselves from the attacks of the press. It conduces to caution, because there are few living men who wish to be tomahawked and tatooed in the manner adopted by this poet and satirist.

"Iberia Won," is an account, in verse, of some leading incidents in the Peninsular War—an Anglo-Spanish Iliad in Spenserian stanza. It does not seem to us that the poetry is more than respectable. It is faultless—the composition, and all the artistical departments, are quite accurate—but that seems to be its recomendation. The notes are valuable, displaying much research; and an intimate acquaintance with ancient literature not easily maintained by a person pursuing the wandering life, which physical weakness compels Mr. Hughes to follow. The following extract is but a fair specimen of many pages:—

"The Greeks called Italy 'Hesperia,' because it was situated to the west of them, and the Romans called Spain 'Hesperia' equally, because it was to the west of Italy, but the Latin poets, imitating the Greeks, very frequently called Italy 'Hesperia' also. Thus Virgil—

'Est locus, Hesperiam Graii cognomine dicunt.'
Æn. i. 534.

Macrobius prefers deriving the origin of the name, as applied to Italy, from its western situation, to the fact of its being chosen by Hesperus for his residence, when he was expelled by his brother Atlas: 'Italy is called Hesperia, because it lies to the west.' (*Macrob. Saturn. lib.* 1., *cap.* 3,) Horace, when he applies the name to Spain, distinguishes the latter country by the addition of the word 'ultima,' thus:—

'Qui nunc Hesperiâ sospes ab ultimâ
Caris multa sodalibus,' &c:
Carm. 1. 36.

Strabo, lib. 1, seems to derive the name from situation, where he describes the Spaniards as the most western nation "*malista hesperioi.*" And both he and Pliny state that Hispania was likewise called Iberia, either from a king of that name, or from the river Iberius (Ebro).

"Iberia, though the name by which, after Hispania, Spain was most commonly known to the Latins, was, by a confusion not very complimentary to their geographical accuracy, likewise the name of a region in Asia Minor. It was a tract in Pontus separated from Colchis by the Moschic mountains, and corresponds with the modern Georgia.

'Herbasque quas Iolcos atque Iberia
Mittit venenorum ferax.'
Horat. Epod. 5.

The names 'Hesperia' and 'Iberia' are found together in the same stanza of Camöens, as applied to the Peninsula, yet with some vague attempt to confine the latter name to the Spanish portion exclusively:—

'Nome em armas ditoso, em noss' Hesperia,
* * * *
Serrao quizera ir ver terra Iberia.'
Lus. 4. 54.

Both names are properly applicable to the entire Peninsula, including Spain and Portugal, the second epithet, modified by the prefix Celto into 'Celtiberia,' being the ancient name of Aragon and Catalonia, and Iliberia that of Granada. The name Iberia, as applied to Spain, is found in Virgil Æn. 9. 582:—

'Pictus acu chlamydem, et ferrugine clarus Iberia,'

And under this name the country is described elaborately by Avienus (P. C. 380)—

'Quamque suis opibus cumulavit Iberia dives,' &c.

Ausonius (also P. C. 380) makes use of both the names 'Hispania' and Iberia':—

'His Hispanus ager tellus ubi dives Iberum.'

Juvenal (P. C. 120) uses the name 'Hispania' as the distinctive appellation of the country, which became better and more perilously known in his time than in the days of Horace and Virgil:—

'Horrida vitanda est Hispania.'
Sat. 8. 116.

Here is classical authority for a happy variety of names in describing Spain, 'Hesperia,' 'Iberia,' 'Hispania':—

'Tum sibi Callaico Brutus cognomen in hoste
Fecit, et Hispanam Sanguine tinxit humum.'
Ov. Fast. 4. 461.

'Herculis ritu, modò dictus O plebs,
Morte venalem petüsse laurum
Caesar, Hispana repetit Penates
Victor ab orâ.'
Horat. Carm. 3. 14.

The poet is an Irisman, and the *amor patriæ* seems so strongly developed as to lead him to appropriate honours for Ireland in which she has no part.

"The concluding incident is from the combat of Maya, which took place in the same neighbourhood a few days previously, and is thus described by Captain Norton, of the 34th regiment:—'The ninety-second met the advancing French column first with its right wing drawn up in line; and after a most destructive fire and heavy loss on both sides, the remnant of the right wing retired, leaving a line of killed and wounded that appeared to have no interval. The French column advanced up to this line and then halted, the killed and wounded of the ninety-second forming a sort of rampart; the left wing then opened its fire on the column, and, as I was but a little to the right of the ninety-second, I could not help reflecting painfully how many of the wounded of the right wing must have unavoidably suffered from the fire of their comrades.' This frightful butchery appears to excite the enthusiasm of some of its military historians. 'So dreadful was the slaughter,' says Napier, 'that it is said the advancing enemy was actually stopped by the heaped mass of dead and dying; and then the left wing of that noble regiment coming down from the higher ground, smote wounded friends and exulting foes alike, as mingled together they stood or crawled before its fire. * * The stern valour of the ninety-second, principally composed of Irishmen, would have graced Thermopylæ.'—*Hist. War Penins.*, book xxi., chap. 5."

The Ninety-second regiment has always been eminently and exclusively a Scottish regiment, with, perhaps, scarcely a dozen Irishmen in the corps. The Ninety-second is the Gordon Highlanders, formed and recruited from Aberdeen and Banffshires principally, but always from Scotland.

Mr. Hughes' feelings, however, are more accurately exercised in the next paragraph.

"This epithet was well deserved by General Ross, and is assigned to him by Napier, 'That gallant officer.' Book XXI., c. 5. I am proud to record the exploits of my countryman, whose name and achievements are endeared to me by early recollections. A lofty column is erected in his honour at the beautiful village of Rosstrevor, within seven miles of which, at Newry, my early years from infancy, to the period of my going to college, were passed. All my summers were spent in and near Rosstrevor, one of the most charming sea-bathing spots in the British dominions. The noble Bay of Carlingford stretches before it, girt by an amphitheatre of lofty hills, and Killowen Point, the Woodhouse, Greencastle, the light-house, and Grenore, with the ancient and picturesque town of Carlingford, the stupendous mountain overhanging it, and the bleak tract extending along to Omeath, contrasted with the sunny and wooded slopes beyond, have left impressions indelible even during much travel in foreign lands. I rejoice to perceive that a railway is about to open up this magnificent region, and trust that this new means of intercourse will be eminently beneficial to the warm hearted inhabitants of all the surrounding district."

There was not a more gallant soldier than General Ross in the British service: there is not a more lovely spot than Rosetrevor—not, we believe, Rosstrevor—in the British dominions; and we rejoice to think that the splendour of its scenery, and of many more Irish scenes, will be soon better known in England and Scotland than has been hitherto the case.

Mr Hughes hates Napoleon like a patriot, and—just as we do—hates his memory cordially, as may be gathered from our next extract:—

"Of the love which the French people bore to Napoleon, let his march to Cannes be a witness; where the inhabitants, as he passed, surrounded him in hundreds of thousands, with unmistakeable demonstrations of blind enthusiasm and delight. Not even the terrible conscription could raze his impression from their hearts. The general equity of his internal administration, the exact system of his public accounts, the effectual discharge of duty which he required of the state servants, the abolition of idle privileged classes, and the cessation of fraud in the management of the revenue, or its punishment when detected, caused the people to love him, as they everywhere love justice. Napoleon, with all his other splendid faculties, was a skilful financier. 'He was opposed to public loans, and left no debt. He had no private views, and his active energies were unimpaired in his vassals' service. The utility of his public works was commensurate with their grandeur; providing at once employment for the poor and embellishment for the country. His code was a monument of legislative wisdom, and his cadastre an invaluable equalizer and register of taxation and the liability of property. But, withal, he was a detestable tyrant."

"He was opposed to public loans and left no debt. . . But withal he was a detestable tyrant!"

The French people would gladly have such another tyrant. The Napoleon of peace seems to be less chary of public loans, and will assuredly leave debt.

We must quote a specimen, be it ever so short, of the poetry, which is the staple of the book.

Ths following stanzas relate a singular anecdote in military history, and they are only fair specimens of the work:—

"Upon the chofre stood the dauntless Graham,
And marked the slaughter with determined eye,
Sad, yet unshrinking—poured then forth of flame
A torrent, hissing red athwart the sky;
Close o'er the stormers' heads the missiles fly;
The stone-ribbed curtain into fragments hurled—
Full fifty cannon streaming death on high.
Unmoved they stand—no flag of fear unfurled—
A scene unmatched before since dawning of the world.

"Even as at Niagara's thundering fall,
Where leaps the torrent with gigantic stride:
Beneath the watery volume, Cyclop wall,
Of rocks huge piled, spans the river wide,
Where dares the venturous voyager abide;
And while his ears terrific clamour stuns,
Flies free o'erhead the cataract's foaming tide,
And scarce crystalline globule o'er him runs:
Thus stand 'neath Death o'errurched, Britannia's dauntless sons!

"'Retire!" was first the cry. "A traitorous foe!
Our batteries' fire is 'gainst the stormers turned;"
And struck a straggling shot the ranks below;
But Nial and his men the counsel spurned—
To win, whate'er the cost, their bosoms burned
And 'mid the fiercest of the cannonade,
While San Sebastian for his bulwarks mourned,
Within the rampart solid ground they made—
First step in victory's march, whose laurels ne'er will fade.

But we like the next verses infinitely better. They have real poetry in them:—

I.

"Forbid the linnet from its nest,
And crush its homeward aspirations—
As vain to chide the heaving breast,
And woo repose in foreign nations!
No, England, no! beyond the foam
Around thy beauteous shore that circles,
I would not fix my lasting home
For every gem that brightest sparkles!

II.

"More cloudless bend Italian skies;
Burgundian fruit more richly cluster;
Iberia's slopes more gently rise,
And shine her stars with purer lustre.
O'er Adria's coast, o'er fair Stamboul,
O'er soft Maeonia show'rs more splendour,
Out sunk 'neath Slavery's abject rule!
'Tis *thou* art Freedom's grand defender!

III.

"Far sunnier isles the south make glad,
From Palma's gulf to the Aegean,
Idalia rose and myrtle clad,
Sicilian shores and bowers Dictaean;

The Cyclades that shine to snare,
From Lemnos old to Rhodes romantic;
And far Funchál, whose balmy air
Swells earth's best vine 'mid the Atlantic.

IV.

"But, oh loved land! what magic lifts
Thee high above all rival glory,
Fills up the void of Nature's gifts,
And makes thy deeds the pride of story?
What charm endures thy talisman
Thou chrysolite amid the waters,
And deifies the power of man?
The genius of thy sons and daughters!

V.

"The vigorous thought, the spirit firm,
The pride of truth, the deep devotion,
The labouring head, and stalwart arm,
That crown thee Queen of Earth and Ocean!
That clothe with grain thy rugged steeps,
Thy factory piles make teem prolific,
And man the fleet each sea that sweeps,
To make its trembling shores pacific

VI.

"Illustrious land! Yet more than this,
Thou harbourest all life's solid graces—
No friends that murder with a kiss—
No treacherous breasts 'neath smiling faces!
Oh! still be thine the bold and true,
The honest, manly, independent
In mind, in heart, and sinew, too,
O'er every other land transcendant!"

THE CHILD OF POVERTY.

BY JAMES CREASE.

1 Vol. Edinburgh: Blackwood and Sons.

We are to allow this poet to introduce himself in that capacity, with no other preface than this short statement of his life. It has been passed mainly in making entries in day-books, and out of day-books into ledgers from noon to even for many years. The dull monotony of the desk fortunately does not obliterate genius, or we should not have experienced the pleasure that we have derived from many pages in this volume.

We are to make two or three extracts from the principal poem. The first is patriotic:—

"O Scotland! though across thy heathery moors
And rocky mountains keen the north wind sweeps;
Although thou boasted not of genial skies
And seasons temperate, though oftentimes
The snow-shower falls, and weeping rains deform
The cheerless day, yet thou hast charms to him,
Who, with an eye intent on marking out
The beauties of thy scenery, surveys,
From some high cliff, upon a summer's eve,
The variegated landscape—hill and dale,
The forest brown, the river glittering 'neath
The sun's bright ray, the silver lake wherein
He sees his face reflected, towering high
Thy mountains, where throughout the changeful year
The snow unmelted lies. Full oft, I ween,
In days long since gone by, at evening fall,
Have I, from ancient Stirling's rocky seat,
Gazed westward, and beheld Benlomond glow
Like furnace flamed beneath the setting sun—
A glorious scene surpassing far the most
Elaborate attempts of art, and leaving
Her most successful efforts far behind.
But thou hast beauties of a nobler kind,
My country! and it is thine honest boast
That here religion is not deem'd a pest
And nuisance; she has now for many a year
Found refuge on thy soil, thy sons, throughout
The wide earth's bounds (where'er a fellow man
Is found far wandering from the path that leads
To happiness, or sitting in the dark
And dreary prison-house of moral gloom,
Hopeless and sad,) are foremost in the task
Of leading back the wanderer, and restoring
The captive to the sweets of liberty,
And boldly lifting up the arm against
The enemies of man's salvation; round
The altar they have rallied long ago,
And with their blood have purchased for us
The liberty of walking in the path
That heavenward leads; the poor unletter'd hind
Is free in conscience as his lord; unknown
Are pains and penalties; the days in which
The engines of coercion were employ'd
Have happily now gone past, and in our day
The church bell's chime upon the Sabbath morn
Comes peacefully upon the ear, when borne
Upon the breeze far o'er the lonely wild
Where piety and meek contentment dwell,
Each as his conscience bids directs his steps
To worship God, unshackled by the chains
Of bigotry—the work of former days.
And these are blessings highly to be prized
By high or low, as God's good gift, but chiefly
By him who toils throughout the week, and braves
The winter's blast, and hardly fares through all
The various seasons of the changeful year.
Oh, with what happiness his bosom glows,
When first the sun's rays through his window gleam
On Sabbath morn, the morning of that day
Sacred to rest from all his anxious cares
And worldly thoughts, the morning of that day
Commemorative of the wonderful
Event foretold by holy seers, and sung
To David's harp in ancient time, what now
Long since has been accomplish'd, and on which
The christian builds a lively hope—I mean
The resurrection of the Holy One.

"Yes, to the Child of Poverty the dawn
Of Sabbath yields a soothing sweet delight,
'Tis a green spot with fragrant flowers bestrewn
Amid this howling wilderness, a spring
Of living water in the sandy desert,
The shadow of a rock to screen the heat
That beats upon the weary traveller,
A foretaste of the joys of heaven, the pledge
Of rest beyond the grave. Nor lives the man
Except his soul is dead to all the hopes
Immortal that the sacred page inspires,
Who does not feel a glow of thankfulness
To Him, who ever mindful of the poor
And woe-worn pilgrim, hath in mercy given
A day of rest from worldly toil, a day
Whereon he may forget his cares, and hold
Communion with his Maker, and prepare
His soul for Heaven where sorrow has no place.

"Thus, I, the meanest of the muse's train
Have sung, 'midst sad privations, of the poor;
Painting in simple style their hopes and fears,
Their joys and sorrows, and essaying too
To soothe the mourner—point the weary soul
To heaven, where rest is found. Should only one
Acknowledge that my simple song affords
A ray of consolation to his spirit
As he is journeying heaven-ward, I shall crave
No other meed. The world's applause I know
I do not merit, and shall never court."

The second is sabbatical:—

"But not to him alone who, on the bed
Of sickness tossed, sees death prepared to lift
The veil which hides eternity, and place
The wonders of the world unseen before
The startled eye, does the deep solemn peal
From the tall Gothic spire at midnight hour,
Or watchman's voice, announcing Time's departure,
Read an important lecture. No, they speak
Most solemnly to all, and warn the young
And gay, no less than he whose silvery hairs,
Thinn'd now by time, have fluttered in the winds
Of fourscore winters, that, with eagle's speed,
Time hurries on, although with noiseless wing,
And though unmarked his flight by such as look
Forward through folly's glass, and think they see
Long years awaiting them. But, Oh! be warned,
Ye sons of pleasure! for each circling hour
That passes o'er your heads, unnoticed and
Unthought of, sees its hundreds droop and die.
Often at dead of night, when all is hush'd,
The voice of mirth and song astounds the ear,
From scenes where folly loves to pass the time;
And link'd with thoughtlessness, hour after hour,

O'er the deep bowl, where foul intemperance lurks,
Sit, a fair mark to the attacks of all
The varied passions which destroy the peace
And happiness of man. The tongue, when loos'd,
Pours forth a stream of genuine nonsense; and
The imagination, heated by excess,
Breaks down the barrier which uprears itself
'Twixt sober language and the wild profane,
And reckless jest, hail'd with loud laughter by
The idiot band. The light and frothy song—
Obscene, and fitted only for the ears
Of such as have discarded hope, and look
Forward with careless eye, and, with the view
Of quieting the voice within, have fled
For shelter to the dark and dreary den
Of infidelity—is madly cheer'd
With long applause, and loud the board resounds
Beneath a peal of mimic thunder, till
The round is run of what is foolishly
Termed pleasure, ending, much 'tis to be fear'd,
In everlasting sorrow and remorse.

" The road that leads to misery is smooth
And sloping; and the hapless wretch, when first
He leaves the track that upward winds, surveys,
Well-pleas'd, the slippery and forbidden path,
And ventures cautiously; but soon he finds
Retreat impossible, and rushes on,
Heedless and unrepentant, till he lands
In utter misery, beyond the reach
Of human aid; and, from the hopes that cheer
The weary wanderer going home to Heaven,
Cut off for ever, till his day of grace
Sets in the darkness of unending night."

The third is moral :—

" Upon thy sloping banks, and lonely glens,
Thy wide extended moors, and mountains hoar,
My country, many a beauteous flower beneath
The eye of morning smiles in gracefulness
And beauty; but, the chief o'er all the rest,
Old Scotland's " symbol dear," which he, the Bard
Of Coila, hath immortalised, and spared
The inspiring emblem waving in the breeze,
I love to mark; nor less the heather flower,
Of scent delicious, and inviting still
The eye to rest upon its beauty, spread
For miles athwart the moor, where wild fowl haunt,
And where the industrious bee collects her sweets
Medicinal, and ministers alike
To luxury's claims, and to the comforts which
Sometimes descend to cheer the poor man's heart."

The fourth is of the faith that sweet flowers, and all fading lovely things help to teach :—

" But gentle flowers! ye soon must pass away
And die, like all earth's blessings; soon again
The storms of Autumn's boisterous day shall strew
The wither'd leaves around, and leave the gay
Parterre without a single ornament
On which the eye might dwell with pleasure, and
Divest the hill, and dale, the meadows, moors,
Of their most beauteous gems, whose hues laid on
By Heaven's own pencil, met the admiring eye
Of Nature's student, when at morning's sweet
And balmy hour he wander'd forth; and sure
The heart alive to beauty's claims must love,
Fleeting and evanescent though they be,
And emblematical of early death,
The wild flowers waving in the breeze of morn;
For man comes forth as flowerets on the heath,
And blooms awhile like them, then fades and dies,
And passes from the land of living men,
Forgotten like the withered leaves which on
The breeze are borne throughout the troubled air
When all the winds are out, and winter looks
With threatening aspect from the stormy north."

The extracts we have given convince us that Mr. Crease has powers of composition, that, under such influences as helped our greater poets, might have place him high upon their roll, and which will never allow him to sink to mediocrity, or any point approaching that tepid state.

There is a vein of dry sarcastic wit in his mind, that has not been much wrought, though by the following lines, the last we are to quote from his volume, it appears to be deep and rich :—

" Go fetch my staff, for I, per force, must take
My journey. Though the roads are deep, and keen
The north wind blows, I'd rather face the blast,
And push my way for many a weary mile,
Than within doors remain when I observe
The steaming pot, swinging above the fire,
And tubs and buckets huddled on the floor
Confusedly—plainly indicating that
The hated washing-day has come again.
Oh, 'tis a day of sorrow! Vain the hope
On such a day to taste the sweets of life!
Comfort, affrighted from her home, retires
Disgusted; and domestic pleasure yields
Her place to disappointment; joy flies far;
And brooding care, on this important day,
Assumes supremacy. The red-arm'd maid
Sweats o'er her task, and 'mid the wreathing steam
Toils eagerly; the busy housewife, famed,
Mayhap, for amiability, is now
Changed to a very shrew. Oh, the sad stir
Which now takes place of quiet! e'en the calm
Pure stream of life is suddenly transform'd
Into a raging torrent."

Why cannot washing and dressing, like shoemaking and tailoring, succeed as a distinct branch of business, to the relief of all quiet home-loving domesticated men. It is, we believe, a fact that it never succeeds, and makes no way in the world.

GLEAMS OF THOUGHT.

By Lord Robertson.

1 vol. Edinburgh: Fraser & Co.

Lord Robertson's "Gleams of Thought" are wonderfully unlike his gleams of eloquence. The last were full of flash and brightness. They were dazzling. The wit of his Lordship ere ever he was a lord, was proverbial. Occasionally it was coarse, but it had reality, and was good sterling wit. We venture to think that the ermine and the wig have driven it all away. The "Gleams of Thought" are done in stiff, and stately, and solemn verses. The subjects are generally of a serious character, and for that reason they take his Lordship considerably out of his old element; and we scarcely think that he has yet found firm footing as a worthy follower of Pollock, Cowper, Crabbe, and Henry Kirk White—but he is a dangerous rival of Montgomery—the reader will please to remember of Robert, not of James—of the pulpit, not of the press. There is no fear, in this case, of the bench treading on the skirts of the press.

Lord Robertson has assumed a great veneration for Milton, and these "Gleams of Thought" are illustrative of Milton's writings. There is no reason for that wild look of surprise at this statement. It is not the "Paradise Lost," or even the "Paradise Regained," but the prose writings of John Milton that Lord Robertson illustrates. Anybody, even our friend Mr. De Quincey, will admit that it may be tolerated in Lord Robertson to approach the prose writings of John Milton for the purpose of illustration.

In loving Milton, however, Lord Robertson compensates fully to the Church—we mean the Church of Charles I.—by h[illegible]ing Cromwell, whose memory good and great men are endeavouring to extricate and cleanse from the mire of bad historians.

The sonnets are the best writing in the volume; and thus the learned Lord meditates on the Protector who, we believe, was a great law reformer:—

"Light of the past, oft o'er thy fleeting course
With rainbow's changeful hue, yet more intense,
Beameth a ray 'mid sad coincidence;
Time not yet come, the stern Protector's force
Of armed legions gather'd foot and horse
Fair England to enthrall; but proff'ring free,
His earnest suit in mild academy,
Learning he courteth at her honour'd sources.
Lo! at such hour, Poet of heav'n-born fire
His country saw too soon, alas! expire—
Nature seems darken'd as his wondrous torch
Flicker'd in dying ray at lowly porch;
Fame—hov'ring nigh—her trump doth loudly sound,
Her Shakspeare lost, her daring Cromwell found."

"Portentous clouds o'er breathing England lour,
A moral darkness gath'reth o'er her skies,
The fated hour her matchless Poet dies;
All nature mourneth on that joyless day,
Genius doth droop—Love hieth far away—
As gentle Avon sadly murmuring by
For her lost son makes softest lullaby—
Amid such whelming storm the bravest cow'r
And see! a lurid ray o'er Cam doth rise,
Prophetic gleam of darksome enterprise;
Through the wild mist a mailed form appears
Trampling yon Crown to dust, 'mid blood and tears;
With sword uplifted, Oliver would seem
O'er freedom swaying in a feverish dream."

"And yet the world moves on, as if no tide
Fierce billows ro'l'd, amid perturbed flow,
In mystic terror heaving to and fro,
Dark in the deep abyss the doom'd to hide:
While new-sprung honours o'er her bosom glide,
Till all are lost within the whelming wave—
And Fame herself yearneth for peaceful grave;
Alas! no earthly grandeur may abide.
Proud story dwelleth on these vaunted years,
When meteor spirit cometh—disappears;
And if in contrast might'st Genius rise,
How fond she chronic'es the good and wise—
The bold, the learned, sons of peace or war,
On deathless pages of her calendar."

It is useless to quarrel with men's tastes, and worse to quarrel with their poetry; but our creed on this subject of Cromwell is, that the man who has read his history and esteems not his memory very highly has no love for liberty dwelling in his mind.

The following is a favourable specimen of the book:—

"'A famous man,' 'tis sung, 'was Robin Hood,'
As through the Forest rang his echoing horn
The deer to wake as ere the peep of morn;
And Scotland chronicles "a thief as good"
As ever shriv'd upon the Holy Rood:
Intent his "rosy shoon," with boastful glee,
In scorn to fling athwart the gallows-tree,
Meeting his doom with song, in daring mood:
Is this a truthful picture of the race,
Or idle ballad of the greenwood chase,
Or wayward tale of northern minstrelsy,
Scatt'ring a ray of fancied chivalry
O'er reckless rover of the wood and wild—
Outlaw! in semblance of fond Nature's child."

The musings that follow on a more artificial state of society than aught that Robin Hood or Rob Roy ever dreamed of are pleasing and true; but they would be more poetical if his Lordship's style were a little more rounded, and not so sharp cornered. The words sound as if the ends were bitten off. The learned judge commits petty larceny on her Majesty's English.

"From western swamp, or from the torrid east,
The tufted treasure sedulously sped,
Owns in this stiffling clime another birth,
In fibre fine as lightsome gossamer.
Around the rapid spindle deft'y whirls
Amid that wilderness of wheels evolved,
Thro' all their restless mysteries impell'd,
Moved by yon massive pow'r, whose ceaseless rule,
Through't the tangled grove of beam and spar,
In order due the fixed array commands:
To perfect structure speeds the growing web.
A second nature science conjures forth,
As if the elements she held in thrall.
Nor from such measured motion grace apart,
Or form of beauty in each varying stage,
Thro' which the stern creative journey leads,
'Mid earnest industry, whose changeless hum
Sounds day and night within the cheerless hive.

"Nor do its toil worn tenants dread the chill,
Or ceaseless rains, or howling winds, or hail,
Yon rustic labourer's lot, or stern bivouac,
The soldier's slumber ere the battle morn;
Or, as the sailor, "fight with roaring seas,"
Tended their wants with kind appliance sure;
And yet, methinks, from dull mechanic chain,
Yon pensive stripling—in the mountain breeze,
Beside some wand'ring flock—sigheth to roam.
Ah! might he thus his listless labour change,
Or hear the music of the ancient trees,
Amid yon forest hoar, or in some bark
Catch wilder echoes 'mong the whisp'ring shrouds;
Or wand'ring lonely on far eastern shore,
List, amid spicy bow'rs of fancied bliss,
To softest cadence of returning wave.
And that calm sire whose furrow'd brow betrays
Rude channels traced by time, 'mid changeless round
From year to year, how patiently endured!
Still of the meadow dream where first he breathed
Among the blossom'd broom—his faded form
Beneath some village yew still longs to lay.

"Tho' born to toil, man loveth liberty—
Loveth the changeful sky, the buxom air,
The mountain-top, the sea, the lake, the grove,
The winding river, and the jocund lea;
Now from such yearning e'er may be estranged.
Children of simpler days found happier lot.
Tho' kindly master error may forgive,
Tho' no relief their labour to assuage
Be here denied, tho' owned their moral claims,
Far as beseems with education blest,
And fair religion tending carefully—
What tho' by healing skill in sickness, nursed,
Or in exhausted age by charity—
Still the fond heart doth unto nature cling,
Still sighs to wander 'mid the gladsome fields,
Or o'er the mighty waters wend its way."

We quote another poem, the "Bright Cavalier," which has not the quality of style—as we think a bad quality—that characterises the factory workers.

"Who cometh on steed of Empyrean birth
Yet pawing the ground as a creature of earth?
All gorgeous his gear, like proud bark o'er the sea
You bold warrior rideth triumphantly!

"My helmet emboss'd in rich pearls of the morn
My plumes from the rainbow of ev'ning are shorn;
My cuirass of gold, a bright sunbeam of noon
With tissue of silver inwrought from the moon.

"Attemper'd the sword I sustain for the fight
Forged three-fold in steel 'midst the regions of light.
My buckler all dazzling with planet and star
In bright corruscation aye sheddeth afar.

"How calm doth my courser tho' prancing in pride
On the foeman advance, how calm do I ride
Whose breath is dominion whose falchion is pow'r
Whose trumpet alone soundeth victory's hour.

"Wri'e high on my standard these words of command
'Truth, honour, integrity, conquer the land:'
Rich, wreath the reverse—scroll emblazon'd of gold,
'Prosperity sure' doth the banner unfold.

"I come in my glory, the Winter is gone
Uplift my right arm, lo! the Summer hath shone!
Awaiteth mine advent the blossoming Spring
At my feet, all her stores rich Autumn doth fling.

"Soft lutes and recorders, that pipe 'mong the trees
Wild note of the monody sung by the breeze,
Loved chaunt of the songsters—sweet breath of the free
Oh! this is the music that marcheth with me.

"I bow to the brave as I bound on my way,
'Joy unto the Just, is the blessing I pray;
Then list to my word, and away with thy fear
Advance! the war-cry is 'The Bright Cavalier.'

"See what troops in my train ride gallant and gay
The laurel unfading—flowers fresher than May;
Amid the ripe vintage leaves thicker than June
Autumn, Summer and seed-time, hymning one tune.

" The flocks and the herds pay their homage to me
And the wild beasts that perish own fealty;
The eagle disporting aloft round my plume
The bee on his labour, bound far for new bloom.

" The lizard that lurks in the long grass at noon
The glow-worm that gleameth beneath the pale moon
Own me as their Lord—while each bird in the brake,
The fish in the stream and the swan on the lake,

" The flow'r of the shrub, and the nut of the tree,
And the dew of the grass, at morn on the lea,
The hush of the mountain in slumber a'ar,
And the gush of the fountain—trumpet of war.

" The reed and the pipe, and the dash of the sea
And all Nature and Art, in the r harmony
Respond to my call, join in chorus to me,
With the cataracts foaming tumultuously.

" 'To lull the vex'd waters my breath is the balm;
The thunder hath ceased—as I spake it was calm,
The lightning flies from me in watery cloud,
Nor whistles the wind in the desolate shroud.

" 'I smile o'er the deep, all its mists pass away—
I gleam on the night, and behold it is day;
My name, "Angel of Peace:" from first to me giv'n;
It is envied on earth—'tis honour'd in heav'n.

" 'But brighter than all is the sway now I seek;
To baffle the proud, and to succour the weak;
To cherish the wise, turn the heart of the fool;
Oh, this is my mission—the aim of my rule.

" 'Then crowd to my standard; ye brave ones, advance!
The ranks of the faithful I sum at a glance;
Be soldiers of God; to his cause be sincere;
And trample on Sin,' quoth the bright cavalier.

" The sound of the footfall as loved one draws near,
The echo of whisper to Memory dear,
The tone of blest Charity show'ring relief,
Or gratitude breathed from the bosom of Grief.

" Soft murmur of mother in chaunt to first-born,
The glad message peace, vouchsafed to forlorn,
The shout, 'It is water!' midst wilderness sand,
The cry from the topmast, 'Blessed God!'—it is land.

" Award to the guiltless of judgment unblamed,
To the hopelessly doom'd a pardon proclaimed—
A kind benediction; now wrath is no more;
A full absolution, the penance all o'er.

" To instructor beloved apt answer of youth,
The voice of the gifted proclaiming the truth,
Soft prayer of the innocent wafted on high,
Deepest sounds of the choir in their symphony.

" Rude music, I ween, to the lull of that breath,
Which calleth to life, and destroyeth death,
Which, hushing for ever the wail of the tomb,
In the blessing of heaven, resoundeth our doom."

There are many serious, solemn, weighty thoughts in this volume, which is more or less markedly of a devotional character; but they do not gleam—they are not gleams. The name is misapplied to a respectable and good book.

ISIDORE AND OTHER POEMS.

BY CATHERINE PRINGLE CRAIG.

Glasgow: David Robertson.

The authoress of this volume is very young; but the volume itself does not disclose that circumstance, which we mention, not to apologise for defects, but to show that much may be expected when so much has been so well and so soon done. The leading story is in the ballad form—and whether it be traditionary or purely imaginative, it is prettily told. Two or three similar traditions, wrought into verse, follow; and are entitled well to the same commendation. The first is tragical. There is a sadness in the minds of all young poetesses. The gloom, at least, appears first. That wears off as they learn to know the world better, and the multiplicity of its real sorrows. We quote the close of the first poem:—

" Himself upon the grave he cast,
His fingers o'er the chords he pass'd—
They all, save one, were mute;
And from his eye the bright tears sprung,
As thus his mournful lay he sung,
And wild and sweet the echoes rung
From that neglected lute:—

" 'Never more, never more, when the sun shines bright,
Shall I gather sweet flowers with thee!
Never more, never more, in the soft moonlight,
Shalt thou wander, love, with me!

" 'Oh, never again, at the twilight hour,
Shall thy silvery voice be heard!
Floating far away, o'er our summer bower,
Like the song of some heavenly bird!

" 'The earth lies cold on thy snowy brow,
Thy spirit away has gone;
I have none to bid me be happy now,
And I sadly mourn alone.

" 'As fair my native sky may shine,
Its stars may sparkle as clear;
But they look not so bright to this heart of mine
As they did when thou wert near.

" 'Yet I would not wish thee back, loved one,
To weep sad tears with me;
But I would that my time on earth were done,
That I might rest with thee.

" 'The winter comes, and before his track
The roses pass away;
But the voice of spring will call them back,
To gladden the summer day.

" 'And though with tears my cheek be wet,
As I sit on thy lonely tomb,
I know a spring-time is coming yet,
That shall bid my flow'ret bloom.

" 'I know we shall meet where the sky is bright,
And the dark cloud cannot come;
And never shall wintry tempests blight
Our flowers in that heavenly home!"

There is nothing said here that has not been often said before; but the verses are prettily moulded. But in another poem, the "Paradise of Solitude" there is not merely more thought, but more original and searching thoughtfulness. The young lady argues—in a way quite pleasing, we suspect, to all young ladies who have no natural vocation to be hermitesses—against solitude, and calls it anything but a paradise.

" Then I sat me down 'midst the glorious bowers,
To weave me a crown of the beauteous flowers—
I gather'd the blos.oms all gay and bright;
But they faded like snow from the mountains' height,
When summer winds o'er the warm earth breathe,
Dissolving the winter's frozen wreath.

" I pluck'd the fruit, and a soft white sand
Was all I held in my clasped hand;
And a feeling of loneliness, deep and intense,
Press'd heavily down upon every sense;
And tired of a world so bright, but vain,
I sigh'd for the darkness of earth again!

" I turn'd to search for some sunless shade,
But the glory around me began to fade;
And fainter and fainter the vision grew,
Till it sunk at last from my listless view;
And a flood of delight through my soul was borne,
As I woke to the mists of a wintry morn!

Now the bright romance of my youth is gone,
And my lyre has a deeper and sadder tone;
O'er many a flower have my tears been pour'd,
Which faded, and spring-time has not restored;
But I've learn'd to look with a kinder eye
On the stars which brighten the wintry sky.

"When thy soul is weary and grief-subdued,
Oh seek not thy solace in solitude;
Though bright in the distance its smile may seem,
Its joy is a phantom, its beauty a dream;
For there's nought to the spirit a calm can lend
Like the gentle words of a loving friend.

"And what though some grow cold and strange,
We know that time is a scene of change;
And no power have its children, however fair,
The garb of eternity to wear;
But choose thy friends from the happy band
Whose hopes are fixed on the better land.

"And press thou on to the heavenly shore,
That when time with its trouble and toil is o'er,
You may meet with those you have lost below,
Where songs of gladness for ever flow—
And mingle your spirits in love again,
In the land whose flowers never bloom in vain."

We have little space to spare but we are tempted to borrow a few verses from what may be properly called a sermon, on the text, "If God so clothe the lilies of the field."

"And the purple heather climbing round
Our bonnie Scottish hills;
And the little primrose springing up
Beside the mountain rills;

"And the holly-hock, that turns about
Its head to seek the sun;—
Oh, dearly do we love the flowers!
And we love them every one!

"Far better than our painted toys,
Though gilded bright and gay;
We love the gentle flowers that bloom
In the sunny summer day!

"For it was God who made the flowers,
And careth for them all;
And for our heavenly Father's love
There is not one too small.

"He fans them with the gentle wind;
He feeds them with the dew;
And the God who loves the little flowers,
Loves little children too."

Many little children would gladly learn this "song" if they only had it complete, and they would be better for its thoughts.

It is, perhaps, not very wise to advise young ladies to persevere in writing poetry, but we are almost induced to take the risk in this case.

A TOKEN OF REMEMBRANCE.

BY THE REV. DAVID SMITH, BIGGAR.

Edinburgh: Grant & Taylor.

One of the pleasing and hopeful features of the times is the deep and growing interest manifested in the intellectual and religious culture of the young. Not only is this interest evinced by the exertions made to increase both the *quantity* and *quality* of education, but by the many admirable publications issuing from the press, specially intended for their mental and moral improvement. The time was when it was almost out of a parent's power to secure *suitable* reading on general subjects for his children. But that time is gone; and now the guardians of youth may, without much difficulty, and by means of a judicious selection, obtain books relating to almost every department of knowledge, and written in a simple and most captivating style for the use of this interesting class of the community.

To this description of publications belongs the "Token of Remembrance." Its author informs us that the addresses or short discourses of which it is composed were originally delivered to the children of his own congregation and Sabbath school. In this small volume we have, first, an introductory address; then follow eight sermons, thus entitled:—The Youth's remembrance of his Creator; the Holy Scriptures; the Winged Instructors; the Child Jesus; the Fading Leaf; the Deceitfulness of Sin; the Blessed Peace-makers; and the Heavenly Missionary; finishing with a suitable concluding address.

The topics are treated in a way calculated to interest the youthful reader; the sentiments expressed are sound and scriptural; the style is correct and simple; and the manner in which the author has laid out, or, in other words, divided these short sermons, is truly excellent, and cannot fail to help the youthful reader easily to understand and retain them in his memory.

We can safely recommend this little book to the young; and parents and guardians of youth, as well as Sabbath school teachers, should make it one of *their* standard works. We subjoin an extract from the *sermon* on the "Deceitfulness of Sin:"—

"*Lastly*, The deceitfulness of sin appears in *its making deceitful promises*. This is the means by which most commonly seducers deceive their victims. They make to them large and alluring promises, which they never perform, and never intended to perform. And such promises the great seducer Sin makes to men. It promises *safety*—it says, like the serpent, 'ye shall not surely die.' But its promises, like the serpent's, is false and vain. Its victims do not die. It promises *happiness*, it holds forth its fruit fair and beautiful to the eye, and it promises that it shall be still more sweet to the taste. But is the promise fulfilled? No, the fair fruit, like the apples of Sodom, turn to dust and ashes in the hand, become gall and wormwood in the mouth. It promises *liberty*—says, that those who indulge in it shall be free—free thinkers, free livers. But in promising liberty, it makes them the veriest slaves. It promises *profit*—but most deceitfully. 'That fruit,' says the apostle Paul, 'had ye in those things of which ye are now ashamed.'"

THEORIA.

BY DERBY P. STARKEY.

Dublin: J. M'Glashan.

This small volume of poems is of higher origin than any of those which precede it. Their author has been a contributor to the *Dublin University Magazine* of occasional and remarkable verses for some time. They are collected together in this volume, along with others that hitherto have been unpublished. The poet's stamp is branded on them thickly, and its indentations are often clear and deep. None of the poems are long, but some of them contain, in a limited space, more hard thinking than goes often to the upmaking of "three volumes post octavo." One poem, extending only to sixteen pages, contains a dreamy history of the world's construction on the geological theory. The dreamer goes back—very far back—to that period in the world's history when it was scarcely yet to be properly termed a world, and when these islands of ours were within the tropics! It is as well to remark, that our visionary is a person of great practical wisdom, who never permits himself to be carried geographically out of his own sphere, though he goes into antiquity with sufficient daring. He begins—

"Me dreamed I travelled; and in travelling on,
I came upon a land of tropic bloom,
Melting with luscious and exotic balm,
Which seemed to make the very atmosphere
To gasp for breath."

The atmosphere gasping for breath is not a good figure. He went on, or time slid on, until

"Me dreamed, in travelling farther, that I came,
To an abyss of stone. A monstrous weight
Of mountain seemed to press the solid rock
Out into layers."

This is the second stage. The third becomes more intelligent.

"Me dreamed that in my travel I arrived
At a sequestered spot—what need to map
Its landmarks and localities, that men
Might say—'*'tis here!*'—Enough, that it was in
Broad and magnificent England. A descent
Swept from the verge of a half-thinned-out wood
Into a fertile plain. A river went
Its way of peace along the humblest path
That it could find. And, down the near descent,
A bright brook brawled like infancy to find
Its river, and be silent in its arms.
Untended plants clung confidently round
Ancient oak-stumps, or peeping bits of rock,—
Where'er the charitable ivy failed
To keep its garment round the bones of earth.
—The sun had set. Keen was the frosty air;
Goats bleated on the edges of the moor;
And from the scanty copse there came a bark,—
A whining yelp, as of a houseless hound—
Or it might be a wolf. A hut there stood
Upon the nether border of that slope,
Between the hill and stream; and it was rude,—
Logs roughly squared, wattled all through with twigs,
And daubed with clay; the roof with shingles spread,
And these kept down with stones. Above the hut
Curled a blue fragrant vapour. Near the door
Lay a half-butchered stag upon his back,
Deep in the brisket, with his antlered head
Bent underneath him. I could now divine
What meant the yelping from the neighbouring copse,
And understood the culprit eagle's stare
Out of his eyrie towards the reeking flesh,
As if he weighed the danger of the theft
Against the gain of thieving. I beheld
One tract was clear, upon the topmost ridge,
A broad back-bone of rocks, and on that spot
Huge stones stood in a ring against the sky,
Like ghosts consulting, and within the ring
Was a flat stone; and the flat stone was stained
Red."

There is poetry of the first class in this nervous description of savage times—the Druid's days, his faith and sacrifices. But a discovery was made:—

"I beheld a man on the descent—
A noble savage—lusty, though uncouth,
A beachen spear grasped staff-wise in his hand.
He had been hunting; and he bore some flesh
And skins upon his shoulder; and his breath
Stood on his bristly beard, as he approached
The hut of logs. He stooped and lifted up
A stone. 'Twas black, and smooth, and chipped away
Beneath his finger. And he looked awhile
And turned it round, and laughed, for he did see
A little leaf of stone in the black stone,
Drawn to perfection. But he bore it home.
And as I watched and wondered there, I saw
A dark, fuliginous mass of dingy smoke
Rise from the cottage roof.
But I passed on."

Pass on, through many ages, to the present day, and see what the black stone has helped to do:—

"A traveller I entered a great town.
The crush of human life swayed to and fro
Within the streets, which groaned with waggons driven
Over the roaring causeways evermore.
I heard the plashing clank of many wheels
Rolled round in water; and the measured stroke
Of heavy hammers struck on bars of iron.
There was the mumbling ravenousness of fire
Over its prey as if it feared some foe
Would snatch the fuel from its jaws, before
The crackling bones were ashes. And the smoke
Of furnaces was vomited from the throats
Of towering chimneys, high above the town,
Each like an ebon column bearing up
The overarching cloud which vaulted in
This forge of earth from heaven.
"Hard by there was
A river swol'n, 'twould seem, with everything
But water; and adown some sloping streets
Straggled a stream of fouler inkiness,
So foul, that it crept on for very shame.
Through arches, sewers, and drains; though all its shame
Could not prevent its junction with the flood
From publishing itself in deeper black
Upon its dingy page."

There is much more of this description of writing for others to quote, from a volume that adds another name to the small roll of our true and good poets.

POLITICAL REGISTER.

CLOSE OF THE SESSION.

The last session of the past Parliament has been ingeniously distinguished by postponements. It began with good intentions, of which but few have been realised. We should not, perhaps, impute to Lord John Russell and his government this misfortune. We do not blame them for the rejection of their measures in a Parliament where they were supported only by a minority in whom they could place the slightest reliance. This Parliament, now dissolved, began its career by displacing a Ministry formed from the party, who are now in power. The cabinet of 1841 was overthrown for pursuing measures which the same parliament ultimately adopted. This remarkable change in conduct did not, however, reconcile a majority of the Commons to the leadership of Lord John Russell. They have borne with him only as an inevitable and necessary evil. Peel was done at east for a time. Bentinck could not command a majority. Russell was in a minority. There were three horns to this dilemma; and the Commons were pitched on to the third because they could not help themselves. The largest body of their opponents kept the existing Cabinet in power, because their own day was not come; and they could not abide the rule of their old friends. It is not, however, to be supposed that their support of the Cabinet was of a warm character; and we are not surprised that a Ministry, who were only tolerated, were also weak. While we, therefore, regret the postponement of so many good measures; yet the Ministry might have escaped generally without animadversion on this subject, if they had not exhibited so much earnestness in carrying bills of a worse character than those which they deserted. Lord John Russell should rather have abandoned one Bishop than a hundred thousand common sewers. He persisted, however, in carrying through the one Bishop additional, and left the Health of Towns bill without any sufficient struggle. We blame the Government because they have not wrought out their good measures to the last, and cast on their opponents the odium of rejecting them; but have tormented the Commons and the country with a dogged perseverance, worthy of a bill to make or unmake, secularly, a hundred Bishops, for only one Bishop additional.

The Ministry could have come to the country with better prospects—defeated on the Health of Towns' bill, on the Irish Land Improvement bill, and on the Irish Encumbered Land bill—than now, when they come with all these measures postponed, by their own consent, to make room for one bishop. Manchester knew not its own want. It had grown to greatness without a bishop, and it might have survived for a single year longer without this addition to its local government. There is a wide difference between a bishop and a preacher. The church may be practically very weak in a very small diocese. We do not, therefore, express an opinion derogatory of the active portion of the Church, when we say, that Manchester could have done better without the mitre, than it can do without its promised drains. The latter were matters of life and death: the mitre, it will be allowed, affects only church order, and is one of those things non-essential to christianity.

We take our estimate from high authority. We proceed upon the testimony of Sir James Graham. He asserts that the business of a bishop is light and easy. He insists that the superintendance of a diocese does not involve long hours of labour. He even hinted that some districts were in such exemplary order that they could go on for a long time without any superintendance whatever. There are many little things that can be done by deans and other subordinate dignitaries, and a neighbouring diocesan may lend his hand—the very thing literally required—upon an emergency. We take, for example, the diocese of Chester, which is now to be subdivided; and assuming it to be one of the largest in England, we find it also one of the most distinguished for efficient superintendence. We do not, indeed, often read speeches made by the Bishop of Chester in the House of Peers. That prelate is seldom found intermingling in those public discussions, and getting in and out of the awkward scrapes in which his brethren for Exeter and London are perpetually involved; but we often see his name announced as a preacher on some particular occasion; and he seems to engage very much in those duties which were once understood to be characteristic of a Christian Bishop.

Our estimate of the ease with which Manchester could have lived on un-Bishoped for another year, is taken from Sir James Graham's Speech. The subject is not one with which we are personally cognoscent; because we have never known the benefits, and do not feel, of course, the deprivation of a Bishop famine.

THE ELECTIONS.

We publish, in the heat of the general election—somewhere near its centre—too late to give advice—and too early to know what has been done. We are only able, therefore, to say what has been anticipated. The calculations, recently formed, gave to the Whigs a majority of eighty in the new Parliament. Less sanguine reckoners make out that the Whigs will have to go without a majority. They will be the strongest of three, but they will not have an absolute majority. By the aid of Sir Robert Peel's contingent, they will be able to beat the Bentinck, or country party; but that is only uncomfortable. The Ministry wanted to be independent of Peel. Rumour has it now that they must coalesce with him; and coalitions are always dangerous. They detach loose boulders from the mass, who necessarily gravitate into opposition. We believe that the elections will bring into the House many new men with unknown opinions—independent men who will give a fair vote to the ministry when they deserve it, and against them as that seems necessary. This is a new order of things, and the Downing Street people are said to be petrified at the idea of the electors being forgetful of great party interests.

EDUCATION.

On the eve of dissolving Parliament and appealing to the electors, the Government instructed the Committee of Council on Education to have a new minute drawn out for them, which Lord John Russell says, carries them back again to the minute of 1839. It was convenient to pursue this course. The last Educational minute was not easily defended in the House of Commons, and it would have been sadly torn on the hustings. The new minute suspends the exercise of those spiritual functions assumed by the State; although it is not so clear that this resignation of its new duties applies to the church schools. We have no desire to see the State interfering in matters beyond its capacity, whether in Church or Dissenting schools. The truth of the matter is, that through their representatives, Dissenters are desirous not to be implicated at all in certain qualities of religious teaching.

The new minute does not rescind the extravagant nonsense regarding apprentices, monitors, and all the costly mechanism, and fruitful patronage therewith connected.

The alteration gives us one case more against the system. If educational legislation can be thoroughly changed per order on Dr. Key Shuttleworth at five minutes' notice, to pacify the electors; may it not be changed back again by a similar order in five minutes more to mollify the Bishop of Exeter, when the Elections are past, and the septennial lease has commenced its currency. Nothing less than the dismemberment and dispersion of this unconstitutional committee should satisfy the people.

Surely the education of millions is not less worthy of a bill than the production of one bishop.

THE SCOTTISH WHIGS.

It may be doubted whether the empire furnishes worse tacticians or busier jobbers than the old rump everywhere of the Scottish Whigs.

They are the patent drags of politics, ever at hand to lock the wheel.

They have so mismanaged the metropolis that, we suspect, an intelligent Conservative might beat them; merely because there is a general discontent with their high and close-handed mode of management.

In Haddingtonshire they oppose the most intelligent county candidate in Scotland, Sir David Baird, and after the fashion of moles—they are blind like the moles—have been silently burrowing in the earth to throw up heaps in his progress,

On inquiring the reason, we find that the agitation which he is leading against the law of entail is considered so ungenteel, that he must be proscribed.

Before the next election, that movement will be fashionable. The same tacticians have split the Glasgow constituency, and whether their candidates, or Mr. Hastie and Mr. M'Gregor be returned, they have ruined their dictatorship for ever.

In the smaller boroughs, the corresponding limbs of the party pursue the same course. In Greenock, in Aberdeen, and such constituencies as the Stirling boroughs, they have set up "Apologies for Candidates" against some of the most intelligent men of the day, rather than their power to sell the boroughs to the party who would best hunt for patronage should be questioned.

The leprosy of old times cleaves, we fear, like that of Naaman the Syrian to the prophet's servant, for ever to these "old coteries, clubs, or cliques," who snugly manage matters in back parlours.

The doom and the spots of Gehazi is on them and their incurable system.

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SCHLOSSER'S LITERARY HISTORY OF THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY.

BY THOMAS DE QUINCEY.

In the person of this Mr. Schlosser is exemplified a common abuse, not confined to literature. An artist from the Italian opera of London and Paris, making a professional excursion to our provinces, is received according to the tariff of the metropolis; no one being bold enough to dispute decisions coming down from the courts above. In that particular case there is seldom any reason to complain—since really out of Germany and Italy there is no city, if you except Paris and London, possessing *materials*, in that field of art, for the composition of an audience large enough to act as a court of revision. It would be presumption in the provincial audience, so slightly trained to good music and dancing, if it should affect to reverse a judgment ratified in the supreme capital. The result, therefore, is practically just, if the original verdict was just; what was right from the first cannot be made wrong by iteration. Yet, even in such a case, there is something not satisfactory to a delicate sense of equity; for the artist returns from the tour as if from some new and independent triumph, whereas, all is but the reverberation of an old one; it seems a new access of sunlight, whereas it is but a reflex illumination from satellites.

In literature the corresponding case is worse. An author, passing by means of translation before a foreign people, ought *de jure* to find himself before a new tribunal; but *de facto*, he does not. Like the opera artist, but not with the same propriety, he comes before a court that never interferes to disturb a judgment, but only to re-affirm it. And he returns to his native country, quartering in his armorial bearings these new trophies, as though won by new trials, when, in fact, they are due to servile ratifications of old ones. When Sue, or Balzac, Hugo, or George Sand, comes before an English audience—the opportunity is invariably lost for estimating them at a new angle of sight. All who dislike them lay them aside—whilst those only apply themselves seriously to their study, who are predisposed to the particular key of feeling, through which originally these authors had prospered. And thus a new set of judges, that might usefully have modified the narrow views of the old ones, fall by mere *inertia* into the humble character of echoes and sounding-boards to swell the uproar of the original mob.

In this way is thrown away the opportunity, not only of applying corrections to false national tastes, but oftentimes even to the unfair accidents of *luck* that befal books. For it is well known to all who watch literature with vigilance, that books and authors have their fortunes, which travel upon a far different scale of proportions from those that measure their merits. Not even the caprice or the folly of the reading public is required to account for this. Very often, indeed, the whole difference between an extensive circulation for one book, and none at all for another of about equal merit, belongs to no particular blindness in men, but to the simple fact, that the one *has*, whilst the other has *not*, been brought effectually under the eyes of the public. By far the greater part of books are lost, not because they are rejected, but because they are never introduced. In any proper sense of the word, very few books are published. Technically they are published; which means, that for six or ten times they are *advertised*, but they are not made known to *attentive* ears, or to ears *prepared* for attention. And amongst the causes which account for this difference in the fortune of books, although there are many, we may reckon, as foremost, *personal* accidents of position in the authors. For instance, with us in England it will do a bad book no *ultimate* service, that it is written by a lord, or a bishop, or a privy counsellor, or a member of Parliament—though, undoubtedly, it will do an *instant* service—it will sell an edition or so. This being the case, it being certain that no rank will reprieve a bad writer from *final* condemnation, the sycophantic glorifier of the public fancies his idol justified; but not so. A bad book, it is true, will not be saved by advantages of position in the author; but a book moderately good will be extravagantly aided by such advantages. Lectures on *Christianity*, that happened to be respectably written and delivered, had prodigious success in my young days, because, also, they happened to be lectures of a prelate; three times the ability would not have procured them any attention had they been the lectures of an obscure curate. Yet,

on the other hand, it is but justice to say, that, if written with three times *less* ability, lawn-sleeves would not have given them buoyancy, but, on the contrary, they would have sunk the bishop irrecoverably; whilst the curate, favoured by obscurity, would have survived for another chance. So again, and indeed, more than so, as to poetry. Lord Carlisle, of the last generation, wrote tolerable verses. They were better than Lord Roscommon's, which, for 150 years, the judicious public has allowed the booksellers to incorporate, along with other refuse of the seventeenth and eighteenth century, into the costly collections of the "British Poets." And really, if you *will* insist on odious comparisons, they were not so very much below the verses of an amiable prime minister known to us all. Yet, because they wanted vital *stamina*, not only they fell, but, in falling, they caused the earl to reel much more than any commoner would have done. Now, on the other hand, a kinsman of Lord Carlisle, viz., Lord Byron, because he brought real genius and power to the effort, found a vast auxiliary advantage in a peerage and a very ancient descent. On these double wings he soared into a region of public interest, far higher than ever he *would* have reached by poetic power alone. Not only all his rubbish—which in quantity is great—passed for jewels, but also what *are* incontestably jewels have been, and will be, valued at a far higher rate than if they had been raised from less aristocratic mines. So fatal for mediocrity, so gracious for real power, is any adventitious distinction from birth, station, or circumstances of brilliant notoriety. In reality, the public, our never-sufficiently-to-be-respected mother, is the most unutterable sycophant that ever the clouds dropped their rheum upon. She is always ready for jacobinical scoffs at a man for being a lord, if he happens to fail; she is always ready for toadying a lord, if he happens to make a hit. Ah, dear sycophantic old lady, I kiss your sycophantic hands, and wish heartily that I were a duke for your sake!

It would be a mistake to fancy that this tendency to confound real merit and its accidents of position is at all peculiar to us or to our age. Dr. Sacheverell, by embarking his small capital of talent on the spring-tide of a furious political collision, brought back an ampler return for his little investment than ever did Wickliffe or Luther. Such was his popularity in the heart of love and the heart of hatred, that he would have been assassinated by the Whigs, on his triumphal progresses through England, had he not been canonised by the Tories. He was a dead man if he had not been suddenly gilt and lacquered as an idol. Neither is the case peculiar at all to England. Ronge, the *ci-devant* Romish priest (whose name pronounce as you would the English word *wrong*, supposing that it had for a second syllable the final *a* of "sopha," *i. e.*, *Wronguh*), has been found a wrong-headed man by *all* parties, and in a venial degree is, perhaps, a stupid man; but he moves about with more *eclat* by far than the ablest man in Germany. And, in days of old, the man that burned down a miracle of beauty, viz., the temple of Ephesus, protesting, with tears in his eyes, that he had no other way of getting himself a name, *has* got it in spite of us all. He's booked for a ride down all history, whether you and I like it or not. Every pocket dictionary knows that Erostratus was that scamp. So of Martin, the man that parboiled, or par-roasted York Minster some ten or twelve years back; that fellow will float down to posterity with the annals of the glorious cathedral: he will

"Pursue the triumph and partake the gale,"

whilst the founders and benefactors of the Minster are practically forgotten.

These incendiaries, in short, are as well known as Ephesus or York; but not one of us can tell, without humming and hawing, who it was that rebuilt the Ephesian wonder of the world, or that repaired the time-honoured Minster. Equally in literature, not the weight of service done, or the power exerted, is sometimes considered chiefly—either of these must be very conspicuous before it will be considered at all—but the splendour, or the notoriety, or the absurdity, or even the scandalousness of the circumstances* surrounding the author.

Schlosser must have benefited in some such adventitious way before he ever *could* have risen to his German celebrity. What was it that raised him to his momentary distinction? Was it something very wicked that he did, or something very brilliant that he said? I should rather conjecture that it must have been something inconceivably absurd which he proposed. Any one of the three achievements stands good in Germany for a reputation. But, however it were that Mr. Schlosser first gained his reputation, mark what now follows. On the wings of this equivocal reputation he flies abroad to Paris and London. There he thrives, not by any approving experience or knowledge of his works, but through blind faith in his original German public. And back he flies afterwards to Germany, as if carrying with him new and independent testimonies to his merit, and from two nations that are directly concerned in his violent judgments; whereas (which is the simple truth) he carries back a careless reverberation of his first German character, from those who have far too much to read for declining aid from vicarious criticism when it will spare that effort to themselves. Thus it is that German critics become audacious and libellous. Kohl, Von Raumer, Dr. Carus, physician to the King of Saxony, by means of introductory letters floating them into circles far above any they had seen in homely Germany, are qualified by our own negligence and indulgence for mounting a European tribunal, from which they pronounce malicious edicts against ourselves. Sentinels present arms to Von Raumer at Windsor, because he rides in a

* Even Pope, with all his natural and reasonable interest in aristocratic society, could not shut his eyes to the fact that a jest in *his* mouth became twice a jest in a lord's. But still he failed to perceive what I am here contending for, that if the jest happened to miss fire, through the misfortune of bursting its barrel, the consequences would be far worse for the lord than the commoner. There *is*, you see, a blind sort of compensation.

carriage of Queen Adelaide's; and Von Raumer immediately conceives himself the Chancellor of all Christendom, keeper of the conscience to universal Europe, upon all questions of art, manners, politics, or any conceivable intellectual relations of England. Schlosser meditates the same career.

But have I any right to quote Schlosser's words from an English translation? I do so only because this happens to be at hand, and the German not. German books are still rare in this country, though more (by 1,000 to 1) than they were thirty years ago. But I have a full right to rely on the English of Mr. Davison. "I hold in my hand," as gentlemen so often say at public meetings, "a certificate from Herr Schlosser, that to quote Mr. Davison is to quote *him*." The English translation is one which Mr. Schlosser "*durchgelesen hat, und für deren genauigkeit und richtigkeit er bürgt* [has read through, and for the accuracy and propriety of which he pledges himself]. Mr. Schlosser was so anxious for the spiritual welfare of us poor islanders, that he not only read it through, but he has even *aufmerksam durchgelesen* it [read it through wide awake] *und geprüft* [and carefully examined it]; nay, he has done all this in company with the translator. "Oh ye Athenians! how hard do I labour to earn your applause!" And, as the result of such herculean labours, a second time he makes himself surety for its precision; "*er bürgt also dafür, wie für seine eigne arbeit*" [he guarantees it accordingly as he would his own workmanship]. Were it not for this unlimited certificate, I should have sent for the book to Germany. As it is, I need not wait; and all complaints on this score I defy, above all from Herr Schlosser.*

In dealing with an author so desultory as Mr. Schlosser, the critic has a right to an *extra* allowance of desultoriness for his own share; so excuse me, reader, for rushing at once *in medias res*.

Of Swift, Mr. Schlosser selects for notice three works—the "Drapier's Letters," "Gulliver's Travels," and the "Tale of a Tub." With respect to the first, as it is a necessity of Mr. S. to be for ever wrong in his substratum of facts, he adopts the old erroneous account of Wood's contract as to the copper coinage, and of the imaginary wrong which it inflicted on Ireland. Of all Swift's villainies for the sake of popularity, and still more for the sake of wielding this popularity vindictively, none is so scandalous as this. In any new life of Swift the case must be stated *de novo*. Even Sir Walter Scott is not impartial; and for the same reason as now forces me to blink it, viz., the difficulty of presenting the details in a readable shape. "Gulliver's Travels" Schlosser strangely considers "spun out to an intolerable extent." Many evil things might be said of Gulliver; but not this. The captain is anything but tedious. And, indeed, it becomes a question of mere mensuration, that can be settled in a moment. A year or two since I had in my hands a pocket edition, comprehending all the four parts of the worthy skipper's adventures within a single volume of 420 pages. Some part of the space was also wasted on notes, often very idle. Now the 1st part contains *two* separate voyages (Lilliput and Blefuscu), the 2d, *one*, the 3d, *five*, and the 4th, *one*; so that, in all, this active navigator, who has enriched geography, I hope, with something of a higher quality than your old muffs that thought much of doubling Cape Horn, here gives us *nine* great discoveries, far more surprising than the pretended discoveries of Sinbad (which are known to be fabulous), averaging, *quam proximè*, forty-seven small 16mo pages each. Oh you unconscionable German, built round in your own country with circumvallations of impregnable 4tos, oftentimes dark and dull as Avernus—that you will have the face to describe dear excellent Captain Lemuel Gulliver of Redriff, and subsequently of Newark, that "darling of children and men," as tedious. It is exactly because he is *not* tedious, because he does not shoot into German foliosity, that Schlosser finds him "*intolerable*." I have justly transferred to Gulliver's use the words originally applied by the poet to the robin red-breast, for it is remarkable that *Gulliver* and the *Arabian Nights* are amongst the few books where children and men find themselves meeting and jostling each other. This was the case from its first publication, just one hundred and twenty years since. "It was received," says Dr. Johnson, "with such avidity, that the price of the first edition was raised before the second could be made—it was read by the high and the low, the learned and the illiterate. Criticism was lost in wonder." Now, on the contrary, Schlosser wonders not at all, but simply criticises; which we could bear, if the criticism were even ingenious. Whereas, he utterly misunderstands Swift, and is a malicious calumniator of the captain who, luckily, roaming in Sherwood, and thinking, often with a sigh, of his little nurse,* Glumdalclitch, won

* Mr. Schlosser, who speaks English, who has read rather too much English for any good that he has turned it to, and who ought to have a keen eye for the English version of his own book, after so much reading and study of it, has, however, overlooked several manifest errors. I do not mean to tax Mr. Davison with general inaccuracy. On the contrary, he seems wary, and in most cases successful as a dealer with the peculiarities of the German. But several cases of error I detect without needing the original: they tell their own story. And one of these I here notice, not only for its own importance, but out of love to Schlosser, and by way of nailing his guarantee to the counter—not altogether as a bad shilling, but as a light one. At p. 5 of Vol. 2, in a foot-note, which is speaking of Kant, we read of his *attempt to introduce the notion of negative greatness into Philosophy. Negative greatness!* What strange bird may *that* be? Is it the *ornithorynchus paradoxus?* Mr. Schlosser was not wide awake *there*. The reference is evidently to Kant's essay upon the advantages of introducing into philosophy the algebraic idea of *negative quantities*. It is one of Kant's grandest gleams into hidden truth. Were it only for the merits of this most masterly essay in reconstituting the algebraic meaning of a *negative quantity* [so generally misunderstood as a *negation* of quantity, and which even Sir Isaac Newton misconstrued as regarded its metaphysics], great would have been the service rendered to logic by Kant. But there is a greater. From this little *brochure* I am satisfied was derived originally the German regeneration of the Dynamic philosophy, its expansion through the idea of polarity, indifference, &c. Oh, Mr. Schlosser, you had not *geprüft* p. 5 of vol. 2. You skipped the notes.

* "Little nurse:"—the word *Glumdalclitch*, in

trouble himself slightly about what Heidelberg might say in the next century. There is but one example on our earth of a novel received with such indiscriminate applause as "Gulliver;" and *that* was "Don Quixote." Many have been welcomed joyfully by a class—these two by a people. Now, could that have happened had it been characterised by dulness? Of all faults, it could least have had *that*. As to the "Tale of a Tub," Schlosser is in such Cimmerian vapours, that no system of bellows could blow open a shaft or tube through which he might gain a glimpse of the English truth and daylight. It is useless talking to such a man on such a subject. I consign him to the attentions of some patriotic Irishman.

Schlosser, however, is right in a graver reflection which he makes upon the prevailing philosophy of Swift, viz., that "all his views were directed towards what was *immediately* beneficial, which is the characteristic of savages." This is undeniable. The meanness of Swift's nature, and his rigid incapacity for dealing with the grandeurs of the human spirit, with religion, with poetry, or even with science, when it rose above the mercenary practical, is absolutely appalling. His own *yahoo* is not a more abominable one-sided degradation of humanity, than is he himself under this aspect. And, perhaps, it places this incapacity of his in its strongest light, when we recur to the fact of his *astonishment* at a religious princess refusing to confer a bishoprick upon one that had treated the Trinity, and all the profoundest mysteries of Christianity, not with mere scepticism, or casual sneer, but with set pompous merriment and farcical buffoonery. This dignitary of the church, Dean of the most conspicuous cathedral in Ireland, had, in full canonicals, made himself into a regular mountebank, for the sake of giving fuller effect, by the force of contrast, to the silliest of jests directed against all that was most inalienable from Christianity. Ridiculing such things, could he, in any just sense, be thought a Christian? But, as Schlosser justly remarks, even ridiculing the peculiarities of Luther and Calvin as he *did* ridicule them, Swift could not be thought other than constitutionally incapable of religion. Even a Pagan philosopher, if made to understand the case, would be incapable of scoffing at any *form*, natural or casual, simple or distorted, which might be assumed by the most solemn of problems—problems that rest with the weight of worlds upon the human spirit—

"Fix'd fate, free-will, fore-knowledge absolute."

the destiny of man, or the relations of man to God. Anger, therefore, Swift *might* feel, and he felt it* to the end of his most wretched life; but what reasonable ground had a man of sense for *astonishment*—that a princess, who (according to her knowledge) was sincerely pious, should decline to place such a man upon an Episcopal throne? This argues, beyond a doubt, that Swift was in that state of constitutional irreligion, irreligion from a vulgar temperament, which imputes to everybody else its own plebeian feelings. People differed, he fancied, not by more and less religion, but by more and less dissimulation. And, therefore, it seemed to him scandalous that a princess, who must, of course, in her heart regard (in common with himself) all mysteries as solemn masques and mummeries, should pretend, in a case of downright serious business, to pump up, out of old dry conventional hoaxes, any solid objection to a man of his shining merit. "*The Trinity*," for instance, *that* he viewed as the password, which the knowing ones gave in answer to the challenge of the sentinel; but, as soon as it had obtained admission for the party within the gates of the camp, it was rightly dismissed to oblivion or to laughter. No case so much illustrates Swift's essential irreligion; since, if he had shared in ordinary human feelings on such subjects, not only he could not have been surprised at his own exclusion from the bench of bishops, *after* such ribaldries, but originally he would have abstained from them as inevitable bars to clerical promotion, even upon principles of public decorum.

As to the *style* of Swift, Mr. Schlosser shows himself without sensibility in his objections, as the often hackneyed English reader shows himself without philosophic knowledge of style in his applause. Schlosser thinks the style of Gulliver "somewhat dull." This shows Schlosser's presumption in speaking upon a point where he wanted, 1st, original delicacy of tact; and, 2dly, familiar knowledge of English. Gulliver's style is *purposely* touched slightly with that dulness of circumstantiality which besets the excellent, but "somewhat dull" race of men—old sea captains. Yet it wears only an aërial tint of dulness; the felicity of this colouring in Swift's management is, that it never goes the length of wearying, but only of giving a comic air of downright Wapping and Rotherhithe verisimilitude. All men grow dull, and ought to be dull, that live under a solemn sense of eternal danger, one inch only of plank (often worm-eaten) between themselves and the grave; and, also, that see for ever one wilderness of waters—sublime, but (like the wilderness on shore) monotonous. All sublime people, being monotonous, have a tendency to be dull, and sublime things also. Milton and Æschylus, the sublimest of men, are crossed at times by a shade of dulness. It is their weak side. But as to a sea captain, a regular nor'-nor'-wester, and sou'-sou'-easter, he ought to be kicked out of the room if he is *not* dull. It is not "ship-shape," or barely

Brobdingnagian, absolutely *means little nurse*, and nothing else. It may seem odd that the captain should call any nurse of Brobdingnag, however kind to him, by such an epithet as *little*; and the reader may fancy that Sherwood forest had put it into his head, where Robin Hood always called his right hand man "Little John," not *although*, but expressly *because* John stood seven feet high in his stockings. But the truth is—that Glumdalclitch *was* little; and literally so; she was only nine years old, and (says the captain,) "little of her age," being barely forty feet high. She had time to grow certainly, but as she had so much to do before she could overtake other women, it is probable that she would turn out what, in Westmoreland, they call a *little stiffenger*—very little, if at all, higher than a common English church steeple.

* See his bitter letters to Lady Suffolk.

tolerable, that he should be otherwise. Yet, after all, considering what I have stated about Captain Gulliver's nine voyages crowding into one pocket volume, he cannot really have much abused his professional licence for being dull. Indeed, one has to look out an excuse for his being so little dull; which excuse is found in the fact that he had studied three years at a learned university. Captain Gulliver, though a sailor, I would have you to know, was a gownsman of Cambridge: so says Swift, who knew more about the Captain than anybody now-a-days. Cantabs are all horsemen, *ergo*, Gulliver was fit for any thing, from the *wooden shoon* of Cambridge up to the Horse Marines.

Now, on the other hand, you, common-place reader, that (as an old tradition) believe Swift's style to be a model of excellence, hereafter I shall say a word to you, drawn from deeper principles. At present I content myself with these three propositions, which overthrow if you can :—

1. That the merit, which justly you ascribe to Swift, is *vernacularity;* he never forgets his mother-tongue in exotic forms, unless we may call Irish exotic; for Hibernicisms he certainly has. This merit, however, is exhibited—not, as *you* fancy, in a graceful artlessness, but in a coarse inartificiality. To be artless, and to be inartificial, are very different things; as different as being natural and being gross; as different as being simple and being homely.

2. That whatever, meantime, be the particular sort of excellence, or the value of the excellence, in the style of Swift, he had it in common with multitudes beside of that age. De Foe wrote a style for all the world the same as to kind and degree of excellence, only pure from Hibernicisms. So did every honest skipper [Dampier was something more] who had occasion to record his voyages in this world of storms. So did many a hundred of religious writers. And what wonder should there be in this, when the main qualification for such a style was plain good sense, natural feeling, unpretendingness, some little scholarly practice in putting together the clockwork of sentences, so as to avoid mechanical awkwardness of construction, but above all the advantage of a *subject*, such in its nature as instinctively to reject ornament, lest it should draw off attention from itself? Such subjects are common; but grand impassioned subjects insist upon a different treatment; and *there* it is that the true difficulties of style commence.

3. [Which partly is suggested by the last remark.] That nearly all the blockheads with whom I have at any time had the pleasure of conversing upon the subject of style (and pardon me for saying that men of the most sense are apt, upon two subjects, viz., poetry and style, to talk *most* like blockheads), have invariably regarded Swift's style not as if *relatively* good [*i. e. given* a proper subject], but as if *absolutely* good—good unconditionally, no matter what the subject. Now, my friend, suppose the case, that the Dean had been required to write a pendant for Sir Walter Raleigh's immortal apostrophe to Death, or to many passages that I will select in Sir Thomas Brown's "Religio Medici," and his "Urn-burial," or to Jeremy Taylor's inaugural sections of his "Holy Living and Dying," do you know what would have happened? Are you aware what sort of ridiculous figure your poor bald Jonathan would have cut? About the same that would be cut by a forlorn scullion or waiter from a greasy eating-house at Rotterdam, if suddenly called away in vision to act as seneschal to the festival of Belshazzar the king, before a thousand of his lords.

Schlosser, after saying any thing right and true (and he really did say the true thing about Swift's *essential* irreligion), usually becomes exhausted, like a boa-constrictor after eating his half-yearly dinner. The boa gathers himself up, it is to be hoped for a long fit of dyspepsy, in which the horns and hoofs that he has swallowed may chance to avenge the poor goat that owned them. Schlosser, on the other hand, retires into a corner, for the purpose of obstinately talking nonsense, until the gong sounds again for a slight refection of sense. Accordingly he likens Swift, before he has done with him, to whom? I might safely allow the reader three years for guessing, if the greatest of wagers were depending between us. He likens him to Kotzebue, in the first place. How faithful the resemblance! How exactly Swift reminds you of Count Benyowski in Siberia, and of Mrs. Haller moping her eyes in the "Stranger!" One really is puzzled to say, according to the negro's logic, whether Mrs. Haller is more like the Dean of St Patrick's, or the Dean more like Mrs. Haller. Anyhow, the likeness is prodigious, if it is not quite reciprocal. The other *terminus* of the comparison is Wieland. Now there *is* some shadow of a resemblance there. For Wieland had a touch of the comico-cynical in his nature; and it is notorious that he was often called the German Voltaire, which argues some tiger-monkey grin that traversed his features at intervals. Wieland's malice, however, was far more playful and genial than Swift's; something of this is shown in his romance of "Idris," and oftentimes in his prose. But what the world knows Wieland by is his "Oberon." Now in this gay, musical romance of Sir Huon and his enchanted horn, with its gleams of voluptuousness, is there a possibility that any suggestion of a scowling face like Swift's should cross the festal scenes?

From Swift the scene changes to Addison and Steele. Steele is of less importance; for, though a man of greater intellectual activity* than Ad-

* "*Activity.*"—It is some sign of this, as well as of the more thoroughly English taste in literature which distinguished Steele, that hardly twice throughout the "Spectator" is Shakspere quoted or alluded to by Addison. Even these quotations he had from the theatre, or the breath of popular talk. Generally, if you see a line from Shakspere, it is safe to bet largely that the paper is Steele's; sometimes, indeed, of casual contributors; but, almost to a certainty, *not* a paper of Addison's. Another mark of Steele's superiority in vigour of intellect is, that much oftener in *him* than in other contributors strong thoughts came forward; harsh and disproportioned, perhaps, to the case, and never harmoniously developed with the genial grace of Addison, but original, and pregnant with promise and suggestion.

dison, he had far less of genius. So I turn him out, as one would turn out upon a heath a ram that had missed his way into one's tulip preserve; requesting him to fight for himself against Schlosser, or others that may molest him. But, so far as concerns Addison, I am happy to support the character of Schlosser for consistency, by assuring the reader that, of all the monstrosities uttered by any man upon Addison, and of all the monstrosities uttered by Schlosser upon any man, a thing which he says about Addison is the worst. But this I reserve for a climax at the end. Schlosser really puts his best leg foremost at starting, and one thinks he's going to mend; for he catches a truth, viz., the following—that all the brilliances of the Queen Anne period (which so many inconsiderate people have called the Augustan age of our literature) "point to this—that the reading public wished to be entertained, not roused to think; to be gently moved, not deeply excited." Undoubtedly what strikes a man in Addison, or *will* strike him when indicated, is the coyness and timidity, almost the girlish shame, which he betrays in the presence of all the elementary majesties belonging to impassioned or idealised nature. Like one bred in crowded cities, when first left alone in forests or amongst mountains, he is frightened at their silence, their solitude, their magnitude of form, or their frowning glooms. It has been remarked by others that Addison and his companions never rise to the idea of addressing the "nation" or the "people;" it is always the "town." Even their audience was conceived of by *them* under a limited form. Yet for this they had some excuse in the state of facts. A man would like at this moment to assume that Europe and Asia were listening to him; and as some few copies of his book do really go to Paris and Naples, some to Calcutta, there is a sort of legal fiction that such an assumption is steadily taking root. Yet, unhappily, that ugly barrier of languages interferes. Schamyl, the Circassian chief, though much of a savage, is not so wanting in taste and discernment as to be backward in reading any book of yours or mine. Doubtless he yearns to read it. But then, you see, that infernal *Tchirkass* language steps between our book, the darling, and *him*, the discerning reader. Now, just such a barrier existed for the Spectator in the travelling arrangements of England. The very few old heavies that had begun to creep along three or four main roads, depended so much on wind and weather, their chances of foundering were so uncalculated, their periods of revolution were so cometary and uncertain, that no body of scientific observations had yet been collected to warrant a prudent man in risking a heavy bale of goods; and, on the whole, even for York, Norwich, or Winchester, a consignment of "*Specs*" was not quite a safe spec. Still, I could have told the Spectator who was anxious to make money, where he might have been sure of a distant sale, though returns would have been slow, viz., at Oxford and Cambridge. We know from Milton that old Hobson delivered his parcels pretty regularly eighty years before 1710. And, one generation before *that*, it is plain, by the interesting (though somewhat Jacobinical) letters* of Joseph Mede, the commenter on the Apocalypse, that news and politics of one kind or other (and scandal of *every* kind) found out for themselves a sort of contraband lungs to breathe through between London and Cambridge; not quite so regular in their *systole* and *diastole* as the tides of ebb and flood, but better than nothing. If you consigned a packet into the proper hands on the 1st of May, "as sure as death" (to speak *Scotticè*) it would be delivered within sixty miles of the capital before midsummer. Still there were delays; and these forced a man into carving his world out of London. That excuses the word *town*. Inexcusable, however, were many other forms of expression in those days, which argued cowardly feelings. One would like to see a searching investigation into the state of society in Anne's days—its extreme artificiality, its sheepish reserve upon all the impassioned grandeurs, its shameless outrages upon all the decencies of human nature. Certain it is, that Addison (because everybody) was in that meanest of conditions which blushes at any expression of sympathy with the lovely, the noble, or the impassioned. The wretches were ashamed of their own nature, and perhaps with reason; for in their own denaturalised hearts they read only a degraded nature. Addison, in particular, shrank from every bold and every profound expression as from an offence against good taste. He durst not for his life have used the word "passion" except in the vulgar sense of an angry paroxysm. He durst as soon have danced a hornpipe on the top of the "monument" as have talked of a "rapturous emotion." What *would* he have said? Why, "sentiments that were of a nature to prove agreeable after an unusual rate." In their odious verses, the creatures of that age talk of love as something that "burns" them. You suppose at first that they are discoursing of tallow candles, though you cannot imagine by what impertinence they address *you*, that are no tallow-chandler, upon such painful subjects. And, when they apostrophise the woman of their heart (for you are to understand that they pretend to such an organ), they beseech her to "ease their pain." Can human meanness descend lower? As if the man, being ill from pleurisy, therefore had a right to take a lady for one of the dressers in an hospital, whose duty it would be to fix a burgundy-pitch plaster between his shoulders. Ah, the monsters! Then to read of their Phillises, and Strephons, and Chloes, and Corydons—names that, by their very non-reality amongst names of flesh and blood, proclaim the fantasticalness of the life with which they are poetically connected—it throws me into such convulsions of rage, that I move to the window, and (without thinking what I am about) throw it up, calling, "*Police! police!*" What's

* "Letters of Joseph Mede," published more than twenty years ago by Sir Henry Ellis.

that for? What can the police do in the business? Why, certainly nothing. What I meant in my dream was, perhaps [but one forgets *what* one meant upon recovering one's temper], that the police should take Strephon and Corydon into custody, whom I fancied at the other end of the room. And really the justifiable fury, that arises upon recalling such abominable attempts at bucolic sentiment in such abominable language, sometimes transports me into a luxurious vision sinking back through 130 years, in which I see Addison, Phillips, both John and Ambrose, Tickell, Fickell, Budgell, and Cudgell, with many others beside, all cudgelled in a round robin, none claiming precedency of another, none able to shrink from his own dividend, until a voice seems to recall me to milder thoughts by saying, "But surely, my friend, you never could wish to see Addison cudgelled? Let Strephon and Corydon be cudgelled without end, if the police can show any warrant for doing it. But Addison was a man of great genius." True, he was so. I recollect it suddenly, and will back out of any angry things that I have been misled into saying by Schlosser, who, by-the-bye, was right, after all, for a wonder. But now I will turn my whole fury in vengeance upon Schlosser. And, looking round for a stone to throw at him, I observe this. Addison could not be so entirely careless of exciting the public to think and feel, as Schlosser pretends, when he took so much pains to inoculate that public with a sense of the Miltonic grandeur. The "Paradise Lost" had then been published barely forty years, which was nothing in an age without reviews; the editions were still scanty; and though no Addison could eventually promote, for the instant he quickened, the circulation. If I recollect, Tonson's accurate revision of the text followed immediately upon Addison's papers. And it is certain that Addison† must have diffused the knowledge of Milton upon the continent, from signs that soon followed. But does not this prove that I myself have been in the wrong as well as Schlosser? No: that's impossible. Schlosser's always in the wrong; but it's the next thing to an impossibility that I should be detected in an error: philosophically speaking, it is supposed to involve a contradiction. "But surely I said the very same thing as Schlosser by assenting to what he said." Maybe I did: but then I have time to make a distinction, because my article is not yet finished; we are only at page 6 or 7; whereas Schlosser can't make any distinction now, because his book's printed; and his list of *errata* (which is shocking, though he does not confess to the thousandth part) is actually published. My distinction is—that, though Addison generally hated the impassioned, and shrank from it as from a fearful thing, yet this was when it combined with forms of life and fleshy realities (as in dramatic works), but not when it combined with elder forms of eternal abstractions. Hence, he did not read, and did not like Shakspere; the music was here too rapid and life-like: but he sympathised profoundly with the solemn cathedral chaunting of Milton. An appeal to his sympathies which exacted quick changes in those sympathies he could not meet, but a more stationary *key* of solemnity he *could*. Indeed, this difference is illustrated daily. A long list can be cited of passages in Shakspere, which have been solemnly denounced by many eminent men (all blockheads) as ridiculous: and if a man *does* find a passage in a tragedy that displeases him, it is sure to seem ludicrous: witness the indecent exposures of themselves made by Voltaire, La Harpe, and many billions beside of bilious people. Whereas, of all the shameful people (equally billions, and not less bilious) that have presumed to quarrel with Milton, not one has thought him ludicrous, but only dull and somnolent. In "Lear" and in "Hamlet," as in a human face agitated by passion, are many things that tremble on the brink of the ludicrous to an observer endowed with small range of sympathy or intellect. But no man ever found the starry heavens ludicrous, though many find them dull, and prefer a near view of a brandy flask. So in the solemn wheelings of the Miltonic movement, Addison could find a sincere delight. But the sublimities of earthly misery and of human frenzy were for him a book sealed. Beside all which, Milton renewed the types of Grecian beauty as to *form*, whilst Shakspere, without designing at all to contradict these types, did so, in effect, by his fidelity to a new nature, radiating from a Gothic centre.

In the midst, however, of much just feeling, which one could only wish a little deeper, in the Addisonian papers on "Paradise Lost," there are some gross blunders of criticism, as there are in Dr. Johnson, and from the self-same cause—an understanding suddenly palsied from defective passion. A feeble capacity of passion must, upon a question of passion, constitute a feeble range of intellect. But, after all, the worst thing uttered by Addison in these papers is, not *against* Milton, but meant to be complimentary. Towards enhancing the splendour of the great poem, he tells us that it is a Grecian palace as to amplitude, symmetry, and architectural skill; but being in the English language, it is to be regarded as if built in brick; whereas, had it been so happy as to be written in Greek, then it would have been a palace built in Parian marble. Indeed! that's smart—"that's handsome, I calculate." Yet, before a man undertakes to sell his mother tongue, as old pewter trucked against gold, he should be quite sure of his own metallurgic skill; because else, the gold may happen to be copper, and the pewter to be silver. Are you quite sure, my Addison, that you have understood the powers of this language which you toss away so lightly, as an old tea-kettle? Is it a ruled case that you have exhausted its resources? Nobody doubts your grace in a certain line of composition, but it

† It is an idea of many people, and erroneously sanctioned by Wordsworth, that Lord Somers gave a powerful lift to the "Paradise Lost." He was a subscriber to the sixth edition, the first that had plates; but this was some years before the Revolution of 1688, and when he was simply Mr Somers, a barrister, with no effectual power of patronage.

is only one line among many, and it is far from being amongst the highest. It is dangerous, without examination, to sell even old kettles; misers conceal old stockings filled with guineas in old tea-kettles; and we all know that Aladdin's servant, by exchanging an old lamp for a new one, caused an Iliad of calamities: his master's palace jumped from Bagdad to some place on the road to Ashantee; Mrs. Aladdin and the piccaninies were carried off as inside passengers; and Aladdin himself only escaped being lagged, for a rogue and a conjuror, by a flying jump after his palace. Now, mark the folly of man. Most of the people I am going to mention subscribed, generally, to the supreme excellence of Milton; but each wished for a little change to be made—which, and which only was wanted to perfection. Dr. Johnson, though he pretended to be satisfied with the "Paradise Lost," even in what he regarded as the undress of blank verse, still secretly wished it in rhyme. That's No. 1. Addison, though quite content with it in English, still could have wished it in Greek. That's No. 2. Bentley, though admiring the blind old poet in the highest degree, still observed, smilingly, that after all he *was* blind; he, therefore, slashing Dick, could have wished that the great man had always been surrounded by honest people; but, as that was not to be, he could have wished that his amanuensis had been hanged; but, as that also had become impossible, he could wish to do execution upon him in effigy, by sinking, burning, and destroying his handywork—upon which basis of posthumous justice, he proceeded to amputate all the finest passages in the poem. Slashing Dick was No. 3. Payne Knight was a severer man even than slashing Dick; he professed to look upon the first book of "Paradise Lost" as the finest thing that earth had to show; but, for that very reason, he could have wished, by your leave, to see the other eleven books sawed off, and sent overboard; because, though tolerable perhaps in another situation, they really were a national disgrace, when standing behind that unrivalled portico of book 1. There goes No. 4. Then came a fellow, whose name was either not on his title page, or I have forgotten it, that pronounced the poem to be laudable, and full of good materials; but still he could have wished that the materials had been put together in a more workmanlike manner; which kind office he set about himself. He made a general clearance of all lumber: the expression of every thought he entirely re-cast: and he fitted up the metre with beautiful patent rhymes; not, I believe, out of any consideration for Dr. Johnson's comfort, but on principles of mere abstract decency: as it was, the poem seemed naked, and yet was not ashamed. There went No. 5. *Him* succeeded a droller fellow than any of the rest. A French bookseller had caused a prose French translation to be made of the "Paradise Lost," without particularly noticing its English origin, or at least not in the title page. Our friend, No. 6, getting hold of this as an original French romance, translated it back into English prose, as a satisfactory novel for the season. His little mistake was at length discovered, and communicated to him with shouts of laughter; on which, after considerable kicking and plunging (for a man cannot but turn restive when he finds that he has not only got the wrong sow by the ear, but actually sold the sow to a bookseller), the poor translator was tamed into sulkiness; in which state he observed that he could have wished his own work, being evidently so much superior to the earliest form of the romance, might be admitted by the courtesy of England to take the precedency as the original "Paradise Lost," and to supersede the very rude performance of "Milton, Mr. John."*

Schlosser makes the astounding assertion, that a compliment of Boileau to Addison, and a pure compliment of ceremony upon Addison's early Latin verses, was (*credite posteri!*) the making of Addison in England. Understand, Schlosser, that Addison's Latin verses were never heard of by England, until long after his English prose had fixed the public attention upon him; his Latin reputation was a slight reaction from his English reputation: and, secondly, understand that Boileau had at no time any such authority in England as to *make* anybody's reputation; he had first of all to make his own. A sure proof of this is, that Boileau's name was first published to London, by Prior's burlesque of what the Frenchman had called an ode. This gasconading ode celebrated the passage of the Rhine in 1672, and the capture of that famous fortress called *Skink* ("le fameux fort de"), by Louis XIV., known to London at the time of Prior's parody by the name of "Louis Baboon."† *That* was not likely to recommend Master Boileau to any of the allies against the said Baboon, had it ever been heard of out of France. Nor was it likely to make him popular in England, that his name was first mentioned amongst shouts of laughter and mockery. It is another argument of the slight notoriety possessed by Boileau in England—that no attempt was ever made to translate even his satires, epistles, or "Lutrin," except by booksellers' hacks; and that no such version ever took the slightest root amongst ourselves, from Addison's day to this very summer of 1847. Boileau was essentially, and in two senses, viz., both as to mind and as to influence, *un homme borné*.

Addison's "Blenheim" is poor enough; one might think it a translation from some German original of those times. Gottsched's aunt, or Bodmer's wet-nurse, might have written it; but still no fibs even as to "Blenheim." His "enemies" did not say this thing against "Blenheim" "aloud," nor his friends that thing against it "softly." And why? Because at that time (1704—5) he had made no particular enemies, nor any particular

* "*Milton, Mr. John:*"—Dr. Johnson expressed his wrath, in an amusing way, at some bookseller's hack who, when employed to make an index, introduced Milton's name among the Ms, under the civil title of—"Milton, Mr. John."

† "*Louis Baboon*":—As people read nothing in these days that is more than forty-eight hours old, I am daily admonished that allusions the most obvious to anything in the rear of our own time, needs explanation. *Louis Baboon* is Swift's jesting name for *Louis Bourbon, i.e.*, Louis XIV.

friends; unless by friends you mean his Whig patrons, and by enemies his tailor and co.

As to "Cato," Schlosser, as usual, wanders in the shadow of ancient night. The English "people," it seems, so "extravagantly applauded" this wretched drama, that you might suppose them to have "altogether changed their nature," and to have forgotten Shakspere. That man must have forgotten Shakspere, indeed, and from *ramollissement* of the brain, who could admire "Cato." "But," says Schlosser, 'it was only a 'fashion;' and the English soon repented." The English could not repent of a crime which they had never committed. Cato was not popular for a moment, nor tolerated for a moment, upon any literary ground, or as a work of art. It was an apple of temptation and strife thrown by the goddess of faction between two infuriated parties. "Cato," coming from a man without Parliamentary connexions, would have dropped lifeless to the ground. The Whigs have always affected a special love and favour for popular counsels: they have never ceased to give themselves the best of characters as regards public freedom. The Tories, as contradistinguished to the Jacobites, knowing that without *their* aid, the Revolution could not have been carried, most justly contended that the national liberties had been at least as much indebted to themselves. When, therefore, the Whigs put forth *their* man Cato to mouth speeches about liberty, as exclusively *their* pet, and about patriotism and all that sort of thing, saying insultingly to the Tories, "How do you like *that?* Does *that* sting?" "Sting, indeed!" replied the Tories; "not at all; it's quite refreshing to us, that the Whigs have not utterly disowned such sentiments, which, by their public acts, we really thought they *had*." And, accordingly, as the popular anecdote tells us, a Tory leader, Lord Bolingbroke, sent for Booth who performed Cato, and presented him (*populo spectante*) with fifty guineas "for defending so well the cause of the people against a perpetual dictator." In which words, observe, Lord Bolingbroke at once asserted the cause of his own party, and launched a sarcasm against a great individual opponent, viz., Marlborough. Now, Mr. Schlosser, I have mended your harness; all right ahead; so drive on once more.

But, oh Castor and Pollux, whither—in what direction is it, that the man is driving us? Positively, Schlosser, you must stop and let *me* get out. I'll go no further with such a drunken coachman. Many another absurd thing I was going to have noticed, such as his utter perversion of what Mandeville said about Addison (viz., by suppressing one word, and misapprehending all the rest). Such, again, as his point-blank misstatement of Addison's infirmity in his official character, which was *not* that "he could not prepare despatches in a good style," but diametrically the opposite case—that he insisted too much on style, to the serious retardation of public business. But all these things are as nothing to what Schlosser says elsewhere. He actually describes Addison, on the whole, as a "dull prosaist," and the patron of pedantry! Addison, the man of all that ever lived most hostile even to what was good in pedantry, to its tendencies towards the profound in erudition and the non-popular; Addison, the champion of all that is easy, natural, superficial, a pedant and a master of pedantry! Get down, Schlosser, this moment; or let *me* get out.

(To be concluded in next Number.)

THE TORTURED BOOR.

BY DAVID VEDDER.

(*From the German.*)

A rumour through the village runs,
That Gretchen I've been wooing;
The little hypocrite I fear
Will yet be my undoing;
In agony I sat,
While that unwieldy booby Hans,
Met with her, as it were by chance,
And squired her to the village dance;
Now only think of that!

Next Easter, it will be a year,
I scrap'd some cash together,
And bought the minx a ribbon rare,
And eke, a braw new feather
To grace her Sunday's hat:
Next week, with sorrow and alarm,
And flush'd with indignation warm,
I saw them walking arm-in-arm;
Now only think of that!

Next Sunday in the chapel loft
I went to my devotions,
Resolved to banish jealousy,
And all such silly notions;
And gravely down I sat.
But ah! when I beheld the pair,
Alas I could not join in prayer;
But, horror-struck, I rush'd down stair:
Now only think of that!

To visit her I deck'd myself,
As for a marriage feast;
My granda's buckles in my shoon,
My father's Sunday's vest,
My uncle's white cravat;
But when I came, the bird was flown,
They both had to the greenwood gone,
And there they flirted all alone;
Now only think of that!

Impell'd by mingled rage and love
For this false-hearted woman,
I sought that burly traitor Hans,
And met him on the common,
My ribbon round his hat!
With heart and hand we to it went,
Like bloodhounds struggling on the beat;
He thrash'd me to my heart's content,
Now only think of that!

Heart-sick, and lame, I limp'd within,
A month, and haply more;
At length I ventured forth, and found
Myself at Gretschen's door;
When, stealthy as a cat,
I peep'd, and saw the clownish knave
Kneel down, and kiss her hand—the slave!
I wish'd myself in mother's grave;
Now only think of that!

Ah! faithless Gretchen! think upon
The bliss we both enjoy'd,
Ere Hans, the hound's-foot won your heart,
And all my hopes destroy'd
By his malicious chat;
A long farewell—I'll poison take,
Or drown myself in yonder lake,
Or twist a halter round my neck:
At least I'll *think* of that!

LADY GEORGIANA FULLERTON'S GRANTLEY MANOR.

In a second work, some palpable advance in Romanism, or *Puseyism*, or the modern nondescript faith, hovering between the two, together, with a high flavour of *Young Englandism*, might have been looked for from so eloquent and zealous an adherent and expositor as the authoress of "Ellen Middleton." Lady Georgiana has shown better taste. Her Catholicism is as decided as ever, but the machinery, the apparatus—if we may use the words—of the sensuous and scenic features of the religion which she admires apparently as much in its letter as in its spirit, is not so frequently obtruded upon the readers; and as for "Grantley Manor"—which might, from the name, be preconceived the very spot on which the disciples of Mr. Newman, or of "the Old Religion," were to renew the Golden Age,—it gives an unmeaning, but convenient title to the romance, and nothing more.

As in "Ellen Middleton," the interest of the book turns upon a fatal secret, pent up in the bosom of the unhappy heroine, and one other person only. In "Ellen Middleton" the efficacy and duty of confession, and the comfort and blessing of priestly absolution are directly and indirectly shown. How much causeless remorse and mortal agony might those pious provisions of the indulgent Catholic Church have spared to the innocent victim of an involuntary crime, who had never known the blessedness of pouring forth her troubles and sins at the feet of a holy priest, the successor of the Apostles! A few grains of plain sense would, indeed, in this case have been sufficient to extricate the unfortunate heroine from all her perplexities, and many of her griefs, but in the instance of Ginevra Leslie, the impassioned Italian girl, the rigid Catholic, the distress is more complicated, as with her the ardent love, and devoted affection of a wife are either conflicting or directly opposed to the clearest dictates of conscience.

The story or plot is simple. Of incidents there are few; of characters not many out of the common routine of three volumed serious romance; of ordinary life, in its everyday interests and ongoings, there is very little.

Some twenty years before the tale begins—which opens at Grantley Manor—on a sunshiny evening, symbolically following a rainy day—Henry Leslie, the heir of the domain, on leaving Oxford and settling on his estate, had married a quiet, gentle girl, the daughter of the village rector. She died within two years, bequeathing to his love the infant Margaret, one of the heroines of our two-fold story. Leslie was not yet twenty-three. He went to Italy to dissipate his grief; new tastes, interests, and excitements, arose amid new scenes; the fiery and poetic Leslie became a new man; and was finally completely Italianized by the exquisite beauty and innocent fascination of the sister of a young painter with whom he became intimate at Rome. We are left somewhat in doubt whether Leslie was converted to the Catholic religion or not before Father Francesco permitted his niece and disciple to become the bride of one who "knelt not at the same altar with themselves;" but are led to infer that two Protestant English gentlemen, Leslie and Neville, made the sacrifice of their religion, while much of the interest of the tale turns upon the exalted steadfastness, the sublime heroism with which Leslie's youngest daughter, Ginevra, the sole child of his Italian marriage, clung to what is represented as her more soul-sustaining and exalting faith.

Leslie had obtained his idol, purchased at whatever sacrifice, and remained with her in Italy, uncertain, or but too certain, of the reception which a foreigner and a Catholic, who was "not even a lady," whatever were her loveliness, or her genius, and virtues, might expect in cold, prejudiced, Reformed England.

Two years of bliss passed; and again the young and widowed husband was left alone with the infant Ginevra, who was nearly three years younger than Margaret, her English sister. He left both his infant girls to the care of their respective relatives, each to be reared up in the faith of her mother, and spent a long series of years in Spain and India, a cold and reserved, if not a stern and heartless man. His Italian marriage, which, to his friends in England, had been as brief as unwelcome, was never talked of at Grantley Manor; and Margaret, as she grew up, could only guess that she had a sister.

Under the care of a worthy but common-place English governess, indulged by her grand parents, and caressed and spoiled by every one, the little heiress passed a happy childhood and girlhood, indebted for much that was bright in her lot, and all that was noble in her character, to the guardian superintendence of Walter Sydney, the friend of her father, and, in past days, the silent adorer of her mother; one, in short, of these middle-aged guardian angels who, with a romantic admixture of paternal, angelic, and mere earthly love, watch over their wayward charges, silently endure a world of doubt and agony, while the perverse girl is wasting her affections upon one or more young rivals; and, finally, all perplexities cleared away, become the happy husbands of contented and even happy wives—young ladies who, after some experience of the trials of life, have found out that first, romantic love, with all its delusive illusions, is but as the crackling of thorns under a pot. The loves of Walter—"Old Walter," as the petulant and charming girl whom he spoiled called him—proceed and terminate in the best and only approved way in all such cases, "made and provided." A great deal of delicacy, disinterestedness, and misery, on the part of the sensitive, elderly lover, who "might have been her father," and on the part of the heroine, the usual illusions of passion, and the torture of ill-placed or unrequited love. For it is with the husband of her sister that Margaret has unconsciously

fallen in love, and thus fearfully complicated the misery of Ginevra, resulting from a clandestine or secret marriage.—In Verona, Edmund Neville, a young Irish gentleman, on his travels, had seen this lovely girl, and acted the self-same part that her father, Colonel Leslie, had done in the same circumstances, seventeen years before. But with this difference, that Leslie was his own master, and Neville, the only son and heir of a Protestant gentleman, who, on hearing a rumour of his son's attachment to an Italian girl, a Catholic, had vowed to disown and disinherit him, and who took measures to make good his purpose, if ever Edmund should marry a Catholic. The threat came too late. The guardian spirit of the young Ginevra, her grand uncle Father Francesco, had gone on a mission to South America—her uncle, the enthusiastic artist, was dying—her father was far distant, and little remembered—and Ginevra, who believed her lover's addresses sanctioned by his family, and whose religion seems to have offered no obstacle to her marriage with a heretic, obeyed her own secret heart, and the wishes of her uncle, and, though with some natural misgivings, became the wife of Neville. Though aware of his father's "prejudices," Edmund, swayed at this time only by blind passion, flattered himself that if the irreparable deed was done, he, an only son, would soon be pardoned, and quickly received into favour.

From a dream of rapture the young pair were awakened by letters from Edmund's father, expressive of his cruel resolution; but written in ignorance of the step his son had taken. Ginevra quickly apprehended something like the truth. She snatched the fatal letter.

"A thousand new and startling thoughts seemed to rise in her mind during that moment. She understood the past; she foresaw the future; a fearful revolution was taking place within her. In his blind and selfish passion, this man who was by her side, who was holding her hand, who was watching her whilst she read—this man had made her the instrument of his own ruin; had placed her, in her unsuspecting helplessness, between himself, and duty, and honour, and happiness, and there—there she must remain, like the angel's sword in the apostate prophet's path, where the hand of God had placed her—and from that path of duty and of misery she must not swerve. She saw it, she felt it; her heart sickened within her, her brain almost gave way; reason would have forsaken her, even love might have failed her in that her hour of need—but religion was there, and the torrent was stemmed, and the path was clear, and the victory was won. The past was irrevocable; the future must be met by him and by herself in the spirit of expiation—where sin or error had been; of resignation—where the sin or the error had been involuntary. No reproach passed her lips; there was reproach, and he felt it, in the increased paleness of her cheek, and in the tremulous accents of her voice, as she asked him, in a subdued tone ——

"'And now, my Edmund, what can we do?'"

"He hid his face in his hands, and remained silent. He dared not tell her how desperate was the struggle in his heart between his passion for her and his reluctance to forego those worldly advantages which his marriage with her threatened to destroy. It had never occurred to him for an instant to suppose that his father had the power, even if he had the will, to disinherit him, and this stunning intelligence was communicated for the first time in the letter that informed him of the strength and of the inveterate nature of that father's prejudices against the religion which his wife professed."

Information, through another channel, and from his mother, confirmed Neville's worst apprehensions.

"This news had fallen like a thunderbolt on the heart of Ginevra's husband, and never did a more fearful storm rage in any human breast than swayed his in that hour. He loved her ardently; and even in that moment did not regret that he had bound her to himself by irrevocable ties; she was his, and must be his for ever; but the threatened consequences of that act must be guarded against, and his marriage remain a secret till such time as he should succeed in overpowering his father's objections; or, at least, in weakening the strength of his prejudices. Perhaps, also, some vague hope crossed his mind that he might work a change in her religious creed, and then the daughter of Colonel Leslie, and the convert to Protestantism, would be hailed by his family as the most welcome bride he could present to them."

And now the conflict of duty and affection, in the breast of the heroine, may be presumed to begin. But there is no such conflict. Ginevra, assailed by every influence that can move a sentient being, sacrifices her happiness, and almost her fame, to her husband's selfish interests and wishes; but remains as inflexible to her religion as Neville's "bigoted father" did to his—a steadfastness which, in her character, is pictured as the noblest self-devotion, the highest heroism, while persons like Neville's ultra-protestant father, though to be respected for their conscientious motives, are described as "too stern, too inflexible, not to create despair in the hearts of those who see no point by which to approach, no weakness by which to soften, no emotion by which to work on their rugged conscientiousness and smooth impassibility."

In the extremity of their fate Ginevra, sustained by her Catholic faith, counselled her husband nobly. "Truth, truth; for heaven's sake truth—and then misery and wretchedness, if God pleases!" But Edmund wanted both her faith and her courage, and tacitly, at least, she consented that their union should remain a secret. In these distracted days, an unexpected letter from her father, who had returned to England, directed Ginevra, who had now lost her uncle, to join him. By a singular coincidence, she was to travel under the care of Mr. and Mrs. Warren, the latter the sister of Neville's father. This was unexpected relief to Edmund. His wife would, in the meanwhile, be safe under the protection of her family, and their secret inviolate, while he proceeded alone to Ireland, to smooth difficulties which no longer seemed insurmountable.

"Ginevra, once established in her father's house, acknowledged openly as his daughter, idolized as she must be by all who came near her, would stand in the eyes of his family in a very different light from the Italian girl, the niece of an Italian priest, the very name of whose country and of whose creed would be abhorrent to their most cherished prejudices. The sight of her father's handwriting strangely affected Ginevra, and for the first time a sense of guilt and remorse took possession of her soul. Instead of being (as poor Leonardo had assured her) in some remote part of India, he was returning to his own country at the very moment when she had married without his consent, and she must meet him again with a secret in her heart, and in his home, and by

his side, bear his own name, which she had neither the right to assume nor the power to forego. Almost a child in years, quite a child in guileless simplicity, she was to begin life with a woman's heart, and a woman's hardest trial—married, she was to bear the torment of suspense and the burthen of long concealment—innocent, she was to endure the trembling anxiety, the keen apprehension of guilt—she almost flinched from the task, and her courage well nigh forsook her. But even remorse—if the nervous regret, the newly awakened pang of recollection could be termed remorse, where even error had scarcely been—was not selfish in that pure heart and gentle spirit. Her sin, for such she now called it, was confessed in deep penitence, and each suffering in store for her she hailed as the purifying expiation which God would appoint and at last accept. On the following day, she spent an hour in the chapel, where she had so often knelt, and in the place where she had received Father Francesco's parting blessing, she prayed for him, and her heart whispered that he was praying for her. Perhaps it was his prayer which was obtaining for her at that moment the peace and the strength she so much needed. As the shades of evening were closing, Edmund Neville came to fetch her."

They parted:—and Edmund reached his home, his secret choking in his throat. His father's first act was to place his hand on the Family Bible of the mansion whose decorations were relics of the battle of the Boyne and pictures of the siege of Londonderry, and solemnly swear by the sacred book, and all that it revealed, never to consent to his son's marriage with a Roman Catholic.

"All served to warn Edmund of the deeply-rooted religious and political prejudices of his family. He was silent and abstracted, and the conversation was chiefly sustained by his father and the clergyman of the parish. It often touched on the state of the country, and the religious animosity which prevailed in it. His heart sank within him as he listened to the bitterness of party feeling which appeared in every word that was uttered; and when, in the family prayers that night, Mr. Neville solemnly implored that his household and home might ever be preserved from the inroads of infidelity and popery, and never harbour a Papist among them, the image of Ginevra rose before him, as she had stood with her meek and fervent eyes raised to Heaven, pleading with him the cause of truth and of eternity."

Edmund had been bred in luxury, and habituated to extravagance. "Work he could not; to beg he was ashamed;" and, worse than all, he was deeply in debt. He perceived that, to contend with his father's "iron rigidity of purpose was altogether hopeless, and now the idea first suggested itself, and gradually strengthened in his mind, "*that Ginevra must give way.*" She was young; her convictions could not be very deeply rooted, and the example of others, his earnest solicitations, and the combined force of circumstances, might bring about what he so ardently desired.

"So confident did he feel of success, that his spirits rose, and he amused his imagination with various pictures of the time when he would declare his marriage to the astonished world, and bring Ginevra home in triumph to his delighted family. His first step was to write to Walter Sydney, an old friend of his, and propose to pay him a visit at Heron Castle. There were some matters of business pending between their two families, concerning lands of Darrell-court, that were adjacent to Mr. Sydney's, which furnished a plausible pretext for this proposal. He felt an intense curiosity to see Ginevra's father and sister, and an inexpressible interest in observing all the peculiarities of that house in which she was so soon to be received under such strange circumstances."

Margaret—the candid and sweet, if somewhat volatile and fickle Margaret—the beloved pupil, the plague and the delight of Walter Sydney, had by this time tasted of the bitter of the cup of life, as well as her sister. Her father appeared to her cold and estranged. His tenderness was all reserved for his Italian daughter, that unknown sister. Mr. Edmund Neville was already domesticated in the mansion, as an accident had fixed his friend Sydney there for a time, and made his beloved Margaret his affectionate nurse. Sydney had sympathized in her first dark sorrow, as in all her feelings, and even resented the imagined coldness of her father to his adorable, his idolized Margaret. That young lady's thoughts were running in a different channel. Like most, if not *all* girls she now began to speculate upon her own marriage as an event certain to take place:—

"It must be confessed, that the idea had often suggested itself to her mind that Mr. Edmund Neville, the friend, almost, like herself, the adopted child of Walter, the heir to an immense property in Ireland, and, as she had heard, distinguished at Oxford for his remarkable abilities, would be a very desirable husband for the heiress of Grantley Manor."

The relation in which Neville secretly stood to her sister, naturally gave rise to many perplexing incidents, and yet confirmed Margaret in the idea, that, changeful and singular as his conduct to her was, Edmund Neville was in love with her, as she more certainly was with him. He watched every turn of her countenance, he approached her eagerly, he turned abruptly away. He was often about to speak to her under great excitement—he stopped short. His whole conduct was as unaccountable to Margaret as to Walter, save on the theory of his love for her. But Edmund remained silent till a day when he had very nearly spoken at the manifest peril of cutting down three volumes of very pleasant reading into one. She had expected a declaration where a confession only was meditated, and abruptly interrupted, Margaret behaved exactly as a young lady in her circumstances may be presumed to do.

Meanwhile the old and alienated friends, Walter Sydney and Leslie, came to understand each other better. Colonel Leslie read Walter's heart. He joked and even encouraged his love for Margaret, and thus threw the over-diffident elderly lover into greater distress. There is, indeed, quite enough of Walter's fears, and hopes, and doubts, as they all turn upon the same point, and hard-hearted readers have generally less sympathy than becomes them with the passion, however ardent, which middle-aged gentlemen conceive for the daughters of a deceased mistress or old friend. Were the case reversed, and the mature lover a woman in love with the son of a former admirer—with a lad who from infancy had grown up under her eyes, the thing would be voted insufferable. But the nobler sex have many privileges, and the female novelists seldom overlook or fail to acknowledge them.

While "Old Walter," Margaret, and Edmund Neville, are carrying on their game of cross-purposes at Grantley Manor, the family of Lord Dornington arrive at their seat from Italy; and from her friends Maud and Lucy, his lordship's daughters, Margaret gathers the most contradictory accounts of her mysterious sister, now every hour expected. Lucy admired and loved the singular Italian girl, while Maud doubted or detested her, and Frederic, their brother, owned he had never understood Ginevra, nor ever felt at ease with her whom he described as he had first seen her. The Warrens, who were conducting Ginevra to England, were met one day sight-seeing at Genoa.

"'They were just looking at a magnificent Vandyke, the first marquis of Brignole on horseback, and near them was a girl with her eyes fixed on this painting, and it struck me immediately that I had never seen such strange eyes or such a peculiar dress.'

"'And it was Ginevra?'

"'Yes.'

"'And what was her dress?'

"'A perfectly plain grey gown, no bonnet or shawl, but what is called in Italy a *mezzaro*, a sort of veil which covers the head, and hangs down like a scarf.'

"'And her face?—now do tell me something of her face.'

"'I have told you I cannot describe it. It is placid and very pale. At times so pale and so still that she looks like a marble statue. Her eyes are of such a light blue that they sometimes appear almost colourless. Her hair, also, is of the fairest sort. The only dark thing in her face are her eyelashes. They are like a black curtain, and throw such a dark shade under those very light eyes that it has the strangest effect possible.'

"'Then should you say that her face had no expression?'

"'No expression!—why, it is the most expressive I ever saw, that is the peculiarity of it. Notwithstanding that extraordinary stillness of feature, she renders her thoughts, by the intensity of her countenance, in a way that is perfectly astonishing. Seldom does a muscle of her face move but a speck of colour rises in her cheek, and deepens and deepens, while her eyes brighten, and seem almost to shine. They do not sparkle like your's, or like Maud's. Lucy says that you remind her of a morning in summer, and your sister of a moonlight night.'"

While they thus talked at Lord Dornington's dinner-table, the subject of their conversation had reached Grantley Manor, whither Colonel Leslie and his eldest daughter were summoned in haste. Margaret on that very evening was the unseen witness of the tender and almost passionately fond reception which the father, so cold to herself, or so ill understood, gave to the stranger.

"What was Margaret feeling? She was there in the presence of a father, and of a sister—unheeded, unnoticed, unthought of. A strange foreign tongue was in her ears, and the gestures, the tones of impassioned feeling, were as new to her as the language which gave them utterance. She felt with indescribable bitterness, that she had no part in their emotion, that neither in the past nor in the present was she anything to her father; her sister appeared to her as a being from another world, who had taken possession at once of an affection of which she had been unjustly deprived. Had she not also had a mother? In her own little room, had she not often wept in silence as she gazed on her gentle features, and had a father's tenderness ever soothed or consoled her?"

While evil, jealous, and even revengeful thoughts were busy at Margaret's heart, a low knock was heard at her door.

"She felt, by an instinctive impression, that it was her sister who had come to seek her; a sense of faintness came over her, and as she was crossing the room to meet her, she almost fell. In an instant she was caught in Ginevra's arms, who placed her gently on the couch, drew her close to herself, twined her arms round her own neck, laid her aching head against her breast; and while the eldest sister sobbed, as if her heart would break, the youngest soothed her with murmured words of affection, even as if she had been addressing a weeping child.

"Margaret felt as if a mother was speaking to her, a strange repose stole over her heart, she wept freely when a soft hand was laid on her forehead, and a gentle earnest kiss was pressed on her burning cheek. The evil spirit fled, the icy cord that had bound her heart gave way; she raised her head, smiled through her blinding tears, looked at a face which might have been an angel's; and, again finding hers in that sheltering bosom, murmured—

"'Sister, O sister! are you come at last? Not the one I have expected for a few weeks, but the one I dreamt of years ago.'

"Another soft kiss was pressed on her cheek, and Ginevra said—

"'Do not talk now, sister, your hands are cold, your cheek is burning. I know your head is throbbing. My own! I know you are suffering; you must lie down and rest.'

"It was true that Margaret felt unwell; but it was a strange comfort to cling to her new sister, to yield to her wishes; to suffer her to help her to undress: and then, when she laid her head on her pillow, to look up into her face, while she bathed her aching temples.

* * * * *

"'Sister,' she exclaimed, rousing herself for an instant, 'you have come a long distance to-day; you must be tired. What are you doing here?'

"'Resting, dearest, by your side. I should like to stay here all night, watching you sleep.'

"'No, no,' cried Margaret, 'you must not stay. Go, sister, go; but let me see you to-morrow when I awake. I shall be so afraid of having only dreamed of you. It is strange; but I feel as if I had seen your face before. Kiss me again before you go.'

"Ginevra bent over her sister, kissed and blessed her, and then, sinking on her knees by the side of the bed, she said, in a low voice—

"'Sister, shall we pray together?'

"Margaret put her arm round her neck, and, drawing her close to herself, whispered in her ear—

"'Are there prayers that we *may* say together.'

"'The one that God himself made,' answered Ginevra; and her soft low voice repeated the Lord's Prayer, and as the amen fell from Margaret's lips, a heavy sleep closed her eyes.

"Ginevra prayed sometime longer by her sister's side; she prayed in silence, and now and then printed a fervent kiss on the hand that was unconsciously detaining her's. A low knock at the door roused her from this position. She gently disengaged her hand, reluctantly yielded her place to Mrs. Dalton, and then retiring to her own room, remained for two hours with her face buried in her hands, and absorbed in thought."

This is a very pretty scene, and yet we imagine that the naughty, but candid and generous English girl, petted and spoiled, and apt to be resentful, is not less true to universal nature than the character of the young saint who buried so many mysteries in her troubled heart. The two sisters, thus instantly knit in affection, get on charmingly, until trifles "light as air," and weightier causes, together with the insinuations of Maud Vincent, aroused the jealousy of Margaret, who is compelled to notice the secret intelligence subsisting between her saintly sister and Edmund Neville—Edmund, all but her own declared lover, and to whom she had given her

ardent love! Many little incidents conspired to confirm her doubts. She loved and admired Ginevra, and felt her superiority, but, like Frederic Vincent, could not "make her out."

"'Can you persuade yourself,' she one day said to Walter, 'that Ginevra is only seventeen?'

"'Why, she looks very young, does she not?'

"'Yes; but she is so wise, so wonderfully wise! I wonder if it is all real. She is like somebody in a book; and yet I should as soon think my Italian greyhound affected as my new sister. Such strange thoughts come into my head, Walter, while she is talking to me. Sometimes I think of the Scripture text about entertaining angels unawares; and then, again, she puts me in mind of that beautiful stanza of Coleridge:—

"Her slender palms together prest,
Heaving sometimes on her breast;
Her face resigned to bliss or bale—
Her face! O call it fair, not pale—
And both blue eyes more bright than clear,
And each about to have a tear.'"

* * * * *

"One morning as she was coming out of her room, she saw Ginevra at the end of the gallery, on which her own opened, with a letter in her hand. She was reading it attentively, with one knee resting on the edge of the window-seat. She seemed very much absorbed with its contents, and there was a spark of colour in her pale cheeks. Margaret walked up to her, and put her hand on her shoulder. She gave a violent start, and turned quite pale, and when her sister said, with a smile, 'I am afraid I have startled you very much,' the colour rushed back into her face, and she trembled visibly.

"'I hope you have had no bad news from Italy,' said Margaret, while Ginevra hastily folded the letter in her hand, and thrust it in the folds of her dress.

"'O, no,' said Ginevra, mournfully. 'I have no news to get from Italy: my only remaining friends left Verona some months ago, and since my uncle Leonardo's death, and Father Francesco's departure for America, the links that bound me to my native land have been severed one by one. And Italy'—she continued, with a voice of more emotion than she had ever yet betrayed—'and Italy is nothing to me now but a tale that is told—a dream that has been dreamt—a prelude to the life that is now beginning.'

"'A happy life, I trust,' said Margaret.

"'Thank you, sister, thank you,' answered Ginevra, in a voice that, without any apparent reason to herself, affected Margaret; her manner was at once tender and abrupt, and she left her suddenly."

Upon another day, Margaret had requested her sister to place some flowers in the room of an expected lady-visiter.

"She followed her up stairs, and not finding her in the room which she had pointed out, she opened the door of the next, which was the one that Edmund had occupied all the time he had been at Grantley. Ginevra was standing by the writing-table, and examining the blotting-paper book. She was turning over the pages with a look of interest, and holding it upside down, she carried it to the light, and seemed employed in making out some indistinct traces of writing. Margaret felt an annoyance, greater than she quite understood, at seeing her thus employed. With that feeling of reserve and delicacy, which by nature and by education she was particularly alive to, earnestly as she would have wished to visit that room after Edmund's departure, and to detect and find pleasure in the most trifling traces of his presence, she had never ventured beyond the door, or even supposed it possible to gratify such a wish. Ginevra put down the book, and moving towards the chimney, stood a moment gazing at the fire, and then walking away, and meeting Margaret at the door, started and coloured; when she said to her, 'You have put the flowers in the wrong place,' Ginevra turned back in silence, took up the vase of flowers, and followed Margaret to the south bed-room.

"As the latter turned round to speak to her sister, she was struck by the expression of her countenance. It was, as usual, very still, but painfully anxious."

Ginevra was a poetess, a musician—a Muse as well as a saint, and her improvisations, musical and poetical, fill many eloquent pages. Among those who owned her varied spells, was "Old Walter," who was, however, more strongly drawn to her, because, deep-read himself in silent suffering, he felt that she was unhappy. One evening a jocular conversation arose on Margaret's presumed marriage with Edmund Neville, which now was the common talk of the country. Ginevra was shortly afterwards left alone with Walter, the Puseyite, or incipient Romanist.

"He had felt an increasing interest about her during the last few days. Like most reserved persons, he had a quick insight into human feelings, and having often suffered in silence himself, he easily detected the marks of silent suffering in others. That she was unhappy now he could no longer doubt. He had sometimes fancied before that her eyes had filled with tears, which a firm resolution had alone restrained from flowing, but now he saw them stealing down her cheek faster than her hand could brush them away. He addressed to her some trifling observation, and her mouth quivered when she attempted to reply. There was not a shade of temper in her face; but it was evident that she was struggling with a powerful emotion, and steadily endeavouring to subdue it. Walter's prejudices would not have been easily conquered, had this young girl appeared happy, or had she, on her arrival among them, displayed a childish or ungracious sorrow; but as it was, she was suffering, and she was struggling. The source of that suffering he knew not; where she found strength to struggle he discerned not yet; but he longed to soothe that pain, and to help those efforts, as he would have longed to feed the hungry or to shelter the naked. He pushed the portfolio towards her and said—

"'Have you seen these engravings?'

"She looked at them at first in silence; but by degrees grew interested, and then animated. A print of St. Peter's Martyrdom seemed to fix her attention; she said, in a low voice, as her head was bent over it—

"'He must have known he was forgiven then—his long penitence accepted—his trial ended! His suffering must have been to him a pledge of pardon.'

"In general Ginevra was not perfectly at home in English; but when the subject incited her, she was eloquent in a manner peculiar to herself. Her language was picturesque, and she spoke as others write, but with a simplicity that took away from her *conversation* all appearance of effort or affectation. There was something in the tone of her observations which harmonized with the secret impressions of Walter's hidden life—that life of the soul which holds its deep and silent course apart from all outward converse with the world, or even from the most intimate associations of our homes and hearts. The writings of past generations, the solitary studies of years, his instinctive yearnings after a deeper faith and a wider sympathy than his own religious education or his own times afforded, had prepared him to feel for the young Italian, and he was listening to her original thoughts clothed in eloquent and expressive language, with an interest mingled with curiosity, when he perceived that she suddenly checked herself, and turning round, he saw Edmund Neville enter the room."

Neville went away, and the conversation was renewed. Walter said—

"'I have seen you for a few days, and scarcely knew you an hour ago, but I would fain serve you. May I?—can I?'

"'Mr. Sydney,' said Ginevra, and she took both his hands in hers, 'you have been very kind to me to-day; and I do not regret'—she stopped a moment and then went on—'I do not regret that you have seen me thus

agitated, thus disturbed—you will not think hardly of me—I know you will not.'

"Her voice faltered, and Walter interrupted her.

"'It is so natural that you should seem depressed—you are so very young. Everything here must appear strange to you; and you have had afflictions,' he added still more gently, and glancing at her black dress; 'and some of those you love though not taken from you by death, are far away, and you would fain see them again—you would fain see your own home and speak your own tongue again.'

"She raised her pale but most expressive eyes to his face, and said, slowly—

"'There is one at whose feet I should wish to kneel, once again, before I die; but he is not where my home was. It is my mother's uncle,' she continued, as Walter looked at her inquiringly, 'Father Francesco. He left Verona a year ago for a distant mission; he grieved to leave me, but his duty called him, and he went—for how long I know not. On earth I may never see him again—but yet I think I shall—not now, not soon—but once more in my life. It is when the agony deepens, and the shades darken that angels are sent to us. Perhaps,' she continued with increasing emotion, 'perhaps he will come to me when my strength is failing, and evil is waxing strong, and hope is forsaking me—perhaps God will send him to say to me, "'Oh thou of little faith wherefore didst thou doubt?'"

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"'Pray for me that my faith may never fail me.'"

Next morning, Margaret's maid, Grace, brought a railing accusation against the "Papist foreigner," come to supplant her mistress. "She dressed so queer, and never slept anywhere on the road, but she was off to church before breakfast—but all that church-going does not come to good at last." Margaret rebuked her gossiping maid.

"'What do you or Mrs. Henderson know about it? I dare say we should all be the better of going oftener to church; Mr. Sydney thinks so, and walks a great way off every day for daily service.'

"'Oh, but your grandpapa's butler says, Miss, that Mr. Walter is a Papist in disguise, and Mrs. Henderson would not be at all surprised if Miss Ginevra was to talk him over into being one in good earnest. John said they were looking at them Papish books in the library last night, and they were shaking hands over them, and Miss Ginevra was crying when he went in to put coals on.'

"'Shaking hands and crying? what are you talking about?' exclaimed Margaret, impatiently; but, at the same moment, she remembered that, when going to bed the night before, she had remarked traces of tears on her sister's face, and she felt annoyed at the idea that something had passed between her and Walter with which she had not been made acquainted. 'She treats me as a child,' was her next feeling, 'she kisses me, puts flowers in my hair, calls me her *Reine Marguerite;* but, now that I think about it, not one word has she said to me of her thoughts—of her feelings—of her past life—of herself, in short. And now, it seems, that Walter and she have been talking together, in the most confidential manner—have been forming a secret friendship. I really have borne a great deal. I did not mind Mrs. Warren's saying, rather rudely, before me, how much papa admired her the most—her dress, at least, which comes to the same; and I told her she was the favourite, and that I did not mind it; and I do not mind it; but if Walter and she are to have long *tête-a-têtes*, and I am neglected by everybody——'"

The farther remarks of Grace aggravated Margaret's humour, though she indignantly commanded silence—

"'Very well, Miss, very well,' murmured Grace, with a look of much resignation. 'I will not say another word; no, not if the grass was to be cut from under your feet, or the very bed taken from under you; no, not if Miss Ginevra was to set her cap at Mr. Neville, which she is very likely to do—for Mrs. Henderson says there never was a gentleman yet she did not make fall in love with her; and she was walking home with him yesterday; when they passed before the woodman's cottage, and when they came near the park gate, she turned one way, and he another: but I don't care; it don't signify. I won't say another word though she were to be married before you, and you had to be her bridesmaid.'

"At this climax Grace burst into tears, and Margaret desired her to leave the room."

But not so easily was the train of thought these idle words had conjured up dismissed.

"'Was it, indeed,' she thought, 'a true presentiment that cast such a dark shade over the days that preceded Ginevra's arrival? Has she come, with her strange beauty, with her smooth tongue, with the magic of her genius, and her resistless captivation, to steal away from me the heart of Edmund Neville? Was it to him that she addressed, on the night of his arrival, that strain of impassioned harmony which seemed to draw him to her side, and to fill his soul with indescribable emotion? She met him yesterday, and spent in his society the very hours in which I wandered alone in silent disappointment; and afterwards she spoke honeyed words to me, and crowned me with flowers, and affectedly disclaimed my praises. But, then, what will follow? What will happen? What can I do? How can I compete with her? I cannot smile, or sing, or talk, like Ginevra; I cannot look like an angel, and act all the time a cruel and deceitful part. Is it not hard that she should snatch away from me my cup of hope and happiness, and wring my heart with anguish, which I must bear in secret?—for none must know (here the poor child's grief found vent in tears)—none must know how I have loved him—how I love him every day more devotedly; but they will know—they have seen—how Walter will pity me!—(now a burning blush covered her cheeks); and grandpapa, who was saying yesterday—but it is impossible; I think I must be dreaming or mad to suppose it. He has but just seen her; he scarcely knows her. Three short days cannot have changed him, and destroyed my happiness. Her heart is calm and free; mine is throbbing as if it would break from my breast. Shall I tell her that I love him? O no; I am afraid of her. I cannot upbraid her, and I dare not ask her to have mercy. And yet, perhaps, she would. Can it be that Edmund has confided to her that he loves me? and that they met to speak of it yesterday?'"

Scenes followed which could admit of no mistake, no palliation; and as often as they met, Maud Vincent had always new stories to tell, and fresh proofs to give of Ginevra's baseness and hypocrisy.

"'But,' exclaimed Margaret, with impatience (for she felt the full force of Maud's insinuations), 'but can she really be a miserable hypocrite? Does she feign to serve God, to love goodness, to honour virtue? Is there no reality in her faith, in her piety, in her affections! O, Maud, she cannot be so disgustingly wicked!'

"'My dear child, it does not follow, because your sister is a coquette, and, as I sometimes think, more than a coquette, that she absolutely feigns the sentiments she seems at times to possess. I dare say she has a sort of half scenic, half romantic religion, which is very common among Catholics, and which has nothing to do with morality; and I have no doubt that she is very good to the poor, and all that sort of thing; but her religion teaches that you can make up for every kind of sin by good works, of an easy description, and that if you confess and get absolution, you may feel quite satisfied, and go on just as before; so you see that Catholics can be very religious and very immoral at the same time, without being exactly hypocrites.'

"'I see,' said Margaret thoughtfully; 'that accounts for it all.'

"The oft-repeated slander had been uttered, the false-

hood, which the lives of a thousand saints have disproved —which the voice of the preacher, the pen of the learned, the experience of millions, and miracles of grace, and prodigies of penitence daily contradict—had been brought to bear, and Margaret, sighing deeply, carried away with her, as that conversation ended, an unfavourable impression of her sister's character, and a most mistaken view of that sister's faith."

Ginevra was by this time painfully aware that rumour gave to her sister her own husband, Edmund Neville, for a lover; and still worse, that the affections of the innocent and unsuspecting Margaret were in imminent danger of entanglement, of the most terrible kind, which frankness alone could prevent. One day, Maud Vincent, on seeing Ginevra leave the room, offered to bet anything that she had gone out to waylay Mr. Neville. It proved so, and Margaret was in every way miserable. Next morning, Neville, by a hasty resolution, was to leave Grantley Manor; and that night, her motherly governess, still in the house as her friend, put his note of farewell into Margaret's hand. She dismissed her maid, shut the door, prest the note to her lips, and burst into tears. In a tumult of foreboding fears, she read that courteous, cold, commonplace farewell, which extinguished the last lingering hope in her aching heart.

A restless and miserable night brought round the early hour at which Neville was to set off, and from walking up and down her room, Margaret unconsciously opened the door, and looked down the dark gallery.

"At the farthest end of it a speck of light was visible; it was from the chink of a door; it was scarcely perceptible, but it was there, and the door was Ginevra's. 'O that I dared to open it,' she exclaimed, 'that I dare burst into that room, and kneel to her, whom I wrong so grievously, whom I suspect——'

"The handle of the door on which her eyes were fixed softly turned, and then she heard again the sound of steps, and her soul thickened within her; she thought she knew the step, she had so often watched its approach. It had once been music in her ears; and now, that slow cautious tread sounded like the knell—not of her happiness, that seemed gone already—but of all her future peace of mind.

"'I will speak to her,' she exclaimed. 'It is a dream, perhaps, and a horrid one. To see her will dispel it.'

"She crossed the gallery with trembling steps—she paused at the door. The sound of deep and stifled sobs met her ears—she opened the door; Ginevra was on her knees, her hair streaming over her face, and her whole frame quivering with emotion. At the sound of the opening door she started up, and extended her arms wildly, pushing back the hair from her face, and uttering a sort of cry of hope and surprise, and some Italian word of endearment. Her eyes were blinded with tears; but in an instant she recognised Margaret, and said,

"'Sister!' in so gentle and utterly mournful a tone, that it sounded like a cry for mercy. Margaret stood transfixed, bewildered, unable to collect her thoughts; but her eyes fell at that moment on a travelling fur glove that lay on the carpet close to the door. She knew it well, and a tumultuous tide of passion rushed over her soul, sent the crimson blood into her cheek, and heaved in her swelling and indignant breast. With flashing eyes and curling lip she held it out to Ginevra, who took it mechanically, and pressed her other hand to her throat, as if to subdue the convulsive agitation of her frame.

"'What do you wish? What do you want, sister?' she asked, as if she did not know what she said.

"At that moment the sound of carriage wheels was heard, and both sisters started.

"'Yes,' exclaimed Margaret, in a loud voice, as the sound died away in the distance. 'Yes, he is going! he goes! and would to Heaven he had never known you or me; would to God he had never set his eyes upon us, and brought misery to me—and to you! O! what has he brought to you? I know not—I dare not—I cannot think or speak; but guilty, very guilty you must be, Ginevra; for darkness, and silence, and shame have attended your actions. A false innocence has been on your brow, and a false virtue on your tongue. You have deceived me with every feature in your face, and with every accent of your voice. He is gone: yes, thank Heaven, he is gone! But peace, and hope, and trust are gone too —for ever gone from this, my once happy home. O, may he never return! May my eyes never behold him again! May his own conscience, if deceit and treachery have not for ever hardened it, torment and punish him for the misery he has brought upon me—ay, and upon you,' she continued (as Ginevra faintly murmured, 'For God's sake—for mercy's sake, do not curse him, Margaret'), 'you, my fallen, my most unhappy sister. O, Ginevra! Ginevra! was it for this that you were made so beautiful—so highly gifted—so captivating—to be so infinitely vile? Ginevra, I could hate you for the injury you have done me, if I did not pity you from my soul. You who know so well, who can talk so well of pure, and noble, and holy things, you cannot be so hardened—you cannot be so dead to all feeling.'

"Was it the calm of death—was it the deadness of the soul that made those pale blue eyes so clear and mild in their meek and most expressive sadness? Was the look of tenderness with which she watched the excited and quivering features of her indignant sister, another piece of well-acted deceit, and the convulsive energy with which she pressed to her heart the small crucifix she wore round her neck, another proof of hollow *formalism* or miserable hypocrisy?"

We cannot give the entire scene: it is enough that Margaret, struck by her sister's solemn warnings and entreaties, believed her to be, in defiance of the most decided appearances, innocent, pure, and holy. After Ginevra's solemn adjuration to her sister to give up all thoughts of Edmund Neville as she would avoid mortal sin, and to forbear asking for any explanation of her mysterious conduct, she continued:—

"'Our paths of duty are different, and though we may live together, if that even be allowed, we must never forget that an invisible barrier has risen between us, which you cannot, and I dare not, remove. If, with a great patience and a holy trust, you will bear with me, and suspend hard thoughts, and abstain from harsh words, it will be a great and wonderful effort of virtue; and hereafter, my sister, you will be glad to think that you did not break a bruised reed—but if you cannot, then let God's will be done. Be it trial, or be it punishment, I am ready to receive at your hands far more misery than I have inflicted upon you. Only'—she stopped, hesitated, clasped her hands in supplication, and then, with a burst of such agony as she had not given way to before, exclaimed—'Only, only spare my father.'

"Margaret held out her hand without looking at her, but, as she was leaving the room, she returned impetuously, flung herself into her sister's arms, and both wept with uncontrolable emotion; and when these two fair creatures parted, it was with a heavier weight of sorrow on their spirits than such young hearts are often doomed to endure."

We see few of the stolen interviews of the married pair; but on the evening before Edmund's departure they met. Neville had previously informed his uncle, Mr. Warren, that he had formed an attachment to Ginevra Leslie, whom he had met with in Italy, and that his father's

prejudices alone stood in the way of a marriage, upon which all their hopes of happiness were placed. Mr. Warren could give his nephew little hope of overcoming the strong Protestant prejudices of Mr. Neville, but he did think that, if the urgency of the case were placed before Ginevra, her scruples might give way; that, where the essentials or fundamentals of religion were almost identical, she would yield minor or trivial points. He, the latitudinarian Protestant, little knew Ginevra—the pupil of Father Francesco, and the devoted disciple of "the eternal, divine," and only true faith, as she had been taught to believe.

Cheered by Mr. Warren's view of his situation, hope began to revive in the breast of Edmund:—

"But when he met Ginevra on the terrace of the park, on the evening of that day, and they stood alone together, with the dark wintry sky over their heads, and the gloomy future weighing on their hearts, the conflicts of grief and passion, of love and anger, burst all bounds. Her spirit rose in that hour, and the smothered fire that mouldered so long in her breast, kept under by nights of prayer and days of struggle, broke forth at last, and the passion of her Italian nature shook, and almost convulsed her fragile form. As, in her own tongue, she poured forth the story of her wrongs, and shuddered herself as she told it, deep, deep into her own heart and into his she dived, and brushed aside, with impetuous and overpowering reasoning, the vain subterfuges by which he sought to keep the truth from her grasp; unrolled the past before his shrinking glance; and then, with his hand in hers, and pointing to Heaven with the other, exclaimed—'And when at the last judgment-seat you stand, how shall you answer to Him who made you, for having tempted a human soul into destruction? No, Edmund, no,' she continued, while a torrent of tears fell on his hand, which she still clasped with both hers. 'No! you will never have to answer for such a crime. The day will come when you will bless God that I could withstand your tears, and wring your heart.'

"She left him abruptly, for the sound of footsteps had that moment startled them: but he was going the next day, and her conscience reproached her for the vehemence, and her heart smote her for what, in her sensitive tenderness, she called unkindness. Through that long evening not one glance of affection could she obtain—not one token of pardon."

Neville reached Clantoy just in time to attend the obsequies of his father, who had died suddenly. The funeral was over—the will of the deceased was read. Edmund, already aware of its contents, and resolved on his part, listened with the concentrated calmness of a stoic:—

"Everything that for years had been possessed by his family, the townlands of Clantoy and Eskereen, in Ireland, with their rent-rolls of ten and twenty thousand a year; Darrell-court, and its dependencies, in the county of ———, in England; a small estate in Scotland; a house in Cavendish square in London; and other minor bequests accompanying these, were successively and pompously enumerated, and all were left to him to hold and to keep at his pleasure, and to descend to his children after him, under proviso and condition, that if he remained unmarried, or died without heirs, the said estates and properties, &c., should devolve to Ann Neville, his sister, and to her heirs after her; or, in the event of his marrying, or declaring a marriage, with a person professing the Roman Catholic religion, that he should at once forfeit the possession of the said estates, properties, &c., and that they should at such times pass into the hands of the said Ann Neville, or, her life failing, to her children after her, or, her heirs failing, to Charles Neville, of ———, and to his heirs after him."

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"He had not raised his eyes once during the time which it had taken to read the will; and when an old squire, who was distantly related to him, shook hands with him, as they passed through the hall into the drawing-room, and whispered—'aye, a chip of the old block—a Protestant to the back-bone—no Popish wife, hey?' the blood which rushed to his heart did not even tinge his cheek."

Not without a struggle, however, did Neville now act the part of a conscious impostor, and allow himself to hold a position from which there seemed to him no honourable or possible means of extricating himself, unless his wife listened to his solicitations and arguments, and became a Protestant. His actual situation he durst not, all at once, lay open to the high-souled Ginevra, strong in her Italian faith, and before whom the path of duty ever lay broad and well-defined. She heard of the death of her unknown father-in-law, and was anxious to learn how that event might affect her husband or herself. Now, surely, the great obstacle was removed, and the painful secret might be revealed. With many hopes and fears she broke the seal of Neville's first letter, and read—

"'So much depends on the spirit in which you will receive and read this letter, that I entreat you to pause before you give way to your feelings and take it for granted, that blindly to adhere, under all circumstances, to a predetermined course, is the best and highest wisdom. I never felt to love you more than at this moment. All that you have been to me since the first hour of our acquaintance is present to my mind—your gentleness, your heroic patience, and generous forbearance under the most trying circumstances. I do full justice to the principles that have guided you throughout. I can even appreciate and respect the resistance which you have hitherto offered to my entreaties on a subject, on which your *feelings* are admirable, but on which an error in judgment misleads you. When we have adverted to this point, we have neither of us viewed it with sufficient calmness, or in the dispassionate manner which it demands. It is, doubtless, difficult to be calm when, on the decision of another, the happiness or wretchedness of a whole life depends, and when the obstacles that are raised against the only safe and proper course are the result of deplorable error and prejudice. You know well what I allude to; but I must inform you that the reasons I formerly urged with such earnestness on your consideration, when I implored you to conform to the religion of your husband and your country, are become tenfold more imperative from the tenor of my father's will. In short, there is no alternative now between that concession on your part, or such ruin and misery to us both as cannot be calmly contemplated. I will not go over the ground that we have but too often trodden before. I will only repeat, that what I want of you is no offence against morality—no abandonment of the service of your Creator; that service which every reasonable creature owes to Him, but which finds its expression in one peculiar form, or in another, according to the infinite variety and incident of climate, of character, and of association, which serve to produce a number of religions—all resulting from one source, and tending to one end, common to all, needful for all. You received the tenets which at present you hold from early instructors, whose country, and whose sympathies are entirely different from those of the land which is now become your home, and in which my interests and my duties are centred. How can you, at your age, have any assurance that what you now believe is not merely the truth, but the *only* truth? Why cannot you adopt the religious convictions of your family, of your friends, and of one dearer to you (if you have not deceived me on that point) than all the world beside? Will you run the risk of ruining me, in every sense of the word, on the chance that your early teachers were better informed, and more enlightened, than those friends, of whose understandings you have yourself such a high opinion? It seems to me that, viewed in this light, you cannot

hesitate any longer in following the line of conduct which alone can rescue us from an abyss of irreparable misery. The state of the case is this; I am not only ruined, but dishonoured; unable to meet the most indispensable engagements, or even to look the world in the face again, if, while you persist in professing the Roman Catholic religion, I should acknowledge my marriage. I will never deny what you may choose to proclaim to the world, but this I plainly tell you, that on the day that you disclose this secret (and I leave you at liberty to do so; this very letter in your hands furnishes you with evidence, and places me at your mercy), I shall leave England for ever, and never set eyes on you again. If you persist in your present religious opinions, there are but two alternatives before *you*. One is silence—which must forbid our meeting but in crowds, or our ever speaking to each other but in fear and trembling. The other is—an eternal separation, with the consciousness that you have driven your husband from his country and his home—blasted his name, ruined his fortune, broken his heart.'"

We cannot follow all Neville's arguments and entreaties before he thus concluded :—

"'Ginevra! if you write to me to come to you—if, with the simplicity of a child, and the tenderness of a woman, you resign yourself to me, and as the Scripture itself directs you, learn of your husband in meekness and in submission, what days of bliss are in store for us, what a life of happiness before us! You, who are the only woman I have ever truly loved—you, who have already given me proofs of heroic devotedness, and borne with such gentle patience the strange sufferings of our lot, now, that on one hand, every blessing is within our reach, and every misery threatening us on the other—will you hesitate any longer? I ask of you peace, honour, happiness! And will you let an opinion, blindly received and blindly maintained, weigh against the fidelity you vowed to me, the submission you owe me, the love you bear me? Let conscience speak to you unbiassed by prejudice; and if you listen to its voice, this is the last time I shall have to tremble as I send—to tremble as I wait—a letter from you.—Ever yours,

"'EDMUND NEVILLE.'"

Was ever Catholic wife so tried?

"She walked to the door and locked it, and then came back and sat down near the table on which the letter was lying. She started when her hand touched it, as if there was danger in its contact. Twice she passed her hand over her brow, and then her face flushed violently; suddenly her throat seemed to swell and her chest to heave; with both hands she seized the velvet ribbon round her neck, and tore it asunder. The ring it held flew out, and fell at some distance on the floor. She took the letter and read it again, wildly glancing from line to line with a bewildered expression of doubt, of misery, and of fear. When she came to the last sentence, she lighted a candle and held the paper to the flame. It burned slowly; she watched word after word, line after line, disappear, till the fire reached her hand; she let it fall, and soon it mingled with the ashes.

Mr. Warren, who had previously attempted to remove what he considered the religious prejudices, or foolish scruples, of Miss Ginevra Leslie, had, at this moment, come to say farewell, previous to his departure for Germany. She was calm, but deadly pale, and he felt painfully concerned for her, though her distress was merely, as he fancied, the dream of a love-sick girl rudely destroyed, not the whole life of a woman blighted.

"With evident embarrassment he endeavoured to address to her a few words of sympathy. This was more than she could bear; the struggle was dreadful; she would have given worlds to break that silence, to question him, to tear the veil from his eyes and from her own, and burst through the shackles which were driving the iron into her soul. But she could not speak and be calm. She could not command the tumultuous throbbing of her heart—she gasped for breath. All traces of colour vanished from her cheeks; her lips were partly open but did not move. Her breathing was now scarcely discernible, so profound was the silence of her whole being. It was awful as the stillness that precedes the storm. Mr. Warren said with hesitation—

"'I hear that Edmund is miserable—that his father's will'—

"The name, the words fell on her ear—and swift as the hurricane over the ocean, across that silent spirit swept a tide of passion, too powerful for the slender frame that quivered with its violence. Her eyes flashed, her breast heaved; over her cheeks, her neck, her temples, rushed the crimson hue of indignant feeling, and words rose to her lips as keen as her anguish—as strong as her despair.

"'And what is man's will?' she cried with convulsive agitation—'What is man's will, that it should sever what God hath united? Can the breath of his mouth—the stroke of his pen—A will! a will! in God's name, Mr. Warren, is it His will, or man's will, that must prevail? Heaven forgive me! I know not what I say, my brain is giving way.'

"She fell on her knees, her face buried in her hands."

From the pathetic reply of Ginevra to the appeal of her husband we give but one passage :—

"Oh, dearest Edmund, if it is a sin to lie to men, to lie to God is an unpardonable crime. If I were to abjure the faith which is as strong as life within me—if I protested by my acts, and with my lips, against what in my soul I believed—what in my heart I adored—my very prayers would become insults to the Majesty of heaven. But is there, indeed, no alternative but that which you point out?—have I to choose between my guilt and *your* despair?

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"A thousand wild fears and vague suspicions dart through my mind. I have risen at night and made my way to the library, and searched in books, and read over laws and statutes, till my head has throbbed with fatigue and anguish. I can nowhere find an explanation of the fate you assign to me. I cannot accept it, Edmund, nor by a sacrilegious lie avert it; and yet I cannot, I dare not brave your anger, your threatened desertion—to draw upon you all the misfortunes you speak of. Have mercy upon me, and explain yourself clearly. Prove to me that it is just and honourable to keep our marriage a perpetual secret; that you have the right to do so—the right to compel me to silence by more fearful threats, by more powerful means, than if you pointed a dagger at my breast. Only prove to me this, Edmund, and I will be silent as the grave, till the day that death will give you freedom, and to me peace. Only never forget, as you would not forget your soul's salvation, and your hopes of heaven, that what God has joined together, man cannot put asunder. Remember that I must ever stand between you and other hopes, between you and other ties, as a shade, a cloud, a blighting vision! Oh, that it were not a crime to bid you forget me; that it were not a duty thus to cross your path and embitter your existence. Why it should be so, Edmund, why the pure gold of our love has turned into dross, you alone can tell."

The result of this painful correspondence was, that Neville resolved, in spite of conscience and his better feeling, to preserve silence for a time, in the hope that Ginevra might relent, and yet see it her duty to profess the Protestant faith, as this alone could rescue her husband from debt, dishonour, and beggary; while, on the other hand, Ginevra, in the hope of Father Francesco's return which he had announced, also resolved still to keep the important secret :—

"And thus she remained in her father's house, to some an object of strange interest, to some of enthusiastic admiration, to all, perhaps, of a nameless compassion; for all felt that her lot differed in some ways from that of others; that there was a cloud resting upon her—Walter Sydney called it a halo, so mild was the light of her eye, so pure was the tenour of her life. Margaret alone had seen that cloud gather, and knew the dark source from

whence it rose; but even when it was weighed on that shrinking head, her own heart had whispered that it was laden with misery, and not with shame. Her own wild spirits, her childish glee, her thoughtless prattle was altered. She seemed to view life differently from what she had hitherto done. Her own disappointment, the weight of a secret, gratitude for the quiet and spotless course of her own life, seemed to deepen and to strengthen her character. Then Walter Sydney's lessons began to tell, and the peculiarity of such an affection as his to strike her."

And in brief, the most perfect understanding soon grew up between Margaret and her "Old Walter." He had always loved her—from her cradle till now that she considered herself old enough to approach the marriage-altar; and, stranger still, looking more deeply and considerately into her own heart, Margaret found that she had always loved him, and him only. Cross-purposes are not at an end, however, for we are not yet through the second volume, and the whole family of Grantley Manor are on the wing for London, where, plunged into the vortex of gay, youthful life, Walter insisted that his Margaret should make further trial of her affections and constancy. At the close of a very pretty scene of something quite as tender, and not much less romantic, than young, passionate love, Walter exclaims:—

"'Margaret, listen to my firm, my unalterable resolution, formed even at this moment of overpowering happiness, and which, so help me God! I will keep. You shall not marry your Old Walter—you shall not give your youth, your beauty, your heart to him—you shall not bind yourself by irrevocable ties, till you have tried and tested your feelings, and learned the full value of that priceless gift. O, my beloved child! tell no one of the hope you have given me. Let not the world, or any human being, even venture to interfere or judge, if they should come when, with the same adorable simplicity with which you have offered to intrust your happiness to my keeping, you should come to me and say—Walter, I was mistaken. You may, you must love me still, but not in the way we once thought of. A silent pressure of the hand, a struggle, a prayer, and the dream would be at an end. This short life would be more sad, doubtless, and the thought of another more precious still than before; but none would know the trial, or the consolations of that hour, but yourself and me. Promise me this, Margaret!'

"'And how long is my trial to last, you suspicious Old Walter? I think I have done something very like proposing to you, and I am not quite sure I have not been refused in a very pretty sentimental manner.'

"Now, for the first time, Walter smiled, and the full tide of happiness seemed to rush over his heart.

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"That evening, at the same time, both sisters had raised their eyes to Heaven, and both had felt as if a blessing, *a benediction*, had descended on their heads. On one, the bright face of nature had smiled; its glorious hues, its perfumes, and its songs, had spoken a blessing from the skies, and that evening hour had brought her a promise of happiness, the purest that earth can yield. The other had received a benediction from the altar, where she had knelt in the immediate presence of God, and she rose with the promise that none but God can make good—that suffering itself may be a pledge of mercy, a source of blessing, an earnest of Heaven.

"Margaret drew near to the piano as her sister finished the plaintive but glorious strain, and passing her arm round her neck, whispered—

"'Ginevra, I am happy; would to Heaven that you were so too!'

"A flash of joy passed over the pale face of the youngest sister.

"'O mother of mercies!' she exclaimed, 'thou hast pleaded and obtained!'

The Leslie family went to London and Walter followed. Ginevra made at once a strong impression upon fashionable society. Her strange beauty, her foreign manners, her talents, and her genius combined to make her the idol of the world which she shunned—

"And it was impossible that she should not feel the contrast between the homage she received, and the admiration she inspired, and the bitter and miserable destiny which her husband assigned to her; but the love and devotion for others, instead of healing, seemed but to deepen the wounds which her heart had received; and when bursts of admiration and murmurs of applause attended some brilliant exercise of her talents; when, with the enthusiasm of genius, and the simplicity of manner which belonged to her, she had electrified her hearers by some incomparable strain of melody, or by an improvisation, in which thought seemed to hurry on language with a startling and resistless impetuosity, she would return to her place, and sit in silence with one image before her eyes, and only value the praises resounding in her ears, as tributes to be one day laid at the feet of her undeserving husband."

That husband appears on the scene to heighten her distress, and increase the difficulty of the part, so foreign to her nature, that she was compelled to play. There were rumours afloat of Neville's marriage, and Ginevra herself became the object of the marked attentions of Sir Charles d'Arcy.

The doubts and perplexities of Margaret were renewed as she viewed the conduct of her sister; and the misery and despair of Ginevra became unendurable, for now a rival appeared in the person of Mrs. Frazer, a gay widow whom society gave to Neville. One day Ginevra had perversely, and unlike her gentle self, persisted in acting in a play, though wholly unfit for the necessary exertion, merely to prevent Mrs. Frazer from taking her part. The demon of jealousy had been let loose upon her—the bitter jealousy of a disowned wife:—

"When after the rehearsal scene she found herself alone, she two or three times waved her arms above her head, as if to dissipate the weight that seemed to press on her brain, and then clasped her hands in earnest supplication.

"'Send an angel to comfort me,' she murmured; and doubtless her prayer was heard, for tears came to her relief—tears that fall like rain on the parched ground; and words, too, which relieve the pent up spirit, burst from her lips in the solitude of her chamber—broken, incoherent, checked by sobs, without precise meaning—but yet with power to relieve. Who knows not the value of those secret out-pourings?

"'Edmund, will you come to me? Edmund, will you return to me?' she murmured. 'I am so weary, so lonely, so frightened sometimes. I am so afraid of you—I am so afraid for you. O, if I dared, I would flee away, and be at rest. There are homes where I might lay my head, and never cross your path again. But I may not shrink from the struggle. O, that woman! Anything but that—any trial but that. Bound to me for ever—bound to me by ties he hates, perhaps, and cannot break—and my silence, my ignorance, my fears—it is too much—the cross is too heavy, the burthen too great!'

"She lifted up her head: the sun was sinking obscurely bright among the dark clouds that seemed assembled to receive him. It was the sunset-hour, when every knee bends in her own land as the vesper-bell floats over sea and plain from every lofty spire and convent tower. She recited the sacred but familiar words, and with them peace returned. Long and earnestly she prayed. She prayed for strength to do her duty, that simplest and most sublime of all prayers, whether it points to the commonest

self-denials, or to the most heroic sacrifices. He that hears that prayer, and gives that strength, knows alone where it is most needed; for He alone can judge of the merit of those sacrifices to which the world so often renders much more or much less than justice. Pale still, but patient and calm, Ginevra left her room, and joined her father and her sister. With that perfect simplicity and earnestness of character which was peculiar to her, she reproached herself for having neglected to do her best at the rehearsal of that morning—at having allowed her own sufferings to interfere with the satisfaction of others—and it would have been touching to any one who could have known how sore and bruised that gentle spirit had been that day, to have seen her take up that manuscript, the very sight of which was painful to her, and con it over like a child its lesson, while now and then she disentangled Margaret's knitting, or raised her eyes from her work to smile at Colonel Leslie, who since the morning had watched her with anxious tenderness. She observed this; it gave her a motive for exertion."

The play was performed in the presence of Neville. It was one that caught his conscience :—

"'What an actress! How she acts!' is whispered in the pit, in the boxes, in the galleries. The first act ends, the curtain falls, the applause continues.

"'How can you sit on, like a stone, Neville, when that girl is enough to drive one mad? Did you ever see any thing so captivating? D'Arcy is desperately in love with her. No wonder, for they have been rehearsing together, morning, noon, and night, for the last three weeks.'"

And now it was Edmund's turn to be tortured with jealousy :—

"She has not answered his letters—she has disregarded his requests, his entreaties against her acting—she has cast him off, and the ties which he has refused to acknowledge, have ceased to bind her conscience. He blames, he condemns, he despises her—he thinks that her religion might have taught her better. He forgets everything, but that he loves her still, and that she loves him no more."

Need we say that Ginevra had never received any of her husband's letters—never learned the wishes she would have been too happy to obey.

From this point the work is full of continuous interest. We shall give but one scene of fiery trial. At a ball, Ginevra is receiving the passionate declaration of Sir Charles d'Arcy, and quite stunned, is at a loss what to reply, when she saw her husband—

"In a moment Edmund was by her side; he offered her his arm, as if they were engaged to dance. She took it in silence, and they stood among the crowd. Suddenly a voice at his elbow said –

"'You do not waltz—what are you about?'

"It was Mrs. Frazer who spoke. Then Ginevra felt that they flew swiftly round and round, in the midst of that crowd, to the sound of that loud music, and she scarcely knew if what oppressed her heart and her brain was joy or suffering. His arm was round her waist, and her head was gradually sinking on his shoulder.

"'Stop!' she said; and they drew back and pierced that crowd, and still he dragged her along, without speaking, down a long shrubbery walk, and across a wood, till they reached a small temple, built in the Italian style, which stood at the end of a vista. Edmund darted within it and closed the door, bolting it inside. The coolness of the atmosphere revived her. He had let go her hand, and was standing opposite to her, with his arms folded, and his countenance lowering with speechless anger. She clasped her hands, and exclaimed—

"'At last—and thus!' and then, rising with impetuosity, she stood before him, and raising her head proudly, returned his glance; and in hers there was such mighty upbraidings—such overpowering reproaches, so strong in their mildness, that he faltered under its speechless influence, and exclaimed—

"'Ginevra, you can break my heart, but not bend my will. You may plunge us both into despair, but you shall not pursue your course unmolested. Do not imagine that you can brave me in every way, or that I will not sacrifice everything in the world, rather than endure the silent humiliation of the last few days—your name in every mouth!—your shame proclaimed aloud! Aye, your shame! though the world knows it not; and into my very ears instils the poison of its slander. Did you imagine I should bear this, and tamely acquiesce in my dishonour and in yours? To my face, this very day, displaying with audacity——'

"The colour rushed to her face; a storm was gathering on her brow; a torrent of recrimination was rising to her lips; a woman's insulted, wounded, goaded feelings were struggling for mastery, and well nigh burst all barriers, and broke through all restraints; but she paused and prayed for patience, and with a strong hand kept down that rising passion, and, with an effort of more than human virtue, pleaded for herself. *She*, the victim to the tyrant, the deserted wife to the jealous husband! Oh, what a relief to the oppressed spirit it would have to defy, to threaten, to upbraid, to take a haughty stand on the ground he had assigned her, to brave his anger, to scorn his threats in his presence, even if her own heart should afterwards break in his absence! But there was a word stamped upon her brain, engraved upon her heart, which passion could not efface, or anger obliterate. *Expiation* was that word; and it brought her to his feet, not to plead guilty to his charges, but to accuse her own ignorance, to entreat his indulgence, to implore his guidance, and then, with her eyes fixed upon his face, and her hand clasped in his, to wait for his next words, as if her sentence of life or of death turned upon them. And now was her worst trial—now her guardian angel must support her—now the saints in heaven should pray for her—for Edmund has drawn her to his breast, and his heart is beating against hers, and his eyes are fixed upon hers with unutterable love; and that voice, which she has so often in her solitude pined to hear, is pouring forth into her ears words of passionate affection, of ardent supplication and when she attempts to speak, he closes her mouth with kisses, and draws her still closer to himself. He pleads, he reasons, he holds the cup of bliss to her lips, he tempts her by every art, he scares her by every fear. She grows pale and paler as the fierce conflict lasts; and then, suddenly leaving his side, she stands before him, and says—

But we must stop. Ginevra triumphs; the good angel, as she supposes, is by her side, whispering that "life is too short; eternity too long," for the awful sacrifice of principle required of her :—

"'Save me—save me,'" she said; "'I cannot endure this trial much longer. I love you, and make you miserable. I would give my life for you, and I embitter yours; my wretchedness can scarcely be more complete.'"

"'Go,'" said Edmund gloomily; "'go, and tell your family—go, and tell that crowd of people yonder that you are my wife. Then, at least, no insolent admirers will dare for a while to address you; and if they ask what is become of your husband, you may tell them that he is ruined, dishonoured, and undone, through you, and by you—'"

They parted, with the conviction on Neville's part, that he had offended his deserted and insulted wife beyond woman's forgiveness.

"And then, in days to come, how should he see her?—If she should ever fall into guilt, would not her fall weigh on his conscience like a damning curse; and the memory of her lost virtue haunt him to the day of his death like a menacing spectre? What could save her, he bitterly asked himself, if, hating him—her husband and her betrayer—she stood in the world with her youth, her beauty, her warm heart, and her ardent spi-

rit, unguarded by sacred ties, unprotected from unhallowed affections, and with a life before her unbrightened by one ray of hope or of love?' What can save her? he repeated with agony; and then he thought of her religion—her firm, ardent, uncompromising religion—that religion, against which the winds of human passion had beaten, and the waves of affliction had broken in vain—that religion, to which she had clung through the storm, and which had carried her through it with an unshaken fidelity, and an unsullied purity."

Events now hurry forward. One day the distracted and miserable, if guilty husband, after an absence of some weeks from London, went to Colonel Leslie's house and found that the whole family had gone to the Continent, attended by Sir Charles d'Arcy. He was on the verge of frenzy, but Ginevra, whatever were her husband's thoughts of her, had not accompanied her family. She was ill. She daily now expected her aged relative and spiritual director, Father Francesco, by whose decision she was resolved to abide, and she had told Margaret :—

"The crisis of my fate is approaching, and, as I said before, it is in prayer and in solitude that I must meet it. Doubts have risen in my mind which never rose there before, and I seem to have lost the track which, narrow as it was, once appeared so clear. When this happens to a Catholic, Margaret, this is what he does. For a while, if he may, he withdraws from this perplexing world, and communes in deep silence with his own soul and with God. In one of those calm retreats, when the light of eternity shines on the paths of this life, and the still small voice of conscience is discerned by the hushed spirit—he listens to that solemn message, and returns to the world like Moses from the mount, ready to break the idol, or to offer the sacrifice that Heaven requires. This is what I am about to do; far from those I love and those I fear, alone with my God, and those who speak in His name and with His power, prostrate at the feet of the cross, I will ask in deep humility what he will have me to do; and that, so help me Heaven, I will do, though it should be ——— sister, what I have prayed against from my childhood upwards, to bring misery on those I love, and pour fresh bitterness into a cup already but too full. Now, dearest, go and sleep; and if in the night you wake with tears in your eyes, remember that they are blessed, for you have wept to-night with one who weeps."

Ginevra sought this sacred and soothing retreat, and though she found not the guidance and peace for which she prayed, its tranquillizing power was felt, and is described in coloured language :—

"When she entered her little room, its simple arrangement, and its various religious ornaments, reminded her of her Italian home; and the sacred Litanies chanted by the nuns—the same which, from her infancy upwards, she had loved to join in, wherever a humble choir of wandering peasants, or of home-bound children, recited them before some wayside image of the Blessed Virgin—carried her back to the days of childhood, and awoke in her heart a fervent gratitude, that her faith had made no shipwreck in the midst of the storms which had beset it. Who can describe what the language of the Church is to a Catholic—the type of its universality, the badge of its unity! that voice, reaching unto all lands, and speaking to all hearts! uttering the same well-known accents in the gorgeous temples of the south, and the Gothic shrines of the north, as in the rustic chapel or in the mountain cave, where persecuted worshippers meet in secret. At every altar, in every sanctuary, each sacred rite and solemn hour claims the words of sacred import, which fall on the ear of the stranger and the wanderer, at once as a whisper from his home, and a melody of Heaven.

"Ginevra's eyes filled with tears as she joined in the well-known responses, but they were tears that relieved the heart and brain."

Ginevra had not long enjoyed the quiet of the convent, when she accidentally heard that Mr. Neville was that day to be married at St. George's Church, Hanover Square. All particulars were related to her. The coincidence was perfect. It was too surely her false husband who was about to plight his faith to another woman, and plunge himself into deeper guilt. Her flight, her agonies, the incidents of her journey, and her final raving madness, ere she rushed through the portal of the church, and reached the altar where her husband stood, are harrowing in the detail. We need not say that it was all mistake, though, certainly, Mr. Charles Neville was there, and then about to be married to the sister of Edmund.

Edmund himself, necessarily present at his sister's marriage, rushed towards poor Ginevra as she tottered into the church. He felt, he saw that she was mad—that *he* had driven her mad.

"It was horrible torture that Edmund Neville was going through. He had married a woman he adored; he adored her still, and he had driven her *mad*—to have killed her would have been less dreadful. Once she had said to him, 'How will you answer at the day of judgment for torturing a human soul into destruction?' Her soul, blessed be the God whom she served, had not been lost in the fierce conflict; but even this he knew not. Where she had been, what she had done, whither she was going, what design, or what chance had brought her into his presence in that hour of retribution, he knew not; nothing but that she was there by his side, and that life was ebbing, and reason failing."

Catholics, and we might learn the fact from this book alone, have great faith in the merit of suffering—of *expiation*—and dreadful was the expiation of Edmund Neville as he watched day and night by the bedside of his delirious and dying wife.

"One mightier than himself had smitten him with his own weapons, and condemned him out of his own mouth. Then he, for the first time, felt whom he had striven against, when he had put his own human will in opposition to the conscience of a fellow-creature, and the nature of the warfare he had waged against the faith of that young heart, which had not yielded in weakness, but broken in agony. He felt it, and he prayed—he knelt by that bed and prayed, as we pray when death is at hand and no help near—as they pray when earth gives way beneath their feet, and eternity opens before them."

One other idea brought something like consolation to Edmund.

"He would proclaim her his wife on her deathbed and sacrifice on her grave every worldly hope—every earthly prospect. He would fetch his sister to her side, and with his dying treasure in his arms, bid an eternal farewell to all he had ever valued, and which he now loathed as the price for which he had bartered Ginevra's life. 'Save her,' he said, and convulsively grasped the doctor's hand; 'save her, and me—if you can.'"

He fulfilled his purpose, he revealed all to his sister, who, strict Protestant as she was, said to him, "Mercy will be shown you, for your sufferings are great." And mercy was shown; Ginevra was restored from the very gates of death to life and reason, and it was found that the elder Neville, if bigoted, had not been retrospective in his purposes. It was to Father Francesco, who now appears on the scene, that Anne Neville related the tragic story of her brother and Ginevra, while

she vindicated, as far as was possible, the memory of him to whose religious opinions all their miseries might be traced. In her hands her father had, at her entreaty, placed a codicil virtually revoking his will, and leaving his whole property to his son, if it should happen that Edmund had married a Catholic previous to the solemn warnings and denunciation which had been sent to him in Italy. Thus all comes right at last, and Ginevra issues from the furnace, like gold seven times refined. And soon there is a merry wedding at Grantley Manor. Margaret, the thrice happy Margaret, has given her heart and her hand to her "Old Walter," and her stern father had, by this time, learned fondly to appreciate the priceless gift which he joyfully bestowed upon his old friend.

Colonel Leslie, however, found it difficult all at once to forgive the husband of his passionately-loved Ginevra.

"But his child was happy, and she loved her husband. By degrees it grew easier to forgive, but still he could not forget; the wound had been too deep, the suffering too recent. It was not till sometime afterwards, when Ginevra led him to a spot near Darrell Court, where the first stone of a Catholic chapel was laid, and he read the inscription it bore: 'In memorial of an eternal repentance and an eternal gratitude,' that his feelings softened towards Edmund Neville."

And Ginevra,

"If her hopes and joys were of a more exalted nature, and her aspirations of a higher order than those of her sister, was it strange that it should be so? Had not life shown her depths of misery which inexperience cannot fathom? Had not her spirit hovered on the confines of eternity, and almost taken its wing for the mansions of heaven? She returned to life—to its duties and its blessings; no smile was sweeter than hers, no serenity deeper, and no tenderness more touching; but a seal had been set on her brow, which nothing could efface. Death had been near her, and had left a message for her soul, and the melodies of earth could not overpower that whisper. This was Edmund Neville's trial in the midst of happiness. He ever felt as if an angel was lingering at his side—as if the links that bound her to life were slender as the threads of the gossamer—as if she had only been restored to him for a while, to save him from despair, and to teach him to repent."

To lead him too, it is to be inferred, onwards to the bosom of the true and "eternal church." And thus the work closes, leaving the sister-heroines each happy in her own way—fond hearts watching them—deep love attending them—"exemplary in their lives, and united in their affections."

As Lady Georgiana Fullerton is probably considered the most distinguished female writer of her party—a party which has lately made large, and often skilful, use of fiction and poetry to spread and inculcate its tenets, notions, and nostrums—we have deemed her new romance deserving an extended notice; and now our readers must be nearly as well qualified to judge of its various merits as ourselves, who have patiently gone through its length and depth. As a literary work, it will be considered not superior to her first production; though the spirit and tendency, if not the object of both the stories, are the very same.

Along, however, with its strong catholicism, "Grantley Manor" exhibits a more enlarged catholicity, howsoever deeply alloyed with what protestants regard as puerility, superstition, and will-worship—evident in every page. If any permanent moral lesson is to be drawn from the work, it must be one of warning against the danger and probable misery to be apprehended by a Roman Catholic lady, rigid in her adherence to the *mint* and *cumin*, as well as to the weightier matters of her creed, who shall rashly marry a Protestant, or connect herself closely with those "who do not bow at the altar," which from infancy she has been taught, unquestioning, to revere, as the chosen and only shrine of the "pure" and "eternal faith;" and the only safe and "true rule" of life, in all its bearings. We presume that the lesson may be useful, although the circumstances be reversed.

THE LEGEND OF CHAMBERCOMBE.

Within a mile of Ilfracombe, North Devon, lies in a deep dell the pretty hamlet of Chambercombe, near which, falling into decay, may be seen the house of which the following sonnets tell.

I.

In a deep dingle, passing Larkstone hill,
And on to Helesbro's difficult ascent,
With the gruff gurgle of a hasty rill
Sounding within my ears, as on I went,
I came upon a lone, deserted mansion,
Hid among unpruned boughs—and with a scent
Of damp and rotten leaves. The drear expansion
Which Ruin makes, invaded all the ground,
Destroying window-frames and palings. Round
Lay bricks and broken panes of window-glass;
Whilst here and there the mischievous had found
A cranny for an arm or leg to pass:—
"What is that place?" I asked when I got home—
"It is the Haunted House of Chambercombe!"

II.

In sooth it is a dark tradition, told
And credited by cottage dame and clown;
And briefly shall the tale be noted down
For thee, dear reader! Heiress of much gold,
A girl of weakly wit, but hale and bold
Of health, two brothers fierce did own;
Who for her riches envied her with cold
And desperate hate—for they could claim no hold
Upon that wealth, which, to possess, they plann'd
A darksome deed—a deed of guilt and gloom.
The wretched maiden, by her brothers' hand,
Fell, in her midnight sleep at Chambercombe;
The murderers perish'd soon—the gold for which they panted
Enrich'd them not—and lo! the house is haunted!

CALDER CAMPBELL.

PAULINE BARTENAU, THE HUGUENOT'S DAUGHTER.

AN OWER-TRUE POITEVIN TRADITION.

"Locus in Quo."

CHAPTER I.

In the west of "La belle France" is a department called "Les deux Sevres," from two rivers of the same name which run through its territory; and the capital of this department is the thriving little town of Niort. Since the days of Charles VIII. and the Maid of Orleans, this district has not been so much frequented by our ubiquitous countrymen as most other parts of France; and a residence on the banks of the "Sevre Niortaise"—as the southern of the two streams is named, to distinguish it from its sister river—might be confidently recommended to some of those English who may be frequently heard lamenting the difficulty of finding a spot where they may live unmolested by the sight or sound of others of the same species. It is a strange subject of complaint this; though all who have rambled on the Continent must have heard it from the lips of sundry of their wandering countrymen. Little complimentary, too, one would suppose it, when addressed to an Englishman, yet shall you hear it at Pau, at Carlsbad, at Sorrents, under the Cedars of Lebanon, or at Tadmor in the desert. Mrs. Smith confiding to Mrs. Thomson her distresses at being unable to discover a spot uninfested with English! and that with an amount of self-complacency indicating the conviction entertained by Mrs. Smith that she was hereby clearly manifesting her own superiority to all the common and unclean herd of her compatriots. To the French this sort of absurdity is especially unintelligible, except on hypotheses far from advantageous to the English-hating Englishman in question. One of the objections to the solitary system of imprisonment is the great quantity of prison-room it requires. And a great deal of the world it takes to find sufficiently isolated lodgings for the fancies of our dear anti-gregarious countrymen. But there is still accommodation, as has been said, for one or two in the department of "Les deux Sevres."

A pleasant country, too, is this district of the ancient province of Poitou, undulating, green, well wooded, well watered, and rich enough in deep verdure and silvan beauty to remind the traveller of the prettiest parts of Nottinghamshire, rather than of the brown monotony of the greater part of France. And Niort, the capital of this pleasant country, is for a French town an active, thriving, commercial little city. In the old times, when Poitiers was the capital of the province of Poitou, and before Niort could in any degree vie with it in size and importance, the two towns were strongly contrasted in their nature and appearance. Proud Poitiers was a true medieval city, a legitimate, though the youngest, child of the feudal system. Its cathedral, its parliament, its university, its long and intricately tortuous streets, compelled to twist round many a sharp corner by the huge town mansions of the Poitevin *noblesse*, and forced between long lines of dead wall by their large gardens, all contributed to impress upon it the genuine stamp of an old provincial capital of the first class. Niort, on the contrary, was a young commercial upstart. The absence of cathedral, parliament, or university, left the rule and management of the town to the wealthy and industrious burghers, whose thriving activity had raised it to be, in population at least, a rival of the capital. There, streets, straight though narrow, and long rows of moderately sized houses, uninterrupted by large breaks of silent gardens, intimated the subordination of private to the public importance.

The moral contrast between the two towns was not less striking than their physical difference. Law, physic, and divinity reigned in Poitiers. It was when the *noblesse de l' épee* met the "*noblesse de robe*" within the walls of their own parliament towns, that the latter were most able to compete with and make a stand against the jealousy and overbearing pretensions of the more ancient and more barbarous sword-nobles. So law and mother Church divided Poitiers pretty equally and exclusively between them. Both these old ladies—with all reverence and veneration be it said—are known to be of somewhat sedentary habits, prone to maintain themselves and all other things "*in statu quo*," great worshippers of constituted authorities and routine, and little given to movement or mutation of any sort. It is clear, therefore, that Poitiers was no desirable abiding place for new-fangled notions or heresies in religion or politics. Such things, alas! *will* arise from time to time in the best regulated states; and even Louis Quatorze, *grand monarque* as he was, could not entirely keep men from thinking.

When, therefore, new opinions kept springing up with a perversity which has often been seen to reward the efforts of paternal governments—like quickset hedges, all the more stiff and thick the more often they were cut down—the commercial little town of Niort, unprotected by those influences which have been described as spreading their peaceful wings over dreamy old Poitiers, became much infested by Huguenots and Calvinists. The town, it must be owned, did not seem to flourish the less on this account.

Such was the state of things in Niort towards the middle of the seventeenth century—the period to which our *historiette* relates. So that when the king's immoral life drove him to the necessity of making up for it by persecuting the Huguenots—the mode of pleasing God which was least personally troublesome to himself—and the prison of Niort, like that of many other towns, was turned into an instrument of conversion, the inhabitants of that city, Catholic as well as Calvinist, disapproved of the measure.

CHAPTER II.

THE HUGUENOT AND THE HUGUENOT'S WIFE.

In the year 1635 the prison of Niort, that same gloomy looking old castellated tower, which may still be seen frowning on the town from the top of the little eminence which constitutes the most commanding spot within the walls, contained more than one prisoner for conscience sake, victims of the king's piety.

One group, among those who were at that time inmates of the prison, have found a place in the partial pages of general history. The Sieur D'Aubigné and his wife were among the Huguenots confined there on account of their faith; a fact which the world would have long since forgotten, had it not happened that within those cheerless walls on the 27th of November in the above-mentioned year, that lady gave birth to a daughter, who, after fifty of a life comprising more strange vicissitudes than the boldest novelist would dare to relate as probable, became De Maintenon, and wife of Louis XIV. Yes, reader! strange as it seems, the infant, born of those parents then imprisoned for their Calvinist creed, was she who dealt in after years the deadliest blow, almost a death-blow, to Protestantism in France, by causing, on the 22d of October, 1685, the revocation of the Edict of Nantes.

A prison cell is a sad scene for the bringing into life of a new creature, innocent as yet of any part of all the sin and folly that have built and peopled prisons! But Madame d'Aubigné was, at least, not without such comfort as sympathy, and the companionship of one similarly tried, could afford her. Much about the same time, and within the same dreary precincts, another birth took place at Niort. Jacques Bartenau and his wife Louise were prisoners there for the same cause as the Sieur D'Aubigné and his lady. They, too, were Huguenots, and had been condemned to conversion by the convincing process of imprisonment, as expiatory victims for the good of the monarch's soul.

Oh! but it takes a great deal to bring about the salvation of a monarch. Hear the opinion, reader, of the pious Bourdaloue on this point. The passage may be found at the end of his first Lent sermon. It is conclusive on the subject. "The ordinary effect of grace," says this eloquent Jesuit, preaching before Louis XIV., "is the salvation of common Christians. The salvation of the great is its *chef-d'œuvre*. A king's salvation is a prodigy of grace; and that of the greatest of earth's kings a miracle thereof." It cannot be doubted that this good servant of God and the king meant his words to be highly complimentary to that master whom he feared the most, and most strove to please. But it must be confessed that the sly Jesuit's climax seems to imply a singularly double-edged compliment. And truly, perhaps all things considered, many persons may be inclined to think the above words much about as veracious as any.

Well! Louise Bartenau, as has been said, became a mother in the prison. Her child was also a girl; and the same dark walls which met the first opening gaze of Françoise D'Aubigné, welcomed also to her earthly pilgrimage the other Poitevin Huguenot's daughter, Pauline Bartenau.

Misfortune, like its powerful despot cousin, Death, is a great leveller. And the two young mothers found comfort and consolation in the presence and companionship of each other. In other circumstances there would have been little in common between them. The D'Aubignés were noble—the Bartenaus plebeian. Scarcely any events less cogent than those which had thus thrown them together could have brought them into companionship. Had the Bartenaus been more lowly placed in the social scale than they were, sympathy and kindness between the two mothers might have been less improbable; for the *noblesse* of France found nothing galling to their pride in treating with kindness, and even frequently with familiarity, those who were sufficiently beneath them to be their creatures and dependants. But Jacques Bartenau was a rich merchant of Niort. Two prides would, therefore, have had to be overcome and made to bend, before any association could have taken place between him and the violent sword-noble. And both these prides were of the stiffest.

Nor would their community of feeling on religious matters have helped in any material degree, as might at first sight be supposed, to draw them together. The Huguenots were a large and mixed body; and their numbers were augmented by proselytes from all ranks of society, whose motives for dissenting from the state religion were by no means all the same. The heart of the body were strict, rigid Calvinists. These were for the most part *bourgeois*; and such was Jacques Bartenau. Then there were ambitious, scheming nobles who saw in this stern, resolute, and disaffected body, an instrument which might be used with advantage for their own purposes. Court disappointments, discontent, dislike of the existing order of things, reckless restlessness, and love of movement, drew to the Huguenot ranks a large and loose crowd of straggling partisans, the effect of whose championship was to weaken and not strengthen the cause they thought fit to espouse.

It did not necessarily follow, then, from the fact of both being Huguenots, that much community of sentiment should exist between the two prisoners and their wives. And in truth it is not often that men, so widely differing in all respects as did these two co-religionists, are found conducted by fate into circumstances so precisely parallel. The Sieur D'Aubigné was, it seems, a violent, hot-headed, ill-conducted man, ever scrambling out of one trouble to fall into another, unfit to be trusted to find his own way through life, and much less to guide his wife and children on theirs. Jacques Bartenau, the Niort merchant, was a very different sort of man. He was, at the period of his daughter's birth in 1635, in the very pride of middle life, being then 38 years old. He was a remarkably handsome man; though few persons, perhaps, would have deemed his features prepossessing. The cold, though large and well-opened grey eye, expressed too much self-concentration, lighted up too rarely with sympathetic contagion at another's mirth—too rarely melted in tenderness for the woes of others, ay, or even for his own. The thin and habitually closed lips prevented the otherwise beautifully formed mouth from producing the pleasing impression, which it would have else not failed to do. The well moulded and strongly pronounced chin indicated, in connexion with the other features which have been noticed, too much firmness, too small a seasoning of human weakness, for amiability. A high and well-outlined Roman nose completed the severe and stern character of the countenance. The coal black hair, which had begun to retreat from the large and lofty forehead, was already mingled with grey. His person, both physically and in its moral expression, corresponded well with the features of his face. Tall, perfectly well-formed, and even commanding as was the handsome figure of the Niortais trader, there was a rigidity about it, an unbending, self-sustained erectness, and an uncompromising determination, expressed even in his measured gait, which

was more calculated to inspire fear than love in those connected with him by family ties.

In the case of Jacques Bartenau, the outward man was a very accurate exponent of the disposition and character. Spotless probity in all the dealings and transactions of his life, unbending inflexibility of purpose, unwearying industry, unshakeable and overweening self-confidence, a severity of judgment unmitigated by any comprehension of human frailty or pity for its weakness—these were the leading virtues and vices of his strongly defined and consistent character.

Such is he, who now at the moment of our reader's introduction to him, is holding in his arms, and gazing at the features of his first-born child—the prison-born infant, whose subsequent fortunes, still remembered in the traditional lore of her native town, it is the business of these pages to relate.

"I had hoped," said the father, turning to another man about his own age, whose dress indicated him to be a Huguenot priest, and who was standing near him, "I had hoped to have been the father of a boy, who in the troublous times that but too evidently are coming upon us, might have helped the good cause with heart and with hand. There will be days of wailing and nights of terror for the women of our faith, or I have no skill in reading the portents of the times."

"Bless the Lord! my friend, for the child which he has given you," returned the divine; "bless the Lord! and, by his blessing, our women, ay, and our children, shall so fight the good fight, as to purify the rottenness of this darkened land, and change the louring blackness of its future to a bright light. Let us welcome the babe with prayer."

The father and the preacher knelt together, and the prayer pronounced by the latter was long, and strongly marked by the peculiar doctrines of the more rigid Calvinists. The petition was listened to by Jacques Bartenau without the smallest symptom of impatience; and when it was concluded, and not till then, he turned to go and visit the mother of his child, a mother now for the first time.

And this mother, this wife of the stern Huguenot, for whose faith's-sake her first-born child first drew the breath of life within a prison wall, was she a helpmate meet for the zealous partizan, the severe man, to whose fate she had indissolubly linked her own? Louise Bartenau, the mother of the Huguenot's daughter—let us now make acquaintance with her.

Louise Bartenau was not a Frenchwoman by birth, nor had the name she bore in the land of her fathers been the French one, Louise. She, whom fate had destined for the life-partner of the Poitevin Huguenot, grew and ripened into loveliness beneath the beauty-fostering sun of Cadiz. Whether that genial city had also been her birthplace, no one knew; for Zara Diaz had been a foundling. The first of these names had been found attached to the cloth which wrapped the infant; and the second was that of the good Cadiz trader, who adopted her as his foster-child, and beneath whose roof Bartenau, travelling in Spain for the purposes of his commerce, had found her. There could be little doubt that the dark-eyed child, who seemed almost daily to expand into precocious beauty, was of Moorish or perhaps of Gipsey parentage. The posterity of the Visigoth has become matured into very perfect beauty beneath the vivifying and munificent skies of Spain; and all Europe has heard again and again, in prose and in verse, of the girls of Cadiz. But the dark richness of the crimson blood that glowed through the clear brown skin of the little Zara—the exhaustless treasures of that long, long eye which anon dazzled with its lightning flash, and anon welled forth from its still depths, fringed round with long black silken lashes, such liquid gushes of molten fire, as flooded with tenderness the swelling brow of whose those eyes lighted on—and above all, the exquisite fineness of the round limbs, the wonderful degree of elasticity united with extreme slenderness of wrist and ankle, hand and foot—the beautiful snake-like pliability of the exquisitely small waist, all unconscious of band or stay—all this unmistakebly declared the blood of a race which had dwelt in lands warmed by a yet hotter sun than that of Spain.

And then "*quant au moral?*" Well, the fact is, that Jacques Bartenau, the stern religionist, the thoughtful, severe, moral man, did not inquire or think so much on this part of the matter as might perhaps have been expected. Perhaps he was fairly subdued, stunned, and incapacitated for anything like cool or rational judgment, by the excessive beauty of his mistress. Wiser men than he have been plunged into such a helpless condition. Perhaps there were certain obliquities in his own moral idiosyncrasy, which tended to make him look on woman rather as a toy for the relaxation of man during his hours of recreation, than as the heaven-sent partner and equal friend of all his hours alike, of his graver as of his lighter moments, of his griefs as of his joys. Proud, cold, stern, excessively *manly-minded* men, rarely think worthily of women. Manly-*minded*, reader, you will be so good as to observe. Not manly-*hearted*. *C'est tout autre chose.* The error we speak of has its seat in the intellect, not in the heart.

Perhaps, again, Jacques Bartenau was attracted by the very absence in his wife of almost all those moral qualities which he had, and the presence of those which he had not. There is nothing unprecedented, or indeed extraordinary, in such a fact. "*Simile simili gaudet,*" says the Latin proverb. But experience shows us that in the intercourse of the world the reverse is quite as often the case.

Be this as it may, certain it is that the austere Huguenot differed not more in the physical organisation of his stalwart and stiff person from that of his wife, than he did in moral constitution and development. Not that the most subtle moral alchemist, if every thought and impulse of the young Spanish girl had been put into his crucible, could have detected there aught that could merit a severe judgment. The absence of much that it might have been better to have found there, may be admitted, but scarcely the presence of aught very darkly evil. Indeed, in comparing the entire moral being of Jacques Bartenau with that of his young wife, it might well be deemed that her "state was the more gracious" of the two, much as such a judgment would have appeared monstrous and absurd to the Poitevin merchant himself.

But with all this it must be supposed that Jacques Bartenau loved his wife; of course he did, and why did he marry her? There was no other inducement to the match. And he did love her as such a man could love such a woman. Gay, laughter-loving, ardent, volatile,

enthusiastic, passionate, impressionable to the highest degree—did she—was it possible that she could love him? Yes! At least, at the time of their marriage she thought so. There was something so new to her, so majestic and almost awe-inspiring in the manifestation of combined moral, intellectual, and physical strength, joined, too, to considerable personal attraction, as they were in the person of the northern stranger. And it was flattering to little Zara's woman's part to see all this strength prostrate at her tiny feet.

So the strangely-matched pair became man and wife; and Zara henceforward assumed the French name "Louise," in conformity to her husband's will, though somewhat in opposition to her own wishes. And the moment soon arrived when she must leave the bright skies of Spain, gay Cadiz, her beloved foster-parents, and all her girlhood's friends, to follow to a strange northern land the stern cold man, who was now to be to her in the place of all things, home, parents, friends. At the best it was a cruel wrench, a tremendous trial. And Zara, called so for the last time by the weeping friends who clung around her—she, all unused to trial of any kind, abandoned herself to a convulsive burst of grief, which almost alarmed, and quite displeased her calm and self-possessed husband. It was an ill-omened commencement.

Well! the reader has now some knowledge of the young mother who has just given birth to her first child in the prison of Niort. And the particulars of her story, of which he is in full possession, will enable him easily to fill up in his imagination, alas! but too accurately, the short outline of the remainder of her history, which we shall comprise in a few words. We should not have devoted so much space, as we have done to the purpose of making the reader acquainted with her—for alack! he is to lose her immediately, and her part in this history is well nigh played out already—were it not that it is necessary to our purpose that he should know what manner of woman in mind and person was the mother of "the Huguenot's daughter."

Two years had elapsed between Louise Bartenau's marriage and this her first confinement. And they had done much in their course to convince both the Huguenot and his wife that they had made an irretrievable mistake in uniting their fortunes indissolubly. It was not mere caprice that induced Bartenau to desire the change of his wife's name. He would fain have buried in oblivion, and that, too, from the first moment of his marriage, all that could serve to recall his Spanish wife's race, creed, and country. Jacques Bartenau stood very high in the esteem and respect of the Huguenot party in his own town and province. He was a leading man among them. And he had incurred their very general disapprobation, and even the expressed censure of his clergy, by his marriage. The poor Spanish girl, in the innocence of her heart, and the ignorance of her head, had willingly professed her adoption of her husband's creed. But her new co-religionists rightly judged her a proselyte of little value. Her husband could not be said to have been guilty of active unkindness towards her. But he was constantly surrounded by those in whose eyes she was an abomination. And he suffered her to become conscious that his marriage was a matter of conscientious self-respect to him.

Sadly, sadly changed was poor Louise Bartenau from the bright creature she had been two short years before. Crushed was the gay spirit; sunken and wan the clear dark cheek; hollow and haggard the still lustrous eye; drooping and bent that once so elastic form. And when, about three months before her confinement, the horrors of imprisonment under such circumstances, and for the sake of that faith, which had already made her suffer so much in this cheerless and unhappy land, was added to the load she was called upon to bear, it seemed to be the last drop in the already too full cup of her sorrows. The vigorous organization of her frame, however, did not sink before she had given birth to her infant. But that was the last effort of nature's exhausted energies. She never rallied afterwards; and at the expiration of rather less than a year from the birth of her child, she breathed her last sigh within those same dreary prison walls. The last resting-place of that poor worn-out form, which nature had fashioned of her daintiest handyworks to be the fitting dwelling-place of so bright a spirit, was chosen by the bigoted intolerance of persecutors, who would fain have carried their hatred beyond the grave, in a dark, obscure, and sunless corner of the prison yard. Hatred, impotent, at length, as well as odious!

Few words will be needed to make the reader sufficiently acquainted with André Riberac, the Huguenot minister of Niort. He was one of a class of men often painted by the delineators of character, who has found it easy to produce an effective portrait of an original, in which every line is strongly and deeply marked, which requires no delicate lights and shadows, no modifications of temperament difficult to seize, and which, hard and firm itself, may be best outlined by an artist of hard and firm hand. André Riberac was a true, a genuine bigot. An ardent, eager, and powerful, yet narrow mind, an atrabilious temperament, a hard heart, and a spirit rigid with pride of the same cast as that which exiled Lucifer from heaven—these were the qualifications that made the Niort preacher as fierce a bigot as ever hated. He was an eminently pious man; he was sincere—frightfully sincere in his belief in the horrible doctrines he taught; he had suffered much persecution for his adherence to those doctrines; and he stood extremely high in the opinion of all those of his sect throughout the west of France. His mind was habitually occupied with the contemplation of "heavenly things;" that is, he was ever gloating over the picture of the eternal torments of those whom he hated in this life. From those vices which arise from frailties of humanity, or from bodily self-indulgence of any kind, André Riberac was free. Indefatigable, rigidly abstemious, careless of wealth, the preacher had none of these faults, because he was *all* bigot. His religion occupied the whole man. And, perhaps, rarely has there lived in self-complacency a soul less fitted by its earthly pilgrimage for communion with its Maker—less capable of conceiving a worthy idea of the universal Father—in a word, less godly, than that of the correct and zealous preacher.

The personal appearance of the preacher was decidedly favourable, though there was that about it which would have prevented most physiognomists from pronouncing it pleasing. His figure was tall, and not without dignity, though thin to emaciation, and of extreme rigidity. The eye was the feature of this face that first arrested the attention of a stranger, and held it long. It was deep and black, and might almost be called flaming, so inces-

sant, so habitual was its fierce and over-eager expression. The other features of the face would have been decidedly handsome but for their extreme emaciation; and the finely expansive and lofty forehead might have been deemed noble but for the excessive severity of the habitually contracted brow.

CHAPTER III.

FORMING A MIND.

Bartenau and his friend Ribérac remained in prison till the period of the king's death, which occurred in 1643. The D'Aubignés had long since been suffered to return to such liberty as could then be found in France, on giving an extorted promise of embracing Catholicism. To avoid the necessity of keeping this promise the Sieur D'Aubigné sailed for Martinique, carrying with him his wife and the infant, for whom fate was reserving so extraordinary and so brilliant a fortune in the land she was now leaving a proscribed fugitive. A different lot awaited the other prison-born child. They never met again—those two infant playmates, Françoise D'Aubigné and Pauline Bartenau; but from the time of that parting in the prison of Niort went forward on their widely divergent paths of life, each to accomplish the course marked out for her.

Well! Françoise D'Aubigné went to Martinique; and Pauline Bartenau remained in prison at Niort. Great history has charged herself with recording the subsequent fortunes of the former. It is the business of this historiette to preserve, ere it has quite perished from the memory of tradition, the, perhaps, equally instructive story of the latter.

Jacques Bartenau would far rather have gone forth from the prison to martyrdom, than have escaped from it by such a promise as D'Aubigné had given. And when he and the preacher were left behind by their patrician fellow-prisoner, they solaced their captivity with grim reflections that the world knew its own, and God doubtless knew his own also.

So for eight years, till the year 1643 that is, the little Pauline grew, and learned between these two stern men.

Well! a graver, grimmer, more serious, and more joyless education never poor child had. Yet it was a gay, happy-hearted, and laughter-loving little creature. Good kindly Dame Nature had clearly set herself against the two grave and reverend seniors, in the matter of forming this child's mind and temperament. It was like to be a toughly contested match; but with at least two to one in favour of Mother Nature. Meanwhile the little object of the struggle seemed to suffer less in thus being pulled two different ways than might have been imagined. The fact is, that Dame Nature was taking it easy; and those who are in the habit of watching her ways, and observing the development of her operations, might have foreseen that in this case she was sure to win.

Time wore on, and at length came the liberation of Jacques Bartenau the merchant, and André Ribérac the preacher, from their long imprisonment. They walked forth amid their fellow-citizens once more, self-contained, unexulting, and sternly calm. The grievous infliction of nearly ten years' confinement within the walls of a prison had been borne by these men with stern unshrinking fortitude, as a heaven-sent infliction, destined to prove the constancy of their faith and christian heroism. And the endurance of it was not embittered to them by the burning indignation, the stinging sense of wrong and injustice, which such treatment would awaken in the breasts of men of other days, and other modes of thinking.

Coming forth as martyrs among their admiring townsmen, neither of the two friends had much difficulty in stepping back into that social position which they had occupied before their imprisonment. The widowed merchant returned to his ware-rooms and counting-house, and the preacher to his old avocations amid his congregation. To the little Pauline the difference, consequent on this change in her place of dwelling, rather than in her mode of life, was for some years at least but small. A female governante, indeed, was employed to superintend her education, and moral development. But this person was of course chosen with a special view to her religious opinions and qualifications.

It was difficult for the little Pauline to love her father; so little was there to attract, so much to repel the tender, easily-wounded heart-shoots of a child's affection in the hard, cold man. Yet Pauline *did* love her father; for hers was a loving nature, and her heart had nought else to cling to.

CHAPTER IV.

A FATHER AND DAUGHTER.

Thus time wore on; and the Huguenot's daughter, from being a merry, happy, lovely child, became a lovely, but not very happy or cheerful young woman. Externally matters had changed but little with her during this lapse of years. The same vinegar-faced and verjuice-hearted old maid had been her duenna and constant companion. Her father's society, austere and almost morose as he was, relieved in some degree the odious monotony of the many *tête-a-tête* hours poor Pauline was constrained to spend with her unamiable governante during such brief intervals of leisure as his business allowed him. And the family circle was rarely increased or diversified, save by the frequent visits of the preacher Ribérac. What a home for a young girl just entering into the brightest springtide of her existence! and one too, whom nature had endowed with a mind as bright as the laughing dark-blue eye it lighted up, and with a spirit intended to be as gay as ever dwelt in a youthful heart. Alas! poor Pauline, her lot was surely cast in a stony place!

In the meanwhile, Time, which had done its work so well and featly on her person, had also been silently and gradually at work on the development of her mind. Could the whole process of Time's schooling with its every influence, its every lesson, its every cause, and every effect in the formation of a mind be faithfully written down, the recital would fill more volumes than do our most voluminous encyclopædias of all human knowledge; and the volumes would yet be well worth the reading. But as well might one sit down by a sapling to watch its growth into an oak. And it must content us to describe, and that very imperfectly, the general results of this time-education, as observable at a given point in its progress. Nature had truly intended Pauline Bartenau for one of her choicest creations.

And how had grown the spiritual nature of this fair creature amid the influences, exclusively of one description,

which we know had ever surrounded it? It is said that the infant mind is as a sheet of white paper ready to receive whatever characters the first comer may trace thereon—as virgin wax, ready to assume whatsoever form it may please the hand which can first seize it to impart. Yet plastic as the infant mind may be, it is not so simple and easy a matter to fashion it entirely according to the will of those who may seem to have the most uncontrolled power to direct it. Its very impressionability foils the educator. Influences unseen, untraceable, whose approach the utmost vigilance can no more prevent than it can that of the circumambient air, assist, modify, or mar the efforts of him who would assume the responsibility of forming a mind. The intellectual powers which he himself has awakened and called into action may, in their free operation, which he has no longer the power to control, fight against him. Nay, his own efforts, unskillfully applied, or injudiciously enforced, not unfrequently produce results exactly the reverse of those which they have intended to bring about. The young mind is truly as plastic as new wax; but it is often forgotten that it is not equally passive. It is forgotten that every touch produces on its delicate impressionability results which it is difficult for the most experienced to foresee.

The educational efforts of Jacques Bartenau and his female and male assistant had not been crowned with success. The ethical and religious system which it had been the object of their united endeavours to inculcate had been rejected by the mind of the pupil. Gradually, estrangement grew up between them. It could not have been otherwise. The rebellious child was to him as a lost sheep.

And what was the effect of such an education and such a position on the unhappy girl herself? The fallaciousness of the only guides she had having become manifest to her, she was left without guidance to find or make a path for herself. And worse than this, her whole experience of the hearts and opinions of those who preached and taught religion, had been such as to leave her mind impressed with no very high opinion of the vital importance of religion itself, in the conduct of life and the formation of character. From her cradle upwards, every idea of religion which had reached her mind had reached it in connexion with ideas of persecution, hatred, and bigotry. The doctrines of her father's sect were loathsome to her unperverted heart; and the palpable absurdities of the Roman faith, together with the nature of the deeds it produced and sanctioned, had been too often and too forcibly pointed out to her, to leave any possibility of her embracing Catholicism.

Such was the condition and position of Pauline Bartenau when she reached her twentieth year. That she was beautiful, surpassingly beautiful, has already been intimated. Let each reader complete the sketch to his mind's eye according to his fancy. But when his imagination shall have presented to him his beau ideal of beauty, let him, if his conception is to personate adequately the Poitevin Huguenot's daughter, endow the creation with such a heart and intellect as can alone render beauty perfectly irresistible. Let the warm and genial heart, unchilled, though aching from the want of an object on which it might worthily expend, with uncalculating munificence, its overflowing treasures of affection, be the seat of every generous and gentle emotion. Let the bright and sparkling intelligence that leaps forward to meet the approach of kindred thought, illuminate the features and animate the sparkling eye.

Poor Pauline! all this and more was hers. Nor was there wanting to the completion of the fascinating whole a fair share of those peculiarly female qualities which, in the presumption of our masculine wisdom, we are wont to designate as imperfections. Among these was a strong but most innocent love of admiration. Yes! shake your heads, wise moralists! and think what a much better plan for the construction of a female bosom you could have suggested, had Nature only consulted you! Here and there—rarely, thank heaven—one meets a monster woman without this quality. Are they such as to make us fall in love with the improvement?

Well! such was Pauline in her twentieth year. It is needless to say that she was not happy in her father's house—that her life had been an ungenial and cheerless one, which would have dimmed into pining, broken-spirited helplessness, a weaker spirit, and have perverted to bitterness and gall a less right-hearted and thoroughly healthy one. Needless, too, to admit that the glimpses of that gay and bright-looking outer world, which rare and far-between had reached her in her deep retirement, had appeared to her gay and bright. She would not have been the loveable and fascinating creature we have endeavoured to describe her had it been otherwise.

Do you feel any interest, reader, for the Huguenot's daughter? See her, as she sits there at the window over that of her father's warehouse, and looking into the narrow street, formed almost entirely of the dull and quiet-looking tenements of other similar dealers. She is plying, somewhat languidly, it is true, the needle which is elaborating some of that gorgeous work, delicate and yet durable, which employed so many of the hours of our great-great-grand-mothers; and listening as little as possible to the interminable lecture of her grim governante—delivered almost avowedly for the pleasure of the deliverer, rather than from any expected advantage to the recipient—on the exceeding wickedness of the world in general, and of herself in particular, and the fearful sinfulness of all worldly occupations, especially the fabrication of vanities, such as that on which she was then engaged. Do you feel any interest in her fate? If so, pass we on to the next Chapter.

CHAPTER V.

"VIRGINIBUS PUERISQUE."

It was about that period of Pauline's life, of which we were speaking in the last chapter, that an incident occurred, which eventually gave rise to the circumstances that coloured the entire sequel of it. Jacques Bartenau was a scrupulously honest and honourable dealer; and the probity and loyal character of his transactions had hitherto kept him clear from any of those disputes and misunderstandings to which commercial affairs are so liable. But he was not a man to give up an advantage to which he deemed himself honestly entitled. And it so happened that some difference respecting the terms of a contract entered into between him and a large manufacturer of Sedan—already the seat of a thriving cloth trade—led to a warm dispute between the manu

facturer and the merchant. The matter in question involved interests to a considerable amount. Neither party would yield to the representations of the other, and it became necessary to submit the matter to the arbitration of the tribunals.

The question at issue was to be tried at the "Grands Jours de Poitiers," as the session for the purpose of holding what we should call "assizes" was then termed; and Bartenau had neglected no fair precaution to ensure a successful issue to his suit. Among the measures he had adopted was that of securing the services of an advocate, who had been especially recommended to him as particularly conversant with the laws and customs regulating commercial affairs. The advocate thus selected was still a young man, though already marked as a rising one in his profession, and favourably known to the judges and to his seniors at the bar. His name was Jules de Pontarlier.

The legal profession was, at the period of which we are speaking, becoming daily more important in the government of his country, and occupying a position of greater consideration in the eyes of the court, the military *noblesse*, and the people. The members of the profession were held together by an *esprit de corps* at the least strong as that which united the old feudal nobility to as each other. And the parliamentarian families, many of whom for several generations together had enjoyed the honours of the "gown," were as proud of their long-robed ancestry, as the haughtiest of the "*noblesse de l'epeé.*" In many of these families wit and learning seemed to be hereditary; and in general the legal profession at that day comprehended, in the ranks of its junior members, a very large proportion of the talent of the rising generation.

Of those who had been recently admitted to the honours of the bar, and to whom its seniors most confidently looked to maintain and add to the credit of the profession, both as a sound lawyer and a man of talent, none occupied a more prominent place than Jules de Pontarlier. He was one of those gifted few, who can carry cumbrous learning, without in any degree making the weight of the load manifest to the mere looker-on by the heaviness of his step or constrained action of his gait. When out of court, and not engaged in preparing the affairs of his clients for their appearance there, the playfulness of his wit, and light gaiety of his manner, were such as rendered him a favourite in circles where the gayer-plumaged scions of the sword *noblesse* were his rivals, in competing for the guerdon of a smile from lovely lips, or an approving glance from bright eyes. And a dangerous competitor was the young lawyer to the gayest and gallantest empty-pated young soldier. For despite the axiom laid down to the contrary by that great authority in such matters, Thomas Moore, in the charming little song of "Beauty, Reason, and Folly," we maintain, with all respect, that Folly never yet succeeded in making himself so agreeable to Beauty as Reason can, when he chooses to don the cap and bells for an hour, and wear them with a grace and effect that their own silly owner can never contrive to produce. Other qualifications there are, without which neither Reason nor Folly need hope success in Beauty's bowers. Some fair share of Beauty's own especial graces is absolutely necessary; and these the young lawyer possessed in no trifling degree. A handsome and singularly elegant person, fine open frank-looking features, animated with an irresistibly merry and laughing blue eye—these were advantages inestimable in the societies that Jules de Pontarlier best loved to frequent in his hours of recreation; and which were by no means thrown away even among the grave seniors who stood around the path of professional success.

Such was the young advocate to whom Jacques Bartenau had, by the recommendation of some of the seniors of the profession, entrusted the conduct of his case; a case which involved property to a larger amount than any that had hitherto been confided to his zeal and skill.

Well! consultations, explanations, much preparatory talking, were necessary. Jules de Pontarlier came frequently to the merchant's house—frequently saw Pauline—sat in the same room with her. And so, it came to pass that . . . . . the reader knows the rest already. What! the old story, eh? . . . . Yes! un-gentle reader! it *is* an old story. It is 5848 years old, according to the computation of good Archbishop Usher, learned in these and many other matters. The tale, truly, has never been a new one, since it was first told amid the bowers of Paradise. And such has been the abiding influence of this, its first birth-place, on its nature, that when rightly told by fitting lips to fitting ears, it changes the scene of its telling—be that what it may—to a veritable Paradise, for the time being. Yes! ungentle reader, the story is old. But we must be excused if we take leave to hint, that were the story *all* that is old in the matter, its age would in no wise interfere with its favourable reception. Look at the inscription at the head of this chapter, old gentleman, —"Virginibus Puerisque!"—and to those indulgent readers we address ourselves for the present. Those to whom the story is too stale a one to be interesting may turn on to the sequel. Not but *that* is an old story too. Alack! but too old a story in this poor world of ours. But somehow there is something in it which often makes it pleasant reading to those who turn up their respectable roseate noses at a true love tale.

Jules de Pontarlier and Pauline Bartenau met frequently—somewhat more frequently perhaps than the strict necessities of the legal business in hand might have required. You, too, can perchance guess the result, ingenuous youths, gentle maids, be ye yet fancy-free, or bearing in your stricken hearts the wound. And now that we have appealed especially to you to listen to this section of our history, we are diffident of our own powers of worthily narrating it. We have the consolation, however, of feeling quite certain that every one among you can supply the "*hiatus valde deflendus*" for yourselves.—(Those "horrid Latin words," dear young ladies, signify "impassioned whisperings of devotion." It is the beautiful phrase of love's own poet—Ovid.) You will have no difficulty, we are sure, in imagining all this for yourselves, without aid of ours. How the young lawyer was smitten home to his heart's core by the charms of our Pauline—how he contrived to declare that fact to her with every sufficient intelligibility, without at all communicating the intelligence to the old merchant, to whom he was all the while busily explaining certain points and bearings of his case—how by an unfortunate mistake of half-an-hour in the time of an appointment to meet his client at his residence one evening on his return from hearing one of our friend Riberac's lengthened dis-

courses, it chanced that the unpunctual advocate passed this half-hour alone with our Pauline, who had declined accompanying her father and her governante to the lectures—how the practised tongue, that had learned in stately halls, and high-born ladies' bowers to charm the ear of beauty, succeeded but too well in making this short half-hour fatal to the future peace of the provincial merchant's poor daughter—how this little half-hour, our Pauline's first stolen pleasure, was so sweet as to suggest the stealing of many a subsequent one by similar and various other contrivances—all this those readers to whom this chapter is especially dedicated will easily enough imagine.

Well! to stolen interviews in her father's house succeeded stolen interviews elsewhere—*tête-a-tête* walks on the wooded banks of the Sévre, outside the town, etc. etc. Then came the season of the full moon. And.....alack! alack! who does not know the mischievous influences of that lovely, cold, shy, modest-looking moon?

Moon-light walks! and *tête-a-tête!* But surely, sir, the *impropriety* of the thing must have struck any properly educated young lady.

Madame! we are fully aware of all you would urge. We might ask you, in return, whether poor Pauline was a "properly educated" young lady. You know what her bringing up was. But we prefer stating at once, that we are not anxious to submit our poor heroine to your ladyship's notice at all.

We know what "impropriety" is, far too well to bring it under your ladyship's eye in any shape. PROPRIETY! odious word! invented by the world's Pharisees to hold in their vocabulary the place of innocence, goodness, modesty, and every other truly Christian grace!

Of the rules of propriety Pauline knew nothing, so she walked by moonlight with her lover evening after evening, sometimes where the capricious light, glancing in chequered rays among the restless leaves, came to dance on the still waters of the sluggish river; sometimes to the top of the hill which rises to the westward of the town, and from which they could contemplate the entire city sleeping in the still white light beneath them.

Moments of happiness! which all that the world can give, can neither equal, nor alas, reproduce! moments how fleeting! but never to be forgotten!

CHAPTER VI.

"WOMAN AND HER MASTER."

But the sequel of the tale! what *followed!* the consequences, in other words—ay! the consequences! Well! the sequel must be told. For Pauline Bartenau was the denizen of no ideal Peri-land; and this her history is no Arcadian idyll. Yes! the sequel must be told. And yet, like a timid bather shivering on the brink, while he procrastinates the plunge he is determined to make, we approach reluctantly the precipice to which the course of our tale conducts us. We closed the last chapter, which contains—not the picture, for it cannot be painted,—but the intimation of so much happiness; and devoted a new one to the stern work that lies before us. For the especial dedication, which commended the last to the particular attention of the young and innocent, is alas! not appropriate to this. Yet, let them too read what follows, that the manly may feel the generous wholesome glow of righteous indignation, righteous when visiting the rightful head; and the gentle may drop, as we hope, an equally wholesome tear over the fortunes of one as gentle, as lovely as themselves. But these readers will find nothing agreeable presented to them in this chapter.

No! here the dedication must be a different one. Now, it is your turn, all you who "always expected" the misfortunes of your neighbours. Come to the feast all you who "knew from the first what it must come to," and gloat over the fulfilment of your raven prophecies. You who candidly avow that you "have *no* patience" with sinners, whose sin is virtuous, compared with your virtue; you, whose exceeding parity "for your part cannot tolerate any symptom of levity in a young woman;" you, who chiefly "wonder what the man could have seen in her" at all attractive; above all, you sweet sisters of your sex who "have no doubt that the hussy herself was chiefly, if not entirely, in fault, running after the poor man in that way;" come all of you, loathsome harpies! do not you snuff the carrion scent of a slaughtered reputation?

Poor Pauline! alas! those sweet moonlight walks! those dangerous moonlight walks! Did she not know that there was danger in them? Why should she have dreamed of any?

Jules de Pontarlier! the winner of this inestimable prize, an innocent maiden's pure, loving, clinging heart! the partner of this trembling woman in her sin! the conqueror who has achieved this triumph over a weak and guideless girl! Stand forth, Jules de Pontarlier! while we scrutinize a little your portion of this deed. Were you, too, ignorant of the slippery nature of the path you were treading with this young creature? Were you as artlessly unconscious of the approach of danger as she was? Did you fall from your high estate of spotless innocence by the sudden assault of temptation on your human frailty, in an unguarded hour? If so, let pitying charity throw over your sin, also, her covering mantle. Though with infinitely less to excuse your fall than may be urged in extenuation of that of her who shared it—though armed with knowledge, habitual prudence, and worldly forethought—though the stronger, instead of the weaker, vessel; yet, if the case be as we have supposed, human censors will and ought to judge leniently your error. Reparation is open to you. The betrothed faith may be kept. And the evil you have done will make you doubly anxious ever to shield that delicate and fragile being from every ruder breath of the cold world's unkindness.

The world had every reason to be satisfied with the conduct of M. Jules de Pontarlier; and the world testified its approbation of him in many ways, bestowing sundry sufficiently solid and satisfactory testimonials of its favour and approval. He rose to a high position in his profession; and dying at Paris, full of years and honours, was buried in the church of St. Jacques, near the Marché des Innocents, with a long Latin inscription on his tomb, recording the admiration of his contemporaries for his virtues as a Christian, a magistrate, a husband, and a father.

Poor Pauline! then she was happy at last? The evening of her days in some degree compensated for their cold unkindly morning? She was the happy mother of children, and honoured wife of the exemplary magistrate, so recorded by the veracious marble?

Ha, ha, ha! It is a mad world we live in! A mad wag of a world!

Pauline Bartenau died—but we are anticipating unduly. Let us proceed regularly with this history, in which nothing occurred in anywise abnormal, but all passed perfectly "*selon les règles.*"

The world was in all ways satisfied with the fortunate Jules de Pontarlier. He gained Jacques Bartenau's cause for him, in the first place; and much thanks, pelf, and credit for himself thereby. Having, therefore, nothing further to detain him at Niort, he returned to Paris, and there grew rapidly in the favour and esteem of the courts, and was again the soul and spirit of more than one gay circle, in which bright eyes looked the brighter in his presence, and laughing banter about his successes with the Poitevin belles, as laughingly replied to by the gay young advocate. But it was not long before the rising barrister thought proper to seek for a wife in earnest. And here, again, the world was well satisfied with him. He made "a proper marriage, in all respects." Rank, fortune, &c., all strictly "*convenable.*" A good Catholic, too, of course. What! marry a Huguenot? Fie! where would have been his sense of religion? The church would not have been satisfied with him *then*.

Pass on thy way, Jules de Pontarlier! We have no more to say to thee, or of thee. Sail onwards down the pleasant and prosperous stream of life, with swelling sails filled with fortune's favouring gale, and brightened by the warm sunshine of the world's esteem! Nor pause to cast one backward glance on the lonely wreck thou hast left stranded on the cold inhospitable shore, to perish unregarded, save by the half-averted eye of scorn, and alone. Pass on! we have no new homily to read to the seducer. All that can be said has been said and re-said. And the pious world can listen to such talk, confined to safely vague generalities, with much edification. But for the visitation of its bitter pains and penalties the coward world prefers the weak and helpless victim. It is awkward, involves disagreeable results and inconvenience, to deal with strong, powerful men. So "we really cannot look into these matters," with regard to them. But to wreak our dastard morality on the weak, the frail, the broken already, the prostrate helpless one—this is safe, cheaply virtuous—and pleasant withal.

CHAPTER VII.

THE PENALTY.

Leaving, then, the spoiler to pursue his prosperous path amid the noisy business, and still more noisy pleasures of the world of Paris, let us follow to its unmarked close the history of her whose fortunes we have undertaken to record, and whose story, like many a similar one, equally melancholy and equally suggestive of various unheeded moralities, would, like them, long since have perished and been forgotten, had not the tragedy been marked by certain incidental peculiarities, which connect it in Poitevin traditionary lore with historical circumstances of those times, not yet faded from the memory of the old inhabitants of the province.

And now once again, *gentle* readers, we appeal to you. Now that the worst is told—now that you know all the sad truth about our poor fallen Pauline—"fallen by too much faith in man"—we appeal again to you, the gentle-the innocent, and the young, and would fain bespeak your sympathies in favour of an erring sister. Will ye not, with meek and gentle eyes, moist with heaven's best-loved sacrifice—a tear of pity—follow to its close her chill and cheerless pilgrimage? Would ye not have rejoiced to pour the healing balsam of a gentle word, a gentle look on that poor bleeding heart, to have bound up the wounds of that crushed spirit, to have lightened by a little—'tis but a little that human power can—the sore, sore load which that frail form must bear on its flinty path? Alas! her gloomy way was uncheered by any such angel's ministerings. Yet, pity! gentle ones! for the precious pity-drops you shed shall be a beneficent dew on the tender verdure of your own hearts, and the unavailing blessing, wherewith you would have blessed the stricken one, shall return again into your own bosoms, making yet gentler even your gentleness, and purifying even your purity. Fear not, then, gentle readers, despite the lessons of a cold, selfish, and hypocritical prudery, to walk with us awhile beside the path of your unhappy sister.

How Pauline first learned her lover's faithlessness—the first stab-like agony—the angry incredulity—the hoping against hope—the heart-sickening gradual departure of all hope—and the stunning, numbing fulness of despair;—all this it is needless to detail at length; for alas! alas! is it not too trite a tale?

Then slowly, and by degrees, thoughts of herself, her own position, and future, would force themselves upon her. Her father! her stern and severe father! Could there be hope of pity or forgiveness from him? Would it be possible to conceal from him and from others the consequences of her shame? Oh! heavens! the madness that was in thoughts such as these! And yet, though each time the thought recurred, it seemed to mark in fire its passage through the brain, yet she could not fix her mind on the momentous subject. The rebel thought would stray to him, who had long since ceased to think of her. Importunate, tormenting, and yet alluring memory *would* paint and repaint on fancy's tablets that one same scene, brought out all vivid and distinct from amid the dreamy haze that seemed to hang over all the rest of the utterly severed and apparently far distant past. Like phantasmagoric scenes painted on their own bright circle of light, amid the surrounding darkness, unreproducible, except by throwing all around them into utter obscurity, this vision of the past showed bright and isolated, cut out of the black rim that encircled it, and leaving invisible all those objects lying outside the magic ring, whose appearance would have caused the brilliant picture to fade and disappear.

Thus time passed on with dull and leaden step, tediously slow in his progress over each heavy cheerless hour, but fearfully rapid in his resistless march towards the awful hour, when it now became evident to Pauline that she must disclose to unpitying ears her frailty and its results. Gradually had the full horror of her position, with all its attendant circumstances, developed itself to her stunned intellect. Gradually she had come to comprehend and fully realise the facts around and before her.

Appalling prospect! oh! the bitter, bitter hours; the long, long agony; the tear-spent nights; the terror-haunted days; the pang—sharpest of all—of unrequited love and crushed affections; the heart-sick hopelessness, that punish frail, weak, sorely-tempted woman's first

transgression! Ah men! men! were an amount of penalty strictly proportioned, on a similar scale, to the amount of moral turpitude of which ye, strong lords of God's creation, are guilty, in your sinnings so lightly visited as to seem hardly sin at all; what hell, present or future, were profound enough for your incalculably deep damnation! But then, ye *are* the lords of the creation—manly, just, generous, equitable legislators for yourselves, and the companions, equal to yourselves, save in their love-demanding weakness, whom God has given you—the Creator's last, best gift, without which Paradise was imperfect and unblest!

One of the epochs most strongly marked by general license was that in France, in which our heroine lived. And it may be thought, therefore, that the general tone of the times would have saved her from the cruel fate which has been represented as being before her. But it must be remembered that she belonged to a peculiar and isolated class; and that, in all respects, a severe and harsh one. Of the habits and manners of that class, who have made the period in question notable for its licentiousness, Pauline Bartenau, and those around her—those who were to make her fate—knew nothing. Nor could it have been possible to single out an individual, who would stand more utterly alone and friendless in an unknown world, than would the Huguenot's poor daughter, when abandoned by her own immediate friends, and driven forth into the wilderness of a world of which she had never seen or known anything.

It came at length; that dreadful hour of her father's first knowledge of his daughter's fall; that hour awaited in trembling expectation for so long; that hour, whose horrors importunate fancy had painted throughout the watchings of so many sleepless nights. It came, and realised her worst anticipations. It was a fearful interview, that last one between the father and the motherless daughter. Few words were said by either, though so much had to be told by both. Her sin, her shame, the doom that was to avenge it by the father. Cold, calm, self-contained as ever, the Huguenot heard the half-uttered words that told his daughter's tale. No gush of pity, no burst of rage altered the wonted rigidity of his upright form, or lighted up his cold, grey, quiet eye. Her story was said, wrung from her panting bosom in half-articulated words; and Pauline remained on her knees before him, with difficulty preventing herself from sinking prostrate on the floor. Her rich dark locks had, in her agitation, escaped from their confinement, and hung in disordered but beautiful masses over her pallid brow and ivory neck. That lovely face, swollen with weeping, was upturned towards him, and the beseeching eloquence of those dark tearful eyes could not have appealed in vain to any human bosom not indurated into stone-cold apathy. The hands joined in supplication, and outstretched towards him, added their expression of helpless wretchedness to the figure, which might well have inspired a Tintoretto or a Guido with a perfect representation of the Magdalene. But still he, the *father*, stood apparently unmoved; so unmoved, that those who knew him not might well have supposed that he had before been aware of the facts then made known to him.

And what was passing in the mind of the hard, impenetrable man during the long cruel pause, so interminable in its agony to the poor suppliant, that he suffered to elapse ere he replied to her appeal? Was there aught of self-reproach mingled with those hidden meditations? any consciousness of duties left undone, which, performed, might have obviated that which had occurred? Or did the proud religionist's mind revert to the disgrace which might be reflected on *him*, *his* house, *his* name, in the eyes of his fellow-citizens, and especially of his own sect? At all events, no tone of pity, no faintest gleam of mercy, was to be discovered in the accent of the voice in which he at last said, more as if speaking to himself than to her:—

"This, too, was to be, and must needs have come therefore. But woe—verily, woe—to the lost soul by whom the offence cometh"

Then, turning more directly to the still kneeling figure of poor Pauline, he said, pointing in the direction of the street—

"Go forth! go from me, and from my house. Our paths, henceforth, must be different—FOR EVER! Alone with my God must I walk the remainder of my pilgrimage through this vale of tears; for it hath seemed good to Him that not even here should cleave unto me aught of the strange woman, after whom I strayed in my youth, sinfully taking to my bosom a wife not from the number of His elect. And, of a truth, from a bramble men do not gather figs. Rise, and go forth."

He turned, and was leaving the room; Pauline was motionless, as if turned into marble; till, rousing herself by a sudden effort, she sprung forward, caught his hand and in an accent in which the slightest possible tone of reproach might be detected mingling with that of supplication as she pronounced the word—father, said impressively—

"Father! my father! you send me, then, to death!"..

She was going on, but he disengaged his hand, and raising it as if to represent the impassable barrier which was to separate them for ever, he replied, slowly and sternly—

"The wages of sin is death."

And with these words the good man left the sinner. They were the last, *with one exception*, that Pauline ever heard from her father.

He passed from the room; and she remained, for a while, in the attitude and on the spot where he had left her, stunned by the blow, and incapable of fully comprehending its reality. At length, slowly, and almost dreamily, she gathered herself up, and rose to her feet. The immediate consideration of what next was to be done then forced her mind to contemplate the future that lay before her. All dark! no ray to cheer! no possibility of hope! alone! helpless! friendless! no hand to sustain, guide, assist! no voice to soothe! no heart to love and cherish! Like Hagar, she was to go forth into the wilderness; but that which lay before her was the worser and more desolate wilderness, a cruel, scornful world, thick set with cold strange eyes, that glare upon the stricken one, warning her off from the shelter of each heart. Oh, for the desert! the real desert! where beneath no eye save the benignant, the pitying, the merciful one of her Heavenly Father, she might lay her down, and be at rest!

World! world! decent, decorous, pious, proper world! how many Hagars perish, and are even now perishing, in the wilderness to which thou hast driven them forth!

Might she but die! To sleep and wake no more to this weary, weary world! Oh, what a boon were that! To die!—so easy! so quick! so sure! and then rest, rest! repose and darkness! no prying eyes! no scoffing smiles! one plunge, and all is over!

Ha! devil! art thou there? Thou knowest well thy time, and skilfully presentest to the miserable thy master-stroke of temptation. But hie thee hence! This woman, weak, hardly smitten, and prostrate, is yet none of thine. Shall she do murder?—a double murder?

Then welcome, life! dark, stormy, cheerless, dreary life!—welcome, for that dear sake!—welcome, struggling, toil, and pain!

And Pauline walked forth from her father's house, and closed its door behind her, the wide world all before her. She was not without the means of obtaining immediate shelter, did she but know where to apply for it; for she possessed and carried with her sundry trinkets, some of no small value, which had been the property of her mother. It was not likely that any vanities of this kind should have been acquired beneath the roof of the Huguenot husband and father, by either mother or daughter. But the articles which were now to serve her daughter in her urgent need, and which had been the cherished memorial of her own bright youth, had been brought by her from the sunny land of her birth, and had been the gifts of her fond foster-parents.

The first desperate plunge had been made. Pauline was homeless in the streets of Niort. And many a weary, despairing hour did she wander purposeless before she could determine on making any application for food or shelter. She was, however, at length fortunate in the selection she made. Instinctively she had sought the poorer quarter of the town; and there at last she had addressed an old woman who was standing at the open door of what seemed to be a very poor watchmaker or mender's shop. She had summoned all her physiognomical skill to her aid before she had dared to take the step in question; and it had not deceived her. She stated her position, her condition, but not her name, and showed her means of paying for what aid might be afforded her. She was kindly received; and we will not inquire how large a share of this result was produced by the exhibition of the trinkets, and how much by the statement of her distress. The old woman was very poor. Her husband obtained a very scanty livelihood by working at his trade as a watchmaker, in mending the watches of his poor neighbours, and the trinkets of their wives; for no part of the population in France, however poor, is without such ornaments. But he also was old, and his failing eyes rendered his work daily more difficult and more slow to him.

With this good couple our poor outcast found a home for the present pressing moment, and there we must leave her, both because the traditionary sources of this historiette say nothing further of the immediately subsequent part of her life; and because the one other passage there, which we shall add to the two already related—her birth, that is, in the prison at Niort; and secondly, the event which gave its colouring to all her future years, and which does so for most women, is all that is necessary to complete the sketch we wish to present to the reader.

CHAPTER VIII.

"RARO ANTECEDENTEM SCELESTUM DESERUIT PEDE PŒNA CLAUDO."

On the 22d of October, in the year 1685, Louis XIV. revoked the edict of Nantes. Rarely, perhaps, has the uneasiness of a royal conscience produced results so extensively, grievously, and permanently injurious, as did that day's pious work. Much of evil has arisen not rarely from similar causes. Many of the lastingly mischievous influences, which have so lamentably retarded the progress of civilization in France, may be ascribed to the personal failings of the "grand monarque," and still more, probably, to qualities, which have been ordinarily reckoned among his virtues. That they should still so be reckoned by a large proportion of the Frenchmen of the nineteenth century, is one of the most convincing proofs of the small progress hitherto achieved by the nation towards a general comprehension of sound principles of genuine civilization—or, to speak perhaps more fairly, of the very large portion of the path which yet remains to be travelled over. Very few, however, even among the most blindly violent of the renascent Jesuit-animated party in France, would, in all probability, be found to defend the revocation of the edict of Nantes in the present day, at least as a measure of policy, even if they should deem it to have been a laudably zealous effort on religious grounds.

It was surely one of the blindest pieces of fury and folly that fanaticism ever prompted. Its immediate results in depriving France of a very large portion of its incomparably most valuable inhabitants, the shock to commerce, the stagnation of industry, the penalties inflicted on integrity, and the premium offered to rascality. All this is well known; and those who have had an opportunity of reading the scarce and highly curious little quarto volume of M. Thomas, on the history of the revocation of the edict of Nantes, are aware of the savage fury with which the authorities of the government endeavoured to avoid the inevitable consequences of their own act. The irreparable mischief inflicted on the country by the expatriation of the Huguenots was too manifest to escape the penetration even of Louis XIV.'s priest-ridden government. Departure out of the country, therefore, was made highly penal; and the gaols and the galleys were filled with unfortunate professors of "the religion," as it was termed, who had been taken in the attempt to escape from the shores of their persecuting country.

Notwithstanding every precaution that could be taken, however, and notwithstanding the severities exercised on those who were caught in the attempt, a very large number of Protestants, especially from the south-western provinces, contrived, as is well known, to effect their escape; carrying with them to more hospitable shores their arts, their industry, and their energies. It was in 1685, just as Madame de Maintenon—herself born, as we have seen, of Huguenot parents in the prison of Niort, for the sake of their religion—was consolidating and maturing her influence over the king's mind, that this blow fell on France. It was therefore just about thirty years from the date of that second passage in our heroine's life, which was related in the preceding chapter.

It was a dark night towards the latter end of November in that year, and the narrow overhung streets of the interior of the little town of La Rochelle were yet darker than the quays and basin, and the roadstead beyond it. For the style of the architecture was—and is there still—such as to more than counterbalance the feeble effect of the scanty lamps, which, like angels' visits, few and far between, seem only to enhance the gloom beyond the little circle of their ineffectual illumination. The streets were built "en colombage," as the French call it; and many of them—most of them, indeed—remain so to the present day. The phrase means, that the upper stories project sufficiently to overhang a space large enough for a good "trottoir." They are supported on arcades, which thus form a barrier between the foot-passengers and the street.

In a dark and meanly furnished upper room of one of the houses in the Rue des Gentilhommes, on the night in question, two old men were sitting, engaged in close and apparently anxious conversation. They had no light beyond that which was communicated to the room from the meagre oil lamp which swung suspended on a cord stretched across the street, immediately below their window. And this, as it was kept incessantly in motion, by the wind, which was howling dismally up the narrow little street, shed a vacillating and flickering light into the apartment. The two seniors sat in such a position with reference to the window, that the light fell now on one face and now again on the other. Both were men apparently in extreme old age, and both had evidently been tall, well-proportioned men in their day. One however, was now bent almost double by the weight of years and infirmities. But the other was still upright, and it seemed, almost vigorous in his green old age. The light was uncertain and but momentary, as it flashed alternately on one and the other of them; but yet, so marked were the features it then lighted up, and so striking the entire figures of the two elders, that any one who had known them in former years would not have failed to recognize in the first the preacher Riberac, and in the second the merchant Jacques Bartenau.

Time had dealt more hardly with the more ardent spirit of the two. The preacher was not one of those of whom it can be said that "the blade has worn out the scabbard." For though the incessant activity of that hot and eager spirit might have worn out three or four tenements of ordinary clay, the hard wiry tenacity of the preacher's physical nature had bid defiance to the wear and tear of more than eighty years. But time, which had failed to quench the fire of his eye, or to rob his head of his long and silvery tresses, or to paralyse the vigour of the harsh but powerful voice, had yet succeeded in bending the rigid slender figure, which had been once as inflexible as the spirit that animated it.

The merchant was still upright as ever—still stiff and stern—the very picture of inflexibility and resolution. The once dark head was bald, but a few long straggling locks of grisly grey that floated from behind the ears, and a long and ample grey beard gave expression and dignity to the figure.

He rose and stepped towards the window, and having opened the casement looked out in both directions long and anxiously.

"It is a rough night," he said, closing again the window and turning himself towards the preacher; "as dark as we could wish; but I fear Duperrier may have all the more difficulty in finding any one willing to undertake the business in hand."

"Fear neither that, nor ought else in this matter, Maitre Jacques Bartenau," replied his friend, and the halo firm voice in which the words were said, contrasted strongly with the feeble and broken appearance of the speaker, "The raging of the ocean is less fierce than the hatred of the ungodly, and the Lord who has thus far delivered us out of their hand, will not permit the violence of his tempest to cast us back into their net."

"I will not doubt it, my friend," returned Bartenau, "yet our trusty friend Duperrier has been absent much longer than he anticipated."

He began to pace the little chamber, in which they were sitting, backwards and forwards, with a firm and measured step, ever and anon stopping at the window to throw a glance into the street, and relapsed into silence.

The few words spoken, however, have been sufficient to make the reader fully comprehend the position and circumstances of the two old men. Noted both of them throughout their own town, and almost throughout the entire province as rigid, uncompromising, and bigoted Huguenots, and influential leaders of their sect, they had of course been among the first persons attacked by the agents of the king's intolerance on the publication of the new law. They were not long in determining to attempt the only chance which was left them of passing the brief remainder of their lives in the free profession and exercise of their religion—escape and emigration. It was a severe and painful measure for two octogenarians to adopt; and in the case of the merchant, involved no inconsiderable sacrifice of property. But what availed *property* to an old man tottering on the verge of the grave, and alone in the world. Nothing! Nor did this consideration cause Bartenau a moment's hesitation. The love of gold was not among his failings. And if he had continued during many years to pursue those avocations, which added to a store already large enough for all his wants, it was due to the force of habit and the difficulty of abandoning an occupation which long use had rendered almost necessary to him.

The thought that the wealth he was about to abandon *was* useless—that he had no one to share his prosperity—that he was alone in the world; this may have caused him a pang, but it was a secret one; for never since the day that Pauline left his door, now some thirty-five years since, had her name, or any allusion to her, passed his lips. Securing, therefore, enough of gold to support himself and the companion of his flight for the few years they should yet need aught that money could procure, he determined to attempt escaping from France. It was an attempt far from being unattended with risk and difficulty; yet practicable enough to those possessed of money and influence. Arrangements were easily made with the skipper of a Dutch ship, which traded regularly between Amsterdam and La Rochelle; and for a consideration he agreed to linger in the offing on his approaching departure for the shores of Holland, having selected a moonless night for that purpose, and receive on board the wealthy merchant and his companion.

This, however, was the simplest and easiest part of the matter. The difficulty was, to get from the shore to the vessel. It was difficult to escape the perpetual

surveillance with which the jealousy of the government surrounded the Huguenots sufficiently to get from the shore at all, and as difficult to obtain the service of a boatman who might be trusted; for the betrayal of a couple of escaping heretics, and those such notable ones as the preacher Riberac and the rich merchant, into the hands of the authorities, was a service sure to command no trifling remuneration.

It was in quest of this necessary service that the friend Duperrier, already mentioned by Bartenau, was now absent. He was the owner of the house in which the two old men now were, and in which they had found an asylum, when hunted from their own dwellings. La Rochelle, which had ever been a notable stronghold of the Huguenot party from the earliest times of Protestantism, and which to the present day has a larger number of Protestants, in proportion to its population, than any other town of France, rendered good and important service to the religionists in the evil days which followed the revocation of the edict of Nantes. It was from that friendly port, and in the ships employed by Protestant capital and industry, that the greatest number of escapes were effected by the hunted Huguenots from the atrocious persecution of Louis XIV.

It may be easily imagined that the good burghers of La Rochelle did not play the good part they did without much suffering, self-sacrifice, and risk to themselves. But whatever faults the sectarians of those days in France may be chargeable with—and they are many and grave—want of devotion to the cause of their party, and to the persecuted members of it, was not among them. Thus Louis Duperrier, a worthy man who distinguished himself afterwards too conspicuously, in the good work of aiding fugitive heretics with the means of concealment and flight, to escape the vigilance of the authorities himself, and who ultimately was rewarded for his humanity by several years at the galleys—this worthy citizen, who was a commercial connexion of Bartenau's, had received him and the preacher into his house, and was now engaged in the very critical errand of finding a trustworthy boatman to convey his dangerous guests to the ship which awaited them in the offing.

At length the patient watch of the two octogenarians was rewarded by the sound of their host's footsteps ascending the stairs. He had entered the house not by the front door, which opened into the Rue des Gentilhommes, but by a back one, which was approached by a narrow alley from the quay.

His tidings were soon told. He had been successful, and had secured the services of a person in whom implicit confidence might be placed. There was, however, a something strange and constrained about his manner, which struck both the old men. It seemed as if there was more to tell behind, which he did not think proper to explain. Any doubt, however, of Duperrier's loyalty was out of the question; so the fugitives prepared to follow him, without further loss of time, to the spot where their boatman was to meet him.

CHAPTER IX.

A NIGHT SCENE IN THE ROADSTEAD OF LA ROCHELLE. A.D. 1685.

The spot which had been selected for this purpose was a part of the shore, a little beyond the mole—the memorable work of that strong but unworthy priest who laid the foundations of the modern monarchy of France, and of all those days of miserably miscalled "glory" which have cost France, and humanity in general, so dear. Benignant Nature is labouring daily in the kindly task of removing and obliterating this mighty monument of Richelieu's tyranny and oppression; but it may still be traced, "*dorsum immane mari summo*," a speaking evidence of the impotence of the mightiest efforts of brute force to coerce, permanently, the march of human opinion.

It was beyond or outside this that Jacques Bartenau, and André Riberac, were to take boat. The beach there was less frequented, and their boat would have a better chance of traversing the space between the town and the vessel awaiting them in the offing, unchallenged and unobserved. In fact, the risk of observation would have been small in any case on such a night as the one in question. The pitchy darkness of the somewhat stormy November night favoured their enterprise, and rendered the duty of the coast-guard an extremely difficult one.

The most dangerous part of the *trajet* was that across the open space of the quay. It was possible enough that any patrolling party might challenge and detain three persons passing seawards under such circumstances, and at such an hour. The open space was, however, passed in safety, and the point of embarkation as safely reached. Two persons were there found waiting their arrival. One, wrapped in a large cloak, was sitting in the boat, and occupied the place of the steerer. The other stood on the shore, holding the boat with a boat-hook, and ready to assist his expected passengers in their embarkation. The darkness was such that the individual in the stern of the boat could with difficulty be perceived at all by those on the beach. Of the form, features, or stature of this person, nothing whatsoever was distinguishable. Nor was the light sufficient to permit any very accurate survey of him who stood on the shore. He seemed to be a tall, powerful man, dressed in dark-coloured clothing, and that was all that could be seen.

He stretched forth his hand in silence to assist the merchant into the boat. The latter turned to take leave of Duperrier, and, before accepting the proffered hand of the boatman, asked, with a slight degree of anxiety in his manner—

"You have confidence in these persons, Duperrier? Methinks that, when much trust must be placed, it would have diminished the risk of treachery to have trusted but one."

"You would not have been more safe with either one of these than with both," returned the Rochellais citizen, with some dryness of manner.

"And you have made them aware," continued Maitre Bartenau, "that a larger reward awaits their faithful performance of this service than would be likely to be gained by betraying us?"

"You need not fear, I repeat," said Duperrier, speaking almost with severity of manner; "you need in nowise fear to trust your life, and aught more precious yet, to the guidance and protection of these persons. Go, therefore, Jacques Bartenau, and may God be with you in a foreign land; and may he there make to descend into your heart the lesson which will this night be afforded you."

He hastily embraced both him and the preacher, and turned quickly to retrace his steps towards the town.

The style and method of this farewell and departure were, to say the least, not calculated to re-assure the minds of the fugitives. Yet they felt it almost impossible to suspect treachery on the part of so old and long-tried a friend of the cause, as was Louis Duperrier of La Rochelle. The consideration, moreover, that if treachery were intended, they were already—two octogenarians as they were—totally in the power of the two individuals of the boat, be their intentions what they might, sufficed to show them the futility of hesitation in the enterprise they had commenced.

So the merchant first accepted the proffered hand of the man who was holding the boat with a boat-hook, and stepped into the boat; and Riberac followed him. They seated themselves in silence. The man followed them in, assumed the oars, and the boat left the shore. No word was spoken during the half-hour which was occupied in conveying them to the ship's side by either of the four persons in the boat. The oarsman and the steerer both performed their parts in perfect silence. The latter continued almost motionless; and the folds of the large cloak which enveloped his figure were so disposed as effectually to conceal the face, even had the passengers been disposed to scrutinise it as closely as the darkness would permit.

Nothing further occurred which could in any way tend to awake suspicion of foul play on the part of the fugitives. The boat glided swiftly through the black-looking water beneath the vigorous strokes of the muscular oarsman; and before long the masts and cordage, and dark hull of the vessel, which was for the present the haven of their hopes, were visible through the thick darkness to the eager eyes of the two old men.

A few minutes more and the boat glided smoothly with skilfully-directed movements alongside the ship; a pre-concerted signal-word was spoken by Bartenau, and promptly answered by a man looking over the side of the vessel; and a rope ladder was quickly thrown over the side to facilitate the embarkation of the expected exiles. It so happened that the preacher, Riberac, was on the side of the boat nearest to the ship. So he first essayed to avail himself of the not very easy means of ascent which the hempen steps afforded. The stout boatman, and those on board, assisted him to the utmost of their power; but still the infirmity and stiffness of his time-bent figure rendered it no easy affair.

It was while he was in the act of being lifted rather than stepping up the ship's side, that the steersman of the boat suddenly arose, and dropping the heavy cloak, confronted the merchant, who had also risen to his feet, and pronounced the word—

"FATHER!"

Yes, it was indeed the Huguenot's outcast daughter and her son, his grandchild, who had rendered this dangerous service to her aged, oppressed, and fugitive father. Well, indeed, might Louis Duperrier say that the old man might entrust his life, or aught else that he held more precious, to the guidance of the conductors that he had provided for him!

Yes! it was indeed his lost daughter. The old man's faculties were not so benumbed by the weight of years as to prevent his ear from instantly recognising the once familiar voice, though it pronounced but that single word —"*father!*" But it was fated that another faculty should lend its powerful aid in carrying the appeal home to the octogenarian father's heart: for just as Pauline rose to her feet before her father, and addressed him for the first time for thirty years, it so happened that the clouds parted, and the moon shed her light upon the scene. And there stood, visibly to each other, those two remarkable figures, face to face in the boat. The slender and elegantly-formed person of Pauline was as beautiful as ever it had been, as upright, as graceful in its outline. Some of that pliant mobility, for which it had once been so remarkable, it might have lost; or it might be that the emotions of the moment imparted a degree of rigidity to the frame they were agitating. At all events, time and misfortune had added dignity to the expression of the figure. The once jetty hair had become grey, and its long and abundant tresses were bound closely around her finely-shaped head, which was uncovered now that the hooded cloak which she had previously worn was thrown off. The same causes had given a certain firmness, and almost severity of expression, to the still beautiful features. The cheeks were sunken, and all the lines of the face were strongly and deeply marked. It seemed as if suffering and years had brought out the latent similarity in the features of the daughter to those of her father.

The young man, his grandson, had ascended the side of the ship to assist in taking the old preacher below; and, consequently, the father and daughter were alone in the presence of each other. Pauline had made her appeal, and uttered no further word; but the eloquent pleading of her expressive eyes implored her father's forgiveness, and parting blessing. The old man stood stricken and motionless, and, for a moment, he seemed undecided and wavering, for nature pleaded strongly even in that indurated heart. But the evil suggestions of that worser nature, which years had made all-powerful within him, prevailed to crush down the risings of pity, and affection, and remorse. Pride—a hard, unconquerable, veritably satanic pride—prevailed, and the old man, lifting his outstretched hand, with the palm turned outwards towards the outcast, as if to intimate the impassable nature of the gulf which was between them, turned away in silence, and with the assistance of those who had now returned to the ship's side, mounted the ladder with a firm step, and reached the deck.

The business of getting under weigh immediately began; the boat was pushed off from the side, and Pauline was once more alone in the world with her son.

CHAPTER X.

"HIC JACET!"

It had been the work of but a moment, this last and eternal separation of the father and the daughter. The boat was already at some distance from the vessel; the young man had already resumed his place at the oar, and Pauline remained still standing on the spot, and in the attitude in which she had confronted her father, as if stricken speechless and motionless. Striken, indeed, she was, with a heavy blow. But it fell on a head long since accustomed to the buffets of the world, disciplined to meek endurance, whose daily portion for many a long and weary year had been bitterness and sorrow; and the broken reed had been too utterly crushed to be capable of much further injury. Yet the pang was a sharp one; and, after a moment or two, the outcast raised her meek

eyes to the heaven, whose light was now streaming down on the boat, and the ocean, and the town; and her lips moved in giving utterance to a prayer, not unheard by Him to whom it was addressed.

She resumed her seat in the stern of the boat, and the mother and son began their return to the shore in silence, and with the utmost care on the part of the latter to deaden as much as possible the sound of his oars.

Pauline rejoiced amid her sorrow, that she had not confided to her son the secret of their night expedition, and that he had not witnessed her father's recognition of her in the boat Indeed, she would probably have abstained from attempting that last chance of obtaining a father's blessing, had not an opportunity of doing so unwitnessed presented itself. She had changed her purpose in this respect twenty times during their passage to the vessel; and at last the making herself known to her father had been the result of a momentary courage inspired by the opportunity. She had undertaken the dangerous service which, by her son's aid, she had thus performed, not with any view of thus bribing her father to bestow his blessing and forgiveness, but truly for the sake of his safety. Several fugitive Protestants had been betrayed by those who had undertaken to assist their escape; and as it happened that her son, who was maintaining her and himself in tolerable comfort by exercising at La Rochelle the trade of a watchmaker—learned from Pauline's old host at Niort—had the means of obtaining the use of a boat, she had determined to offer his services to Duperrier, when he was looking out for some one to whom he could entrust his two guests. It was of course necessary to satisfy the worthy Duperrier of her own and her son's trustworthiness for such an enterprise; and this she had no means of doing, except by confiding to him the entire truth. She had done this, and had found means of proving to him the truth of her story. And it was the impression produced on the good citizen by this confidence that had caused the strangeness of his manner to Bartenau at parting with him on the beach.

As for the young watchmaker, he knew only that they were to assist in the escape of some fugitive Huguenot, in whose safety his mother was especially interested. It was Pauline's intention to tell him afterwards who it was that he had conveyed on board; but at present it was essential that their return to the shore should be achieved in silence, and as quickly as might be. So the young man pulled vigorously, and with as little noise from his muffled oars as possible, towards the unfrequented part of the beach from which they had started.

But, alas! that sudden breaking away of the clouds, which had suffered the moonlight to show the Huguenot and his daughter to each other during their last earthly interview, was fatal to the safe return of the latter and her son from their perilous enterprise. Their boat was seen traversing the now moonlit sea by some of the coast-guard, who patrolled the quays and the neighbouring shore, and a party, watching its movements, stationed themselves so as to be able to make prisoners of those in her, whoever they might be, when they landed. So that when Pauline and the young man, supposing they had reached the land without having been observed, stepped from their boat upon the beach, they were immediately surrounded, arrested, "*au nom de roi*, and conducted to the guard-house till the morning.

The morning showed that the Amsterdam vessel in the roadstead had quitted her moorings and departed; and a few inquiries soon enabled the officials of the government to discover that the wealthy Huguenot merchant of Niort, and the noted preacher, had escaped in her. A slight further investigation was sufficient to dissipate all the little mystery with which poor Pauline had sought to conceal her name and history; and her share in enabling so important a prize to escape the fangs of the government jackals was, of course, as soon discovered.

The condemnation of her son to the galleys, and herself to incarceration in the gaol at Niort, was the immediate result. The young man obtained his liberty eventually, after some years of hardship and confinement. He then made his way across France, and escaped over the frontier to Geneva.

And but few more words, reader, are required to tell what remains of the history of the Huguenot's daughter.

From this same prison at Niort, she went forth into the so bright-looking world without; and she has now returned to it, as to a home, which even her reflections on these circumstances of her destiny seemed to indicate, as fated to be her last resting-place. The mental anguish occasioned by the fate of her son, and by the consideration that it had fallen upon him in consequence of her doing, and of his devotion to her wishes, joined to the physical privations and hardships she was subjected to by the prison authorities, as a wholesome discipline corrective of heresy and promotive of sincere conversion—all this together prevented her second imprisonment from being a long one.

Her weary, toilsome life-journey, was drawing to its close. The goal was nearly won. In less than a month from the date of her return to the gaol of Niort, it was evident, even to the dull-eyed and careless gaolers, that she was about to escape from their clutches. The agents of the monarch's proxy-practised piety, who were employed to procure converts—as rats are killed, at so much a head—permitted neither repose nor peace to visit her death-bed. But they could not retard her harassed spirit in its progress towards its rest. The days that remained to them for the operation of the conversion were clearly numbered; so they made the best use of the time. Menaces of vividly-painted eternal torments, and promises of as minutely-detailed conditions of bliss, were lavished alternately with equally ineffectual zeal. Rigorous treatment was adopted as affording a slight foretaste of what was in store for those who obstinately rejected the mercies of mother church. But these only hastened the victim's release.

At last the weary spirit fled! She had long since ceased to make any reply to the urgent importunities of the priest, who was so anxious to put her down, in his bill against the king, as a proselyte. But it fortunately happened that he was alone with the perverse heretic when she expired. It was not fair that so much zeal and labour should be lost, so the worthy priest hastily crammed a crucifix into the now passive hands, placed them as if she had died in the act of pressing it to her lips, and reported her as a good and warranted case of conversion, though a very hard one.

The king paid the cash, and booked it in the credit side of his conscience-ledger against heaven. But when the universal accounts are made up, it will be found that there was an error *somewhere!*

So the Huguenot's daughter died thus in the prison where she had been born; and, in consequence of the priest's fraud, was buried in the gloomy little nook of consecrated ground, which was then used as a burying-place for those who died in the gaol.

The atrocious persecutions which followed the revocation of the edict of Nantes, have nowhere left a deeper and more ineffaceable mark on the popular mind in France than in Poitou, and especially in the districts of Niort and La Rochelle. Many a domestic tradition of oppression and suffering may yet be picked up there; and that which we have here recorded is attached to a small square stone in the wall of the gloomy spot above mentioned, which bears the name and date, "PAULINE BARTENAU, A.D. 1686."

SCOTTISH RIVERS.—No. II.

THE TWEED—*Continued.*

BY SIR THOMAS DICK LAUDER.

We now come to that part of the course of the Tweed, extending from its junction with the united rivers Ettrick and Yarrow, to the mouth of Gala water. Although this small portion of the stream does not possess many very fine natural features, it yet teems with associations which are now, and ever will be, to the end of time, interesting to all mankind, and therefore it cannot be passed over with indifference. Whilst we, for our part, participate largely in these more general feelings and attractions, we, as an individual, have our own reasons for looking with an especially affectionate remembrance on this part of the river, not as entirely isolated by itself, but as forming a part of that large stretch, extending all the way down to Dryburgh, which, nearly fifty years ago, was the grand scene of the piscatorial exploits of our boyhood, when we were wont to establish our headquarters at Melrose. But confining ourselves, in the meanwhile, to this particular portion which we have now especially defined, we cannot look back to what we remember it, at the time when we first became acquainted with it, without wondering at the extraordinary change which the whole face of nature has undergone. Were we to say that it was then altogether a pastoral country, we might not perhaps be strictly accurate as to fact, as it certainly might have exhibited some cultivated fields here and there. But we can with truth declare that the impression left on our mind is that of a simple pastoral district, where, as we sauntered listlessly along the primrose-scented margin of the pellucid stream, wading in, now and then, to make our casts here and there, with the nicest selection of spot, and the most scrupulous care of hand, our progress up the stream was altogether unobstructed by fences of any kind, nor were we ever tormented by the entanglement of our flies on the boughs of trees, seeing that no such thing as a tree presented itself within the circle of our horizon. Now, on the contrary, the whole country is under the richest rotation of crops, the fields being all enclosed, and every where intersected with hedgerows and belts of vigorously thriving plantations. The estate of Abbotsford itself makes up a large part of the whole, and the active improvements and embellishments which Sir Walter Scott effected on it, probably operated as an example and excitement to his neighbours.

We believe we have already stated that it was in 1811 that Scott made his first purchase of land here. At one time he thought of acquiring two adjoining farms, but prudence prevailing with him, he made up his mind that one of them would be sufficient for him to begin with. This had long had a peculiar interest in his eyes, because it contained a long rude stone, marking the spot,

> "Where gallant Cessford's life-blood dear,
> Reeked on dark Elliot's border spear."

This catastrophe took place at the conclusion of the battle of Melrose, in 1526, fought between the Earls of Angus and Home, and the two chiefs of the race of Kerr, on the one side, and Buccleuch and his clan on the other, in sight of young King James V., the possession of whose person was the object of the contest. The names of various localities between Melrose and Abbotsford have reference to this battle, as Skirmish-field, Chargelaw, &c. The spot where Buccleuch's retainer terminated the pursuit of the victors, by turning upon them and giving Kerr of Cessford, ancestor of the Dukes of Roxburghe, his death wound, was ever afterwards called Turn-again. All these were powerful and attractive associations to such a mind as that of Sir Walter, and after Abbotsford became his residence, it was, as we have occasion to know from experience, always one of his first objects to walk his guests up over the hill to Turn-again. His own description of his purchase is to be found in his letter to his brother-in-law, Mr. Carpenter, as given by Mr. Lockhart.

"I have bought for about £4000 a property in the neighbourhood, extending along the banks of the river Tweed for about half a mile. It is very bleak at present, having little to recommend it but the vicinity of the river; but as the ground is well adapted by nature to grow wood, and is considerably various in form and appearance, I have no doubt that by judicious plantations it may be rendered a very pleasant spot; and it is at present very great amusement to plan the various lines which may be necessary for that purpose. The farm comprehends about a hundred acres, of which I shall keep fifty in pasture and tillage, and plant all the rest, which will be a very valuable little possession in a few years, as wood bears a high price among us. I intend building a small cottage here for my summer abode."

Such was the germ from which grew the accumulated property, and the strange fantastic structure, which now form the estate and mansion-house of Abbotsford. There cannot be a doubt that, from early associations, the whole of this neighbourhood possessed secret charms for him, which were altogether uninfluential and powerless as regarded those who merely looked at the country, and estimated it according to the real value of its landscape features, not to mention the vicinity of Melrose abbey, which of itself must have had great charms for him. One important circumstance which Scott, as an antiquary, highly valued, was that of the great line of ancient British defence called the Catrail, which was to be seen from his windows, belting, as it were, the natural headland, that projected itself on the opposite side of the river, between the Tweed and the Gala. "This vast warfence," says Chalmers in his 'Caledonia,' "can only be referred, for its con-

struction, to the Romanised Britons who, after the abdication of the Roman government, had this country to defend against the intrusion of the Saxons, on the east, during the fifth century, the darkest period of our history. Its British name, its connection with the British hill-forts, the peculiarity of its course, and the nature of its formation, all evince that its structure can refer to no other people, and its epoch to no other period of our annals." It consists simply of a large *fosse*, with a rampart on either side.

"Such," says Mr. Lockhart, "was the territory on which Scott's prophetic eye already beheld rich pastures embosomed among flourishing groves, where his children's children should thank the founder." We have already said enough on this subject, when at Ashiestiel, to preclude all necessity for further remarks here, but let us consider the nature of the place on which he proposed to produce so magical a change. The part of it that borders the Tweed consists of a large and very beautiful flat haugh, around the margin of which the river flows gently and clearly over its beds of sparkling pebbles. It must be remarked, however, that although we have called it beautiful simply as a haugh, it is devoid of any feature of interest enough to make it valuable as a portion of the pleasure-grounds of a place. From the haugh arises a steepish, though not very high bank, which is covered by the thriving young trees which the poet planted. Above this bank runs the public road to Selkirk, and the house stands half-way down between it and the haugh, on a flat shelf of ground, which is entirely occupied by it, the courtyard, and the garden. The approach to it turns off from the public road at an angle so acute, as to be absolutely dangerous, and before the trees got sufficiently up so as thoroughly to mask the house, any blackguard going along the road might have broken its windows with a stone. Above the Selkirk road, the broad face of the hill rises at an easy angle, and before Sir Walter enclosed, and cultivated, and planted it *en ferme ornée*, it presented as tame and uninteresting a stretch of ground as could well be met with in any part of the world. We do not say that the taste of the landscape gardening here is to be considered as perfect. And when we look at the building and grounds with a critical eye, it does appear to be most wonderful that a genius which could from its own fancy conjure up ideal pictures, so full of grandeur and of beauty as are exhibited by many of those which are to be found in his works, should have produced nothing better than these when he came to have to deal with realities. But so far as the decoration of the estate is concerned, we must not forget that Sir Walter considered that in his circumstances he had to attend to the *utile* as well as the *dulce*. In regard to the house itself, we cannot help considering it as an extremely anomalous building. How often do we see that the structure which produces the grandest effect, when erected of sufficiently large proportions, becomes quite ludicrous when built *en petit*. Had the towers and turrets, and other members of the building, individually been of three times the magnitude, Abbotsford might have proved an imposing structure; but its present proportions are such as to produce anything but associations of sublimity in the mind of the beholder. Yet still it is certainly picturesque, and saturated as it is with associations connected with Scott, it is doubtless doomed to be visited in pilgrimage by countless myriads, from all parts of the world, so long as one stone of it shall remain upon another. Whilst he, the genius of the place, was there to preside over its hospitalities, the mere form of the structure where he administered them, was little thought of. One's whole soul was fixed on the kind and courteous host, with an eager desire to catch up and hoard the treasures of literary conversation, which he was continually scattering around him with the utmost simplicity of manner. How do we look back with delight on all this—and, alas! with what sadness do we recall that day when his funeral obsequies took place—when we followed his remains in humble sorrow! But into any description of these we need not enter, seeing that it was our lot to give a full account of this melancholy scene immediately after it took place, in the Number of this Magazine for November 1832.

We must now request our gentle reader to cross the stream of the Tweed with us, to its left bank, in order that we may cursorily examine, together, the course of Gala Water.

"Braw, braw lads on Yarrow braes,
Ye wander through the blooming heather,
But Yarrow braes, nor Ettrick shaws
Can match the lads o' Gala Water."

This is the first verse of the more modern words of Burns, adapted to the old native melody. The *very* old words run thus,

"Braw, braw lads of Gala Water,
Oh braw lads of Gala Water,
I'll kilt my coats aboon my knee,
And follow my love through the water;"

and we quote this for the sole reason of remarking that, in the olden time, no lady, shepherdess or nymph, could have followed her lover at all without using the precaution here mentioned, seeing that whether he went up or down the glen she required to wade the river at every two or three hundred yards of her way. "The Vale," says Mr. Chambers, "is singularly tortuous, so that the road from Edinburgh to Melrose and Jedburgh, which proceeds along the face of the hills on the east side, is at least a third longer than the crowflight"—which crowflight, be it observed, must have necessarily represented the line of that of the lover and the lady. But this reference is to the present road, which, being engineered by modern skill, runs round all the salient faces of the hills, and sweeps into all their retiring hollows, in order to preserve its level. Our old recollections enable us to recall the more ancient road, which ran along the western side of the glen, and which went very resolutely on to its object, in straight lines, most unscrupulously regardless of the steep acclivities and descents to which it subjected the traveller, but of course we take it for granted that even the creation of this old road was long after the period when the more

ancient Gala Water song was composed. To go still farther back into the history of this district, it is remarkable that in very ancient times it was called Wedale, or the Vale of Woe. It belonged to the Bishops of St. Andrew's, and the Bishop had a palace here, which gave to the Kirkton the appropriate name of Stow. The Bishops of St. Andrew's often resided at the Stow of Wedale, whence they dated many of their Charters, and we have ourselves a Charter dated in the year 1316, which gives over to Robert Lauder, of Bass, a certain portion of that rock, on which they had the site of a chapel, and which is signed "*Apud Wedale*," by John de Lambyrton, then Bishop of St. Andrew's.

Oh how refreshing it is for us, old fellow as we now are, to throw ourselves back in our arm-chair, to shut our eyes, and to dream over again those happy happy days of our youth-hood which were spent by us as young anglers on the banks of Gala Water! We were blessed with a father who, during our holidays from school or College, was at all times ready to be our companion in all rational and healthful amusements. Rising at so very early an hour, in what may be called the *How* of East Lothian, that we found ourselves, after a walk of some ten or twelve miles, perhaps by six or seven o'clock in the morning, on the margin, and near to the source of a little moorland burn called Ermit, which rises out of Soltrahill, and becomes a tributary to the Gala; how eagerly, and with what a beating heart did we sit down to put the pieces of our rod together, and to adjust the other parts of our tackle! The stream was altogether so tiny, that to those who knew it not, it would have appeared either that we were mad, or that we were Cockneys, that we should suppose that we could extract trouts from it, for at one time it would appear running thin and glittering in the sun over a narrow bed of pebbles, where its depth was so little that even a very small trout would have been stranded if it had ventured to make a passage over it, and then, by and bye, contracting itself, and inclining to one side, it, as it were, thrust its black stream under the overhanging shadow of a mossy bank of perhaps some three feet from its surface, where it curled and eddied along in a dark, narrow, but animated pool, of some few yards in length. Here it was that the "monarch of the brook" was generally to be found, and flattered, as he necessarily was, by our thus early presenting ourselves at his levee, it frequently happened that he readily rose, and ultimately agreed to accompany us in our morning's walk, our creel being opened wide for his accommodation. Our practice was to follow the run of this little burn, for some four or six miles or so, down through the bare moorland, to its junction with the Gala a little way below Crookstone house, by the time we reached which point we were generally in possession of a very handsome *faite à peindre* dish of trouts—indeed it was somewhat remarkable that although before reaching our inn at Bankhouse, the place of our rest and refreshment for the evening, we had fully as great a length of water to fish, and that, too, of a much larger and more likely stream, the after half of our basket was generally less, and especially so in weight, than that which we had acquired from the contributions of Ermit. What Mr. Stoddart says of the Gala Water trouts now may be said to be quite applicable to the days we are talking of—I mean that they might have "weighed from a pound downwards," but we did, now and then, catch one of about two pounds, or two pounds and a half. But by way of enabling Mr. Stoddart to compare the piscatorial provision now afforded by the Gala, with that which it so liberally afforded about fifty years ago, we may perhaps be allowed to recall a day when we started with our revered companion by about a quarter to seven o'clock in the morning, from our inn at Bankhouse. We were attended by a servant who carried two creels on crossbelts, whilst we bore another on our back. Our plan of operations for the day was so arranged, that the elder gentleman of the two, who was a most beautiful and skillful fly fisher, should precede us about a hundred or a couple of hundred yards, angling as he pleased with the fly, and that we should follow to pick up, by means of the worm, whatever we might be able to glean after him. Strictly pursuing this arrangement, we fished from Bankhouse down to Galashiels, and there turning, we thence retraced our steps and fished the whole of the Gala up to its point of junction with Ermit, where, bidding the larger stream farewell, we followed the smaller up through the wild moors, nearly to its source, where its thread of water had become so small that it could hardly yield a sufficient quantity to afford room for exercise to an active stickleback. Here we stopped to devour our sandwiches, to drink our glass of sherry, to put up our rods and tackle, and to pour out the contents of our creels on a nice bit of green sward, and to admire and to count our trouts. To our surprise we found that we had a few more than thirty-six dozen. Most of the large ones had been killed by the bait rod; but whilst the spoil due to it may have weighed a little more than that produced by the fly, yet the fly rod had taken the greater number. As the sun was getting low, and that we had still some ten or twelve miles to walk home, we returned our trouts to the three creels, which they filled very decently, and starting off for the low country at a good pace, we reached our residence at about ten o'clock at night.

We confess that we are pretty well acquainted with most of the districts of Scotland, but we have no difficulty in stating, that we know of no district which has been so completely metamorphosed since the days of our youth as that of Gala Water. According to our early recollections, the whole wore a pastoral character. Crops were rare, and fences hardly to be met with. Not a tree was to be seen, except in the neighbourhood of one or two old places, and especially at and around Torwoodlee and Gala House, near the mouth of the river. Everything within sight was green, simple, and bare; the farm-houses were small and unobtrusive,

and one or two small places of residence only, belonging to proprietors were to be seen. The Breakneck road ran, as we have already hinted, along the west side of the valley, being conducted in straight lines right up and down hill. The inn of Bankhouse was then the only place of shelter in the whole district, a snug and very quiet place of retreat for a tired and hungry angler, and kept very clean, but having nothing about it of the character of the inns we require now-a-days. We have already had occasion to notice the change and improvement of the public road. The whole country is fenced, cultivated, and hedged round. Thriving and extensive plantations appear everywhere. Neat and convenient farm-houses and steadings are common; and several very handsome residences of proprietors are happily dispersed through different parts of the valley. Small inns are very frequent by the wayside; and that of Torsonce, which may be called the principal one, is as comfortable a house of the kind as the kingdom can boast of. But even this improved state of things is not enough for the rapid march of human improvement; for now, at this moment, a railway is constructing; and we must heartily congratulate the able gentleman who has engineered it, not only for the ingenuity and science which he has displayed, but likewise for his great antiquarian research, and for the sagacious humility which he has exhibited in at once adopting the line suggested by the nymph who, as the ballad tells us, "kilted her coats aboon her knee" to enable her "to follow her love through the water," and to carry it right up the centre of the valley by a wonderful series of bridges, so that even the modern road, with its whole complement of inns and public houses, will very soon be left useless and unoccupied.

We should have mentioned, that the Gala rises out of a part of the property of Fala, and soon afterwards receives from the west the large tributary of Heriot water, which drains a very fine hill estate of that name belonging to the Earl of Stair. It is augmented by no other very important contribution, although it is joined by a number of burns of lesser note.

Having doubtless surprised our readers by the change which we have informed him has taken place on the surface of this highly improved district, we must now proceed to describe that which has taken place on the village of Galashiels; and this we do rather at variance with our general rule of passing by such places, without much notice, entirely from the really wonderful history which it presents during its various epochs. We shall begin by informing the reader as to what its state was nearly fifty years ago, when our juvenile piscatorial wanderings first brought us acquainted with it. We had extended our usual angling ramble from our inn at Bankhouse, being led on from one inviting stream or pool to another, until, after passing the fine old place, and park, and woods of Torwoodlee, which at that time burst suddenly, and with the most richly luxuriant effect upon one who had hitherto seen nothing but the simple, unwooded, and pastoral valley above, a bend in the line of the glen most unexpectedly displayed to us, at some little distance a-head, a large building of three stories, with a great number of small windows in it, with several lower subsidiary buildings attached to it, and with a long green by the river's side, where posts and ropes were set up, on which hung a great number of webs of coarse grey cloth. On inquiry we found that this was a manufactory of that particular article, and that it was all that formed the village of Galashiels. It stood on the flat ground nearly opposite to the venerable old place of Gala House which, with its park, and noble extent of timber, covered, as they still do, the slopes to the westward. But even the beauty of these did not allay the irritation of our young Isaac Walton feelings, which had been torn by the idea of a manufactory breaking so suddenly in on the quiet, silent, and pastoral valley which we had been, all the morning, so dreamily descending. We turned hastily on our heels, and never again attempted to throw a line, until we had fairly shut ourselves out from all view of the obnoxious object. We had neither opportunity nor occasion to visit it again for some twenty-five years or so, and then we found the whole gorge of the valley filled with a large and thriving manufacturing village.

But to give the reader a just and perfect knowledge of the changes which this village has undergone, which are, in themselves, so very curious and interesting, we shall quote from our good friend Mr. Robert Chambers, who has taken a good deal of trouble, as he generally does in regard to all things, to make himself well informed on the subject. "The old village of Galashiels," says he, "which is first mentioned in authentic records of the reign of David II., lay upon an eminence, a little to the south of the present town. It was merely an appendage of the baronial tower which, with many modifications and additions, is now known by the name of Gala House, and forms the seat of Scott of Gala. The old town contained about four or five hundred inhabitants, the greater part of whom supported themselves by weaving. It was erected into a barony in 1599. All the houses belonged to the superior, Scott of Gala, whose family came in the place of the Pringles of Gala, in the year 1632." From what we have stated as to our own personal observation regarding the miserable appearance which the village of Galashiels made on its new site at the time we visited it about fifty years ago, it would appear that the manufacture of cloth having afterwards in some degree succeeded, feus, or perpetual building leases, were granted by the proprietor, all along the river side, and the village quickly began to grow immensely in size, and rapidly to increase in its manufactures. It now consists of several streets running parallel with the river. By the last account taken, it contained two thousand two hundred and nine inhabitants. The annual consumption of wool amounts to 21,500 stones imperial, of which 21,000 are home-grown, and 500 foreign, chiefly from Van Dieman's Land. Nearly half of the raw material is manufactured into yarns, flannels, blankets, shawls, and plaids, the

other half being used for narrow cloths, which bring, in the market, from twentypence to six shillings and sixpence per yard, together with crumb-cloth or carpeting, of grey or mixed colours. The committee on prizes of the honourable the commissioners of the board of trustees for the encouragement of Scottish manufactures, have declared that, by the use of foreign wool, the flannels manufactured here have risen to a degree of fineness surpassing most of those made in Scotland, if not those even of the finest Welsh manufacture. Blankets, both of the Scottish and English fabric, are successfully made, and shawls, which are accommodated to all dimensions of purse as well as of person. Besides these, a manufacture of Indiana for ladies' gowns has arisen, the price of the article being from eight to nine shillings a-yard. The author of the new statistical account says, that the premiums given by the honourable the commissioners of the board of trustees for the encouragement of Scottish manufactures, for the best cloths at given prices, and their encouragement of the judicious outlay of capital, and the enlargement and improvement of machinery, have greatly contributed to the extension and improvement of the manufactures of Galashiels.

We cannot quit the subject of this wonderful rise of Galashiels and its manufactures, without quoting the following most gratifying passage from our friend Mr. Robert Chambers, on the subject of the morals of the place, which, if, as we have no reason to doubt, it be still correct and applicable, would seem to furnish a curious view of the idiocracy of man, arising from the long-cultivated habits of his race. "The people of Galashiels," says Mr. Chambers, "are remarkable for steady industry; but, though active and enterprising far beyond their neighbours, it must be mentioned to their honour, that they are tainted by none of the vices appropriate to manufacturing towns. This is perhaps owing to the circumstance that manufactures have here risen naturally among the original people of the district, and not been introduced by a colony from any large manufacturing town; on which account, the inhabitants not having received vices by ordination, and being all along and still isolated amidst people of the highest primitive virtue, retain all the pleasing characteristics of the lowland rustic, with the industrious habits, at the same time, of the Manchester and Glasgow mechanic." For our own parts, we can with truth and sincerity affirm, that we believe the population of Galashiels to be of a very superior description, as regards honesty, and resolute determination of principle; and we can never forget the honour we received from them, when they marched up in a body with their flags and banners to the meeting which we have already noticed as having been held at Selkirk; and the three cheers with which they hailed us as they left the town still ring very gratefully in our ears.

The site of the old village can still be traced by the aid of a proper cicerone within the grounds of Gala House, where "the short little clay-built steeple of the tolbooth alone exists as a melancholy monument of the deserted village. The vane on the top of this structure still obeys the wind, and the clock is still in motion; but both are alike useless to the people—the former being concealed from public view, while the dial-plate of the latter is a mere unlettered board, over which a single hour index wanders, like a blind man exerting his eloquence to a set of friends who have vanished before his face."

We shall make but one quotation more from our friend Mr. Chambers, in regard to the old village of Galashiels. "The armorial bearings of Galashiels are a fox and plum-tree; and the occasion is thus accounted for. During the invasion of Edward III., a party of English, who had been repulsed in an attempt to raise the siege of Edinburgh Castle, came and took up their quarters in Galashiels. It was in autumn, and the soldiers soon began to straggle about in search of the plums which then grew wild in the neighbourhood. Meanwhile, a party of the Scots having come up, and learned what their enemies were about, resolved to attack them, saying, that they would prove sourer plums to the English than they had yet gathered. The result was such as fully to justify the expression. They took the unhappy Southrons by surprise, and cut them off almost to a man. In commemoration of the exploit, the people have ever called themselves the Sour Plums of Galashiels, and they are celebrated in an old song, the air of which is well known to Scottish antiquaries for its great age. The arms, though originating in the same cause, seem to have been vitiated by the common fable of the fox and grapes. All the old people agree in the tradition, that Galashiels was once a hunting station of the king, when, with his nobles, he took his pastime in the forest. The lodge or tower in which he resided, was pulled down only twelve years ago, in order to make room for some additions to the parish school. It was called the Peel, and was a rudely-built square tower, with small windows, two stories high, rybots of freestone—stone stair—and finer in appearance than any other house in the whole Barony, that of Gala alone excepted. It was built of very large stones, some of them about six feet long, and extending through the whole thickness of the wall. A narrow lane leading from this tower to a part of the town nearer Galahill, was called the king's shank; and what adds to the probability of the tradition, there was a clump of birches on the south or opposite side of the hill, called the touting birk, where it is conjectured the hunters would be summoned from the chase, the forest lying open before the place." Galashiels may be considered as the port or gate that shuts in the whole glen of the Gala water. But the stream itself, after leaving the village, and having been thoroughly polluted by the various coloured dyes and chemical agents employed in the manufactures, has a run of about a mile to the eastward, through the property of Langlee, till its junction with the Tweed. Much has been done by our old friend Mr. Bruce, the proprietor, for the embellishment of this place, and

to us, who well remember it at the time when some, even of the oldest plantations, were only making, it does appear a most wonderful change to see the great extent of well-grown young timber that now exists, and under the shade of which one may ride; and this may be said to be nothing more than a sample of the general improvement which has taken place all over this beautiful wide valley, of which Melrose and its venerable ruins may be considered as the centre, and the extent of which may be said to run from the mouth of Gala water to that of the Leader. At the time the monks made their first settlement here, it was doubtless far from being one of the poorest districts in the country; but, although we know that a great deal of oak timber then existed in this vale, yet we question much whether in their time, or ever since, it has exhibited so truly rich an appearance as it does at present, for it may be said to be literally filled with tasteful dwellings, embosomed in orchards and gardens, and in tufted groves and shrubberies, whilst the gay little villages of Gattonside and Newstead, and those of Melrose and Darnwick, much more antique, but now greatly extended since our first acquaintance with them, present interesting features in the scene; and the noble ruins of the ancient Abbey seem to preside over the whole, with a holy and religious air, whilst the lovely Eildon hills, rising with their tricuspid summits immediately to the south, afford a prominent feature, which distinguishes this scene from every other similar vale whatsoever.

In following the stream of the Tweed downwards from the mouth of the Gala, we find the left bank covered with the plantations and pleasure-grounds of the Pavilion, a hunting-seat belonging to Lord Somerville, the creation of which, on the bare slope of the hill, may almost be said to be embraced within our recollection. The Tweed is here joined by a very pretty little stream called the Allan, which comes down from the hills on the north. It is remarkable for the excellence of its trout. Although Sir Walter Scott made no slavish sketches from the scenery of this glen, whilst he was describing his Glen Dearg in the Monastery, yet there is every reason to believe that he took many hints from the nature he found here. The glen is remarkable for the superstitious associations connected with it, and it bears the popular appellation of the Fairy Dean, or the Nameless Dean, from the belief that prevails that it is haunted from one end to the other by those tiny spirits who are always propitiated by the name of "the good neighbours" being bestowed on them. It would appear that, in evidence of the actual operations of the fairy people even in the present day, little pieces of calcareous matter are found in the glen after a flood, which either the labour of those tiny artists, or the eddies of the brook among the stones, have formed into a fantastic resemblance of cups, saucers, basins, and the like, in which children who gather them pretend to discern fairy utensils. Sir Walter Scott tells us, that the little stream of the Allan, "after traversing the romantic ravine called the Nameless Dean, is thrown off from side to side alternately, like a billiard ball repelled by the sides of the table on which it has been played; and in that part of its course, resembling the stream which pours down Glen Dearg, may be traced upwards into a more open country, where the banks retreat farther from each other, and the vale exhibits a good deal of dry ground, which has not been neglected by the active cultivators of the district. It arrives, too, at a sort of termination, striking in itself, but totally irreconcilable with the narrative of the romance. Instead of a single Peel-house, or Border-tower of defence, such as Dame Glendinning is supposed to have inhabited, the head of the Allan, about five miles above its junction with the Tweed, shews three ruins of Border Houses belonging to different proprietors, and each, from the desire of mutual support so natural to troublesome times, situated at the extremity of the property of which it is the principal messuage. One of these is the ruinous mansion-house of Hillslap, formerly the property of the Cairncrosses, and now of Mr. Innes of Stowe; a second, the tower of Colmslie, an ancient inheritance of the Borthwick family, as is testified by their crest, the goat's head, which exists on the ruin; a third, the house of Langshaw, also ruinous, but near which the proprietor, Mr Bailie of Jerviswood and Mellerstain, has built a small shooting-box. All these ruins, so strangely huddled together in a very solitary spot, have recollections and traditions of their own." We have more than once threaded this solitary glen in days of yore, with very great delight. Indeed it was a common practice of ours to make a direct line of our journey from East Lothian to Melrose, in doing which we traversed the ancient Girthgate. This was a bridle way over the hills, used by the monks of Melrose, in the frequent communication between their Abbey and the Hospital or Hospice of Soltra; and well do we remember the ease with which we traced it, though unguided, and for the first time, entirely by the green-sward line which it had still left, through the heather, and often did we picture to ourselves the antique groups of monks and other such travellers, whose frequent feet, as well as those of their horses, had so worn off and entirely obliterated the heather.

Soltra was an hospital founded by Malcolm IV. for the relief of pilgrims, and for poor and sickly people, and it had the privilege of a sanctuary, as the name of Girth signifies. Milne, the author of the old description of the parish of Melrose, published in 1794, thus notices the bridge with which the Girthgate was connected—a bridge of which Sir Walter Scott has made so romantic a use. "About half-a-mile above Darnwick, to the west, on the south side of the Tweed, stands Bridgend, called so from the bridge there, three pillars of which are still standing. It has been a timber bridge; in the middle pillar there has been a chain for a drawbridge, with a little house for the convenience of those that kept the bridge, and received the custom. On this same pillar

are the arms of the Pringles of Galashiels." So far as we are aware, not a vestige of this bridge remains, except the foundation of some of the pillars.

We have already stated that we were wont to establish our piscatorial headquarters at Melrose. Our inn was the George, which was kept by David Kyle, who is so happily introduced into the introductory epistle which precedes "The Monastery." Sir Walter acknowledges that he drew the sketch from the life, and certainly he has been most successful in his portrait. When we knew him, he was a hale good-looking man, in the full vigour of life, but he was making daily and serious inroads on his constitution by the strength and depth of his potations. He took the whole management and control of the household economy of the inn, leaving his wife and daughters, who were all remarkably handsome lady-like persons, to follow their own domestic pursuits in the private part of the house towards the back. There was no pretence at any great degree of finery in the style of the table, but every thing was good of its kind, and put down in the most comfortable manner, and the cut of salmon, as well as "the fowls with egg sauce, the pancake, the minced-collops, and the bottle of sherry," of which Sir Walter makes him speak to Captain Clutterbuck, never failed to be first-rate of their kind. Our landlord was always ready, when he could conveniently absent himself from his concerns, to give us his company and his advice whilst angling, and when he joined us, as he often did after dinner over our bottle of sherry, we found him brimful of information. But, perhaps, the greatest source of enjoyment afforded by this quiet little village inn—for in those days it really was the small inn of a small village—arose from the circumstance that a certain blind man, an Orpheus, of the name of James Donaldson, resided permanently in the house, lodged and fed, partly, perhaps, from the good-natured liberality of David Kyle himself, and partly from the conviction, that his being here made many a traveller stretch a point towards evening to get on to the George for the night, or to tarry for the night there in spite of the affairs of travel that pressed him on. To us who, after the fatigues of a successful day's angling, and a comfortable dinner, were seated for the evening to enjoy our rest and a moderate glass of wine, it was indeed a luxury of the very highest order to get the blind man into our parlour; and he, for his part, held us so well in his books, that he never failed to be at our command whosoever might be in the house. We pray our gentle and indulgent reader to give us credit for our assertion that we do know something of music, and that, at all events, we should make no such flourish of trumpets as we may now appear to be making, unless as a prelude to something really first-rate in its way, and we solemnly declare, that this blind man's performance upon the violin was matchless in its own particular style. He performed the old Scottish airs, and especially those of the most tender and pathetic description, with a delicacy and feeling that we have never heard equalled, and which we are not ashamed to say were such as frequently to call forth a certain degree of moisture from our eyes, as well as from the eyes of the angling companion who sat opposite to us. Then his lively reel and strathspey music was equally remarkable in its way; and when his fancy led him suddenly to strike up Tullochgorum, or anything of that description, all manner of fatigue was forgotten in a moment, and we found ourselves, as if impelled by the enchanting effects of Oberon's horn, footing it to the music right featly, and cracking our fingers, and shouting like good ones. Many, many is the time that we have listened to the soft and touching airs, and danced to the lively strains of Nathaniel Gow—and it was once our lot to listen to this description of music performed by a superiorly gifted brother of his on board the Edgar seventy-four, in the Downs, where, strange to say, he was literally a sailor before the mast, but we hesitate not to assure our readers that the performances of poor blind Jamie Donaldson of Melrose were greatly superior to both. We must not forget to say, that he was equally remarkable in his performance on the clarionet which in his mouth, became quite a different instrument from what it is even in the hands of the best performers. Alas! our poor blind musician had the same thirst for strong drink that possessed his kind patron and protector and host, and accordingly, whilst David Kyle himself died in April, 1805, aged 52, poor Donaldson departed 31st March, 1808, aged 50. His tombstone in the Abbey church-yard bears no inscription, but a rude representation of his head, with the face marked with the small-pox, which disease was the cause of his blindness in early youth, and in the centre of the stone is a violin crossed with a clarionet. Alas! of all that fine family of whom David Kyle was indeed so justly proud at the time we knew him, we have reason to fear that not a single scion remains! As for the George itself, it has undergone enlargement and improvement, proportionable to the increased size of the village, as well as of the traffic which now passes through it; and although its present landlord, Mr. Manuel, may not rival old Kyle in regard to originality of character, he can in nowise be surpassed by any one in the attention which he pays to the guests, and in the exertions he uses in making them comfortable, and that in a style somewhat superior to what might have been termed *the rough and round* of those days to which we have been referring.

David Kyle's father was a baker at Galashiels, and one of the most successful anglers whose fame has been recorded on all those waters. He was the first man, so far as we are aware, that practised that mode of angling with the worm which Mr. Stoddart has so well described in his book. It must now be approaching the lapse of a century since he taught it to our father, who was then a lad. The system to which we allude is that of using the bait when the river is small and clear.

The angling from Gala Water foot to Leader foot is all excellent, both for salmon and trout, when the river is in proper condition; and then

the beauty and interest of all the surrounding features of nature, and the silent grandeur of the holy pile of ruin, are such that even the unsuccessful angler must find pleasure in wandering by the river side, quite enough to counterbalance the disappointment of empty baskets. The scenery of this country has become much more rich since we first knew it, by the increase of plantation, and the quick growth of the trees. The whole of this district and neighbourhood abounds with antiquities, in the shape of camps and stations, &c., British, Roman, and Romanized-British. A well-marked Roman camp occupies one of the tops of the Eildon hills. But we must refer our reader, if he be devoted to such inquiries, to the learned author of "Caledonia," for such information as he may want in this way; for, were we to go fully into this interesting subject, we should very soon find materials to swell this article to the size of that ponderous publication itself.

It would be equally vain, as it would be useless, for us to attempt to give any history or description of the noble pile of Melrose Abbey, which is certainly one of the most sublime and beautiful ruins of this description that Great Britain can boast of, whether it be looked upon as a mass, or whether it be examined with that degree of detail which is necessary in order duly to appreciate the wonderful and exquisite delicacy of the carving. Sir Walter Scott says, that

"If thou would'st view fair Melrose aright,
Go visit it by the pale moonlight;
For the gay beams of lightsome day
Gild, but to flout, the ruins grey.
When the broken arches are black in night,
And each shafted oriel glimmers white;
When the cold light's uncertain shower
Streams on the ruined central tower;
When buttress and buttress, alternately,
Seemed framed of ebon and ivory;
When silver edges the imagery,
And the scrolls that teach thee to live and die;
When the distant Tweed is heard to rave,
And the howlet to hoot o'er the dead man's grave;
Then go—but go alone the while—
Then view St. David's ruined pile;
And, home returning, soothly swear
Was never scene so sad and fair."

And again:—

"The moon on the east oriel shone,
Through slender shafts of shapely stone,
By foliage tracery combined;
Thou would'st have thought some fairy's hand,
'Twixt poplars straight, the osier wand
In many a freakish knot had twined,
Then framed a spell, when the work was done,
And changed the willow wreaths to stone."

It is somewhat remarkable, that notwithstanding this strikingly vivid description, we have reason to believe, from a conversation we had with the author himself, that he never during his whole life visited the ruins of Melrose Abbey by moonlight, and yet, if one did go there under such witching circumstances, we have little doubt that the picture he has drawn here would be found strictly true to nature in all its parts.

Within the holy precincts of these ruined walls repose the remains of many distinguished individuals—amongst others, King Alexander II., many of the Earls of Douglas, and especially the heroic James Lord Douglas, who was slain at the battle of Otterburn, 5th August, 1388. The Monastery itself was founded by King David in the year 1136, and the architect was supposed to be John Murdo or Morveau, as would seem to be implied by these inscriptions. The first is over a doorway, where there is the representation of a compass.

"Sa gayes the compass ev'n about,
So truth and laute do but doubt,
Behold to the end.—JOHN MURDO."

And on the south side of this door there are these lines.

"John Murdo sum tym callit was I,
And born in Paryse certain'y;
And had in kepying all mason werk
Of Sant Androys, the hye kyrk
Of Glasgu, Melros and Paslay,
Of Nyddysdayl, and of Galway,
Pray to God and Mari baith,
And sweet St. John, keep this haly kirk frae skaith."

For John Murdo in these lines we ought unquestionably to read John Morveau, for such was the name of the Frenchman. Perhaps we may be forgiven for mentioning here that Mr. Kemp, the architect of the grand Scott monument at Edinburgh, who took his dimensions and general plan from the great arches of the nave and transept which supported the Tower of Melrose, gave in his design among the others with the name of John Morveau attached to it. After his design had been picked out as the best, the great difficulty arose as to where its author was to be found, and many weeks elapsed before John Morveau could be ferreted out. At last he was discovered, and his beautiful design was finally adopted, although its author was an humble man altogether unknown; and certainly the matchless beauty and grandeur of the structure, which has excited the admiration of every one who has beheld it, including strangers and foreigners of all ranks, have borne testimony in favour of the taste of the committee who made the selection.

The burial-ground which surrounds the Abbey has some curious monumental inscriptions in it. One of these has always appeared to us to be extremely quaint and curious.

The earth builds on the earth castles and towers,
The earth says to the earth, all shall be ours,
The earth goes on the earth glistening like gold,
The earth goes to the earth sooner than it would."

Although not to be found in the Abbey burying-ground, and hardly now to be discovered any where, we may be permitted to notice the monumental stone which once covered the remains of Fair Maiden Lilliard, who fought so gallantly against the English at the battle of Ancrum Moor.

"Fair Maiden Lilliard lies under this stane,
Little was her stature, but mickle her fame,
Upon the English lads she laid many thumps,
And when her legs were off she fought upon her stumps."

Many of the buildings both in the village of Melrose and in that of Darnwick are curious, antique, and picturesque, and the old cross of Melrose, situated in the open market-place, which formed nearly all the village when we first knew it, has a singularly venerable appear-

ance. Before leaving this section of the Tweed, we must not forget to mention that the Knights Templars had a house and establishment on the east side of the village of Newstead. It was called the Red Abbey; the extensive foundations of houses were discovered here, and some curious seals were found in digging. Before concluding this part of our subject, it appears to us to be very important, if not essential, to call our readers' especial attention to the singular promontory of Old Melrose, on the right bank of the river. It is a high bare head, around which the river runs in such a way as to convert it into a peninsula. Here it was that the first religious settlement was made, indeed it was one among the first seats in the kingdom of the religious *Keledei* or *Culdei*, or, as Fordun explains the name, *Cultores Dei*, worshippers of God. This monastery was supposed to have been founded by Columbus, or by Aidan, probably about the end of the sixth century. It would appear that it was built of oak wood, thatched with reeds, the neck of land being enclosed with a stone wall. It is supposed to have been burned by the Danes. The name given to it was decidedly Celtic, and quite descriptive of its situation—*Maol-Ros*, signifying the Bare Promontory—and from this the more recent Abbey and the whole of the more modern parish of Melrose have derived their name.

FEMALE AUTHORS.—No. II.

MRS. ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING.

BY GEORGE GILFILLAN.

In selecting Mrs. Hemans as our first specimen of Female Authors, we did so avowedly, because she seemed to us the most feminine writer of the day. We now select Mrs. Browning for the opposite reason, that she is, or at least is said by many to be, the most masculine of our female writers.

To settle the respective spheres and calibres of the male and the female mind is one of the most difficult of philosophical problems. To argue, merely, that because the mind of woman has never hitherto produced a "Paradise Lost," or a "Principia," it is therefore for ever incapable of producing similar masterpieces, seems to us unfair, for various reasons. In the first place, how many ages elapsed e'er the *male* mind realised such prodigies of intellectual achievement? And do not they still stand unparalleled and almost unapproached? And were it not as reasonable to assert that man as that woman can renew them no more? Secondly, because the premise is granted—that woman *has* not—does the conclusion follow, that woman cannot excogitate an argument as great as the "Principia," or build up a rhyme as lofty as the "Paradise Lost?" Would it not have been as wise for one who knew Milton only as the Milton of "Lycidas" and "Arcades," to have contended that he was incapable of a great epic poem? And is there nothing in Madame De Stael, in Rahel the Germaness, in Mary Somerville, and even in Mary Wollstonecraft, to suggest the idea of heights, fronting the very peaks of the Principia and the Paradise, to which woman may yet attain? Thirdly, has not woman understood and appreciated the greatest works of genius as fully as man? Then may she in time equal them; for what is true appreciation but the sowing of a germ in the mind, which shall ultimately bear similar fruit? There is nothing, says Godwin, which the human mind can conceive, which it cannot execute; we may add, there is nothing the human mind can understand which it cannot equal. Fourthly, let us never forget that women, as to intellectual progress, is in a state of infancy. Changed as by malignant magic, now into an article of furniture, and now into the toy of pleasure, she is only as yet undergoing a better transmigration, and "timidly expanding into life."

Almost all that is valuable in Female Authorship has been produced within the last half-century, that is, since the female was generally recognised to be an intellectual creature; and if she has, in such a short period, so progressed, what demi-Mahometan shall venture to set bounds to her future advancement? Even though we should grant that woman, more from her bodily constitution than her mental, is inferior to man, and that man, having got, shall probably keep, his start of centuries, we see nothing to prevent woman overtaking, and outstripping with ease, his *present* farthest point of intellectual progress. We do not look on such productions as "Lear," and the "Prometheus Vinctus," with the despair wherewith the boy who has leaped up in vain to seize, regards ever after the moon and the stars; they are, after all, the masonry of men, and not the architecture of the gods; and if man may surpass, why may not woman, "taken out of his side," his gentle *alias*, equal them?

Of woman, we may say, at least, that there are already provinces where her power is uncontested and supreme. And in proportion as civilization advances, and as the darker and fiercer passions which constitute the *fera natura* subside, in the lull of that milder day, the voice of woman will become more audible, exert a wider magic, and be as the voice of spring to the opening year. We stay not to prove that the *sex* of genius is *feminine*, and that those poets who are most profoundly impressing our young British minds, are those who, in tenderness and sensibility—in peculiar power, and in peculiar weakness, are all but females. And whatever may be said of

the effects of culture, in deadening the genius of man, we are mistaken if it has not always had the contrary effect upon that of woman (where do we find a female Bloomfield or Burns?) so that, on entering on the far more highly civilised periods which are manifestly approaching, she will but be breathing the atmosphere calculated to nourish and invigorate, instead of weakening and chilling her mental life. Our admirable friend, Mr. De Quincey, has, we think, conceded even more than we require, in granting (see his paper on Joan of Arc) that woman can die more nobly than man. For whether is the writing or the doing of a great tragedy the higher achievement? Poor the attitude even of Shakespere, penning the fire-syllables of Macbeth, to that of Joan of Arc, entering into the flames as into her wedding suit. What comparison between the face inflamed of a Mirabeau or a Chalmers, as they thundered; and the blush on the cheek of Charlotte Corday, still extant, as her head was presented to the people? And who shall name the depicter of the death of Beatrice Cenci; or with Madame Roland, whose conduct on the scaffold might make one in "love with death?" If to die nobly demand the highest concentration of the moral, intellectual, and even artistic powers—and if woman has *par excellence* exemplified such a concentration, there follows a conclusion to which we should be irresistibly led, were it not that we question the minor proposition in the argument—we hold that man has often as fully as woman risen to the dignity of death, and met him, not as a vassal, but as a superior.

To say that Mrs. Browning has more of the man than any female writer of the period, may appear rather an equivocal compliment; and its truth even may be questioned. We may, however, be permitted to say, that she has more of the *heroine* than her compeers. Hers is a high heroic nature, which adopts for the motto at once of its life and of its poetry, "Perfect through suffering." Shelley says:—

> "Most wretched men
> Are cradled into poetry by wrong;
> They learn in suffering what they teach in song."

But wrong is not always the stern schoolmistress of song. There are sufferings springing from other sources—from intense sensibility—from bodily ailment—from the loss of cherished objects, which also find in poetry their natural vent. And we do think that such poetry, if not so powerful, is infinitely more pleasing and more instructive than that which is inspired by real or imaginary grievance. The turbid torrent is not the proper mirror for reflecting the face of nature; and none but the moody and the discontented will seek to see in it an aggravated and distorted edition of their own gloomy brows. The poetry of wrong is not the best and most permanent. It was not wrong alone that excited, though it unquestionably directed, the course of Dante's and Milton's vein. The poetry of Shakespere's wrong is condensed in his sonnets—the poetry of his forbearance and forgiveness, of his gratitude and his happiness, is in his dramas. The poetry of Pope's wrong (a scratch from a thorn hedge!) is in his "Dunciad," not in his "Rape of the Lock." The poetry of Wordsworth's wrong is in his "Prefaces," not in his "Excursion." The poetry of Byron's wrong is in those deep curses which sometimes disturb the harmony of his poems; and that of Shelley's in the maniacal scream which occasionally interrupts the pæans of his song. But all these had probably been as great, or greater poets, had no wrong befallen them, or had it taught them another lesson, than either peevishly to proclaim, or furiously to resent it.

Mrs. Browning has suffered, so far as we are aware, no wrong from the age. She might, indeed, for some time have spoken of neglect. But people of genius should now learn the truth, that *neglect* is not *wrong;* or if it be, it is a wrong in which they often set the example. Neglecting the tastes of the majority, the majority avenges itself by neglecting them. Standing and singing in a congregation of the deaf, they are senseless enough to complain that they are not heard. Or should they address the multitude, and should the multitude not listen, it never strikes them that the fault is their own; they ought to have compelled attention. Orpheus was listened to: the thunder is: even the gentlest spring shower commands its audience. If neglect means wilful winking at claims which are *felt*, it is indeed a wrong; but a wrong seldom if ever committed, and which complaint will not cure—if it means, merely, ignorance of claims which have never been presented or enforced, where and whose is the criminality?

To do Mrs. Browning justice, she has not complained of neglect nor of injury at all. But she has acknowledged herself inspired by the genius of suffering. And this seems to have exerted divers influences upon her poetry. It has, in the first place, taught her to rear for herself a spot of transcendental retreat, a city of refuge in the clouds. Scared away from her own heart, she has soared upwards, and found a rest elsewhere. To those flights of idealism in which she indulges, to those distant and daring themes which she selects, she is urged less, we think, through native tendency of mind, than to fill the vast vacuity of a sick and craving spirit. This is not peculiar to her. It may be called, indeed, the Retreat of the Ten Thousand; though strong and daring must be those that can successfully accomplish it. Only the steps of sorrow—we had almost said only the steps of despair—can climb such dizzy heights. The healthy and the happy mind selects subjects of a healthy and a happy sort, and which lie within the sphere of every-day life and every-day thought. But for minds which have been wrung and riven, there is a similar attraction in gloomy themes, as that which leads them to the side of dark rivers, to the heart of deep forests, or into the centre of waste glens. Step forth, ye giant children of Sorrow and Genius, that we may tell your names, and compute your multitudes. First, there is the proud thundershod Æschylean family, all conceived in the "eclipse" of that most powerful

of Grecian spirits. Then follows the vast skeleton of "De Rerum natura," the massive product of the grief of Lucretius—

> "Who cast his plummet down the broad
> Deep universe, and said, No God;
> Finding no bottom, he denied
> Divinely the divine, and died,
> Chief poet upon Tiber side."
>
> MRS. BROWNING.

There stalk forward, next in the procession, the kings, priests, popes, prelates, and the yet guiltier and mightier shapes of Dante's Hell. Next, the Satan of Milton advances, champing the curb, and regarding even Prometheus as no mate for his proud and lonely misery. Then comes, cowering and shvering on, the timid Castaway of Cowper. He is followed by Byron's heroes, a haughty yet melancholy troop, with *conscious madness* animating their gestures and glaring in their eyes. The Anciente Marenere succeeds, now fearfully reverting his looks, and now fixing his glittering eye forward on a peopled and terrible vacancy. And, lastly, a frail shadowy and shifting shape, looking now Laon, now like Lionel, and now like Prometheus, proclaims that Alastor himself is here, the Benjamin in this family of tears.

"Whither shall I wander," seems Mrs. Browning to have said to herself, "to-day to escape from my own sad thoughts, and to lose, to noble purpose, the sense of my own identity? I will go eastward to Eden, where perfection and happiness once dwelt. I will pass, secure in virtue, the far flashing sword of the cherubim; I will knock at the door and enter. I will lie down in the forsaken garden; I will pillow my head where Milton pillowed his, on the grass cool with the shadow of the Tree of Life; and I will dream a vision of my own, of what this place once was, and of what it was to leave it for the wilderness." And she has passed the waving sword, and she has entered the awful garden, and she has dreamed a dream, and she has, awaking, told it as a "Drama of Exile." It were vain to deny that the dream is one full of genius—that it is entirely original; and that it never once, except by antithesis, suggests a thought of Milton's more massive and palpable vision. Her paradise is not a garden, it is a flush on a summer evening sky. Her Adam is not the fair large-fronted man, with all manlike qualities meeting unconsciously in his full clear nature—he is a German metaphysician. Her Eve is *herself*, an amiable and gifted blue-stocking, not the mere meek motherly woman, with what Aird beautifully calls the "broad, ripe, serene, and gracious composure of love about her." Her spirits are neither cherubim nor seraphim—neither knowing nor burning ones—they are fairies, not, however, of the Puck or Ariel species, but of a new metaphysical breed; they do not ride on, but split hairs; they do not dance, but reason; or if they dance, it is on the point of a needle, in cycles and epicycles of mystic and mazy motion. There is much beauty and power in passages of the poem, and a sweet inarticulate infinite melody, like the fabled cry of mandrakes in the lyrics. Still we do not see the taste of turning the sweet open garden of Eden into a maze—we do not approve of the daring precedent of trying conclusions with Milton on his own high field of victory—and we are, we must say, jealous of all encroachments upon that fair Paradise which has so long painted itself upon our imaginations—where all the luxuries of earth mingled in the feast with all the dainties of the heavens—where celestial plants grew under the same sun with terrestrial blossoms, and where the cadences of seraphic music filled up the pauses in the voice of God. Far different, indeed, is Mrs. Browning's from Dryden's disgusting inroad into Eden—as different, almost, as the advent of Raphael from the encroachment of Satan. But the poem professed to stand in the lustre of the fiery sword, and this should have burnt up some of its conceits, and silenced some of its meaner minstrelsies. And all such attempts we regard precisely as we do the beauties of the Apocrypha, when compared to the beauties of the Bible. They are as certainly beauties, but beauties of an inferior order—they are flowers, but not the roses which grew along the banks of the Four Rivers, "or caught in their crimson cups the first sad drops wept at committing of the mortal sin."

> "One blossom of Eden outblooms them all."

Having accepted from Mrs. Browning's own hand sadness, or at least seriousness, as the key to her nature and genius, let us continue to apply it in our future remarks. This at once impels her to, and fits her for, the high position she has assumed, uttering the "Cry of the Human." And whom would the human race prefer as their earthly advocate, to a high-souled and gifted woman? What voice but the female voice could so softly and strongly, so eloquently and meltingly, interpret to the ear of him whose name is Love, the deep woes, and deeper wants of "poor humanity's afflicted will, struggling in vain with ruthless destiny?" Some may quarrel with the title, "The Human," as an affectation; but, in the first place, if it be, it is a very small one, and a small affectation can never furnish matter for a great quarrel. Secondly, we are not disposed to make a man, and still less a woman, an offender for a word, and thirdly, we fancy we can discern a good reason for her use of the term. What is it that is crying aloud through her voice to Heaven? It is not the feral or fiendish element in human nature? That has found an organ in Byron—an echo in his bellowing verse. It is the human element in man—bruised, bleeding, all but dead under the pressure of evil—circumstances, under the ten thousand tyrannies, mistakes, and delusions of the world, that has here ceased any longer to be silent, and is speaking in a sister's voice to Time and to Eternity—to Earth and Heaven. The poem may truly be called a prayer for the times, and no collect in the English liturgy surpasses it in truth and tenderness, though some may think its tone daring to the brink of blasphemy, and piercing almost to anguish.

Gracefully from this proud and giddy pinnacle, where she had stood as the conscious and com-

missioned representative of the human race, she descends to the door of the factory, and pleads for the children inclosed in that crowded and busy hell. The "cry of the factory children" moves you, because it is no poem at all—it is just a long sob, veiled and stifled as it ascends through the hoarse voices of the poor beings themselves. Since we read it we can scarcely pass a factory without seeming to hear this psalm issuing from the machinery, as if it were protesting against its own abused powers. But, to use the language of a writer quoted a little before, "The Fairy Queen is dead, shrouded in a yard of cotton stuff made by the spinning-jenny, and by that other piece of new improved machinery, *the souls and bodies of British children*, for which death alone holds the patent." From Mrs. Browning, perhaps the most imaginative and intellectual of British females, down to a pale-faced, thick-voiced, degraded, hardly human, factory girl, what a long and precipitous descent. But though hardly, she is human; and availing herself of the small, trembling, but eternally indestructible link of connexion implied in a common nature, our authoress can identify herself with the cause, and incarnate her genius in the person of the poor perishing child. How unspeakably more affecting is a pleading in behalf of a particular portion of the race, than in behalf of the entire family! Mrs. Browning might have uttered a hundred "cries of the human," and proved herself only a sentimental artist, and awakened little save an echo dying away in distant elfin laughter; but the cry of a factory child, coming through a woman's, has gone to a nation's heart of hearts.

Although occupied thus with the sterner wants and sorrows of society, she is not devoid of interest in its minor miseries and disappointments. She can sit down beside little Ella (the miniature of Alnaschar) and watch the history of her day-dream beside the swan's nest among the reeds, and see in her disappointment a type of human hopes in general, even when towering and radiant as summer clouds. Ella's dream among the reeds! What else was Godwin's Political Justice? What else was St. Simonianism? What else is Young Englandism? And what else are the hopes built by many now upon *certain* perfected schemes of education, which, freely translated, just mean the farther sharpening and furnishing of knaves and fools; and now upon a "Coming Man," who is to supply every deficiency, reconcile every contradiction, and right every wrong. Yes, he will come mounted on the red-roan horse of sweet Ella's vision!

Shadowed by the same uniform seriousness are the only two poems of hers which we shall farther at present mention—we mean her "Vision of Poets," and her "Geraldine's Courtship." The aim of the first is to present, in short compass, and almost in single lines, the characteristics of the greater poets of past and present times. This undertaking involved in it very considerable difficulties. For, in the first place, most great poets possess more than one distinguishing peculiarity. To select a single differential point is always hazardous, and often deceptive. 2dly, After you have selected the prominent characteristic of your author, it is no easy task to express it in a word, or in a line. To compress thus an Iliad in a nutshell, to imprison a Giant genie in an iron pot, is more a feat of magic than an act of criticism. 3dly, It is especially difficult to express the differentia of a writer in a manner at once easy and natural, and picturesque, and poetical. In the very terms of such an attempt as Mrs. Browning makes, it is implied that she not only defines, but describes the particular writer. But to curdle up a character into one noble word, to describe Shakespere, for instance, in such compass, what sun-syllable shall suffice; or must we renew Byron's wish?—

> "Could I unbosom and embody now
> That which is most within me; could I wreak
> My thought upon expression!
> * * * * * * * * *
> And that one word were Lightning, I would speak;
> But as it is, I live and die unheard,
> With a most voiceless thought, sheathing it as a sword."

Accordingly, this style of portraiture (shall we call it, as generally pursued, the thumb-nail style?) has seldom been prosecuted with much success. Ebenezer Elliott has a copy of verses after this fashion, not quite worthy of him. What, for example, does the following line tell us of Shelly?

> "Ill-fated Shelly, vainly great and brave."

The same words might have been used about Sir John Moore, or Pompey. Mrs. Browning's verses are far superior. Sometimes, indeed, we see her clipping at a character, in order to fit it better into the place she has prepared for it. Sometimes she crams the half of an author into a verse, and has to leave out the rest for want of room. Sometimes over a familiar face she throws a veil of words and darkness. But often her one glance sees, and her one word shows, the very heart of an author's genius and character. Our readers may recur to the lines already quoted in reference to Lucretius, as one of her best portraitures. Altogether this style, as generally prosecuted, is a small one, not much better than anagrams and acrostics—ranks, indeed, not much higher than the ingenuity of the persons who transcribe the "Pleasures of Hope" on the breadth of a crown-piece, and should be resigned to such praiseworthy personages. By far the best specimen of it we remember, is the very clever list involving a running commentary of the works of Lord Byron, by Dr. M'Ginn; unless, indeed, it be Gay's *Catalogue Raisonné* of the portentous poems of Sir Richard Blackmore. Who shall embalm, in a similar way, the endless writings of James, Cooper, and Dickens?

"Lady Geraldine's Courtship," as a transcript from the "red-leaved tablets of the heart"—as a tale of love, set to the richest music—as a picture of the subtle workings, the stern reasonings, and the terrible bursts of passion—is above praise. How like a volcano does the poet's heart at length explode! How first all power is given him in the dreadful trance of silence, and then in the loosened tempest of speech! What a wild, fierce

logic flows forth from his lips, in which, as in that of Lear's madness, the foundations of society seem to quiver like reeds, and every mount of conventionalism is no longer found; and in the lull of that tempest, and in the returning sunshine, how beautiful, how almost super-human, seem the figures of the two lovers, seen now and magnified through the mist of the reader's fast-flowing tears. It is a tale of successful love, and yet it melts you like a tragedy, and most melts you in the crisis of the triumph. On Geraldine we had gazed as on a star, with dry-eyed and distant admiration; but when that star dissolves in showers at the feet of her poet lover, we weep for very joy. Truly a tear is a sad yet beautiful thing; it constitutes a link connecting us with distant countries, nay, connecting us with distant worlds. Gravitation has, amid all her immensity, wrought no such lovely work as when she rounded a tear.

From this beautiful poem alone, we might argue Mrs. Browning's capacity for producing a great domestic tragedy. We might argue it, also, from the various peculiarities of her genius—her far vision into the springs of human conduct—into those viewless veins of fire, or of poison, which wind within the human heart—her sympathy with dark bosoms—the passion for truth, which pierces often the mist of her dimmer thought, like a flash of irrepressible lightning—her fervid temperament, always glowing round her intellectual sight—and her queen-like dominion over imagery and language. We think, meanwhile, that she has mistaken her sphere. In that rare atmosphere of transcendentalism which she has reached, she respires with difficulty, and with pain. She is not "native and endued" into that element. We would warn her off the giddy region, where tempests may blow, as well as clouds gather. Her recent sonnets in Blackwood are sad failures, —the very light in them is darkness—thoughts, in themselves as untangible as the films upon the window pane, are concealed in a woof of words, till their thin and shadowy meaning fades utterly away. Morbid weakness, she should remember, is not masculine strength. But can she not, through the rents in her cloudy tabernacle, discern, far below in the vale, fields of deep though homely beauty, where she might more gracefully and successfully exercise her exquisite genius? She has only to stoop to conquer. By and bye we may—using unprofanely an expression originally profane—be tempted to say, as we look up the darkened mountain, with its flashes of fire hourly waxing fewer and feebler, "As for this poetess, we wot not what has become of her."

While we are venturing on accents of warning, we might also remind her that there are in her style and manner peculiarities which a wicked world will persist in calling affectations. On the charge of affectation, generally, we are disposed to lay little stress—it is a charge so easily got up, and which can be so readily swelled into a cuckoo cry; it is often applied with such injustice, and it so generally attaches to singularities in manner, instead of insincerities in spirit and matter. But why should a true man, or a true woman, expose themselves needlessly to such a charge? We think in general, that true taste in this, as in matters of dress and etiquette, dictates conformity to the present mode, provided that does not unduly cramp the freedom and the force of natural motions. There is, indeed, a class of writers who are chartered libertines—who deal with language as they please—who toss it about as the autumn wind leaves; who, in the agony of their earnestness, or in the fury of their excitement, seize on rude and unpolished words, as Titans on rocks and mountains, and gain artistic triumphs in opposition to all the rules of art. Such are Wilson and Carlyle, and such were Burke and Chalmers. These men we must just take as they are, and be thankful for them as they are. We must just give them their own way. And whether such a permission be given or not, it is likely to be taken. "Canst thou draw out Leviathan with a hook, or his tongue with a cord which thou lettest down? will he make many supplications unto thee? will he speak soft words unto thee? Will the Unicorn be willing to serve thee, or abide by thy crib? canst thou bind him with his band in the furrow? will he harrow the valleys after thee? wilt thou believe that he will bring home thy seed, and gather into thy barn?" No: like the tameless creatures of the wilderness —like the chainless elements of the air—such men obey a law, and use a language, and follow a path of their own.

But this rare privilege Mrs. Browning cannot claim. And she owes it to herself and to her admirers to simplify her manner—to sift her diction of whatever is harsh and barbarous —to speak whatever truth is in her, in the clear articulate language of men—and to quicken, as she well can, the dead forms of ordinary verbiage, by the spirit of her own superabundant life. Then, but not till then, shall her voice break fully through the environment of coteries, cliques, and Magazine readers, and fall upon the ear of the general public, like the sound sweet in its sublimity, simple amid its complex elements, earthly in its cause and unearthly in its effect upon the soul, of a multitude of waters.

At present she seems to have seated herself, like a second witch of Endor, in a cave of mystery and vaticination—her "familiar," her gifted husband, a spirit well worthy of holding high consultation with herself; and who, like the famuli of ancient magicians, is equally adapted for humorous sport, and for serious thought and enterprise. We have in spirit been visiting her cavern, and have come back in the mood of prophesying. She has, if not taught, confirmed on us impressions, in reference to the future progress of Poetry, which we may close this lucubration by expressing.

That Poetry, notwithstanding its present degraded and enfeebled condition, is not extinct, nor ever shall be extinguished, we may at once assume. As long as the sky is blue, and the rainbow beautiful—as long as man's heart is warm and the face of woman fair—Poetry, like seed-time and harvest, summer and winter, shall not cease.

Nay, may we not apply to it the words of Campbell, applied originally to hope—

> "Eternal *Art*, when yonder spheres sublime
> Pealed their first notes to sound the march of time,
> Thy joyous youth began, but not to fade:
> When all the sister planets have decayed,
> When wrapt in fire the realms of ether glow,
> And heaven's last thunder shakes the world below,
> Thou undismayed shall o'er the ruins smile,
> And light thy torch at Nature's funeral pile."

But in two things especially we perceive a provision being made in the present day, for the sustenance of the Poetic spirit, and for the further development of the Poetic faculty. One is the advancement of scientific truth. This, so far from being, as in the vulgar notion, adverse, is favourable to the progress of Poetry. Poetry, as a true thing, must be furthered by the advance of every other section of truth. Poetry can rule by division as well as by multiplication. Poetry stands ever ready to pour her forces through the smallest breaches which science makes. Nay, all the sciences are already employed, and shall yet be more solemnly enlisted into the service of Poetry. Botany goes forth into the fields and the woods, collects her fairest flowers, and binds with them a chaplet for the brow of Poetry. Conchology from the waters and from the sea shores gathers her loveliest shells, and hark! when uplifted to the ear of Poetry, "pleased, they remember their august abodes, and murmur as the ocean murmurs there." Anatomy lays bare the human frame—so fearfully and wonderfully made—and Poetry breathes back a portion of the spirit which that cold clay has lost, and its dry bones and withered sinews begin to live. Chemistry leads Poetry to the side of her furnace, and shows her transformations scarcely less marvellous and magical than her own. Geology lifts, with daring yet trembling hand, the "veil that is woven with night and with terror," from the history of past worlds, of cycles of ruin and renovation of creations and destroyings, and allows the eye of Poetry to look down in wonder, and to look up in fire. And Astronomy conducts Poetry to her observatory, and enjoys her amazement at the spectacle of that storm of suns, for ever blowing in the midnight sky. In the progress of astronomy, indeed, we see opening up the loftiest of conceivable fields for the poet. Who has hitherto adequately sung the wonders of the Newtonian—how much less of the Herschellian heavens? In prose alone (excepting, indeed, some splendid passages of the "Night Thoughts")—prose often kindling into poetry; the prose of Chalmers and of Nichol have these themes been worthily treated. But who is waiting, with his lyre in his eager hand, to be ready to sing the steep-rising glories of the Rossian heavens? We have the "Night Thoughts," which are a century behind the present stage of the science; but who shall write us a poem on "Night," worthy, in some measure, of vieing with that solemn yet spirit-stirring theme? Sooner or later it must be done. The Milton of Midnight must yet arise.

Another security for the future triumphs of Poetry is to be found in the spread of the Earnest Spirit. That such a spirit is coming over the age, men feel as by a general and irresistible intuition. There are, besides, many distinct evidences, and in nothing more so than in the present state of Poetry. Its clouds, long so light and gay, are rapidly charging with thunder, and from that black orchestra, when completely filled, what tones of power and music may be expected. All the leading poets of our later day—Tennyson, Browning, Mrs. Browning, Emerson, and Bayley—are avowing and acting on their belief that Poetry is no child's pastime, but one of the most serious of all serious things. This fills us with hope and high expectancy. It recalls to us a past period, when the names of prophet and of poet were the same; when bards were the real rulers; when the highest truth came forth in melody; when rhyme and reason had never been divorced. It points us forward, with sunbeam-finger, to a future day, when, in Emerson's fine language, "Poetry shall lead in a new age, as there is a star in the constellation Harp, which shall yet, astronomers tell us, be the polar star for a thousand years." We are, however slowly nearing that star! And, when men have become more enlightened, more welded into unity, more penetrated with high principle, more warmed with the emotion of love—when the earth has become more worthy of shining between Orion and the Great Bear—between Mars and Venus—there shall break forth from it a voice of song, holier far than Amphion's; sweeter than all Orphean measures; comparable to that fabled melody, by which the spheres were said to attune their motions; comparable, say rather, to that nobler song, wherewith, when Earth, a stranger, first appeared in our sky, she was saluted by her kindred orbs—"when the morning stars sang together, and all the Sons of God shouted for joy."

THE SONG OF THE LOCOMOTIVE.

AWAY, away, I burst!
Who will follow me? who?
I have quenched my burning thirst,
And I'm off!—*Whiz, whistle, whew!*

With my glowing heart of fire,
And my never tiring arm,
And my whispering magic wire,
With its space-destroying charm,
From the city I sweep along,
Like an arrow swift and true;
And before the eyes of the dazzled throng
I sing out—*Whiz, whistle, whew!*

The citizen stood in my path,
With the bower of delights he had made,
And proudly he vowed, in his wrath,
That his privacy none should invade;—

My gold in his purse dropped sweet,
My iron o'er his lawn I threw,
And I laughed at the calm of his snug retreat,
With a merry *whistle, whew!*

He peer, from his old grey towers—
His forefathers' proud domain—
Looked down on my new-born powers
With a lordly and high disdain;—
But he started to see my breath
His ancestral oaks bedew;
And I greeted his ear, his window beneath,
With a piercing *whistle, whew!*

The Scot on his wild hill stood,
Defying my onward course;
And, pointing to mountain and flood,
He dared me a passage to force;—
But my arch o'er the gulf I flung,
And the startled heathcock flew
As the caverned breast of the lone hills rung
With a tearing *whistle, whew!*

Poor Pat from his bog looked round,
And mocked my advancing tread;—
But I taught him to drain the deceitful ground,
And his little ones blessed me for bread;
For Famine forsook his door
When I made him my servant true,
And wherever I went he passed on before,
To make way for the *whistle, whew!*

When I came to the crowded town
They said I must stand outside;—
But from high on their roofs I looked down,
And they stared at my giant stride;
Then, hiding with cunning art,
I tunnelled in darkness through,
And came rushing up in the city's heart,
With a fierce *whiz, whistle, whew!*

The old Royal Mail dashed on,
With its coachman and guard in state,
And its foaming steeds, and its bugle-blower,
In its glory and pride elate;—
To a creeping *bus* it shrunk,
As my steam-cloud arose in view;
And its haughty guard to a cabman sunk,
Came to meet the *whistle, whew!*

'Tis good that I pass along;
From the smoke of the city I bear
A pale and o'erwearied throng
To the fields and the fresh sweet air.
'Tis good; for my path is fraught
With boons for the country too—
I waken men's spirits to life and thought
With my stirring *whistle, whew!*

I fly like the tempest's wing—
Yet the timid have naught to fear;
A great but a gentle thing—
An infant might check my career.
Away, away, away!
Who will not follow me? who?
Peasant and prince the shrill summons obey
Of my proud *whiz, whistle, whew!*

A. M.

THE MAGNOLIA OF MAILLIENDIERE.

Suggested by an authentic account of the introduction of that tree into Europe, as given in a little work on flowers, written for young people.

By Mississippi's giant flood,
A hundred years ago, there stood
A wanderer o'er the seas, with eyes
Lit up to rapturous surprise,
To look upon that glorious wood—
That vast magnolia-forest, spread
O'er miles on miles of solitude:—
Its kingly leaves, each measuring oft
Full three smooth feet of darkest green;
Its white and vase-like flowers, aloft
Like chiselled alabaster seen;
With richest breath, that leagues from there
Had met him floating on the air.
And back his quick affections fled,
As the delicious fragrance stole
Through sense to the unsensual soul,
Back to a loved one, whose delight,
Of all delights, in blossom lay—
The sister of his youth, whom now
He had not seen for many a day:—
And then he vowed he would, despite
Of earth, and air, and sea,
For her uproot, and bear away
Far over ocean's sparkling spray,
One young Magnolia Tree.

The wild sea spared it, and the wind
Withered it not with breath unkind:
So strange, so stately, and so sweet,
It charmed for once their dread deceit.
And to that loved one's garden shades
The lonely tree was borne:—
Alas! if now at last it fades—
So haughty and forlorn!

From its own odorous forest glades,
From its own brilliant kindred's side,
And their green realm of freedom wide,
Forever more uptorn!

Will not that wood's far sea of flowers
Haunt with sweet breath its distant hours,
Till every breeze that wanders by
Shall westward bear its mournful sigh?

Wo! if thus drooping day by day,
It wither from her care away;
And that far brother's trophy dear
Remain no more her life to cheer!
No! for—as if the giver's heart
Had steeped it in the life of love,
Never henceforward to depart,
Where'er his steps might rove—
It lived beneath those skies of France,
And rose under their blue expanse
With slow yet stately grace;
Still seeming to her silent glance
As though of him it spoke,
Of feelings years might not efface,
Nor the dividing gulphs of space,
Nor all the storms that broke
Around his way—who now again
Was on the wild resounding main.

That brother, fond and brave, went down
And perished in the deep!
Then not her loved Magnolia's own
Dear whisperings could lull the lone
Sad sister's grief to sleep.
'Twas but a little while she pined,
Then passed away, and left behind
(An exile, nameless and unknown,)
The poor Magnolia Tree!

Deserted for a space remained
That home of her, the fond, the true!
And then a stranger came and trod
Those garden paths; that verdant sod
Now, with its flowers of every hue,
And groves, to him pertained.

And often, as he roved along
Where she with softest step and song
The plants of earth had trained,
One wondrous laurel (could it be,
In truth, a laurel's majesty?)
His earnest gaze enchained.
As yet its buds had not out-blown;
But soon their dazzling crowds
Burst forth, like sculptured Parian stone,
Or swan-white polar clouds;
No laurel, though Apollo's tree,
Was e'er so exquisite to see!

It chanced that then through sunny Nantes—
Wherefore, I do forget—
The flower and chivalry of France
Passing, had briefly met.
And one, who knew all plants and trees
That then, beyond the farthest seas,
Were known to tremble to the breeze,
Amidst the assembly came, and bore
A little branch, all blossomed o'er,
Unto a noble princess there,
An offering for her flowing hair,
Or for her jewelled breast.

The princess gazed upon her prize
With joy-dilated, sparkling eyes,
That all her soul expressed.
Then from those snowy wax-like flowers,
Lifting her smile she asked,
"Where, where, in what enchanted bowers,
In what new world more fair than ours,
Under what sunbeams basked—
These, in whose breath such sweetness lies,
Like nothing else beneath the skies?"

The knights and ladies crowded round
As nearly as they might;
And one deep-whisper'd, long-drawn sound
The peerless, pure Magnolia crown'd
(Oh! not through any courtier-arts)
With every lip's and every heart's
Admiring delight!

Preciously treasured with its stem,
In water crystal clear,
Most like some rare and costly gem,
It reached the royal court, and there,
One in her bosom, one her hair
(Herself a flower with scarce a peer),
The graceful princess wore.

There, when the monarch's eagle eye,
Amidst his courtiers passing by,
Fell on those flowers of spotless hue,
And when he felt their fragrance pour
Through all that proud and throng saloon,
Whose midnight was more bright than noon,
Impatient wonder swiftly broke
All kingly fetters, to be told
That which he questioned, softly, bold,
"Where those sweet flowers that decked her hair
And purest bosom grew?"
The fair and envied princess spoke,
"My sire, at Mailliendiere."

Then Louis said, "That tree shall stand
In no dim corner of my land;
For, as I am a king,
And sure as gold on earth prevails,
To our own bowers of bright Versailles;
Ay, by our royal word, and soon
Its splendour we will bring.
Were it at half my realms expense,
No lowlier spot should own
Such princely sweet magnificence;
Like some fair queen it shall come thence—
We will its charms enthrone."

Howbeit, for once, a tree defied
A sovereign in his power and pride;
For Louis learned that it would die,
E'en cheered by his own kingly eye,
If torn away from there,

From that more humble garden soil,
Where love, not pride, in days that were
Had planted it with fondest care,
And heart-delighted toil.

Reluctantly and slow the king
Resigned his royal will
At last persuaded 't would but crown
With blight as surely as renown—
(Should he his haughty vow fulfil)
That rare and lovely thing.

So there the sweet Magnolia staid,
And its proud owner's glory made,
And won him more than fame:
For every flower superb it bore,
Brought him of gold a glittering store;
And many a high and noble dame
Lavished well-pleased that gold, to own
For her fair bosom one alone
The enchanted gaze to claim—
Ah! well I ween that not for gold
Would its dead mistress one have sold,
Or parted with for aught but love,
Before she left it, to behold
The tree of life above!

Afterward, while serene and still,
Its western forest lay
While Mississippi smoothly rolled
On his majestic way,
Thunders broke o'er all Europe old,
And many a nation's death-bell tolled,
Pealing from hill to hill:
Passed rushed the fiery breath of war,
Roused by one blazing mortal star,
The harbinger of ill.

Ah! then the sadly thrilling sight,
To see the swift and crackling flames
(Like snake its victim-prey that claims)
Amid those blossomed branches glare,
Amid those glossy leaves so rare,
Of the Magnolia bright!

But unconsumed it lingered on!
And patient care revived
That tree which through the waves had gone,
And how the flames survived!

As though the giver's spirit yet
Watched o'er what *she* had loved
And by no after power would let
Its root be thence removed.

And there, within that sunny land's
Old garden-bowers, they say,
The beautiful Magnolia stands,
Love's record to this day!

E. M. Hamilton.

HIGHLAND WILDERNESSES.

It is not our purpose to narrate the dangers through which the Royal Family and their suite cut their way in the dangerous passage from Osborne House to Ardverikie Lodge. The newspapers have done it all. They have not left a residuum of Falmouth fog, or the slightest fragment of a broken Black Eagle boiler, that is not recorded. They have told in moving language in what manner the heir-apparent to the British throne, covered by a small south-wester, in a

very small blue jacket, with white canvas vest, and trousers of the same material, without braces, although the same may be had patented, and warranted to wear for the tenth part of a life-time, at the moderate charge of two shillings and fourpence, but with a profusion of linen, very clean, protruding from between the ill-jointed garments, at the grand junction of the upper and lower lines of clothing, gathered cockle-shells and sea-weed at Cairn-Ryan, in the midst of an enthusiastic and admiring population, who were straining their eyes, and all kinds of optical instruments, to catch but one glimpse of the great young gentleman who, in the shape of a sailor-boy, was collecting "marine specimens," we suppose, amongst their own rocks, and at their own feet. They (the newspapers, viz.) have deprived us of the pleasure of narrating this touching story, though we might take affidavit before Sir Peter Lawrie, knight and alderman, to the person of the honest woman who wanted to treat the poor sailor-boy to cheese and bread, and a bed on shore, because, as she truly said, her own John was in the Susan and Mary, schooner, belonging to Troon, burden, eighty-nine and a half tons, avoirdupois, in the coal trade; and nobody could tell—at least she could not tell—that he might not also be thrown amongst strange folks.

We cannot even have the pleasure of stating, without plagiarism, the difficulties and disappointments, the delays, and the deferred hopes of three hundred and thirty-three thousand of her Majesty's subjects, who, on Monday, the 16th ult., in utter defiance of the Macedonia, American frigate, took up a position, or positions, to testify, in the teeth of republicanism, its wooden walls, and, behind thirty-two pounders, their zealous attachment to, and reverence for, the monarch of isles and ocean. We might gather up some foot-notes—a few fragments of the festival—the broken vases of that deserted hall—such as how quartern loaves, *i.s.*—which is as good Latin for pluralities as *i.e.* for the single article—*i.s.*, four lbs. of wheaten bread rose in Greenock to 6d. per lb., as with the view of realising the fears and prophecies of the *Mark Lane Express*, which otherwise would never have been realised: that gunpowder in the seaport of the Clyde, as a marketable substance we mean, and not in its official capacity, became highly excited: that freightage of human beings from what, in the great Scottish river, is termed the Tail of the Bank, to the eastern extremity of the navigation, became scarcer than ever was tonnage for flour at New Orleans, on the Mississippi, or for wheat at Galatz, within the dominions of the Great Turk, or in Alexandria on the Nile. Then we might depict the voyage of discovery undertaken by the corporations of Glasgow and of Greenock in search of the Royal fleet; how the Greenock gentlemen kept within the river, wisely declining to encounter the stomachic dangers and trials of the mid channel; or how their Glasgow superiors, being more loyally bent, proceeded with all the ardour of Sir John Ross or Columbus, and were ultimately successful in discovering the Royal yacht and its attendants. Neither do we propose to relate the particulars of that wonderful battle for precedency on the rock of Dumbarton, between the knights, with the Sheriffs of that shire, the Provost and Bailies of that glass-blowing and ship-building borough on the one hand; and the Lord Provost and Magistrates of Glasgow on the other—a combat whereat the Queen of England was umpire, sitting enthroned on the Argyle battery, on that basaltic rock which, frowning on the Clyde, has been for two thousand years the premier fortress of the North, not in point of magnitude, but of antiquity, and where she delivered her award of victory by Herald Earl Grey. The struggle has been already fully detailed in speeches and in a pamphlet—the defeated parties—the chivalry, viz., of Dumbartonshire—consoling themselves by publishing their discomfiture to the world in that form. We may, however, tell the reader who does not examine these details minutely, that the point of controversy arose out of a permission given by her Majesty to the corporation of Glasgow to present an address personally—a privilege generally confined to the corporation of London, but which the people of Dumbartonshire thought should have been extended to their parchments and all other papers of a kindred kind.

It might approach more nearly our purpose to describe the reception of the sovereign by the MacCallummore at his castle of Inverary, on Wednesday the 18th ultimo; the array of Campbells; the foregathering of clansmen; the display of feudal power, and the magnificence in tenantry of a western dukedom, because this same chieftain is the party who, three or four months ago, was engaged in correspondence with the committee for the relief of destitution in the Highlands, with the view of persuading them to appropriate a portion of the money subscribed, and paid to feed and clothe the destitute, towards, practically, the clearance of his estates. He even succeeded in advising the committees of Glasgow and Edinburgh to adopt a resolution which might have been wrought for this purpose, if the London committee, backed by the remonstrances of the government, had not succeeded in expunging it from the minutes. We know not even how far the Celt of Loch-Awe has to thank the Sassenach merchants of London—the generous Saxons—more kindly hearted than his own chiefs, that the charity given to feed him in famine was not made the means of banishing him to Canada—a region, in 1847, of fever and death. But these remonstrances saved not the poor of lone and revered Iona. That graveyard of the great, connected as it is with the holiest associations regarding the faith of all the Christian sects of this country—the tomb of ancient kings and chiefs—the most singular historical spot in our dominions—is the property of one individual, the Duke of Argyle. When the Lords of Lorn were stripped of their broad lands, Iona was cast into the general forfeiture, although it had been neutral ground—common to all the island chiefs, and once the resting-place of Scotch, Norse-

gian, and Irish kings. There was no price paid for Iona. With equal good taste the Queen of England might give over Westminster to some jobbing favourite, and allow him to entail the bones and dust of her ancestors—the relics of our noblest men—the mortal remains of English chivalry, faith, religion, philosophy, and poetry, in his heirs-male for ever, as her ancestor showed in gifting Iona to the Campbells, notwithstanding their faithful services to the cause of freedom, which had not commenced at that juncture. The present Duke of Argyle reckoned that Iona was over-peopled, and insisted on banishing a fifth part of the population. That was effected during this past spring. The people had no power of resistance. They were left thoroughly without a choice. They are placed under the most despotic rule. The Nizam of Hyderabad exercises, or the Ameers of Scinde exercised, no more complete controul over the destinies of their people, than does a Highland laird of this free country in the nineteenth century. Their tenants have no leases. They have no tenant-right. They are utterly destitute of any valid claim in law upon the land. They may improve it for another. They may build more commodious houses, in order to be charged a higher rent. They may drain their land, with the view of paying more money per acre; but they have no permanent interest in the soil. A good landlord balances these difficulties; but though the nature of Highland landlords, like that of other classes, admits of variation, yet their circumstances compel them towards a wretched policy. They are generally in debt. Seven-eighths of the Highlands and Islands are under trustees or mortgagees. Even the present race of Highland landlords are to be more commiserated than blamed for this feature of the case. The present Duke of Argyle, for example, succeeded to estates of tremendous width and breadth, admitting of the greatest improvement; but it is very generally reported that they are burdened, and yet cannot be sold, so that the proprietor being only a life-renter, nominally drawing rents which he is obliged to pay over to bond-holders, cannot improve his lands, cannot increase produce, but must take the shortest way of obtaining so much money, even if it should be, as it generally is, a much smaller sum than could be otherwise obtained.

Iona, perhaps, was over-peopled; but the Argyle estates are under-peopled. Vast tracts of, undoubtedly, fertile land are waste. Immense sheep farms, that in the form of arable farms would rear ten times the present number of sheep, have been almost stripped of human beings. These sheep farms are being in their turn converted into deer forests, in order to render the desolation more complete, and the land a more dismal and howling wilderness.

We are not to describe the progress of the Queen; though since the days of James IV. and V. no other sovereign has visited the Western Highlands and islands. We are not to narrate the enthusiasm with which her Majesty was received by the Highland women, old men, and children; but our plan permits us to mention the remarkable poverty of men in these exhibitions. In the month of August 1745, the kinsman of the Queen's ancestors came into Loch Eil on a desperate errand, to overthrow the British constitution and displace the reigning family. He was welcomed by seven or eight thousand men. The gathering of the Camerons joined the Macdonalds and the Macleans, the Macleods, and the Frasers, and all the minor tribes. Their numbers were imposing; their bravery was undoubted; they shook to its centre the power of England and the best part of Scotland. They fought their way over battle-fields as victors to Derby. They were ultimately defeated, like many other adventurers, by their own bad generalship. In the month of August 1847, Queen Victoria entered Loch Eil. Her mission was peaceable; her popularity unbounded. In the Highlands the court needed no guard. There was no parade of military. There was a gathering of the clans; but at Fort-William there were few to gather. Eighty men and boys of all ages, dressed in tartan of all patterns, lined the wooden quay! Even the number of men who were not in party dress, but had adopted Lowland costume, was trifling. If Queen Victoria wants to see a gathering of the clans, she must apply to Mr. Peto or Mr. Stevenson, or some other railway contractor, or go to Toronto or the Missouri prairies, and avoid the Sir Evan Camerons and Maccallummores, and Cluny Macphersons. She is beneath the shadow of Ben Nevis, and the clans are not there: her barge has floated up Loch Linnhe into Loch Eil, but their pibroch never sounds o'er these Highland waters. Around, on every cliff and hill, in every glade or glen, at every point and almost every pinnacle visible in her progress, there were ruins of old castles; there were marks of old houses; there were furrows on the hills where grass and natural beechwood strive with heath to maintain the supremacy of green. Solitude is on the surface, but search the land through and there is strewn thickly over it the reliques of a numerous people. It is a land of shadows deep and dark—of shadows and of sheep. Nowhere else is there scenery more magnificent—points of view more telling; nowhere is there more natural splendour—where broad waters, and high mountains, and deep vales combine to form the most wondrous landscapes. But it is a land peeled and bare. A land where industry is a crime punished by banishment—where sheep are more valuable than men. They ask there for a gathering of the clans, and they can only have a gathering of the sheep.

We remember few finer days of calm and sunshine than that in which her Majesty passed the Sound of Mull; and we recollect of no more magnificent scenery. That, however, it serves not our

present object to describe. It will be found by tourists sufficiently accomplished for their object in the guide-books.* Towards the middle of the Sound, on the mainland, the ruins of an old castle on a rock were distinctly visible. The royal yacht was taken out of its direct course, quite under the rock. There are many old castles in these places, and we never heard that barons built castles in a land where there was no population; but there is a peculiar interest attaching to this ruin. It is Ardtornish. Sir Walter Scott, in the Lord of the Isles, called it Artornish. Its halls were once crowded with vassals. They were the home of chieftains who claimed and exercised sovereignty. Their gallies or their curraghs crowded the seas. No question remains that they ruled over a numerous people.

Beside Ardtornish, at present there is one white-washed two flat dwelling. It is a greater curiosity than Ardtornish Castle. Four or five thousand cottages have been cast down to build that single house. Four or five thousand hearths are cold that this one may be warm. Alike in Sutherlandshire and Argyleshire the traces of humanity have been obliterated from many districts that this house might be reared beside Ardtornish rock. It is the house of the great sheep-farmer who conducted a considerable part of the clearances of Sutherlandshire, and who has been no loser by the subsequent arrangements: more, we believe, than can be said for the English family who ordered them. This house has been built on the principle of adding field to field, until there be no room for men to dwell on the face of the earth. This garish mansion, therefore, represents one principle which destroyed the people, and is about to be destroyed by another. Passing out of the Sound of Mull, far to the right, amid the Hebridean archipelago, a range of blue mountains are visible. They belong to Rum—an island recently purchased by the Marquis of Salisbury, another English nobleman, who is converting it into a deer-forest, to the exclusion of sheep with whom the deer will not feed. MacCulloch, whose tedious work on the Western Isles has been justly and deservedly condemned, says of Rum that it is a barren island. But a barren island will not support herds of deer. They cannot feed on rocks and gravel. They do not even greatly relish sea-weed. Our readers may rely on this fact, that wherever red deer thrive men can live. If they hear of deer-forests they may rest assured that within them there must be fertile spots clothed with thick and heavy meadows. That is the principle which is swallowing up Peter Sellars, the owner of Ardtornish, and his sheep. The sheep have expelled men, but the deer will expel sheep. From Fort-William Prince Albert journeyed to the Vale of Death—to Glencoe—where the high, bare rocks almost close in the dismal glen of murder. Beyond it the deer forest of the Marquis of Breadalbane commences and stretches sixty miles by forty, over a tract of country that might support men. From Fort-William to Ardverikie the Queen and her suite passed through a moss belonging to a lucky English lawyer, Lord Abinger. He is but a recent purchaser, and his predecessor had let some land on leases for improvement. It has been improved, and is bearing crops that reproach Lord Abinger for allowing—while many seek for work, and want for food—land extending over many miles to be wasted, and made into a desert, because he is anxious to shoot game. For a game preserve he bought the property, and as a game preserve it is used.

Go on a little way. There is Loch Laggan. Ardverikie Lodge is at its eastern extremity. The land around is another deer forest. It is held in lease by the Marquis of Abercorn, and, lest the deer should be frightened by the shadow of human beings, there are few in the neighbourhood. It is a home where a seer might dwell and be fed by the ravens. It is not, however, a hopeless desert—here and there are traces of men—in this place and that are marks of civilization. By the loch side, up in secluded glens, between the mountains, on the mountain sides themselves, we meet fragments of a byegone race. Their very graves are hidden, but their furrows remain. We speak of the march of intellect—we write of the progress of civilization—Exeter Hall weeps for the Caffres—the emotions of public meetings are given for the Negroes. We have sympathy, a very unavailing and cheap sympathy, for Tahiti. We have school funds for the Hill Coolies. We have paid orators to plead the cause of Hindoo chiefs. We have eloquence for the Sikhs. We have arguments even for the Ameers of Scinde. We have nothing for the Celts. Deeds most atrocious are done within our own isle, and they are unheeded. Lovers of pleasure turn the land into an artificial waste, because they can afford to lose its value; while the nation is spoiled of its resources and the people banished from their homes. Some vigorous effort is needed to rescue the Highlands from this retrogression to savage life. When a few years have passed, we may seek in their former homes the bare remnants of the Celtic races, and have to say they are not, unless the progress of depopulation be arrested. The Highlands need from their Bhan-Righ and her Parliament two acts, one to repeal the law of entail, and another the game laws; and when these are passed, we may expect that the population of the Highlands, instead of rapidly decreasing, will rapidly increase, and form the surest stay amongst her subjects of the Queen who reigns and dwells amongst them.

* Passing through Glasgow, Mr. M'Phun will supply them with pocket-guides by land and water, perfectly accurate so far as we have seen, and not deficient in all that kind of information which a tourist has time, opportunity or inclination to peruse on the journey.

LITERARY REGISTER.

M. WILLM AND PROFESSOR NICHOL ON THE EDUCATION OF THE PEOPLE.

THE work before us, which has been edited and partly written by Dr. Nichol, is not of the description which that gentleman's previous publications might have led us to expect. Instead of being a general essay, dealing only with the larger truths connected with the subject, and surveying from an eminence the great social consequences of the diffusion of education, it is really one which has descended among the details of the work, exhibiting how all educational processes ought to be conducted, in order to realise the high end which, according to M. Willm, education ought to propose, viz., the development and exercise in youth of all the higher sentiments and faculties of our human nature. From the peculiar character of the book, it is, as Dr. Nichol esteems it, in the meantime, unique in our literature; and we can only desire that all our teachers, of whatever class, or whatever their special object, imbue themselves with M. Willm's spirit, and accommodate their action to his precepts. They will find in them, indeed, little that is merely technical, and no fixed and unbending rules proposed for their acceptance, with the dogmatic air of the pedagogue, but every important process is described and estimated, and every practical difficulty discussed and resolved in subservience to the end of all teaching—that, viz., of elevating the character and expanding the mind, with a view to all subsequent duties of the young entrusted to them. It is not in our power to notice more than a few characteristics of this important publication.

I. With a vigour much more determinate than we have elsewhere met with, the author and editor both take their stand upon the truth, that whatever is accomplished by Government or otherwise in respect of education, must be emphatically for THE EDUCATION OF THE PEOPLE. They claim that on views which assume this generality, not merely because the people, rightly so called, far outnumber any special class, but because no proper system, whose aim is to establish a fundamental education, can have as its characteristic any provision which should fit it more for one class of society than for another—far less can it be *exclusive*, or burdened with arrangements that would prevent the extension of its benefits to all classes.

"One cannot miss observing that, if the foregoing is a true statement of the object and aim of Education, our attempts to establish a practical and worthy scheme can never have a special or limited character, but must always assume the form of an effort to *provide an Education emphatically for the* PEOPLE. This forming, or rather developing of a mind, in which the task essentially consists, is dependent in nowise either on the social condition or social destination of that mind; it is a duty to be performed towards it, simply because it is endowed with our common human nature; and the fulfilment of that duty is commended to every selfish civil polity, simply by the fact, that the acquisition gained to society by means of the right culture of the individuals composing it, is a substantial and high acquisition—whatever the social conditions within which they may be placed. Doubtless, there is also a special or professional Education—an Education that should be moulded according to the probable social destination of the mind acted on, or by its relation with those *classes* that, in the present stage of civilisation, necessarily exist within every community; but the time required for this special Education is comparatively so small, its difficulties so inconsiderable, and its total effects—viewing it as part of a great whole—so little important, that in the existing condition of this country at least, no serious harm could arise by our intrusting it to those irregular and voluntary endeavours which every community, possessed of any intelligence, is sufficiently apt to realise for itself. The object so closely involving our interests and responsibilities is manifestly that grand fundamental Education which takes cognisance of man simply as man: the fact we have to consider is merely the plain one—that the educable young within these realms amount to a certain number; and the consequent demand of true policy is, that we use all possible means, so that, as these minds grow up, they may increase in strength and freedom, and be aided and not repressed by surrounding circumstances, in their efforts to unfold their innate virtue and riches. When framing a system of National Education then, we may be assured that we have fallen into some erroneous view of what we ought to accomplish, if we find ourselves encumbered at the outset by references to social conditions, or that our efforts are being deprived of their essential universality, by consideration of arbitrary distinctions; just because no conceivable condition or arrangement of society ought for one moment to affect our desire that every man be moral and religious, his intellect trained to the contemplation of Truth, and familiarised with the order and the beauties of the Universe. The practices of life will determine regarding the occupation of the individual's time; but, be that occupation what it may, those sentiments and powers ought to have been developed in infancy, and cultured during youth, so that his duties be performed, and all circumstances used and enjoyed, as befits a rational and aspiring being; and, indeed, it is matter for great rejoicing, that the order of the world itself, irrespective of man's will, or at least of his specific plans, contains provisions for this essential education, which the neglect or ignorance of society have failed, hitherto, to render of non-effect. With the idea of what this universal education ought to be, in one's mind, accompanied by a glance alike at the inadequate numbers, and the wretched character of the majority of our popular schools, one cannot avoid recognising—in the mere fact of the existence of order, and of progress, however slow—the presence of conservative energies in human societies, that live and act without the aid of Statesmanship, and are unconnected almost with any direct and conscious purpose. It would seem as if the advance of civilisation may in so far be wrought out, apart from reflection, and solely by those *instincts* belonging to man's loftier nature, which—whatever the power of *circumstance*—are capable in so far of realising an order of their own. The common Life of the masses of society manifests, indeed, throughout its entire constitution, the power and upward tendency of these instincts; for wherever we discern moderation, trustful endeavour, and the civic virtues, we ought to recognise a freedom won—hitherto unaided—from the sternest necessity: so that, while performing a paramount duty, we are yet, in our efforts to upraise these masses, only working along with the natural course of the world, and hastening the realisation of an end prepared for by all the arrangements of Providence. The elevation of Man is the most visible among the purposes of the existing scheme of things: to speak in the language of philosophy, it is the World's most determinate *Final Cause:* in seeking to advance it by Education, we therefore act in harmony with manifold resistless agencies: nor, if the task be understood aright, is it possible but that we must prevail."

I. Starting with this clear and comprehensive object, the author, or rather authors, proceed to discuss the mode by which it may be realised. Their plans and suggestions are in every point of view most valuable, because they have always a complexion essentially practical:

most important part of this division of the work, however, is the detailed and systematic separation of *culture* from mere *instruction*, and the full exposition of the laws and processes by which the attainment of both may be insured. It is not speaking too strongly to allege that the confusion of these objects has been hitherto the greatest barrier in the way of the diffusion of a sound education. Instruction, or the communication of information, being the most flashy or visible result of teaching, our systematic writers and also our practical educators have for the most part looked on that subject as if it were the chief, instead of a very subordinate end :—hence the prevailing misconception that no general system can suit all classes, inasmuch as each class is, according to its condition, required to be conversant with a peculiar set of facts and ideas. Now, both M. Willm and Dr. Nichol are profoundly impressed with the conviction that education, in its only true significance, is mainly equivalent to *culture* or training. They lay it down as its chief object to evolve and strengthen all those fundamental sentiments—those ideas of right, of religion, of taste, and those aptitudes to discern order, whose eminent possession is the main distinction of humanity ; and instruction is regarded simply as a means to accomplish this prime object—as the light, in short, directs us along those paths where we may best discover the modes of duly exercising and strengthening our mental powers. By the excellent efforts of Mr. Srow, these principles have already obtained wide acceptance in this country ; but still we had no such guide as Mr. Willm, who has followed these through all their applications, and determined the influence they should have over the conducting of every branch of education. The following is highly important on this subject ;—we again quote from Dr. Nichol :—

"In respect of the kind of *Instruction* a child ought to receive in elementary schools, there appear only two rules of paramount importance ; and, notwithstanding the recent advances of the art of teaching in this country, we would still do well to have them steadily in our thoughts. The *first* rule is this, that *Instruction should never be given so as to interfere with, or be hostile to, the higher work of Education*, whose aim is the *strengthening of the faculties, intellectual and moral.* This rule, rightly interpreted, would interpose decisive negatives ; but it also leaves to Instruction a wide and unchecked range. It does not imply that no sentiment or affection be nourished until its utilities are demonstrated, for we hold that the child's mind is no *tabula rasa*, but a fruitful source of energies, which would act in any world, and under any combination of circumstances ; neither does it imply that our scholar must be retained in ignorance of his necessary subservience to those regularly-occurring actions of external nature, which environ us from our births—until their laws are made manifest to his reason ; for this would be to forget that one chief end of Education and Instruction is to aid and interpret the action of the world, and that *Education of Fate* which cannot be postponed, and which is incessant : but it certainly does imply that we seek not by ambitious efforts to force forward the child's knowledge, or attempt to affix to his mind accumulations of facts into contact with which he has not naturally come, and unconnected with any theory into which—for a sanction to any rule of conduct, or an explanation of aught attractive to his curiosity—he would naturally inquire. A singular change took place some years ago, in the opinions prevalent in Scotland relative to the Instruction fitting for youth. It cannot be gainsaid, that, until the time I refer to, only very narrow views had been acted on in this matter—instruction being confined to the acquisition of arts merely instrumental, and the supposed teaching of our Church's catechisms ; and with the suddenness usual to re-actions, it became a popular notion that this teaching of doctrines, not likely to be understood by children, ought to be replaced by instruction in Natural Science. It were tedious to describe the absurdities in practice to which this new view gave rise. I once saw, in a school on the "modern principle," displayed on the black board, the whole of Cuvier's technical classification—the teacher, as it was in nowise difficult to see, not in the least understanding, and the children having had no means of understanding, the real distinctions sustaining the nomenclature they were required to repeat and learn by rote!*—The *second* rule I would refer to is this :—*Children must never be required to learn anything in a way that would necessitate their unlearning it, at a subsequent period, when their reasons are more developed.* If it is not allowable to bring the child's faculties into contact with subjects to the management of which they are not competent, and which therefore they cannot possess as real knowledge, it is equally forbidden to disfigure knowledge, or to present sciences in a false and illogical form, in order that they become comprehensible by the undeveloped mind. The error inherent in neglect of this rule is very serious, and likewise easily discerned. Although the child has not, as in the former case, been asked to receive what he cannot understand, and what to him is therefore a *caput mortuum*, he is yet made to receive as *real* what is virtually *false ;* and the falsity of which he must discover just as his intellect expands. His feelings in regard of his relations to what is *true* are thus injuriously interfered with, and the most valuable faculty of the mind—the *power*, viz. *to* BELIEVE, impaired by the knowledge that he has believed what is untrue. No man, who has ever thoughtfully descended among the sources of the strength of our being, would wilfully tamper with that moral freshness, which so unwillingly gives admission to the idea of an unreality in the communications of the surrounding world ; for if it has the beauty, it has also the delicacy of the newly-fallen snow—even a breath will sully it. But, besides, the task to be accomplished by the instruction of the young—so far from demanding this misrepresentation of science—can receive no aid from any such means. The object in view is not to make children conceive that they comprehend this or that particular science ; but to acquaint them with those facts which science has shown to be of greatest consequence, and which are nevertheless quite within their reach. To make a child acquainted with the mere form of any science is of no value whatever ; but every science should be used as a light of instruction, in so far as it shows what are those emphatic—those *critical* points in the course of Nature's proceeding with which—as the least disguised exponents of her order—we ought to familiarise the opening mind. In this respect, science, in its existing state, ought ever to be the guide of the teacher ; but he must superadd an art of his own—the power, viz., to present these in the manner that will interest the young. Judging from the texture of most elementary works yet in circulation in this country, one would be inclined to infer that the art of popular exposition is synonymous with toleration for inaccuracy and clumsiness ; but, rightly estimated, it requires powers both elevated and rare—not technical knowledge merely, but knowledge in the best sense—knowledge that can rightly discriminate—in regard of the sciences ; and, what is still more difficult, the faculty of falling back, by aid of our undestroyed sympathies, among those impulses and vivid conceptions by

* In the ensuing volume, many excellent suggestions on the mode of treating the separate subjects of Instruction are recommended by the experience of M. Willm. I agree with them generally ; though to some opinions I should demur : for instance, I doubt the critical accuracy of some of his views as to History ; and I should be inclined to give a much larger development to the subject of Geography. These, however, are only specialties : the spirit of the counsel given by this author is always high and unexceptional. He fails also in a due conception of the importance of an early knowledge of the great truths and facts of *Physiology*.

heart of a child. The loftiest minds—at least in respect which the external world is interpreted to the warm of culture—have invariably been those who have written most successfully for the instruction of youth; and I esteem it a great misfortune, that so few finished scholars and accurate thinkers have, amongst us, thought fit to employ themselves in this work.* The deficiency in our native literature, however, is now being well supplied by importations from abroad: in Germany, at least, there is no lack of either disposition or power to interpret Nature, so that her mighty voice reach effectively the meanest of her children."

The great subject which now divides opinion in this country, as to the practicability of a united education of the children of all religious sects, is fully discussed in these pages. M. Willm rather leans to the idea that, where the differences of opinion are very great, the preferable plan is an education entirely separate. Dr. Nichol's views, on the contrary, tend to the opposite conclusion, and he has expended much effort and skill in the attempt to induce our different churches to look more at those grand fundamental principles, in respect to which they all agree, than to the minor divergencies which separate them. He is not, of course, in the least desirous to undervalue the importance of those points of dissension, but he thinks that, in general, they are not what the laws of a well-considered system of education would permit to be impressed upon a child. M. Willm has probably been induced to the conclusion to which he evidently inclines, by the peculiar circumstances in which the question must be presented to any Frenchman. The difficulty there arises, not because of disagreement among Protestants, but from the separation between Protestant and Catholic; and it must never be forgotten that considerations come into play here, which neither do nor can operate in any other view of the question. Not only are these disagreements in this case respecting religious doctrine, but the fundamental canons of morality are different, and the parties could not coalesce on any common principle as the fundamental one of education. How is it possible, for instance, that a teacher in such a common school could develop the supreme authority and independence of conscience, while one-half of his pupils virtually acknowledge another power as supreme—the power which alone is infallible, and which holds in its hands the privilege of conferring absolution? How can an honest and effective organization be formed on the basis of the freedom of education—or the essential basis, that we have to do with the culture of the moral and intellectual faculties, but that we have not to do with the formation of opinions, so long as you propose to include the members of a powerful church, which holds, as inseparable from its constitution, that even the sacred Scriptures must be held under lock until opened by the key of the priest—which, in fact, revolts from all real freedom, and whose whole consistent and persisted efforts in the work of education has been to extinguish personality, which is at war with that healthful variety, characteristic of a healthful and unfettered nature, and longs after that dull, that compressed, and half-dead uniformity, which any one may see in the courts of *Stonyhurst?*

It is of no use disguising the realities of this question. Liberality or no liberality. It simply amounts to this—are you in the momentous affair of consolidating a national education, to seek to conciliate where actual conciliation is impossible, unless by sacrifices virtually destructive of the most important principles on which every such system ought to be founded; or openly acknowledging a difficulty that cannot be overcome? Is it not more manly, as well as more honest and wise, to resign at once the advantages to be gained otherwise by a common action? With all his desire for common education, M. Willm has arrived at this conclusion in the existing position of France; and, judging from the tenor of a brief notice, this conclusion, in such circumstances, does not appear repugnant to the opinions of his editor. Fortunately, however, this peculiar difficulty is of less consequence in Great Britain; and in so far as the varieties of our Protestant churches are concerned, Dr. Nichol's earnest and elaborate pleadings on behalf of unity are entitled to every consideration. With regard to one minor point in this inquiry, viz., the propriety of those religious tests which still bar access to the chairs of our universities, we think he is eminently successful; and as the subject is of great and pressing moment, we subjoin the paragraph referring to it, and an important note attached:—

"One practical result of these views seems eminently important. Moved by anxiety that a religious spirit shall pervade all teaching—or, in other words, that this important part of Man's nature shall in nowise be repressed or held in abeyance—the Founders of many of our Educational Institutions (among others, of the Scottish Universities) have sought to secure fitting dispositions in the Instructor, by demanding that, previous to his induction in office, he subscribe the special articles of a Church. Now, in many cases, this subscription may be defensible on other grounds; it may, for instance, form part of a general ecclesiastical system: in this place, however, I simply desire to examine the propriety and efficacy of the practice, in relation to the foregoing special end; and, considered exclusively in this respect, I can see no barrier to our immediate and direct condemnation of all such usages. It would seem to follow at once, from our previous discussions, that the power of treating even the science of Morals, religiously, has nothing to do with the considerations which may guide the teacher's choice among the Churches of these lands; and, assuredly, it is still more manifest that the relations between our religious sentiments and the results of the Physical Sciences, are altogether remote from the questions about which sects usually differ. There is, however, a further consideration entitled to great weight in this matter. I have said that, to secure that the teacher be a religiously-disposed man, it is unnecessary to descend among these disputed details: but it is even more than unnecessary; *such subscriptions are wholly unfitted to realise that object.* The quality of mind desired, be it recollected, is what a powerful English Journal—the *Quarterly Review*—has w[illegible] Religiousness; while these Articles are mere [illegible] expressing certain views of the *logical relation* between metaphysical or religious ideas. The [illegible] ness of a man's nature consists *in the clearness w[illegible] he apprehends these ideas themselves;* in the [illegible] short, to which they have penetrated among [illegible] ments and affections; but t[illegible] and sh[illegible] cussions may be conducted [illegible] *relations,* by persons who [illegible] hension of them, and over [illegible] principles of life and action [illegible] power. A man, in short, ma[illegible] who, either from inattentio[illegible] of the logical powers, has n[illegible]

* This expression is probably too sweeping. Several excellent works on the Order of Nature, suited to the young, have of late been published in this country; although we may still derive much aid from our continental neighbours. I am glad to specify, as one of the best, and, in fact, as a pattern—Patterson's *Zoology for Schools.* I hope my excellent friend will carry on—beyond his original designs—a task for which his own freshness of character so admirably fits him.

and, on the other hand, that anomaly is easily explained which presents us so frequently with high and severe Churchmen—stern and rigid supporters of systems of Articles, and other dogmatic forms—who exhibit withal only very slight susceptibility in respect of *religious impressions*. There is not, as is commonly supposed, any *hypocrisy* in this state of mind. It is a real, and not an assumed or pretended state—arising in the activity of the logical faculties, and the comparative inertness of the powers of contemplation; and it has an exact counterpart in a phenomenon already referred to, connected with the cultivation of physical science. Men, as I previously stated, are far from uncommon, who, while enjoying the greatest pleasure in the analytic representation and development of assumed physical laws, have yet but imperfect powers to sift thoroughly the physical facts on which alone laws can be founded; and, in the same manner, it is quite possible that a mind have much interest in the processes and investigations of systematic, or, rather, of dogmatic theology, without a corresponding power to descend into the far profounder region of the INTUITIONS. If we want RELIGION, then, let us correct this serious mistake. It is indeed a mistake most serious, and it would have driven from the service of the Universities of Scotland men to whom they have often owed the preservation and extension of their repute, had not the evil been averted by a usual consequence of the existence of laws practically inapplicable to their object—viz. a systematic breach of the formal obligation, through the general consent that it be regarded as a dead letter. But this corrective—however otherwise welcome—involves the hazard of lamentably weakening some of the most important sanctions of morality."*

The foregoing argument leaves nothing wanting in point of force, but it does in respect of its application. Why limit its conclusions to the case of the Universities? Why permit the continuance of that much larger, if not deeper, blot on our Scottish educational policy—the sectarianism of our parish schools? Is it not intolerable that, with the words of liberalism, and harmony, and a united system, ever on the outer curve of their lips, these ministers of ours shall stand by in abeyance, while, under the goad of a galling practical injustice, other parties are spreading their own special schools over the country, and thus rendering an amicable adjustment of the question not only remote but impracticable? Cannot those men discern that, while they sleep and dream of their favourite "difficulties," plans are being formed inconsistent with the termination we all wish, and money sunk in the erection of school-houses, in many cases unnecessary, unless through the demands of this prolonged and most uncalled-for insult? Or even without regard to the schools, where now all our Whig hopes, as to the Whig reforms even of the Universities? Must the Free Church have erected theirs, and our rump of aristocracy theirs, and the now formidable United Secession theirs, before Lord John can gather nerve enough to disregard the "sounding brass" of Dr. Hill, and to see unmoved the ominous shake of Dr. Lee's head? It is, indeed, a most sickening conclusion, but we fear it has come to this, that talk is easier than action; that a premier *in posse* may be very great and very brave, but that the power of realising a high policy rarely belongs to hearts reared within the "cold shade" of an aristocracy. It pleases Lord John to discourse patronisingly of the people: let him not forget THAT HIS RIVAL BELONGS TO THEM.

Our space will permit a reference to only one other subject, suggested by this valuable and comprehensive work. There is no hope for an effective and well-ordered system of National Education until we assure a supply of adequate teachers; and it is perfectly clear that we cannot do this merely by looking for learned men. Learning is an element, and an essential one; but there is required, besides, the knowledge of the relations of all science to that young mind, and the study of these relations is a new and difficult science, nowhere at present cultivated in Great Britain.

Nor is the knowledge of this science even sufficient. The teacher ought to know it, and to be a man capable of applying it—he should be a moral engineer, alike scientifically and practically; he should know how to draw his plans, and also be fitted by his own labour to work them out. Now, this all points to the institution of normal schools, as a first element towards the erection of a good national system. In fact, if government had begun rightly, or with sufficient knowledge of the necessities of their enterprise, they might have expended £100,000 for one, two, or even three years, in the erection of such seminaries. Dr. Nichol writes on this point as follows. To one suggestion we would earnestly solicit the attention of those who have at present influence in our Universities:—

"It cannot fail to be inferred, from the whole bearing of these rapid remarks, and it will be impressed much more strongly by the careful study of M. Willm's work, how entirely the success of every well-ordered scheme of Education must depend for its success on the character of the teachers whose services it can command. There is, perhaps, no other element essential to success in Education, in which—in so far as public precautions and arrangements are concerned—our country is so deficient, as it is in this. To state the case plainly, we have at this moment no fixed plan in the appointment of our teachers, and no source from which we can safely draw them. Men of talent, and with suitable conscientiousness, will, undoubtedly, soon adapt themselves to any position, however novel, which can be mastered by diligence; but assuredly that is not a state in which any country should remain, which constrains it to trust, for the performance

* The considerations in the text seem to me quite adequate to establish the entire inutility or inapplicability of our existing tests in Scotland; but they go much farther—they show the necessary erroneousness of any POSITIVE TEST whatsoever. Unless where purely dogmatic Theological teaching is concerned, what we want is, *religious dispositions* or *susceptibilities; character* indeed, and not *opinion*. The former, it is evident, cannot be assured by the mere assent of the reasoning powers to any set of systematic articles: its existence or non-existence, its strength or weakness, will be indicated only as other points of men's character are indicated; and the Authority which has the power of selecting the Instructor need never be at any loss in reaching a conclusion on the subject. Accordingly, our Scottish Universities, in their recent efforts to induce the Legislature to unshackle them from these tests, very wisely abandoned the attempt, merely to improve and enlarge the present ones; and declared at once against the *principle* of Positive Tests—proposing to retain a very simple, negative, precautionary declaration, binding the incumbent *to teach nothing contrary to the standards of the Established Church*.—Early in last summer, I enjoyed the high pleasure of spending a morning with our ever-lamented CHALMERS; and on the conversation turning to the subject, I had the satisfaction to hear him declare, after much and repeated consideration, that, in his opinion, this settlement of the question ought to be accounted satisfactory by all parties. Other eminent men in the Free Church, as well as the leading clergymen belonging to various Dissenting bodies, have since then given forth similar opinions; so that there appears reason to believe, that the Legislature would meet no insuperable obstacle in dealing boldly with the question. I would add—to prevent misconception—that the Scottish Universities do not hold any *Ecclesiastical rank*, equivalent to what is occupied by those of Oxford and Cambridge; the question here simply being, as to the fitness of the required signatures to insure due regard to religion in teaching.

of functions so vital, to persons chosen almost at random, and prepared for their duty by no suitable instruction either in their science or art. A teacher, in fact, requires, as his qualification, the knowledge at once of a peculiar science, and of an art to realise his knowledge. The science of *Pedagogy* is quite peculiar, and is not involved in, or communicated by, acquaintance with other literature or science. Like the *Science* (as distinct from the *Art*) of *Civil Engineering*, for instance, it supposes the knowledge of other sciences; but it has its own important theory besides, which is to expiscate *rules* for the *application of these sciences to practical affairs*. As a first essential, the teacher must know the character and acquisitions of a well-formed mind; and these he may learn in the world, and by the discipline of our Universities: but he must know besides, as his own peculiar science, the rules which should guide his efforts in impressing this full and complete character, by degrees, on the mind of advancing manhood; but this knowledge he has now no aid whatever in acquiring. Pedagogy is neither Moral Philosophy nor Natural Philosophy, nor Latin or Greek literature; although, to profess it, a man must be able to use all these, in so far, as his instruments: but, in regard of whatever it is beyond these, a teacher in this country can at present obtain no information, at the completest of the great institutions of our realm. Assuredly it would be well, if distinct chairs of Pedagogy were attached at the earliest moment to every University in these Islands; but if that cannot be accomplished—if Government, agitated by any fears, are disinclined to propose it—may we not expect that combinations among the professors will—as in the case of *Civil Engineering*—at an early opportunity supply the void? I am aware that, to accomplish such a course of teaching, with the entire success we desiderate, no combination would suffice; for that would require the unity which can be imprinted on a subject only by the survey of one capable mind: but still there are men connected with our Scottish Universities whose attention could not be turned, even partially, to such a matter, without the accomplishment of the most eminent services. I would therefore earnestly suggest, that, without farther delay, those who are interested in the advancement of Education, signify a wish that Courses of Lectures, of the description I have referred to, be forthwith established. But, besides having a knowledge of their peculiar *Science*, teachers should be experienced in their *Art*—in the practical methods of dealing with youth. They are not mere closet inquirers, but working inquirers—men who not only require to know how work is to be done, but, at the same time, can do it. Now there is no means by which experience can be obtained, in the exercise of teaching, except through Normal Schools. More necessary than any scientific teaching of Pedagogy, this cannot be obtained unless through *new institutions*. There is no public establishment in this country to which these could rightly be attached; and therefore we must at once seek for a new and extensive organisation.* In every shire in the land there ought to be a Normal School, capable of training teachers, adequate to the full supply of its district; and these of course ought to conduct, or aid in conducting, the Elementary Schools of the town, and the higher schools or Central Academies of the district. The need for such schools is so amply unfolded by M. Willm, that I shall not dwell on it; it is, in fact, sufficiently manifest, to have extracted special provisions from every advanced Government of Europe. Much of M. Willm's advocacy will be found unnecessary here—I mean where he speaks so anxiously of the sufficiency of the *guarantees* that may be *given to Government*. The Government of this country has out lived any special carefulness about such guarantees—its first desire is, that the people be intelligent enough to understand its designs. The jealousy we have to combat, springs from the opposite quarter—the jealousy of some of the people of any movement of Government towards their enlightenment and elevation, lest it covertly involve what is sinister. This is probably the price that every Government must pay for past errors. In the case of ours, sectarian wishes have disappeared; and it is really, in all chief respects, ahead of the people: but the memory of the past cannot in a day be effaced; and measures are apt to be interpreted according to the practices of an effete policy, probably only the more readily, if they point to good which the general intelligence is not sufficiently developed to account desirable, or at least to view as especially urgent."

We would have concluded here, but that our previous quotations are all from Dr. Nichol's dissertation. The following passage on moral education, from the treatise of M. Willm, is eminently characteristic of that work. It abounds in such passages, manifesting the rare combination of a wise and profound philosophy with those practical instincts, which even, apart from reflection, appear to inform some minds almost instantaneously of the right mode of action. The perusal of this extract will amply uphold our recommendation of the book to the careful study of all parents and teachers:—

"The great defect of most of the moral stories related to children is their fictitious character. They too often show vice corporeally punished, and virtue rewarded in the same manner. Now, without referring to what is anti-christian and immoral in this method of interpreting the ways of Providence upon the earth, is there no danger of increasing, by such means, that selfishness which morality should overcome? Is it not to be feared, that when the child has become a man, he will find the real world so different from this ideal world, that his morality may be seriously compromised?

"Let the children be taught, by examples drawn rather from real life, the natural consequences of vice and of virtue; let them be made aware of the evils and shame, sufferings and remorse, which the former brings after it, of all that is noble and great in the latter, and of the advantages, and the pure and inward joys it affords. Let them be made, for instance, to observe the confusion in which the liar involves himself when he wishes to support his falsehoods, and to what contempt he is exposed when betrayed by his own contradictions. Let them be told of the fatal consequences of incontinence, idleness, improbity, envy, hatred, and anger, of all the vices and bad passions. On the other hand, let them be made to understand how probity produces confidence and esteem, and therefore credit and prosperity, the happy consequences of moderation, of the love of labour, of temperance, and kindness, of all good qualities, and of all virtues. But let them be afterwards made to hate vice for itself, as unworthy of a rational being, disgraceful and degrading to man, and to love virtue for its own sake, on account of its inherent dignity and beauty. Let crime appear to them miserable in the midst of the greatest prosperity, and only the more hateful when triumphant; and let virtue shine forth as worthy of envy, even when loaded with misfortunes; and the more beautiful when it requires to make great efforts and sacrifices to support itself.

"In this way the conscience will be developed and the moral sense become stronger and more refined; Duty will be imposed on the Will, gifted with the highest authority; and it will become difficult, if not impossible, to fail in an obligation, presented to the mind with due clearness, and to the reason with the character of necessity. But man is not a pure intelligence; his worldly interests, the inclinations of his physical nature, and his passions from within, constituting a power, not necessarily hostile, but often opposed to his moral nature, and frequently leading him astray. And as science alone is insufficient to guide the mariner into a safe haven, without the assistance of the courageous pilot, who has strength adequate to guide him through the waves and tempest, so man requires, besides the knowledge of what is right, the firmness and constancy necessary to

* I have said, in the text, that we have as yet no *public* institution of this kind, such as we require; but there are several excellent private ones. I would specify among these the great *Diocesan Normal School of Chester*, which, under the management of the Rev. Mr. Rigg, leaves very little to be desired. See, for details, the recent work of Mr. Kay of Cambridge.

enable him to resist the solicitations of the senses and the storms of passion. To teach him to govern his desires, and to regulate his passions by prudence and in conformity with the principles of reason, to exercise his moral courage and to strengthen his will, is the second object of moral education. Children must be early accustomed to resist their natural inclinations, to rule their passionate desires, and to command their emotions. This habit can only be acquired by exercise and constant effort. The more we allow passion to rule over us, the more difficult is it to overcome it, and the more we become its slave; but strength of Will also increases with success. Hence the importance of good habits acquired in infancy and youth. Besides instruction, enlightening the conscience and forming the moral judgment, the means to be employed to endow reason with the strength needful to subdue the passions and unlawful desires are—the counsels of prudence, a lively sense of the dignity of human nature, and especially the voice of Religion. We shall elsewhere see what discipline can effect with regard to this. Now all such means are at the command of teachers, seconded by our pastors. It is especially in this *latter task* that the intervention of Religion is indispensable to the cause of Morality. Religiously educated, our children will not fail to walk in the ways of God, which are those of justice, truth, purity, and humanity. Let God, therefore, be presented to them, not only as the Creator and Ruler of the Universe, but as the Author and Guardian of that Moral Law which He himself has written on our hearts. Let the voice of conscience be to them what in reality it is—the voice of God: it will not on that account be more binding, but it will be more imposing, more powerful, and more sacred. Above all, let them seek in prayer, in the habit of raising their minds to God, and of filling their souls with the thought of the Infinite, a refuge against misfortune, and, at the same time, strength to resist evil."

IRELAND AND THE IRISH.

We have received a number of books and pamphlets respecting the state of Ireland and the causes of the recent famine. If a country could be saved by the multitude of books, Ireland would be happy. There seems to have been quite a rage to write and publish regarding Ireland, on the part of many who did not consider acquaintance with the subject treated essential to authorship. We are compelled to leave unnoticed many pamphlets which display prominently that characteristic, and many of even higher pretensions. We have, for example, "The Claim of Ireland," a sermon by Mr. Thom of Liverpool. It is a production at latest for the last century, and treats largely of the penal laws. We have a somewhat similar production by the Roman Catholic Bishop of New York; and indeed there is a very general notion that England oppresses Ireland most miserably, whereas, irrespective of the church which the peasantry do not attend, England is not guilty on this charge. Ireland oppresses Ireland. The superior distrains the serf. Insufficient tenure hampers the tenant; and a land untilled becomes a land of misery.

Upon this subject we cordially recommend "*Six Weeks in Ireland*, by William Bennett,"* a generous Englishman, a member of the Society of Friends, who visited Ireland to dispense the liberal bounty of that body. The work is cheap—full of daguerreotype drawings from life—not, of course, ordinary drawings, but plain pen-and-ink sketches; by which one may comprehend the whole matter that came under the writer's inspection.

* London: Charles Gilpin.

Another work not relating to the famine, but written before its time, by an eccentric lady, a native of New York, who left her home, crossed the Atlantic, travelled over a large portion of Ireland on foot and by car, slept in the cheapest lodging-houses often, did all the work as part of her special duty, and has written a book for the same reason. The work is rather large, but not more voluminous than interesting: and if any party, desirous of knowing more than he at present has been told of the Irish peasants, should order from his bookseller, "Ireland's Welcome to the Stranger"*—he will not be disappointed. The lady is a member of the Total Abstinence societies, not merely from intoxicating drinks—for which she deserves all praise—but also, as we learn incidentally, from tea, and from the flesh of animals, a degree of self-denial in which we cannot conveniently join. Her tour was undertaken in 1844 and 1845—the years when the Repeal agitation was in a crisis; and the precise objects in view when it was undertaken are thus described:—

"'Remember, my children,' said my father, 'that the Irish are a suffering people; and when they come to your doors, never send them empty away.' It was in the garrets and cellars of New York that I first became acquainted with the Irish peasantry, and it was there I *saw* they were a suffering people. Their patience, their cheerfulness, their flow of blundering, hap-hazard, happy wit, made them to me a distinct people from all I had seen. Often, when seated at my fireside, have I said to those most dear to my heart, 'God will one day allow me to breathe the mountain air of the sea-girt coast of Ireland, to sit down in their cabins, and there learn what soil has nurtured, what hardships have disciplined, so hardy a race—so patient and so impetuous, so revengeful and so forgiving, so proud and so humble, so obstinate and so docile, so witty and so simple a people.'

"Those who then laughed at my vagaries have all gone down to the dust. The world was before me and all mankind, my brethren. 'I have made you desolate. I want you for other purposes. Go work in my vineyard,' was the word. I conferred not with flesh and blood. No pope or priest, no minister or prelate, augmented my purse, to enable me to spy out the nakedness of the land. I came 'a warfare at my own charges.' I came to gather no legends of fairies or banshees, to pull down no monarchies, or set up any democracies; but I came to glean after the reapers, to gather up the fragments, to see the poor peasant by wayside and in bog, in the field, and by his peat fire, and to read to him the story of Calvary. I came to linger with the women at the foot of the cross, and go with them early to the sepulchre. I have done so; and should the fastidious reader say that this condescending to men of low estate, this eating with publicans and sinners—above all, this lodging in a manger, is quite in bad odour if not in bad taste, he must be told it was because there was no 'room for me in the inn,' or because my pained feet could go no farther.

"I had counted the cost. I knew there were professed Christians in the nineteenth century, who would be forgetful to entertain strangers, and would ask, 'where hast thou left those few sheep in the wilderness?' I knew there were 'doorkeepers in the house of God' who would say, 'Sit thou here under my footstool,' if the 'gold ring and goodly apparel' were wanting; and I knew that *she*, whose delicate foot never treads the threshold of the poor, would scruple the propriety if not the reputation of her who does it. I have not 'dipped my pen in gall' towards any of those; I have mentioned no names where they could be readily avoided, and then, in most cases, where gratitude required me to do so.

"I ask no reward—I ask no sympathy. This sowing by

* By A. Nicholson, of New York. London: Charles Gilpin.

the side of all waters has been abundantly paid by the 'God save ye kindly,' and the 'Fear not, I am with you.'

"Reader, I would not be an egotist—I would not boast; but I would speak of that Almighty arm that sustained me, when, on a penny's worth of bread, I have walked over mountain and bog for twenty and twenty-three miles, resting upon a wall, by the side of a lake, or upon my basket, reading a chapter in the sweet Word of Life to some listening labourer; and when at night-fall, in some humble lodging-house, my potato and salt were taken, my feet bathed, then could I sing of mercy; then could I say, what lack I yet? I never had one fear by night or by day, nor ever cast a longing, lingering look behind, to my once-loved home across the ocean."

We should perhaps explain that Miss Nicholson acted not only as a traveller determined to see and record what she saw, but also as a missionary; and it may be right to say, that nowhere met she with molestation on account of her principles, although they were often promulgated in the most forbidding places and circumstances.

There is little in her book to criticise, but much to interest. We have no right to quarrel with style when no pretensions to fine writing are made; and no means of dealing with an authoress who only relates facts not as they may always and absolutely be seen, but as she found them. With her passage to Liverpool and thence to Dublin we meddle not; but we join her at the head of Capel Street, in Bolton Street, Dublin, near by the Linen Hall.

"*Friday.*—Visited the annual exhibition of the arts, and saw some specimens of taste beyond what I had anticipated. The bog oak of Ireland (which is found buried in the earth), when polished and made into many articles of taste, is a beautiful specimen, not only of the skill of the mechanic, but of the richness of this neglected island in its bowels as well as upon its surface. Here were chairs, and tables, small fancy articles, of the most exquisite beauty, which were made from this wood. Among its highest ornaments was a standing 'Father Mathew administering the pledge to a peasant,' both as large as life; the peasant kneeling. The complacent look of the kind apostle of temperance is a happy illustration of the 'peace and good-will to men' which mark the footsteps of this unassuming man, wherever they can be traced.

"*Saturday.*—Was introduced into the Linen Hall; here is a sad momento of Ireland's blighted prospects of her once proud manufacture of this useful article. The desolated hall, with its appendages, which once included two acres of ground, now and then in some dusty room, shows a sack or two of linen, and in some dark hall, a few piles of linsey woolsey. Here was the son of an old inheritor of some of these rooms, when, in its glory, its coffee-room was thronged with men of business, now standing almost alone in its midst, selling linen, to tell the inquirer what it once was.

"My next visit was to the Poor House, for I had heard much of their well-managed laws, from all but beggars, who gave them no share in their affections. The house contained one thousand seven hundred persons, of all ages, and all who were able were at work, or in school. The rooms were well ventilated, and the floors daily washed. The aged appeared as comfortable as care and attention could make them. One old lady was pointed out to us who was a hundred and six years old; she could read without glasses, and had the use of all her faculties. The dinner hour was near; three pounds and a-half of potatoes were poured from a net upon the table for each individual; fingers supplied the place of knives and forks; and the dexterity of a company of urchins, in divesting the potato of its coat, and dabbing it into the salt upon the table, caused me imprudently to say, 'I am happy, my lads, to see you so pleasantly employed.' 'Silence' was written upon the walls, but this unlucky remark of mine changed the suppressed titter into a laugh, and the unfortunate wights were turned into the yard, in spite of all mediation on my part, as being the aggressor. But the loud laugh and buoyant leap of these boys testified that the loss of a dinner could not bring sadness into the hearts of these merry Irish lads.

"The most admirable arrangement was shown in the beds, which were made of straw, and emptied every month, and clean straw substituted. The straw taken out is cut up, and flung into a large pit. The suds from the laundry are then conveyed to it by a channel, and it is thus converted into a rich manure. The yearly profit from this plan is from £130 to £140: this is a great economy, besides the advantage of cleanliness to the inmates. This manure is sold for the benefit of the institution, and a multitude of swine are fattened upon the offals of the food, and are sold for the same purpose. Twice a-week soup is given, and stirabout and buttermilk in the morning; the aged and the invalids have bread and tea when required."

If Miss Nicholson had visited the north of Ireland she would have found the Linen Hall of Belfast a different kind of place altogether from that of Dublin. The rise of Belfast has taken that particular trade from Dublin where, in point of fact, the linen manufacturers of the north were wont to travel for the purpose of selling their wares. In all quarters of Ireland she would have found the workhouses equally clean; and as she uses neither tea nor tobacco, she would have had no sympathy with the complaints of the paupers who, debarred from these comforts and luxuries, were wont grievously to lament over days and nights departed.

Miss Nicholson did not find the cabins of the Irish poor distinguished by that universal filth which has been most untruly ascribed to them. We have also penetrated into the poorest homes of Ireland, and often seen a print of one or two saints, a daub resembling Father Mathew, and a repeal card, in clean neat cottages, put down in the returns of the population commissioners as hovels.

"I went into cabins of filth, and I went into cabins of the greatest cleanliness, whose white-washed walls, and nicely-scoured stools, said that 'She that looketh well to the ways of her household lives here.' All ages saluted me as the American stranger, and said one, 'Ye'r a wonderful body; and did you come alone? Oh! America is a beautiful country, and if I was there I would get the mate.' Seeing a repeal button in the coat of a man standing by his car, I inquired, 'Do you find employment, sir?'

"'But little, ma'am; I suffer much, and get little. O'Connell has worked hard for us, and is now in jail. I'm waitin' here for a job; and the thief of a fellow wont get on to my car, with my repeal button in sight. But I will wear it. Oh! the country's dyin'; it's starvin'; it's kilt. And O'Connell wont let us fight, and I 'spose that's the best way.'"

Perhaps we can do no better than continue these sketches from the street.

"A cleanly woman, knitting upon a wall, told me she was English; had been in Dublin a year; her health was poor, and she had come out for an airing. 'But oh! these miserable beggars. They think they shall get free; but England is so grabbing they never will; and, besides, there is an ancient prophecy that England is to fight and conquer the whole world, and give them all the gospel.'

"'Where did you find this prophecy?'

"'They say it's in the Bible.'

"'To what church do you belong?'

"'To the Protestant.'

"'You should read the Bible for yourself, and see if you can find such a prophecy.'

"'I've a prayer-book.'

"Leaving this learned theologian, I found a woman

tting upon a stone, with a basket of gooseberries by her side, from which she had sold but three-halfpence-sirthing's worth since the preceding morning.

"'I have three children to feed,' said she, 'and God knows how I can do it; when they were babies around my feet I could feed 'em, and put decent clothes on their bodies; but now I can get no work.'

"For a halfpenny she poured twice the value into my bag, which I refused; when, with the tear in her eye, she said, 'You would give more if you had it, and you speak a kind word to the poor; and what's a handful of gooseberries?' Turning to the old men who were breaking stones, I said to them, 'You are aged, and how much do you have for this labour?'

"'Sixpence-halfpenny a-day, ma'am.'

"'Is that all?'

"'Ah! that is better than idleness,' said the younger, 'and my wife gets a job now and then, which helps us a little.'"

After Dublin, Miss Nicholson visited Tullamore, and, as usual, examined the prison-house, and the poor-house, which were in good order.

"In the afternoon I visited the jail, a building, with its appendages, including an acre and a half of land. It contained eighty-one prisoners; seventeen had been that morning sent to Dublin for transportation. They were all at work; some cracking stones, some making shoes, and others tailoring or weaving. Their food is one pound of stirabout and milk in the morning, and four pounds of potatoes for dinner. There are two hospitals, one for males, and the other for females. The drop where criminals are executed is in front; four had suffered upon it within the last two years.

"From the prison I went to the poor-house, which was conducted on the same principle as that of Dublin; but the funds were so low that but three hundred could be accommodated, and multitudes of the poor were suffering upon the streets. A flourishing school was in operation, the specimens of writing doing honour to the teachers. The children are fed three times a day; they get a noggin of milk at each meal, with porridge in the morning, potatoes at noon, and bread at night."

The cabins may be poor but the prisons are always comfortable. It becomes quite a treat for a peasant to get into jail. But in the neighbourhod of Tullamore the lady found considerable comfort.

The American pilgrim next visited the county Wicklow, and we venture to say that a scene more fair she would not meet from the mouth of the Mississipi to that of the Columbia. Years may pass ere we see again the Wicklow mountains and all their wild scenery, even in these days of steam and railways, but we may not forget the rose-bound cottages and the prim neat villages, with all the rich profusion of verdure round and round them, that should bespeak a happy land.

Miss Nicholson's experience was similar. She found comfort in many Wicklow homes. Sure we are that she also found warm hearts to share it with "the stranger."

"Following his guidance, I found myself at the gate. An open lane showed the placid sea, and the far-famed mountains of Wicklow. About the door were roses, a shrubbery, and lilies of the most beautiful kind. I entered, so fatigued with the day's excursion, that I cared but little whether smiles or frowns received me. A daughter met me in the hall, and presenting her the letter from a long absent brother, she invited me in. The mother was called, and though she gave me no Irish 'thousand welcomes,' yet when she saw the letter from her son, and heard the sad tale of my coach ride, the loss of my carpet bag, and my walk through quagmire and ditch to her house, she invited me in to a well-furnished table, with every appendage of neatness and order. The party consisted of the mother, the eldest son, four daughters, a little niece, a young lady and her brother, who were lodgers, and two ladies on a visit. The vexations of the day and the embarrassments of a stranger were soon lost in the courtesy and flow of kindness manifested; and I felt as if seated at the dinner-table of an intelligent New England family, where familiar friends had assembled. After dinner, the mother invited me to the garden, saying, 'We have made our arrangements for you to spend a week with us, and if we did not wish it we should not ask it; so this point is at once settled, and we will show you what we can of our country and people.' The kindness of this offer was greatly heightened, when I ascertained that the young gentleman who lodged with them had offered his room for my accommodation, and that he was to share the bed of the son of the mistress.

"Reader, do you love domestic life, where plenty, order, and comfort reside? Then come to the garden of Ireland, the county of Wicklow, and I will introduce you to a family where all these rare qualifications may be found. This widow had been the mother of eleven children; one had been drowned, and his monument, with that of his father, was near the dwelling. A son was living in New York, and two in Ireland, four daughters were at home; the youngest had made a choice for herself, and was well settled near the family, in one of the tidy cottages that adorn the parish, where Lord Wicklow has lavished his good taste so profusely. Industry and economy were happily blended in this family; the daughters, unlike many in Ireland, with smaller incomes than they, were not unacquainted with all that appertained to the good management of a house. Their plentiful board was spread with wholesome food of their own preparing; and every apartment of the house testified to their handy-work. The morning and evening prayer ascended from the altar here; and though not in accordance with my own habits of extemporaneous prayer, yet never did I assemble for the family devotion, but I felt on retiring that my heart had been warmed, and my resolutions strengthened in serving my God. It may with propriety be averred, that when the morning and evening prayer are offered in a family circle, that family is generally the abode of peace and good order.

"Give me the sweet abode, however humble, where every child is taught to speak the name of God with reverence; where, morn and eve, the lowly knee is bent around the hallowed shrine of prayer and praise.

"The following morning the mother walked with me to Arklow; and there, to my great joy, was my carpet bag, left by the coachman on his return. I found that my aged companion had not lived in vain; for beside having, after her husband's death, paid some hundreds of pounds of debts that were in arrears, she reared eleven children in habits of industry, educated them for good society, and gave them all tolerable portions. She has a mind stored with interesting anecdote of the history of her country, especially that part belonging to the days of ninety-eight. The poetry with which all the narrations of the Irish peasantry are mingled, makes an observing listener willing to give them Ossian for their countryman, for they spontaneously breathe out many of his sentences, without ever having known his book or his name."

There is a little more of the better class of Irish life in low places.

"When we left the tower, we visited the fishermen's settlement on the sea-shore. This consists of perhaps three hundred huts of a squalid appearance outside; but on entering one of them we were happily disappointed, for we had a cordial welcome to a neatly white-washed room: the cupboards in the kitchen and little parlour were neatly arranged, and the bed neatly curtained. This is quite common, even where the pig has a bed on a pile of straw in the corner."

And we quote an angry mother's account of her child, because it shows, under an over-current of wrath, a stratum of decent habits.

"We entreated that she would allow us to speak to the child, and finally succeeded, the mother meanwhile taking an infant in her lap of eight weeks old, and giving a spontaneous history of her family, interlarding it with

principles that would do honour to the most cultivated woman. 'I have eleven children, ladies; six younger than the scrawl that has so provoked me, and she has not done a hap'orth for me to-day. She has been on the street since six o'clock. Laziness! laziness! ladies! Shouldn't she be bate? And when I got her in, and gave her a slap, she gave me impudence, and went into that room, and fastened the door on me; and she would not ask my forgiv'ness, ladies; and she would not ask God's pardon. I wish I could bate her, and not get into a passion.' 'You must tell her priest,' said one of the young ladies. 'And that I will; he'll hear of this.' 'But she's been petted at school, and it won't do to pet such scrawls; and before she will be idle and filthy, I'll kill her. She'd better be dead than lazy and dirty. I sent to Dublin and got a piece of calico, and made them all decent. I saved a piece to mend 'em with, and you see here's a rent in this child's arm (holding up the arm of a little girl), and that lazy girl won't put on the piece; and she can sew well. I can't have my children ragged. I can't have 'em dirty; it's a sin, ladies. Their father toils, poor man, till dark night, to keep their clothes decent, and keep 'em in school.' Here a shrivelled old woman entered, saying, 'And what's all this? This girl is as fine a slip as you'll find in all Wicklow—a fine scholar.' 'You see, ladies,' remarked the mother, 'how she's petted; that's the trouble. They must be bate.'"

Although next to Antrim, Down, and the eastern and northern counties, as respects the people, and over them as regards scenery of one description, Dublin county and Wicklow may be considered the garden of Ireland, yet we cannot avoid quoting the impressions which the authoress says that she was induced to form of Wicklow and its people.

"My visit to the county of Wicklow being finished, I am happy to say that both country and people exceeded my sanguine expectations. The natural scenery, the cultivation, but, most of all, the peasantry, possess a kind of fascination which every unprejudiced traveller must confess. Many of the peasantry are cleanly, intelligent, and industrious, and an inviting charm hangs about their cottages, which says to the stranger there is peace and comfort within; and when you enter, you feel you are welcome. The Irish greeting cannot be misunderstood; and here the same kindness and the same order prevailed among Catholics as among Protestants. I called one Saturday evening at an humble cottage, where the children, to the number of five, all took their seats, unbidden, in a corner. Their neatness and good conduct caused me to look about more particularly, and there I saw the signs of a prudent wife and mother. 'You see,' said the young ladies, as we passed out, 'the management of this poor woman; she is always clean, always comfortable, and her children always tidy, though poor.' They had been kept to school; and, by the strictest economy, the family had never been obliged to trouble their neighbours in sickness, ever having needful supplies for such exigencies, though possessing not a farthing but the daily labour of the father. They never partake of tea, coffee, or ardent spirits, or meat, except at Christmas.

"I must leave Wicklow with a grateful remembrance of undeserved kindness, for the last words I heard were, 'My house shall be welcome to you, whenever you come this way.'"

Economy and cleanliness are not the virtues for which in England and Scotland the Irish peasants have credit; but we know that before this sad famine desolated the land there were many striking improvements in these respects. We cannot easily reckon all the grievous consequences of the late judgment. It has bruised the heart and spirit of the people in a way that will not be easily healed, although those improvements to which it may ultimately lead will, we trust, compensate for this sorrowful break in the progress of Ireland.

The scene is changed to Youghal, far in the south; and the short subjoined note affords not merely justice to the kind heartedness of the Irish peasantry, but also to the progress which education was making, and, we trust, makes still, amongst that people.

"At last the town of Youghal, with her noble bridge, met the eye. The drawbridge was raised for the steamer to pass, and we saw the houses extended along the seashore, on the vicinity of a hill, commanding a noble prospect of the sea. The busy population in pursuit of gain by their bartering and bantering, told us that self here was no important item, though not a beggar put out her hand, invoking 'the blessing of the Virgin' for your penny. A ferry-boat put me safely on the other side, leaving me a three miles' walk, partly upon the beach, but mostly inland, and thus giving an opportunity of seeing a peasantry who speak English only when compelled by necessity. Making inquiry from cabin to cabin, not one bawled out, 'go along to such a place, and inquire;' but each one left her work, sometimes accompanied by two dogs and thrice the number of pigs, and led me a distance on the way, with a kind 'God bless ye,' at parting. A troop of boys now came galloping at full speed, intent, one might suppose, on sport or mischief. But each had a book under his arm or in his hand, and I saw they were returning from school; and, saluting them kindly, they gathered around me, listened to the story of schools in America, and earnestly asked such questions as to them seemed important. At our parting, each was emulous to direct me my way, lest at the 'cross-road' I should mistake. 'Now, ma'am, don't you take the left;' 'nor don't you go straight on,' said a second, 'but turn to the right,' &c. And when, like so many young deer, they bounded away, I blessed God that the dawn of education was breaking upon Ireland, and that the generation now rising shall feel its genial ray, and by her power have the independence to assert their country's heaven-born rights."

What Miss Nicholson may mean by Heaven-born rights, and the independence of Ireland, we can scarcely see; but we suppose that she became inoculated with the repeal doctrines, to which Americans are generally so attached when applied to others, and so averse when proposed in their own country, under the term nullification.

With all Miss Nicholson's good sense, she inherits the fault of her countrymen—continually reporting private conversations with private individuals; so that one requires to weigh warily words that are spoken to a travelling American. Miss Nicholson had heard that "England was taking the liberty to break the seals of letters going from Ireland to America, and to retain such as did not suit her views of matters relative to the country." Miss Nicholson had paid postage on a package of letters more than three months without receiving an answer; and so the good, innocent damsel supposed that Sir James Graham must have had his eye on her—have "Grahamed," and suppressed her correspondence. In the uneasiness natural after this flight of the imagination she was advised by some wag, probably, to apply to Sir Richard Musgrave, a country gentleman, for information as to the probability of England opening and detaining Miss Nicholson's correspondence. She accordingly obtained a letter to Sir Richard Musgrave, although from whom, or with what contents, is not stated; yet these elements must have entered largely into the question of its value, and away she went on an additional pilgrimage of eighteen miles to make the inquiry. She received a high character of Sir Richard Musgrave. One man told her that he was "condescending in manner, peculiarly kind of heart, a true friend of Ireland and O'Connell, and delights in doing good to Catholics, though himself a Protestant." Another said, "Sir Richard will sartainly consider your case. He is a good man, and his wife is a kind woman." These observations, by-the-bye, should not be recorded in books, regarding persons of some standing in the world. It is an exhibition of bad taste, of which American writers should free their style. What follows is worse.

"The sea was dashing against the gravelly beach at the front of the dwelling; an air of comfort was shed around; and when the porter responded to

my knock, and had gone to present my card, I looked about the hall, and seeing no false appendages of greatness, and being soon invited into the parlour by the gentleman himself, I felt as much at ease as when eating my potatoes in the cabin. I introduced myself, and the object of my errand, while he peered at me over his spectacles, and seemed to listen with attention. He read my letter of introduction, and returned it without note or comment. I stated the exigencies of my case, as a stranger in a strange land, and asked if he could give any information as to whether the English government had really taken the liberty to open and retain letters. He looked silently upon me, with a gaze which seemed to say, 'I wish this insignificant woman could finish her story, and let me return to my lunch.' 'I may be keeping you from dinner, sir.' 'I was taking lunch, madam; my dinner hour is five.' 'Do you know, sir, and will you tell me, whether you think this report true or false?' No answer: he took out his watch; I understood the signal, and rose to depart. 'I can give you no advice on this subject.' As I was going into the hall he said, 'Maybe you would take something to eat.' 'I am not hungry, sir,' replied I. My heart rejected this coldly-proffered bread. Then did the cabin woman's potato look doubly valuable, and I blessed God that he had left some poor in the world, that every vestige of humanity and kind feeling might not be swept from the earth. The heart of a stranger was emphatically mine. I had travelled a distance of twenty miles for the privilege of being treated with the coldest indifference by a titled gentleman.

"Yet I was not sorry. I at least learned something. This man was celebrated for his urbanity of manners and kindness of heart; the well-intentioned friends who advised me to apply to him were certain that he would solve my difficulties; and I had gone more in complaisance to their good feelings, than from a favourable opinion of the undertaking on my part. I had visited Ireland to see the poor, to learn its manners and customs, and how they would treat American strangers in any and every condition. I was placed in peculiar circumstances, and a few kind words, if they would not have helped me out of my dilemma, would have cost him but little, and have been grateful to me. But not even a generous look could be gained, and I hoped my friends would see that this boasting of the benevolence of great men is often but boasting, and whoever follows them to get good, will generally find himself in pursuit of an *ignis fatuus*, which, perchance, may land him in a quagmire."

We doubt very much whether many gentlemen would have been more civil to a lady travelling on foot, without introduction probably of an unexceptionable character; and travelling alone. Miss Nicholson may prefer American manners; but, of course, when in Ireland, she should judge actions of this kind by an Irish standard, and remember that she went to Sir Richard Musgrave on the most absurd errand.

At Birr she met with a rich gentleman of her own eccentric caste, but gentlemen of his character are rarities in Ireland.

"I set off in the heavy rain to find the house or castle of a rich man, who was considered a great eccentric. He was owner of three domains, but had divested them of all their frippery, had put on a frieze coat and brogues, and literally condescended to men of low estate in dress and equipage. He had taken many orphans into his house, and provided them food and clothing. When I reached his dwelling, my clothes were profusely drenched. Mr. S—— was not at home. I asked the housekeeper if I might step in till the rain should abate, and dry my clothes. She allowed me to do so; and I followed her through a long gangway of desolated halls, to a kitchen, and found a company about to dine in the same way, and on the same materials, as the cabin people do. The rain continued; and an invitation to stop over night was not needed a second time. A fire was made in a parlour, where no carpets or supernumeraries met the eye. Tea, bread, and butter were offered, and the housekeeper made everything pleasant. She had embraced the principles of her master, who had taken her when but two years old, begging her from a widowed mother, who was embarking for England. He had been a father, indeed, she said, and the care of the house was entrusted to her.

"When I was comfortably prepared in my lodging-room, with a fire and clean bed, and contrasted it with the preceding night, in what extremes do I find myself, from cabin to castle, tossed like a 'rolling thing before a whirlwind,' yet never destroyed. I slept in peace, and thanked God that in Ireland one rich godly man could be found, who called all mankind his brethren.

"In the morning, I took my breakfast, was kindly invited to come when Mr. S—— should be at home, and went out, and called at the lodge-house, where was a godly woman, poor in this world, but rich in faith. A pleasant hour was passed with her, for, with such, lessons are to be learned which the rich cannot teach. The rain had deluged the country the preceding night; and many a poor cabin was swept away, with the miserable furniture, and the affrighted inmates had fled, with their children in their arms, naked as they were, from their beds of straw.

"The lawn containing the telescope of Lord Rosse was open, and passing the gate, the old lady who presided in the lodge asked me to go through the grounds, which were free to all. Much did I regret that clouds obscured the sky the whole time I was in Birr, so that not one gaze could I have through that magnificent instrument. The pipe is fifty-two feet in length, and six and a-half in diameter. The Earl is mentioned as a man of great philanthropy, and much beloved by the gentry and the poor."

Miss Nicholson treats the late Mr. O'Connell's housekeeper much after the way in which she dealt with Sir Richard Musgrave. We cannot suppose that Mr. Maurice O'Connell was to go in search of every adventurous damsel who travelled from New York to see Darrynane; and the housekeeper would probably set down the authoress as "a forward, impudent hussy." Such is the difference of standard by which actions are judged in different countries.

"When I reached the summit of the mountain, and the sea with its wild shore, islands, and dashing waves, broke upon my view, I knew the abode of the wonderful man, O'Connell, was near, and I paused to take a full view of the wildness around. Here then did the keen, deep meaning, and nondescript eye of this never-tiring agitator seek out an abode; here were the principles, the agitations, of the ever-stirring mind nurtured and fed; and as here, wave after wave dashes against the rock, so has agitation after agitation dashed with impetuosity against the Gibraltar of England, as yet impregnable. But hush! a woman must walk softly on political pavements. A circuitous well-made road winds down the mountain, and you see not the indescribable mansion that is embosomed in rock and tree, till within a few paces of the spot. Here no walls or surly porter, demanding a pass, hedge up the entrance; but a path like that to a New England farm-house leads you on, and you may take your choice of entrance into the heterogeneous abode, by kitchen, chapel, or hall; choosing the latter, I rang the bell, an old man answered, saying, 'I am only a stranger, and will inquire if you can have admittance.' A waiter came next, and ushered me into the parlour, saying, all were from home, but Maurice O'Connell and the house-keeper. The countenance of the latter was to me better fitted to drive away the enemy than to invite the friend; and the sequel proved more than I dreaded, when I met her cold penurious look and manner. She showed me into the library, which presented a tolerable assortment of Encyclopedias, Lives of Saints, Waverley Novels, Law Books, &c. The drawing-room contained all that is needed for ornament or use. The portrait of O'Connell, engraved to the life, taken while in the penitentiary, and one taken some years before, are not the least objects of interest in the room. The portraits of his wife, daughters, grand-daughters, and sons, form the most important ornaments in the house. Among the family group, are a brother and sister, the sister in the act of swinging, sitting in a rope; the little brother with a roguish smile, holding the rope, and a little dog looking on, enjoying the sport. It is the happiest touch of nature, in portrait painting, I ever saw. A chapel, not finished, is attached to one end of the house.

A tablet giving its history and the name of the founder is being in readiness, as a fixture for future ages. A well-fed priest was walking about, ready at any notice to perform any religious duty, within the pale of his conscience, for the good of the family.

"The walks, the beach, and the foaming sea—the tower upon an eminence—the all-manner of shaped angles and triangles, added and superadded to the main body of the house—the place where it stands, and the person who designed it—all taken into consideration, make it a house and spot quite different from all others. I lingered, and looked, and left it as I found it, and can no more describe it than before I saw it.

"A lunch was before me at my return into the house; the long table was in the dining-room, around which are seated, when O'Connell is at home, a goodly number of his children; and sometimes thirty-six grandchildren have been seated together there, with priest and guests, partaking of the bounties of this hospitable board.

"While enjoying my bread and cheese, the threatening clouds began to drop rain: it was now twenty minutes past four. I had a wild mountainous walk of five miles before me, and the wind was howling tremendously among the bleak mountains. I said to the housekeeper, 'I dread the walk, my feet are blistered, and should the storm increase upon the mountain, as there is no place to lodge, what shall I do?' 'It will be bad for you,' was the reply of this fixture in female form, as she showed me out of the house. I said, 'Should you ever visit New York, I will do as much for you, if you will call on me.' My fate was now fixed; I was out and the door was shut, and never did the bolting of the prison gate of a condemned culprit grate more harshly upon the ear, as the turnkey 'shut him in,' than did the closing of this door of the 'Agitator,' when its last echo died on my ear. It was then the 'Repeal' of this union of wind and rain was the pitiful cry of my heart. The rain and wind were in my face, and the wild mountain before me. When I could face the storm no longer, I turned my back, and endeavoured to walk in that way. A poor woman and her basket were sheltered under the wall, and she cried out, 'And why, ma'am, are ye out in this stawrm? and sure why didn't ye lodge at Darrynane?' 'Because they did not ask me,' I replied. 'And sure they wouldn't turn a stranger out on the wild mountains in such a stawrm as this?' 'And sure they did,' was all I could say."

Poor Mrs. Nangle at Achil fares still worse, for she is abused very roundly, although the mission is spoken of in terms of the highest praise. Mrs. Nangle, we verily believe, supposed Miss Nicholson to be a very improper kind of person, when she found her wandering alone through a strange land; and, in the position occupied by herself and her husband, may not have been anxious for intimate communications with the strange American female from Molly Vesey's lodging-house, even fortified as she was by letters from respectable persons in America, of whom Mr. and Mrs. Nangle could know little.

Of another mission belonging to the Presbyterian Church, and of Mr. Crotty, a converted priest, she thus speaks:—

"Met an intelligent police-officer and his sister; and in the morning visited the school, taught by a Roman Catholic, and supported by the Home Mission. It is in its infancy, its funds low, and the children supplied themselves with what books they had, which were few and defaced. I sat in the school-room till eleven, waiting for the scholars to assemble; and, with much urging, succeeded in hearing two girls attempt to read. The teacher is a learned man; but the appearance of his person told that a schoolmaster's salary in Ireland is a poor inducement to plod through the declensions and conjugations of a Latin Grammar. The whole together was not attracting. The Testament is kept in school, and the teacher observed, 'It is read by all who wish to read it, and the others omit it.'

"Mr. Crotty, the Presbyterian clergyman, who employs the teacher, says he can do no better in the present state of things. Poverty sits brooding on everything here. A Church of England curate, a Presbyterian clergyman, and Romish priest, divide the town among them, leaving a scanty pittance to each of the labourers. Mr. Crotty was once a Romish priest, and is now a thorough adherent to those principles he once denied. He certainly has done honour to the change he has made, if the voice of his neighbours weigh anything; for the Catholics all spoke kindly of him as a peace-maker, wishing to do good to all, and 'given to hospitality.'"

We have derived much pleasure from Miss Nicholson's book. Many of her statements we personally know to be true. Others that seem severe are to be ascribed to her habits of thought; but her work is worth a cart-load of such absurd books as Kohl's, which brimfull of blunders, was nevertheless much praised, and widely circulated.

POLITICAL REGISTER.

THE GENERAL ELECTION has come and gone without leaving the world wiser by its advent. We find, indeed, an array run up of Protectionists, Peelites, and Liberals, which gives the latter a slight majority; but what is meant by these party designations we know not, unless to be a "Peelite" implies the non-existence of intellectual faculties sufficient to guide a man in forming an opinion regarding the expediency of any case: to be a Protectionist at present is to stand in the position of the lock that was put on the stable door after the steed was stolen; and to be a Liberal is to support Lord John Russell's Cabinet. In the latter and the larger classification, on that presumption we have an enormous fiction, or we may say, perhaps, a conglomeration of small fictions put forward to prop the Government until Parliament assemble. Any person may perceive that the Irish Repealers cannot be counted amongst the Government votes. These gentlemen denominate this Ministry the "Starvation Government," without, we must add, in strict justice, any sound reason for the reproachful term. The exertions made for Ireland since the harvest of 1846 should have prevented the application of this language to any party in Britain. And those who believe that they are struggling for a right may be assured that they injure greatly their own prospects by these diatribes. It is clear, however, that the Irish Repealers cannot all be counted with the Cabinet. It is difficult to tell their precise number. We can easily ascertain the proportion of five-pound notes paid into Conciliation Hall; but we do not know that every note represents an earnest man. Nominally, we believe the number to be thirty-seven—really we apprehend the number of those whose principles would be in any respect troublesome to the Government will not exceed twenty-five. There is a very small section of Irish members who style themselves Conservative Repealers, for the sake of convenience. They stand with one foot on sea and one on land. They find this position convenient at an Irish hustings. Anywhere else it would sink them between two stools. There, it supports them in spite of their natural gravitation. They are like the heated Indian corn turned out of ship at Cork and elsewhere, to be sold to pay expenses. Any party, we presume, may have them for the freight to

London. We have next the regular Liberals, who are few nominally, but will be generally supported by the practical men amongst the Repealers: and the Conservatives, who come up always strong from the North of Ireland. The numbers classified in some of the Dublin papers are—

Conservatives,	-	-	39
Repealers,	-	-	37
Whigs,	-	-	17
Precursors,	-	-	12

The precursors are understood to be gentlemen in the transition state towards repeal. Some of them have, however, denied that they can be said to "precourse" in this form, and we should not be surprised to find the classification more than sanguine. As it stands, the minority of Irish members consist of repealers, and repealers not yet fully formed. Nominally, they would take 49 from the liberal votes in Parliament; but as the unripened will likely enough go with the government on trying questions, we reduce the restive Irish members to 37; and we may give the ministry the advantage to be procured from a farther discount of 12, leaving 25 Irish votes on whom no liberal whipper-in could put the slightest reliance, but which will not be given against the cabinet on any of those questions where its existence can be in danger. We refer to these matters merely to show that no great reliance should be placed on the bulletins of the London morning papers. The moral strength of the Irish members is not, we fear, improved by the elections. At Waterford, Mr. Wyse and Sir H. W. Barron have been defeated by Alderman Meagher and Mr. Daniel O'Connell. The latter gentleman's talents are not yet developed; and the Alderman would be a more formidable person, were it by any means possible to make him his own son; but as that transmigration cannot take place, we do not expect any great effort to astonish the House from the senior member for Waterford. The election for Dundalk, a small borough on the northern border of Leinster, produced an equally strange result with that for Waterford. Mr. M'Cullagh, a gentleman of considerable literary reputation, connected with the government, was defeated by Mr. M'Tavish, who, "unknown to fame" or "even to local influence," seems to have stepped into the seat on the strength of one principle. He was a Scoto-American, favourable to the repeal of the Union, and on that sole qualification, so far as we can learn, was elected. There may have been in these, and in other contests, influences operating on local feelings to produce results which parties at a distance cannot comprehend, and which are nevertheless quite intelligible to the voters themselves. Thus we find the London papers deplore the ejection of Mr. Macaulay from Edinburgh, and will only be consoled by the election of Mr. M'Gregor at Glasgow. Edinburgh is disgraced, and Glasgow is honoured, according to the London press; yet Mr. M'Gregor and his colleague were unquestionably elected at Glasgow for those very reasons that induced the rejection of Mr. Macaulay at Edinburgh. It is quite possible, therefore, that we may under-estimate the moral strength of the new Irish members. The Meaghers, M'Tavishes, and Reynoldses, may restore the days when the genius of Curran, and Grattan, and Burke, cast lustre over parliamentary debates; and they may bring to the work of legislation an invaluable stock of honesty and earnestness. In these respects we may be doomed to experience a most agreeable disappointment; but in one alone can we, with our present advices, suppose that Ireland has really gained from the general election. It has brought members into connexion with their constituencies on the question of the Tenant Right. They have practically learned the opinion of the electors; and we understand that a majority of the Irish members have promised to support legislation of a just and efficient character on that subject.

The Scottish elections left parties very nearly in the position occupied by them previous to the dissolution of Parliament, so far as any man, looking merely to the returns and their classification, would suppose; but there has been a great change effected in some Scotch constituencies. In Roxburghshire and the Haddington burghs, Liberals have been substituted for Conservatives. In several other burghs, independent men have been substituted for the recorders of votes. Edinburgh has undoubtedly made the principal change, and it requires explanation. No constituency values more highly intellectual qualifications than that of Edinburgh. Literature is one of its staple productions; and all its other staples, with the exception of "Edinburgh ale," are more or less intimately associated with, and dependent on, literary pursuits. There can be no doubt that Mr. Macaulay, who writes "Lays of Rome," and brilliant papers, stands far higher in the literary world than Mr. Charles Cowan, who merely makes the paper on which they are printed. The difference is all that exists between the boy who blows the bellows and the organist. Mr. Cowan makes no pretensions to genius and literary talent. Mr. Macaulay needs to make none, because his claims are freely admitted.

The difference between their supporters is equally remarkable. Mr. Macaulay's defeat has been styled a piece of Free Church revenge; but the leading lawyers in the Free Church were at his back on the hustings. It has been called a Radical movement; but the literary Radicals are set down on his committee, and amongst his supporters. It has been said that "the bray of Exeter Hall followed him to Edinburgh;" and we are certain that this most unjust, uncourteous, and impolitic phrase lost to him many votes; but a number of the leading friends of Exeter Hall forgave him, and voted for his re-election. We have been told that the Excise Reform Association carried Mr. Cowan into Parliament; but this body, however zealous, cannot account for the majority. They also endeavoured to carry a Conservative, who, with the support of his party, polled less

than one-half of Mr. Cowan's votes. Then it may be said that the successful member instituted a careful and active canvass, continued over a long period; and thus ingratiated himself into the good opinion of the electors; but this is not the case, for he was later in the field than Mr. Macaulay, and we believe did not canvass a single voter. To this point, therefore, on all ordinary principles, the result of the election seems inexplicable; but in our August number we stated that the Whig coterie were over-using their influence, and would be mortified by the results of more than one election, if they persisted in their perpetually intermeddling with, and dictating to, constituencies. In provincial towns, the same tendency to choose for, and dictate to, the electors, which has long existed in Edinburgh, had been manifested. Repeatedly during the recent elections it has appeared that Provost so-and-so, with one or two satellite Bailies, have been to London, as witnesses on a Railway Committee, and made, as an additional piece of business, an arrangement for the borough. When a good bargain could be struck at home, there was no inducement to seek a purchaser in England. When that could not be effected, the constituency were driven like black cattle to the London market. We by no means assert that the tendency to dictation is exclusively Whiggish. Even parties who thought they were acting patriotism, in their anxiety to avoid the Whig snare, instead of calling a meeting of electors to consider by whom they would be represented, actually wrote off to Manchester for a man. And their Manchester correspondents—the debris, we believe, of the triumphant and dissolved League—instead of replying that they would not aid in a hole-and-corner sale of a constituency, furnished the man in this, as they may have done in other cases. In Edinburgh the electors rebelled against the dictation of a small, though "respectable," Whig coterie. They selected one of themselves, and left their "natural leaders" to learn the amount of their own inherent strength. They chose a representative whom they trusted, and rejected one whose brilliancy was his chief recommendation. Mr. Macaulay is a victim to the anti-pledge-giving mania. He stood out for the dignity of his calling. He would neither tell the electors what he would think one, two, or three years hence, nor promise to resign his seat if he thought differently then from the opinions that he had now formed. The question was the probable endowment of the Roman Catholic priesthood in Ireland. At present Mr. Macaulay was opposed rather to that measure. Hereafter his views might, as he confessed, be changed. He could not, therefore, pledge himself always to oppose this contemplated step. It might possibly be presented to him in a shape that would alter his present convictions. The course in that case was clear. He should have intimated his willingness to resign whenever his opinion on that topic should be decidedly changed. He refused to make this concession. He insisted on the dignity of representation, and the right of the representative to deliberate and consider a topic on which the electors had already decided. The false grounds taken by Mr. Macaulay left the majority of his constituency without an alternative, unless they were to become their representative's serfs. They were bound to refuse a renewal of his trust, or be disgraced. They made the refusal; and, by the Liberal party press of England, they have been abused with such hearty earnestness that the blow must have told. Mr. Macaulay's position may be stated, as we understand the matter, in a few words. He told the electors that a certain question was of the utmost importance; that he held regarding it specified views at present, on which he expected to be re-elected; but that, on this same question, he might adopt diametrically opposite opinions, and would not, in that event, promise to resign his seat, but would employ in the Legislature the trust committed to him by the people of Edinburgh for the promotion of opinions which, in the meantime, they and he alike deemed prejudicial. His election, in such circumstances, would have indicated a thorough absence of self-respect in the Edinburgh constituency. If the elected are to stand so stiffly on the dignity of their office, may not the electors be allowed to place a proper value on their privilege, without exposure to all those taunts that have been indiscriminately and thoughtlessly hurled at the Edinburgh constituency. The result of that election was the practical enforcement of the principle stated in our last number, the principle that on all cognate questions a member of the House of Commons should not claim, and cannot be allowed, freedom of discretion.

The Glasgow contest arose on similar grounds. One of the former members retired. The other entered the last Parliament as a voluntary, and yet voted for the Maynooth grant. The result was, that two gentlemen, one of them the late Secretary of the Board of Trade, and the second the Chief Magistrate of the City, were elected, because the majority of the constituency believed them to be trustworthy, and were determined to avoid dictation from a small coterie of good enough Reformers of all abuses except the great abuse of doing in a back parlour what only should have been done in the City Hall.

This determination to be independent has more or less characterised most of the borough elections in Scotland. A feeling has arisen that Government influence is unsparingly used in many cases to promote or prevent the election of certain candidates. In other boroughs the working of small cliques, who plotted, planned, and negotiated to transfer the representation, as if it had been a bank management or a railway secretaryship, naturally in their gift, has been accidentally exposed. The influence of Government through the Whig coterie of Edinburgh, or of small local factions, whose vanity and even grosser purposes are subserved by "making the member," will always prevail until the electors deem their representation of sufficient value to be provided for with one tithe of the care that they would exercise in selecting a light porter.

We find, for instance, that in Glasgow there

are said to be eighteen thousand qualifications. Some of them may be held by females. In other instances different premises may be held by the same individual. It is, however, obvious that the constituency should number thirteen thousand to fifteen thousand persons; the largest in Scotland, where there are no voters except on the qualification of the Reform Bill—no freemen, and where, consequently, the electoral bodies are numerically smaller than in England. The Glasgow election was, however, decided by four thousand votes. Four thousand individuals asked enrolment as voters, but they were too late for the last contest. Other six thousand value the electoral privilege at less than half-a-crown; and will not even take it for nothing, which they might do, since in Glasgow the shabby fashion seems to prevail of allowing the candidates to pay the expense of registering their supporters—a small bribe, certainly, compared with the expenditure in many English towns, but still a bribe of two shillings and sixpence.

The English elections presented a few returns, calculated to overset altogether the calculations and equanimity of trading politicians. Ministerial newspapers declared that official personages would always be selected from the representatives of small boroughs, because Lambeth, the Tower Hamlets, and Nottingham, preferred private gentlemen to members of the Government. Mr. Hawes had represented Lambeth for several Parliaments. General Fox considered himself secure in the Tower Hamlets. Sir John Cam Hobhouse confided in Nottingham as heritable property. All were disappointed. Lambeth preferred Mr. Pearson. The Tower Hamlets were quite decided for George Thompson. Nottingham said Feargus O'Connor. The officials were displaced by men who are not likely to be officials. The Government was beaten by the oratorios. Desks fell beneath platforms; and the popular constituencies are said to be incapable of returning official men. The saying is adopted to excuse defeat. It is thought wiser to cry that popular constituencies are fickle, and will not tolerate official men for their members than confess that these popular constituencies are anti-ministerial. That, however, is the fact of the case. The Tower Hamlets would not object to George Thompson as under-secretary for the colonies in a government conducted on George Thompson's principles. Lambeth and the Tower Hamlets are Radical and perhaps Voluntary, while the Government is neither Radical nor Voluntary. As to Nottingham, it may be difficult to describe its sentiments; but whatever they may be, it seems determined to take its own way.

It is always dangerous to predict the fate of new members. They are casting their fame, if they have any, into the crucible again, and it may be turned out in a dimmed and damaged state. It is particularly delicate at the present moment to say a single word that might disparage this class; for they are strong in the House. Nearly one-half of the Irish returns, and nearly one-third of the Scotch, are new men. In England the proportion is very great. They are therefore powerful, and must be cautiously criticised. At one time Mr. O'Connor was particularly pungent, but latterly his agitations have taken the shape greatly of home colonisation, and we really need a few men in the House of Commons who will advocate the claims of men against sheep, deer, and muir-fowl, to a portion of this habitable earth in exchange for payment. Mr. Thompson is an eloquent popular speaker; but so have been others who were never distinguished in the House of Commons when they got there. He will have to fight a stiff battle with a prejudiced audience on some of his favourite topics—a struggle that needs nerve. Mr. Pearson is, we presume, a good man of business, necessarily acquainted with city corruption.

These three new members are counted amongst the Liberal supporters of the ministry by an error, or rather by the want of a column, which applies to many other members. This deficiency is one cause of the difficulty which exists in ascertaining the precise strength of parties; because one can scarcely say how many members classed as Liberals may ultimately vote.

The spontaneous election of Mr. Villiers for South Lancashire, and Mr. Cobden for the West Riding of Yorkshire, in the absence of the former gentleman from the hustings, and of the latter from the country, have told most emphatically the opinion of these great constituencies. Whether Mr. Villiers will abandon his old supporters of Wolverhampton, and Mr. Cobden prefer the West Riding to Stockport, are questions to be solved. In whatever way they decide two seats have to be filled. They will be eagerly sought by some of the gentlemen who are left out. It has been said that the blacksmiths of Wolverhampton intend to correct the error of the fashionables of Bath. But the character of the men who will occupy the blanks left by these double returns must depend greatly on the choice of seats that those gentlemen may make for whom constituencies contend in rivalry, like cities for the birthplace of Homer.

There are two lines of policy open for the Cabinet. One presents coalition with the Peel party, hinted at in the appointment of the Earl of Dalhousie, and a resolute stand on reforms accomplished, along with some sewerage acts. Another is the open, onward road which would secure for them the hearty aid of all the men who are at present classed as their supporters. We feel assured that they will adopt the crooked path: it is so much a matter of habit and repute with them. And yet it is a troublesome path of one of divided honours only and certainly—double danger. Any advantage attainable by a union with the ruins of the late government would be more than balanced by the consequent coldness of many of their professed friends. Good votes are often given by those who are miserably annoyed to find a fixed quantity of good patronage divided amongst too many recipients. They know arithmetic sufficiently to perceive that

thereby these chances are reduced in value fifty per cent. People feel a fall in the market of that amount on all their stock of patriotism. They cannot be supposed to approve the policy by which it has been caused. They easily invent faults. They are enlightened to enormities on the part of their old friends that never seemed more than venial transgressions until they were placed beneath the microscopic influence of disappointed hopes. A coalition would therefore seem to be not advisable. The Whigs should insist on a connexion and repudiate a coalition. They should claim from their old foes the benefit of a "surrender without terms." They must remember that Sir Robert Peel becomes daily more unpopular respecting gold and banking—but some of them share his principle on that question. Well, then, they should remember that he is pledged to one thing which they cannot promise—the preservation of the Irish Church. He is pledged to that as deeply as a statesman can be bound to any policy; but even here again we do him wrong, for has he not claimed that freedom of discretion, and renewed his connexion with Tamworth on the condition which abrogates all pledges and dissolves all promises? So, then, we think a coalition probable. Peel stands with clean hands. He is ready for any party or any policy. The Sir Dugald Dalgetty of politics he strikes hard, and will strike faithfully too—where there is promotion to be obtained.

THE VOLUNTARY QUESTION has been placed in a very remarkable position during the election. Voluntaryism everywhere has been shunned like the plague-spot. Candidates whose opinions in its favour were notorious avowed them in the mildest form. Their Anti-State Churchism was of the mildest and most deluted proportions. They would not on any account hazard a vested interest. With them the benefices of the present generation of holders were to be perfectly safe. They had determined to displace no human being from honours and profits already secured. Even these mild opinions were only to be enforced when a convenient opportunity occurred. They were quite willing to carry them into operation if that could be done without contention. They had not the slightest objection to the application of their own views, if the public, and especially that portion of the public who oppose them, were quite agreeable. One section of the elected wore their opinions more tightly respecting Ireland and the Irish Church. That part of the case they considered to be quite clear. They would not endow the Roman Catholic priests, and they would not maintain the existing establishment, but convert its funds, as benefices became vacant, to charitable and educational purposes. Such is the progress that Voluntaryism has made. The last-named set of representatives are in the most inconsistent position on this subject. They are willing to practise Voluntaryism in the poorest land amongst the poorest people, and continue the churches of the poor for the use and benefit of the rich in England and Scotland. Even Mr. Hume thought the existing establishments of England and Scotland might be preserved so long as they continued to be useful, and should only be removed when, like the Irish church, they became useless. We remember that the Scottish church was deemed and called a nuisance some ten years ago. Since that date it has sustained an Exodus of one-half of its numbers, and more than one-half of its strength; but, like many plethoric patients, it seems to have improved by "bleeding." We cannot exactly comprehend the grounds on which men stand at present in relation to this question, especially in Scotland; but we see whether they are to be led by events. Can any sane person imagine that the great Irish Episcopal establishment and the small Irish Presbyterian establishment will fall alone? Is it conceivable that the Voluntary principle can be long adopted in Ireland, and repudiated in Britain, under the same government and by the same legislature? Yet let us not conceal facts. There has been much moral cowardice displayed in that respect already. Earnest endeavours have been made to wrap the future up in a double robe of mist—its natural and an artificial darkness. Those who talk of cutting down the Irish, and saving the English and Scottish establishments, either do not consider the tendency of measures, or wilfully mislead their hearers. The abolition of the Irish must lead to the removal of the English connexion between Church and State. We think that opinion may be taken and treated as a fact. There may be a few years between the events—two or three—but they cannot be many. The Irish connexion of Church and State is, we think, in this danger. The leaders of all the political parties say, "You should endow the priests." The people reply, we shall not endow them. That we take to be pretty clearly the language of the election. Statesmen, we believe, agree in understanding the oracle's response to have that meaning. But matters cannot continue in their present state. There is no inconsiderable party in the Senate favourable to the removal of the Irish establishment. They offer the alternative in the demand of justice to Ireland; as an alternative it will be put—and we believe carried, yet it cannot be carried alone. The example of Ireland would be contagious. The recent debates on the new Bishopric bill were not calculated to strengthen the church. They exposed blemishes existing without any effort for their reform. The funds placed at the disposal of the Ecclesiastical Commissioners had not been employed to enlarge the small livings of curates in the same proportion, that they have been expended in erecting palaces for bishops. This policy will not strengthen the church, when politicians, finding that the people will not permit one of their plans for pacifying Ireland to be adopted, propose another. And thus the Voluntary principle may be near its adoption at the moment when discarded in committee rooms, and disavowed at the hustings; it seems to be an outcast from decent political society.

IMPENDING REVOLUTION IN THE DEKKAN.—Every succeeding arrival from India confirms the view which we have taken of Dekkan affairs, and which was submitted to our readers in our August number. It is quite clear and evident that some extraordinary exertion must be made to change the present system of management. Lord Hardinge is not the man to leave such a blank behind him. He will not leave India without tracing a distinct line of policy towards the Nizam, in the same broad, comprehensive, liberal, but firm spirit which has characterised all his measures in that magnificent and most interesting portion of our empire. And were it even possible that he should waive the subject, we feel convinced that his able successor, Lord Dalhousie, will spare no exertion to redeem the British name from the obloquy it now suffers by a series of mismanagements in central India, sufficiently known to all our readers.

We have it on evidence, irresistible and notorious, that there is not on the face of the earth a better-inclined or more industrious population than that which inhabits the Dekkan—mild and kindly by nature, frugal in diet, and faithful to those that treat them with confidence. The subjects of the Nizam are not only most intelligent and industrious, but, as manufacturers, they are extremely ingenious, and, as agriculturists, enterprising and persevering. This country of immense extent, and in almost every respect highly enriched by nature, by the fraud and villany of its rulers, is rendered truly miserable! But the time is approaching for a very different state of things. We are not disposed too severely to censure the conduct of the British resident General Fraser—a man of the kindest feelings, and whose good intentions few will deny, however unfortunate his policy may be considered.

The main evil has arisen from treaties with the Nizam government, by which permission was granted to maintain a half-civilized and half-disciplined army of thirty or forty thousand men, chiefly composed of unsettled aliens, Arabs, and Robillas, who never performed any real service to the state, but were kept to satisfy a vain show, and overawe a people. Many of these soldiers, by plunder and other means of extortion, have acquired a large amount of property—while others (and these the majority) have received little or no pay for 18 or 20 months, and are consequently starving; and among the latter are the "Line Walla battallions"—ten or twelve thousand men, now in Hyderabad.

In our opinion, the first mistake General Fraser fell into, was in an uncalled-for interference, against the wishes of the Nizam, in obtaining for Soorajool Moolk the post of vuzeer, or prime minister; for we were bound, by treaty, not to interfere in such matters—and the result has proved that Soorajool Moolk is in no respect superior to his predecessor, Raim Bukhsh, who has fallen into the power of the Arabs, and lost all his property. How to account for this error of judgment we know not. A variety of reasons are current, but we wish not to deal with surmises, but with facts.

It was soon evident that Soorajool Moolk had undertaken more than he would perform. His undisciplined and lawless horde of ruffians became loud and clamorous for their pay, and he had no pay to give them, and not even the encouragement or pity of his sovereign. He was sorely pressed on all sides, and had no one to look to but General Fraser, who, we think, in an evil hour gave way to his solicitations, and marched his troops into Hyderabad; of course very much to the annoyance of the Nizam. It was, at all events, a most unfortunate movement; for it was designed to overawe an army of starving soldiers, who, after all, were only asking for their due. His language to the minister should have been, "Pay your army their arrears, and then if I can serve you I will; but I will *not* abet your dishonesty, or suffer the force under my command to aid you in such a barefaced fraud as that which you are aiming at." And, having once marched into the city, and taken his stand by Soojool Moolk, it must, indeed, have been lamentable to see him withdraw his force, amid the scoffs and insults of the "Line Walla battalions." Time, and, we fear, hard fighting, may have to efface the misfortune of this movement.

Thus matters stood early in the month of June, and we look with deep anxiety for further accounts. That something must be done speedily there can be no doubt. What that may be a short space of time must unfold. Hitherto we have rigidly adhered to our treaties with his Highness, while he has repeatedly broken faith with us. How long this one-sided fast-and-loose connexion may be suffered to continue remains to be seen. Were the question simply confined to our Government and the Nizam the matter would be of trifling importance; but when the welfare of millions is at stake, and the peace of India endangered, it becomes a serious question, whether, with these iniquities before our eyes, with the duties we are expected to perform, we should not oblige the Nizam to keep his house in better order, or deprive him of the power of ruling it. With such a country well managed there would soon be an overflowing treasury, and we will venture to affirm that in three years all its state debts might be paid. The Arabs and Robillas should be settled with in a liberal spirit; and, to satisfy all demands as quickly as possible, it would surely not be unreasonable to insist on his Highness opening the doors of a treasury hitherto useless. The final location or settlement of these mercenaries will require particular caution, in reference to the security and peace of neighbouring provinces. Would that the "first sod" of a railway could be raised at such a period, and good wages induce these men to exchange their arms for picks and spades!

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TAIT'S EDINBURGH MAGAZINE.

OCTOBER, 1847.

DIRECT TAXATION AND THE SUFFRAGE.

THE Reform Bill stretches by experience. In its first operation a large majority of Whigs were returned to the House of Commons, and the prospects of the Tory party were hopeless. Subsequently they began to reclaim lost ground. They found, in the cumbrous machinery of registration, the means of aiding their party, and annoying their opponents. Sir Robert Peel, as their leader, made attention to the Registration Courts the first political virtue. He accepted the Reform Bill when resistance was useless, and immediately told his supporters that the battle of the constitution, or the battle of corruption, as others understood the term, was to be fought in the Registration Courts; which became thereafter scenes of hard swearing and deceitful tactics. It was reckoned thoroughly consistent with party morality to lodge objections against the most obviously qualified voters, in the hope that the electors, by casual absence, or reluctance to be thus harassed in establishing a notorious fact, might be struck from the roll. Some difficulties are now practically offered to this line of conduct, which has proved eminently successful heretofore, by the allowance of expenses wherever the objections appear to be frivolous. The payment of rates and taxes clauses have been made the means of much glaring and obvious iniquity. We have known a party official retain the accounts of a parish rate from his political opponents, and thus succeed in winning an election for his party on account of the non-payment of rates, averaging tenpence or one shilling from each of the disfranchised voters. The payment of rates and taxes has nothing naturally to do with the present qualifications to vote. We can conceive a qualification, and we are to propose a qualification where the regular payment of a man's taxes would be a very proper preliminary to his vote; but the present qualification should have nothing to do with poor rates or with minister's money, for it is abundantly evident that votes are often registered for property by persons who have not the tithe of a qualification in the property from which the qualification is drawn. An individual, for example, qualifies on a county roll from property valued at ten pounds yearly, but which may be mortgaged or burthened to the amount of seven, eight, or nine pounds. Generally, the mortgagees will, perhaps, decline to let the burden run over the value of seven pounds annually upon a property of ten pounds value. It is there, however, to that extent, and the law knows its existence — knows its whole history and all the particulars of the case, but closes its one eye on the pages of its own records, and the three pounds voter steps up to the polling booth and gives his voice for A. B. with all the efficiency of the richest elector. We do not object to this fact. We do not quarrel with the extension of the suffrage to the nominal holder of this property. What we do quarrel with is its refusal to the real holder, so far as that mode and particular of qualification is concerned; and, still more, its withdrawal from a proprietor, perhaps of three thousand pounds, by the neglect of his errand-boy to pay tenpence or ten shillings of parish rate. The rate-paying clauses are the most obvious snares and pitfalls in the bill, and their defence, by the Whigs, has been one main source of their character for doing "shabby" things. The tax-gatherer does not require a hypothec over a man's conscience or privileges in order to recover his claim. He can sue and distrain, and seize and sell. All the formidable means of recovery secured and maintained by the law for its own benefit are at his disposal; and his class do not generally require to be over delicate in their employment. They never lose a customer by severe measures. An irritated debtor cannot take his own custom, and "wile away" that of his relatives and friends to the rival shop. He must remain on the books and run up his annual score, however hardly he may seem to have been used. The tax-gatherer thus, of all money collectors, has the least reason for extraordinary protections and political facilities of recovery. If the privilege of stopping debtors on their way to the poll had been vouchsafed to tailors and shoemakers, we might have been less inclined to question its utility; but that privilege in the hands of the tax-gatherer may be mischievous, but cannot secure a single good end. The Reform Bill might be very greatly

and advantageously stretched in this direction.

The creation of fictitious votes was adopted by one party and imitated by another as the means of working the bill well. Few evils were of more rapid growth. In several counties the representatives of fiction on the roll of voters exceeded those of facts by a fair majority. The system was exposed in Parliament. Patriotic members moved for the adoption of committees on the subject. Evidence of the most extraordinary character was given and published. Still the lie was wrought, and at last election there can be no doubt that many persons, believing themselves to be honourable men, willing to maintain their veracity at any cost, walked or drove up to the hustings in Scotch counties, and declared as fact, by their vote there, what merely differed from ordinary falsehoods by being unusually elaborated. This evil, we understand, to have been mainly applicable to one division of the empire—to Scotland. Here its influences were most prejudicial, not merely to the objects of one or more political parties, which is a minor matter, but to the principles of common rectitude and morality. Peeblesshire, a small and thinly-peopled county, with a limited constituency, was necessarily more exposed to evils originating in the working of this system than any larger district. The real constituency was swamped by the shams—the W.S.'s and Advocates from Edinburgh, who were credited with property that they never possessed, and walked to the poll in the borrowed clothes of the Earl of Traquair or Sir Adam Hay. These fictitious voters, wearing the livery of the landlords by whom they were qualified, necessarily polled by their directions; and it is not the least lamentable part of these proceedings that we find the names of many gentlemen of the utmost respectability in all transactions of private life engaged in an obvious political fraud which is perpetrated often in this manner: the landlord who desires an extension of the suffrage applies to his agent, generally an Edinburgh W.S., who makes out dispositions from the estate on life rents, in his own favour, and that of others who will accept them. Bills are taken in payment. These bills are, however, never paid. The interest on the sum is never settled. But the landlord—the Earl of Traquair, or the Sir Adam Hay of the lease—has no desire whatever to part with any portion of his property; and accordingly he becomes tenant of his own tenant at a rent which exactly balances the interest that should be paid on the bills; so the only hard cash entering into the transaction is the price of the bill stamp, the fee to the lawyer, and the cost of registration. A free and independent elector may thus be manufactured for one guinea or thereby; and the Earl of Traquair may be the tenant of his own shrubbery or barnyard. Any gentleman who represents a county in Parliament, through a majority acquired by this class of votes, may be, in point of fact, the representative of his own demesne, parcelled out amongst a number of life-renters, and re-leased from them at prime cost. In the view that we take of these proceedings, a meaner juggle or thimble-rig never disgraced gentlemen. There is a remarkable resemblance, and yet, no doubt, an essential difference between these arrangements and the doings at Doncaster, which would bring the transactors under the jurisdiction of the Jockey Club. The manufacturers and the acceptors of fictitious votes adopt—still according to our notion, which is, of course, widely different from their opinion—those means to win, which would entitle gamblers pursuing similar devices to be styled black-legs on the turf. We admit that, nevertheless, all the gentlemen engaged, for example, in the Peebles-shire farce of representation are extremely honourable and estimable men. We sincerely believe that not one of the landlords named would be guilty of anything that he really considered dishonourable for the value of their county. The case, therefore, presents a most remarkable example of the manner in which political considerations sway the minds of even intelligent men. It is a case better fitted for the curious inquiries of moral philosophy professors than any other in modern times of which we have a present remembrance. One man gives, and another receives—a delusion so palpable that it scarcely merits the name; and from this collusive film they make a solid and substantial vote, putting entirely out of court and out of fashion the old proverb, "*Ex nihilo nihil fit.*" They proceed in this way, not merely with honourable intentions, but with the most patriotic purposes. They have neither private nor personal object to serve. The whole world understands this fact, or that part of the whole world which really understands anything whatever on the subject. They have a party object to serve, but that is public and patriotic. They are for their party because their party is for their country. And for this end they get up such a series of documents as in an ordinary accounting would put Mr. Commissioner Foublanque, we fear, in a very pretty passion, and send the person before him to rusticate for a considerable portion of the year without a certificate. The purest motives are still the inciting motives. The Reform Bill is stretched—the suffrage illimitably extended: the bills and leases are docqueted, crossed and re-crossed, for no other purpose whatever than to beat the rival candidate, whose election might lead to the suppression of the constitution, the destruction of the envy of surrounding nations, the annihilation of the British Lion, with the total and permanent eclipse of the Sun of England.

In common with an ingenuous public, and all who lose by these transactions, we deeply regret that the said constitution, the Lion and the Sun, cannot be supported by practices consistent with common honesty. The decision of Sheriff Napier, at the Peebles Registration Court, swept one hundred and fifty fictitious voters from the roll of this small county alone. This decision may not be sustained in the Appeal Court, but it shows that there exist certain obstacles to this mode of stretching the Reform Bill and extending the

suffrage which may require the intervention of Parliament.

Another and a better plan of extending the suffrage has been most successfully employed in several English counties. The Manchester Anti-Corn Law League might have reasoned and published against the Corn Laws for many years, if they had not commenced to construct votes. Even after they flooded South Lancashire with *bona fide* voters, they might have wrestled long for their great object, if the potatoe disease had not come to their assistance. That was the great instrument of conversion in the Legislature. The public bestow more credit on Mr. Cobden than on the *avis vastator* in this business; but shrewd people still suspect that Mr. Smee's insect was the great whipper-in of Peel's majorities on the corn question in 1845, and not the Honourable Member for Cavan, as his constituents supposed.

In this agitation on the suffrage, the Anti-Corn League effected a stroke of good in their bye-play, sufficient to compensate all the toil, and trouble, and cost of their existence. The awakening of the English mind to the existence of a popular power over the counties was an important political advantage. It may be used, or it may be neglected, but it exists, and there is no county, containing one or two large towns, that may not have an infusion of popular feeling in its constituency, if the people choose to improve their opportunity.

The political advantage is, however, vastly inferior to the moral influence that would be produced by the extensive purchase of small freeholds. We know no merely social arrangement more likely to produce greater benefit than the extension of the landed interest. The extension of the suffrage is but an instrument, while the extension of the landed interest is a realisation; and when political arrangements can be made, directly and immediately, subservient to moral purposes, there is greater satisfaction derived from their pursuit. We can easily see that, if land were freely in the market for this class of purchasers, there might be no obstacle to prevent English artisans, who receive ordinary wages, from attaining the suffrage. The iron-workers of Staffordshire and South Wales might all be electors. There are, indeed, many classes of artisans, who, by a little self-denial, would place their names on the voters' roll for their counties; while in large towns, by moderate pains-taking, a great number of skilled artisans might secure such influence as a vote affords. There are two or three Scotch counties—those especially where the iron works are situated—that, by a little arrangement on the part of the miners, might return their members—Scottish counties where the privilege conceded to England (the wealthier country) of forty shilling freeholds does not exist.

The great mystery of the Reform Bill is in its varied interpretations. There are three different bills, and there have been more than three different interpretations of the same clause in each bill. In England the franchise is made wider than in Scotland; although, if England be the richer country, necessarily it should have, while distinctions prevail, the narrower franchise. In Ireland, which is the poorest of the three divisions, the franchise is absolutely higher even than in Scotland. Ostensibly it is the same, or nearly the same; but those who are acquainted with the mode of operation must concede, that the franchise is really higher in Ireland than in Scotland. In that country, also, the arrangements of registration—with a view, perhaps, to the creation of doubt and complexity—are still more abstruse and absurd than those of England and Scotland. They can only be cleared away, in many cases, by a vigorous—we cannot add healthful—system of hard swearing. An Irish election generally costs an immense capital in morality for oaths. That, indeed, is remarkable in many contested elections; but the expenditure is peculiarly prevalent in Ireland. We cannot very obviously see the difficulty in the way of preventing all the oath-taking in these cases. We are acquainted, of course, with the utility of this hindrance to business for the purposes of many agents. When one candidate is running up too rapidly on his opponent, the latter instructs his agent to put the oaths. This is a solemn matter, and it is to be performed in a slow, serious, and solemn manner. The agent can make, by due caution, an oath occupy five minutes. There are, certainly, able men in their profession, so filled with respect for the third commandment on these particular occasions, that they cannot do the work in less than five minutes. It is exemplary to watch these gentlemen—one hears a sermon in their staid and drawling tones. They would spin out a very small amount of intellect at the same rate into a long discourse. They preach, but their lecture, rightly understood, is levelled at the low and perverse morality of Parliament, which has converted oaths into one of the many political schemes for gaining time. In Ireland, registration is peculiarly troublesome, and the qualifications under the bill are remarkably indistinct and confused. We understand a reason for separate bills and legislation in the three kingdoms, where ancient customs and privileges are affected; but we cannot perceive any ground for creating new distinctions and differences, by the adoption of various rules and bills on thoroughly new legislation. The practice is highly indiscreet, but it is also unjust when privileges, dependent in any form on a money qualification, are made more precious in a poor than in a rich country. That the franchise is really higher in Ireland, and the voters fewer than in Scotland, will be readily admitted by all who are informed on the operation of the Reform Bills in the two countries. The majority of persons who consider these things at all, will also readily allow that the franchise should be attainable on the same grounds, for the same reasons, and with equal ease in all the three kingdoms. So far, however, from that being the case, the simplest matter in the whole business—the registration fee—is in Scotland two hundred and fifty per cent. more than in England.

In all the three countries the elements for greatly increasing the roll of voters exist. In either of them the higher class of artisans, in point of wages, might command votes. Even in those trades where wages are low and insufficient, a considerable number of artisans might be, by judicious arrangements, placed on the roll. A struggle, involving less outlay than a few strikes and combinations, would give the cream of the working-classes—the aristocracy of labour—that voice in the management of national affairs which they seek, often forgetful that, by sacrifice and resolution, it may be obtained.

We do not intend to propose any scheme which in the slightest degree would interfere with or make unadvisable the efforts of the National Alliance, of which we know no more than appears in the newspaper reports. From them we infer that it is one of the many bodies generally formed to promote a great object, in tolerably regular succession, and of which all but the last perish apparently without fruit: apparently, but not really, for each one of them has done something to press forward the general plan. And the last, which seems triumphant, is no more indebted to its own strength or wisdom, to its own consistency, or to the power, the tact, or talent of its members, than to the operations of its defunct and dissolved predecessors for the final hour of victory and triumph.

The plan we are to propose may be described as a make-shift—another stretch of the bill—not an inefficient pull, but calculated to neutralize all the labour, the swearing, and the subterfuges of the registration courts. There is an old principle in Blackstone, that taxation and representation should be co-existent. This is a very honest and a much-neglected principle. Every Whig, upon proper occasions, makes much of the principle, and refers one back to the times when Russell bled and Hampden fell. The eloquent allusions, however, to these periods and principles are never indulged in, except on extraordinary and very proper occasions. Recently, they have become rare—and they threaten to be rarer. A combination of forces—Russell and Peel, or Peel and Russell—would entirely swamp them; although the coalition or any other Cabinet will require, even in the next session, to make a thorough revisal of our money-raising power.

A re-arrangement of taxation must be attempted for financial purposes. The income tax was imposed only as an interim tribute, and it will be made perpetual. It yields five millions sterling, and cannot be wanted. The tendency of opinion is, however, so decidedly towards direct taxation, that no opposition will be made to the extension of the tax in point of time, and there would not be much, we believe, to its extension in amount. While the nation provides for its existing expenditure, there seems little ground to expect any reduction in the amount of our taxes. They may be shifted from one point to another. We may attempt to relieve the strain on the weak links of the chain, or lighten the weight on the over-burthened, but the gross total must be annually raised. With this necessity, the nation has a perpetual excitement for the reduction of taxes, and the feeling is not more natural than wise. We are not aware that, hitherto, reductions have always been wisely made. The system pursued has been, we think, more one of immediate convenience than deliberate planning in the smaller items of reduction; but still they have tended to the improvement of business, and been followed by favourable results. There are many taxes that should be annihilated—many more that might be modified; and, if they are touched with a decisive hand, there must be some substitutes found even for their immediate product. The statesman who, in a period of peace, shrinks from the obvious duty in our financial affairs of having a surplus, is his country's foe. Last year we required to borrow eight millions, to combat famine and pestilence. That was a war exception. Famine and pestilence are the direst enemies, and, therefore, the loan could be excused, although we should have preferred to see a separate tax imposed for its liquidation in three or four years. There is nothing between strict honesty and a splendid repudiation except an annual balance on the right side. We may remind the United States, and other nations in difficulties, of their repudiations, daily, year by year; but, without a strict determination to give the commissioners for the reductiou of the national debt something to do annually, there are only so many years between us and a suspension of payments. While, therefore, the public health requires the abolition of the tax on the light and air that God has made, and sends to all—while the farmers say that the malt tax should be repealed—and merchants insist that the tea tax should be reduced—all who wisely seek to support the integrity of the nation perceive that a substitute must be found for these exactions, and the only popular substitute is direct taxation. The existing property tax is most unartistically imposed. Like all other parliamentary work, it has been done with the greatest respect to ease, and the slightest regard to justice. It almost appears as if Government were doubtful whether their clerks could keep accounts, from the manner in which they parcel out their work. To save an extra set of books, they tax the man whose only wealth is his labour, equally with the proprietor, who labours not. Every one sees and feels that the arrangement is unjust; but then many plead that the formation of distinctions would be attended with trouble; and, therefore, to save trouble, the injustice is perpetuated. Sometimes it is troublesome to be honest, but nobody therefore says that honesty should be avoided.

We think that the formation of a large direct tax should be immediately commenced. There will be some labour in arranging the details; but the Legislature will have to do the work soon, and it can derive little pleasure from delaying a task that must be performed. The plan should recognise the wide difference between property acquired and professional emoluments. The one continues but the other fails with the health, the strength,

even often with the state of mind experienced by the worker. The one admits of being bequeathed: the other dies with the dead, and is buried in their grave. On no pretence, therefore, can the two sources be classified together. One is as secure and perpetual as prudence and economy may choose to make it; the other is uncertain like health and life; and sometimes fleeting and "flitting" like fashion. We admit the propriety of taxing both, but not of taxing them alike.

Two classes, therefore, require to be established; and they should be placed under several divisions. The tax stops at present with one hundred and fifty pounds per annum. That is the smallest rateable income under the present act. But the rate is uniform. The same *ad valorem* duty is leviable on the man who receives £150, and the nobleman who enjoys £150,000. We can escape from this inconsistency only by using a graduated rate. The sliding scale is, we know, in proverbially bad repute, when applied to corn, but it does not threaten to be mischievous on its application to incomes. We do not propose to particularise the various heads of taxation under each of the two classes, because that, we concede, must require much consideration; but the division is thoroughly practicable—a mere question of work, that when accomplished will be highly remunerative.

The direct tax, to be popular, must not be oppressive, and the taxes to be abolished must be of a character to produce real and apparent benefits. Without being oppressive, however, we believe that twenty millions of the national income might be procured from this source. This increase could only be obtained by increasing, probably from 7d. to 10d., the rates chargeable at present from incomes of £150 to £300—to 1s. from that upwards to £600—to 1s. 3d. from £600 to £1000—and a similar addition, perhaps in less proportions, on the larger class of permanent incomes. This change would necessarily be accompanied by a reduction on incomes of a temporary character, and by reduced rates on a lower class of incomes, free at present; but which, without hardship, might contribute directly some portion of what they now pay indirectly, and from which they would be in no small amount relieved.

Upon the basis of direct taxation, another extension and simplification of the franchise might be placed. The Reform Bill might obtain through it another and an effectual stretch. We allow that the new element to be added is alien from the ownerships and occupancies—the leases and the infeftments—the copyholds and the freeholds of the present system; but it is simpler than any existing plan—would save the electors days of trouble at the registration courts, and produce the utmost benefit and peace of mind to all persons who are neither revising barristers, counsels, nor agents. As to registration courts, we have always thought that they should be conducted at the public cost, by public officials, without the obstruction of party men. The registration of the persons holding a few defined qualifications in property, in any parish or district of a parish whatever, cannot be an effort of immense magnitude. The courts at present display all the peculiarities of some long and complicated law plea. There is certainly no reason on earth for employing the learned gentlemen on the opposite side to discover whether A.B. or B.C., either or both of them, reside within a given district, have holdings, or occupy houses worth a given sum of money, and are in the few other matters that require to be considered qualified for a registration-roll. The poor-rate collector, the police collector, and the income-tax officials find out the truth on all these subjects with remarkable facility; and we could no more discover, at any time, a good reason for all the expensive tortuous labyrinth of doubts and objections in registration courts, than we have been able to reach a good understanding respecting the perpetual motion.

The new plan of registration that we propose, not as a substitute for, but only as an addition and rival to the present plan, is like its qualification, perspicuous and plain. Any sum of direct taxes paid under the property and income acts can be fixed as the minimum qualification. We hold, of course, for the smallest sum levied. But any sum might be fixed, although the smallest would be most accordant with justice; and when an election occurs, let any man be empowered to vote in a particular parish who has paid his income tax within the parish during the preceding year for the specified amount. So far as this class of voters are concerned, the only roll necessary is the tax-gatherer's book, and the only certificate of qualification is the receipt which, when employed to confer a vote, could be marked off, like a postage stamp, to prevent the possibility of its being twice used.

So many of the public as were inclined might, of course, be allowed to follow the existing plan of registering on houses and lands, with the provision that any man might take his choice, but no man could follow both schemes; and the Sheriffs, we predict, would soon find their registration business uncommonly light.

The manufacturers of fictitious votes could not pursue their avocation in this line to any considerable extent; because it is obvious that, while they might qualify a few individuals of inferior income by paying their income tax, yet as each vote would render the elector liable for at least two years' payments, the past paid in anticipation, and the current to be paid in consequence of his act, while other public burdens would necessarily follow, we do not see that an evil, which could be never more than of contracted importance, would ever reach even the boundaries of its narrow possible limits.

We repeat that this scheme has nothing to do or say with the objects of the National Alliance. It originates rather with a desire to simplify than to extend the suffrage further than the designed limits of the Reform Bill. There is nothing, indeed, in its nature to prevent it from supplanting, in some measure, the necessity for other suffrage movements; but we have no hope whatever that the Legislature will be wise enough to

extend it to the points in question. The Legislature never chokes an outcry for ten shillings and sixpence by paying nine shillings; and it is not our design to tempt them to do anything that might stand in the way of those demands that are likely to be made upon them by and by, with renewed earnestness.

We have, however, two notes addressed to one party within a short period—one stating that his claim to vote was disallowed for some technical reason; and the other making a claim for twenty-five pounds of direct tax by the commissioners under the income-tax act. We have also the reasons of objection to the votes of other two parties, whose tax, during the same year, was increased by the sum of eighty pounds. Is it possible to conceive any law, or state of law, more absurd than that which permits these extraordinary anomalies? or any change that would produce worse law makers than those of the last twenty years, if judgment can be formed upon their productions from such specimens?

LOVE AT FIRST SIGHT.

BY DAVID VEDDER.

FROM THE GERMAN OF HEINRICH VOSS.

I.

'Twas summer, and the village spire,
Had lengthen'd out its shadow;
The fitful breezes gently play'd
With dew-bespangled bud and blade,
When lightsomely a beauteous maid
Came tripping o'er the meadow,
With new-born rapture and surprise,
I gazed on such a pair of eyes
As Moslems feign in paradise!

II.

Her form, her face, her mien were such
As love-sick bard imagines,
When first he racks his youthful brains,
And hunts for tropes to grace his strains,
Among the starry regions!
The evening glow her looks enhanced,
While round her brow the zephyrs danced;
I stood like one entranced!

III.

Their anthems to the vesper-star
The nightingales were singing;
From honey'd bowers the joyous bees,
Churming their low-breathed melodies,
Their treasures home were bringing.
The bean-field, and the trellished vine,
Their odorous essences combine—
'Twas there I woo'd my Caroline.

IV.

The brindled cow across the mead
Her fairy footsteps followed,
And licked the maiden's lily hand,
Although a little boisterous band
Of noisy urchins hollow'd;
And as she milked, I trembling tried
To win the beauty for my bride;
In sooth I would not be denied.

V.

I help'd the darling o'er the stile,
Her milking pail I carried,
And whisper'd blandly in her ear
Of thrilling hope, of chilling fear,
Of bliss when we were married;
A blush suffused her beauteous face,
Which added yet a nameless grace,
And told me I had gained my case.

VI.

The summer moon illumed our path
Home to her mother's dwelling;
And as we trod the flowery lea,
Ah! I was busy as a bee,
Enraptur'd love tales telling;
The matron met us at the door,
And chid my loved one o'er and o'er,
With indignation swelling;
Now, "fair and softly," I replied;
"Pray, gentle mother, do not chide,
Your daughter's my affianced bride."

DIRGE.

BY MRS. E. S. CRAVEN GREEN.

Weep not! weep not! She is dead,
Whose young life was sorrow—
Lay down—lay down the weary head,
For her there is morrow.
Never shall she wake again
To that long, long ceaseless pain;
Death has loosed its burning chain,
Why then should ye sorrow?

Fitting time for her to die,
Wild and waste December!—
Snow upon her heart shall lie,
Nor will it remember
Him who found her young and fair,
Wooed her, won her, left her there,
To contempt and cold despair,
Bitterer than December!

Now that agony is past,
Death alone could sever,
And her eyes have wept their last,
Close them soft for ever.
Beautiful and desolate!
For thee no longer angels wait,
Thou hast reached their golden gate,
Peace be thine for ever!

Leeds, Yorkshire.

SCOTTISH RIVERS.—No. II.

THE TWEED—*Continued.*

BY SIR THOMAS DICK LAUDER.

We must now proceed to trace the course of a very important tributary of the Tweed; we mean the Leader (or the Lauder) Water, which has its rise in the Lammermoor hills, and which thence runs down through Lauderdale, throwing itself into the Tweed from its left bank. We might find some difficulty in entering on this part of our task, owing to the connexion of this district with our own family history; but as we must have done the same had we had to deal with any other family, and as there is no good reason for keeping back information, because we chance to be mixed up with the matter of it, we must e'en proceed to discuss it as shortly as we can. When Robert Lauder came into Scotland with Malcolm Canmore, besides certain lands in the Lothians, he had large possessions assigned to him here. His successors were afterwards created hereditary bailies of Lauderdale, and the family became a very powerful one in Scotland, as is proved by the frequent notices of its members, at various periods, in Rymer's "Fœdera," and other historical works; from which it appears, that for some centuries there was scarcely ever a treaty of peace, or of marriage, or a negociation of any kind, either with England or with France, in which they did not officiate as prominent commissioners; and after the battle of Hallidon hill, we find *tempore* David II., Robertus de Lawedre Miles, the father, holding the high office of Justiciarius over the country betweed the Firth of Forth and the Border, whilst, at the same time, Robertus de Lawedre Miles, the son, held the same office over all the country to the north of the Firth. Their chief seat of Lauder Tower was in the burgh of Lauder, where there is now a large enclosure, or garden, called the Tower yard, and where, within little more than half a century ago, some parts of the ruin were still standing. And now comes the great and useful moral lesson, which is often to be extracted from family history, of the evanescence of all human affairs. Were we to go back to a period of about some two hundred and fifty years ago, we should be able to draw up a list of not less than twenty-five families of the name possessing landed property; whereas, now, with the exception of ourselves, no part of whose present property ever formed any portion of the old estates, and one of our sons who recently acquired the estate of Huntleywood, in Berwickshire, and Mr. Lauder, the elder brother of the two celebrated artists, who possesses some land immediately below the new town of Edinburgh, there does not exist, so far as we are aware, a single landed proprietor of the name. The causes of the gradual decadence of a family are not easily or certainly traced, but we know that the powerful Border clans, the Homes and the Cranstouns, were for ages the determined enemies of that of Lauder, and it is thus highly probable that the family was ruined by their frequent predatory inroads, the boldness of which may be conceived from the fact, that on one occasion, towards the end of the 16th century, they entered the town of Lauder in great force, with the Earl of Home at their head, burnt the tolbooth, and dirked the Laird of Lauder's brother, William, who was sitting administering justice in the Town-hall, in his capacity of hereditary bailie. Soon after this, the elder branch of the family died out, and the younger branch, which had migrated to Laswade and Edinburgh, succeeded as its head, but without any of the land, which had gradually melted away, till it ended in a quantity only sufficient to furnish a resting-place for the bones of its proprietor. It is somewhat strange that most of the accounts of Lauderdale are altogether silent with regard to the name, notwithstanding the ancient charters which still exist. By one of these, Sir Robert de Lawedre, *tempore* David II., gives off some lands, "in and near his borough of Lauder," to Thomas de Borthwick, and it is witnessed by John Mautelant, the sixth of the Lauderdale family, and by his brother William.

The ancient family of the Maitlands of Thirlestane, now Earls of Lauderdale, have possessed lands in this valley for some five or six centuries, and these have been gradually added to and extended, until they now form a very fine estate, which the late and present Earls of Lauderdale have cultivated and planted with so much judgment as to have completely changed the whole appearance of the country. Thirlestane Castle has been greatly increased in extent, and converted into a noble, or rather a princely place of residence.

The Leader is a very lively stream, and the whole of its dale, the greater part of which is wide, is of a cheerful *riante* character, and it has of late years been brought up to a very high degree of cultivation. We must not forget to mention that it has been noticed in Border ballad.

> "The morn was fair, saft was the air,
> All Nature's sweets were springing,
> The buds did bow with silver dew,
> Ten thousand birds were singing;
> "When on the bent, with blythe content,
> Young Jamie sang his marrow;
> Nae bonnier lass e'er trod the grass,
> On Leader haughs and Yarrow."

The Leader is a delightful river for angling, but its trouts are much more numerous than large. We believe that heavy fish are seldom taken in it, though a creel may very soon be filled with small fish, which are delicious eating.

We shall say nothing of the burgh of Lauder, except to remind our readers of the historical fact connected with it, of the celebrated conference of

Scottish nobles, which was held here in the time of James III., when Cochrane and the king's other favourites, with the exception of Ramsay of Balmain alone, were hanged over a bridge, which now no longer exists, by Archibald Douglas, surnamed "Bell-the-Cat," and the other nobles, his supporters.

Like all the other vales and dales which we have had occasion to notice as tributary to the Tweed, the original pastoral character of Lauderdale has, during our recollection, yielded much to the plough, and the whole of its course presents excellent specimens of farming. The two farms of Blainslee have been for generations so celebrated for the oats grown upon them, that their produce is entirely sold for seed. An immense extent of plantation has taken place in various parts of the valley, so that there is no lack of shade along the banks and slopes, and several important residences have arisen. Of these, perhaps, the house and grounds of Carolside may be pre-eminently mentioned, a great deal having been done to that place by the good taste of Mrs. Mitchell, since her son's succession, as a minor, to his large estates. The lady was, doubtless, aided by the sound judgment of her brother, Mr. Gardiner, and her worthy uncle, Mr. Milne, of the Woods and Forests, whose experience in such matters has necessarily been great. We remember Carolside a small unpretending place, when we used to look at it from the public road, which then had its course on the western side of the valley.

About fifty years ago, it belonged to Lauder of Carolside, who was the last laird of the name who held lands here. This gentleman was so remarkable for his style of dressing, that he went in Edinburgh by the name of Beau Lauder—a title which rather flattered than annoyed him. We can just recollect him as being followed by the boys whilst walking the streets as a very old man, with a cocked hat, gold-headed cane, scarlet coat, lace ruffles, embroidered waistcoat, satin shorts, white silk stockings, and gold buckles on his shoes, richly set with stones. Poor man! his fate ultimately was a sad one, for, if our recollection serves us right, he was accidentally burned to death sitting in his chair, as he then was in a helpless state.

Above Carolside, on this river, is Birkhillside and Chapple, and a little way below it comes the thriving village of Earlston, with its looms and shawl manufactory. But its fame does not rest on any such fabrics as these, seeing that it glories in having been the birthplace of the celebrated Thomas Learmont of Ercildoune or Earlston, commonly called the Rhymer, whose rude tower of residence still stands on a beautiful haugh on the east side of the Leader, half-way between the river and the town. Within the memory of man, it was much more entire than it now is; even the outer wall and barbican having been complete; but now there is nothing left but one corner of the building, of the height of two storeys, showing the remains of arched roofs. There has been so much of the mist of fable raised around Thomas the Rhymer, that we doubt not that many have believed that he was not a real, but altogether a legendary and imaginary character. But this is quite a mistake, as is proved, without going farther for testimony, by a charter now in the Advocates' Library, which was taken from the chartulary of the Trinity House of Soltra, in which his son designs himself, "Thomas of Ercildoune, son and heir of Thomas Rhymer of Ercildoune." Thomas the Rhymer seems to have lived towards the latter end of the thirteenth century. Mr. Pinkerton supposes that he was alive in 1300, but, as Sir Walter Scott says, this would be inconsistent with the charter just alluded to, by which his son, in 1299, for himself and his heirs, conveys to the convent of the Trinity of Soltra the tenement which he possessed by inheritance (*hereditarie*) in Ercildoune, with all claim which he or his predecessors could pretend thereto; from which it may be fairly inferred that the Rhymer was then dead.

"It cannot be doubted," says Sir Walter Scott, "that Thomas of Ercildoune was a remarkable and important person in his own time, since, very shortly after his death, we find him celebrated as a prophet and as a poet. Whether he himself made any pretensions to the first of these characters, or whether it was gratuitously conferred upon him by the credulity of posterity, it seems difficult to decide. If we may believe Mackenzie, Learmont only verified the prophecies delivered by Eliza, an inspired nun of a convent at Haddington. But of this there seems not to be the most distant proof. On the contrary, all ancient authors, who quote the Rhymer's prophecies, uniformly suppose them to have been emitted by himself."

Popular belief ascribed the Rhymer's prophetic skill to the intercourse that took place between the Bard and the Queen of Faery. He was supposed to have been carried off at an early age to the Fairy Land, where he acquired all that knowledge which afterwards made him so famous. Having been kept there for seven years, he was allowed to return to the earth, to enlighten and astonish his countrymen by his prophetic powers, having at the same time become bound to return to the Fairy Queen whenever he should receive her commands so to do.

According to Sir Walter Scott, the legend is that, "while Thomas was making merry with his friends in the Tower of Ercildoune, a person came running in, and told, with marks of fear and astonishment, that a hart and hind had left the neighbouring forest, and were composedly and slowly parading the street of the village. The prophet instantly arose, left his habitation, and followed the wonderful animals to the forest, whence he was never seen to return. According to the popular belief, he still 'drees his weird' in Fairy Land, and is one day expected to revisit earth. In the meanwhile, his memory is held in the most profound respect. The Eildon Tree, from beneath the shade of which he delivered his prophecies, now no longer exists; but the spot is marked by a large stone, called Eildon Tree Stone. A neighbouring rivulet takes the name

of the Bogle Burn (Goblin Brook), from the Rhymer's supernatural visitants."

The strange history of Thomas the Rhymer is told in two ancient ballads, and as these are not of a length to forbid their being quoted, we think that we shall be pardoned for introducing them here, seeing that they belong so decidedly to the district which we are now describing.

"THOMAS THE RHYMER.—PART FIRST.

"True Thomas lay on Huntlie bank;
A ferlie he spied wi' his e'e;
And there he saw a ladye bright
Come riding down by the Eildon Tree.

"Her shirt was o' the grass-green silk,
Her mantle o' the velvet fyne;
At ilka tett of her horse's mane
Hung fifty siller bells and nine.

"True Thomas, he pulled aff his cap,
And louted low down to his knee—
'All hail, thou mighty Queen of Heaven!
For thy peer on earth I never did see.'

"'Oh no, oh no, Thomas,' she said,
'That name does not belang to me;
I am but the Queen of fair Elfland,
That am hither come to visit thee.

"'Harp and carp, Thomas,' she said;
'Harp and carp along with me;
And if ye dare to kiss my lips,
Sure of your bodie I shall be.'

"'Betide me weal, betide me woe,
That weird shall never daunton me.'
Syne he has kissed her rosy lips,
All underneath the Eildon Tree.

"'Now ye maun go wi' me,' she said;
'True Thomas, ye maun go wi' me;
And ye maun serve me seven years,
Through weal or woe, as may chance to be.'

"She mounted on her milk-white steed;
She's ta'en True Thomas up behind;
And aye, whene'er her bridle rung,
The steed flew swifter than the wind.

"O they rade on, and farther on,
The steed gaed swifter than the wind;
Until they reached a desert wide,
And living land was left behind.

"'Light down, light down, now, true Thomas,
And lean your head upon my knee;
Abide and rest a little space,
And I will show you ferlies three.

"'O see ye not yon narrow road,
So thick beset with thorns and briars?
That is the path of righteousness,
Though after it but few inquires.

"'And see ye not that braid, braid road,
That lies across that lily leven?
That is the path of wickedness,
Though some call it the road to Heaven.

"'And see ye not that bonny road,
That winds about the fernie brae?
That is the road to fair Elfland,
Where thou and I this night maun gae.

"'But, Thomas, ye maun hold your tongue,
Whatever ye may hear or see;
For, if ye speak word in Elfyn land,
Ye'll ne'er get back to your ain countrie.'

"O they rade on, and farther on,
And they waded through rivers aboon the knee,
And they saw neither sun nor moon,
But they heard the roaring of the sea.

"It was mirk, mirk night, and there was nae stern light,
And they waded through red blood to the knee;
For a' the blude that's shed on earth
Rins through the springs o' that countrie.

"Syne they came to a garden green,
And she pu'd an apple frae a tree—
'Take this for thy wages, True Thomas;
It will give thee the tongue that can never lie.'

"'My tongue is mine ain,' True Thomas said;
'A gudely gift ye wad gie to me!
I neither dought to buy nor sell,
At fair or tryst where I may be.

"'I dought neither speak to prince or peer,
Nor ask of grace from fair ladye.'
'Now hold thy peace!' the lady said,
'For as I say, so must it be.'

"He has gotten a coat of the even cloth,
And a pair of shoes of velvet green;
And till seven years were gane and past,
True Thomas on earth was never seen."

There is something extremely amusing in the earnestness with which True Thomas pleads in the two penultimate verses against being deprived of the use of falsehood, by means of which only he could venture to have dealings in fairs or markets, or to address peers or princes, or perhaps ladies. There is a pretty piece of satire in this.

"THOMAS THE RHYMER.—PART SECOND.

"When seven years were come and gane,
The sun blinked fair on pool and stream;
And Thomas lay on Huntlie bank,
Like one awakened from a dream.

"He heard the trampling of a steed,
He saw the flash of armour flee,
And he beheld a gallant knight
Come riding down by Eildon Tree.

"He was a stalwart knight and strong,
Of giant make he 'peared to be;
He stirred his horse, as he were wode,
Wi' gilded spurs of faushion free.

"Says—'Well met, well met, True Thomas!
Some uncouth ferlies show to me.'
Says—'Christ thee save, Corspatrick brave!
Thrice welcome, good Dunbar, to me!

"'Light down, light down, Corspatrick brave!
And I will show thee curses three,
Shall gar fair Scotland greet and grane,
And change the green to the black livery.

"'A storm shall roar this very hour,
From Ross's hills to Solway sea.'
'Ye lied, ye lied, ye warlock hoar!
For the sun shines sweet on fauld and lea.'

"He put his hand on the Earlie's head,
He show'd him a rock beside the sea,
Where a king lay stiff beneath his steed,
And steel-dight nobles wiped their e'e.

"'The neist curse lights on Branxton hills:
By Flodden's high and heathery side
Shall wave a banner red as blude,
And chieftains throng wi' meikle pride.

"'A Scottish king shall come full keen,
The ruddy lion beareth he;
A feathered arrow, sharp, I ween,
Shall make him wink and warre to see.

"'When he is bloody, and all to bledde,
Thus to his men he still shall say:—

"'For God's sake, turn ye back again,
And give yon southern folk a fray!
Why should I lose, the right is mine?
My doom is not to die this day.'

"'Yet turn ye to the eastern hand,
And woe and wonder ye sall see,
How forty thousand spearmen stand
Where yon rank river meets the sea.

"'There shall the lion lose the gylte,
And the libbards bear it clean away;
At Pinkyn Cleuch there shall be spilt
Much gentil bluid that day.'

"'Enough, enough of curse and ban,
Some blessings show thou now to me,
Or, by the faith o' my bodie,' Corspatrick said,
'Ye shall rue the day ye e'er saw me!'

"'The first of blessings I shall thee show
Is by a burn that's called of bread (Bannockburn),
Where Saxon men shall tine the bow,
And find their arrows lack the head.

"'Beside that brigg, out ower that burn,
Where the water bickereth bright and sheen,
Shall many a falling courser spurn,
And knights shall die in battle keen.

"'Beside a headless cross of stone,
The libbards there shall lose the gree;
The raven shall come, the earne shall go
And drink the Saxon bluid sae free.
The cross of stone they shall not know,
So thick the corses there shall be.'

"'But tell me now,' said brave Dunbar,
'True Thomas, tell now unto me,
What man shall rule the isle Britain,
Even from the North to the Southern Sea?'

"'A French Queen shall bear the son
Shall rule all Britain to the sea;
He of the Bruce's blood shall come,
As near as in the ninth degree.

"'The waters worship shall his race,
Likewise the waves of the farthest sea;
For they shall ride over ocean wide,
With hempen bridles and horse of tree.'"

These, if they were prophecies, and not written after the events which they profess to foretell, were indeed very remarkable. Every one who knows the history of Scotland must be aware that there exist numerous distichal prognostications, all attributed to True Thomas, some of which have been fulfilled, and many of which still remain to be made good. But we have already dwelt long enough on this most wonderful character, of whom, if it were possible to obtain, at this day, a perfectly just and accurate perception, exactly as he really was, divested of fable, we should probably find him standing forth as a very prominent figure amidst the worth and talent of our countrymen. We, for our parts, have a very great antipathy to the utter extinguishment of any such character, whose name and idea have filled our infant and youthful years, and have grown up with our maturer age, so as to form a part and parcel of our constitutional credence; and we must confess that the doubts recently thrown, by an able writer in one of our contemporary journals, on the actual existence of such a person as Robin Hood, has quite filled us with distress.

We have now, on the left bank of the stream, one of the most classical and far-famed spots in Scotland—the hill of Cowdenknowes. Of itself it is a very pretty, striking hill, starting forward from the adjacent eminences, so as to be prominent in the scene, and rising in a picturesque conical shape. No traveller, however incurious, could possibly pass up or down the valley without putting questions about it. But when its connexion with Scottish song is known, it immediately rises into an object of tenfold importance. There are no less than three different sets of words, which we are acquainted with, adapted to the beautiful, ancient, and plaintive air of the "Broom of the Cowdenknowes;" but the following ballad is universally believed to be the oldest and most original, and, therefore, we think it right to select and to give it, even although it is longer than we could wish:—

"'O the broom, and the bonny, bonny broom,
And the broom of the Cowdenknows.'
And aye sae sweet as the lassie sang
I' the bought, milking the ewes.

"The hills are high on ilka side,
An' the bought i' the lirk o' the hill;
And aye as she sang her voice it rang,
Out o'er the head o' yon hill.

"There was a troop of gentlemen
Came riding merrilie by,
And one of them has rode out of the way
To the bought, to the bonny May.

"'Weel may ye save and see, bonny lass,
An' weel may ye save an' see.'
'An' sae wi' you, ye weel-bred knight,
And what's your will wi' me?'

"'The night is misty and mirk, fair May,
And I have ridden astray,
And will ye be so kind, fair May,
As come out and point my way?'

"'Ride out, ride out, ye ramp rider!
Your steed's baith stout and strang;
For out o' the bought I darena come,
For fear 'at ye do me wrang.'

"'O winna ye pity me, bonny lass,
O winna ye pity me?
An' winna ye pity my poor steed,
Stands trembling at yon tree?'

"'I wadna pity your poor steed,
Though it were tied to a thorn;
For if ye wad gain my love the night,
Ye would slight me ere the morn;

"'For I ken ye by your weel-busket hat,
And your merrie twinkling e'e,
That ye're the Laird o' the Oakland Hills,
An' right aft in his companie.'

"He's ta'en her by the middle jimp,
And by the grass-green sleeve;
He's lifted her over the fauld-dyke,
And speer'd at her sma' leave.

"O he's ta'en out a purse o' gowd,
And streeked her yellow hair,
'Now take ye that, my bonny May,
Of me till you hear mair.'

"O he's leapt on his berry-brown steed,
An soon he's o'erta'en his men,
And ane and a' cried out to him,
'O master, ye've tarry'd lang!'

"'O I ha'e been east, and I ha'e been west,
An' I ha'e been far o'er the knowes,
But the bonniest lass that ever I saw
Is i' the bought, milking the ewes.'

"She set the cog upon her head,
An' she's gane singing hame;
'O where ha'e ye been, my ae daughter?
Ye ha'ena been your lane.'

"'O naebody was wi' me, father,
O naebody has been wi' me;
The night is misty and mirk, father,
Ye may gang to the door and see.

"'But wae be to your ewe-herd, father,
And an ill deed may he die,
He bug the bought at the back o' the knowe,
And a tod has frighted me.

"'There came a tod to the bought door,
The like I never saw,
And ere he had ta'en the lamb he did,
I had lourd he had ta'en them a.'

"O whan fifteen weeks was come and gane,
Fifteen weeks and three,
The lassie began to look thin and pale,
An' to long for his merry-twinkling e'e.

"It fell on a day, on a bet simmer day,
She was ca'ing out her father's kye,
Bye came a troop o' gentlemen,
A' merrilie riding bye.

"'Weel may ye save an' see, bonny May,
Weel may ye save an' see!
Weel I wat ye be a very bonny May,
But whae's aught that babe ye are wi'?'

"Never a word could that lassie say,
For never a ane could she blame;
An' never a word could the lassie say,
But, 'I have a gudeman at hame.'

"'Ye lied, ye lied, my very bonny May,
Sae loud as I hear you lie;
For dinna ye mind that misty night
I was i' the bought wi' thee?

"'I ken you by your middle sae jimp,
An' your merry twinkling e'e,
That ye're the bonny lass i' the Cowdenknow,
An' ye may weel seem for to be.'

"Then he's leapt off his berry-brown steed,
An' he's set that fair May on—
'Ca' out your kye, gude father, yoursell,
For she's never ca' them out again.

"'I am the Laird of the Oakland Hills,
I ha'e thirty plows and three;
An' I ha'e gotten the bonniest lass
That's in a' the south countrie.'"

The broom is not permitted, in these days of agricultural improvement, to cover the lovely slopes of the Cowdenknowes. It is, indeed, a curious fact in regard to the history of the plant, that it grows to perfection in a very few years, some seven or eight, we believe, and then dies entirely away, and then some years must generally elapse before the seed, with which the ground must have necessarily been filled, will vegetate; of this we have ourselves had large experience.

The remains of the more ancient house of Cowdenknowes still stand in the form of an old tower, in which was the dungeon. The legends of the country speak of a very cruel baron who once existed, who hanged people without mercy, and on the slightest pretences, on a tree at the head of the avenue leading to the house. This tree, which is very unsightly, from its gnarled and festered appearance, still remains, and is known by the name of the "Burrow's Tree." But not contented with this, he is said to have put some of his unfortunate prisoners into casks full of spikes, and so to have rolled them down the hill. This last act of cruelty is hardly to be credited, notwithstanding the distich which still remains—

"Vengeance! vengeance! When and where?
Upon the house of Cowdenknowes, now and evermair."

A very deep pit was discovered recently in the bottom of the old tower, which was believed to have a communication with the house of Sorrowlessfield, on the opposite side of the water, by a trap door, under the hearth of the principal room. This place belonged to an ancient family of the name of Fisher, who, at one time, were all cut off in a battle, so that none remained to mourn for the rest, which circumstance gave rise to the strange name. In later times, Mr. Chambers tells us, that the last of these Fishers was a very remarkable person. So long as his elder brother lived, and possessed the property, he used to reside at the neighbouring village of Earlstoun, in a half-crazed state, supported by a trifling pension from the laird, and being the companion and sport of the boys as the "daft Jock" of the place. But the moment he succeeded to the estate by his brother's death, he at once became a wise and well-conducted man, and assumed all the manners of a respectable country gentleman. One beautiful trait in him was, that he continued till his death to remember all those who had been kind to him, and pensioned such of them as required his aid; and this excellent part of his conduct may well be held out as an example, both to country gentlemen and gentlemen of the town.

The gorge of the valley immediately above the point where the Leader joins the Tweed, is filled with the fine old residence of the Tods of Drygrange, which is quite embosomed in wood; and the road breaks out from this to cross the main river by the Fly Bridge, which carries it on to St. Boswell's and Jedburgh.

And now, kind, gentle, and withal, we trust, considerate reader, we venture to ask you, whether, since we first embarked with you on the Silver Tweed, at its very fountain-head, we have not kept to the very bed of its waters with you like an otter? We know that your answer must be in the affirmative, because we feel that, if we had been a very water-kelpy himself, we could not have been more uniformly true to our element; so much have we been so, indeed, that we have been more than once inclined to think that our very nature was changed, and we have caught ourselves on the very eve of singing out,

"Merrily swim we, the moon shines bright,
Good luck to your fishing, whom watch ye to-night?"

Granting these our premises, therefore, we trust that you will see neither harm nor impropriety in our taking a short recreative carracol according to our own fancy. It was the name of St. Boswell's that put this in our head, and we shall have no power to eject it thence, unless we be permitted to spin it out of our brain like a sort of yarn. St. Boswell's is well known to be the place where his Grace the Duke of Buccleuch has his hunting stables, and the kennel for his fox hounds. He hunts the country around, affording sport in the most liberal manner to all who are disposed to partake of it. But do not, gentle reader, suppose that we are now meditating to give you the slip, to bid adieu to you and your rivers, and to mount and be off with his Grace after the hounds. We shall not deny, however, that our temptations to do so are some of the strongest, for we have here an individual whom we are disposed to think is about the very oldest acquaintance we have in life, and for whose history and career we have always felt a great interest and a high respect; we mean Mr. William Williamson, the Duke's huntsman. We knew his father before him, a most excellent and much respected man, who has often carried us in his arms, and Will we knew long before he was attached to the Duke's hounds, and when they were hunted by old Joe King. In those very juvenile days we had a grey Highland pony called Jenny, which, for

symmetry of form, action, speed, and endurance, was not to be matched in the three Lothians by any quadruped of her inches. When we chanced to join the hunting field, therefore, we managed to make very good play after the fox went away, invariably contriving to get over, or through, whatever obstacle might come in our way. But we must confess that envy did now and then rise in our hearts, when our friend Will, who, young as he was, had already a charge of horses, used to come past us, sitting perched, as if it had been in the third heavens, on the top of a great slapping hunter up to any weight whatsoever, under whose very belly we might have easily passed both horse and man. We cannot say that on such occasions our boyish bile was not in some small degree excited, especially when we saw him tearing and rattling away before us, clearing raspers, five-bar gates, double ditches, bullfinches, and stone walls, and everything that came in his way, whilst we could only get on by dodges of the most artful description. The fact was, that Will's was destined to be from beginning to end a galloping life, whilst, on the other hand, our much-revered Sire, who was so ready to encourage our angling propensities, dreading by anticipation the expenses of a hunting stud, with its attendant establishment of grooms, strappers, and stable boys, did everything in his power to discourage, *ab ovo*, our natural born love of hunting, and, in the course of a few years, our joining a marching regiment necessarily made us walkers by profession. As for Will, he followed his career until he was placed in the highly respectable, and to him truly acceptable, situation of huntsman to his Grace the Duke of Buccleuch; and there he now is, a highly esteemed gentleman, possessed of a landed property of his own acquiring, and blessed with as large a circle of friends and acquaintances as any man in Scotland, all of whom have the greatest respect for his character; and if this universal respect is to be gained by fidelity and straightforward honesty, it will be quite the same in the end whether these were exercised in fulfilment of the functions of a Lord Chancellor, or in those of a good huntsman. When Will was in his prime, his match was not easily to be found between Turriff and Tenterden, and although, as an old and experienced huntsman, he will not go out of his way to look for a jump, or ride in the same reckless manner he did when we used to follow him on our grey pony Jenny, yet he is not the man to shy a fence when it comes in his way, and his judgment in the management of his hounds is not to be matched. We need not say that it gave us very great pleasure to see him at a meet the season before last, looking as fresh as a four-year-old.

So now, gentlest of readers, having had the relaxation of this erratic bit of a canter, we shall return to the stream, and permitting you to put the water-kelpy's bridle in our mouths, we shall carry you down the stream of the Tweed without further interruption, singing, "Merrily swim we," &c.

We now come to a very beautiful, nay, perhaps, we ought to say the most beautiful part of the Tweed, where it meanders considerably, as it takes its general course in a bold sweep round the parish of Merton. On its north side, the ground rises to a very considerable height in cultivated and wooded hills. From several parts of the road that winds over it, most magnificent views are enjoyed up the vale of the Tweed, including Melrose and the Eildon hills; and then, at the same time, these rising grounds, and the southern banks, which are likewise covered with timber, give the richest effect of river scenery to the immediate environs of the stream. As we follow it downwards from the Fly Bridge, we have, on our left, the very ancient place of Bemerside, for centuries, we believe, the seat of the family of Haig. Thomas the Rhymer's prophecy, connected with this name, has stood good for generations:—

> "What'er befall, whate'er betide,
> There will aye be a Haig in Bemerside."

Most earnestly do we pray that this prophecy may go on to be fulfilled for ever, or at least so long as the place shall produce Haigs who shall be as good men as those we have had, and still have, the good fortune to be acquainted with.

We scarcely know a place anywhere which is so thoroughly embowered in grand timber as Dryburgh Abbey. It is situated in a level peninsula, at no great height above the river, and the ruins, which rise in scattered masses out of the richest shrubbery, so as even to tower above the trees, are exceedingly picturesque. The old Earl of Buchan, uncle and predecessor to the present peer, whose property it was, and whose place of residence was close to it, did a great deal about it, both outside and inside. Some of his operations were rather fantastical, especially that of his filling the chapter-house with the plaster of Paris casts of a number of worthies, who are strangely blended together, and some of whom are singularly misplaced. But, so far as he here and there added the accessories of planted shrubs and creepers, he has much enriched the whole scene. His admiration for the heroes and great men of his country was so great that he reared a colossal statue of Sir William Wallace, twenty feet high, on the edge of a rock, overlooking the whole scene. This was executed by Mr. Smith of Darnwick. We are told that it is seen from Berwick.

The most beautiful fragment of the ruin is that which is called Saint Mary's aisle, which formed the south arm of the transept, and which still has the greater part of its vaulted roof over it; and let it not be approached save with that holy awe which is inspired by the recollection of the illustrious dead! for here repose the ashes of the immortal Sir Walter Scott. Here it was that, on the 26th of September, 1832, we beheld his coffin lowered into the grave, amidst the silent sorrow of a countless number of his old friends, who were indeed mourners in the truest sense of the word. But again we beg to refer to the November Number of our Magazine for the

year 1832, where we have given a very particular account of this most impressive scene, written when all the circumstances were fresh upon our mind.

The whole environs of the Abbey are so beautiful, so retired, and so sequestered, that the mere lover of woodland nature, who might wander here for a time, might find himself, ere he wist, walking hand in hand with the muse, albeit hitherto an entire stranger to him; and if she did suggest to him a theme, it could not fail to be one of the very purest nature, tinged with heavenly colouring, and rendered sublime by its approach to the throne of the Creator. And if such were the influences that always appeared to us to hang over Dryburgh Abbey, how much must they now be increased since it and its surrounding shades have had the spirit of Scott associated with them.

But, alas! are we now to be condemned to hold that the muse of Scottish Romance has buried herself in the same grave that holds him who so long and so successfully worshipped her! True it is that we know of no one whose turn of genius runs precisely in the same chivalric channel with that of Scott. But there was a voice, which was full of the simplest and truest rural nature, which was wont to be listened to with intense delight; and why is it that he who gave it utterance should have so long ceased to do so? Let Professor Wilson answer this question, and let us suggest that the best way of replying would be by yielding to the wishes of his fellow-countrymen, and again resuming his literary pursuits.

Dryburgh was a favourite haunt of ours in our juvenile days, when we used to angle here, and as our fondness for lovely scenery has been very paramount ever since our very boyhood, we always felt less disappointed whilst angling here without success, than we should have done on some tamer and less luxuriantly rich portion of the river. But we must not omit to mention that there are some four or five miles of very superior rod fishing for salmon here, belonging to different proprietors. We used to be attended in former days by a curious parchment-faced little man from the village of Newstead, called Anderson. He was a first-rate angler, and although he used to be soaked in the river every day up to his neck, he invariably appeared on the ensuing morning, like a wet shoe that had been too hastily dried, and as if he had been shrivelled up into a smaller compass than before. This was probably to be ascribed to the oceans of whisky which he poured down his throat after returning from the river to his own fireside at night. We well remember the risk we ran in fording the Tweed at some distance below the Fly Bridge, when the river was too large for prudent people to have made the attempt. Our wetting rendered some whisky necessary on our reaching a small inn on the north shore, and there Anderson took so much that, by the time we got down to Dryburgh, where we meant to fish, we were really afraid for his life, when he proceeded to crash through the thicket of trees and shrubs that closely bordered the river's edge, in order to dash into the water like a poodle. Out went his line, however, and at the second cast it was twisted in ten thousand gordian knots amidst the boughs above him. He was a furiously passionate little man, and he stamped in the water and raved like a demon. A servant climbed up to unravel this misfortune, for Anderson, in his then blind state, could not have done it in a whole week. Right glad to be thus assisted, he came ashore and sat down, and poured out a string of execrations on the Earl of Buchan and his trees. "What's the use o' them, I should like to ken, but just to hank our lines and spoil our fishing; od an this place were mine, I would rugg out every buss and fell every tree upon the lands." He was no sooner free than he waded in to a depth that was very perilous in his then whiskified condition—almost immediately hooked a salmon—and really when he and the fish were safely landed together, we felt most thankful, for he had slipped and plunged about so, that we more than once believed that rod, line, fish, and man, would have gone to Berwick.

Below Dryburgh Lord Polwarth's property of Merton begins, and runs for about two miles down the Tweed. The angling is good, and we believe it is parcelled out and let to various gentlemen tenants. It is also excellent for trout fishing, especially on what is called the Rutherford water, where Mr. Stoddart tells us that his friend, John Wilson, Esq., had taken, with the minnow, a large creel full of fish out of one or two pools, many of them above a pound and a half in weight, and that he had himself, more than once, taken trout there, with the parr-tail, that weighed nearly three pounds.

As you approach the place of Mackerston, the immediate bed of the stream becomes much diversified by rocks, both on its side and in its channel. This, perhaps, is the only stretch of the river that would, in any way, recall those wild and iron-bound streams, with which those who have lived in the north may have become familiar. The river hurries very rapidly along, confined between walls of rock; and in some places its current may be said to be furious. In other parts, however, there are excellent casts for the rod, although some of their very names, as given by Mr. Stoddart, would seem to imply anything but peaceful or unincumbered waters, as, the Clippers, Red Stane, Side Straik, Doors, Willie's Ower Fa'. The proprietor of Mackerston, Sir Thomas Macdougall Brisbane, Bart., has the north side of the water, and his Grace the Duke of Roxburgh the south side. Mackerston is a fine old aristocratic-looking place, and its proprietor is an honour to his country, whether he be considered as a brave soldier or as a scientific philosopher.

Mr. Stoddart gives us a sketch of a rather interesting piscatorial character, of this neighbourhood, who rents the fishings of both the proprietors here. His name is Robert Kerss—though he is usually called Rob of Trows—a man alike incapable of domineering or of humbling himself. "One that never had an enemy of his own making, nor cringed to form his friendships. The

same in his courtesy to anglers of all ranks and degrees—to a beggar as to a duke. As a rod-fisher for salmon, Rob Kerss has few equals, and in all matters regarding fishing, he is enthusiastic beyond measure. To be in the boat with him, when the fish are in a taking humour, is a treat well worth the paying for. He never grudges the escape of a fish, and has always an encouraging or original remark at hand to keep up the spirit of the amusement." His cottage is prettily situated on a bank, among trees, where his noble and liberal landlord, the Duke of Roxburgh, has supplied the old man with every comfort and convenience.

Immediately below Rob Kerss's house, the Duke of Roxburgh's fishings begin, and stretch, for nearly four miles, to a point about half a-mile below Kelso. There are few anglers who know how to make the most of a good piece of water so well as his Grace, as may be conceived from the fact, that it is by no means uncommon for him to kill betwixt twenty and thirty fish in the course of the day. This part of the Tweed is extremely rich and beautiful, for it has within it all the extensive and magnificently-grown timber of the park of Fleurs Palace, now one of the grandest places of residence in Scotland. Nothing can surpass the beauty of the scene when looked at from Kelso bridge. And then, when it is taken from other points, the bridge itself, the ruined abbey, the buildings of the town, with the wooded banks and the broad river, form a combination of objects, harmonizing together, which are rarely to be met with. Each particular description of scenery requires to be judged of and estimated according to its own merits. You cannot, with any good effect or propriety, compare a wild, mountainous, and rocky, Highland scene with a rich, lowland district. But this we will say, that, of all such lowland scenes, we know of none that can surpass the environs of Kelso; for whilst the mind is there filled with all those pleasing associations with peace and plenty, which such scenes are generally more or less calculated to inspire, there are many parts of it which would furnish glowing subjects for the artist. Here the Tweed is joined by the Teviot, and we must, therefore, mount to the source of this latter stream, and trace its whole course, before we follow the former any farther. But, ere we begin this, will our kind reader permit us to explain, that, during all the time in which we have been engaged in inflicting this deluge of fluvial matter upon him, we have been so much of an invalid as to be unable to sit up sufficiently long to use pen and ink, and that all our private, as well as our official, letters have been written for us by an amanuensis. To such of our friends as may have received these, therefore, it may be matter of wonder how we could have managed to have produced so much writing for the press, and to these we are anxious to explain, that this has been entirely owing to the great kindness and courtesy of our publishers, who have, in the most obliging manner, condescended to print from our manuscript, written with a black-lead pencil, an instrument which, being altogether unlike a pen that is dependant on supplies of ink, we can use it with great ease and convenience, even when lying on our back on a sofa, and looking upwards to the paper we are writing on, as if it were the milky-way over our heads.

CASSANDRA.

FROM SCHILLER.

Joy ran high in halls of Ilion
E'er the lofty fortress fell;
Song from all the exulting million
Shook the tuneful golden shell.
Weary, every hand abideth,
Pausing from the tearful strife,
While the hero-souled Pelides
Priam's daughter woos to wife.

Bearing laurel boughs they follow
To the temples, throng on throng,
To the shrine of bright Apollo,
To the Thymbrian god of Song.
Through each alley, echoes waking,
Sounds of joy Bacchantic roll,
Whilst her moan, unheeded making,
Sorrows on one mournful soul.

Joyless, midst the joy prevailing,
The despised Cassandra roves,
Stung with sorrow unavailing,
To Apollo's laurel groves.
In the forest's deep recesses
Bursts into prophetic sound,
And the fillet from her tresses
Casts indignant on the ground.

"Mirth each lingering terror chases,
Every heart beats high in cheer,
Hope revives their care-worn faces,
Sumptuous swells the bridal year.
Me alone of all the million,
Me no fond illusion waits,
For I see, on swooping pinion,
Ruin hover o'er these gates.

"I behold a torch-light glowing,
But not borne in Hymen's hand,
Flashes o'er the welkin throwing,
All unlike from offering brand.
Plenteous banquets they are spreading,
But in my prophetic mind
I can hear the Godhead treading,
Who shall hurl them to the wind.

"Sunk in speechless grief I languish,
Or to desert wastes repair,
For they chide my mortal anguish,
And they mock at my despair.
By the thoughtful wise admonished,
By the joyous held to scorn,
Thou too grievously hast punished,
Pythean! I too much have borne.

"Oh! thou God relentless-minded!
Why unseal my spirit's sight,
In this city of the blinded,
In a land debarred of light.
Why impart the gift of seeing,
What no power can turn aside,
The foreshadowed must have being,
The predestined must betide.

"'Tis profane the cerecloth riving,
Where a spectre lurks beneath;
Error is the law of living,
Knowledge but the name for death.
Take, oh! take thy mournful splendour,
From mine eyes the lurid gleam;
Cursed the mortal thou would'st render
Mirror to thy flaming beam!

"Give me back my vision bounded,
And my senses' duskened sheen;
Word of joy nor song I've sounded
Since thy mouthpiece I have been.
Thou the Future hast imparted,
But the Present turned to pain,
Reft me of my youth light-hearted—
Take thy treacherous gifts again!

"With the bride's adornment never
I my dewy locks might twine:
Since thy vestal vowed for ever,
I observe thy mournful shrine.
Grief my budding spring-time blighted,
Youth exhaled in sighs unblessed,
Every pang that near me lighted
Thrilled from my responsive breast.

"Sportive joy of souls revealing,
All around me live and love
In the youthful tide of feeling;
Me but pain and sorrow move.
Nor for me the spring reviving,
Spreads o'er earth its festive green;
Who that owns to joy in living
Down its dark abyss has seen?

"Happy in her blind delirium,
In her hopes ecstatic blessed,
To enclasp the Dread of Ilion
As a bridegroom to her breast.
See the sister's heart proud swelling,
Vainly struggling calm to seem;
Scarce ye gods there o'er us dwelling,
Hails she happier in her dream.

"I too 've gazed on him entreating,
Whom my yearning heart desired,
And partook the blissful greeting,
By the warmth of love inspired.
But to nuptial dwelling never
With the loved one might depart,
For a Stygian shadow ever
Cast its baleful gloom athwart.

"Spectres gaunt and shapes ungainly
Flock from Tartarus' shores to me,
Seeking rest or roaming vainly
From the grisly bands to flee.
'Midst the youthful sports and babble
Still the phantom troop would steal,
Shuddering grim and hideous rabble!
Howe'er could I joyous feel.

"I behold the glaive descending,
And the murderer's visage glare;
To the sacrifice impending,
With a conscious step repair.
On my gaze these visions fasten,
Felt, foreboded, fearless scanned;
To my destined doom I hasten,
Death—upon a foreign strand."

While her plaintive tones thus wander,
Hark! what deafening shouts arise!
At Minerva's portal yonder,
Stretched, a corpse Achilles lies.
Discord's gory crest proud towers,
The protecting gods are gone,
Thunder breaks and darkness lowers
O'er devoted Ilion.

J. J. S.

Lincoln's Inn Fields, July, 1847.

SECRET SOCIETIES.

BY THOMAS DE QUINCEY.

PART II.

Has the modern world no hoax of its own, answering to the Eleusinian mysteries of Grecian days? Oh, yes, it has. I have a very bad opinion of the ancient world; and it would grieve me if such a world could be shown to have beaten us even in the quality of our hoaxes. I have, also, not a very favourable opinion of the *modern* world. But I dare say that in fifty thousand years it will be considerably improved; and, in the meantime, if we are not quite so good or so clever as we ought to be, yet still we are a trifle better than our ancestors; I hope we are up to a hoax any day. A man must be a poor creature that can't invent a hoax. For two centuries we have had a first-rate one; and its name is *Freemasonry*. Do you know the secret, my reader? Or shall I tell you? Send me a consideration, and I will. But stay, the weather being so fine, and philosophers, therefore, so good-tempered, I'll tell it you for nothing; whereas, if you become a mason, you must pay for it. Here is the secret. When the novice is introduced into the conclave of the Freemasons, the grand-master looks very fierce at him, and draws his sword, which makes the novice look very melancholy, as he is not aware of having had time as yet for any profaneness, and fancies, therefore, that somebody must have been slandering him. Then the grand-master, or his deputy, cites him to the bar, saying, "What's *that* you have in your pocket?" To which the novice replies, "A guinea." "Anything more?" "Another guinea." "Then," replies the official person in a voice of thunder, "Fork out." Of course to a man coming sword in hand few people refuse to do *that*. This forms the first half of the mysteries; the second half, which is by much the more interesting, consists entirely of brandy. In fact, this latter mystery forms the reason, or final cause, for the elder mystery of the *Forking out*. But how did I learn all this so accurately? Isn't a man liable to be assassinated, if he betrays that ineffable mystery or *arcanum* of masonry, which no wretch but one since King Solomon's days is reputed ever to have blabbed? And perhaps, reader, the wretch didn't blab the whole; he only got as far as the *Forking out*; and being a churl who grudged his money, he ran away before reaching the *brandy*. So that this fellow, if he seems to you but half as guilty as myself, on the other hand is but half as learned. It's better for you to stick by the guiltier man. And yet, on consideration, I am not so guilty as we have both been thinking. Perhaps it was a mistake. Dreaming on days far back, when I was scheming for an introduction to the honourable society of the masons, and of course to their honourable

secret, with the single-minded intention of instantly betraying that secret to a dear female friend (and, you see, in honour it was not possible for me to do otherwise, because she had made me promise that I *would*)—all this time I was soothing my remorse with a belief that woman was answerable for my treachery, she having positively compelled me to undertake it. When suddenly I woke into a bright conviction that all was a dream; that I had never been near the Freemasons; that I had treacherously evaded the treachery which I ought to have committed, by perfidiously forging a secret quite as good, very likely better, than that which I was pledged in honour to betray; and that, if anybody had ground of complaint against myself, it was not the grand-master, sword-in-hand, but my poor ill-used female friend, so confiding, so amiably credulous in my treachery, so cruelly deceived, who had swallowed a mendacious account of Freemasonry forged by myself, the same which, I greatly fear that, on looking back, I shall find myself to have been palming, in this very page, upon the much-respected reader. Seriously, however, the whole bubble of Freemasonry was shattered in a paper which I myself once threw into a London journal about the year 1823 or 4. It was a paper in this sense mine, that from me it had received form and arrangement; but the materials belonged to a learned German, viz., Buhle, the same (Ebelison) that edited the "Bipont Aristotle," and wrote a History of philosophy. No German has any conception of style. I therefore did him the favour to wash his dirty face, and make him presentable amongst Christians; but the substance was drawn entirely from this German book. It was there established, that the whole hoax of masonry had been invented in the year 1629 by one Andrea; and the reason that this exposure could have dropped out of remembrance, is probably, that it never reached the public ear; partly because the journal had a limited circulation; but much more because the *title* of the paper was not so constructed as to indicate its object. A title, which seemed to promise only a discussion of masonic doctrines, must have repelled everybody; whereas, it ought to have announced (what in fact it accomplished) the utter demolition of the whole masonic edifice. At this moment I have not space for an abstract of that paper; but it was conclusive; and hereafter, when I have strengthened it by facts since noticed in my own reading, it may be right to place it more effectually before the public eye.

Finally, I will call the reader's attention to the most remarkable by far of all secret societies ever heard of, and for this reason, that it suddenly developed the most critical wisdom in a dreadful emergency; secondly, the grandest purpose; and, lastly, with entire success. The purpose was, to protect a jewel by hiding it from all eyes, whilst it navigated a sea swarming with enemies. The critical wisdom was the most remarkable evidence ever given by the primitive Christians of that serpent's subtlety which they had been warned to combine with the innocence of the dove. The success was, the victory of the Christian church over the armies that waylaid its infancy. Without falsehood, without shadow of falsehood, all the benefits of falsehood—the profoundest—were secured. Without need to abjure anything, all that would have raised a demoniac yell for instant abjuration was suddenly hidden out of sight. In noonday the Christian church was suddenly withdrawn behind impenetrable veils, even as the infant Christ himself was caught up to the secrecies of Egypt and the wilderness from the bloody wrath of Herod. And whilst the enemies of this infant society were roaming around them on every side, seeking for them, walking upon their very traces, absolutely touching them, or divided from their victims only as children in bed have escaped from murderers in thick darkness, sheltered by no screen but a muslin curtain; all the while the inner principle of the church lurked as in the cell at the centre of a labyrinth. Was the hon. reader ever in a real labyrinth, like that described by Herodotus? We have all been in labyrinths of debt, labyrinths of error, labyrinths of metaphysical nonsense. But I speak of literal labyrinths. Now, at Bath, in my labyrinthine childhood, there was such a mystery. This mystery I used to visit; and I can assert that no type ever flashed upon my mind so pathetically shadowing out the fatal irretrievability of early errors in life. Turn but wrong at first entering the thicket, and all was over; you were ruined; no wandering could recover the right path. Or suppose you even took the right turn at first, what of that? You couldn't expect to draw a second prize; five turnings offered very soon after; your chance of escaping error was now reduced to one-fifth of unity; and supposing that again you draw no blank, not very far had you gone before fourteen roads offered. What remained for you to do *now?* Why, if you were a wise man, to lie down and cry. None but a presumptuous fool would count upon drawing for a third time a prize, and such a prize as one amongst fourteen. I mention all this, I recall this image of the poor Sidney Labyrinth, whose roses, I fear, must long ago have perished, betraying all the secrets of the mysterious house, simply to teach the stranger how secure is the heart of a labyrinth. Gibraltar is nothing to it. You may sit in that deep grave-like recess, you may hear distant steps approaching, but laugh at them. If you are coining, and have all the implements of coining round about you, never trouble yourself to hide them. Nobody will in this life ever reach you. Why, it is demonstrable by the arithmetic of combinations, that if a man spent the flower of his life as a police-officer in trying to reach your coining-shop, he could not do it; you might rest as in a sanctuary, that is, hidden and inaccessible to those who do not know the secret of the concealment. In that recess you might keep a private still for a century without fear of the excisemen. Light, common daylight, will not show you the stars; on the contrary, it hides them; and the brighter this light becomes,

the *more* it hides them. Even so, from the exquisite machinery of the earliest Christian society, whatever suspicions might walk about in the darkness, all efforts of fanatical enemies at forcing an entrance within the air-woven gates of these entrenchments were (as the reader will see) utterly thrown away. Round and round the furious Jews must have circumambulated the camp, like the poor gold fish eternally wheeling round his crystal wall, but, after endless cruisings, never nearer to any opening. That concealment for the Christian nursery was absolutely required, because else martyrdom would have come too soon. Martyrdom was good for watering the church, and quickening its harvests; but, at this early stage of advance, it would utterly have extirpated the church. If a voice had been heard from heaven, saying, "Let there be martyrs," soon the great answering return would be heard rolling back from earth, "And there *were* martyrs." But for this there must be time; the fire, to be sure, will never be extinguished, if once thoroughly kindled; but, in this earliest twilight of the primitive faith, the fire is but a little gathering of scanty fuel fanned by human breath, and barely sufficient to show one golden rallying star in all the mighty wilderness.

There was the motive to the secret society which I am going to describe! *there* was its necessity! "Masque, or you will be destroyed!" was the private signal among the Christians. "Fall flat on your faces," says the Arab to the pilgrims, when he sees the purple haze of the simoom running before the wind. "Lie down, men," says the captain to his fusiliers, "till these hurricanes of the artillery be spent." To hide from the storm, during its first murderous explosion, was so absolutely requisite, that, simply from its *sine qua non* necessity, and supposing there were no other argument whatever, I should infer that it had been a fact. Because it *must* have been, therefore (I should say), it *was*. However, do as you like; pray use your own pleasure; consider yourself quite at home amongst my arguments, and kick them about with as little apology as if they were *my* children and servants. What makes me so easy in the matter is, that I use the above argument—though, in my opinion, a strong one—*ex abundanti;* it is one string more than I want to my bow; so I can afford to lose it, even if I lose it unjustly. But, by quite another line of argument, and dispensing with this altogether, I mean to *make* you believe, reader, whether you like it or not.

I once threw together a few thoughts upon this obscure question of the *Essenes*, which thoughts were published at the time in a celebrated journal, and my reason for referring to them here is in connexion with a single inappropriate expression since applied to that paper. In a short article on myself in his "Gallery of Literary Portraits" Mr. Gilfillan spoke of that little disquisition in terms beyond its merit, and I thank him for his kind opinion. But as to one word, not affecting myself but the subject, I find it a duty of sincerity to dissent from him. He calls the thesis of that paper "*paradoxical.*" Now paradox is a very charming thing, and, since leaving off opium, I take a great deal too much of it for my health. But, in this case, the paradox lies precisely and outrageously in the opposite direction; that is, when used (as the word *paradox* commonly is) to mean something that startles by its extravagance. Else I have twice or three times explained in print, for the benefit of my female or non-Grecian readers, that *paradox*, being a purely Greek word, ought strictly to be read by a Grecian light, and then it implies nothing, of necessity, that may not be right. Here follows a rigorous definition of *paradox* in a Greek sense. Not *that* only is paradoxical which, being really false, puts on the semblance of truth; but, secondly, *that*, also, which, being really true, puts on the semblance of falsehood. For, literally speaking, everything is paradoxical which contradicts the public *doxa* (δοξα), that is, contradicts the popular opinion, or the public expectation, which may be done by a truth as easily as a falsehood. The very weightiest truths now received amongst men have nearly all of them, in turn, in some one stage of their development, been found strong paradoxes to the popular mind. Hence it is, viz., in the Grecian sense of the word *paradox*, as something extraordinary, but not on that account the less likely to be true, that several great philosophers have published, under the idea and title of *paradoxes*, some first-rate truths on which they desired to fix public attention; meaning, in a short-hand form, to say—"Here, reader, are some extraordinary truths, looking so very like falsehoods, that you would never take them for anything else if you were not invited to give them a special examination." Boyle published some elementary principles in hydrostatics as paradoxes. Natural philosophy is overrun with paradoxes. Mathematics, mechanics, dynamics, are all partially infested with them. And in morals the Stoics threw their weightiest doctrines under the rubric of paradoxes—a fact which survives to this day in a little essay of Cicero's. To be paradoxical, therefore, is not necessarily to be unphilosophic; and that being so, it might seem as though Mr. Gilfillan had laid me under no obligation to dissent from him; but used popularly, as naturally Mr. Gilfillan meant to use it in that situation, the word certainly throws a reproach of extravagance upon any thought, argument, or speculation, to which it is imputed.

Now it is important for the reader to understand that the very first thing which ever fixed my sceptical eye upon the whole fable of the Essenes, as commonly received amongst Christian churches, was the intolerable extravagance of the received story. The outrageousness—the mere Cyclopian enormity of its paradox—this, and nothing else, it was that first extorted from me, on a July day, one long shiver of horror at the credulity, the bottomless credulity, that could have swallowed such a legend of delirium. Why, Pliny, my excellent sir, you were a gentleman mixing with men of the highest circles—you were yourself

a man of fine and brilliant intellect—a jealous inquirer—and, in extent of science, beyond your contemporaries—how came you, then, to lend an ear, so learned as yours, to two such knaves as your Jewish authorities? For, doubtless, it *was* they, viz., Josephus and Philo-Judæus, that poisoned the Plinian ear. Others from Alexandria would join the cabal, but these vagabonds were the ringleaders. Now there were three reasons for specially distrusting such men, two known equally well to Pliny and me, one separately to myself. Jews had by that time earned the reputation, in Roman literature, of being credulous by preference amongst the children of earth. That was one reason; a second was, that all men tainted with intense nationality, and especially if not the gay, amiable, nationality of Frenchmen, but a gloomy unsocial nationality, are liable to suspicion as liars. So much was known to Pliny; and a third thing which was not, I could have told him, viz., that Josephus was the greatest knave in that generation. A learned man in Ireland is at this moment bringing out a new translation of Josephus, which has, indeed, long been wanted; for "wicked Will Whiston"* was a very moderate Grecian—a miserable antiquarian—a coarse writer of English—and, at that time of day, in the absence of the main German and English researches on the many questions (chronological or historical) in Syro-Judaic and Egyptian antiquities, had it not within his physical possibilities to adorn the Sparta which chance had assigned him. From what I hear, the history will benefit by this new labour of editorial culture; the only thing to be feared is, that the historian, the bad Josephus, will not be meritoriously scourged. *I, lictor, colliga manus.* One aspect of Josephus and his character occurs to me as interesting, viz., when placed in collision with the character so different, and the position partially the same, of St. Paul. In both, when suddenly detained for inspection at an early stage of their career, we have a bigot of the most intractable quality; and in both the bigotry expressed its ferocity exclusively upon the Christians, as the newborn heretics that troubled the unity of the national church. Thus far the parties agree; and they agree also in being as learned as the limited affinities in their native studies to exotic learning would allow. But from that point, up to which the resemblance in position, in education, in temper, is so close, how entirely opposed! Both erring profoundly; yet the one not only in his errors, but *by* his errors showing himself most single-minded, conscientious, fervent, devout; a holy bigot; as incapable of anything mercenary then, of anything insidious, or of compromise with any mode of self-interest, as after the rectification of his views he was incapable of compromise with profounder shapes of error. The other, a time-serving knave, sold to adulation and servile ministeries; a pimp; a liar; or ready for any worse office, if worse is named on earth. Never on any human stage was so dramatically realised, as by Josephus in Rome, the delineation of the poet:

* * * *

"A fingering meddling slave;
One that would peep and botanise
Upon his mother's grave."

Yes, this master in Israel, this leader of Sanhedrims, went as to a puppet-show, sat the long day through to see a sight. What sight? Jugglers, was it? buffoons? tumblers? dancing dogs? or a reed shaken by the wind? Oh, no! Simply to see his ruined country carried captive in effigy through the city of her conqueror—to see the sword of the Maccabees hung up as a Roman trophy—to see the mysteries of the glorious temple dragged from secrecy before the grooms and gladiators of Rome. Then when this was finished, a woe that would once have caused Hebrew corpses to stir in their graves, he goes home to find his *atrium* made glorious with the monuments of a thousand years that had descended through the princes of Hebrew tribes; and to find his luxury, his palace, and his harem, charged as a perpetual tax upon the groans of his brave unsurrendering countrymen, that had been sold as slaves into marble quarries: *they* worked extra hours, that the only traitor to Jerusalem might revel in honour.

When first I read the account of the *Essenes* in Josephus, I leaned back in my seat, and apostrophised the writer thus:—"Joe, listen to me; you've been telling us a fairy tale; and, for my part, I've no objection to a fairy tale in any situation; because, if one can make no use of it oneself, one always knows a child that will be thankful for it. But this tale, Mr. Joseph, happens also to be a lie; secondly, a fraudulent lie; thirdly, a malicious lie." It was a fiction of hatred against Christianity. For I shall startle

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* *"Wicked Will Whiston."*—In this age, when Swift is so little read, it may be requisite to explain that Swift it was who fastened this epithet of *wicked* to Will Whiston; and the humour of it lay in the very incongruity of the epithet; for Whiston, thus sketched as a profligate, was worn to the bone by the anxieties of scrupulousness: he was anything but wicked, being pedantic, crazy, and fantastical in virtue after a fashion of his own. He ruined his wife and family, he ruined himself and all that trusted in him, by crotchets that he never could explain to any rational man; and by one thing that he never explained to himself, which a hundred years after I explained very clearly, viz., that all his heresies in religion, all his crazes in ecclesiastical antiquities, in casuistical morals, and even as to the discovery of the longitude, had their rise, not (as his friends thought) in too much conscientiousness and too much learning, but in too little rhubarb and magnesia. In his autobiography he has described his own craziness of stomach in a way to move the gravest reader's laughter, and the sternest reader's pity. Everbody, in fact, that knew his case and history, stared at him, derided him, pitied him, and, in some degree, respected him. For he was a man of eternal self-sacrifice, and that is always venerable; he was a man of primitive unworldly sincerity, and that is always lovely; yet both the one and the other were associated with so many oddities and absurdities, as compelled the most equitable judge at times to join in the general laughter. He and Humphry Ditton, who both held official stations as mathematicians, and were both honoured with the acquaintance of Sir Isaac Newton, had both been candidates for the Parliamentary prize as discoverers of the longitude, and, naturally, both were found wrong; which furnishes the immediate theme for Swift's savage ridicule:

"The longitude mist on
By wicked Will Whiston;
And not better hit on
By good Master Ditton."

the reader a little when I inform him that, if there were a syllable of truth in the main statement of Josephus, then at one blow goes to wreck the whole edifice of Christianity. Nothing but blindness and insensibility of heart to the *true* internal evidence of Christianity could ever have hidden this from men. Religious sycophants who affect the profoundest admiration, but in their hearts feel none at all, for what they profess to regard as the beauty of the moral revelations made in the New Testament, are easily cheated, and often *have* been cheated, by the grossest plagiarisms from Christianity offered to them as the pure natural growths of paganism. I would engage to write a Greek version somewhat varied and garbled of the Sermon on the Mount, were it hidden in Pompeii, unearthed, and published as a fragment from a posthumous work of a Stoic, with the certain result that very few people indeed should detect in it any signs of forgery. There are several cases of that nature actually unsuspected at this hour, which my deep cynicism and detestation of human hypocrisy yet anticipates a banquet of gratification in one day exposing. Oh, the millions of deaf hearts, deaf to everything really impassioned in music, that pretend to admire Mozart! Oh, the worlds of hypocrites who cant about the divinity of Scriptural morality, and yet would never see any lustre at all in the most resplendent of Christian jewels, provided the pagan thief had a little disguised their setting. The thing has been tried long before the case of the *Essenes;* and it takes more than a scholar to detect the imposture. A philosopher, who must also be a scholar, is wanted. The eye that suspects and watches, is needed. Dark seas were those over which the ark of Christianity tilted for the first four centuries; evil men and enemies were cruising, and an Alexandrian Pharos is required to throw back a light broad enough to search and sweep the guilty secrets of those times. The Church of Rome has always thrown a backward telescopic glance of question and uneasy suspicion upon these ridiculous *Essenes*, and has repeatedly come to the right practical conclusion—that they were, and must have been, Christians under some mask or other; but the failure of Rome has been in carrying the Ariadne's thread through the whole labyrinth from centre to circumference. Rome has given the ultimate solution rightly, but has not (in geometrical language) raised the construction of the problem with its conditions and steps of evolution. Shall I tell you, reader, in a brief rememberable form what was the crime of the hound Josephus, through this fable of the *Essenes* in relation to Christ? It was the very same crime as that of the hound Lauder in relation to Milton. Lauder, about the middle of the last century, bearing deadly malice to the memory of Milton, conceived the idea of charging the great poet with plagiarism. He would greatly have preferred denying the value *in toto* of the "Paradise Lost." But, as this was hopeless, the next best course was to say—Well, let it be as grand as you please, it is none of Milton's. And, to prepare the way for this, he proceeded to translate into Latin (but with plausible variations in the expression or arrangement) some of the most memorable passages in the poem. By this means he had, as it were, melted down or broken up the golden sacramental plate, and might now apply it to his own felonious purposes. The false swindling travesty of the Miltonic passage he produced as the undoubted original, professing to have found it in some rare or obscure author, not easily within reach, and then saying—Judge (I beseech you) for yourself, whether Milton were indebted to this passage or not. Now, reader, a falsehood *is* a falsehood, though uttered under circumstances of hurry and sudden trepidation; but certainly it becomes, though not more a falsehood, yet more criminally, and hatefully a falsehood, when prepared from afar and elaborately supported by fraud, and dovetailing into fraud, and having no palliation from pressure and haste. A man is a knave who falsely, but in the panic of turning all suspicion from himself, charges you or me with having appropriated another man's jewel. But how much more odiously is he a knave, if with no such motive of screening himself, if out of pure devilish malice to us, he has contrived in preparation for his own lie to conceal the jewel about our persons! This was what the wretch Lauder tried hard to do for Milton. This was what the wretch Josephus tried hard to do for Christ. Josephus grew up to be a mature man, about thirty-five years old, during that earliest stage of Christianity, when the divine morality of its founder was producing its first profound impression, through the advantage of a dim religious one, still brooding over the East, from the mysterious death of that founder. I wish that the reader would attend to a thing which I am going to say. In 1839-40 and 41, it was found by our force in Affghanistan that, in a degree much beyond any of the Hindoo races, the Affghan Sirdars and officers of rank were profoundly struck by the beauty of the Evangelists; especially in five or six passages, amongst which were the Lord's Prayer, and the Sermon on the Mount, with one or two Parables. The reason of this was, that the Affghans, though more simple and unpolished than the Hindoos, were also in a far more natural condition of moral feeling; being Mahometans, they were much more advanced in their conceptions of Deity; and they had never been polluted by the fearful distractions of the Hindoo polytheism. Now, I am far from insinuating that the Romans of that first Christian era were no further advanced in culture than the Affghans. Yet still I affirm that, in many features, both moral and intellectual, these two martial races resembled each other. Both were slow and tenacious (that is adhesive) in their feelings. Both had a tendency to dulness, but for that very reason to the sublime. Mercurial races are never sublime. There were two channels through whom the Palestine of Christ's day communicated with the world outside, viz., the Romans of the Roman armies, and the Greek colonists. Syria, under the Syro-Macedonian dynasty; Palestine,

under the house of Antipater; and Egypt, under the Ptolemies—were all deluged with Greek emigrants and settlers. Of these two races, the subtle, agile Greek, unprincipled, full of change and levity, was comparatively of little use to Christianity as a centre, waiting and seeking for means of diffusion. Not only were the deeper conscientious instincts of the Romans more suited to a profound religion, as instruments for the radiation of light, but also it is certain that the military condition *per se* supplies some advantages towards a meditative apprehension of vast eternal problems beyond what *can* be supplied by the fractionary life of petty brokerage or commerce. This is also certain, that Rome itself—the idea which predominated in Roman camps—cherished amongst her soldiery, from the very enormities of her state, and from the chaos of her internal life, a tendency to vast fermentations of thought favourable to revolutions in man's internal worlds of feeling and aspirations. Hence it will be found, if once a man's eye is directed into that current, that no classes of people did so much for the propagation of Christianity as the officers of the Roman army, centurions, tribunes, prefects, legates, &c., or as the *aulic* officers, the great ceremonial officers of the imperial court—or as the *aulic* ladies, the great leading ladies that had practically much influence on the ear of Cæsar. The utter dying away of the Roman paganism, which had become quite as powerless to all the accomplished men and women of Rome for any purpose of terror or of momentary consolation as to us English at present the mythology of Fairies, left a frightful *vacuum* in the mind of Roman grandees—a horror as of voyagers upon some world floating away without helmsman or governor. In this unhappy agitation of spirit, and permanent posture of clamorous demand for light, a *nidus* was already forming for a deep brooding interest in any great spiritual phenomena of breadth and power that might anywhere arise amongst men. Athens was too windy, too conceited, too shallow in feeling, to have been much impressed by the deepest revolutionary movements in religion. But in Rome, besides the far different character of the national mind, there were what may be called *spiritual* horrors arising, which (like dreadful nervous diseases) unfolded terrifically to the experience spiritual capacities and openings beyond what had been suspected. The great domestic convulsions of Rome, the poisonings and assassinations, that gleam so fearfully from the pictures of Juvenal, were beginning about this period. It was not that by any coarse palpable logic, as dull people understood the case, women or men said—"Accountability there is none; and we will no longer act as if there were." Accountability there never *had* been any; but the obscure scene of an order with which all things sympathised, men not less than the wheels of society—this had blindly produced an instinct of corresponding self-control. At present, when the Pagan religion had virtually died out, all secret restraints were breaking up; a general delirium carried, and was felt to carry, a license into all ranks; it was not a negative merely, but a positive change. A religion had collapsed—*that* was negative; a mockery had been exposed—that was positive. It was not that restraints were resisted; there were none to resist; they had crumbled away spontaneously. What power still acted upon society? Terror from police, and still, as ever, the Divine restraints of love and pity, honour, and domestic affections. But the conscience spoke no longer through any spiritual organs. Just at this moment it was when the confusions of Roman society, the vast expansion of the empire, the sea-like expansion of the mighty capital, the political tendencies of the whole system, were all moving together towards grandeur and distraction of feeling, that the doctrine of *apotheosis*, applied to a man and often to a monster, towered up to cause still greater distraction.* The Pagan pantheon had just sunk away from the support of the Roman mind. It was not only that the Pagan gods were individually too base and polluted to sustain the spiritual feelings of an expanding national intellect, but the whole collective idea of Deity was too feebly conceived by Paganism. Had the individuals of the Pantheon been purer and nobler, their doom was sealed, nevertheless, by their abstract deficiencies as modes of spiritual life for a race so growing as that of man. How unfortunate, therefore, that at this crisis, when ancient religions were crumbling into ruins, new gods should be arising from the veriest beasts amongst men—utterly repelled and rejected by the spiritual instinct in man, but suggested by a necessity of political convenience.

But oftentimes the excess of an evil is its cure, or the first impulse in that direction. From the connexion of the great Augustan and Claudian houses with the family of Herod, much knowledge of Jewish peculiarities had been diffused in Rome. Agrippa, the grandson of Herod, Bernice, and others of the reigning house in Judea, had been long resident—had been loved and admired—in

* The Romans themselves saw a monstrosity in this practice which did not really exist in the metaphysical necessity. It was, and it was *not*, monstrous. In reality it was rational, or monstrous, according to theoretic construction. Generally speaking, it was but a variety of that divinity which in Christendom all of us so long ascribed to kings. We English always laughed at the French with their *grand monarque*. The Americans of the United States have always laughed at us English, and the sanctity with which our constitution invests the Sovereign. We English, French, and Americans, have all alike laughed at the Romans upon this matter of *apotheosis*. And when brought before us under the idea of Seneca's *apocolocuntosis*, this practice has seemed too monstrous for human gravity. And yet again, we English, French, Americans, and Romans, should all have united in scorn for the deep Phrygian, Persian, or Asiatic servility to kings. We of European blood have all looked to the constitutional idea, not the individual person of the sovereign. The Asiatics, though *they* also still feebly were groping after the same deep idea, sought it in such a sensual body of externals, that none but a few philosophers could keep their grasp on the original problem. How profound an idea is the sanctity of the English sovereign's constitutional person, which idea first made possible the responsibility of the sovereign's ministers. They could be responsible, only if the sovereign were *not;* let *them* be accountable, and the king might be inviolable. Now really in its secret metaphysics the Roman apotheosis meant little more. Only the accountability lay not in Cæsar's ministers, but in the personal and transitory Cæsar, as distinguished from the eternal Imperator.

the imperial family. The tragical events in Herod's own household had drawn the attention of the Roman grandees and senate to Jewish affairs. The migrations to Rome of Jewish settlers, since the era of Pharsalia, had strengthened the interest, by keeping the enigma of the Jewish history and character constantly before the Roman eye. The upper and more intellectual circles in Rome of inquiring men and women kept up this interest through their military friends in the legions quartered upon Syria and Lower Egypt, many of whom must have read the Septuagint version of the Law and the Prophets. Some whispers, though dim and scarcely intelligible, would have made their way to Rome as to the scenes of the Crucifixion, able at least to increase the attraction of mystery. But a much broader and steadier interest would have been diffused by the accounts transmitted of the Temple, so mysterious from the absence of all idol, so magnificent to the eye and the ear from its glorious service. By the time when Vespasian and his son commanded in the East, and when the great insurrection of the Jewish race in Jerusalem was commencing, Josephus must have been well aware of this deep attention to his own people gathering in the highest quarters; and he must have been aware that what was now creeping into the subject of profoundest inquiry amongst the Jews themselves, viz., the true pretensions, the history, doctrines, and new morals, of those Nazarene revolutionists, would, by a natural transfer, soon become the capital object of attention to all Romans interested in Judea. The game was up for the separate glory of Judaism, the honour of the Mosaic legislation was becoming a superannuated thing, if he suffered the grandeur of Christianity, *as* such, and recognised for Christianity to force its way upon the fermenting intellect of Rome. His discernment told him that the new Christian ethics never *would* be put down. That was impossible; but he fancied that it might be possible to disconnect the system of moral truth from the new but still obscure Christian sect, and to transfer its glory upon a pretended race of Hebrew recluses or immemorial eremites. As Lauder meant to say, "This may be grand, but it is not Milton's;" so did Josephus mean to say, "This may be very fine and very new, but take notice it is not Christ's." During his captivity in Roman hands and in Rome, being one of the few cowards who had spiritedly volunteered as a traitor, and being a good scholar for a Jew, as well as a good traitor and the best of cowards, he enjoyed the finest opportunities of insinuating his ridiculous legend about the Essenes into the foremost literary heads of the universal metropolis. Imperial favour, and the increasing curiosity of Rome, secured him access to the most intellectual circles. His legend was adopted by the ruling authority in the literature of the earth; and an impossible lie became signed and countersigned for many centuries to come.

But how did this particular form arise for the lie? Were there no such people as the Essenes? Why, no; not as Josephus described them: if there were, or could be, then there were Christians without Christ; there was Christianity invented by man. Under *his* delineation, they existed only as King Arthur existed, or Morgan le Fay, or the sword Excalibur. Considered in their romantic pretensions, connected with the Round Table, these worthy blades of flesh and steel were pure dreams: but, as downright sober realities, known to cutlers and others, they certainly have a hold upon history. So of the Essenes: nobody could be more certain than Josephus that there *were* such people; for he knew the very street of Jerusalem in which they met; and in fact he had been matriculated amongst them himself. Only all that moonshine about remote seclusions, and antique derivations, and philosophic considerations, were fables of the Hesperides, or fit for the future use of Archbishop Turpin. What, then, is my own account of the Essenes?

The earliest great danger to which Christianity was exposed, arose with the Jews. This was the danger that besieged the cradle of the religion. From Rome no danger arose until the time of Trajan; and, as to the nature of this danger, the very wildest mistake is made in books innumerable. No Roman anger ever *did*, or ever *could*, point to any doctrine of Christianity; unless, indeed, in times long subsequent, when the Christian doctrines, though otherwise indifferent to the Roman authorities, would become exponents or convertible signs of the firm disloyalty to Cæsar which constitutes the one great offence of Christians. Will you burn incense to Cæsar? No. Well, that is your State crime, Christian; *that*, and neither less nor more. With the Jews the case was exactly reversed; they cared nothing about the external ceremonies (or *cultus*) of the Christians, what it was they practised, or what it was they refused to practise. A treasonable distinction would even have been a recommendation in their eyes; and as to any differences between their own ritual and the Christian, for these (had they been more or greater than they were) the ruling Jews would readily have found the same indulgence which they found for other schismatics, or imperfect proselytes, or doubtful brothers, or known Gentiles. All these things were trifles: what *they* cared about was exactly what the Romans did *not* care about, viz., the Christian doctrines in relation to Moses and the Messiah. Was the Messiah come? Were the prophecies accomplished? Was the Mosaic economy of their nation self-dissolved, as having reached its appointed terminus, or natural euthanasy, and lost itself in a new order of things? This concerned their existence as a separate people. If *that* were the Messiah, whom the Christians gave out for such, then all the fabric of their national hopes, their visions of an earthly restoration, were shattered. Into this question shot itself the whole agony of their hereditary interest and pride as the children of Abraham. The Jewish nature was now roused in good earnest. So much we may see sufficiently in the Acts of the Apostles; and we may be assured by more than one reflection, that the Jew-

ish leaders at that time were resolved not again to commit the error of relaxing their efforts until the work of extermination was perfect. They felt, doubtless not without much surprise, but still with some self-reproach, that they had been too negligent in assuming the sect to have been trampled out by the judicial death of its leader. Dispersion had not prevented the members of the sect from recombining; and even the public death as a malefactor of the leader was so far from having dimmed the eyes or dejected the hopes of the body, that, under the new colouring given to it by the Christians, this very death had become the most triumphant of victories. There was, besides, a reason to dread the construction of the Romans upon this heresy, if it continued longer to defy public suppression. And there was yet another uneasiness that must greatly have been increasing—an uneasiness of an affecting nature, and which long afterwards, in ages nearer to our own, constituted the most pathetic feature in Christian martyrdoms. Oftentimes those who resorted to the fiery spectacle in pure hatred of the martyr, or who were purposely brought thither to be warned by salutary fear, were observed by degrees to grow thoughtful; instead of reaping confirmation in their feelings of horror, they seemed dealing with some internal struggle, musing, pausing, reflecting, and at length enamoured as by some new-born love, languishing in some secret fascination. Those that in Pagan days caught in forests a momentary glimpse of the nymphs and sylvan goddesses, were struck with a hopeless passion: they were nympholepts: the affection, as well known as epilepsy, was called nympholepsy. This parallel affection, in those that caught a momentary celestial glimpse from the countenances of dying martyrs, by the side of their fiery couches, might be called martyrolepsy. And many were they that saw the secret glance. In mountainous lands, oftentimes when looking down from eminences far above the level of lakes and valleys, it has happened that I could not see the sun: the sun was hidden behind some gloomy mass of clouds; but far below I beheld, tremulously vibrating on the bosom of some half-hidden lake, a golden pillar of solar splendour which had escaped through rifts and rents in the clouds that to me were as invisible as the sun himself. So in the martyrdom of the protomartyr St. Stephen, Paul of Tarsus, the learned Jew, could see no gates of heaven that opened, could see no solar orb: to him were visible, as the scenery about St. Stephen, nothing but darkness of error and clouds. Yet, as I far below in the lake, so he far below in the countenance of St. Stephen, saw, with consternation, reflected a golden sunlight, some radiance not earthly, which ought *not* to have been there. That troubled him. Whence came *that?* The countenance of Stephen, when the great chorus was even then arising—"*Stone him to death!*"* shone like the countenance of an angel. That countenance, which brought down to earth some revelation of a brightness in the sky, intercepted to Paul, perplexed him; haunted him sleeping, troubled him when awake. That face of the martyr brought down telegraphically from some altitude inaccessible to himself, a handwriting that *must* be authentic. It carried off to heaven, in the very moment of death, a glory that from heaven it must have borrowed. Upon this we may be sure that Paul brooded intensely; that the effect, noticed as so often occurring at martyrdoms, was already commencing in *him;* and probably that the noonday scene on the road to Damascus did but quicken and ante-date a result which would at any rate have come. That very case of Paul, and no doubt others not recorded, must continually have been causing fresh uneasiness to the Jewish leaders. Their own ministers were falling off to the enemy. And now, therefore, at last they were determined, once for all, that it should be decided who was to be Master in Jerusalem.

The Apostles, on *their* side, and all their flock, though not losing a solemn confidence in the issue, could not fail to be alarmed. A contest of life and death was at hand. By what price of suffering and ruins the victory might need to be achieved, they could not measure. They had now faced, as they saw, without power any more to evade it, a fiery trial. Ordinary counsels would not avail; and, according to the magnitude of the crisis, it became the first of duties to watch warily every step they should take, since the very first *false* one might happen to prove irretrievable. The interests of the youthful church were confided to *their* hands. Less than faithful they could not be; but for the present that was not enough. To be faithful in extremity was all that might remain at last; but for the present, the summons was—to be wise, so as to intercept that extremity, if possible. In this exigency, and with the sudden illumination which very perplexity will sometimes create, which the mere inspiration of distress will sometimes suggest, they devised the scheme of a Secret Society.

Armies of brave men have often not only honourably shut themselves up into impenetrable squares, or withdrawn altogether behind walls and batteries, but have even, by exquisite concert, suddenly dispersed over a thousand hills; have vanished at noon-day on the clapping of hands, as if into thick shadows; and again, by the clapping of hands, in a moment have reassembled in battle array. Such was the magical effect from the new device. The Christians are seen off their guard all around; spearmen wheel suddenly into view, but every Christian has vanished. The Christian is absolutely in the grasp of the serjeant; but, unaccountably, he slips away, and a shadow only remains in the officers' hand. The Christian fugitive is before your face, he rushes round a corner, you see him as he whirls round with a mask upon his face; one bound throws you round the corner upon his traces; and then you see no fugitive at all, no mask, but a man walking in tranquillity, who readily joins you in the pursuit.

* There is a chorus of that title, powerfully conceived, in Dr. Mendelssohn's Oratorio of St. Paul.

The reader must consider—1st, *what* it was that the Christians had to accomplish; and 2dly, *how* it was that such a thing could be accomplished in such almost impracticable circumstances. If the whole problem had been to bend before the storm, it was easy to do *that* by retiring for a season. But there were two reasons against so timid a course: *first*, the enemy was prepared, and watching for all such momentary expedients, waiting for the sudden forced retirement, waiting for the sudden stealthy attempt at resuming the old station; *secondly*, which was a more solemn reason for demur, this course might secure safety to the individual members of the church, but, in the meantime, it left the church, as a spiritual community, in a languishing condition—not only without means of extension, but without means even of repairing its own casual waste. Safety obtained on these terms was not the safety that suited apostolic purposes. It was necessary with the protection (and therefore with the present concealment) of the church to connect some machinery for nursing it—feeding it—expanding it. No theory could be conceived more audacious than the one rendered imperative by circumstances. Echo was not to babble of the whereabouts assigned to the local stations or points of rendezvous for this outcast church; and yet in this naked houseless condition she was to find shelter for her household; and yet, whilst blood-hounds were on her own traces, whilst she durst not look abroad through the mighty storm, this church was to be raising a college and a council, *de propaganda fide*, was to be working all day long in the centre of enemies raging for her blood, and to declare herself in permanent session when she had no foot of ground to stand upon.

This object, seemingly so impracticable, found an opening for all its parts in the *community* of field unavoidably cultivated by the church and the enemy of the church. Did the church seek to demonstrate the realisation of the promised Messiah in the character and history of Christ? This she must do by diligently searching the prophetic types as the inner wards of the lock, and then searching the details of Christ's life and passion as the corresponding wards of the key. Did the enemy of the church seek to refute and confound this attempt to identify the Messiahship with the person of Jesus? This she could attempt only by labours in the opposite direction applied to the very same ground of prophecy and history. The prophecies and the traditions current in Judea that sometimes were held to explain, and sometimes to integrate, the written prophecies about the mysterious Messiah, must be alike important and alike commandingly interesting to both parties. Having, therefore, this fortunate common ground of theological study with her own antagonist, there was no reason at all why the Christian church should not set up a seminary of labourers for her own vineyard under the mask of enemies trained against herself. There was no sort of reason, in moral principle or in prudence, why she should not, under colour of training learned and fervent enemies to the Christian name, silently prepare and arm a succession of servants for doing her own work. In order to stamp from the beginning a patriotic and intensely national character upon her new institution, leading men already by names and sounds into the impression that the great purpose of this institution was, to pour new blood into the life of old Judaic prejudices, and to build up again the dilapidation of Mosaic orthodoxy, whether due to time or to recent assaults, the church selected the name of *Essen* for the designation of the new society, from the name of an important gate in the temple; so that, from the original use, as well as from another application to the religious service of the temple, a college or fraternity of *Essenes* became, by its very name, a brief symbolic profession of religious patriotism and bigotry, or what the real bigots would consider orthodoxy, from the first, therefore, carried clear away from suspicion. But it may occur to the reader that the Christian founders would thus find themselves in the following awkward dilemma. If they carried out the seeming promise of their Judaic name, then there would be a risk of giving from the first an anti-Christian bias to the feelings of the students, which might easily warp their views for life. And on the other hand, if by direct discipline they began at an early stage to correct this bias, there arose a worse risk, viz., that their real purposes might be suspected or unmasked. In reality, however, no such risk would arise in either direction. The elementary studies (that is, suppose in the eight first ascending classes) would be, simply to accumulate a sufficient fund of materials, of the original documents, with the commentaries of every kind, and the verbal illustrations or glosses. In this stage of the studies, at any rate, and whether the first objects had or had not been Christian, all independent judgments upon subjects so difficult and mysterious would be discouraged as presumptuous; so that no opening would arise for suspicion against the teachers, on the one hand, as unfaithful to the supposed bigotry of the institution, nor on the other for encouraging an early pre-occupation of mind against Christian views. After passing No. 8 of the classes, the delicacy of the footing would become more trying. But until the very first or innermost class was reached, when the last reserves must be laid aside, two circumstances would arise to diminish the risk. The first is this—that the nearer the student advanced to the central and dangerous circles of the art, the more opportunity would the governors have had for observing and appraising his character. Now it is evident that, altogether apart from any considerations of the danger to the society connected with falseness, treachery, or generally with anti-Christian traits of character, even for the final uses and wants of the society, none but pure, gentle, truthful, and benign minds would avail the church for Christian ministrations. The very same causes, therefore, which would point out a student as dangerous to entrust with the capital secrets of the institution, would equally have taken away from the society

all motive for carrying him farther in studies that must be thrown away for himself and others. He would be civilly told that his vocation did not seem to such pursuits ; would have some sort of degree or literary honour conferred upon him, and would be turned back from the inner chambers, where he was beginning to be regarded as suspicious. Josephus was turned adrift in this way, there is no doubt. He fancied himself to have learned all, whilst in fact there were secret esoteric classes which he had not so much as suspected to exist. Knaves never passed into those rooms. A second reason, which diminished the risk, was, that undoubtedly under the mask of scholastic disputation the student was exercised in hearing all the arguments that were most searchingly profound in behalf of Christ's Messiahship. No danger would attend this : it was necessary for polemic discipline and gymnastics, so that it always admitted of a double explanation, reconcilable alike with the true end and the avowed end. But, though used only as a passage of practice and skill, such a scene furnished means at once to the Christian teachers in disguise for observing the degrees in which different minds melted or froze before the evidence. *There* arose fresh aids to a safe selection. And, finally, whilst the institution of the *Essenes* was thus accomplishing its first mission of training up a succession to the church, and providing for her future growth, it was also providing for the secret meeting of the church and its present consolation.

A THOUGHT AT THE ROYAL ACADEMY,

JUNE, 1847.

"Napoleon at Fontainebleau, the 31st March, 1814."

DEDICATED TO M. P. DELAROCHE.

Prodigious effort ! Pause and see
A miracle here wrought !
Art with her skill and mystery
Endows this brow with thought.

On that stern face the soul is seen,
Look deep, the struggle's sore,
Nor Rembrandt's pencil e'er, I ween,
Pulsed canvassed features more.

The agonizing spirit groan
Is heard beneath yon frown ;
The painter's skill hath scribed thereon,
" Must now my sun go down ?—
My orb of empire sink in night,
My star of glory pale,
And my achievements, dazzling bright,
Become a bygone tale ?

" Have I thus risen thus to fall,
And my world-echoing name
In silence die, or heard, recall
The vanity of fame ?
Yet still I'll brave the vast reverse ;
This my great fight shall be,
To sternly bear of fate the worse
And conquer obloquy."

Like some hoar rock whose surge-washed base
Is fixed where wrecks are cast,
Yet lifts on high a frowning face,
Or smiles as storms sweep past—
So spirit aids the struggling man
To rise 'bove lower ill ;
Amidst disaster, scoff, and ban,
It towers sublimer still.

Thus Fontainebleau, Helena's cell,
Will teach a lesson yet ;
His *day-pomp* fled, yet they will tell
His *night-gloom* ne'er forget !

Ambition's wreck ! his own sad heart
Hid *other* anguish deep ;
He scorned foes' scorn, but friends' sad part*
Made Lodi's hero weep !
And higher still the climax rose—
Louisa's loveless part
Placed Austria's daughter 'mongst his foes,
And gave th' acutest smart.

She, whom to wed, his wife of youth
Was lonely left to pine ;
For policy he shattered truth,
Divorced his Josephine.
She left the man whose zenith fame
Lit her false brow with joy,
Nor sought, in loneliness and shame,
The father of her boy !

While cowards often end the strife,
And stain thine altar, Pride,
This son of empire battled life
Courageous lived and died.†

Thus, wandering here, a rustic bard
Employs a musing hour ;
Painter, accept unknown regard
As tribute to thy power.

* This more particularly applies to the defection of the Duke of Ragusa :—"At length breaking this distressing silence, Napoleon exclaimed, 'Ungrateful man! but he will be more unhappy than I!'"

† At the moment of Bonaparte's abdication, he remarked that instruments of destruction had been left in his way; he seemed to think that they were placed there purposely, in order that he might attempt his own life ; and, with a sardonic smile, said :—'Self-murder is sometimes committed for love—what folly! Sometimes for the loss of fortune—there it is *cowardice!* Another cannot live after he has been disgraced—*what weakness!* But to survive the loss of empire, to be exposed to the insults of one's contemporaries, *that is true courage!*'"

MIRANDA: A TALE OF THE FRENCH REVOLUTION.

BY PERCY B. ST. JOHN.

BOOK I.

THE DUKE AND STUDENT—1789.

CHAPTER I.

JEAN TORTICOLIS.

It was the evening of the 1st of March, 1789, and darkness had already veiled the face of nature; heavy clouds rolled their huge and unwieldy masses along the turgid sky, amid faint and dull flashes of far-off lightning, when a man on foot, a bundle on his shoulder, and wearing a rude costume—that of the working-classes of society—broad-rimmed felt hat, blue cotton frock, dark trousers, and heavy boots—stopped before the auberge of the *Dernier Sou*.

This inn, situated on the roadside, about a dozen miles from Paris, was of mean appearance, but large in its premises, for over the door was written, in almost legible characters, with nearly correct orthography—

"Ici one logg a pied est a chevale."

The traveller, whose back was turned to Paris, paused ere he entered to listen for sounds from within, and as if satisfied with the result of his scrutiny, he prepared to pass the threshold, when another wayfarer presented himself.

This was a young man of better appearance than the other, though not a member of the upper classes. He wore, it is true, a sword, but his dress left it in doubt whether he were a simple citizen, or a student aiming at one of the learned professions. There was a careless mixture of both in his costume, but he, too, had a stick and a bundle. Like the artisan, he paused, looked up, and then followed the other into the auberge.

It was a large room which they entered, with a huge fireplace, a few tables and chairs, and a sideboard, on which were displayed bottles and glasses of varied shape, size, and contents. Near this table stood a woman, and by her side a man, apparently in active and earnest conversation—active, because both were lively—earnest, because the subject-matter was not of the slightest importance.

Of small stature, with a loose brown coat, a red cap, and huge boots, which had evidently seen service on salt water, this man, whose head was very much on one side, as if he were always in the act of listening, cast an uneasy and uncertain glance upon the pair as they entered. His eye rested an instant on the younger traveller, but nothing there seemed to him to require further notice; when, however, he caught sight of the other, he turned pale, and for a minute his whole form, the very sinking of his knees, betrayed an abject sense of fear. Without noticing the scrutiny, or the alarm which succeeded it, the object of so much terror asked for some bread, wine, and a *saucisse a l'ail*. He then seated himself at a table, and placed his bundle on the ground.

"And what shall I serve for you, Monsieur?" said the woman, addressing the young man.

"Have you materials for an omelette?" he replied, in a voice which made both men look up and examine his appearance, so richly musical were its tones, falling as it were with a metallic ring on the ear.

Of middle size, with long dark hair, pale and oval face, eyebrows pencilled like a woman's, a forehead high and smooth, a straight nose, and a mouth which seemed made to utter none but gentle things; there was a fire flashing from his eye, however, which belied this gentleness. He was evidently one of those who could be mild or stern as the occasion required.

"Monsieur shall have one in ten minutes," replied the hostess with a smile, for on her woman's heart his good looks were not lost, and away she hastened to perform her promise.

Meanwhile the man with the wry neck and the other traveller had been eyeing each other with some little curiosity and anxiety. At length the former, whose first terror was now passed, but who was still uneasy at the pertinacious glances which the stranger, after once catching a glimpse, seemed to throw upon him, made an effort and spoke, though his tongue with difficulty performed its office.

"You seem to know me?" he said in a thick voice, which appeared to make itself heard by a struggling effort, and came rather from the ear which rested on his left shoulder, than from his throat.

"Oh, no!" cried the other, turning pale, and as if fascinated by the speaker's look, "not at all."

"Excuse the liberty; I thought you did; but as I was mistaken, let us drink to our better acquaintance, *sotte animale* he who swills alone," and taking up glass and bottle, he came and seated himself opposite to the stranger.

"You honour me vastly," muttered the other, who looked as if he only wanted courage to refuse; he was, in fact, though not a man easily daunted, in a state of the most intense agony of mind.

"But now I know *you*," whispered the wry neck, bending across the table, and looking full in his companion's face, upon which he lavished a most malicious wink—the other's alarm having acted on him as a cordial; "I ought too."

"Really!" faltered the little man, whose face was livid; his eyes rolled uneasily in their sockets, as if about to burst their bounds, and he trembled violently.

"You look uncomfortable," continued the man with the wry neck, still speaking confidentially; "have you the cholic?"

"No, no!" replied the other, "I am perfectly at my ease," the big drops of perspiration coursing at the same time down his cheeks.

"Well, I should think it strange if you were not. You are no chicken, but are as brave as a dragon. True, a'int it.?"

"Ye—e—e—s," said the unfortunate, with a ghastly grin, his throat swelling as with a choking sensation.

"You have done too many deeds of note to be suspected," repeated his merciless tormentor.

"Deeds of note," repeated the other mechanically.

"Ah! there was the affair Latour," continued the wry neck.

"Ye—es," replied the man, peering cautiously round, as if in search of something with which to defend himself against the questioner.

"Ah! ah! you are modest, you wont unbosom yourself, but secrecy is of no use. I knew you, Maitre Duchesne," said the other, half maliciously, half in disgust.

"Hush, by all the saints, but who are you?" replied Duchesne, looking, despite himself, at the other's feet.

"Oh! I am Jean Torticolis," continued the other, pointing to his wry neck by a jerk of his thumb.

"Is that your only name?" inquired Duchesne curiously, but somewhat reassured.

"I have no other," replied Torticolis, somewhat sadly, "no name, no existence."

"Ah!" exclaimed Duchesne, again becoming uneasy, "and why?"

"Because I have a wry neck, and I am called Torticolis," answered the other moodily, his whole frame not only sombre, but terror-struck.

"But you have always been thus deform—, thus twisted?" continued Duchesne.

"Not always," said Jean, glaring almost savagely at the other.

"Since when then?" faltered Duchesne.

"Since the 1st day of March, 1784," replied Jean, striking his fist upon the table.

Duchesne turned pale again, moved his chair a little from his companion, and, strong man though he was, appeared ready to faint.

"You are then?—" he again faltered.

"I was—Paul Ledru," replied Torticolis, fixing his eyes hard upon the other, "but he is dead, the law has said it; and I am now as I just told you, Jean Torticolis—Maitre Duchesne."

"*Mordieu!*" cried Duchesne, drinking off a draught of wine, and drawing at the same time a long breath, "this is too much. None of your *coq a l' anès* for me. You Paul Ledru! Why, I saw him dead—ah! dead, as my great-grandfather, if I ever had any."

"So you thought," said the other, half savagely, his face awfully distorted as he recollected the horrors of that day, "so you thought, *Monsieur le Bourreau de Paris*. But it was I said the first of March, 1784, and the execution of the assassins of the Count le Bague gave you work. When it came to my turn you were drunk. You hanged me, but you did it badly. Science, not from humanity, but love of experiment, restored me, and the name of Torticolis is all that remains to remind me of your good intentions."

"Bah!" said Duchesne, with a grin, for he was now quite recovered, "this is too bad, to have one's subjects meet one in this way five years after death. Faugh! you smell of La Greve."

"You don't approve of it," grinned Jean, "but I do; there we differ."

"We do professionally," said Maitre Duchesne, "but come now, shake hands and bear no malice; and as you are the first of my *pratiques* whom I meet *after*, just tell me what it is like; novel sensation, eh?"

"Brigand," exclaimed Jean, furiously, "dont speak of it, breathe not the question—it kills me."

"If Monsieur be delicate on the point, I will not press him," said the *Bourreau*, deprecatingly.

"You had better not, if you wish peace," continued the other, wildly.

"Agreed," said Maitre Duchesne. "So the doctor—I sold you to him for twenty livres—took the liberty to bring you back. So much the better. I did my duty, he did his."

"You were both very attentive, I must confess," said Jean, grimly; "but let us drop the subject. On what duty are you now bound?" he continued, as if the other matter was not pleasing to him.

"Duty, Mordieu!" cried the other, savagely, "none. It's all up with me; no more business. The *Etats Generaux* are convoked."

"Ah! but I am not strong on politics," said Jean. "Excuse me, therefore, if I inquire how this will affect you?"

"I am told, one of the first intentions of this meeting is to abolish death."

"Altogether!" inquired Torticolis, with a *naiveté*, which was, however, but assumed, to conceal his natural cunning.

"No *faveur*, but by hanging," replied Duchesne, with a sigh.

"I wish they had passed it six years ago," said Jean, moodily.

"Do you? You are very hard," exclaimed the *Bourreau*, with a sneer.

"Yes; I should then have a straight neck, and not be called Torticolis, because my wife was handsome and a noble saw it!"

"By the way, what is become of Madame Ledru?" said the other, affectionately.

"She is dead," replied the wry neck.

"And the young Count?"

"Lives; but there is time for revenge. My wounded honour, my legal death, because I chastised a scoundrel, and her decease, all call on me. Trust me, I bide my time. But whither are you bound?"

"For my village; I have saved a few hundred *livres*, and now for Picardy, where I hope to spend my old age in peace."

"You are wrong," said the young man, who had just commenced his *omelette*.

"Why, Monsieur?" inquired Duchesne, turning round sharply.

"Because there will be more work for you than ever, though not of the same kind," replied the youth, a strange and wild fire shining in his speaking eyes.

"More work than ever," cried Duchesne, incredulously.

"Man," said the other, with considerable excitement of manner, "we are on the threshold of wondrous days; great things are about to happen; all men should be ready, for all men are interested. Who knows," he murmured to himself, "my republic may turn out other than a dream."

"You said," observed Duchesne.

"Return to Paris—it is the place for men," replied the young man, and then, as if recollecting the horrible vocation of him he spoke to, a burning blush overspread his cheeks, and he resumed the consumption of his half-forgotten meal.

"You are going to Paris," said Jean Torticolis, meekly, his little grey eyes fixed piercingly on the youth.

"I am," coldly said the other.

"You are a deputy to the States-General, perhaps," continued the man with the wry neck.

"Perhaps," replied the other with a smile, not unmingled with a little pride, for so inherent is the love of power and station, that the poorest republican, even despite himself, cannot withstand the feeling which it generates.

"At all events," insisted the other, "as you say great things are to happen, you may, perhaps, advise us when the time comes."

"If it be in my power," said the young man, quietly.

"Where shall we find Monsieur?"

"Oh! if you want me, on asking *Rue Grenelle St. Honoré, No. 20; au Troisieme* for Charles Clement, you will find me."

"Good, I thank you, Monsieur," said Jean, drawing forth a greasy pocket-book, and with difficulty making note of the address and name.

"I shall face about," cried Duchesne, awaking from a reverie, and then addressing Jean in a whisper, "The youth has set me thinking. Who knows what may happen? *Tonnere*, but Paris is, after all, the place for a man to get an honest living."

"Did I know where to perch," said Jean, in reply, "I might join you."

"Until you settle," replied Duchesne, with a grin, "I will give you a berth, and not the first neither."

"Bah! no more of that; where do you quarter?"

"If my room be not let, I have a sky parlour; it is rather high, on the sixth storey, but there is a good view of the tiles."

"What part?"

"Rue Grenelle."

"St. Honoré?"

"Yes."

"What number?"

"No. 20."

"Bah!"

"Why?"

"Why, that's where *he* lives," pointing with his thumb to the young man.

"You don't mean it?"

"Didn't you hear him say so just now," continued Jean Torticolis.

"No, but this is lucky, we shall know where to find him, *en cas*."

"Exactly; but I should like to know what he means by great events," mused Torticolis, addressing himself rather than his companion.

"Why, wine at two sous a bottle, bread at one sou a pound, meat the same, what else could he mean?" said Duchesne.

"Thunder, that would be great," continued Jean, pleased but not convinced, "one might live without working."

"Not exactly," said Duchesne, who for the first time in his life, perhaps, began to think, "but one might work a little less like animals."

"You might punish the insolence of a few nobles," whispered Jean, as if half afraid of the enormity of his proposition, "that would suit me."

"Impossible," said Duchesne, alarmed, "they are too powerful."

"They are very few," mused Torticolis.

"My God," exclaimed Duchesne, "that never struck me before."

"And we are many," continued the wry neck, caressing his chin.

"Who, we?"

"THE PEOPLE."

"Ah, yes! the people," laughed Duchesne, "what good are they against musketeers, Swiss, chevaliers, cannon?"

"But, Duchesne," said Jean, gravely, "a million ants might kill an elephant; besides, this is not the first time I think of this."

"Just now you said you knew nothing of politics," continued Duchesne, gaily.

"I didn't know your sentiments, my dear Duchesne; but I hope to see the people something in future."

"One might come to that," replied Duchesne, "who knows; the States-General are convoked, and they talk of the Tiers-Etat having the upper hand."

And thus, as thousands of others were doing, without premeditation, ignorant of the consequences of their own thoughts, unaware of their own mighty power, these two men went on conversing—preparing themselves for the great events of the French revolution.

When from a charming hill-side, bespangled with flowers, and rich in jewelled drops, sparkling in the sun, the traveller beholds bubbling forth the tender rivulet, he little thinks it the cradle of a mighty river, which, afar of, sweeps everything before it, irresistible, grand, sublime, and to affront which is madness. So the movement in France. Gentle, polite, still at first, commencing in the discussion of certain trivial forms, it was to end only when monarchy, church, aristocracy, all that vainly strove to stay its career, were crushed. It began in sunshine, it ended in a thunder-storm—but thunder-storms proverbially cleanse and purify the atmosphere.

CHAPTER II.

THE STORM.

An hour passed, during which time Charles Clement luxuriated in the study of a well-thumbed pamphlet—one of those leaves which, scattered as by the wind, and pregnant with seed, sowed everywhere the germs of the terrible future—his eye kindling as he read, and his whole mien revealing the emotion which agitated him. Ardent, sanguine, full of the spirit of youth, burning with shame and sorrow beneath the cumbrous tyranny which everywhere assailed the people—all who were unenobled—the discussions of the day, the writings of Voltaire, Mirabeau, Rousseau—spirits that saw the evils of the times without discovering their own errors—had infused into his mind, aided by his classics, a theory of polity, before which the feeble, enervated, and tottering monarchy of France would then have trembled, could it have believed it widely diffused. Charles Clement was an enthusiastic and ardent republican, dreaming of a state of things where the happiness of the people would be the first and only consideration of government, and dreaming, too, that democracy was to come forth in all its strength, quietly, calmly, and amid the joyous but peaceful acclamations of grateful millions.

Charles Clement, while wrapped in his ardent visions—such as are ever those of talent and virtue—forgot the

fierce passions, the brutal ignorance, the unbridled thoughts, the canker-worm of corruption, the rotten fabric of the State, the seeds of poverty, misery, and death, all plentifully sown by ages of debauchery, profligacy, and misgovernment, on the part of the kings and aristocracy of France; but concealed beneath the surface, hid by the spangled splendour of courtiers and court, veiled by the silks and satins of haughty dames, smothered beneath orient pearls, jewels, and gold; its cries stifled amid the resounding of great names, the glare of rank, and the laugh, the song, and the festival—but still smouldering—in places bursting forth and preparing to flood all bounds, to visit with awful retribution the authors of so much evil—was coming that terrible thing called public opinion.

But republicanism in France was but the splendid dream of a few noble, though erring spirits, who mistook hatred of oppression, impatience of suffering for love of liberty, and enthusiastic reception of it for fitness to enjoy it. They forgot that the despotic monarchy had not only impoverished, but corrupted the people, who were brutal, superstitious, ignorant, impulsive, incapable of reasoning, and that they must infallibly become anarchical, disbelieving, and not knowing what liberty really was, degenerate into license. A people passes not from slavery to freedom at a stroke without losing all self-control. A republic, being the perfection of human government, requires for its maintenance—and then magnificent, indeed, would be its career—that the monarchy upon whose ruins it is erected should have given the people a foretaste of freedom—that they should have exercised, without knowing it, most of the functions of democracy—that trusting in a religion which is cherished because heart and head go hand in hand with faith, they should not blindly follow mere ceremonies and symbols they do not understand—that they be educated sufficiently to understand the full difference between liberty and license—that they knew enough to distinguish between patriots and spouting quacks. The republic must come, too, gradually, but as the culminating stroke of a long line of reforms; in a word, they must have dwelt long beneath a constitutional government, not a despotism—be Protestants, not Catholics—an industrial thinking people, not a passionate and military nation—have lived in the nineteenth, not the eighteenth century—and instead of Frenchmen be ———. History will conclude my sentence.

Who looks on France, however, before the revolution, who inquires profoundly into the natural causes of its excesses, will own that the awful tempest was necessary, for the blood of the nation had stagnated, and the heart would soon have ceased to beat. The remedy was terrible, but with all its horrors less terrible than the evil.

Meanwhile Duchesne and Torticolis, between whom a strange link had created a kind of fraternity, had spent their time in discussing over their bottle and glass the hopes which the few words of the ardent youth had awakened in their bosoms.

"*Peste*," said Duchesne, continuing his remarks, "if he were right, and the people were about to become something."

"It is time," replied Torticolis, gravely, for this his first political discussion seemed to weigh upon his mind.

"I rather think it is. The nobles have skinned us long enough. Their turn now. I wonder if their hides are really so much softer," said the *Bourreau*-ready-made disciple of the reign of terror.

"*Fichtre*, you go quick," said the other, more cautiously, "our masters won't give way without a struggle."

"You are right," observed Duchesne, "therefore, 'quiet' is the word, and let us wait what turns up. Be sure somebody will be *sappeurs*."

"Agreed, comrade, and now enough of history, it's dry talk," said Torticolis, pledging the other in a bumper.

"Enough—for the present."

And, unknown to himself, Charles Clement had secured for the revolution two blind and devoted adherents, but such as served to ruin the hopes of its wisest advocates.

"But allow me to observe, M. Duchesne, that the weather is somewhat dark; I expect we shall have a storm."

"Two and two make four," said the *Bourreau*, "and thick clouds bring rain. Madame Martin, we shall sleep here to-night."

"Very good," said the dame, complacently, "there is a double-bedded room at your service."

"And for me?" inquired Charles Clement, raising his head from the pamphlet over which he had been musing.

"I have had a fire lit in No. 1," replied Madame Martin, with a smile and a curtsey.

"See what it is to be young and have good looks," whispered Duchesne, with a meaning wink; "I shouldn't wonder if she sent him away without asking for his bill."

"*Sapristi*," replied Torticolis, laughing, "it is the way of the world."

Meanwhile the weather had in reality set in with violence. The growling of thunder was heard in the distance, gradually becoming more distinct, while the wind shook the not very firm timbers of the *Dernier Sou*, making the travellers draw with additional pleasure round the fire, which Madame Martin had recently refreshed by the addition of several huge logs. Gradually, as the day quite faded, and no light illumined the room save the fitful flame of the fire, Clement closed his book, and, being in a dreamy humour, kept his eye fixed upon the blaze, while his ears drank in, with singular satisfaction, the sound of the storm without.

"It rolls on apace," he muttered, as the heavy booming of the thunder was heard overhead, and, like it, will roll the anger of the people; much noise, much tumult, to leave the air all the more fresh and pleasant."

But Clement forgot, in applying his comparison, the devastating fire, which, previous to the termination of the storm, often does terrible deeds.

"It strikes me," said Torticolis, suddenly rising, "that I hear voices without."

"The wind," replied Duchesne, who was quietly loading a pipe, his *ultima thule* of happiness.

"Did you ever hear the wind say '*Sacré!*'" continued Torticolis, somewhat contemptuously.

"Not exactly," answered Duchesne, raising a burning stick, and applying it methodically to the bowl of his pipe.

"Then don't contradict me," observed Torticolis, "and allow me to observe, without denial, that a voice just now said '*Sacré!*'"

At the same time, the loud clashing of a postilion's whip, the rumbling of wheels, and the sound of horses' feet, were heard above the roar of the storm, which now came down in pitiless showers of rain.

"Travellers," said Madame Martin, advancing with alacrity to meet them.

Reaching the door, and throwing it wide open, the worthy landlady of the *Dernier Sou* peered forth into the darkness.

"Holy mother! a *chaise de poste!* Pierre! Pierre!" she cried in a loud and shrill tone.

"Hola! he!" replied a rough voice from the stable.

"Come round and attend to the carriage."

A vehicle, and one, too, of no small pretensions, to judge from its unwieldy though handsome form, with four horses and numerous outriders, had, in fact, halted before the little inn, while several men-servants descending from their horses, hastened, some to open the door of the carriage, while others advanced to the entrance of the auberge.

"Woman," said one of these, insolently apostrophising the worthy Madame Martin, "my master, to avoid the storm, has decided to honour your *cabaret* with his presence. Make way for the Duke de Ravilliere."

The various parties occupying the interior of the inn started, while each experienced sensations peculiar to their individual characters.

Madame Martin, true to the money-bag, like all faithful innkeepers—no longer the accomplices but the principles in acts of extortion—without noticing the too common impertinence of the servant, was overwhelmed with delight at the honour which fell upon her house, though a pang went to her heart as she remembered that her only decent room was engaged by the handsome young stranger.

The two men, Torticolis and Duchesne, were equally solicitous about their apartment, which they had little doubt would be summarily taken possession of by the lacqueys.

Charles Clement smiled. He, the republican aspirant, had possession of No. 1, and the Duke de Ravilliere was no doubt about to dispute it with him. Another sentiment evidently actuated him, as a blush passed rapidly across his intelligent face.

Meanwhile Madame Martin and Pierre busied themselves in hunting up and lighting several lamps, which, with the blaze of the fire, made the old room look more cheerful and sunny. Charles retreated into a dull corner of the apartment, to be as far apart from the new company as possible, and was nearly concealed by the curtains of the good landlady's bed, while Duchesne and Torticolis, their valiant resolutions and resolves made against the whole race of nobles vanishing for the nonce, like morning dew, rose, respectfully awaiting the entrance of the aristocrats.

Preceded by servants holding hastily-lit torches, and having on each side a young lady, the Duke walked with stately step, neither casting look to the right nor the left, and proceeded to dry his damp and spotted clothes by the now sparkling fire, in which he was imitated by his fair companions.

Tall, slim, and even gaunt, the Duke somewhat resembled, in his plumed hat, his powdered wig, his short mantle and long braided waistcoat, with loose green coat, a diamond-hilted sword, and other courtly appendages, a skeleton dressed up in mockery of death, so thin were his cheeks, so shrivelled, dry, and yellow was his skin.

Presenting a marked contrast, not only with the aged nobleman, but one with the other, the two ladies formed a bright relief to the aspect, stern, proud, and cadaverous, of the courtier.

The one slight, delicate, and frail, the other of equal height, but fuller and more womanly proportions, without being a month older; the one pale, with a complexion of dazzling fairness, the other with a rich tint of summer skies on her scarcely less white complexion; the one with light graceful hair, worn powdered, in the fashion of the day, the other with a mass of heavy dark ringlets, falling as nature gave them on her shoulders; the one with liquid blue eyes, soft, tender, and fawn-like, the other with dark and speaking orbs, that spoke of passion, energy, and fire; the one with a delicate but somewhat low forehead, the other with a lofty, almost massive brow, all intellect; the one with a mouth made but to speak sweet things and give soft kisses, the other with beautifully shaped lips, but ones on which sat determination and power; the waist of the former was thin, that of the latter disdained all artificial restraint, and exhibited the natural graces of form which woman generally does her best to mar.

Charles Clement has caught all these shades of difference at a glance, though his eyes, after the first impulse, rested, by virtue of the spirit of antagonism inherent in our nature, on the fair girl who so little resembled himself, it could be seen at once, either in appearance or character. His attention was, however, only given to their native graces, omitting all search for the details of their costume, which he noticed not, in which particular, therefore, we shall follow his example.

"Germain," said the Duke, addressing his principal servant, after a brief pause, "can one dine here?"

"No, monseigneur," replied the lacquey, positively, without waiting for the landlady's remarks.

"Monsieur le Duc, I beg pardon," exclaimed the irate cabaretiere.

"Germain, tell this good woman to speak when she is spoken to. We cannot dine, I suppose—then we must fast."

"Faith, I hope not," said the dark-eyed beauty, laughing, "for the air and motion has given me an appetite,"

"Countess," replied the Duke gallantly, "were you a man, I should remark that your observation was vulgar."

"But, as I am a woman," gaily continued the Countess, "it is truth."

"Monsieur," said the valet, respectfully, "forgets that the lunch is yet untouched."

The Duke recollected it perfectly well, but did not choose to know anything of which his servants could more properly remind him. In those days inns were so ill-served that noble and wealthy travellers were constantly in the habit of taking all necessary articles with them.

"Then serve the lunch," replied the nobleman, solemnly.

"In the meantime, if Martin has a chamber, we will adjust our wet garments," observed the Countess, with a sweet smile.

"Madame," exclaimed the woman, in much confusion, and with a profound reverence, "I have but one room, and that——"

"Is perfectly at the service of these ladies, to whom I with pleasure cede my claim," said Charles, rising, and standing uncovered before the two ladies.

"We are much obliged," answered the Countess, surveying with some little surprise, and even confusion, the handsome youth who thus suddenly stood before them.

"For what?" exclaimed the Duke, haughtily.

"For Monsieur's courtesy," said the Countess, turning, with steady mien, towards the nobleman.

"The courtesy of a *roturier*," sneered the Duke, with that characteristic disregard for the people's feelings which paved the way for so much bitter revenge.

"Monsieur," exclaimed Charles, coldly, "you forget the times are changed, and that a bourgois is no longer a slave."

"This to me!" cried the Duke, reddening, while the painful conviction forced itself upon him that the words breathed truth.

"Yes, to you, Monsieur le Duc de Ravilliere, Marquis de Pontois," replied Charles; "I mean nothing impolite, but to remind you that we are no longer serfs."

"This comes of teaching the people; those vile pamphleteers are ruining the state," muttered the Duke; by pamphleteers the Duke meant Montesquiou, Voltaire, Helvetius, Rousseau.

Meanwhile the Countess and her fair companion, who had slightly coloured on the approach of Charles, whose manly, handsome form, and enthusiastic character, were no strangers to Adela de Ravilliere, retired, followed by their maids.

"Monsieur le Duc will perhaps allow me to observe," said Charles, modestly, "that there are others who have tended that way besides the philosophers."

"Whom, pray?" replied the Duke, sarcastically, or rather with that profound impertinence which the ignorant rich sometimes assume towards the poor.

"The profligate, reckless, and ignorant men who have pretended of late to rule the state, to say nothing of the women."

"Young man," exclaimed the Peer, astounded and piqued—he remembered his own humble court to the seductive Dubarry—"this is rank treason!"

"You will hear much more," said Charles, "from the Tiers-Etat."

"Bah!" said the Duke, carelessly, "they may talk; all they will say will end in smoke. But have I not seen you before?"

"I believe my face is not strange to your family," replied Charles, bitterly. His mother had been a Ravilliere, who had married for love into a legal family, and died of a broken heart, in consequence of the persecutions of her relations.

"Ah! I thought so," exclaimed the Duke, vainly striving, however, to tax his memory.

"I am Charles Clement, son of Jacques Clement, counsellor, who married your sister," replied the young man, moodily, the memory of his dead mother's wrongs rising before him, and shedding withered thoughts upon his path.

"Hum!" said the Duke, dryly, "but I have not seen you since you were a child."

"You mistake, Monsieur le Duc; ten years back—I was then a lad of fifteen—I saved your daughter's life when thrown into the Somme," replied Charles, as dryly.

"Ah!" exclaimed the Duke, his better feelings at once prevailing, "and you never came forward to claim my thanks and gratitude."

"I knew you, Monsieur, for one of my mother's brothers, and, therefore, one of her persecutors," replied Charles Clement, coldly.

"Charles Clement," said the nobleman, taking his hand, "you wrong me. Perhaps I might have been, who knows, had the opportunity occurred. But I was away with the army, and only heard of the matter a year after my sister's death. She was my playmate, too, in early days, and I am glad to meet her child."

"My Lord Duke," replied Charles, warmly, "this is to me an unexpected delight."

"You have the face of a Ravilliere," said the Duke, musing sadly, as he thought what he would have given for such a son, "and, were you noble by your father's side, might aspire to great things."

"Monsieur le Duc," exclaimed Charles, "you are mistaken. A time is coming when the factitious advantages of rank and birth will no longer have weight, and when merit, talent, energy, will be as ready a road to preferment."

"I believe," said the nobleman, sinking his voice, led away, he knew not why, by the charm of the other's voice, and forgetting awhile his stately pride; "I believe the state of the country to be more serious than the nobles suppose; but the change you contemplate is an idle dream. A pretty state of things, truly, when a *gentilhomme* shall be no better than a *roturier*."

"And yet, my uncle," interposed Charles, quietly, "both are but men."

"Oh!" said the Duke, with an involuntary sneer, "you are one of the disciples of equality. But let us not discuss politics, lest we quarrel. You are going to Paris?"

"I am," replied Charles.

"With what object?"

"To watch events. I have a small income, derived from my late father, and hope that circumstances may arise favourable to the pursuit of my profession."

"You will find a friend in your uncle," said the Duke, sadly; "I have but one child left, with whom my name ends. Except yourself I have not a relative, save one distant one, and in these days a young head may be useful. Whenever you are at leisure you are welcome at the Hotel Ravilliere."

"Thank you, my uncle," exclaimed Charles, blushing crimson, while his heart's blood came and went with rapidity, "I shall avail myself of the privilege."

Meanwhile the busy valets, using the apartment as if it had been their master's property, had spread, on a white and snowy table-cloth, with plates of porcelain, silver forks, and other articles of luxury, a cold collation, which made the eyes of the two men glisten, and excited many admiring and envious whispers.

"I do not think we have such very great reason to complain, Duke," said the Countess, returning, accompanied by Adela; "indeed, to have escaped the pelting storm is alone a luxury."

"Put another *couvert*, Germain," cried the Duke, resuming his stately tone.

The ladies exchanged glances, and then looked with no little surprise on the aged nobleman.

"Adela," he continued, "you have, doubtless, not forgotten your fall from your pony into the Somme?"

"Oh no!" said she, her cheeks crimsoning, and her lovely eyes slightly moistened, "nor my brave cousin who rescued me."

"Humph!" remarked de Ravilliere, dryly, but not angrily, "so you recognise him."

"Monsieur Clement and I have met once since," said Adela, recovering herself, "about ten days ago in the forest."

"Oh!" continued the Duke, "but allow me, at all events, to introduce to you," addressing the Countess, "my nephew, Charles Clement."

"Here, too," exclaimed the Countess, laughing, "you are too late—I was with Adela on the occasion referred to."

"Oh!" again said the old man, "but, nephew, know my noble and lovely ward, the Countess Miranda de Casal Monté."

Charles bowed, and, on the invitation of the Duke, seated himself on one side of the table, with his uncle opposite, while the ladies sat to his right and left. The meal commenced. The conversation was serious, but not sad. Charles, at the request of the Duke, spoke of his early life, of his orphan state, of his arduous studies in Paris for the legal profession, of his many courageous struggles against adversity, and those difficulties which encumber—though in the end they aid—the progress of the man who has to make his way in the world by the power of industry, talent, and learning.

"M. Charles," said Miranda, after listening with attention to his eloquent but somewhat bitter relation, in which his habitual sense of wrong and injury inflicted on his class burst forth—"M le Duc has promised you his support and countenance; you will therefore scarcely want any other, but if my less weighty influence be of any use at any time, command it."

"Madame," replied Charles gravely, the kind, gentle, but protective tone, touching him to the quick, "your offers, along with those of my uncle, are generous and tempting, but I am one of those who must fail or owe all to themselves."

"Then fail you will," said the Countess half ironically, "for owe your success to some one you must, whether that some one be your friends or the public."

"I would owe my success, Madame la Comtesse," continued Charles, "to my own exertions; I would know that my pen or my voice—and if these fail me, my hands—have made me whatever I am to become, and not to feel that I am rich or powerful or great, because rich and powerful and great people have taken me by the hand."

"But, Charles," observed the Duke, gazing at him curiously, "to your own relations you cannot object owing something."

"When I am the enemy of the class to which they belong," replied the young man enthusiastically, "however much I can love and respect them, I can owe them nothing."

The Countess Miranda raised her dark eyes with astonishment on the youth; Adela curled her pretty lips with a slightly-scornful air; while the old Duke, who apart from his courtier education had much good sense, replied calmly—"Confound not the class with its abuses," he said, "if indeed such exist. That some disorders have taken place I grant, because certain men have looked rather to keeping their places and making money than of being upright ministers—a common failing with men in power—but I cannot descry in what the nobles are generally to blame."

"My Lord," replied Charles, warmly, "the present generation of the aristocracy are not wholly to be condemned; to the vices and immorality of the last reign we owe much of present misery—so true is it the wickedness of those in high places is gall and wormwood to the people. But the nobles are to blame in preserving their antique privileges, the barbariams of feudalism; in not bearing their fair share of taxation; they are to blame, because, having no eyes, they do not see the signs of the times; they are to blame, in contending madly, in the face of increasing enlightenment, against the truth which is heard trumpet-tongued in the garret and workshop—infusing hope and elating the bosom—that the people are something in the nation, and should enjoy rights as well as perform duties."

"And are such the feelings," inquired the Duke, "of many besides yourself?"

"My Lord Duke," exclaimed the young man, "they are the cherished sentiments of thousands of Frenchmen, who hail the States General but as the prelude to a constitution and representation of the people, as in England."

"But in England—for I have travelled there—representation is generally but a name."

"Monsieur de Ravilliere," said Charles, "they have the shadow, and the substance will follow. We have neither shadow nor substance."

"Ma foi!" exclaimed the Duke, "if these sentiments are rife, we may have a hard tussle for our privileges. But, young man, we have the army, we have the rich, the noble with us, and all power in our hands, and must prevail."

"And we have public opinion, justice, and the people," replied the young man, quietly.

"These are new words," mused the Duke; "but go on, nephew, I am rather glad to hear you speak; I shall learn something of which few of my class have any idea."

And Charles Clement, whose keen eye and thoughtful mind had watched the progress of events, and who had pondered deeply on the probable consequences of the popular and universal ferment; upon the effect produced by the wide diffusion of political information; who knew—he, the law student, who had lived among the people—the excitable character of the Paris mob; who was well aware that thousands of men were hoping for liberty, and would risk fortune and life to win it, sketched, with almost prophetic power, much which was to come. His picture was dim; he dealt necessarily in generalities; his ideas of change fell far short of the reality; but his warnings were accompanied by so much that was cogent in reasoning, and were attuned with so much eloquence and animation, that his auditors were variously moved.

Vague sensations of alarm made the Duke shudder, for he saw that his old age, which he had so fondl-

hoped would have ended in peace, was likely to be a stormy one, and more and more he clung to the support which, in this time of popular tribulation, he might look for in a young and active relation.

Adela, though much struck by the words of the young man, was much more so by his manner, and the sparkling animation depicted in his eyes, which had become deeply imprinted on her heart.

Miranda listened coldly and critically, and not a trace of emotion of any kind was visible on her handsome, nay, beautiful countenance.

The ladies, the storm not abating in the least, retired shortly after the conclusion of the dinner to the room so gallantly ceded to them by Charles Clement, in order to repose from the fatigues of the day. The Duke, too, determined to lie down on a bed made with the cushions of the carriage, and other materials which the servants produced, in the double-bedded room intended by Madame Martin for Torticolis and Duchesne, but which now was ceded to the aged nobleman and our hero.

"Charles," said the Duke, soon after the two young women had retired, "perhaps you are not aware that I owe you 120,000 livres?"

"Monsieur le Duc," replied Charles Clement, startled, "I told you I could accept nothing."

"My friend," said the Duke, smiling sadly, "you would not surely refuse to accept a mother's gift?"

"A mother's gift!" exclaimed Charles.

"Yes, my nephew, for eighteen years my sister's portion has been accumulating in my hands; the arrears amount to 120,000 livres, while the principal is a farm near Paris, of which my *homme d'affaires* will hand you the title-deeds in due form, with the amount which he has in his hands of the twenty years' accumulation."

"But, my uncle," said Charles, hesitating.

"M. Charles," exclaimed the Duke, gravely, "through culpable negligence on my part, and the fact that, pardon me, I had forgotton your very existence, this money has not been previously paid you, but yours it is, and M. Grignon will show you the necessary documents to prove this."

"I am deeply grateful, Monsieur le Duke, and can refuse nothing which was my mother's."

"It is then settled; good night, nephew,"—and in a few moments more the nobleman was asleep, leaving the young man to ponder on the events of the day.

CONVERSATION.

AMONGST the arts connected with the *elegancies* of social life, in a degree which nobody denies, is the art of Conversation; but in a degree which almost everybody denies, if one may judge by their neglect of its simplest rules, this same art is not less connected with the *uses* of social life. Neither the luxury of conversation, nor the possible benefit of conversation, is to be had under that rude administration of it which generally prevails. Without an art, without some simple system of rules, gathered from experience of such contingencies as are most likely to mislead the practice, when left to its own guidance, no act of man, nor effort, accomplishes its purposes in perfection. The sagacious Greek would not so much as drink a glass of wine amongst a few friends without a systematic art to guide him, and a regular form of polity to control him, which art and which polity (begging Plato's pardon) were better than any of more ambitious aim in his Republic. Every *symposium* had its set of rules, and vigorous they were; had its own *symposiarch* to govern it, and a tyrant he was. Elected democratically, he became, when once installed, an autocrat not less despotic than the King of Persia. Purposes still more slight and fugitive have been organised into arts. Taking soup gracefully, under the difficulties opposed to it by a dinner dress at that time fashionable, was reared into an art about forty-five years ago by a Frenchman, who lectured upon it to ladies in London; and the most brilliant Duchess of that day was amongst his best pupils. Spitting, if the reader will pardon the mention of so gross a fact, was shown to be a very difficult art, and publicly prelected upon about the same time, in the same great capital. The professors in this faculty were the hackney-coachmen; the pupils were gentlemen, who paid a guinea each for three lessons; the chief problem in this system of hydraulics being to throw the salivating column in a parabolic curve from the centre of Parliament Street, when driving four-in-hand, to the foot pavements, right and left, so as to alarm the consciences of guilty peripatetics on either side. The ultimate problem, which closed the *curriculum* of study, was held to lie in spitting round a corner; when *that* was mastered, the pupil was entitled to his doctor's degree. Endless are the purposes of man, merely festal or merely comic, and aiming but at the momentary life of a cloud, which have earned for themselves the distinction and apparatus of a separate art. Yet for conversation, the great paramount purpose of social meetings, no art exists or has been attempted.

That seems strange, but is not really so. A limited process submits readily to the limits of a technical system; but a process, so unlimited as the interchange of thought, seems to reject them. And even, if an art of conversation were less unlimited, the means of carrying such an art into practical effect amongst so vast a variety of minds, seem wanting. Yet again, perhaps, after all, this may rest on a mistake. What we begin by misjudging is the particular phasis of conversation which brings it under the control of art and discipline. It is not in its relation to the intellect that conversation ever has been improved or *will* be improved primarily, but in its relation to manners. Has a man ever mixed with what in technical phrase is called "good company," meaning company in the highest degree polished, company which (being or *not* being aristocratic as respects its composition) is aristocratic as respects the standard of its manners and usages? If he really *has*, and does not deceive himself from vanity or from pure inacquaintance with the world, in that case he must have remarked the large effect impressed upon the grace and upon the

freedom of conversation by a few simple instincts of real good breeding. Good breeding—what is it? There is no need in this place to answer that question comprehensively; it is sufficient to say, that it is made up chiefly of *negative* elements; that it shows itself far less in what it prescribes, than in what it forbids. Now, even under this limitation of the idea, the truth is—that more will be done for the benefit of conversation by the simple magic of good manners (that is, chiefly by a system of forbearances), applied to the besetting vices of social intercourse, than ever *was* or *can* be done by all varieties of intellectual power assembled upon the same arena. Intellectual graces of the highest order may perish and confound each other when exercised in a spirit of ill temper, or under the license of bad manners: whereas, very humble powers, when allowed to expand themselves colloquially in that genial freedom which is possible only under the most absolute confidence in the self-restraint of your collocutors, accomplish their purpose to a certainty, if it be the ordinary purpose of liberal amusement, and have a chance of accomplishing it, even when this purpose is the more ambitious one of communicating knowledge or exchanging new views upon truth.

In my own early years, having been formed by nature too exclusively and morbidly for solitary thinking, I observed nothing. Seeming to have eyes, in reality I saw nothing. But it is a matter of no very uncommon experience—that, whilst the mere observers never become meditators, the mere meditators, on the other hand, may finally ripen into close observers. Strength of thinking, through long years, upon innumerable themes, will have the effect of disclosing a vast variety of questions, to which it soon becomes apparent that answers are lurking up and down the whole field of daily experience; and thus an external experience which was slighted in youth, because it was a dark cipher that could be read into no meaning, a key that answered to no lock, gradually becomes interesting as it is found to yield one solution after another to problems that have independently matured in the mind. Thus, for instance, upon the special functions of conversation, upon its powers, its laws, its ordinary diseases, and their appropriate remedies, in youth I never bestowed a thought or a care. I viewed it—not as one amongst the gay ornamental arts of the intellect, but as one amongst the dull necessities of business. Loving solitude too much, I understood too little the capacities of colloquial intercourse. And thus it is, though not for *my* reason, that most people estimate the intellectual relations of conversation. Let these, however, be what they may, one thing seemed undeniable—that this world talked a great deal too much. It would be better for all parties, if nine in every ten of the *winged words*, flying about in this world (Homer's *epea pteroenta*) had their feathers clipped amongst men, or even amongst women, who have a right to a larger allowance of words. Yet, as it was quite out of my power to persuade the world into any such self-denying reformation, it seemed equally out of the line of my duties to nourish any moral anxiety in that direction. *To talk* seemed then in the same category as *to sleep;* not an accomplishment, but a base physical infirmity. As a moralist, I really was culpably careless upon the whole subject. I cared as little what absurdities men practised in their vast tennis-courts of conversation, where the ball is flying backwards and forwards to no purpose for ever, as what tricks Englishmen might play with their monstrous national debt. Yet at length what I disregarded on any principle of moral usefulness, I came to make an object of the profoundest interest on principles of art. *Betting*, in like manner, and *wagering*, which apparently had no moral value, and for that reason had been always slighted as inconsiderable arts (though, by the way, they always had one valuable use, viz., that of evading quarrels, since a bet summarily intercepts an altercation), rose suddenly into a philosophic rank, when successively, Huyghens, the Bernoullis, and De Moivre, were led by the suggestion of these trivial practices amongst men, to throw the light of a high mathematical analysis upon the whole doctrine of Chances. Lord Bacon had been led to remark the capacities of conversation as an organ for sharpening one particular mode of intellectual power. Circumstances, on the other hand, led me into remarking the special capacities of conversation, as an organ for absolutely creating another mode of power. Let a man have read, thought, studied, as much as he may, rarely will he reach his possible advantages as a *ready* man, unless he has exercised his powers much in conversation—that was Lord Bacon's idea. Now, this wise and useful remark points in a direction, not objective, but subjective—that is, it does not promise any absolute extension to truth itself, but only some greater facilities to the man who expounds or diffuses the truth. Nothing will be done for truth objectively that would not at any rate be done, but subjectively it will be done with more fluency, and at less cost of exertion to the doer. On the contrary, my own growing reveries on the latent powers of conversation (which, though a thing that then I hated, yet challenged at times unavoidably my attention) pointed to an absolute birth of new insight into the truth itself, as inseparable from the finer and more scientific exercise of the talking art. It would not be the brilliancy, the ease, or the adroitness of the expounder that would benefit, but the absolute interests of the thing expounded. A feeling dawned on me of a secret magic lurking in the peculiar life, velocities, and contagious ardour of conversation, quite separate from any which belonged to books; arming a man with new forces, and not merely with a new dexterity in wielding the old ones. I felt, and in this I could not be mistaken, as too certainly it was a fact of my own experience, that in the electric kindling of life between two minds, and far less from the kindling natural to conflict (though *that* also is something), than from the kindling through sympathy with the object discussed, in its momentary coruscation of shifting phases, there sometimes arise glimpses, and shy

revelations of affinity, suggestion, relation, analogy, that could not have been approached through any avenues of methodical study. Great organists find the same effect of inspiration, the same result of power creative and revealing, in the mere movement and velocity of their own voluntaries, like the heavenly wheels of Milton, throwing off fiery flakes and bickering flames; these *impromptu* torrents of music create rapturous *fioriture*, beyond all capacity in the artist to register, or afterwards to imitate. The reader must be well aware that many philosophic instances exist where a change in the degree makes a change in the kind. Usually this is otherwise; the prevailing rule is, that the principle subsists unaffected by any possible variation in the amount or degree of the force. But a large class of exceptions must have met the reader, though, from want of a pencil, he has improperly omitted to write them down in his pocket-book—cases, viz., where upon passing beyond a certain point in the graduation, an alteration takes place suddenly in the *kind* of effect, a new direction is given to the power. Some illustration of this truth occurs in conversation, where a velocity in the movement of thought is made possible (and often natural), greater than ever can arise in methodical books; and where, 2dly, approximations are more obvious and easily effected between things too remote for a steadier contemplation. One remarkable evidence of a *specific* power lying hid in conversation may be seen in such writings as have moved by impulses most nearly resembling those of conversation; for instance, in those of Edmund Burke. For one moment, reader, pause upon the spectacle of two contrasted intellects, Burke's and Johnson's; one an intellect essentially going forward, governed by the very necessity of growth—by the law of motion in advance; the latter, essentially an intellect retrogressive, retrospective, and throwing itself back on its own steps. This original difference was aided accidentally in Burke by the tendencies of political partisanship, which, both from moving amongst moving things and uncertainties, as compared with the more stationary aspects of moral philosophy, and also from its more fluctuating and fiery passions, must unavoidably reflect in greater life the tumultuary character of conversation. The result from these original differences of intellectual constitution, aided by these secondary differences of pursuit, is, that Dr. Johnson never, in any instance, GROWS a truth before your eyes, whilst in the act of delivering it, or moving towards it. All that he offers up to the end of the chapter he had when he began. But to Burke, such was the prodigious elasticity of his thinking, equally in his conversation and in his writings, the mere act of movement became the principle or cause of movement. Motion propagated motion, and life threw off life. The very violence of a projectile, as thrown by *him*, caused it to rebound in fresh forms, fresh angles, splintering, coruscating, which gave out thoughts as new (and that would at the beginning have been as startling) to himself as they are to his reader. In this power, which might be illustrated largely from the writings of Burke, is seen something allied to the powers of a prophetic seer, who is compelled oftentimes into seeing things, as unexpected by himself as by others. Now in conversation, considered as to its *tendencies* and capacities, there sleeps an intermitting spring of such sudden revelation, showing much of the same general character; a power putting on a character *essentially* differing from the character worn by the power of books.

If, then, in the *colloquial* commerce of thought, there lurked a power not shared by other modes of that great commerce, a power separate and *sui generis*, next it was apparent that a great art must exist somewhere, applicable to this power; not in the Pyramids, or in the tombs of Thebes, but in the unwrought quarries of men's minds, so many and so dark. There was an art missing. If an art, then an artist missing. If the art (as we say of foreign mails) were "due," then the artist was "due." How happened it that this great man never made his appearance? But perhaps he *had*. Many people think Dr. Johnson the *exemplar* of conversational power. I think otherwise, for reasons which I shall soon explain, and far sooner I should look for such an *exemplar* in Burke. But neither Johnson nor Burke, however they might rank as *powers*, was the *artist* that I demanded. Burke valued not at all the reputation of a great performer in conversation: he scarcely contemplated the skill as having a real existence; and a man will never be an artist who does not value his art, or even recognise it as an object distinctly defined. Johnson, again, relied sturdily upon his natural powers for carrying him aggressively through all conversational occasions or difficulties that English society, from its known character and composition, could be supposed likely to bring forward, without caring for any art or system of rules that might give further effect to that power. If a man is strong enough to knock down ninety-nine in a hundred of all antagonists, in spite of any advantages as to pugilistic science which they may possess over himself, he is not likely to care for the improbable case of a hundredth man appearing with strength equal to his own, superadded to the utmost excess of that artificial skill which is wanting in himself. Against such a contingency it is not worth while going to the cost of a regular pugilistic training. Half a century might not bring up a case of actual call for its application. Or, if it did, for a single *extra* case of that nature, there would always be a resource in the *extra* (and, strictly speaking, foul) arts of kicking, scratching, pinching, and tearing hair.

The conversational powers of Johnson were narrow in compass, however strong within their own essential limits. As a *conditio sine quâ non*, he did not absolutely demand a *personal* contradictor by way of "stoker" to supply fuel and keep up his steam, but he demanded at least a *subject* teeming with elements of known contradictory opinion, whether linked to partisanship or not.

His views of all things tended to negation, never to the positive and the creative. Hence may be explained a fact, which cannot have escaped any keen observer of those huge Johnsonian *memorabilia* which we possess, viz., that the gyration of his flight upon any one question that ever came before him was so exceedingly brief. There was no process, no evolution, no movements of self-conflict or preparation;—a word, a distinction, a pointed antithesis, and, above all, a new abstraction of the logic involved in some popular fallacy or doubt, or prejudice, or problem, formed the utmost of his efforts. He dissipated some casual perplexity that had gathered in the eddies of conversation, but he contributed nothing to any weightier interest; he unchoked a strangulated sewer in some blind alley, but what river is there that felt his cleansing power. There is no man that can cite any single error which Dr. Johnson unmasked, or any important truth which he expanded. Nor is this extraordinary. Dr. Johnson had not within himself the fountain of such power, having not a brooding or naturally philosophic intellect. Philosophy in any acquired sense he had none. How else could it have happened that, upon David Hartley, upon David Hume, upon Voltaire, upon Rousseau, the true or the false philosophy of his own day, beyond a personal sneer, founded on some popular slander, he had nothing to say and said nothing? A new world was moulding itself in Dr. Johnson's meridian hours, new generations were ascending, and "other palms were won." Yet of all this the Doctor suspected nothing. Countrymen and contemporaries of the Doctor's, brilliant men, but (as many think) trifling men, such as Horace Walpole and Lord Chesterfield, already in the middle of that eighteenth century, could read the signs of the great changes advancing, already started in horror from the portents which rose before them in Paris, like the procession of regal phantoms before Macbeth, and have left in their letters records undeniable (such as now read like Cassandra prophecies) that already they had noticed tremors in the ground below their feet, and sounds in the air, running before the great convulsions under which Europe was destined to rock, full thirty years later. Many instances, during the last war, showed us that in the frivolous dandy might often lurk the most fiery and accomplished of *aides-de-camp;* and these cases show that men, in whom the world sees only elegant *roués*, sometimes from carelessness, sometimes from want of opening for display, conceal qualities of penetrating sagacity, and a learned spirit of observation, such as may be looked for vainly in persons of more solemn and academic pretension. But there was a greater defect in Dr. Johnson, for purposes of conversation, than merely want of eye for the social phenomena rising around him. He had no eye for such phenomena, because he had a somnolent want of interest in them; and why? because he had little interest in man. Having no sympathy with human nature in its struggles, or faith in the progress of man, he could not be supposed to regard with much interest any forerunning symptoms of change that to him were them-selves indifferent. And the reason that he felt thus careless was the desponding taint in his blood. It is good to be of a melancholic temperament, as all the ancient physiologists held, but only if the melancholy is balanced by fiery aspiring qualities, not when it gravitates essentially to the earth. Hence the drooping, desponding character, and the monotony of the estimate which Dr. Johnson applied to life. We were all, in *his* view, miserable, scrofulous wretches; the "strumous diathesis" was developed in our flesh, or soon would be; and but for his piety, which was the best indication of some greatness latent within him, he would have suggested to all mankind a nobler use for garters than any which regarded knees. In fact, I believe, that but for his piety, he would not only have counselled hanging in general, but hanged himself in particular. Now, this gloomy temperament, not as an occasional but as a permanent state, is fatal to the power of brilliant conversation, in so far as that power rests upon raising a continual succession of topics, and not merely of using with lifeless talent the topics offered by others. Man is the central interest about which revolve all the fleeting phenomena of life: these secondary interests demand the first; and with the little knowledge about them which must follow from little care about them, there can be no salient fountain of conversational themes. *Pectus—id est quod disertum facit.* From the heart, from an interest of love or hatred, of hope or care, springs all permanent eloquence; and the elastic spring of conversation is gone, if the talker is a mere showy man of talent, pulling at an oar which he detests.

What an index might be drawn up of subjects interesting to human nature, and suggested by the events of the Johnsonian period, upon which the Doctor ought to have talked, and must have talked, if his interest in man had been catholic, but on which the Doctor is not recorded to have uttered one word! Visiting Paris once in his life, he applied himself diligently to the measuring—of what? Of gilt mouldings and diapered panels! Yet books, it will be said, suggest topics as well as life, and the moving sceneries of life. And surely Dr. Johnson had *this* fund to draw upon? No: for though he had read much in a desultory way, he had studied nothing;* and, without that sort of systematic reading, it is but a rare chance that books can be brought to bear effectually, and yet indirectly, upon conversation; whilst to make them directly and formally the subjects of discussion, pre-supposes either a learned audience, or, if the audience is not so, much pedantry and much arrogance in the talker.

* *"Had studied nothing:"*—It may be doubted whether Dr. Johnson understood any one thing thoroughly, except Latin; not that he understood even *that* with the elaborate and circumstantial accuracy required for the editing critically of a Latin classic. But if he had less than *that*, he had also more: he *possessed* that language in a way that no extent of mere critical knowledge could confer. He wrote it genially, not as one translating into it painfully from English, but as one using it for his original organ of thinking. And in Latin verse he expressed himself at times with the energy and freedom of a Roman. With Greek, his acquaintance was far more slender, and had not

DESCRIPTIVE SKETCH OF THE PROVINCE OF BUNDELKUND.

INDIA, considered as one magnificent whole, now fills a large place in the public mind, yet it is only when insurrections, sanguinary battles, or fierce intestine discords, imperatively demand our interference, that its several parts are subjected to a minute and detailed survey. Affghanistan, while our occupation of the province was debated—Gwalior, when it placed the peace of India in jeopardy—and Scinde, during that period in which the cause of its Ameers was espoused by so many Quixotic politicians—became each in its turn an object of all-absorbing interest; and now the Punjaub, from the long series of intrigues, murders, assassinations, and glorious victories, won by British valour, of which it has been the scene, challenges the attention not only of politicians but of all Christendom.

Bundelkund possesses at the present moment no such claims upon our notice. It has relapsed, after centuries of internal and external warfare, into a state of repose; but for that very reason we have seized upon this interval of tranquility to take a calm survey of its aspect and condition. For, from the recent events in the East, we are convinced that the necessity exists of drawing more immediately within the sphere of the general reader's observation, not only those provinces which, having lately been the scene of turbulence and anarchy, are, by this means, as it were, forced upon our notice, but those also lying farther removed from the beaten track, but which may, and that at no distant day, perhaps become themselves objects of interest, by being converted into the field of important industrial operations.

From the moment when Colonel Goddard, with his army, marched through Bundelkund to effect a diversion in favour of the government of Bombay, then engaged in war with the Peshwâ, this province has, in some way or another, proved a constant source of uneasiness to our British rulers. It has been found necessary to put down rebellion after rebellion, to crush outbreak after outbreak, to depose first one rajah and then another, while each succeeding year has ushered in, with its advent, fresh anarchy and renewed scenes of lawless disturbances.

The cession of Bundelkund by the Peshwâ did not at once suffice to restore tranquility. Nor can we feel much surprise at the difficulty experienced by a state so long the hotbed of intrigue, and which has passed through so lengthened an ordeal of misrule, in accommodating itself to so entirely a new order of things. Peace could only be established when the tribes, weary of warfare, determined to apply themselves to the pursuits of agriculture, and guide the plough over the fertile valley, instead of wielding the sword in defence of predatory chiefs or turbulent rajahs.

Our intention is not just now to dwell upon the events of Bundela history. Suffering our eyes, however, to revert for a moment to the past, and setting aside the fables which are entangled in the early history of Bundelkund, we discover the same string of revolts, dethronements, assassinations, insurrections, rebellions, family contentions, intestine discords, and petty intrigues, which more or less mark the annals of all eastern provinces. Rajah after rajah ascended the musnud, and each in his turn was removed by the poinard of the assassin, or the poisoned chalice of a rival, or fell in battle against the ruler of some neighbouring district. The forts scattered over the face of the province are themselves chroniclers, which, with their origin buried in profound antiquity, testify at once to the early date of the battles fought, and the continual apprehension in which princes must have existed, who required strongholds so stupendous to protect them from the incursions of the enemy.

British rule has at length established peace, by dividing the province into small principalities or jaghirs, under so many petty rajahs.

Inquiry into Bundela history was first prompted by the remains of the forts of Kalinghur and Ujee Ghur, which were supposed to contain antiquities belonging to a very remote period. The most diligent account entered upon with enthusiasm for some time, appeared destined to be attended with little or no success, yielding, as it did, information of a vague and doubtful character, which seemed rather to excite than allay curiosity. An ancient manuscript, termed the Kshurl Purk-ash, at length came to light, which recorded at once the succession of the early rajahs, and the wars in which they were engaged, thus affording a brilliant opportunity for the bard Lal to expatiate in glowing terms on the intrepedity and heroism of the brave Bundelas, whose valour, however, has for ages been expended in the internal quarrels periodically arising among its various rulers, and the resistance of incursions made by marauders from the neighbouring districts, and to which the country has long been subject.

Bundelkund is an elevated table-land, lying between the 24th and 26th degrees of north latitude, extending over a space of eleven thousand square miles, bounded by the river Jumna to the north, by portions of the great Vindyan chain on the south and south-east, with Malwah to the west, and Allahabad to the east. It is watered by the Jumna, the Sone, the Betwah, the Tonse, and the Ken, which intersect the whole district in a northerly but meandering course. Four parallel ranges of the Vindyan hills, each successively supporting a table-land rising one above the other, and separated by narrow valleys and slips of cultivated country, sweep in an irregular course round Bundelkund proper, which forms the valley at their feet, and undergoing, as it proceeds, several changes of name, the grand chain being called the Tamean hills, from Talada to Belehrea; while thence eastward it takes the appellation of Kinwarra.

The aspect presented by these mountains, viewed from the table-lands of Bundelkund, is bold and striking in the extreme, reminding us of a fine sea-coast landscape. The eye rests upon a succession of mural precipices, towering to the height of seven hundred feet above the valley, in so abrupt and perpendicular an ascent, that a man possessed of a steady eye, and boasting a tolerable amount of nerves, might stand on the summit and suspend a plummet in his hand that would reach the bottom uninterrupted in its course by any projecting cliff. Occasionally the rocks receding from the main line form in their course onward a rugged bay, others again suddenly stretch forth towards the table-lands, a point of rock

which resembles a rude promontory. Here and there the continuity of the range is disturbed by the rending in twain of a giant crag almost from the summit to its roots, thus forming a huge chasm, apparently split by some sudden eruption of waters from the country lying beyond, which, having as suddenly subsided, left traces alone in the shape of yawning gulphs. The summit line of the mountains is, in general, neither very broken nor very irregular; occasionally gradual descents may be seen, but, for the most part, the hills abruptly terminate in small level plains, fringed with overhanging black rocks, as though by some convulsion of nature the cones had been carried away.

The isolated mountains and solitary hills, which rear their heads at intervals in the midst of green cultivation, are extremely picturesque. They seem, indeed, to be entirely unconnected with any other mountains, but this appearance is deceptive, for they constitute, in fact, portions of ranges stretching out to the north, which alternately disappear and emerge again, sometimes in continuous chains, diverging from the apex of the bay, like the rays of a star, or, to use a more familiar expression, like the spokes of a wheel.

On two of the most stupendous mountains detached from the Vindyan range are erected the celebrated forts of Ujeeghur and Kalinghur.

In this province the variety of scenery is infinite. Casting a hurried glance around, as we pause in our descent down the hill on which Dhamonee with its fortress is erected, the eye wanders over scenes of extreme loveliness, unshaded by mist or floating vapours, but standing forth in that rich distinction of outline so peculiar to Indian landscape. Our imagination is now awed by the majesty and grandeur developed on one side, and fascinated by the sylvan pictures unfolding themselves on another. To our right and to our left, immediately below, we gaze down into two deep glens, in which the murmuring sound of gushing waters makes a continual music, as it rolls on its sullen course to join the river on the plain. The cool freshness constantly maintained in these recesses, seldom, if ever, visited by the sun's rays, favours the growth of plants and vegetation which would not thrive in more exposed positions. A rich cultivation consequently extends over the strip of level country running on either side, down to the very verge of both branches of the Dussera river, which, after passing through the glens, again unite and pass onwards through a deep chasm to water the plain of Bundelkund.

Everywhere evidences of the care bestowed upon the processes of agriculture, the attention given to cultivation, manifests itself. All up the slopes of the smiling valleys, formed by the undulating surface of the country, foliage of the richest and brightest hues may be seen. The lively green of the small coppice wood and stunted bushes melts away into the darker shades of the jungle, extending in patches over a great portion of the province. Every now and then a meandering rivulet sparkles as the sun shines upon it, and winds its glittering course, like a thread of gold, through valleys, and woods, and forests, at whose feet often stretches a broad clear sheet of water, partially covered with the red lotus, and fringed at its edges with delicate shrubs, fragrant and beautiful beyond description. Mango groves cluster beyond, and from above their rich foliage peep forth mausoleums and temples, whose domes glitter in the sunbeams. The most valuable commodity of the province, its superb cotton, in full bloom, waves its white blossoms in the wind. At intervals, a stupendous mountain rises abruptly out of the cultivated land, and majestically towers aloft, cased in jungle, with its heights crowned by a fringe of brambles and bushes, straggling over the black rock encircling its rugged head.

These solitary hills are thickly strewn over the portion of Bundelkund contiguous to the Vindyan range; some lying to the left, others to the right; some scattered apart; others, again, standing close to each other, thus forming narrow rounding defiles, and now offering to view a chasm, through which we obtain glimpses of more tranquil scenery beyond; green plains, rich slopes, cotton plantations, wheat and barley fields, lakes and rivers —on whose banks are strewed towns, filled by a bold and daring race of men, and villages, in which the several processes of industry are carried on. Permitting our thoughts to wander further, and allowing our imagination to penetrate into these hamlets, we behold, as sunset melts over the landscape, the children at play beneath the trees, on whose boughs the beautiful baya bird, with its rich plumage, nestles unmolested within the reach of the hands of these youthful Bundelas. We hear, in the hush of twilight, the sweet tones of the guitar,* blended with a rich mellow voice, above which occasionally rises the roar of the tiger in some neighbouring jungle, the scream of the monkey, the thrilling notes of the forest birds, or the ceaseless murmur of the distant waterfall.

This fertile province is irrigated by several large rivers, and innumerable rivulets, which, taking their rise on the hill sides, are met in their passage down by numberless smaller tributaries trickling over the rocks. Uniting together, these mountain torrents form a stream of moderate size, which, flowing out over the rich loamy soil, serves to increase its productiveness, and, it has been supposed by some, to render the labours of irrigation almost unnecessary. In some parts of the province, however, this method of fertilising the earth is certainly carried on to some extent.

The Jumna takes its rise in the vast Himalayan range, and, running in a parallel line with the Ganges, skirts the northern side of Bundelkund. Many tributary streams swell its waters as it rolls on; amongst others, the Chumbul, a river of some size. After a winding course of 780 miles, in a bed deeper and broader than that of the Ganges, the Jumna unites near the city of Allahabad with the holy stream, which henceforth absorbs its name.

The Sonar river intersects the whole province in a northerly direction, passing near the town of Banda, and finally projecting itself into the Ken. The source of the latter river is in a portion of the Vindyan range, near the village of Mohar, and about twenty-five miles from the Nerbudda. It meanders in a north-easterly course, passing through the Banda hills, and forming a cataract near Ripariya. Its course is then westerly, until joined by the Pahil Bearma and Mirhassya rivers, the united streams are precipitated over a cataract near the village of Senghora. The Ken foams henceforward through a deep narrow channel, worn

* A favourite instrument among the Bundelas.

through the rocks, and, overhung by high banks, passes occasionally into two ravines. The red, honey colour, and black jaspar, with the agate, abound in its channels, and though somewhat inferior to those discovered in the Sone, are of considerable value. Its course, after passing through two mountain ranges, is northerly, and at length falls into the Jumna, after having flowed two hundred and thirty miles. It is too rocky to be navigable, but is well stocked with fish. Light boats, however, in the rainy season, have proceeded up as far as Banda.

Near the village of Derdurra the Tonse takes its rise, and being joined in its passage by innumerable rivulets, flows on through the district of Rewah, in reality a portion of Bundelkund. The falls formed by this river, though they have seldom been alluded to by the traveller, may be regarded as among the most magnificent objects to be witnessed in any part of the habitable globe, not even excepting the falls of Niagara, which have even been pronounced vastly inferior, both in grandeur of outline and actual height.

The existence of the Bundela falls, indeed, was only acknowledged after a considerable amount of amusing incredulity had been manifested upon the subject. Some years ago a traveller in the district, on his return to Calcutta, transmitted to certain journals a brief account of the cataract of the Tonse, to which insertion was given. And here the matter for the time dropped; but the editors of these papers subsequently reflecting, began to fancy that they must have been imposed upon by some clever disciple of the Baron Munchausen. They did not, could not calculate that it was possible for any but an American river to possess a fall, the hereditary tradition passing down from father to son, and which fixed Niagara as the only natural exhibition of the kind worth visiting, was respected, and accordingly, when more full and satisfactory accounts were transmitted by subsequent travellers, no attention was paid to the communication.

In 1813, an army encamped in Rewan during the campaign, at no great distance from Sumarenli, the capital of the country, at that period ruled over by Jugat Mohun Singh. The officers as well as men were wholly unconscious of their near proximity to the falls, with whose existence, indeed, they were unacquainted, those of the Behar being ten miles distant from the Tonse falls, and eight from those of Chycheya.

As surely, however, as the wind blew in the direction of the camp, a strange and incomprehensible noise came borne upon the breeze, resembling the heavy, sullen roar of waters, or the muttered rumbling of thunder in the distance. During the rains, beautiful white hazy clouds, reflecting on their edge the golden beams of the rising sun, sometimes floated upwards, now wavering gently to and fro, now appearing stationary, or seeming to dissolve in the air around. The whole camp were struck with these singular appearances, and made them the subject of incessant conversation.

One morning, a small foraging party, under the command of an enterprising officer, set out for the purpose of reconnoitering along the banks of the Tonse river, in order to discover the cause of those appearances which had excited so much curiosity in the camp. As they advanced, the unceasing murmur swelled gradually upon the ear. Nearer and nearer came the music of the waterfall, as they kept their onward progress, until at length the sound so evidently betokened the fall of an immense body of water, that they felt convinced that they should soon discover cataracts in the river. Nor were they disappointed.

Emerging suddenly from the woody plain, the most magnificent view of one of Nature's handiworks displayed itself. Awed by the sublimity of the scene, the party paused to survey it in silent but wondering admiration. They had anticipated the sudden projection earthward of a vast stream, but did not expect to behold the broad expanse of foaming waters, stretching far to the left and right, seven hundred feet in breadth, which bounded with deafening roar perpendicularly down a height of four hundred feet, and plunged into a deep natural basin eight hundred feet in diameter. The river flows over a bed of rocks intersected by deep fissures, and in its onward course washes off the thin red soil which covers them. Suddenly arriving at an abrupt descent, the waters, swollen probably by the rains, project themselves in a vast column perpendicularly down, but some escaping from the grand mass, rolling between banks a hundred feet in height, force a way through the fissures, and gradually loosen on either side huge fragments of rock, which roll with more than avalanchine grandeur down into the excavations it forms below, awaking echoes which startle the inhabitants of the country around, like loud roars of artillery. These granite masses violently falling one upon the other in their weighty descent, shiver and splint the rocks below, and now become wedged in between a divided crag. Great unwieldy points protrude here and there from the deep basin, and now a slender fragment rests in an inclined position against the huge sides. The waves, as they fall, leap, and sparkle, and dance like showers of crystal balls, dashing from every rock and crag down the edges of the vast column of waters, whose spray, dashing from the rocks, forms cloudlets tinged with every varied hue of the rainbow. This crystalline spray, it was now discovered, caused the vapours discerned by the camp, and so often admired by them.

The vista obtained of the country beyond is beautiful beyond description. These attractions are, however, scarcely noticed until the eye has ceased to be riveted upon the grander fascinations which majestically rear themselves before it. When the first enthusiastic burst of rapture is over, the gaze wanders to the softer beauties of the scene. The verdure of the grass is so bright, so brilliant, that when attempted to be portrayed on canvass the colour appeared too fresh and green to be natural. Every plant around moulds itself into a nosegay of fragrant blossoms—no shrub without a perfume, no plant without a flower. The wild vine climbs and clings round the rocks, entwines itself into each fissure, and creeps up the craggy sides, laden with a profusion of rich black grapes. A small lily, like that of the valley, clusters, with its white flowers, at the foot; but amid all the blooming shrubs around, the *superba gloriosa* stands foremost in its loveliness. Passing on, the river falls into a bed from two to three hundred feet in depth, and about two hundred yards broad. The banks are too steep to permit of a descent close to its edge. Very great numbers of springs, tanks, and reservoirs, are scattered over the surface of the province, which proves the fallacy of the

notion that irrigation is unnecessary. If the necessity for it had not existed, the tanks which we encounter at every turn would never have been constructed at so large an expense.

Of the towns scattered over Bundelkund we shall merely notice the principal. Banda, the capital, built by Rajah Goomah Singh, is famous as an extensive cotton mart, and remarkable for a curious well stationed about a kos from the city, on the road to Pannah. It is thirty-seven feet in diameter and fifty-two deep. Two flights of stairs run from each side round the interior.

Kalpee, the ancient seat of government, is a large town stationed on the left bank of the Jumna, and now chiefly remarkable as being the centre of the cotton trade. The plant flourishes luxuriantly round it. Khurroa, the coarse red cloth used for camp equipage, is manufactured in this place, and a kind of sugar-candy, equal to that of China.

Pannah stands in the midst of a rocky plain, enclosed by a ridge of hills, clothed to their summits in dense foliage, and sweeping round so as to form a sort of amphitheatre. The town is neat and novel in its appearance, most of the houses being constructed of grey stone, several dwellings of large size, with numerous temples, one of which is reported to contain the images of Kishnu and Vishnu, whose eyes are formed of diamonds of extraordinary size and immense value. Here, by the side of an extensive sheet of water, covered with blooming lotus, and filled with alligators and crocodiles, stand the ruins of the palace where dwelt Rajah Chutter Saul, the hero of Bundela history, and the fame of whose deeds rises above that of all his descendants and ancestors. Two small forts, linked together by a stone wall, protect it in the front and in the rear—the lake stretching before renders approach in that direction almost impossible. Approaching Pannah from Banda the way lies over a level cultivated country, entirely free from rocks and hills.

When the traveller arrives near the renowned Diamond district, his attention is attracted by a number of pits, from three to twelve feet in depth, scattered over the face of the country. These are the celebrated diamond mines, but the whole of the gravelly plains, stretching around the town for several miles, is said to produce diamonds of four several descriptions—the *mohi chul* of a clear brilliant whiteness, the *manih* of a greenish hue, the *pannas* tinged with orange, and the *bunsput* of a blackish colour. Others, again, resemble pearls. The mines are worked, for the most part, near the village of Lukareneti, about twelve miles from Pannah, and the diamonds are there found below a stratum of rock from fifteen to twenty feet in depth. To cut a way down is, for the natives, a labour of months and even of years. The following is the process :—

The soil having been cleared from a certain space of ground, the rock is cut with chisels, or broken by hammers, while a large fire, kindled every night upon the spot, is supposed to render the stone more friable. The appearance is then singularly picturesque. The traveller, approaching Pannah, after darkness has fallen upon the surrounding landscape, may perceive from a distance several of these large fires sending up pyramidal flames, and illumining with their vivid flashes the gloom around.

Six months are employed by the natives in the labour above described, and four more occupied by the miners in digging out the Khakroo or gravel in which the diamonds are found. The work is then deferred until the rainy season comes round, when abundance of water is furnished for the purpose of washing the gravel, which is thrown into shallow ponds filled for that purpose. When the sandy part disappears, the remaining pebbles are spread upon the ground, levelled and smoothed, and the diamond workers then proceed to separate the useless pebbles with their hands, eight or ten at a time, so that no diamond can escape their notice. Contrary to the generally received opinion, the labourers do distinguish the precious stones by their sparkling beneath the rays of the sun. Many days are frequently spent in useless search, but a comparatively small number serves amply to repay all the trouble taken to secure them. The precious gems never adhere to any other stone or pebble, and may be distinguished generally by their peculiar conformation. The workmen are paid in proportion to the value of the diamonds they discover.

It is supposed by some that the mines about Pannah have ceased to be productive ; but this is a complete fallacy. There is, indeed, a tradition that the precious stones are only to be found at the distance of ten kos round the town ; but this fable was, doubtless, invented by the Rajahs, for the purpose of deterring speculators from opening new mines, and deteriorating the value of the article by overloading the market. We, ourselves, entertain no doubt whatever of the existence of an inexhaustible strata of diamonds, which only require to be worked to yield an inconceivable amount of wealth to the Government, since the process of production is everlastingly going on. It is certain that some mines do exist which have not been worked at all. Captain Pogson, during his residence in the country, opened a mine about three miles from Kalinghur, and penetrated so far as to discover "the brother of the diamond," as it is styled by the natives, viz., the small angular stones of a greenish hue, like grains. These are always considered as certain forerunners of the diamonds themselves. Animated by this assurance, Captain Pogson resumed his work with vigour, but on digging below the level of the rivulet, and removing some large stones, a spring burst upon the disappointed labourers, and filled the mine with water. The Pindaree war breaking out at the time, the Captain joined his army, and circumstances prevented him from ever again resuming the undertaking.

On the flooding of the Bhagur Nudee diamonds are frequently discovered. These mines are situated on the banks of the stream, a short distance within the hills, which rise abruptly, on either side, clad with verdure of every hue to their summits, while the rippling stream, flowing over an uneven bed, and falling at intervals over descents of two or three feet, forms gentle cascades, which add greatly to the picturesque nature of the scenery around.

Scattered through the hills are found blocks of rock with veins of crystalizations as brilliant, frequently, as the diamonds themselves. Some again are occasionally discovered containing various kinds of sparkling particles, and others with pink, green, and purple veins. Discoveries of whole hills of marble are constantly taking place, and porphyry is also occasionally found. The Ken mines, flowing on in its northerly course, form a line of separation between the diamond and iron mines. The latter

are supposed to be inexhaustible, and would of themselves serve to render the province a highly valuable possession.

Kitteans is about a mile and a half in length, and the same in breadth. It stands by the side of a lake, and is surrounded by a stone wall furnished with gates. From a hill near the town we obtain an extensive view of the country round. The inhabitants are robust and warlike.

Tehrea, a less populous town than the preceding, is situated upon the western boundaries of Bundelkund, about fifty-one miles from Chatterpoor.

The forts scattered over the province of Bundelkund constitute some of its most attractive features. They are built on portions chosen with that singular tact which seems to guide the nations of the East in the selection of their places of defence. The most remarkable are the two to which we have before alluded, and of which we here now give a brief description.

Ujee Ghur stands about a thousand paces from the ridge sweeping round Bundelkund, on an elevated hill on which formerly stood three Hindoo temples, built of stones laid without cement, but fitted with the greatest precision one within the other, and adorned on both sides with sculptures of the most chaste design and exquisite workmanship, and covered besides with inscriptions in unknown languages and characters. The erection of these buildings can be fixed to no precise date. Antiquity, the most profound, enshrouds their origin. It is, however, related that an ancient Rajah, named Ujee Gopaul caused a fortress to be built round these splendid mines, and bestowed his name upon it, so that ever after the place was called Ujee Ghur, or the fort of Ujee. It once resisted stoutly a ten months' siege, and was at last only reduced by famine, but in the year 1800 Ujee Baoador obtained possession. Subsequently the British ordered it to be evacuated, and despatched a force under Colonels Meisselback and Zugum Shah to take possession, which journeyed on without interruption until arrived near the hill of Deogaru, five miles from the fort. Here they were suddenly surprised by the enemy under the command of Luckman Doreeuh, who, with part of his followers, was secretly posted in one of the deep ravines that yawn round the fort, while others were distributed through the dark forests spreading far on either side. A skirmish ensued, during which some of our guns fell into the hands of the enemy. Confusion among the camp followers ensued, the baggage was thrown down, and Colonel Meisselback, in desperation, charged in the rear, rushed on the enemy with fixed bayonets, completely routed them, and the reward of his exertions was the recapturing of the guns without the loss of a man. The army thus advanced and encamped close to Ujee Ghur, which the guilidar agreed to evacuate upon the receipt of twelve thousand rupees. The money was accordingly sent up under the charge of two brigadiers, and Colonel Meisselback was immediately, nominally, put in possession of the fort. Luchman Doreeuh, however, determined not to take his defeat so easily; as soon as night came on a vakeel was secretly despatched to the guilidar, tempting him with the promise of a sum of eighteen thousand rupees if he would allow him to occupy the fort instead of the British. These terms were not of a nature for the cupidity of the man to withstand ; he not only gave the desired permission, but even assisted Luchman in escalading the ramparts. Two companies were ordered to return the money to Colonel Meisselback, and to convey at the same hour the intelligence, that if he did not immediately effect a retreat, the fort would fire upon him. Colonel Meisselback consequently perceiving the impossibility, in his present position, of securing Ujee Ghur, struck his camp and retired five kos distance.

Another attack, presenting many similar features to the above, was subsequently made upon Ujee Ghur, and though the result was very different, it was one only arrived at by the loss of many brave officers and men. About ten miles from the fort stands Rajolia a fortified hill, the ascent to which is by steep and narrow paths, overhung by projecting rocks which afforded shelter from the enemy's fire, who fired upon the British troops as they passed under cover of the jungle, and committed considerable ravages. Driven from their position, however, the enemy retreated to the summit of the hill, where they hastily constructed parapet walls, behind which they made a resolute stand. As no ladders could be procured to scale the walls, the assailants were recalled and preparations made for renewing the attack on the morning, but the enemy gave them no further trouble, evacuating the post during the night, and the next day Ujee Ghur surrendered voluntarily to the British.

One young officer, whose name has now unfortunately escaped our recollection, brought himself prominently forward on this occasion. He exposed himself fearlessly on the heights, and fell at length mortally wounded. He was buried the next day by his brother officers, and a stone placed over his grave, on which an inscription is traced, which records, that at the age of twenty-five he fell covered with wounds in the service of his country.

The fortress of Kalingur is situated about twenty miles south of Banda, half that distance from the first range of hills, and stands upon an immense elevation, rising nine hundred feet above the level of the plain, with a basis ten or twelve miles in circumference. The mountains, or rather the vast rock on which it is erected, affords remarkable security to those once possessed of the stronghold. A large extent of level table-land, five miles in circumference, extends over the summit, terminating in a crest of black crag, forming the basis of the wall, which sweeps round the whole summit, and overhanging a steep abrupt descent, down which are cut numerous roads and pathways leading to the plain below. The fort is built within the *enceinte* of the wall. Starting from the valley we ascended by a broad winding road, cut along the eastern face of the rock, to a height of a hundred feet above the level of the plain, and here found our progress obstructed by the first of the seven gateways, which, in reference to the seven planets, have to be passed through before reaching the summit; it is called the pass of Hogs. A little to our right lies the town of Kalinghur, surrounded by a ditch, and a wall twenty-five feet thick, and composed of huge projecting points of rock fitted, without cement, one into the other. From the first to the second gate, named the Kafir Ghautie or the Gate of Infidels, the ascent is rugged, stony, and difficult. And thence by steps to the third gate, called the Surg Rojun, over which lies a large reservoir of clear limpid mineral water, presided over by a huge image, carved in the solid wall, and remains of other sculptures of divinities. To a doorway leading to the left, outside the rampart, carts were once said to be brought, but it is now closed, owing

to the incursions of the tigers and leopards, who, emerging from the jungle covering the slopes of the hills in dense masses, lie in wait for prey, and springing on the passer-by, devour him, or carry him into the heart of the wood. Passing through the last gate we enter the fort, and the eye is immediately attracted by numerous Hindoo figures scattered here and there. The next object which claims attention is a large gun, formed of bars of iron, compressed together with hoops of the same metal, lying without any carriage, upon an elevated bed of stones. Other ancient guns, composed of silver and copper mixed, are to be found in several parts of the fort. Wild custard-apple trees grow thickly over the fertile soil, laden with delicious fruit of a surprising size. The puppyah, the tamarind, the peepul, thrive luxuriantly, and reach to an enormous height, and form, with their dense and brilliant foliage, shady places, clustering round the walls overgrown with wild balsams. The fertility of the soil is great, and resembles that found in the diamond districts near Pannah, and transparent chrystalline pebbles glisten here and there over the sand.

Turning round, and descending a flight of steps to the left of the main gate, we reach the ramparts, which are seven feet in height, and built in the form of mitres, with embrasures between each, about eighteen inches wide, continued all round the fort, a mile and a half in diameter. Walking on a little further we come to a spring, which depends for its moisture upon the rains, since it is dry in the hot season. Few paces beyond is placed the curious Patal Gunga, or subterranean Ganges, which can only be examined by the light of torches, and the small earthen lamps called churajs; descending carefully an abrupt and rugged flight of steps we obtain, as we pass through little apertures in the rock, glimpses of a fearful precipice without, descending perpendicularly down to the depth of eight hundred feet. Forty feet below the level of the rock the termination of the steps is reached, and the traveller finds himself in a cave of impenetrable darkness, which the light of the torches fails sufficiently to illumine. When the eye becomes more accustomed to the dim light, a reservoir of water is perceived, which, though doubtless somewhat enlarged by manual labour, was first formed by water dropping from the rock. It is cold, clear, limpid, and deep. By ruffling it with the hand into tiny waves the lamps are floated over its surface to the furthest extremity, and thus a perfect view is obtained of the interior of the cave, to the roof of which the bats cling, or whiz and flutter overhead, and, by their nauseous effluvia, send one back again as soon as possible up the flight of steps.

Passing on yet further along the wall, through ruined openings here and there, we obtain glimpses of dizzy heights, descending precipitously to the plains. Dislodging a large stone of about one hundred-weight, and rolling it down the hill, it is amusing to mark its course as it rushes madly on, bounding, rebounding, and bounding again, from shelf to shelf, finding no resting-place on the abrupt side of the hills, dashing out a sheet of fire at each collision with the rock, until it rumbles into the forest below, rousing up a succession of echoes, and frightening with its fearful noise the black monkeys, whose agitation is discernible by the uneasy motion of the trees, as in their dismay they leap from bough to bough, from tree to tree, and express their terror by yells and screams. These creatures are esteemed as sacred, and may be seen daily in the forest, bounding with surprising vigour and agility from battlement to battlement.

Further on is a flight of steps, descending to an excavation under a shelving portion of the rock, on the face of which are inscriptions, denoting the dates when pilgrims arrived from afar, performed here their devotions, and departed again.

We now arrive at a ruined portion of the wall; it is the place where the breach was once attempted. Opposite to it stands the little hill of Kalinjaree, which rises nearly to a level with the fort, but is, however, distant from it 825 yards. In their endeavour to break through the wall of Kalinjaree many brave officers and men fell, but were killed chiefly by the stones rolled down from the garrison. Their tombs scattered near the Bhagur Nudee, two miles from the fort, stand as mementoes of an ineffectual attempt on the fort, rendered so by an obstacle opposed by nature, in the shape of a huge perpendicular rock. Passing out of the Bunsahir Gate, named by Colonel M'Morra the Pannah Gate, guarded by two others on the outside, and turning to the left, we arrive at an ever-flowing spring, which the water-carriers are deterred from visiting, owing to the incursions continually made by the leopards and hyenas. The next object of attention is another spring of cold translucent water, constantly dropping, and sometimes flowing, from a stratum of rock. Proceeding further, we find a black marble image of a hog. Here we must pause, and, before hurrying on into the temple of Neelknuth, standing on the south of Kalinjur, cast a glance at the surrounding landscape which stretches, like a huge panorama, beyond.

Immediately in the vicinity of Kalinjur the country is low, flat, and marshy, until the middle of the cold season. The hills on which the fort is built descend, clothed with verdure, to the plain, now stretching out into a sort of terrace, now abruptly descending; now we behold slopes covered with jungle and its festooning creepers; and now groves of peepul or tamarind trees, with their waving blossoms, on the boughs of which the baya and other birds, of every variety of plumage, cluster and warble their songs through the air. On the plains the cattle feeding seem, from the elevated position from which the view is obtained, as no larger than sheep, and the Bundelas tending them like a pigmy race. Fields of the cotton plant, waving their white blossoms to the fanning breeze, spread like broad sheets of water here and there. The forest rises abruptly from the plain; and here, again, the vision is bounded by a narrow chain of hills, and here a lake sparkles in the rays of the sun.

Withdrawing our gaze from the country, we pursue our course without the ramparts. Descending a flight of steps cut from the rock, we perceive, on our passage down, numerous inscriptions and ancient sculptures, and at length arrive at a subterraneous reservoir, hewn, after considerable labour, from the rock, of which the pillars are left to support the upper part. It extends further than the eye can reach. The water is very deep, and drips constantly over the temple, which is below. Descending another flight of steps, we meet with a huge mutilated sculpture. The temple of Neelknuth is a semicircular cave, about twenty-eight feet in diameter,

excavated in the solid rock. The figure of Neelkuth is a large hyena painted black, with two ill-shaped silver eyes, about three feet in height, and two in circumference. In front is a slab of black marble, on which is a Sanscrit inscription, rendered partly illegible by the grains having been macerated upon it. It is supposed to commemorate the deeds of Rajah Purmaul, and appears to have been engraved 669 years ago. Many sentences and proverbs can, however, still be deciphered.

We now find ourselves again near the main gate, by which we entered, and passing onward, come to the ancient palace of Rajah Chuttur Saul, which is now converted into a powder magazine. At a short distance stands a Hindoo temple, with a dome, surrounded by cupolas and ancient gateways. The Koth Teeruth, an immense reservoir of water, about a hundred yards long, and forty broad, lies near here. It is excavated from the rock, and supplied by copious springs. Near this is another tank, also hewn from the rock. The waters are, however, mineral, and unwholesome. Besides this, numerous other tanks are distributed through the fort.

Kalinjur, on which so much patient labour has been expended, will probably never again be required for the purposes of war, since it requires far too considerable a force to garrison it. It stands a glorious ruin, belonging to the past, and will long constitute at once an object of curiosity and admiration to travellers. The height on which it is erected—the precipices by which it is surrounded—the far landscape over which the eye can roam—the excavations—the palaces—the subterranean caverns—the images of idols and pagan gods—all suggest boundless themes for meditation, and days might, therefore, be spent in wandering about its ruins. Kalinjur, after once resisting a brilliant attack, was at length ceded to the British, and the stronghold whose walls had resisted Mahmood of Ghuzni, and sustained a siege of ten years from Ali Bahadur, thus became a British possession. However, after a brief occupancy as a military post, it was finally abandoned.

There is, besides, a magnificent fortress, built upon a small projection of the Vindyan range, overlooking, on either side, two enormously deep glens, through which the two branches of the Dussera river descend over the table-lands of Bundelkund. This fort cost more than a million pounds sterling in constructing. The works form an acute triangle, with the base towards the table-land, and the two ends hanging perpendicularly over the glen, with the apex pointing to the course of the stream, as they again unite and pass through a deep chasm into the plains. The place is now deserted, and the town occupied only by a police to keep off marauders.

Bundelkund has not been so much infested by organised bands of freebooters as some other neighbouring provinces. It is not, however, wholly free from them. Gopal Singh, the military adventurer who usurped the district of Kotra, the lawful inheritance of Rajah Bakht Sing, the descendant of Chutter Saul, has been a source of infinite annoyance and trouble. The British took the part of the Rajah, and despatched a detachment to put him again in possession of his rights. Gopal Singh came into camp, hastily proffered submission, and as hastily repented again, for, departing abruptly, he retired into the thickets above the first range of hills, in which he concealed himself, and with his followers from time to time made incursions below, rushing down upon the plains, spreading confusion and dismay around, and then suddenly retreating and taking refuge in the rugged valley between the first and second range of the Vindyan hills. The marauding attacks of Gopal Singh continued at intervals to disturb the quiet, and delay the pacific settlement of the country. After retiring now and then, suddenly attacking the enemy opposed to him, and making the most audacious enterprises, and being pursued up the hills, he was at length surprised in his hiding-place by Captain Wilson, with a squadron of native infantry, three first battalions of the 16th native infantry, and three companies of the 7th, &c., in the second range above the Ghauts. He contrived, however, to escape, and retired to the south, where he was again pursued, his followers routed and dispersed, while he contrived to escape into the jungle, where he remained with his men. Still unsubdued, soon after he emerged again from his hiding-place, and continued to descend from the hills, but was once more compelled to retreat. Colonel Brown being apprised of his position, secretly moved near him, and came suddenly upon the enemy's camp, pitched at the head of the Dowani Pass, in the Marao hills, on the bed of what was once a swamp, protected by a thick wood on either side, and only to be reached by ascending steep and narrow defiles. A volley suddenly fired upon the camp, first warned the enemy of the vicinity of their pursuers. They rose and fled, without attempting resistance. Gopal Sing, stripped of all his resources, a solitary fugitive, his followers routed and dispersed, at length became weary of the desperate life he had been leading, and now proffered his submission to the British, who granted him a jaghir in the district of Panwari, which is still occupied by his descendants.

Bundelkund, possessing few marauders of its own, from its exposed position, seems to invite aggressions from those of neighbouring States. The deeds of these gentlemen, whether under the denomination of Thugs or any other name, have been the theme of travellers for ages. Instances are continually narrated illustrative of their extraordinary patience, perseverance, cunning, and the daring with which they often commit their crimes in the very midst, sometimes, of armed men, and carry off their prey under the most perilous circumstances. They prevail more or less all over India, and in Bundelkund peculiar facilities are afforded in its forests, rocks, and caves. In spite of their oil-rubbed slippery bodies, however, they are frequently outwitted and caught. The night-watchers spring mostly from the same class, and though accustomed in their youth to the practice of thieving, yet when reclaimed, display extraordinary faithfulness, and execute their task of chasing and catching the robber very cleverly, thus aptly illustrating the old proverb, "Set a thief to catch a thief." On a dry arid plain the traces of their footsteps are scarcely discernible, save to those accustomed from their youth to catch such signs of visitation.

A night-watcher was once employed to catch a thief who had committed some depredations, and carried off the plate-service of some officers in garrison at Kotra. He

tracked the robber as far as Ahmedabad, about fourteen or fifteen miles distant, but here lost sight of him in the crowded streets and bazaars of that city, but again, near one of the gates, recovered traces of the gentleman, who, to escape his pursuer, actually waded knee-deep through a stream for an immense distance. He was, however, at length overtaken about thirty miles distant from the scene of the theft, and the stolen property recovered.

The Bundelkund landed proprietors consider it highly disreputable to their own characters if a thief be found upon their farms or estates, and are always careful to expel from their villages all persons of suspected character. The province, however, is not often the scene of atrocities. Rewan seems to serve as an asylum for all malcontents and criminals.

The Bundelas are industrious and obedient, but at the same time bold and crafty. They resist bravely all attacks made upon them; if on the mountains, they take the most effectual method of stopping pursuit, by hurling huge fragments of rock, or a large thorny shrub upon the enemy. Some are fraudulent in the extreme, and scarcely to be equalled for cunning. A proverb prevails in the district, "*Nu sou el hund kee, nu ek Bhoondelkundee*"—a hundred retailers of grain (proverbially rogues) are only equal to one native of Bundelkund.

The costume in use here much resembles that prevalent all over Hindostan. The natives are particularly partial to green, on account of the dye not being liable to fade, as is generally the case in India. It is said to be composed of the leaves of the ummowah, the havver, and alum—the two latter ingredients being first put into water, in which the ummowah leaves are afterwards boiled.

The hospitality exhibited by the Bundelas towards a stranger is remarkable. If they obtain intelligence of his approach beforehand, no pains are spared to render his reception worthy of his rank. The Rajah, mounted upon elephants, attended by his train, and sparkling in silver brocade and gold turban, comes forth to welcome the traveller. The women throng from the houses, overcoming their natural timidity in their anxiety to gaze upon a stranger. One is chosen, and advancing before the rest, carries on her head a brass jug, brightly polished, full of water, while all the other families of the village surround her, and sing in chorus some rural song, which lasts until the traveller is beyond hearing. The hossjug is held for the purpose of receiving contributions, to be expended afterwards in the purchase of koor or coarse sugar, of which the women alone venture to partake. It is a sacred offering made to their sex, and the men do not presume to share it.

At Sedpoor, the old high priest of the temple projecting into the Sangur district, a man of great wealth, spends the whole in feeding all the members of his fraternity, devotees to Vishnu, as they pass his temple, on their pilgrimage, who are entitled to a good meal and a night's lodging. He feeds in general about a hundred per day.

The employments of the Bundelas are chiefly agriculture, and attending to the sugar mills, of which there are great numbers in the province.

The productions are numerous and varied, but among the chief and most important must be reckoned its splendid cotton. The soil of this province is peculiarly adapted to the growth of this plant, which, it is well known, requires a dry sandy soil, and no irrigation. Much water and manure, so far from exerting a beneficial effect upon the plant, only swell the branches, and cause it to expand its richness on an overabundance of leaves. The bushes thrive best, it has been found, on experiment, about four or five feet apart. A contrary opinion prevails in some parts of India, and the planters jumble the seed close to each other, in the hope of extracting a larger, but not a finer crop. The consequence is, that, when the season for gathering arrives, the women and children, the principal persons employed in this labour, in passing in and out between the plants, break the dried leaves, a portion of the capsule, into the fruit, from which it is difficult to detach it, owing to the fine soft texture of the cotton plant.

There are in Bundelkund five descriptions of soil. The maaree, or black marl of the first quality, is peculiar to Bundelkund and Malwah provinces, and produces a most luxuriant crop of cotton, as well as grain, where the rains are not immoderate. The Teer, or other lands extending along the banks of the rivers and around Baudae, which is subject to inundations, is retained for winter crops. The Purwal, mixed sand and clay, is either sown with the rainy season crops, or with the winter crops, such as wheat and barley, and the soil formed of a mixture of limestone and clay, which is found about the hills and broken ground, where the water washes off as soon as it falls, produces a light vegetation, but is considered scarcely rich enough for any but the rainy season crops. The inhabitants, however, sow it with cotton, and if the crops in the rich soils become damaged by too much wet, they have been known to thrive in Bundelkund. The amount of produce varies according to the character of the soil. The district does not, perhaps, yield one-half what it might be made to produce if more attention were bestowed on the cultivation. Crops are frequently injured, from no fault of the ayots, but from the poverty of the landlords. Were their condition ameliorated, the crops would rise in value.

The time of sowing in Bundelkund commences at the beginning of the periodical rains. The seed is first rubbed with fresh manure between the hands, to prevent the seeds from adhering one to another, and are then sown broadcast. The seed having been scattered, the soil is ploughed. The plants require a first weeding in ten or fifteen days, another in a month, and a third fifteen or twenty days after that. The seeds shoot in about five days; the more freely the air circulates through the plants the better. Some reach the height of six feet, some four, others two, and some only one. They flower in August, and pod about the commencement of September.

The province produces, besides, wheat, grain, and barley. It suffers considerably from want of seasonable showers, and is visited sometimes by scarcity. In the famine of 1833 this affliction was attended with the most melancholy results. The neighbouring province of Malwah supplied streams of grain, which flowed upwards towards Bundelkund, whose population immediately began to flock to the source whence the supplies of food flowed, hoping to obtain subsistence and employment. A scene of desolation manifested itself all over the district. The houses were

crowded with the dead and the dying—the woods were strewed with corpses: and subscriptions were at length set on foot to succour the people in their distress. The degradation of beggary was severely felt by the bold Bundelas; many, rather than submit to it, set forth towards Malwah with wife and children, and becoming at length faint and exhausted, swallowed opium, and shared this death-potion with their families, when exhausted nature could hold out no longer, and quietly lay down on the roadside to die in each other's arms. Hundreds crept into gardens, made themselves quiet retreats in courtyards and old mines, concealing themselves under shrubs, grass-mats, or straw, where they might close their eyes in peace, without having their bodies torn by wild savage beasts of prey.

There are in Bundelkund many plains covered with fine long grass; there are many varieties of grass in this province, and the people understand their character and qualities extremely well. Some thrive best in dry, some in wet soil, and coarser and inferior qualities thrive where none other will. The finest are two which are generally found growing spontaneously together—kele and musele.

The productions of Bundelkund are iron, ebony, timber, agates, diamonds, grasses, cotton, sugar-candy, coarse cloths, honey, fruits, the tamarind, the apple, grapes, chestnuts, saltpetre, opium, sugar, indigo, &c., &c. Beautiful flowers bloom in its retired spots—the most lovely shrubs blossom on its rocky hills. Birds of brilliant plumage haunt the villages unmolested, forming their nests even within hands'-reach, and the Indian boy scorns to touch the homes of the little creature, that seems to seek the civilized parts of the province, and courts his protection.

Such is a brief outline of the province of Bundelkund, but it would take many more pages to render us perfectly familiar with the whole value of its productions, the inhabitants, their manners, the resources it may yet be made to yield, and, in brief, the actual importance of Bundelkund to the British government. These we may take a future opportunity of describing in their whole extent.

SCHLOSSER'S LITERARY HISTORY OF THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY.

(Concluded from page 583.)

Pope, by far the most important writer, English or Continental, of his own age, is treated with more extensive ignorance by Mr. Schlosser than any other, and (excepting Addison) with more ambitious injustice. A false abstract is given, or a false impression, of any one amongst his brilliant works, that is noticed at all; and a false sneer, a sneer irrelevant to the case, at any work dismissed by name as unworthy of notice. The three works, selected as the gems of Pope's collection, are the "Essay on Criticism," the "Rape of the Lock," and the "Essay on Man." On the first, which (with Dr. Johnson's leave) is the feeblest and least interesting of Pope's writings, being substantially a mere versification, like a metrical multiplication-table, of common places the most mouldy with which criticism has baited its rat-traps; since nothing is said worth answering, it is sufficient to answer nothing. The "Rape of the Lock" is treated with the same delicate sensibility that we might have looked for in Brennus, if consulted on the picturesque, or in Attila the Hun, if adjured to decide æsthetically, between two rival cameos. Attila is said (though no doubt falsely) to have described himself as not properly a man so much as the Divine wrath incarnate. This would be fine in a melodrama, with Bengal lights burning on the stage. But, if ever he said such a naughty thing, he forgot to tell us what it was that had made him angry; by what *title* did *he* come into alliance with the Divine wrath, which was not likely to consult a savage? And why did his wrath hurry, by forced marches, to the Adriatic? Now so much do people differ in opinion, that, to us, who look at him through a telescope from an eminence, fourteen centuries distant, he takes the shape rather of a Mahratta trooper, painfully gathering *chout*, or a cateran levying black-mail, or a decent tax-gatherer with an ink-horn at his button-hole, and supported by a select party of constabulary friends. The very natural instinct which Attila always showed for following the trail of the wealthiest footsteps, seems to argue a most commercial coolness in the dispensation of his wrath. Mr. Schlosser burns with the wrath of Attila against all aristocracies, and especially that of England. He governs his fury, also, with an Attila discretion in many cases; but not here. Imagine this Hun coming down, sword in hand, upon Pope and his Rosicrucian light troops, levying *chout* upon Sir Plume, and fluttering the dove-cot of the Sylphs. Pope's "duty it was," says this demoniac, to "scourge the follies of good society," and also "to break with the aristocracy." No, surely? something short of a total rupture would have satisfied the claims of duty? Possibly; but it would not have satisfied Schlosser. And Pope's guilt consists in having made his poem an idyl or succession of pictures representing the gayer aspects of society as it really was, and supported by a comic interest of the mock-heroic derived from a playful machinery, instead of converting it into a bloody satire. Pope, however, did not shrink from such assaults on the aristocracy, if these made any part of his duties. Such assaults he made twice at least too often for his own peace, and perhaps for his credit at this day. It is useless, however, to talk of the poem as a work of art, with one who sees none of its exquisite graces, and can imagine his countryman Zachariä equal to a competition with Pope. But this it may be right to add, that the "Rape of the Lock" was *not* borrowed from the "Lutrin" of Boileau. That was impossible. Neither was it suggested by the "Lutrin." The story in Herodotus of the wars between cranes and pigmies, or the *Batrachomyomachia* (so absurdly ascribed to Homer) might

have suggested the idea more naturally. Both these, there is proof that Pope had read: there is none that he had read the "Lutrin," nor did he read French with ease to himself. The "Lutrin," meantime, is as much below the "Rape of the Lock" in brilliancy of treatment, as it is dissimilar in plan or the quality of its pictures.

The "Essay on Man" is a more thorny subject. When a man finds himself attacked and defended from all quarters, and on all varieties of principle, he is bewildered. Friends are as dangerous as enemies. He must not defy a bristling enemy, if he cares for repose; he must not disown a zealous defender, though making concessions on his own behalf not agreeable to himself; he must not explain away ugly phrases in one direction, or perhaps he is recanting the very words of his "guide, philosopher, and friend," who cannot safely be taxed with having first led him into temptation; he must not explain them away in another direction, or he runs full tilt into the wrath of mother Church—who will soon bring him to his senses by penance. Long lents, and no lampreys allowed, would soon cauterise the proud flesh of heretical ethics. Pope did wisely, situated as he was, in a decorous nation, and closely connected, upon principles of fidelity under political suffering, with the Roman Catholics, to say little in his own defence. That defence, and any reversionary cudgelling which it might entail upon the Quixote undertaker, he left—meekly but also slyly, humbly but cunningly—to those whom he professed to regard as greater philosophers than himself. All parties found their account in the affair. Pope slept in peace; several pugnacious gentlemen up and down Europe expectorated much fiery wrath in dusting each other's jackets; and Warburton, the attorney, finally earned his bishoprick in the service of whitewashing a writer, who was aghast at finding himself first trampled on as a deist, and then exalted as a defender of the faith. Meantime, Mr. Schlosser mistakes Pope's courtesy, when he supposes his acknowledgments to Lord Bolingbroke sincere in their whole extent.

Of Pope's "Homer" Schlosser thinks fit to say, amongst other evil things, which it really *does* deserve (though hardly in comparison with the German "Homer" of the ear-splitting Voss), "that Pope pocketed the subscription of the 'Odyssey,' and left the work to be done by his understrappers." Don't tell fibs, Schlosser. Never do *that* any more. True it is, and disgraceful enough, that Pope (like modern contractors for a railway or a loan) let off to sub-contractors several portions of the undertaking. He was perhaps not illiberal in the terms of his contracts. At least I know of people now-a-days (much better artists) that would execute such contracts, and enter into any penalties for keeping time at thirty per cent. less. But *navies* and bill-brokers, that are in excess now, then were scarce. Still the affair, though not mercenary, was illiberal in a higher sense of art; and no anecdote shows more pointedly Pope's sense of the mechanic fashion, in which his own previous share of the Homeric labour had been executed. It was disgraceful enough, and needs no exaggeration. Let it, therefore, be reported truly: Pope personally translated one-half of the "Odyssey"—a dozen books he turned out of his own oven; and, if you add the *Batrachomyomachia*, his dozen was a baker's dozen. The journeymen did the other twelve; were regularly paid; regularly turned off when the job was out of hand; and never once had to "strike for wages." How much beer was allowed, I cannot say. This is the truth of the matter. So no more fibbing, Schlosser, if you please.

But there remains behind all these labours of Pope, the "Dunciad," which is by far his greatest. I shall not, within the narrow bounds assigned to me, enter upon a theme so exacting; for, in this instance, I should have to fight not against Schlosser only, but against Dr. Johnson, who has thoroughly misrepresented the nature of the "Dunciad," and, consequently, could not measure its merits. Neither he, nor Schlosser, in fact, ever read more than a few passages of this admirable poem. But the villany is too great for a brief exposure. One thing only I will notice of Schlosser's misrepresentations. He asserts (not when directly speaking of Pope, but afterwards, under the head of Voltaire) that the French author's trivial and random *Temple de Gout* "shows the superiority in this species of poetry to have been greatly on the side of the Frenchman." Let's hear a reason, though but a Schlosser reason, for this opinion: know, then, all men whom it concerns, that "the Englishman's satire only hit such people as would never have been known without his mention of them, whilst Voltaire selected those who were still called great, and their respective schools." Pope's men, it seems, never *had* been famous—Voltaire's might cease to be so, but as yet they had *not* ceased; as yet they commanded interest. Now mark how I will put three bullets into that plank, riddle it so that the leak shall not be stopped by all the old hats in Heidelberg, and Schlosser will have to swim for his life. First, he is forgetting that, by his own previous confession, Voltaire, not less than Pope, had "immortalised a great many *insignificant* persons;" consequently, had it been any fault to do so, each alike was caught in that fault; and insignificant as the people might be, if they *could* be "immortalised," then we have Schlosser himself confessing to the possibility that poetic splendour should create a secondary interest where originally there had been none. Secondly, the question of merit does not rise from the object of the archer, but from the style of his archery. Not the choice of victims, but the execution done is what counts. Even for continued failures it would plead advantageously, much more for continued and brilliant successes, that Pope fired at an object offering no sufficient breadth of mark. Thirdly, it is the grossest of blunders to say that Pope's objects of satire were obscure by comparison with Voltaire's. True, the Frenchman's example of a scholar,

viz., the French Salmasius, was most accomplished. But so was the Englishman's scholar, viz., the English Bentley. Each was absolutely without a rival in his own day. But the day of Bentley was the very day of Pope. Pope's man had not even faded; whereas the day of Salmasius, as respected Voltaire, had gone by for more than half a century. As to Dacier, "*which* Dacier, Bezonian?" The husband was a passable scholar—but madame was a poor sneaking fellow, fit only for the usher of a boarding-school. All this, however, argues Schlosser's two-fold ignorance—first, of English authors; second, of the "Dunciad;"—else he would have known that even Dennis, mad John Dennis, was a much cleverer man than most of those alluded to by Voltaire. Cibber, though slightly a coxcomb, was born a brilliant man. Aaron Hill was so lustrous, that even Pope's venom fell off spontaneously, like rain from the plumage of a pheasant, leaving him to "mount far upwards with the swans of Thanes"—and, finally, let it not be forgotten, that Samuel Clarke Burnet, of the Charterhouse, and Sir Isaac Newton, did not wholly escape tasting the knout; if *that* rather impeaches the equity, and sometimes the judgment of Pope, at least it contributes to show the groundlessness of Schlosser's objection—that the population of the Dunciad, the characters that filled its stage, were inconsiderable.

FOX AND BURKE.

It is, or it *would* be, if Mr. Schlosser were himself more interesting, luxurious to pursue his ignorance as to facts, and the craziness of his judgment as to the valuation of minds, throughout his comparison of Burke with Fox. The force of antithesis brings out into a feeble life of meaning, what, in its own insulation, had been languishing mortally into nonsense. The darkness of his "Burke" becomes *visible* darkness under the glimmering that steals upon it from the desperate common-places of his "Fox." Fox is painted exactly as he *would* have been painted fifty years ago by any pet subaltern of the Whig club, enjoying free pasture in Devonshire House. The practised reader knows well what is coming. Fox is "formed after the model of the ancients"—Fox is "simple"—Fox is "natural"—Fox is "chaste"—Fox is "forcible;" Why yes, in a sense, Fox is even "forcible:" but then, to feel that he was so, you must have *heard* him; whereas, for forty years he has been silent. We of 1847, that can only *read* him, hearing Fox described as *forcible*, are disposed to recollect Shakespere's Mr. Feeble amongst Falstaff's recruits, who also is described as *forcible*, viz., as the "most forcible Feeble." And, perhaps, a better description could not be devised for Fox himself—so feeble was he in matter, so forcible in manner; so powerful for instant effect, so impotent for posterity. In the Pythian fury of his gestures—in his screaming voice—in his directness of purpose, Fox would now remind you of some demon steam-engine on a railroad, some Fire-king or Salmoneus, that had counterfeited, because he could not steal, Jove's thunderbolts; hissing, bubbling, snorting, fuming; demoniac gas, you think—gas from Acheron must feed that dreadful system of convulsions. But pump out the imaginary gas, and, behold! it is ditch-water. Fox, as Mr. Schlosser rightly thinks, was all of a piece—simple in his manners, simple in his style, simple in his thoughts. No waters in *him* turbid with new crystallisations; everywhere the eye can see to the bottom. No music in *him* dark with Cassandra meanings. Fox, indeed, disturb decent gentlemen by "allusions to all the sciences, from the integral calculus and metaphysics to navigation!" Fox would have seen you hanged first. Burke, on the other hand, did all that, and other wickedness besides, which fills an 8vo page in Schlosser; and Schlosser crowns his enormities by charging him, the said Burke (p. 99), with "*wearisome tediousness.*" Among my own acquaintances are several old women, who think on this point precisely as Schlosser thinks; and they go further, for they even charge Burke with "tedious wearisomeness." Oh, sorrowful woe, and also woeful sorrow, when an Edmund Burke arises, like a *cheeta* or hunting leopard coupled in a tiger-chase with a German poodle. To think, in a merciful spirit, of the jungle—barely to contemplate, in a temper of humanity, the incomprehensible cane-thickets, dark and bristly, into which that bloody *cheeta* will drag that unoffending poodle!

But surely the least philosophic of readers, who hates philosophy "as toad or asp," must yet be aware, that, where new growths are not germinating, it is no sort of praise to be free from the throes of growth. Where expansion is hopeless, it is little glory to have escaped distortion. Nor is it any blame that the rich fermentation of grapes should disturb the transparency of their golden fluids. Fox had nothing new to tell us, nor did he hold a position amongst men that required or would even have allowed him to tell anything new. He was helmsman to a party; what he had to do, though seeming to *give* orders, was simply to repeat *their* orders—"Port your helm," said the party; "Port it is," replied the helmsman. But Burke was no steersman; he was the Orpheus that sailed with the Argonauts; he was their *seer*, seeing more in his visions than he always understood himself; he was their watcher through the hours of night; he was their astrological interpreter. Who complains of a prophet for being a little darker of speech than a post-office directory? or of him that reads the stars for being sometimes perplexed?

But, even as to facts, Schlosser is always blundering. Post-office directories would be of no use to *him*; nor link-boys; nor blazing tar-barrels. He wanders in a fog such as sits upon the banks of Cocytus. He fancies that Burke, in his lifetime, was *popular*. Of course, it is so natural to be popular by means of "*wearisome tediousness*," that Schlosser, above all people, should credit such a tale. Burke has been dead just fifty years, come next autumn. I remember the time from this accident—that my own nearest relative

stepped on a day of October 1797, into that same suite of rooms at Bath (North Parade) from which, six hours before, the great man had been carried out to die at Beaconsfield. It is, therefore, you see, fifty years. Now, ever since then, his *collective* works have been growing in bulk by the incorporation of juvenile essays, (such as his "European Settlements," his "Essay on the Sublime," on "Lord Bolingbroke," &c.,) or (as more recently) by the posthumous publication of his MSS.;* and yet, ever since then, in spite of growing age and growing bulk, are more in demand. At this time, half a century after his last sigh, Burke *is* popular; a thing, let me tell you, Schlosser, which never happened before to a writer steeped to his lips in *personal* politics. What a tilth of intellectual lava must that man have interfused amongst the refuse and scoria of such mouldering party rubbish, to force up a new verdure and laughing harvests, annually increasing for new generations! Popular he *is* now, but popular he was not in his own generation. And how could Schlosser have the face to say that he was? Did he never hear the notorious anecdote, that at one period Burke obtained the *sobriquet* of "dinner-bell?" And why? Not as one who invited men to a banquet by his gorgeous eloquence, but as one that gave a signal to shoals in the House of Commons, for seeking refuge in a *literal* dinner from the oppression of his philosophy. This was, perhaps, in part a scoff of his opponents. Yet there must have been some foundation for the scoff, since, at an earlier stage of Burke's career, Goldsmith had independently said, that this great orator

——— "went on refining,
And thought of convincing, whilst *they* thought of dining."

I blame neither party. It ought not to be expected of any *popular* body that it should be patient of abstractions amongst the intensities of party-strife, and the immediate necessities of voting. No deliberative body would less have tolerated such philosophic exorbitations from public business than the *agora* of Athens, or the Roman senate. So far the error was in Burke, not in the House of Commons. Yet, also, on the other side, it must be remembered, that an intellect of Burke's combining power and enormous compass, could not, from necessity of nature, abstain from such speculations. For a man to reach a remote posterity, it is sometimes necessary that he should throw his voice over to them in a vast arch —it must sweep a parabola—which, therefore, rises high above the heads of those next to him, and is heard by the bye-standers but indistinctly, like bees swarming in the upper air before they settle on the spot fit for hiving.

See, therefore, the immeasurableness of misconception. Of all public men, that stand confessedly in the first rank as to splendour of intellect, Burke was the *least* popular at the time when our blind friend Schlosser assumes him to have run off with the lion's share of popularity. Fox, on the other hand, as the leader of opposition, was at that time a household term of love or reproach, from one end of the island to the other. To the very children playing in the streets, Pitt and Fox, throughout Burke's generation, were pretty nearly as broad distinctions, and as much a war-cry, as English and French, Roman and Punic. Now, however, all this is altered. As regards the relations between the two Whigs whom Schlosser so steadfastly delighteth to misrepresent,

"Now is the winter of our discontent
Made glorious summer"

for that intellectual potentate, Edmund Burke, the man whose true mode of power has never yet been truly investigated; whilst Charles Fox is known only as an echo is known, and for any real *effect* of intellect upon this generation, for anything but "the whistling of a name," the Fox of 1780—1807 sleeps where the carols of the larks are sleeping, that gladdened the spring-tides of those years—sleeps with the roses that glorified the beauty of their summers.*

JUNIUS.

Schlosser talks of Junius, who is to him, as to many people, more than entirely the enigma of an

* "Of his MSS.:"—And, if all that I have heard be true, much has somebody to answer for, that so little has been yet published. The two executors of Burke were Dr. Lawrence, of Doctors' Commons, a well-known M.P. in forgotten days, and Windham, a man too like Burke in elasticity of mind ever to be spoken of in connexion with forgotten things. Which of them was to blame, I know not. But Mr. R. Sharpe, M.P., twenty-five years ago, well known as *River* Sharpe, from the ἀντιφρασιλογια of his conversation, used to say, that one or both of the executors had offered *him* (the river) a huge travelling trunk, perhaps an Imperial or a Salisbury boot (equal to the wardrobe of a family), filled with Burke's MSS., on the simple condition of editing them with proper annotations. An Oxford man, and also the celebrated Mr. Christian Curwen, then member for Cumberland, made, in my hearing, the same report. The Oxford man, in particular, being questioned as to the probable amount of MS., deposed, that he could not speak upon oath to the cubical contents; but this he could say, that, having stripped up his coat sleeve, he had endeavoured, by such poor machinery as nature had allowed him, to take the soundings of the trunk, but apparently there were none; with his middle finger he could find no bottom; for it was stopped by a dense stratum of MS.; below which, you know, other strata might lie *ad infinitum*. For anything proved to the contrary, the trunk might be bottomless.

* A man in Fox's situation is sure, whilst living, to draw after him trains of sycophants; and it is the evil necessity of newspapers the most independent, that they *must* swell the mob of sycophants. The public compels them to exaggerate the true proportions of such people as we see every hour in our own day. Those who, for the moment, modify, or *may* modify the national condition, become preposterous idols in the eyes of the gaping public; but with the sad necessity of being too utterly trodden under foot after they are shelved, unless they live in men's memory by something better than speeches in Parliament. Having the usual fate, Fox was complimented, *whilst living*, on his knowlege of Homeric Greek, which was a jest: he knew neither more nor less of Homer, than, fortunately, most English gentlemen of his rank; quite enough that is to read the "Iliad" with unaffected pleasure, far too little to revise the text of any three lines, without making himself ridiculous. The excessive slenderness of his general literature, English and French, may be seen in the letters published by his Secretary, Trotter. But his fragment of a History, published by Lord Holland, at two guineas, and currently sold for two shillings, (not two *pence*, or else I have been defrauded of 1s. 10d.) most of all proclaims the tenuity of his knowledge. He looks upon Malcolm Laing as a huge oracle; and, having read even less than Hume, a thing not very easy, with great *naiveté*, cannot guess where Hume picked up his facts.

enigma, Hermes Trismegistus, or the mediæval Prester John. Not only are most people unable to solve the enigma, but they have no idea of what it is that they are to solve. I have to inform Schlosser that there are three separate questions about Junius, of which he has evidently no distinct knowledge, and cannot, therefore, have many chances to spare for settling them. The three questions are these:—A. Who *was* Junius? B. What was it that armed Junius with a power so unaccountable at this day over the public mind? C. Why, having actually exercised this power, and gained under his masque far more than he ever hoped to gain, did this Junius not come forward *in his own person*, when all the legal danger had long passed away, to claim a distinction that for *him* (among the vainest of men) must have been more precious than his heart's blood? The two questions, B and C, I have examined in past times, and I will not here repeat my explanations further than to say, with respect to the last, that the reason for the author not claiming his own property was this, because he *dared* not; because it would have been *infamy* for him to avow himself as Junius; because it would have revealed a crime and published a crime in his own earlier life, for which many a man is transported in our days, and for less than which many a man has been in past days hanged, broken on the wheel, burned, gibbeted, or impaled. To say that he watched and listened at his master's key-holes, is nothing. It was not key-holes only that he made free with, but keys; he tampered with his master's seals; he committed larcenies; not, like a brave man, risking his life on the highway, but petty larcenies—larcenies in a dwelling-house—larcenies under the opportunities of a confidential situation—crimes which formerly, in the days of Junius, our bloody code never pardoned in villains of low degree. Junius was in the situation of Lord Byron's Lara, or, because Lara is a plagiarism, of Harriet Lee's Kraitzrer. But this man, because he had money, friends, and talents, instead of going to prison, took himself off for a jaunt to the continent. From the continent, in full security and in possession of the *otium cum dignitate*, he negotiated with the government, whom he had alarmed by publishing the secrets which he had stolen. He succeeded. He sold himself to great advantage. Bought and sold he was; and of course it is understood that, if you buy a knave, and expressly in consideration of his knaveries, you secretly undertake not to hang him. "Honour bright!" Lord Barrington might certainly have indicted Junius at the Old Bailey, and had a reason for wishing to do so; but George III., who was a party to the negotiation, and all his ministers, would have said, with fits of laughter—"Oh, come now, my lord, you must *not* do that. For, since we have bargained for a price to send him out as a member of council to Bengal, you see clearly that we could not possibly hang him *before* we had fulfilled our bargain. Then it is true we might hang him after he comes back. But, since the man (being a clever man) has a fair chance in the interim of rising to be Governor-General, we put it to your candour, Lord Barrington, whether it would be for the public service to hang his excellency?" In fact, he might probably have been Governor-General, had his bad temper not overmastered him. Had he not quarrelled so viciously with Mr. Hastings, it is ten to one that he might, by playing his cards well, have succeeded him. As it was, after enjoying an enormous salary, he returned to England—not Governor-General, certainly, but still in no fear of being hanged. Instead of hanging him, on second thoughts, Government gave him a red ribbon. He represented a borough in Parliament. He was an authority upon Indian affairs. He was caressed by the Whig party. He sat at good men's tables. He gave for toasts—*Joseph Surface* sentiments at dinner parties—"The man that betrays" [something or other]—"the man that sneaks into" [other men's portfolios, perhaps]—"is"—aye, *what* is he? Why he is, perhaps, a Knight of the Bath, has a sumptuous mansion in St. James's Square, dies full of years and honour, has a pompous funeral, and fears only some such epitaph as this—"Here lies, in a red ribbon, the man who built a great prosperity on the basis of a great knavery." I complain heavily of Mr. Taylor, the very able unmasquer of Junius, for blinking the whole questions B and C. He it is that has settled the question A, so that it will never be re-opened by a man of sense. A man who doubts, after *really* reading Mr. Taylor's work, is not only a blockhead, but an irreclaimable blockhead. It is true that several men, among them Lord Brougham, whom Schlosser (though hating him, and kicking him) cites, still profess scepticism. But the reason is evident: they have not *read* the book, they have only heard of it. They are unacquainted with the strongest arguments, and even with the nature of the evidence.* Lord Brougham, indeed, is generally reputed to have reviewed Mr. Taylor's book. *That* may be: it is probable enough: what I am denying is not at all that Lord Brougham *reviewed* Mr. Taylor, but that Lord Brougham *read* Mr. Taylor. And there is not much wonder in *that*, when we see professed writers on the subject—bulky writers—writers of Answers and Refutations, dispensing with the whole of Mr. T.'s book,

* Even in Dr. Francis's Translation of Select Speeches from Demosthenes, which Lord Brougham naturally used a little in his own labours on that theme, there may be traced several peculiarities of diction that startle us in Junius. Sir P. had them from his father. And Lord Brougham ought not to have overlooked them. The same thing may be seen in the notes to Dr. Francis's translation of Horace. These points, though not *independently* of much importance, become far more so in combination with others. The reply made to me once by a publisher of some eminence upon this question, was the best fitted to lower Mr. Taylor's investigation with a *stranger* to the long history of the dispute. "I feel," he said, "the impregnability of the case made out by Mr. Taylor. But the misfortune is, that I have seen so many previous impregnable cases made out for other claimants." Ay, that *would* be unfortunate. But the misfortune for this repartee was, that I, for whose use it was intended, not being in the predicament of a *stranger* to the dispute, having seen every page of the pleadings, knew all (except Mr. Taylor's) to be false in their statements; after which their arguments signified nothing.

single paragraphs of which would have forced them to cancel their own. The possibility of scepticism, after really *reading* Mr. T.'s book, would be the strongest exemplification upon record of Sancho's proverbial reproach, that a man "wanted better bread than was made of wheat—" would be the old case renewed from the scholastic grumblers "that some men do not know when they are answered." They have got their *quietus*, and they still continue to "maunder" on with objections long since disposed of. In fact, it is not too strong a thing to say—and Chief Justice Dallas *did* say something like it—that if Mr. Taylor is not right, if Sir Philip Francis is *not* Junius, then was no man ever yet hanged on sufficient evidence. Even confession is no absolute proof. Even confessing to a crime, the man may be mad. Well, but at least seeing is believing: if the court sees a man commit an assault, will not *that* suffice? Not at all: ocular delusions on the largest scale are common. What's a court? Lawyers have no better eyes than other people. Their physics are often out of repair, and whole cities have been known to see things that could have no existence. Now, all other evidence is held to be short of this blank seeing or blank confessing. But I am not at all sure of *that*. Circumstantial evidence, that multiplies indefinitely its points of *internexus* with known admitted facts, is more impressive than direct testimony. If you detect a fellow with a large sheet of lead that by many (to wit 70) salient angles, that by tedious (to wit 30) reëntrant angles, fits into and owns its sisterly relationship to all that is left of the lead upon your roof—this tight fit will weigh more with a jury than even if my lord chief justice should jump into the witness-box, swearing that, with judicial eyes, he saw the vagabond cutting the lead whilst he himself sat at breakfast; or even than if the vagabond should protest before this honourable court that he *did* cut the lead in order that he (the said vagabond) might have hot rolls and coffee as well as my lord, the witness. If Mr. Taylor's body of evidence does *not* hold water, then is there no evidence extant upon any question, judicial or not judicial, that *will*.

But I blame Mr. Taylor heavily for throwing away the whole argument applicable to B and C; not as any debt that rested particularly upon *him* to public justice; but as a debt to the integrity of his own book. That book is now a fragment; admirable as regards A; but (by omitting B and C) not sweeping the whole area of the problem. There yet remains, therefore, the dissatisfaction which is always likely to arise—not from the smallest *allegatio falsi*, but from the large *suppressio veri*. B, which, on any other solution than the one I have proposed, is perfectly unintelligible, now becomes plain enough. To imagine a heavy, coarse, hard-working government, seriously affected by such a bauble as *they* would consider performances on the tight rope of style, is mere midsummer madness. "Hold your absurd tongue," would any of the ministers have said to a friend descanting on Junius as a powerful artist of style—"do you dream, dotard, that this baby's rattle is the thing that keeps us from sleeping? Our eyes are fixed on something else: that fellow, whoever he is, knows what he ought *not* to know; he has had his hand in some of our pockets: he's a good locksmith, is that Junius; and before he reaches Tyburn, who knows what amount of mischief he may do to self and partners?" The rumour that ministers were themselves alarmed (which was the naked truth) travelled downwards; but the *why* did not travel; and the innumerable blockheads of lower circles, not understanding the real cause of fear, sought a false one in the supposed thunderbolts of the rhetoric. Opera-house thunderbolts they were: and strange it is, that grave men should fancy newspapers, teeming (as they have always done) with *Publicolas*, with *Catos*, with *Algernon Sydneys*, able by such trivial small shot to gain a moment's attention from the potentates of Downing Street. Those who have despatches to write, councils to attend, and votes of the Commons to manage, think little of Junius Brutus. A Junius Brutus, that dares not sign by his own honest name, is presumably skulking from his creditors. A Timoleon, who hints at assassination in a newspaper, one may take it for granted, is a manufacturer of begging letters. And it is a conceivable case that a £20 note, enclosed to Timoleon's address, through the newspaper office, might go far to soothe that great patriot's feelings, and even to turn aside his avenging dagger. These sort of people were not the sort to frighten a British Ministry. One laughs at the probable conversation between an old hunting squire coming up to comfort the First Lord of the Treasury, on the rumour that he was panic-struck. "What, surely, my dear old friend, you're not afraid of Timoleon?" First Lord.—"Yes, I am." C. Gent.—"What, afraid of an anonymous fellow in the papers?" F. L.—"Yes, dreadfully." C. Gent.—"Why, I always understood that these people were a sort of shams—living in Grub Street—or where was it that Pope used to tell us they lived? Surely you're not afraid of Timoleon, because some people think he's a patriot?" F. L.—"No, not at all; but I am afraid because some people think he's a housebreaker!" In that character only could Timoleon become formidable to a Cabinet Minister; and in some such character must our friend, Junius Brutus, have made himself alarming to Government. From the moment that B is properly explained, it throws light upon C. The Government was alarmed—not at such moonshine as patriotism, or at a soap-bubble of rhetoric—but because treachery was lurking amongst their own households; and, if the thing went on, the consequences might be appalling. But this domestic treachery, which accounts for B, accounts at the same time for C. The very same treachery that frightened its objects at the time by the consequences it might breed, would frighen its author afterwards from claiming its literary honours by the remembrances it might awaken. The mysterious disclosure of official secrets, which had once roused so much consternation within a

limited circle, and (like the French affair of the diamond necklace) had sunk into neglect only when all clue seemed lost for *perfectly* unravelling it, would revive in all its interest when a discovery came before the public, viz., a claim on the part of Francis to have written the famous letters, which must at the same time point a strong light upon the true origin of the treacherous disclosures. Some astonishment had always existed as to Francis—how he rose so suddenly into rank and station: some astonishment always existed as to Junius, how he should so suddenly have fallen asleep as a writer in the journals. The coincidence of this sudden and unaccountable silence with the sudden and unaccountable Indian appointment of Francis; the extraordinary familiarity of Junius, which had *not altogether escaped notice*, with the secrets of one particular office, viz., the War Office; the sudden recollection, sure to flash upon all who remembered Francis, if again he should become revived into suspicion, that he had held a situation of trust in that particular War Office; all these little recollections would begin to take up their places in a connected story: *this* and *that*, laid together, would become clear as daylight; and to the keen eyes of still surviving enemies—Horne Tooke, "little Chamier," Ellis, the Fitzroy, Russell, and Murray houses—the whole progress and catastrophe of the scoundrelism, the perfidy and the profits of the perfidy, would soon become as intelligible as any tale of midnight burglary from without, in concert with a wicked butler within, that was ever sifted by judge and jury at the Old Bailey, or critically reviewed by Mr. John Ketch at Tyburn.

Francis was the man. Francis was the wicked butler within, whom Pharaoh ought to have hanged, but whom he clothed in royal apparel, and mounted upon a horse that carried him to a curule chair of honour. So far his burglary prospered. But, as generally happens in such cases, this prosperous crime subsequently avenged itself. By a just retribution, the success of Junius, in two senses so monstrously exaggerated—exaggerated by a romantic over-estimate of its intellectual power through an error of the public, not admitted to the secret—and equally exaggerated as to its political power by the government in the hush-money for its future suppression, became the heaviest curse of the successful criminal. This criminal thirsted for literary distinction above all other distinction, with a childish eagerness, as for the *amreeta* cup of immortallity. And, behold! there the brilliant bauble lay, glittering in the sands of a solitude, unclaimed by any man; disputed with him (if he chose to claim it) by nobody; and yet for his life he durst not touch it. He stood—he knew that he stood—in the situation of a murderer who has dropt an inestimable jewel upon the murdered body in the death-struggle with his victim. The jewel is his! Nobody will deny it. He may have it for asking. But to ask is his death-warrant. "Oh yes!" would be the answer, "here's your jewel, wrapt up safely in tissue paper. But here's another lot that goes along with it—no bidder can take them apart—viz. a halter, also wrapt up in tissue paper." Francis, in relation to Junius, was in that exact predicament. "You are Junius? You are that famous man who has been missing since 1772? And you can prove it? God bless me! sir; what a long time you've been sleeping: every body's gone to bed. Well, then, you are an exceedingly clever fellow, that have had the luck to be thought ten times more clever than really you were. And also, you are the greatest scoundrel that at this hour rests in Europe unhanged!"—Francis died, and made no sign. Peace of mind he had parted with for a peacock's feather, which feather, living or dying, he durst not mount in the plumage of his cap.

TO THE RIGHT HON. THE EARL OF ——.

AN HUMBLE EPISTLE TOUCHING SCORN OF LOW BIRTH.

Yes, I am one for your contempt,
Your lordly scoffing born—
By blood the heir of your proud sneers,
By birthright, lord, your scorn;
Fate doomed not my ancestral blood
Through noble veins to flow,
My fathers, lord, were honest men—
I'm low, my lord, I'm low.

No—no—my lineage cannot mount
To one who slew his way
From beggary to cursed rule
On Hastings' murderous day;
No feudal plunderings—Norman wrongs
My race's records show—
My fathers only fought for rights—
I'm low, my lord, I'm low.

I boast no scoundrel ancestry
Like those your grace's pride,
Kings' favourites—honest men's disdain—
At courts who fawned and lied;
No diplomatic cheat can I,
My race's glory show—
My fathers knew not how to lie—
I'm low, my lord, I'm low.

No unearned heritage I own
Of park and ancient hall,
My hard-won wages, lord, alone
My own of wealth I call;
I cannot claim the bought respect
That want to wealth must show—
I am but honoured for my worth—
I'm low, my lord, I'm low.

Of honest men I'm not the scorn—
I never, lord, have striven
To prostitute to my own gain
Power by the nation given;
The records of my life, my lord,
No corn-tax votes can show,
My luxury never starved the poor—
I'm low, my lord, I'm low.

No lackey dogs me with respect,
That paid for I'd disdain—
For fawning menials at my heels
Men look, my lord, in vain.
Of human forms, thank heaven, not one
My livery's shame can show—
My pride in man's contempt garbs none—
I'm low, my lord, I'm low.

I cannot boast of uselessness,
For no man doing aught—
I earn my living with my hands,
Disdaining aught for nought;
For that I win I labour pay,
My every day can show,
I'd scorn to live on others' toil—
I'm low, my lord, I'm low.

And yet, my lord, though strange it be,
I, whom you high deride,
Your scoff—your scorn—your social drudge—
I too, lord, have my pride;
Yes, proud of some things, too, dare I
Front pride with pride; ay, though
With nought that makes you nobles high—
I'm low, my lord, I'm low.

I'm proud that, with undoubting trust,
My word all men can take;
That woman's heart I never won—
Won, villain-like, to break;
That upright, spite of poverty,
To no man aught I owe;
That duns and debts are yours, not mine,
Though I, my lord, am low.

I'm proud in honest labour, lord,
My useful days go by;
That no white, weak, unhorned hand,
No silken palm have I;
That for the right I've ever stood,
As far as right I know;
Nor urged a wrong for private gain—
Though I, my lord, am low.

These things are poor in your esteem;
And yet I rank them more
In mine, ay, than the proudest name
That Norman blood e'er bore;
Nor would I, for your worthlessness,
My scorned worth barter, though
Ten times your vaunted rank I won—
Though I, my lord, am low.

No, keep your pure—your Norman blood,
Your coroneted shame,
Light weigh a hundred coats of arms
Against an honest name;
Despite your scoffs, despite your scorn,
Poor worth, I've learned to know,
May well look down on titled shame—
Ay, though, my lord, 'tis low.

Greenwich. W. C. Bennet.

LITERARY REGISTER.

SPECULATIVE PHILOSOPHY.*

That *Mechanism* is getting exhausted, and intellectuality expanded, is the excuse of the author for the production of this work. The appearance of a second edition, within a very short time, proves the validity of that excuse, even beyond the author's expectations. He frankly admits that he "did not give credit to the British public at large for sufficient interest in the abstruser questions of philosophy." Agreeably deceived in this opinion, he has again offered his work to the public, "in an improved and more legitimately historical form." And the proof thus afforded of the demand for a book, more like an emanation of German than of English literature, favours the supposition that the interest in speculative philosophy is reviving. Saving Tenneman's "Manuel of the History of Philosophy"—of which an Oxford translation, by the Rev. Arthur Johnson, has been for a dozen years in scholastic use—and Mr. G. H. Lewes's popular "Biographical History of Philosophy," we have no English account of modern philosophy beyond what may be found in the celebrated "Dissertation" of Dugald Stuart, prefixed to the "Encyclopædia Britannica."

In this state of matters there was room for Mr. Morell's History. It were, perhaps, to have been wished that his pretensions to authorship had been previously somewhat confirmed. Modern philosophy is, of all conceivable subjects, the most critical on which "the first thoughts" an author ventures to intrude upon public notice can be elaborated. And it scarcely compensates sufficiently that, under such circumstances, the author feels bound to speak with much modesty of his own labours. A bold dogmatism is not only the prerogative, but ought to be the property of a writer who sets up as the valuator of philosophical opinion; and it is disagreeable to find, or even suspect him, "*in verba magistri jurasse.*" Dr. Tholuck,* and the late Dr. Chalmers,† appear, however, to regard the author as too implicitly following Cousin, whose French electicism is not just the philosophy of which we think the English revival should avail itself. "The reason," says Mr. Morell, in his new preface, ‡ "I have followed, *in the main*, Cousin's criticisms is, primarily, because I consider them very near the truth; and, secondly, because they present the subject in a form best calculated for giving a popular view of the whole question." But there is, we suspect, another reason, in the force of which Mr. Morell may be self-deluded—that sort of admiration which attaches to the teaching of Cousin as the last master under whom the author appears to have studied.

"Whilst going through a systematic course of study," he states, "in London, I was induced, from a somewhat undefined idea of the importance of the subject, to take up 'Locke's Essay on the Human Understanding.' The perusal of that immortal work seemed to open a region of surpassing grandeur; but, at the same time, gave few results upon which it was possible to rest with calmness and satisfaction. I next betook myself to the lectures of Dr. Thomas Brown, hoping to find there the satisfaction I required. In this hope I was not, *for the time*, disappointed. The style was so captivating, the views so comprehensive, the arguments so acute, the whole thing so complete, that I was almost insensibly borne along upon the stream of his reasoning and his eloquence. Naturally enough, I became a zealous disciple;

* An Historical and Critical View of the Speculative Philosophy of Europe in the Nineteenth Century. By J. D. Morrell, A.M. Second Edition. John Johnstone, London and Edinburgh, 1847; 2 vols.; pp. 590 and 666.

* *Literarischer Anzeiger.*
† *North British Review.*
‡ Preface to second edition, p. 20.

I accepted his mental analysis as almost perfect; I defended his doctrine of causation; with him I stood in astonishment at the alleged obtuseness of Reid; and, with the exception of his ethical system, was ready to consider "*ipse dixit*" as a valid argument for the truth of any metaphysical dogma. Induced by the lively admiration I had conceived for the Scottish metaphysics, I proceeded to the University of Glasgow, and studied philosophy in the classrooms which had been honoured by the presence, and enlightened by the genius, of Reid and Smith. Here the veneration for Brown began to subside; I felt that there was a depth in the philosophy of Reid which I had not fully appreciated, and that the sensational tendency of the former, though it added popularity to his thoughts, was an ill exchange for the incipient spiritualism of the latter. Hoping to probe the questions relating to the foundation of human knowledge more to the centre, I attempted to read 'Kant's Critick of Pure Reason,' and some few other continental works; but they, for the most part, opened a region so entirely new, that I felt quite unable to compare their results, *as a whole*, with those of the Scotch metaphysicians. Desirous, however, of pursuing the subject still farther, I repaired to Germany; I heard Brandis and Fichte expound German philosophy in their lecture rooms, and spent some months in reading the standard works of the great masters. The different systems which were here contending for the preference gradually became intelligible, but, alas! they stood alone —in complete isolation; but to compare their method, their procedure, their aim, their results, satisfactorily with those of our English and Scottish philosophy appeared as yet almost impossible. To gain light, therefore, upon these points, I turned my attention to France; the name of Eclecticism seemed too inviting to be turned away, as it often is, on the charge of Syncretism or want of profundity; and my hopes were not altogether deceptive. I found, or thought that I found, in the writings of Cousin, and others of the modern eclectics, the germs of certain great principles upon which a comparison of all the philosophical systems of the present age could be advantageously instituted, and saw that such a comparison would be of very important service to one who should be anxious to travel, as I had done, over the broad field of European metaphysics. How eagerly should I have welcomed such a directory myself while I was toiling to get some clear light upon the conflicting systems of Germany; how highly should I have valued a simple and definite statement of the foundation principle of the different schools; how intensely rejoiced in a work which should show the relations of the one to the other! It was with a view, therefore, of supplying the want which I had myself felt, that I began the sketch which has now swelled into these two volumes."

Such is the candid narrative in which the author shows cause for his undertaking. He is not, perhaps, the first who has undertaken to teach others by the process of acquiring knowledge at the same time for himself. But he is not unlike one of those veracious Irish guides who accompany you to St. Kevan's Kitchen and Bed along the lone and gloomy shores of Glendalough, requiring your implicit belief in the romantic miracles of which they show the localities, otherwise you could not attach the slightest interest to a single spot of them all. The *naïveté* of Mr. Morell's confidential candour has such a charm, that how little soever we may be disposed to adopt the principles of Cousin as the touchstone of the philosophy of the present age, we are constrained, whilst we bear him company, to resign ourselves to his guidance, reserving, however, for after-thought and more mature reflection, to determine the real value of his comparative estimate of modern philosophical systems.

At the outset of his work the author is very careful to impress us with the simplicity of the thing called philosophy, tracing its operations even in the mind of the little philosopher in the cradle, spontaneously forming his acquaintance, and an extensive acquaintance too, before emerging from the cloud of infancy, with the external world. The first man that reflected was the first speculative philosopher. His text hardly contains the definition, although it gives an explanation of philosophy; and the only definition offered (in a note*) is one suggested to the author as comprehending every essential point:—

"Philosophy is the science which reduces all things to the region of pure ideas, and then traces their connection and unity."

The objections against philosophy are grounded on the confinement of our knowledge to sensible phenomena—on the facts that the deepest thinkers come to opposite conclusions—that philosophy has no practical utility, and is superseded by revelation. To these four objections the author deems it prudent to reply. Metaphysicians are well convinced that the former is a fallacy. Many of our sensations have nothing external corresponding. If colours arise by the separation of rays of light, and sounds by pulsations of the air, we cannot pretend that anything exists without at all like the impressions of colours or sounds within. And if this be the case with *some* of our sensations, why not with *all*? Again, for the notions of *self*, of *right and wrong*, of *causation*, &c., we are certainly not indebted to our sensational faculty. With regard to the second objection, he compares the contradictions of opinion in philosophy to the completely opposite views men of the greatest sagacity adopt in politics, which are yet conducive to national prosperity; and to the different forms founded on the common data of Christianity, without impairing the truth of the system. He proclaims all error, in fact, to be *negative*—a falling short of the fact. Of such a thing as positive error, he denies the existence. Thus he is enabled to maintain that philosophy in its past history has had a progressive development. In answer to the third objection, Mr. Morell beautifully illustrates what he terms the law of the descent of thought; from the first or highest order of thinkers descending to those one degree below them, losing at each descent something of the scientific form, till it reaches the mass, in the shape of some admitted or bare fact, which they appropriate to their own use, simply as being an acknowledged truth:—

"The first school-boy you meet would very likely tell you with some accuracy what is the rapidity of light; but as to any observations on the occultations of Jupiter's satellites, or on the phenomena of abbration, or any other such method of computing it, on these he has never bestowed a thought. The commonest seaman that has learned the use of his sextant, applies to his own purposes all the necessary formulas of trigonometry; but, as to the methods of investigating such formulas, such matter lie entirely out of his reach."

Following up the analogy of these mathematical formulas by the parallel case of historical formulas, and the historical by formulas for the various theories of the fine arts, we are led insensibly to the conclusion that in like manner there are philosophical or metaphysical formulas, acted upon by thousands every day of their lives, to whom all metaphysical thinking is completely foreign. Thus in the middle ages, when Aristotelianism completely moulded the minds of those who *did* think, its results, mingled up with the religious opinions of the day, reached the

* Page 4, vol. I.

whole of the popular intellect. And in France, during the last century, complete materialism, with implied denials of man's immortality and God's existence, took possession of the people at large, who neither read the sensualistic writings of Locke, nor studied the distorted edition of his principles, published by Cordillac, nor comprehended the farther development of the process by Cabanis, but simply caught up the formulas of that false philosophy in the very intelligible propositions in which it came before them; so that, instead of being restricted to the few, and unintelligible to the mass, the results of intellectual philosophy practically influence the mass of mankind more than those of any other department of knowledge. The objection that revelation renders speculative philosophy unnecessary, is disposed of by showing that revealed religion itself is rested on the foundation of natural religion, and so far from putting a check upon philosophical investigation, renders it the more necessary.

Going a step farther, speculative philosophy is to be regarded as absolutely inevitable—"*as inevitable*," says Morell, "as the wants, desires, and tendencies of the human mind can make it."

"Every age of the world," he adds, "and every nation, the mind of which has attained to any degree of cultivation, have had their different philosophies; that is, have attempted to unravel the problems of their own existence and those of the universe they behold around them. The grave and contemplative Asiatic silently brooded over those subjects in the earlier stages of man's history; the lively and versatile mind of Greece could not fail to think deeply, and to grapple earnestly with the same great questions; the Roman intellect, at first taken up with the practical toils of warfare and government, was constrained, so soon as the opportunity came, to tread in the same path, notwithstanding it had been already so diligently explored; and Christianity, when it offered peace to the spirit of man, wounded by consciousness of moral imperfection, and satisfied the heart's longings after immortallity, did not repress but rather incited the intellect to greater exertion, in order to sound the depths of our being, and fully to comprehend our relation to the Infinite and the Eternal. The middle ages, which witnessed the almost total decline of literature, present us still with the spectacle of the human reason struggling on amidst all the surrounding darkness, in order to look beneath the phenomeral world, and to seek after the foundations of human knowledge; and ever since the revival of our modern civilisation, has given a fresh impulse to the human mind; the whole region of speculative philosophy has been one of the principal objects upon which it has applied its awakened energies. It is no more possible for the spirit of philosophy to become extinguished, than for the poetic fire to die out of humanity, or the religious faculty to cease to operate within the mind of man; for as long as the impulse of the intellectual faculties exists, it will ever be seeking after satisfaction."

The inevitable rise of philosophy is also shown by the fact, that the power of accurate generalisation is the measure of true knowledge, and that every branch of human knowledge, when fully generalised, lands us in the region of metaphysical research.

Aristotle, Kant, and Cousin, in turn attempted the resolution of all our knowledge into categories of primary ideas. Aristotle, dealing with the *matter* of our ideas, reduced his categories to ten; Kant, applying himself to their *forms*, by his deep, clear, criticism, reduced to two fundamental ideas, "contingent" and "necessary," which, he says, "you can represent to yourself under the formula of unity and multiplicity, of substance and phenomenon, of absolute cause and relative causes, of the perfect and the imperfect, of the finite and the infinite."

But to collect a full view of philosophic opinion, it is necessary to attend to the definitions of the principal systems of modern philosophy. Sensationalism, the philosophy of the French Encyclopædists, and *in tendency* of Locke, made the senses the sole fountains of human knowledge, and built up a whole metaphysical system on the basis of external nature. Idealism, the philosophy of Berkeley and Fichte, and *in tendency* of Kant, and, in its first movement, also of Reid, followed the contrary direction of a too close and partial analysis of *self*, and based a whole philosophical system in this one notion. Out of the contradictions of these systems arose *Scepticism*, a philosophy capable of detecting falsehood without attempting to build up any system of truth. Then followed *Mysticism*, in which the mind last of all takes refuge. To the mysterious spiritual nature within, the mystic looks for a knowledge for transcending the feeble results of reflection. Eclecticism, the school of Victor Cousin, recognises one and all of these four philosophies as movements of the human reason, and rejecting in each its apparent extravagancies and inaccuracies, pretends to build up from the residuum of truth a new and more perfect system.

A review of the progress of sensationalism, from the period of Bacon to the commencement of the 19th century; and of the progress of idealism, from the period of Descartes to the same time; with a development of the different forms of scepticism and mysticism which have arisen from these preceding systems, on the Continent and in England, furnishes Mr. Morell with the proximate sources of the philosophy of the nineteenth century.

Into these systems we do not enter, however, at the commencement of modern philosophy. The two great eras in the history of metaphysics undoubtedly resolve into the ancient and the modern. But even the period of transition from the one to the other, and the scholastic age itself, mere renewal as it was, with some peculiar modifications of ancient philosophy, must, with all deference to Mr. Morell, be allowed some place in the commencement of modern philosophy. That scholasticism had to be combated before the new philosophy could arise, is nothing to the purpose. Scholasticism was principally a form; and what was the substance with which this shadow was overthrown? Mr. Morell himself supplies the answer; it was altogether a renewal of the ancient contest betwixt the porch and the academy; upon the arena of modern history Plato overthrew Aristotle and the peripatetics.

The interval, till the age of Bacon, was therefore exclusively occupied with the renewal of the ancient doctrines. Amongst which those of Plato had a foremost place, under the Medicis at Florence, although those of Aristotle still retained a part, and were upheld by such men as the German reformer, Melancthon. Inferior spirits, such as Lipsius and Heinsius, advocated a modification of the doctrine of the Stoics. To one and all of these prevalent doctrines must we assign some influence over the future philosophy of modern times. Much more must we ascribe it to the logical science of Peter Ramus; the physics of Telesius and Campanella, and the novel theories of the independent thinkers of those times, such as Patritius and Bruno. It is yet indisputable that all these minor and indefinite influences merged in the ef-

forts of two gigantic minds—those of Bacon and Descartes—to turn the stream of scientific investigation into those two main channels of modern inquiry it has ever since been pursuing. Both dealt in analysis. Bacon in the analysis of *Nature;* Descartes in that of *thought.*

The influence of Bacon's experimental philosophy upon the progress of speculative science—different from that of the Cartesian—was necessarily indirect. Bacon threw away the useless Aristotelian philosophy which he had studied in his early youth, and substituted for it his *Novum Organum,* or new method of investigation—the inductive method—consisting of something more than collecting observations and predicating concerning the class any quality observed in each. This would have given but a small extension of knowledge. He instructs us first to collect a Natural History, of which we are to classify the facts, expunging the useless, and viewing the significant by their relative value and the test of experiment, until the causes of phenomena, or the constitution of bodies, begin to appear. Without excluding from his method psychological investigations, Bacon directed his chief attention to the great want of his age, a knowledge of facts; and the example of the master led to the sparing application of his method in higher science; and whilst his doctrines upheld the importance of metaphysical analysis, the tendency of his system was in favour of sensationalism.

Hobbes proceeded upon this ground to develope the Baconian philosophy, so as to make *sensation* the real basis of every mental operation, sole originator of ideas, sole medium and test of truth. Matter, therefore, became with him the only reality. His whole doctrine was the doctrine of bodies. But these he divided into Natural bodies and Political bodies. In physics he inculcated observation, and leaned to the atomistic theory of Gassendi. In psychology, he viewed the mind as wholly material, the phenomena of consciousness as the direct result of organisation.

The criticism of Locke and the effects of his sensationalism in England, as seen in the writings of Collins, Dodwell, Hartley, Priestley, and Horne Tooke, as well as in France and Germany in those of Candillac, Bennet, Helvetius, St. Lambert, Baron D'Holback, and the French Encyclopædists, fill up the chapter of the progress of sensationalism. That in the progress of idealism is developed, in four movements, emanating from the influence of Descartes; the first including Malebranche and Spinoza; the second English polemical idealism, commencing with Lord Herbert of Cherbury, and including Cudworth, Clarke, Butler, Berkeley, and Price; the third, German idealism, including Leibrutz, Wolf, Kant; and the fourth, the Scottish philosophy of Hutcheson, Smith, and Reid.

The grand result is, that modern philosophy, up to the opening of the present century, just exhibits four different movements in four different parts of Europe. The first is the French movement of the school of Descartes, dwindling away into the revived plalsuism of Malebranche, or the realistic pantheism of Spinoza. The English polemical idealism was well nigh extinguished under the successors of Locke. The German idealism, however, of Leibrutz enjoyed a prosperous career under its Wolfian connection; and, taking another direction, seemed only preparing for a grander flight through the influence of the immortal works of Kant. The fourth, the Scottish philosophy, most vigorous and original in the hands of Reid, promised, at the period in question—the close of the century—a development of its resources commensurate with its victories over scepticism. The two anti-sensational forces of this particular era were, therefore, the respective philosophers of Scotland and Germany.

The masters of the Scottish school we need not pause to discuss. The merits of Dugald Stewart, Dr. Thomas Browne, Young, Milne, Ballantyne, Abercrombie, are too well known to require comment. Morell regards the great excellency of the Scottish philosophy as to a great extent consisting in having perfected the method of metaphysical research; its main defects as taking a false or inadequate view of the reflective method in mental philosophy, and, as consequently, wanting comprehensiveness as to the legitimate objects and extent of philosophy at large.

The German school of the nineteenth century he tries, through its six representatives, Kant, Jacobi, Herbart, Fichte, Schelling, and Hegel; requiring us to bear in mind that, instead of the analysis of the powers and faculties of the human mind being, as with us, the chief point, it is comprehended by the Germans in one very subordinate division, termed psychology, and their three great problems are the existence and nature of God, the universe, and human freedom.

In noticing the numerous characteristics of modern scepticism, Mr Morell's present edition is characterised by a digression on Dr. Lamennais' "*Esquisse d'un Philosophe,*" of which he made no mention in his previous edition.

The residue of the work, after illustrating the fourth generic system of philosophy of the nineteenth century, viz., mysticism, as exemplified in England by Coleridge Taylor in one department, and Sewell in another; in France by St. Simonism, Fourier, Pierre Leroux; and in Germany by Jacobi; is devoted to the Eclectic school of the nineteenth century, Royer, Collard, Cousin, and the modern French writers. The tendencies of the philosophy of the nineteenth century are summed up apart. The tendency of modern sensationalism is, the author argues, in science to push aside the doctrine of Providence as altogether exploded, as in such works as "Combe's Constitution of Man," and "Vestiges of the Natural History of Creation;" and, in politics, to base all human legislation upon mere expediency, discarding moral principle, staking the outward happiness of the community as the sole guide of the legislator, as exemplified in the political school of Jeremy Bentham; whilst, as respects theology, just in proportion as the sensational element becomes predominant, spiritual truth dies away—as exemplified in the materialism of Priestly and his numerous followers in England and America. The tendency of idealism, again, is shown to be to raise the idea of nature in physical science, above mechanism, and to impart to it life and soul; this is illustrated in the writings of Sir John Herschel; whilst in those of Coleridge and Carlyle we have exhibited the tendency of idealism in the practical walks of legislation, adjudging institutions not to be right because they appear expedient; but to be expedient because they are right. With regard to the religious tendencies of idealism, Mr. Morell exercises a wide discrimination betwixt the cases of England, France, and Germany. He appeals to such writers as M'Culloch and Whewell, and Lord Brougham, in his "Preliminary Discourse," who have ap-

plied the highest scientific knowledge to maintain the validity of our natural conceptions of religion. He asserts that the spiritual philosophy of France has done more to bring back the people of that country to a sense of religious obligation than all the direct efforts of Christian zeal combined. But in Germany he admits that the more extreme and daring features of idealism have unhappily developed themselves in connection with the religious life of that country.

The appendix is chiefly occupied with a matter which will excite much interest amongst Morrel's readers—a reply, on his own part, to the critic of the late Rev. Dr. Chalmers, in the "North British Review." It is supplemented by a very pathetic tribute to the memory of that great man, which does honour to the living as well as the dead.

Having now afforded a faithful summary and dispassionate estimate of Mr. Morell's philosophical work, we have only to refer for ampler satisfaction to his own text. Should he undertake, as is, we believe, anticipated, to lecture in Edinburgh on these topics during the ensuing winter, we feel assured that there is no living authority will be listened to with more earnest attention.

How are Worlds Formed? being a New System of Cosmogonical Philosophy. By Samuel Beswick. Haslingden. 1847.

The Ancient World; or, Picturesque Sketches of Creation. By D. T. Ansted, Professor of Geology in King's College, London. London: John Van Voorst.

THE construction of worlds was formerly considered to be a subject altogether out of men's reach. Even since we remember, comparatively few persons pretended to tell, with any degree of precision, either how this or any other world was produced. Science and information are, however, progressing, and there is absolutely now no great difficulty encountered in the inquiry. By aid of a hammer, and a few months' rock-chipping, persons of ordinary capacity get at the whole secret. We have two works before us, of recent publication; one, a large pamphlet, showing how worlds in general are made; and the second, an antique and profusely-ornamented volume, which contains a history of this world in particular, not merely before the flood, but before what simple-minded persons are disposed to regard as the period of its creation. Mr. Beswick, the author of the thick pamphlet, obligingly intimates that he expects to be assailed on every hand by those who "found their cosmogonical ideas upon the letter of the sacred writings, who believe that the system was originated in six literal days." Mr. Beswick, of course, believes nothing of the kind. Nobody, in short, who professes to be learned on these subjects has any such belief. There has been much learned criticism and speculation on this topic, and whether the announcement of creation in Genesis might or might not be in our translation more accordant with the original if "epochs" had been used instead of "days," is, after all, a question of less practical importance than many persons seem to suppose; since nothing, we think, can be clearer than that the same exertion of power which is supposed to have placed the strata of the world in regular order, could have formed a world, if we may reverently use the phrase, with all its geological relics, and remnants, footprints and dried fishes, limestone and coal measures, "ready made." There would be nothing more wonderful in the creation of a fossil, than in causing those circumstances by which the materials of museums are supposed to have been produced. Those persons who accept the literal language of our Scriptural translation believe in something of this kind. They do not allege that the trees in the garden of Eden were the subjects of such gradual growth and development as have been evinced ever since that creation in their regular succession. They do not suppose for a moment that the first created man went through all those painful gradations of creeping, and teething, and tottering, and ultimately walking, and acquiring strength, that since then have been the lot of all the successive generations of his descendants. It is unnecessary that they should believe in the thorough absence of any material, in any form, out of which this earth was constituted six thousand years since, antecedent to that date. The eduction of a habitable world out of a chaotic and inhabitable mass is an equally great miracle with the volition that a world should appear where nothing previously existed, working out its decree!

We know not, therefore, that there need be, or that there really is, any immediate cause of quarrel between the geologists, and those who insist for the literal interpretation of scripture upon the mere question of the earth's age. We apprehend that the real quarrel originates in other matters on which geologists themselves have arrived at no precise conclusion. Mr. Beswick has a high and highly proper regard for revelation at the commencement of his work: thus he says—

"But we have an opinion, that mankind will less oppose the progress of science, when the important fact is seen in all its consequences, that, throughout the whole of the Sacred Writings, not a single scientific fact is revealed which was not known before; neither throughout the whole of our Lord's life, from birth to crucifixion, as recorded in the gospels, did he reveal a single scientific to mankind. This is a demonstration, that the object and mission of revelation, or of theological teaching, are not to make known scientific truth, but rather to make a right and true use—a sincere use—a charitable and philanthropic use—of whatever truth or knowledge we may already possess. This is proved by our Lord's mission. His constant end and aim was to direct the attention, in the use of natural truth and things, to what is spiritual, heavenly, and eternal. There is not a precept, saying, parable, private lecture to his disciples, or sermon on the mount, but what shows us, that he directs the attention invariably to things of a spiritual nature. His constant subject of discourse was about heaven and hell, and the life of, and for each. As, for instance, the kingdom of heaven is likened to this and to that; lay not up treasures on earth, but treasures in heaven; fear not them which kill the body, but rather them which kill the soul; such was the invariable tendency and object of all that he said and did; consequently, of his mission. And are not his gospels the sublimest standard of theological teaching, and his life of a theological mission? yet he revealed not a single scientific to mankind. Shall we say that he, of whom such miracles are recorded to have been done from self-power, was ignorant of much scientific truth, then not known? this would be a display of ignorance indeed. The prophets, from Moses downwards, did not reveal a single scientific truth. Their mission, and that of revelation, is to teach the ultimate ends to be realised—to be intended and designed by the application and use of scientific truth."

If we concede this reasoning, its author will surely allow us to insist that this revelation, on which he pro-

fesses to place—and we have no ground to suppose that he really does not place the highest value—did not make erroneous statements regarding natural science or historic facts. He will allow, we presume, that while it in no part professes to be what his work is styled, "a new system of cosmogonical philosophy," yet in no part does it offer a distinct statement on any subject whatever which is not also a distinct fact. We turn from the commencement to the termination of his pamphlet—where page 154 and onward he says—

"The existence of boulders on the north-eastern shores of Great Britain, the east of Iceland, the south-east of Greenland, and especially on the north-east of North America, or that region contiguous to Europe, and their non-existence both in South America and in the *southern latitudes* of North America, considered in connexion with the direction of the Great Northern belt of the same kind of stones, forcibly leads us to the conclusion, that the precessional circulation of the waters of the ocean had carried these masses of granite from the north of Europe, and projected them upon the north-eastern localities of North America, where they would be deposited before they could be glided, or cast upon the South American shores. It must have been since this last precessional retreat of the ocean that the debril matter on and about the prominences, the mountains, hills, and rocks of Europe and Asia, has been formed by disintegration. From the same period we may date the formation of our alluvial matter, by the deposition of flowing streams, rivers, &c., and the origin of the latter also. In fact, the whole of the present superficial arrangement of Europe and Asia commenced from this epoch. It was then our present vegetation began its existence; our rivers to widen their borders at one place, and fill up in others; and our different classes of animals to multiply and spread themselves over the surface. It was then that colonies of men coming from the nearest habitable locality, Caucasia, spread themselves along its retreating borders, thus passing over central and northern Europe, forming establishments in what are now known as Germany, Poland, European Russia, and Scandinavia. And as the waters retreated, gradually spread themselves over Greece, Italy, Spain, France, Britain, &c., everywhere carrying with them the TRADITION *of the* DELUGE *or* FLOOD *which had covered the whole earth they were then colonising;* though, in consequence of all records and stories being then composed according to a science of correspondency, the tradition of the Deluge would, by them, have a meaning distinct from the literal fact.

"We may now see the truth of that long disputed subject, and the reason why the Chinese, inhabiting the shores, *east of this flood*, have records much older than those of European nations:* also those nations inhabiting the *southern range of this* FLOOD, viz., India, Persia, Arabia with Chaldea, Egypt, and Africa.

"Hence at the supposed time of the Mosaic deluge, about 4,000 years since, those nations had arrived at a degree of perfection in the arts and sciences which is a marvel to this learned age, and of which we can form no conception. At the time when the religious community of the present day is supposing the heavens to have been formed, they had mapped it out into configurations: at the time when it supposes the first man and woman were rudely tilling the ground, without clothing and shelter, these nations, particularly Egypt, were teaching the arts and sciences in schools: had formed the most durable edifices and buildings that have ever been erected in the history of man; and, at the supposed time of the Mosaic deluge, they had so far progressed as to be able to teach the most sublime mysteries in the form of allegory. *Such is the nature of the Mosaic Cosmogony, as described in the Sacred Writings, which was composed in those days.* † Their intellectual condition supposes an acquisition of the experience of successive generations, extending over a period that would baffle and render ridiculous all attempts at chronological computation. But it was an age of allegory and correspondency; and hence this appears to have been their scientific method of arriving at the discovery of truth."

We do not know that in any similar work we ever met more grossly absurd statements than those which we have quoted. They exhibit the wonderful credulity of Mr. Beswick—a credulous acceptance of his own imaginations that almost transcends anything manifested by the Latter-Day Saints. We certainly never could find out any records of Persia, Chaldea, and the other nations named—all, it may be observed, within the supposed limits of the flood—that antedated their existence so much farther back in time than the Mosaic history, as this expounder of the way that worlds are made coolly assumes. According to his theory, the notion of a general flood originated with the colonists of Germany, Poland, and so on; but how Moses, who was, so far as his education went, "an Egyptian," learned the tradition, since there was no overland mail in these days, remains to be explained. Mr. Beswick will perhaps indulge us so far as just to cast his eyes over the last sentence save one in our last quotation; and the reason why we respectfully ask the favour is, that this sentence alone is sufficient proof that he is not the man to explain the mysteries of creation, and tell us how the worlds were made. If these Egyptians had reached, as he says, at the era of Eve, such a degree of intellectual advancement, as only accumulations of experience, extending over periods "that baffle and render ridiculous chronological computation," could confer; it follows, that now in the era of Victoria the same people must be advanced in intellectual matters, at least, considerably beyond those European races, who, it is allowed, began the world anew only four thousand years ago. The rapid advances made in physical science and its application, in this country and in Europe, within half a century, being immensely over any progress attained by the men who built Thebes, must certainly be the product of incalculable ages of experience, according to Mr. Beswick's theory; and thus his Egyptian theory knocks out the side of his European theory, leaving it plain and palpable, in the teeth of boulders and parallel roads, that there was no flood here, but that we have been progressing in science, knowledge, and arts, for a million of years, less or more, uninterruptedly. All history is thus made a lie; and even the memory of the more advanced class of citizens is converted into a fiction. We have a dim remembrance of having been taken—we actually think carried—to see the first steamer that ever entered a secluded Scottish port; but that is a dream—a mere fanciful vision; and the remarks we fondly treasured as the forebodings of village patriarchs and matrons are mere boulders or debris of some disordered vision of the night. The fact must have been that steam-boats of rather rude construction navigated our waters many centuries ago; and the gallies that brought Julius Cæsar to Dover; or the curraghs, in which the Lords of Lorn navigated the Sound of Mull, must have had at least one paddle-wheel; although, probably, like Clarke, the celebrated engineer of the Cricket, halfpenny steamer, which recently plied between Hungerford and London bridges, on the Thames—they tied down their valves with a hempen cord, and made a fatal explosion occasionally.

* See M. de Fortia d'Urban's History of China before the deluge of Ogyges.

† "And Moses was learned in all the wisdom of the Egyptians."—Acts, c. vii., v. 22.

We have, indeed, a clue in this argument to the labyrinths of Ossian; and we take many of the descriptions in that work to be, instead of highly imaginative, very prosaic accounts of certain transactions on the water and in the air, that may be even yet accomplished, at the small charge of one halfpenny. We can also fully explain, on the reasonings flowing naturally, spontaneously, and unavoidably, from the basis of the great Beswickian theory, those accounts of human sacrifices that have been ascribed to the dark mythology of the Druids. We beg our readers to take our assurance that the Druids were mere engineers of the Cricket species, who only threw an unfortunate passenger or two into the air now and then, and they came down dead.

The statements addressed in Scripture against human sacrifices in Tophat and elsewhere are pure allegories. There was a "myth," as the Germans have it, and the story is told in Scripture with such reflections as seem suitable. Baal was a respectable gentleman—the mayor of one or two cities, and the chairman of several railway companies. Tophat was merely the Sowerby-bridge station on a railway out of Jerusalem, which had a viaduct of 318 arches over the Valley of Jehosophat—or some other valley, it matters nothing which. If any person doubts us, he can consult Brunetti, who will put it into his model. At this station a great accident occurred, in consequence of the last first-class carriage, in an express train, getting off the line, and the guards not paying attention—in point of fact, there being scarcely any guardianship—because Robert James Baal, Esquire, the chairman, and the other directors, wanted for the shareholders a dividend of eight and a fourth instead of seven and a half per cent., and could not afford two guards for each express train. The carriage being unnoticed, was dragged along for thirty-two and a third minutes, at the rate of sixty miles an hour, and several persons were killed. That is the origin of the myth which we find in Scripture, where Mr. Baal is used to employ a principle; sometimes, also, set forth under the personification of R. D. S. Mammon, Esq., who was the original chairman of the company, and ultimately retired to his estates and villa, near Sodom, with a large fortune acquired by bearing the company's scrip on the bourse of Babylon. Of course, the prophets, standing in those days in the position of troublesome newspaper reporters—"the vermin of the press"—a phrase erroneously ascribed to a celebrated songstress, though, no doubt, originating in a committee-room that shall be nameless, where the only music is the porter's bell and the engine's whistle: these prophets, who were perpetually interfering with the amusements and money-getting habits of society, made a myth of this fatal accident, and the evidence, as it appeared on the coroner's inquest held at Bethlehem—which we in our day have read wrong; but now the matter is explained, and the entire transaction, we trust, placed upon an intelligent footing. Such is the advantage flowing from an enlightened criticism. The theory involves some singular corrections of modern history. For example, Sir Robert Peel is reported, in aristocratic language, to be without a grandfather. His father is said to have made a large fortune by the use of some extraordinary inventions in the cotton-spinning business. This vulgar impression is, however, quite a blunder. There were no such inventions of modern date. Gradually men invented the spinning machinery, but "jennies," and such things, probably of rude construction, were wrought in Manchester at the period of Agricola. So some old persons in Greenock detail, as things consistent with their own knowledge, various recollections of the celebrated hero of antiquity, James Watt. The whole matter curiously illustrates the progress of mental mystification. James Watt, if ever he existed at all, must have watched his mother's tea-kettle, some afternoon when that matron was to have an old friend from the desert to tea with her, nearly 800,000 years ago, in a cottage, not on the banks of the Clyde, but those of the Nile—perhaps below the cataracts, although some authorities point to the uppermost regions of Upper Egypt. Most probably, however, James Watt had no real existence, but is a myth—neither man nor mite, but myth. So in reference to Robert Napier, whose steamers are so highly famed that one of them is said to have beaten the Fairy in speed, he is an allegory, that may be depended on, and his works are thoroughly allegorical.

Commonplace persons, who will not investigate theories and their deductions, may style all these statements extravagantly absurd; but we beg to tell them that they are neither absurd nor Pickwickian, but good sound Beswickian consequences from "a new system of cosmogonical philosophy."

We return, in a serious and staid mood, to the book, and its beginning, page 8, for the purpose of making the following extract:—

"If objectors to our philosophy think that the letter of the Divine Word contains the real truth, as to scientific subjects, and if, likewise, they believe it, then why fear an appeal to fact?"

But what is fact? Objectors are asked to appeal to fact. They are justified, therefore, in asking for a fact. The nebulæ theory was considered a fact three years ago. After explaining it—and we must say in passing that the explanations in this pamphlet display much research and acquaintance with the subjects—after its explanation at page 31, the author says—

"Here, it will be observed, the nebular theory is coupled with that of gravitation; nay, that it is, in fact, nothing more than the theory of gravitation applied to the elucidation of certain phenomena, or certain appearances of a self-luminous matter, with a view to show that it is the substance from which all the stellar bodies and astral systems are made.

"But could it be proved, that this apparently self-shining fluid is nothing else than an extensively vast system of stars—so distant, that it appears like an irregularly dim cloud of light—then, of course, this Theory would be proved to be not rooted in the nature of things—to have no ground in which to germinate and flourish, or to receive the culture of successive generations; because, no longer consistent with known fact."

Then he tells us that this is exactly what occurred. The Earl of Rosse and Dr. Nichol smote the nebulæ hip and thigh. They made an end of the theory one fine and clear evening, by discovering that the nebulæ were clusters of individual stars. They were too late, however, for a myth had been written, and four editions sold, under the title of "Vestiges of Creation," which became a very popular book, especially amongst fine young gentlemen who liked to believe that they were descended by regular succession from reptiles and toads, and had a very fair chance of being re-transmuted into reptiles. This myth was founded mainly on the nebulæ theory. It

appealed to facts. It appealed to the nebulæ fact. But now it appears that this was no fact whatever—and only a mistake. So it may fare with Mr. Beswick's facts, perhaps. They may be resolved, just as Earl Rosse's telescope resolved the nebulæ.

It is not the theory regarding the age of the world—that is, respecting the existence of the earth in some form, under some organization, previous to its present era—that those who believe in the literal interpretation of scriptural statements consider to be objectionable; but those grave, yet incidental fancies, unconnected with the main theory, that are thrown into the bargain—fancies so extravagant as the existence and prosperity of the Egyptians more than six thousand years since.

Mr. Beswick's creed we understand to be what he styles "the orbital theory;" and he believes that a long while ago, more than eight hundred thousand years—for that period has been occupied, he thinks, by our transitions—this globe was dashed off in a chaotic form, and at a high degree of temperature—very hot indeed. Since then it has been occupied in cooling, and spinning itself into the orbital form. In that respect it has been making progress, and in the lapse of ages will become perfect as to shape, and, in consequence, perfect as to many other matters—such as the regularity of seasons; but, unfortunately, it is threatened with another partial deluge, almost as the consequence of its perfection, though, as this will only occur six thousand to twelve thousand years hence, our readers, in general, are perfectly safe from its consequences. Mr. Beswick will, we hope, observe that this theory also contradicts another distinct statement of Scripture, and illustrates our previous position—that it is not the leading geological statements, but the fancies of speculators, based on no foundation stronger than the theorist's imagination, that are obnoxious to the charge mentioned by this writer.

The geological writers and lecturers who build too rapidly a theory on an observance, and not on a fact, are themselves liable to the charge of bringing scientific pursuits into disrepute. Rashly-formed theories from partial and incomplete inquiries are susceptible to the most profound objections. They have been made, supported, proved, as it was thought; and they vanished one after another, until we have enjoyed a very regular succession of errors. This experience might teach caution in affirming any opinion as not merely probable but certain, until its evidence were found to be more conclusive than those statements on which a deluge, ten thousand years hence, or so, can be predicted; or even the opinion, that it is just eight hundred thousand years since the world was in a chaotic state; or 1,700,300 years since it was a comet, and in a state of vapour, can be maintained.

Even the unlearned amongst us can perceive that this looseness in the supply of proof, and facility in accepting possibility, or even probability for evidence, disfigure works that display much anxious research on topics of the highest interest; and this pamphlet is one of these works.

We referred to the "Vestiges of Creation" in passing; and in the second work we are noticing, Mr. Ansted's "Ancient World, or Picturesque Sketches of Creation," we find at page 102 the following notice of "the theory of progression:"—

"The reptiles thus appearing were not, however, members of the group, through which the passage from sauroid fishes to true saurians takes place, but belonged to a higher form, and to a complicated type of that form. It seems clear, therefore, that, while progression and a general advance in point of organization is, in one sense, a method observed by Nature, still there is not such a regular gradation, that an animal of lower organization can be supposed to be employed as the agent in introducing a higher group; this view, however plausible, not being borne out by observation, but, on the other hand, being distinctly contradicted by the results of geological and palæontological investigation."

Professor Ansted's work teaches geology under a new and fascinating form. It assumes to be a history of the world, previous to the changes that occurred in what are styled the various epochs of creation. The material of this history is not to be found in records or libraries. The historian must examine one museum—but it is the world. He must trace hieroglyphics—but they are written on mountains and valleys by the Creator. He must inquire into the origin of matter, so far as an answer to inquiries can be obtained. The research is of the most interesting character, but we maintain that it has only commenced. Its history cannot yet be authentically produced. Still, even if hereafter other and great discoveries may appear to change the nature of our evidences, this volume will continue to be an interesting illustration of the progress attained by the present generation of geologists. Meanwhile, if we can suppose that what are now styled "facts" can be overthrown by subsequent inquirers, still we have an addition to the stock of most readable books, for Professor Ansted's volume is not excelled by any other romance. We may explain thus much, that by the term "facts," in its use in the previous sentence, we mean rather "deductions" from "facts." Certain things appear in a particular form, under specified circumstances. These are facts which cannot be overthrown. Deductions are formed from these premises, presumed to be facts, and so called, although they are merely opinions, resting, as we believe, often on a narrow basis, too narow for the superstructure reared. We are quite prepared to find these deductions greatly modified, by the application of closer reasoning to our present knowledge than we have yet observed, or by the extension of that knowledge.

This history is divided into three periods; the first current from a time antecedent to the introduction of life down to the appearance of land; the second, from the formation of the new red sandstone to the termination of the middle epoch, which, according to this author, is not clearly marked; the third, from the introduction of land animals.

Without endeavouring to trace this long history in its various stages, which would be a task equivalent to rewriting the work, we shall quote the author's statements regarding one or two particular periods. The entire tendency of the work is to disprove the idea of progression—that is, the opinion that organization proceeded step by step from a low to a higher development, until, finally, man sprang from monkeys. This theory, which scarcely merited a minute refutation, because it might have been successfully dealt with in a shorter way, is shown to be thoroughly inconsistent with facts, and with the frequent appearance of superior pre-existing organizations. This view of the remains in deposits is to be found in several passages, and we extract one from page 99, &c.:—

"But the great reptilian fish were not the only inhabitants of the sea during this period, nor were they even the only ones of large size and possessed of great strength and voracity. Not less than sixty species belonging to various genera, all nearly allied to the shark tribe, and some of them of very large proportions, are indicated by the remains of teeth discovered in various localities in limestones, sandstones, and shales of the carboniferous series; and thirty-three species have been determined from fragments of fins and detached vertebrae from the same beds. Now, as there are no more than seven species of shark-like animals determined from the fossils of the old red sandstone, even including two which may be identical with some of the other five, it seems that a great and important change had taken place in the introduction of a large number of species of this class, which was very imperfectly represented at first, but which continued important for a very long time, and still forms a group performing a distinct part in the economy of creation."

* * * * *

"The numerous rays, or bony spines, called *Ichthyodorulites*, so often found fossil in these and newer strata, seem to be identical with the bony spine with which the Port Jackson shark is provided, and which being moveable, and attached to a fin, enables the animal to turn itself readily on its back while swimming. These spines are variously marked, according to the species or genus to which they belong. They will be described at greater length in a future chapter when treating of lias fossils.

"See then the great and striking change that had supervened towards the close of this carboniferous period. The corals and the encrinites remained with little alteration of general form; the trilobites were nearly extinct, and seem but scantily replaced by other crustaceans; the brachiopoda had assumed new forms, which some of them retained long afterwards, and which are even handed down to the present day; the ordinary bivalve and univalve shells were gradually increasing; and the prevailing cephalopoda, retaining up to this period the elongated straight form of orthoceratites, were also developed in the spiral form seen in goniatites, and afterward continued in ammonites, a form better fitted perhaps for the altered conditions of the sea, and the greater stir of life that was about to succeed. But the fishes present the newest and most striking appearances. The minute, but probably fierce and voracious species which first marked the introduction of this class of animals, had been succeeded by a comparatively clumsy and awkward race, coarse feeders, of small size, and indifferent swimmers, but covered either with strong plaited armour, or with fine coats of mail, and apparently very abundantly distributed. These lasted for a time, but then gave way to the advance of other and higher groups. Innumerable sharks of all sizes, and perhaps of many forms, rapid and powerful swimmers, fiercely and insatiably carnivorous, were associated with huge monstrous fishes, more resembling reptiles than any of their own class at the present day, and incredibly powerful and voracious. The fishes at this time had attained, it would seem, their maximum of development in point of vigour, and in some respects (though in some respects only, and by analogy) in structure; and it is not a little interesting to find, that at this point, so far as we can tell, the true reptiles were actually introduced (the remains of that class being indicated in the coal measures, and actually found in the magnesian limestone associated with carboniferous species of fishes)."

The basis on which Professor Ansted constructs his history may be understood from a very brief extract:—

"There are no means whatever by which we can at present determine how long a time elapsed between the conclusion of the first great series of deposits in England, and the commencement of the next; nor is it for us to assert that the wild and chaotic confusion resulting in all those violent dislocations of the hardest strata, which we so readily observe, was in any way inconsistent with the existence of life in many other parts of the world, now, perhaps, covered with hundreds of fathoms of salt water. But I would not dwell on this possibility, for I wish only to speak of what is known; nor can it be necessary to wander into the field of conjecture or romance, in order to obtain a striking picture of a former state of existence which shall exhibit all the charm of novelty, both in the outline and colouring. Without any such conjectures, of one thing, at least, we are certain, that during this interval, whatever it may have been, and however it may have been occupied in various parts of the world, every species of animal, and almost every vegetable, seems to have been replaced by some new one, not differing much, perhaps, from the former, or performing another office, but yet different, exhibiting an instance of the rich variety of nature, and an effect of that law of universal dissolution which appears to influence species, as well as individuals, allotting to each its appointed time, and causing each to pass through the different phases of imperfect development, full growth and vigour, and their gradual but certain decay and death."

The interval referred to is from the first to the second period—probably, as we should understand it, from the completion of the first to the commencement of the second great change, if it be supposed that these stages had any permanent platform, and were not a perpetual succession of universal agitations. There is an assumption in the third sentence of the last extract which breaks the bargain made with us in the second. That bargain was, that we were to have no conjectures—that we were only to "hear of what is known"—an important feature, certainly, in a history, but not long maintained, for at once we have a conjecture served up as a fact known, or at least as something very apparent—namely, that some law influences all species, securing their gradual but certain decay and death. This is a favourite assumption with geologists; but in and through material science it never has been, and it cannot be demonstrated. That certain species of animals have been created, and have disappeared, may be conceded, although we are not so fully conversant with the globe, and the denizens of earth and water, as to hold that to be clearly proved; but if it were proved, still the rule might only be of partial application, and arising from no fatality or decaying energy in the species, but from the increasing power of its foes. There once were herds of wolves in Britain; and we presume that there is not now an individual of the species in a wild state; but their destruction was caused, not by inherent decay, but the increase of external power. Their enemies multiplied, discovered new agencies of destruction, and extirpated them, although the last of the race may have possessed all the vigour and power that characterised his earliest progenitor. Towards the close of the first epoch, Professor Ansted affords the following sketch of the state of society:—

"We pass on now from the consideration of this chapter in the world's history. We have seen, first of all, how the earth lay buried in the dark obscurity of its early state, when the only rocks of mechanical origin consisted of huge masses of decomposed and pounded granite, broken into fragments by the disruption of the first thin shell

of solid matter; and in these deposits no evidence has yet been obtained of any created thing having existed, either animal or vegetable. We have traced the history from this time through the period when a few worms crawled on the mud and sand of the newly-made shores of the ocean, when to these were added other lower forms of animal existence, and when marine vegetables first contributed to the subsistence of its inhabitants. We have watched the appearance of its denizens, as they, one after another or in groups present themselves, and have seen how different were these from the present tenants of the sea, and yet how like them, and how evidently and admirably adapted to perform the part assigned them; and we have thus gazed upon the first doubtful and misty appearance of light and life, as they have become visible in the morning of creation by slow degrees, and through a long twilight. Trilobites, brachiopods, shell fish of various kinds are seen to abound; and the cuttle fish or creatures nearly allied, and not so highly organized, reign for a time undisputed lords of the sea. At length their reign terminated; other animals, of higher and more complicated functions succeeded, and the waters, after long preparation, became fit for the presence of fishes. These at first of small size and comparatively powerless, soon increased rapidly, both in number and dimensions, and encased in impenetrable armour, seem to have delighted in the troubled ocean, where the coarse conglomerate of the old red sandstone was being accumulated: and for a long while these less perfect species of the class were predominant. In time, however, other fishes sprung up, the old ones were displaced, and a new, vigorous, and powerful group of animals came into the field, endowed with exuberant life, and darting with speed and almost irresistible force through the water. Land, also, richly clothed with vegetation, even to the water's edge, contributed to support this abundant flow of life; and some few land animals of high organization appear to have been associated with the insects and the fresh-water animals whose remains have been preserved. But few, indeed, were the tenants of the land, so far as we can judge, when compared with those of the ocean; and while we have in so many parts of the world a rich supply of the vegetable remains of that period, there are only to be quoted the fragments of a scorpion, one or two foot-marks, and such like indications that nature was not inactive, though the conditions for preserving any terrestrial animal remains were so eminently unfavourable, that there is only just sufficient evidence to satisfy us of the fact."

In commencing his account of the second epoch of the world's earliest history, the author states that a complete change occurred in the nature and character of the animals by whom it was inhabited. Unlike Mr. Beswick, he does not attempt to calculate the lapse of time requisite for these changes, and the epochs, or periods, which he describes, are not measured by time, but by the remnants of organization yet to be found in the various strata of the earth's surface. "The close of the first epoch," he says, "was marked by great subsidencies of the land by the swallowing up of continents and islands into the sea, and by accompanying violent dislocations of these fractured materials of strata." Such is the common opinion of geologists. It is to be accepted simply as an opinion formed by those who have given the greatest thought and research to this subject. Still it is not a demonstration. The looseness of the proof may be best observed from our next extract:—

"We have seen that, even up to the very close of the earlier epoch, there is no distinct and unquestionable evidence of the nature and position of the land on which grew the vast forests from which coal was elaborated. Here and there it has seemed that the trees of which we find fragments must have grown on the spot where broken trunks are now apparently attached to their roots, the roots and trunks being buried together in the very soil from which they obtained their nourishment. But these instances are rare and exceptional; and although we may be certain that the land was not far off, yet its exact position, and whether it was a continent or an island, or a group of islands, whether it extended southwards or northwards, whether it occupied what is now the Atlantic Ocean, or was shaped like Europe, and represented the two north-eastern continents, we cannot satisfactorily determine. Perhaps the most probable opinion is, that an extensive archipelago, like that near the eastern shores of Asia, was the remnant of a sinking tract throughout a great part of the north temperate zone; that portions of that tract, now forming parts of England and Central Europe, remained thus for a long time in shallow water, the recipients of many deposits; but that during this time the other tracts were too deeply submerged, and too far from land, to receive such additions."

It is difficult to form anything out of these guesses that merits even to be ranked as a respectable theory. We are told by geologists, at one time, that boulders, broken from granite cliffs, were conveyed by a flood of water from the north-eastern districts of Europe to the South American continent. We are told by other geologists that "the vegetation which formed the coal deposits, we may be certain, was produced from land not far off from its present position;" that, farther, "some tracts were too deeply submerged and too far from land to receive such additions." To us it would seem that depth of submersion might be a valid objection to the deposit of vegetable matter, but distance from the land where it was produced could not stand in the way since granite boulders are said to have been floated from the north-east of Europe to Southern America. This pre-supposes No. 1, the miracle of the creation of granite: No. 2, of a convulsion to chip it into boulders: No. 3, of a very terrible flood to float them away five or six thousand miles. The old-fashioned way of accounting for these things, namely, that they were created near the spot where they are found, if less satisfactory, is simpler than the scientific mode. We are inclined to guess that the vegetation of the coal deposits is to be explained on this principle. We do not think it is far travelled. We believe it grew near by the spots whence it is dug. There are closely analogical cases in the present state of the earth's surface. We find trees imbedded in moss where there are no living trees, and in districts of the country where no similar species is now found; and we know that the production of these trees is within the limits of written and accredited history. We see, also, that the common peat and turf, when sufficiently compressed under machines of considerable power, are resolved into a substance not differing greatly in its nature from coal, but of finer quality. At the same time there is reason to believe that the vegetation of which they are composed grew on the site of the present nurses; but if it had been compressed by a very powerful flood of water, casting over it heavy strata, especially under atmospherical influences that we cannot realise—even if it had merely been compressed by a sufficiently powerful weight of matter—it would have been resolved into one species of coal.

Our space does not permit us to pursue this subject further; but we are anxious to copy a few additional extracts from Professor Ansted's delightful book. The second epoch of the earth's history he regards as the age of reptiles:—

'Of all the ancient lines of sea coast that have yet been

introduced to our notice, there is none more interesting than that of the new red sandstone sea, for we find there not only marks of worms and the ripple of the water, but almost every other marking that can be imagined likely to have been made under such circumstances; and among these are distinct traces of the passage of numerous four-footed animals of various different kinds. Every one will remember the astonishment which Robinson Crusoe is represented to have felt at the sight of a human foot-print on the island which he thought deserted; and scarcely less surprising or interesting was the first discovery of these indications of animal existence in a rock so barren of fossils as the new red sandstone, and in a formation in which, till then, there had been no suspicion of the existence of any animals more highly organized than fishes. Nothing, however, can be more certain than that such foot-prints do occur; and although very little is to be determined from the mere form of the extremity, still even that little is of the greatest possible interest, when, as in the case before us, it is nearly the whole extent of our information. It is especially interesting to find that the foot-marks exhibit indications of some animals entirely different from those whose actual remains occur in the bed, and of some which present only faint and distant analogies with modern species, but which are yet made out by studying the peculiarities indicated in the rarest and most interesting of the fossils.

"Of all the reptiles at present found on the earth, the frogs, both in their young state as tadpoles, and in many peculiarities of structure, seem to form the nearest connecting link with the fishes; and since there are few distinct analogies between recent species of reptiles and either birds or quadrupeds, the whole order REPTILIA now forms an imperfect and isolated group, better adapted, it has been suggested, for a planet in an earlier stage of its existence, than for one peopled as our earth is at present.

"The secondary, or middle period of the earth's history, however, as made known to us by the study of fossils, may be looked upon as the age during which reptiles preponderated, and we shall find amongst the organic remains of this period a great number of forms tending to give considerable insight into the plan of creation with reference to this important department of zoology."

The "horrors" of that period were happily over before man came upon the stage. The earth has been filled with deceit, and crime, and bloodshed, and oppression, since our race took possession. We are bad: the reptiles, our ancestors, according to the "Vestiges," were clearly worse:—

"There were then, perhaps, existing, on or near the land, some of those reptiles which I shall describe in the next chapter; and with them were associated some true crocodelians, not much unlike the fresh-water garial inhabiting the Ganges. These, perhaps, might occasionally swim out to sea, and be found in the neighbouring shoals.

"But these shoals were alive with myriads of invertebrated animals; and crowds of sharks hovered about, feeding upon the larger forms. There were also numerous other animals, belonging to those remarkable groups which I have attempted to describe in some detail. Imagine, then, one of these monstrous animals, a *Plesiosaurus*, some sixteen or twenty feet long, with a small wedge-shaped crocodelian head, a long arched serpent-like neck, a short compact body, provided with four large and powerful paddles, almost developed into hands; an animal not covered with brilliant scales, but with a black slimy skin. Imagine for a moment this creature slowly emerging from the muddy banks, and half walking, half creeping along, making its way towards the nearest water. Arrived at the water, we can understand from its structure that it was likely to exhibit greater energy. Unlike the crocodile tribe, however, in all its proportions, it must have been equally dissimilar in habit. Perhaps, instead of concealing itself in mud or among rushes, it would swim at once boldly and directly to the attack. Its enormous neck stretched out to its full length, and its tail acting as a rudder, the powerful and frequent strokes of its four large paddles would at once give it an impulse, sending it through the water at a very rapid rate. When within reach of its prey we may almost fancy that we see it drawing back its long neck as it depressed its body in the water, until the strength of the muscular apparatus with which this neck was provided, and the great additional impetus given by the rapid advance of the animal, would combine to produce a stroke from the pointed head which few living animals could resist. The fishes—including, perhaps, even the sharks—the larger cuttle-fish, and innumerable inhabitants of the sea, would fall an easy prey to this monster.

"But now let us see what goes on in the deeper abysses of the ocean, where a free space is given for the operations of that fiercely carnivorous marine reptile the *Ichthyosaurus*. Prowling about at a great depth, where the reptilian structure of its lungs, and the bony apparatus of the ribs, would allow it to remain for a long time without coming to the air to breathe, we may fancy we see this strange animal, with its enormous eyes directed upwards, and glaring like globes of fire; its length is some thirty or forty feet, its head being six or eight feet long; and it has paddles and a tail like a shark. Its whole energies are fixed on what is going on above, where the *Plesiosaurus*, or some giant shark, is seen devouring its prey. Suddenly striking with its short but compact paddles, and obtaining a powerful impetus by flapping its large tail, the monster darts through the water at a rate which the eye can scarcely follow, towards the surface. The vast jaws, lined with formidable rows of teeth, soon open wide to their full extent; the object of attack is approached—is overtaken. With a motion quicker than thought the jaws are snapped together, and the work is done. The monster, becoming gorged, floats languidly near the surface, with a portion of the top of its head and its nostrils visible, like an island covered with black mud, above the water.

"Such scenes as these must have been every day enacted during the many ages when the waters of ocean were spread over what is now land in the eastern hemisphere, and when the land then adjacent provided the calcareous mud now forming the lias.

"But a description of such scenes of horror and carnage, enacted at former periods of the earth's history, may perhaps induce some of my readers to question the wisdom that permitted, nay, enacted them, and conclude rashly that they are opposed to the ideas we are encouraged to form of the goodness of that Being, the necessary action of whose laws, enforced on all living beings, gives rise to them. By no means, however, is this the case. These very results are perfectly compatible with the greatest wisdom and goodness, and, even according to our limited views of the course of nature, they may be shown not to involve any needless suffering to us men, constituted as we are, and looking upon death as a punishment which must be endured, premature and violent destruction seems to involve unnecessary pain. But such is not the law of nature as it relates to animal life in general. The very exuberance and abundance of life is at once obtained and kept within proper bounds by this rapacity of some great tribes. A lingering death—a natural decay of those powers which alone enable the animal to enjoy life, would, on the contrary, be a most miserable arrangement for beings not endowed with reason, and not assisting one another. It would be cruelty, because it would involve great and hopeless suffering. Death by violence is to all unreasoning creatures the easiest death, for it is the most instantaneous, and therefore, no doubt, it has been ordained that, throughout large classes, there should be an almost indefinite rate of increase, accompanied by destruction, rapid and complete, in a corresponding degree, since in this way only the greatest amount of happiness is ensured, and the pain and misery of slow decay of the vital powers prevented. All nature, both living and extinct, abounds with facts proving the truth of this view, and it would be as unreasonable to doubt the wisdom and goodness of this arrange-

ment, as it would be to call in question the mutual adaptation of each part in the great scheme of creation. No one who examines nature for himself, however superficially, can doubt the latter; and no one, certainly, who duly considers the laws ordained for the general government of the world, can believe it possible for these laws to have acted without a system of compensation, according to which the vital energies of one tribe serve to prepare food for the development of higher powers in another."

We have never read a scientific work with greater interest. The history may be true or false. The author rather offers it as his impressions, or deductions from his observations; but that scarcely detracts from the interest of his speculations regarding the period when the earth was without form, and void; when neither reason nor responsibility was to be found amid its darkness.

Travels in Central America. By Robert Glasgow Dunlop, Esq. London: Longman & Co.

The author of this work is now beyond the reach of criticism, having died, as we learn, when the last sheet of it had passed through the press. The work itself reflects very high credit on its departed author, and affords evidence of the loss that has been sustained by his early death.

The object aimed at in this volume, as stated in the preface, is to furnish the English reader with some correct and trustworthy information respecting a portion of the world which is very little known in this country. Accordingly, we are furnished with a minute and interesting description of the principal cities and localities visited by the author. A brief history is also given of the republic of Central America, from its origin down to the present time. Notice is likewise taken of its climate, productions, commerce, customs, animals, geology, volcanoes, &c.; while its population, religion, and education receive a proper share of the author's attention. Altogether, the work will be found to contain a large amount of useful information, being the result of much minute inquiry and extensive observation; and it is likewise written in a very correct, vigorous, and pleasing style. If Central America has, hitherto, been little known, it needs not be so any longer, now that, in this interesting work, we have been furnished with so full and accurate a representation of it. We give a few extracts from the work itself.

The author resolved to ascend the volcano of Tormentos, and the following is his account of the scene:—

"We commenced the ascent amidst broken and charred rocks, intermixed with cinders and broken pieces of lava. After two hours of hard toil, we approached the part of the mountain which is covered with smoke, and the discordant noises we heard as we approached it became loud and terrific, while the ground shook, as with one continued earthquake. Of a sudden, we were enveloped amidst the smoke, and heard a loud explosion, which scattered ashes all around. My guide exclaimed, 'O! santissima Maria, somus perdidos' (Oh! most holy Mary, we are lost), and called out to me, 'For God's sake, let us return, if it be possible;' but I felt so strong a curiosity to go on that I would not be deterred, so I answered, 'Go back if you like, nothing shall prevent my going forward.' Scrambling up like a cat among the cinders, which were in some places so hot as to burn my shoes, and guiding myself by the flashes of lightning which played about the volcano, and the direction from which the loudest noises proceeded, as the smoke entirely obscured the vision I slowly ascended among the lava and cinders, which, however, occupied a good deal of time; and, in my eagerness to penetrate into the strange scene before me, I did not reflect that the day must be passing. At last, a lurid glare penetrating from amongst the smoke, and the increased proximity and brilliancy of the flashes of lightning, accompanied by a noise like that of the burning of an immense furnace, showed my near approach to the grand centre of the volcano. I slowly proceeded towards it, but at last feeling exhausted by my exertions, I sat down on a block of lava and began to eat a piece of bread I carried in my pocket; but I was roused by a tremendous explosion, louder than any thunder I ever heard; an immense lurid flame rose from the crater, the intense light of which seemed to penetrate the smoke and illuminate all the neighbouring country. The ground felt as if sinking below me. I felt myself thrown with violence among the ashes, and lay for some time stunned with the noise, and blinded with the light. When, after a little, I recovered my observation, I heard the smothered roar of the volcano near, but faint, and saw the smoke slowly rising from the crater; the rocking of the ground had ceased, and the eruption seemed to have passed over; here and there a twinkling star appeared through the vapour, and the moon was for a moment seen, now and then, through the smoke. The dread solemnity of the scene might make an impression on the least sentimental. I sat still some time, as it were bewildered, looking at the red glare of the crater, which appeared like a huge furnace. I then attempted to approach its edge, but the heat and suffocating vapours prevented my reaching it within about twenty or thirty yards."

At the close of his brief, but instructive sketch of the history of the Republic of Central America, our author observes that—

"Little hope can be entertained of any permanent improvement in Central America, till some man of decided ability shall unite the States and form a central government capable of making itself feared and respected by all parties, or till it shall fall under the dominion of some foreign power capable of forming a firm and powerful government of a nature suited to the country, overawing the factious, and affording ample protection to the industrious and well-disposed. It is to be hoped that one or other of these events may soon occur to rescue this delightful country from its present anarchy, and gradually place it in the elevated rank in which it would undoubtedly hold under an enlightened government."

From the following observations it would appear that ignorance and immorality are fearfully prevalent among the population of Central America.

"The ignorance, vice, and superstition prevailing in Central America are probably hardly to be equalled in any other part of the world, unless it may be in the interior of Africa or the East India islands. In the towns, not one in ten can read or write, and in many parts of the country, not one in a thousand. In many villages, containing some thousand inhabitants, no person is to be found who can read, and when a traveller is compelled to show his passport to the alcade, who is the first civil and criminal judge, he is generally requested to read it. Morality is at the lowest ebb among all classes, especially the whites and creoles; indeed, I could never find, that among them any disgrace was attached to any sort of crime except petty larceny. Murder, perjury, forgery, and swindling of all sorts are considered as quite venial. The priests (Roman Catholic) are, for the most part, blind leaders of the blind; and the better educated merely consider themselves as actors, whose business it is to extort money by acting the part which will please the people. Forms and religious parade are carefully kept up, but no one thinks of inculcating private morality, or even decency. The marriage ceremony is, also, as might be expected, considered merely as a form to keep up public decency, and both man and wife act in private as they please.

"I have never found any native of Central America

who would admit that there could be any vice in lying; and when one has succeeded in cheating another, however gross and infamous the fraud may be, the natives will only remark, '*Que hombre vivo!*' (What a clever fellow!) All classes are addicted to gambling, and far more money changes hands in this manner than in commerce, or any legitimate business. Nearly all the Guatimala merchants, who are the only ones possessed of any capital, have commenced their career with some rascality. Concubinage is common among all possessed of any wealth; nor is this, as in other countries, done secretly, if at all, but even wives will publicly speak of their husbands' mistresses, and express their approbation or disapprobation of their taste."

It will be seen that the priests are greatly to blame for this deplorable state of things; and that in this quarter their system is decidedly opposed to the spread of knowledge, and to the enjoyment of religious toleration.

"Though, according to law, education is entirely free, no person except a Roman Catholic could venture to set up a school, as he would be certain to be forced to abandon it by the priests, as was exemplified in the case of Mr. Crow. The consequence is, that all the exertions of the priests have only served to limit general knowledge; while all the young people above the labouring classes have, in spite of them, imbibed infidel opinions, and make no hesitation in calling the Christian revelation a ridiculous fable, and the priests, comedians and cheats. They speak of them in a much more disrespectful manner than any Protestant would think of doing, while, at the same time, they comply with the unmeaning Romish ceremonies, and kneel and cross themselves before the figures of their saints.

"Though the entire liberty of religious worship, both private and public, was guaranteed by the federal constitution of Central America, acts have been since passed by the states of Guatimala, Honduras, and Costa Rico, in reference to this and some other of the federal laws, declaring that parties differing from the Church of Rome are only at liberty to exercise their religion in private. Indeed, such religious liberty could never in reality exist, whatever the laws might be on the subject, as the priests, who have the entire control over the greater part of the lower orders, would be certain to excite them to assassinate any person who should attempt to expose their idolatry, and introduce a purer system of religion. The character of the priests in Spanish America, with very few exceptions, is grossly immoral and corrupt—nearly all publicly live in concubinage, and a great number drink and gamble. Such being their own character, they can hardly be expected to inculcate morality on others; yet their supposed sacred character makes them worshipped by the lower orders, though they are ridiculed and despised by the more educated."

Favourite Haunts and Rural Studies; including Visits to Spots of Interest in the Vicinity of Windsor and Eton. By Edward Jesse, Esq. 1 vol. London: John Murray.

This is another entertaining volume, from the pen of an author who has, more than once, already appeared favourably before the public. As its title imports, it consists chiefly of notices of several localities in England, rendered interesting, either by their natural beauty or their historical associations. Our author, accordingly, conducts us to Ritchings Park, where Prior and Pope, and Gay and Thomson once sung, and where the accomplished Addison once wrote; and to Stoke Church and churchyard, where we are so much reminded of the poet Gray; and to Hampden—memorable for its being the residence of the patriot of the same name—a name still venerated and fondly cherished by every lover of liberty. A visit is paid to the early residence of Pope, and to Eton College, justly celebrated on account of the many illustrious men it has trained up and sent forth to fill stations of eminence and usefulness. Windermere, with its lake of varied beauties and enchanting scenery, is also made to pass in review before us; and the Burnham Beeches, which our author declares surpass any sylvan locality he has yet visited. And the reader will find lively and minute descriptions of Bramshill; and Hall Barns, the residence of the poet Haller; Gregories, the seat of the celebrated Edmund Burke, and many other interesting localities. Several well-executed illustrations accompany the notices, which add considerably to their interest; and to render the volume as agreeable as possible, and to prevent anything like monotony being felt, the reader is treated every now and then to a chapter in Mr. Jesse's particular walk, a tale of deep interest, connected with the locality visited, or an essay on some general subject.

We quote Mr. Jesse's description of Stoke Church and churchyard:—

"It is impossible to approach it (Gray's churchyard) without feeling that it is a spot calculated to have inspired the poet with those feelings which drew from him his beautiful and well-known 'Elegy in a Country Churchyard.' Here he wrote—here he wandered—and here he was buried. But where is his monument? We may look for it in vain, either in the church or churchyard. There is, indeed, the tomb of 'the careful, tender mother of many children, one of whom had the misfortune to survive her.' That child was Thomas Gray, the poet. In that simple tomb his ashes repose with those of the mother he so affectionately loved. Strangers from all parts of Great Britain, and many from different quarters of the world, who so constantly visit Stoke Poges, led there by their admiration of the poet, return disappointed at not finding a record to his memory in the church. The parish register has indeed the following entry:—'Thomas Gray, Esq., was buried August 5th, 1771.' A stone, on the wall of the church, tells us that we are standing near the tomb of the poet.

"But how full of interest is the spot we stand on! Here the turf 'heaves in many a mouldering heap;' here are the 'rugged elms;' and here is the 'yew-tree's shade,' and there Gray reposes 'in his narrow cell.' Who can be here without feeling his mind softened, and his enthusiasm awakened! He sees in the distance those spires and towers which crown the 'watery glade' of Eton, and those fields where once the poet says his 'careless childhood strayed.' It is indeed almost impossible to doubt that this is the spot where the Ode and the Elegy were written. We see the picturesque features of the landscape most accurately placed before us, and almost hear the sounds of rural nature which have been so beautifully and so pleasingly described in these poems. And who can see the neighbouring beech trees, especially those of Burnham, without recollecting the 'nodding beech' that 'wreathes its old fantastic roots'? What lover of nature can see them without admiring their various contortions, as they sometimes grasp the ground, and then throw up those bold and curious excrescences, which, when mossed over, as they generally are, form a rural seat. Not only do they remind us of the poet, but we see the 'twittering swallows,' the 'lowing herd wind slowly o'er the lea,' and hear the 'drowsy tinklings' of the folded sheep at short intervals, so different from the sounds which are made while they are feeding. Gray must have been, not only a lover of nature, but an accurate observer of little facts and circumstances which would have been unnoticed by those who are unaccustomed to rural scenery and rural sounds. Thus he notices the 'droning flight' of the beetle—the wood lark (my favourite songster) 'piping her farewell song'—the wistful eyes pursuing the setting sun—'the ploughman plodding his weary way homewards,' as 'the glimmering landscape fades on the sight,' and the light seen in his cottage from the 'blazing

hearth,' prepared for his comfort by his careful wife. And then how clear are those lines, and what a delightful picture do they present of the labourer's happy home!

"'The children run to lisp their sire's return,
Or climb his knees the envied kiss to share.'"

Towards the close of an interesting notice of Eton College and its playing-fields, our author remarks that—

"It is impossible not to be struck, on going into the great or upper school of the boys, with the fine vista of busts of Eton worthies, which now line the walls of that room. It is a singular proof of the rapid facility with which a fortunate idea, when once hit upon, may be carried out, that, although this noble room seems likely, within a short time, to be thronged with the images of Eton's chosen sons, yet the collection has been made by gratuitous and spontaneous bounty within a year or two. It seems an obvious and efficacious system to influence the minds of the young, by keeping before their eyes the images of the great men whose successors and representatives they are. An Eton boy cannot help feeling exultation and dignity as he walks down the upper school, and surveys the busts of the celebrated men who formerly trod the same ground with himself, and now look upon the school of their boyhood like tutelary genii of the place.

"I cannot help remarking that our schools, generally, appeal very little to the imagination and feelings of boys. They make little or no use of association, which is, nevertheless, one of the most powerful instruments in the government and discipline of the human understanding. In general, the school-room is the dirtiest place in the establishment; whereas I cannot help thinking that any association with learning should be made agreeable, and, as far as possible, delightful. Indeed, the disinclination to learning felt by many men in after life may perhaps be attributed, not unreasonably, to the unpleasant associations with which instruction in boyhood was conveyed to them. The busts placed in the upper school of Eton, regarded in this point of view, seem most worthy of remark and admiration."

The Burnham Beeches, which were so much admired by the author, are thus described:—

"It is difficult to give the reader such a description of these trees as will enable him to form a just idea of them. Some of them are of gigantic growth, and of most picturesque character. From their huge trunks, boughs of a size little inferior to the parent stem throw far and wide their horizontal shade, while their no less massive roots, rising above the soil in solid blocks, or twisting their gnarled talons deep into the ground, show at once the firmness with which these vegetable monsters are fixed, the power with which they can resist the fury of the storm, and the distance from which they derive that vital nourishment, which is seen alike in their strength and their beauty, in the tenacity of their fibrous growth, and the splendour of their luxuriant foliage. . . . . It is impossible to visit them without feeling that here Nature has done everything, and that in the most pleasing manner. Nothing is formal, and forest scenery may be viewed in all its beauty and variety, without any embellishment from art. Here no distant spires are to be seen, or cottages, bridges, or even fences of enclosures; but, as we enter the forest glades, and view the knotted and gnarled trees, and saunter under their shade, the mind is insensibly carried back to the times of the bowmen of Harold and the days of Robin Hood."

Another pleasing feature about this volume is the moral and religious tone with which it is pervaded. Though a work, strictly speaking, devoted to the description of remarkable localities, and to antiquarian research, yet it is not destitute of useful reflections and virtuous sentiments, as the author avails himself of the opportunities presented for suggesting lessons of a moral nature, thereby rendering his work both profitable and entertaining, and fitted to improve, not only the *head*, but also the *heart* of the reader. For example, when describing Bramshill, the beautiful seat of Sir John Cope, the following just remarks are made regarding the pernicious system of absenteeism, still so common among our landed proprietors:—

"Standing on an open and commanding eminence, Bramshill reminds us of those times when the houses of English country gentleman overflowed with hospitality and guests, when the owners of them resided on their estates, and were looked up to as the friends and benefactors of their poorer neighbours. Times are sadly altered in this respect; and much responsibility attaches to those who, forsaking the abodes of their forefathers, are content to seek their happiness, either in crowded watering-places, or to spend their money and change their habits in foreign lands. This stigma, for stigma it is, cannot be attached to the present owner of Bramshill. There the good home-brewed ale is still to be found, hospitality is exercised, and the worthy old baronet resides on his estate, surrounded by his tenants and dependants. It was pleasing to see some ancient huntsmen or whippers-in, nearly past all work, in their faded scarlet coats, sunning themselves on a bench, with every appearance of comfort and enjoyment in their old age. Nothing could speak more plainly the kind-heartedness of their master, nor can I well conceive a more enviable situation than his. In a green old age, and in his splendid mansion, he can look around his well-cultivated grounds, and feel that his own happiness consists chiefly in the promotion of that of others. Like a second Sir Roger de Coverley, the worthy Knight of Bramshill appears to be the father of his neighbourhood, and, like him, to be respected and loved."

In a chapter describing a country churchyard, the author makes the following touching remarks:—

"There is a certain degree of melancholy pleasure in sauntering in a village churchyard, in reading the 'uncouth rhymes,' in viewing the various methods which have been taken to attest the sorrow of surviving relations. Here the young and old, 'the infant and suckling child,' are all mingled together. The grave of a child has, indeed, something peculiarly affecting in it. So young—so promising—so pretty—(for what is so pretty as a child?)—the delight of a fond mother—perhaps her only one—whom she had fostered in her bosom, and yearned over with affection which only a mother experiences—to know that its innocent prattle has ceased, and to feel that for some good, and wise, and benevolent purpose it has been stripped in its early bloom, here fades away—all these reflections intrude themselves on the mind in a country churchyard. The graves of the old, indeed—the 'threescore years and ten'—are viewed with far different sensations. Their race is over—their hour-glass has run itself out—and happy are they if they have made up their account in time.

"And then how varied are the scenes to be witnessed in a churchyard. The church door is open, and there issues forth a bridal party, the bride holding down her head; the mother, perchance, weeping at the loss of her daughter, and the rest merry, and offering their congratulations to the bridegroom. Sometimes a christening is to be seen: the fat and cautious nurse holding an infant in its long white robes, followed by its parents, with the godfathers and god-mothers, and some intimate friends, who are about to partake of an entertainment to celebrate the ceremony. But the solemn toll of the bell is next heard. The coffin is slowly borne to the churchyard gate. The clergyman meets it, and walks before it into the church, pronouncing those noble sentences, beginning, 'I am the resurrection and the life, saith the Lord—I know that my Redeemer liveth—we brought nothing into this world, and it is certain that we can carry nothing out.' The coffin is again seen in the church-yard, the grave opens its mouth to receive it—the weeping mourners stand around. Again the voice of the clergyman is heard, 'Man that is born of a woman hath but a short time to live—earth to earth, ashes to ashes, dust to dust.' The hoary-headed sexton, with his ready handful of earth, throws it on the coffin, and the sound vibrates in every heart

save in that of him who with so much apathy produced it. And what a lesson does it teach us! The body in the cold, silent grave before us must put on immortality. The same ceremony, the same resurrection, the same responsibility for our actions in this world, must happen to us all; nor can we act a wiser or better part than making preparation for our departure. 'Fool—fool—fool,' were the last words of one on his dying bed, who, it is to be feared, had procrastinated his repentance too long, and too fearfully; while the humble Christian, sensible of a thousand failings and imperfections, still looks with the eye of faith on his Redeemer, and his soul, like the flight of an eagle towards the heavens, soars to the regions of everlasting happiness."

We conclude our notice of the "Favourite Haunts" by remarking that Mr. Jesse has produced an instructive and delighful volume, unexceptionable in its sentiments, and affording abundant proof that the author is possessed, in no small degree, of the powers of minute observation and accurate description. There are many more favourite haunts in England, and Mr. Jesse should persevere in his pilgrimages.

Zaddok, the Hebrew Wanderer. By H. Hardinge Freiburg. Canto I. London: E. Churton.

As this is but Canto I., and the author leads us to believe that there are to be several more cantos, we can scarcely express an opinion of the work, which, from its introduction, threatens to deal roughly with many different customs. Zaddok, it would seem, is to be a religious Childe Harold—travelling over the world like the Wandering Jew—but for the purpose of detecting error, although not for that alone. It is almost unnecessary for a character of this description, journeying aimless, that he should have known sorrows. Zaddok had drunk of sorrow's saddest cup:—

"He yields, he bends not now—yet, was there time
When he could love, and sweet affection share.
He was caress'd—but ah! did ivy climb
Around his stem, or leave its freshness there,
'Twas but to wound his heart, and strip and bare
The arm which clasp'd it. He has not outgrown
His nature's weakness, but cold and sear,
By sympathy abused, his leaf is thrown
Amidst the graves of earth, and now he stands alone!

"And thus to be alone—the heart still young,
And full of love and feelings conjugal,
With power to smile—this is to be among
The tombs, and yet not dead—or through the hall,
Where every chair and picture doth recall
The childhood gone—to wander, desolate,
And know, that *this* we feel *within* is all
Remains to say we live—then close the gate
And fly—the recollections we can never hate!

"And he had children, too—sweet lambs were they;
His bosom cherish'd them—for them his prayer
Did hourly rise—he taught them how to pray!
And watch'd each little thought-bud, lest the air
Might harm its growth; and he had hopes which were
The soul of all his energy—they gave
His toil repose, and bade him persevere
Against hope oft—but ah! 'tis His to save
Who brings our hopes, our prayers, and children, to the grave!

"And he had friends: they, too, are gone. The flower
Which cheers, at intervals, the desert way,
Is bright, but frail, it has not truth—the shower,
Which is vitality—it smiles a day;
But love it, culture, feed it, as we may,
It withers, dies. We had misgivings, fears,
Yet struggled still—but no! the sunny ray
Is not the soul of friendship—this appears
Through change, unchanged—'tis nourish'd by its own fresh tears!

"An eye for an eye—the world is a mart
Where only this is barter'd or exacted;
But when the truth would seek a heart for heart,
Man wends him round the busy earth distracted,
And finds this pure exchange is only acted
On life's false theatre!—the tone, the mien,
May be the same, but not in faith compacted.
There is no inward life—that which hath been
All peace before the world, is war behind the scene!"

Zaddok has within him more, perhaps, of Puseyism than might be expected from a Hebrew wanderer. On his arrival in England, he quarrels principally with cruelty to asses—with pews in churches, and with their closed doors on week days, because, it would appear, he is withheld by a pine or oaken door, an iron bolt, or a patent lock, from prayer. When Zaddok wanders farther, perhaps, he may be taught that prayers are not confined to churches—that for them the whole earth has been sufficiently consecrated. But if he travels much farther, there is vigour enough in his pen to give the critics trouble. He will not write and perish unnoticed.

Annesley; and other Poems. By Anna Harriet Drury. London: William Pickering.

The principal poem is short; and tells the work done, and the affection gained, by a young and earnest rector in an English country parish; contrasting the superior usefulness and worth of a life spent in seeking the improvement of mankind rather than the acquisition of wealth; for the narrative is supposed to be given by an aged parishioner to a school comrade of the rector, who returning, enriched by Indian commerce, seeks his old friend, and finds his monument. The incidents are very simple, but not less affecting on that account. The little volume does not merely promise greatness, it realises the promise, although there may be even more power in some of the minor than in the principal poem; as, for example, in the verses we subjoin:—

"THE GRAVE OF THE LOST.

"'Here rests a Man of guileless fame,
His labours o'er—his sorrows fled.'
Vain flatterer! cease the note of shame,
Go! mock the living—not the dead!

"The tomb is not a place of rest
To them who never rested *here:*
The feasting worm, the burial vest,
Can heal no wound, can quell no fear!

"The stony couch, the long dark sleep,
The death-bells tolling lullaby,
In cold repose that worm may steep,
But not the worm that cannot die!

"Can turf, and dust, and marble bind
The essence by Jehovah given?
Or ashes crush the immortal mind
Whose energies were built for Heaven?

"The frame of dust may dust surround,
Though warned with toil and stained with sin;
But where shall sepulchre be found
For that which toiled and sinned within?

"Yea, dust may sleep where Ætna glows,
The tempest howls, or churns the billow;
But if the ruined soul repose,
Eternal death must spread the pillow!

"Lost child of dust and Deity!
What 'vails thee that mysterious birth?
Can there be Sabbath joys for *thee,*
Who mocked at Sabbath hopes on earth?

"*Rest!* with that soul untamed, unchanged,
That kindled strife in Eden's bower,

From all of heav'n, save life, estranged—
Demon in will, though worm in power!

"Rest was before thee; all required
Was love, the work and pledge of faith;
Thou hast the choice thy soul desired,
Thy work was sin—thy rest is death!

"The Father urged, the Spirit strove,
The Saviour bled to change thy lot;
Thy Church below, thy God above,
Had saved thee—but thou wouldest not!

"That day is past—thy mouldering tent
May marble flatteries enshrine;
But thou, undying habitant!
What awful monument is *thine?*

"Enough—the sickening soul is faint;
Great God of Judgment! who but thee
Hath eye to scan, or hand to paint,
The death of immortality."

The Shadow of the Pyramid; a Series of Sonnets. By Robert Ferguson. London: William Pickering.

Mr. Ferguson, in his series of sonnets, has undertaken a difficult work—one more likely to try his poetical power than a continuous narrative. The selection of incidents is judicious; the field was wide, and would supply many poets. There are sixty-eight light sonnets in the volume; there might be as many thousands, and Egypt remain unexhausted. We cordially agree in an opinion expressed by Mr. Ferguson, that Egyptian history presents temptations which poets seem to have wonderfully resisted. We like the idea or plan of his volume, and the ideas and thoughts that he has wrought into the work. The Nile richly deserves the first place in anything regarding Egypt, and has it here:—

"River of Egypt! who at first didst place
A garden in the wilderness, and still
Dost needfully thy wonted task fulfil,
With bloom perennial to adorn its face—
O'er many a dreary desert, day by day,
No friendly stream thy lonely path attends;*
No shower of freshness from on high descends,
To impart new life and cheer thee on thy way;
And yet what waters are so sweet as thine?
Whose charm (so says the Moslem) e'en might wake
The spirits of the sainted for thy sake,
The immortal joys of Paradise resign,
And on thy borders, O delightful river!
Find all their heaven, rejoice, and drink for ever!"

And Napoleon's experience in Egypt deserved a place:—

"'Twas yet a vainer thought inspired the Gaul,
In his fond dream of what shall never be,
To place upon this glorious pedestal
The image of his God of Victory—†
Perpetuating thus eternally
A giant lie, to blot from history's page
A hateful truth—to mock the present age,
And cheat the ages of futurity.
Aye—set him there! well chosen is the *spot;*
There might be heard, on Gizeh's fatal day,
The roar of his victorious guns, but not
The British thunder in Aboukir's bay,
That saved a nation from a captive's lot,
And scared the startled eagle from its prey."

And a "flower" from the sepulchres is beautifully introduced:—

"And gentle tokens are there. Here is one—
Perchance a birth-day gift to some fair maid,
Prized even unto death by her that's gone,
And since—three thousand years beside her laid.
Surely the giver has been well repaid!
Take it and read the motto written here,
On this frail toy from distant lands conveyed—
"The flower unfolds, and lo! another year!" *
Another year! How many a year since then
Has opened on young hearts whose fancy bright
O'er the dim future shed the golden light
Of Hope's enchantment, and has closed again
On the dull tomb and grim sarcophagus;
So is it still, and still it shall be thus."

That is of the past: the next not in the volume, but that we quote, is from the future, written by anticipation:—

"Fiend of the desert, tremble! for the hour
Of thine abasement is approaching fast;
Another spirit, with resistless power,
His chains of iron shall upon thee cast.
In vain thy fierce Sirocco's deadly blast
With raging fury shall the desert scour;
In vain shall shadowy lake and phantom bower
Spread their enchantments as he dashes past;
The whitening bones shall mark the track no more
That on his way the panting pilgrim guides.
The Spirit, as on lightning wing he rides,
Shall hurl thee his defiance, and the shore
Where Pharoah's chariot wheels drave heavily
Shall hear his laugh of scorn, his fiery footsteps see."

It will be a curious question in Turkish colleges, and probably between rival sects, if the Mahomedan system endure much longer, whether a railway journey to Mecca can count as a pilgrimage; but on the great pilgrimage of the overland route, a line of rails from Suez to Cairo would be to the homeward-bound an important aid.

The poet seems at a loss to know whether his sonnets do justice to his theme. So far as they go, we should answer that question very decidedly in the affirmative.

The Lord's Supper. By the Rev. David King, LL.D., author of "The Ruling Eldership of the Christian Church." Edinburgh: John Johnstone.

The author of this work is well known as one of the most able and influential of our Dissenting clergymen, who, amid the overwhelming pressure of congregational and public duties, has found leisure for the composition of two excellent treatises on the Ruling Eldership and on the Lord's Supper. The work before us is divided into seven chapters:—The Passover—the Supper instituted by Christ while observing the Passover—probable reasons for instituting the Supper at that particular time—the Lord's Supper illustrative of the scheme of salvation—a commemorative institution—a medium of fellowship—a seal of the covenant and its relation to futurity. These various topics are discussed with great ability and a thorough knowledge of the subject. It well deserves, and we doubt not will receive, an extensive circulation.

The Clergyman in the Gaol. An Essay on Prison Discipline. By George Heaton, A.M., Assistant Chaplain of Gloucester County Gaol. London: Houlston & Stoneman.

This small treatise consists of twelve chapters, which are devoted to the consideration of the following subjects:—Preliminary remarks; of prisoners before trial; a suggestion for a *pro tempore* treatment of untried prisoners; of convicted prisoners; officers of the prison; the chapel

* For 1200 miles, the Nile does not receive a single tributary stream.

† Some years ago, a proposition was made, in a French paper, to erect a colossal statue of Napoleon on the top of the great pyramid.

* Vessels of Chinese manufacture have frequently been found in Egyptian tombs, apparently undisturbed for 3000 years. They are supposed to have been imported through India, and the characters are the same as those used in China at the present day. A common motto upon them is that quoted in the sonnet above.

in the prison; on Divine service in the corridor; on the school-room in the prison; on gradations in prison discipline; on the mode, &c., of clerical instruction; on the causes of crime; on the prevention of crime.

The observations on these topics are, in general, judicious, like the author's conclusions. This is especially so with regard to the opinions he advances in chapters sixth, seventh, and ninth. We cannot, however, speak so favourably of the author's style; it is defective in point of clearness and precision. But, perhaps, this want is compensated for by the fact that the *matter* of the work is the product of one who is practically acquainted with the important subject on which he writes—of one who has had several years' experience in a large county prison, and who has likewise had the advantage of inspecting and becoming acquainted with the system pursued in other prisons.

No one, on reading such a treatise as this, can refrain from drawing a contrast between our prisons, as they now exist, and as they existed several years ago, and at the same time rejoicing at the enlightened views and Christian sympathy manifested in the remarkable improvements that have been introduced into them. What would the benevolent, and devoted, and self-denied Howard think, were he now to revisit our land, and enter our gaols and penitentiaries, and witness the reformation that has there taken place, not only as regards the improvements that have been made with a view to the bodily health and comfort of the prisoners, but especially as regards the provision made for accomplishing the great end of correction and prison discipline—even the intellectual and moral reformation of their unhappy inmates? Let us hope that the important subject discussed in this treatise will continue to receive that share of the attention and consideration of our statesmen, and of society in general, which it undoubtedly deserves, and that no expense will be grudged that shall be considered necessary for introducing those improvements that may still be called for—not only in our prison discipline at home, but likewise in our penal colonies abroad.

We subjoin an extract from the chapter regarding the prevention of crime:—

"Of all political subjects, this (the prevention of crime) has always been most neglected. To track a man down to his cabin, bring him to justice, find him guilty, and punish him for his offence, is all well enough; but what should we say to the father that paid no attention to the education of his family, if we saw him engaged in a laborious and expensive process of inquiry into the case of some crime committed by one of his children? 'My good fellow, this is all very well; but are you not suffering for the truth of the old adage, "A stitch in time saves nine?" Had you bestowed half the pains, two or three years ago, that child would have been a comfort instead of a curse to you, and would now be a profitable addition to your means instead of so grievous a burden on your hands.' Just this has been the way in which the world's fathers have dealt by the world's children.

"Education, then, in the fear and admonition of the Lord, is what is wanted for the rising generation, what must not be suspended when any of the 'lambs' of the fold happen to be torn and mangled by the wolf, or driven before the gaunter famine to the refuge for the poor. In ten years all these children will be strong enough to commit any crime—be it our business to make them wise enough to despise a theft—as we ourselves despise a lie. The same education will produce a *pro tanto* effect, similar to the one which we feel and acknowledge to be a part of our moral existence. Once raise men to self-respect, teach them to feel and remember that we are all poor or rich by the rule of Providence, but that we are all respectable and happy, or depraved and miserable, by our own choice. Make this plain, having given them, by education, the strength to wade out of low and abominable meanness of character, and a whole string of petty, shifty, low tricks will be swept out of the catalogue of crimes. Many will fall, but it will be so that they can rise again without the arm of the law. Some will be rebellious, but it will be so that you may subdue them on their own ground. In fact, you will have *men* to deal with, while now the 'human face divine' comes up strong as an animal and wilful as a creature of reason, but mischievous as an evil spirit—inaccessible to argument, prejudiced against conviction, deaf to entreaty, and blind and deaf to all other nobler sentiments, the principles of which were never implanted in their understandings. 'Men do not gather grapes off thorns, or figs off thistles.'"

An Earnest Ministry the Want of the Times. By John Angell James. London: 1847.

An earnest treatise, by an earnest man, on a deeply momentous subject. We wish we could induce every minister, preacher, and student of divinity, attentively to read, and inwardly to ponder, the contents of this little volume. It is written with great energy, clearness, and vivacity. No drawling, no simpering, no straining at effect, no refining away of bold statement and honest counsel, but plain, direct, downright, faithful dealing with both the head and the heart. The principles laid down are excellent, as respects the manner as well as the matter of preaching. The illustrations are copious and appropriate; and as for the style of the book, it is elegant, without being fastidious, perspicuous without being mean, and animated without being boisterous.

While approving of the whole, we set a special value on the author's remarks respecting the manner of preaching, the characteristics of the times in which we live, and the means to be employed in order to obtain an earnest ministry. We thank him, in particular, for his faithful condemnation of the practice of *reading sermons*, now becoming so unhappily fashionable with such as would be thought our best preachers.

We scarcely know how a benevolent person of wealth could confer a greater benefit on the Church of Christ than by taking steps to have this invaluable little treatise put into the hands of ministers of religion, and of young persons who are in course of training for the sacred office. Cordially do we thank Mr. James for this production of his pen; and we devoutly pray that, through the blessing of God, his labours may contribute to secure what is certainly one of the greatest wants of our times—*an earnest ministry.*

THE PRASLIN FAMILY.

The chapter of coincidences is one claiming more interest than is generally bestowed upon it. As the same dream will more than once haunt the same pillow, so in life do we see names and places, after long intervals of time, again associated with the peculiar circumstances that before

made them remarkable, and the self-same accidents befall the same families.

The grandfather of the hero of the most horrible tragedy of modern times, the late Duke of Praslin, also stained his hand with the blood of an innocent, a virtuous, a high-born lady, under circumstances, doubtless, of less cold-blooded premeditation, of less brutality, less revolting to humanity, inasmuch as the hapless victim was not bound to him by such manifold and sacred ties; he pierced not the heart that beat for him, and him alone, but one that was steeled against him by another affection. Still it was innocent blood ruthlessly shed, and which might have cast a deeper stain on the Praslin escutcheon, had not the ways of dealing out justice in those days been far different from our own.

The "Annual Register" of 1768* gives the following account of the affair, under the head of an extract of a letter from Paris:—

"The new year commences with an account of a very tragical affair, that has just happened to our ambassador at the court of Naples; the fact is this: the Viscount of Choiseul, our said ambassador, unhappily casting his tender regard towards a young lady of that place, of a good family, before engaged to the Count of Conitz (Kaunitz), the emperor's ambassador, and taking advantage of the Count's absence, pressed this fair Italian lady with the most ardent professions of love; and, to forward his suit, overwhelmed her with presents, but all in vain, she still proving inexorable. One day, in a fit of rage and despair, he drew his sword and plunged it three times in her body. Some say she died on the spot; others, that she is not yet dead, but mortally wounded. However, the king of Naples, informed of this shocking scene, dispatched a courier hither, and our king immediately ordered his said ambassador home, and he is since sent to the Bastile. This melancholy transaction has so affected the Duke de Pladin (Praslin), the Viscount's father, that he has been at the point of death with grief on this sad occasion, and is still unable to attend to any business, nor has been at court since the beginning of the new year.

The father of this Viscount de Choiseul, the then Duke of Praslin, was a man of very loose morality. Though married, he formed the closest intimacies with actresses; and we find several curious references to this Duke and his family in that curious work entitled "Memoires Secrets pour servir à l'Histoire de la Republique des Lettres en France, ou Journal, d'un Observateur," printed in London, doubtless through motives of prudence, and which closely resembles, in form and matter, our Annual Register. In the year 1763, he introduced to the Parisian boards a *protegé* of his own, a woman who afterwards gained a sort of celebrity by the very excess of her vices, named De Luzi, or Deluzi, for so it is indifferently spelled; and though we cannot presume to assert that there exists any connexion between that actress and the heroine of the late Duke's abominable tragedy, still there is plenty of room for the supposition that the latter may be the descendant of that person. The practice of retaining their own names along with those which marriage confers on them was always very general among actresses, as we see in the case of Mesdames Dorus-Gras, Viardot Garcia, and so many more even at this present day; and in this manner one might be justified in supposing Mademoiselle De Luzi to have come by the united names of Luzi Desportes. This is, however, mere conjecture. The fact of the Duke of Praslin, of 1763, having taken a tender interest in the Mademoiselle De Luzi of his own time, is better established; and certainly it cannot but be considered a somewhat strange coincidence that, after so long an interval of time, scandal should afresh connect the names of De Luzi and Praslin.

In 1785, the death of this nobleman's wife gave rise to a protracted lawsuit, so curious in its nature as to deserve notice. That lady had throughout life exhibited a violent and most unnatural dislike for her children, in consequence of which she left the whole of her large fortune to an utter stranger, and one whom she had never even beheld, for the mere purpose of disinheriting those whose claims upon her were so direct. It would seem the Duchess had ever entertained a conviction that these children did not belong to her, but were the adulterous offspring of her husband and the celebrated and clever actress Mademoiselle Dangeville, which he had fraudulently substituted for those she had lost in infancy. That this belief, which nothing could ever shake, was the root of that aversion which made her hate during life, and disinherit after death, those whom she was compelled to permit to call themselves her children, but never could bring herself to look upon as such, is certain. As this lady's sanity never seems to have been questioned, except with reference to her will, and as this conviction did not leave her even at the hour when the mist of prejudice or error generally fades from eyes about to turn away from all earthly objects, it is but fair to presume that some strange circumstance or other, to this day unexplained, gave rise to such cruel suspicions in her mind—perhaps the dying confession of some repentant or malicious nurse—of one who wished to atone for past deceit, or, with her last breath, to avenge some long-remembered injury or slight—who can tell? So clear are the effects, the causes so obscure, in most family dramas.

The children and grandchildren succeeded in having her will annulled, under the plea that nothing but insanity could account for a mother's disinheriting her own offspring. The Prince of Guémené, the heir she had named, was nonsuited, and the Duchess only thought of as a *lusus naturæ*. But, perhaps, a less harsh judgment might have been passed upon one whose husband had devoted the better part of his life, and the affections which he had vowed to share with her, to one of the unworthy of her sex. The strong enduring passion of the Duke for Mademoiselle Dangeville might well have embittered the Duchess, and made her believe him capable of any, and every, unjustifiable and unprincipled action towards herself. And, again, when she saw her eldest son, the Viscount de Choiseul, render himself guilty of a deed of such brutal, bloody import, as the murder, or attempted murder, of the

* Vol. ii., 1768, page 73.

Italian lady, the thought might naturally enough suggest itself, that the blood of a profligate actress, and (for Mademoiselle Dangeville was not famed for being over-nice in such matters) that of some equally unscrupulous father, more probably flowed in the veins of this bad man, than that of a virtuous lady like herself, or of a man, weak and foolish indeed, but of an acknowledged mildness of temper, like her husband. The disgust naturally consequent upon the evil courses of both father and son, joined to other, and more secret, domestic occurrences, which latter must be mere matter of conjecture since she did not choose to reveal them, most probably led to the doubts she entertained as to the rights of her children to that title, and caused her to withdraw her affections from them.

Considered even as a mere groundless caprice, an *idée fixe*, based on the mere dislike of her husband and all that belonged to him, still it is strange that the name of Praslin should thus have been again connected with a certain share of scandal before the tribunals of the country. Some names are really unfortunate in France; such, for instance, as that of Castellane. The well-known Marquise de Ganges bore it before her second ill-starred marriage, and the Countess of Entrecasteaux, whose murder by the hands of her own husband took place under much the same circumstances as those of the late Duchess Sebastiani Praslin, was a Mademoiselle de Castellane. How much more might be added, biographically and historically, to the chapter of coincidences!—but the limits of this slight sketch of the *antécédens*, as the French call it, of the Praslin family, will not permit more than the following extracts, translated from the "Memoires Secrets," touching the will of the Duchess (great-grandmother to the late Duke), and a reference to those irregularities of her husband, that may have warped her judgment and changed her heart:—

"11*th April*.*—The Duchess of Praslin, who died on the 27th December, 1783, has left an *olographe* testament, at once singular and unnatural, by which, although leaving children and grandchildren, she names as sole legatee a stranger to her blood, the Marechal Prince de Soubisse, and in case of failure, the youngest son of the Princess Guémené. The Prince of Soubise yielded up his claim at once; but young Guémené, being as yet a minor, his legacy must be claimed, which has given rise to a suit-at-law. M. Boudet, advocate to the Viscount de Choiseul, son of the Duchess de Praslin, insisted that this will, though correctly drawn up, should be considered as a testament, *ab irato;* and the judges thought so likewise, as it seems, since the minor Guémené has lost his cause, and been condemned to the costs. This decision bears the date of the 2d of April, and was, it is said, unanimous.

"It is said that Madame de Praslin imagined her children were not hers, but that her husband had successively substituted for her own those of the same sex he had with Mademoiselle Dangeville. Romantic and absurd as this supposition was, it had so thoroughly possessed the mind of that singular and vaporous lady that it inspired her with an enduring aversion for her posterity, on whom she never bestowed the slightest mark of tenderness. She had drawn up a former will, bearing date the 7th of January, 1766,* with the same evil sentiments which she confirmed in her second, dated 19th February, 1779.

"Neither did Madame de Praslin love her husband; she only mentions him in her will to throw ridicule on him, by an absurd legacy:—'I beg Monsieur le Duc de Praslin, my husband, to accept the model of the horse in bronze, on which is Henry the Fourth, which I have brought from my castle of La Flèche.'

"It is, perhaps, the first instance on record of a mother and grandmother—the Duchess having seen even her third generation—having conceived the desire of disinheriting all her progeny, born or yet to be born, and of having executed her will, as far as lay with her, without any legitimate or apparent motive, with the coolness and clear-headedness of the calmest reason.

"Another strange fact appears in this case; that, namely, of her not having happened to know the young Guémené named in default of the Prince of Soubise, and her having mentioned him in so vague a manner that (there being two younger sons of that name) it would later have given rise to a suit betwixt the brothers, in order that law should determine upon the real legatee. Madame la Duchesse de Praslin's name was Champagne, and she had brought her husband more than 150,000 livres a-year."†

The next extract records the Duke's connexion with Mademoiselle Dangeville, as follows:—

"16th November, 1785.—The Duke of Praslin‡ is just dead; Mademoisille Dangeville is inconsolable for this loss. *They had lived together for more than half a century.* He was an honorary member of the Academy of Sciences. It is not known whether he leaves any memorials of his talents, but a million, one hundred thousand livres, in gold, were found in his possession at his death—at least so rumour says."

* Vol. xxv., page 222, of the "Memoires Secrets."

* The Vicomte de Choiseul's attempted crime in Italy did not take place before 1768, two years later, so that her prejudice was even anterior to his transgression.

† This was more than the present franc.

‡ Great-grandfather to the late Duke.

POLITICAL REGISTER.

THE CURRENCY.

THE currency will be discussed early in the next session, and under many disadvantages. The leading statesmen in the House of Commons are pledged to the present system. Two of the principal organs of opinion in the London press support it. The power of the monied interest in its struggle with industry is great, and increased by the ignorance prevalent on the subject. There can be no doubt that commercial distress exists. There can be no question that it is more intense and severe than at any period for many years. The facts are plain, and their causes alone are disputed. The organs of the London monied interest ascribe the prevalent embarrassment to two causes. They say that we have over-speculated in railways, and we have been obliged to buy large quantities of corn from foreign countries. And they add, that these form the only reasons for the existing scarcity and dearth of money.

The same journals that ascribe our embarrassments to the corn speculations madly urged them. They pro-

claimed to the world everywhere our starvation state. Thus they induced extensive and wealthy farmers to store past their grain on speculation. That has been done to a considerable extent. They persuaded importers to retain their stocks until prices were forced up here, and raised, of course, elsewhere, over their necessary level. In this way three to four millions, at least, were paid by the nation, more than should have been given, or than it was really necessary to give for the corn that we required to import.

It is next alleged that the construction of railways has employed capital largely, and induced a scarcity of the circulating medium. That is the statement, and it is contradictory. It proceeds on the common mistake that capital currency, and currency is capital—that the two terms mean precisely the same thing; whereas the circulating medium either may be capital itself, or its representative. In this country the currency is composed partly of real capital, and partly of its representative; and the questions regarding it rise out of the proportions in which real capital and its representation should be employed in the formation of the currency. The construction of railways has not reduced the currency. It has not taken, and cannot have taken, one from the number of sovereigns or bank notes in circulation. The contractors neither piled their embankments with sovereigns, nor garnished them with bank notes. Every shilling paid out by them has immediately gone into circulation and performed its usual functions, with the exception of such sums as the labourers may have retained in their own possession, and they must come to a trivial summation.

The deficiency at present is not in capital, but in currency. The capital of the country may have been reduced, but it has not suffered to an extent competent to produce the existing embarassment. The highest calculation made of the payments for bread stuffs to foreign countries is twenty millions. That is considerably over the actual sum, while we have to reckon, not the absolute payment, but the payment over the average of years, in estimating the weight of this importation as a cause of the existing distress; but the highest calculation is, that twenty millions have been paid. We should, therefore, expect the capital of the country to be reduced twenty millions. Of course that is the actual reduction, met in some part, if not entirely, by whatever profits may have been created. Take the twenty millions, however, as entire and absolute loss, and see how far that accounts for the depreciation of property during the year. The fall in the value of funds or national stock since this date of last year is 12½ per cent.; which, on the entire debt, is equal nearly to ninety-five millions sterling. The reductions in the selling price of stock and shares in public companies is equal to a similar sum. In these departments of business alone, the depreciation of property may be stated, in round numbers, at two hundred millions. How, then, can the expenditure of money for grain or on railways account for this vast loss? By forcing stock and shares into the market, their value has been reduced farther than the precise loss that rendered their sale necessary. We admit that statement; we acknowledge its truth; but how has so wide a difference been established between the cause and effect? We can learn that in the conditions of the present law.

By the Act, 1844, the currency is limited, 1st, to the fixed issues of the Bank of England, and the banks existing previously to the date of the Act; 2d, to such notes as they may issue on the security of gold absolutely in their possession; and 3d, to bullion. This Act provides, 1st, that as gold is exported, the paper currency shall be contracted—for every sovereign exported, a bank note is withdrawn; 2d, that no new banks of issue shall be formed, even to replace those that may resign business, after the date of the Act; 3d, that the amount of currency shall oscillate with the price of provisions; but 4th, that it shall move in an adverse direction; for while, as wheat rises, a greater circulating medium is required for its exchange, the Act provides for the reduction of the latter; and as wheat falls in price, and a less circulating medium is necessary in its sale and purchase, the Act provides for the increase of the latter; as if the Legislature were delighted by the occurrence of exigencies, and found their amusement in the construction of panics. The act, perhaps, was intended no illustrate the proverbs of the country: "It never rains but it pours." Peel made that legislation. "Misfortunes seldom come alone." Peel turned that into a statute. "The improvident man lights the candle at both ends." Peel furnished an example of the best means of accomplishing this feat, in 1844 and in previous years. This kind of work would form nice games for children, but the amusement is rather costly to be pursued by the legislature of the first commercial nation in the world.

The reasons assigned for the Act are, first, to secure the convertibility of the paper currency—that is to say, the solvency of the issues; second, to prevent over-trading; third, to secure the currency against depreciation. Has it answered any one of these objects? We shall see.

It does not answer the first, viz., to secure the convertibility of bank-notes; because neither the Bank of England, nor any other bank, could at this moment, or any other period, pay in gold if required. After all our sacrifices to accomplish that object, it is unattainable. When the people of Babel wanted to build a tower to reach the skies, they sunk a great amount of capital and labour, and certainly approximated their object, but for all practical purposes they made no progress. Peel's bill brings us into a similar position. We are nearer an unattainable object than we might be under imaginable circumstances, but the object is still unattainable. The Legislature merely say that the circulation of Bank of England notes will never fall under, or probably even to, fourteen millions. This is merely saying that the holders will always leave out fourteen millions for which they will not demand gold. This is not providing for their conversion; but only presuming that the country will not at any time ask more than a given number to be converted. We need scarcely say that other bankers are in a still worse position in this respect than the Bank of England. The idea of the convertibility of bank paper is therefore fictitious. Its safety is based on the credit of the issuers, and that credit is more likely to be promoted by investing their capital on productive than unproductive securities; but gold is unproductive.

Again, bankers generally hold much higher sums in deposits than they have in circulation. The deposits of the Scottish banks must exceed their circulation in the proportion of twenty to one. There is no security af-

forded for the convertibility of these deposits by Act of Parliament. The public have their security in the confidence placed in the banks—yet are quite at ease regarding the repayment of their deposits, and would cheerfully accept the same security for the minor sum that they hold for the major, if the Legislature would avoid interference with their transactions.

This bill, however, we are told was intended to prevent over-trading. Has it accomplished that object? Its sincerest advocates give a decidedly negative reply. Mr. Charles Wood says there has been over-speculation. The *Times* assails the railway directors. All parties and everything, except the parties and the measure absolutely liable, are accused of causing that crisis in which the country is fixed. One thing is certain—the bill has not accomplished its second object—has not prevented over-speculation and over-trading.

Thirdly, this bill is to prevent the depreciation of the currency. It is on this topic that men talk the greatest nonsense. Here it is, always, at this very spot, that Peel in triumph shouts—What's a pound? Nobody answers. And yet the answer is easy. Peel might as wisely cry—What's a hundred weight? what's a yard? what's a mile? They are all conventional terms for measures of space or of weight. A yard is thirty-six inches, and a pound is twenty shillings. The currency cannot be depreciated, and a pound note cannot bring less than twenty shillings, so long as notes are convertible. They are, and will continue to be, convertible while public credit stands; and they will become inconvertible, and be depreciated, if ever public credit be doubted. We beg, in reference to this delicate affair, to whisper a secret to the bullionists, as they are termed. They are bringing the currency into danger of depreciation. It is in danger at this moment. Should consols, which fell between 20th September, 1846, and 25th September, 1847, from £98 10s. to £86, fall equally far before September 1848, the currency may become depreciated. The difference in value on twelve months from September, 1847, to September, 1846, on the Bank of England stock of fourteen millions, for which it issues notes without a gold backing, is £1,750,000. The bank has added one per cent. to its dividend, and a few hundred thousand pounds to its rest; but there are often no parties blinder than capitalists. The shareholders are exulting in their dividend. They are chuckling over nine per cent. and their nominally increased rest. Let them turn over the next page. There is one half of all the rest swept away by a single year's depreciation of property. But you don't want to sell; you don't need to sell, you say; that is just as the public pleases. Your notes are convertible. Such is the object of all Peel's bill-making. Well, the public begin to think that your stock is reduced in value. They see the fiction of convertibility. Consols, we shall say, are seventy-five or sixty-five. The change may happen. Louis Phillippe is not immortal. Queen Isabella is in bad hands, and may die. Consols may be at seventy-five; and your rest exist on paper, and paper alone. The public see all these transactions. They know their nature. They remember that gold is something exchangeable any where. They recollect that he who comes first is served first. Where, then, is the convertibility of your notes, and how, we pray you, regarding their depreciation? For how much would they sell when the bank had no more change—nothing to offer but Consols, quoted £0 0s. 0d., for present cash.

What accrues to the Bank of England is the fate of all minor banks. They all hold Government stock. Their notes are Government bonds broken into divisions. A five pound note is merely one of two hundred divisions of a thousand pound Exchequer bill. The value of the notes hangs greatly, therefore, on public credit. With the exception of the notes of the Scotch banks, a few joint-stock companies in England, and the north of Ireland banks, the shares of which are held by many partners, whose private property is liable for all the debts of the company, there is not the slightest doubt that all the paper currency, above the amount of gold actually on hand, is Government stock broken down, and dependent for its value on the state of public credit. Farther, even those joint-stock banks we have named, where every penny belonging to each shareholder is liable for the debts of the concern, must be heavy losers by each depreciation of public stock. We apprehend that, if they had always taken the Government stock held by them in their balance sheet during this Autumn at the money it would bring, the dividend had not been large, for all, or nearly all, hold stock, and sometimes largely.

The cries of a depreciated and an inconvertible currency should be thrown back on those who make them. It is the Peels, the Woods, the Lloyd Jones's, the *Times*, and the *Morning Chronicle*, the monied interest, and its instruments, that threaten to give us again the infliction of a depreciated and an inconvertible currency. Matters will go all very well if they can always pull up in time—very well for them and very ill for all the industrious classes. But they are on a slippery and dangerous hill. They drive on a steep run, where one or two extra jolts would give them a higher interest for money, and a greater depreciation of property than they either expect or desire. They are getting on the descent, and may go farther than they bargained for.

They wish to protect the currency from depreciation. That, they say, is the object of their legislation. The object is good; but a guinea may be bought at too high a rate. In order to protect the currency, say thirty millions, from depreciation, they have actually succeeded in depreciating Government stock within a single year by ninty-five millions! They never contemplated bank notes at more than one-third under twenty shillings of silver, which gives a loss of ten millions; and against the probability we are protected at an absolute sacrifice of ninety-five millions—thus losing in the market value of one description of property—after deducting the twenty millions paid out on foreign corn, a sum of seventy-five millions, in order to save us from the probability of losing ten millions, from which we are by no means saved, although, in addition to this loss, we have to add an equal sum on shares and other property.

These are the fruits of Government intervention to dry-nurse and take charge of business. What right has the Legislature to keep protecting men from themselves, in any way or measure, above what may be fairly done by providing, for example, that weights shall be accurate, that measures shall be just and for the public convenience, that men who issue notes payable on demand, expected to pass current in society, shall possess property equivalent to their issue? They have no right

to make monopolies, and create exclusive privileges. They have been abolishing corporate monopolies, and proclaiming freedom of trade everywhere; and yet they endeavour to cramp and fetter the springs of trade and the essential means of exchange. Their conduct is one of the most apparent pieces of self-contradiction that the Legislature has ever produced, and it is compelling the operatives of Manchester to beg for idleness now, that idleness in the winter months may be averted.

SPAIN.

The deep and tortuous intrigues of the French King in Spanish politics, are likely enough to be defeated. He despatched Narvaez from Paris, with a list of a ministry for the acceptance of the Queen. Resistance was not anticipated; but yet the proposal was resisted; Narvaez and his list were declined, and another ministry formed. The first act of the new Government was an amnesty which permits, and even invites, the return of Espartero, who has been restored to rank in the Spanish army; and if the Government resist the pressure of Parisian gold, which is said to be freely spent at Madrid, it is by no means improbable that the disgraceful system of management which has impoverished the Peninsula may be permanently reformed. The interest of this country in Spanish is more apparent than in Italian affairs. We have lent Spain over forty millions sterling, and need the money, or its interest, badly; but there is no rational hope of recovery until the population be brought into a more settled condition, and industry be protected. The debt is to private parties, but on that account not less a national object. The loss of twenty millions in grain and potatoes last harvest, though falling on individuals, was a national calamity; and we may remark that, when the monied interest, through their organs, impute so much suffering to the loss of twenty millions on the harvest, or the investment of fifty millions on railways, it is remarkably singular that they were silent on the loans to foreign states.

ITALY.

After the Queen's agreeable visit to the Highlands became stale, and the Praslin tragedy was fully discussed, Pope Pius the Ninth and Prince Metternich came gallantly to the rescue of the daily press. The Roman Pontiff, the Duke of Tuscany, and the King of Sardinia, contemplated some reforms in their various states. These three powers together give a population of ten millions, with whom all the Italians sympathise. The reforms contemplated appear to be on the smallest scale. They are proclaimed through the press as matters of great importance. To Austria they are, to Britain they are not important. To the Emperor, who fears the rising unity and power of the Italian States, they are frightful; to those in this country who will rejoice to hear of any progress made towards constitutional freedom, they are gratifying, but not great.

The Roman Pontiff has issued an amnesty to all political offenders. The act was benevolent and politic in his position. From a pontiff of opposite sentiments, it would have been still more merciful, and perhaps equally politic. He has even made a complete change in the Executive. Let us comprehend this. It means that he has conferred place on his own friends. That was natural. In this case it will be probably beneficial to the people. It is also said that he has curtailed the expenses of Government. This was necessary. The expenditure had gone above the income, and we really know not how the credit of Rome stands on the Exchanges, but we fancy it may be low. He has next armed the National Guards. We shall understand the phrase fully by saying that he has called out the yeomanry: only they are not all mounted. This is the great offence to Austria. To avenge it Austria arms on the Po, and seizes the town of Ferrara. The fort of Ferrara was held by Austria on treaty. Its claim on the town seems to have been by no means clear. The Pontiff demands the withdrawal of the Austrian forces from the town. The King of Sardinia, and, we understand, the Duke of Tuscany, have joined in this demand, and in the protest against the occupancy of Ferrara. The Austrians appear to give little regard to these protests, and keep the town. In this dilemma one portion of the press work had to get an armed intervention from this country. We have all the common cut and dry phrases regarding constitutional rights, freedom, and so forth. Up to this date we have gathered nothing, and freedom has gained little by our intervention in its name, and on its behalf, with the quarrels of foreign nations. In Greece, in South America, in Portugal, in Spain, even in Belgium, what has freedom—what have mankind gained by our armed interference? The romance of politics would lure us into war with Austria for a mirage; because it is not liberty, but a mirage, when rulers use the name; but cling to the censorship of the press, and refuse a representation of the people. This quarrel may promise very fairly for a revolution. Any quarrel between the head of the empire and the head of the church must be useful to their subjects. Meanwhile, it is a matter regarding the balance of power on the Continent; and experience may teach us to look on without striking into the melee, until it has a somewhat higher object. Sanguine and romantic politicians would have our fleet in the Adriatic, before they even knew the purpose for which it was to fight, or had made a single stipulation for the Italian people.

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TAIT'S EDINBURGH MAGAZINE.

NOVEMBER, 1847.

THE CRISIS AND THE CURRENCY.

WE did not anticipate last month, that before our present issue the Currency Bills of 1819 and 1844 should present so many strong arguments against their preservation as they have given. If we had indulged any expectations of that kind, they would have been accompanied by the conviction that the Government would have heard the *alarum* which these measures, self-acting in that respect, have sounded loud enough to rouse everything short of incurable deafness. The Indians say that the Great Spirit made certain snakes to rattle as they moved, that their intended victims might be warned of their coming, and avoid their dangerous foe. Peel's snakes rattle also, and rattle loudly, but they enjoy the power of fascination, and have charmed vitality, or volition, out of those who should fly from their approach. Their virtue was to consist in their self-action. They were to be the perpetual Bude lights of commerce, casting their rays in uninterrupted cheerfulness over its darkest wastes, and becoming brighter as the gloom grew darker from every other point. The promises made for them, like Delphic responses, have been realised. They are self-acting, they are self-warning, and they are self-illuminating. Commercial men may have understood these promises in a different sense, but they have not at least been broken to the ear. Their alarms, however, fail to move politicians. The Chancellor of the Exchequer, at the close of last month, had indeed discovered that houses in good credit experienced no difficulty in procuring money—at the end of this month, he regrets the existence of intense mercantile embarrassments. The last month's opinion of the Chancellor of the Exchequer was not void of truth. There was not then, and there never was, much difficulty for houses of good credit in obtaining money; but the credit of houses was greatly reduced. The difficulty really seems to be in finding anybody that may be said to be in good credit. It cannot be the Chancellor of the Exchequer, for his bills are at a discount. President Polk is but in very slim credit, for his paper is neglected. Louis Philippe has lost caste, and can barely raise ten millions. Even the Roman Pontiff can rouse the dead, and awaken the latent life of Italy; but he cannot raise two or three millions. In the mercantile world men look serious, and say, "Why, the Rothschilds have paid eleven per cent.," as if, at last, we had reached the lowest depth, and in that fact got to the worst of the whole matter. Two gentlemen in a Scottish town wanted to pay fifteen hundred pounds in London; but as one of them was to be on the spot, they applied to a banker for a letter of credit for the amount. The order was obtained, and was good for fifteen hundred pounds, as, from the stability, resources, and numbers of the partners in the company, it would have been good for fifteen millions. It was presented to the London agents, and accepted by them; but the holder wanted his money at the date of acceptance, and desired them to discount their own bill, which had not more than twenty-one days to run. The request was declined. There was no difficulty for houses in good credit obtaining money; but this house was not in good credit with itself; and yet it had something to do with the origin of the Bank Charter Act; is making more than one thousand pounds daily by following the trade of the Cornish wreckers in commerce; and returns thanks steadily, and in its way sincerely, for this long-continued and seasonable storm. We know not the amount for which the bill sold; but one very good bill at three or four months—an admirable bill for a thousand pounds, partly run—fetched the highest possible price—of eight hundred pounds, being at the rate of sixty to seventy per cent. discount. It was, however, a very good bill, and done low.

Looking at the rates of discount publicly stated —6.6½ and 7 per cent. in Scotland; 6.6½ and 7 per cent. in Ulster; 8 to 10 per cent. in London; 9 to 11 per cent. in Liverpool; 7½ to 8½ per cent. in the Bank of England—it may be asked, how can such sacrifices as £200 on a good bill of £1000 be made by some men? The answer is quite obvious. Bankers have a choice of customers, and although willing to accommodate persons who regularly transact business with them, yet they have sufficient anxiety to keep their ordinary business in motion without taking up new parties, who were in the habit of dealing with bill-brokers, or with private bankers, now unwilling to lock up capital, unless for such temptations as have been current for some time.

The progress of the money plague has been

during the last month rapid and decisive. The history of British commerce has many disastrous pages, without one containing a record of depreciation in property so rapid as that of the last month. Rich men in August are in penury with October. The cautiously-hoarded and hardly-gathered earnings of individual toil and care for many years are swept into Peel's gulf; but Sir Robert Peel and Samuel Lloyd Jones are wealthier than they were a few months since. We dare not say that Peel's legislation was intended to enrich himself and his family. We must not hint that he laboured for his order and for himself irrespective of the public interest. We are free, however, here to declare, that if his personal aggrandisement had been the sole object of his legislation, he could not have devised more fitting measures for his purpose than those of 1819 and 1844. In all cases a man's interest naturally bends his mind. The most Aristidean men are somewhat moved by an almost imperceptible and invisible influence springing out of their own interest. There is a natural bent in the mind towards whatsoever advances its personal objects. Men are apt to think that good for others which is good for themselves. Concession to this feeling ripens into political turpitude, Louis Phillipeism, and all descriptions of jobbing on the minor or major scales. Resistance to it constitutes political virtue, and disposes men to examine very carefully such measures as seem to promote their own fortunes, before they yield them their support. Sir Robert Peel is a man and a minister of expediency. He does not think very deeply on abstract subjects, but applies his power to the purposes and the necessities of the day. He may never, therefore, have given this subject any consideration, but merely followed in his monetary legislation the latent current in his mind that induced him to consider certain steps right, because they were to him steps on the ladder of fortune; and he may have followed that course without a perverse, determined, and criminal intention. His followers, and many of his opponents, will call this statement illiberal and uncharitable. Charity is certainly a very necessary virtue, but even charity is not wide enough to cover all the occurrences in this world. There is a spurious charity—a mere cant and pretence—that would paint the Ethiopian white and the leopard unspotted, without changing the habits of the man or the nature of the beast; but it is not suitable for our day and circumstances. We find a statesman legislating on monetary affairs directly against the entreaties and remonstrances of the bankers of London and the bankers of Scotland; the two classes of men, from their position, their experience, and their success in the various details of their business, best qualified to form an opinion on this topic. We see a statesman avowing his preference of free trade principles, and zealously establishing a monopoly of money, the great fly-wheel of all trade, while in every other department he is endeavouring to obliterate even the shadow of monopoly. We hear a politician declaring, in every possible form, and on every opportunity, that supply will regulate demand; that Government should not intermeddle with commerce; that business should be left unfettered; and yet he fetters and binds the moving power of all business and all commerce. Now, when commerce is in its agony, those who speak and write for him while he is silent blame railways; and yet this statesman could have laid his hand on any railway bill, or any number of railway bills, and interdicted their progress; but he never interfered except to lift the first sod of a line which saves some distance on a long journey, while some of the great trunk lines in these islands remain incomplete. They blame, again, imprudent corn speculations; but this statesman, and other statesmen, by circulating unguarded alarms and gross miscalculations—by permitting themselves to be deceived by interested persons—fed this speculation; and even in the month of June last, the present Premier and the present Chancellor of the Exchequer gave the weight of their official information to the mistaken rumour that the potato crop had failed. Then, in such cases as those of Larpent, Cockerell, & Co.; Reid, Irving, & Co.; Lyell, Brothers; Barclay, Brothers, and houses similarly engaged in the colonial trade, the public have been told that there has been over-trading, with insufficient capital and an artificial credit, that should be brought down. Few statements can be more cruel. Each of these houses had clearly a very large capital in its business. The accounts of assets and liabilities do not at first show the extent of this capital. They do not profess to give the result of examinations into the affairs of the houses named farther than is necessary to educe their existing means. The accountants, in these cases, did not seek to unravel more than the paying power at the disposal of their clients, and did not enter on the causes which have led to its reduction. These causes are, however, quite well known. Investments in colonial property have been almost destroyed by recent acts of the Legislature, supported by Sir Robert Peel and by the present Ministry; who, in islands of the utmost fertility, where land is cheap—where, indeed, any quantity of land can be had for little more than its reclamation—have created and maintained an aristocracy of work, and say that they are trying a great experiment of free-trade against slave labour, while they refuse to allow free-trade in labour, and seek to have a fixed currency of workmen as they try to have a fixed circulation of five-pound notes in this country, and a fixed price for one leading element in commerce.

We have glanced at these subjects in order to make some estimate of the breadth of charity requisite to cover all the personalities in those transactions, which are destroying the capital of individuals, overthrowing the high mercantile character of this country, and subverting the means of feeding and employing our population.

The devastation caused by famine in Ireland last season is to be rivalled by distress in England in the coming winter, if the symptoms of the country be not changed. By just or unjust means

the monied interest has subjected all classes. Capitalists hug their dividends, their discounts, and their bargains, forgetful that in general disasters these also must perish. Bankers ponder over their bill-books and ledgers for the means of merely keeping above water for a time. Merchants who, until lately, never dreamed that suspended payments were amongst their contingencies, are engaged in a death-struggle with insolvency. Manufacturers stop their furnace fires, pay off their hands, and let their machinery stand, as being at least a longer road to ruin than that of perseverance in their business. Industry, checked at every turn, grows sullen, and idle labour speculates regarding the means to dine. Idle labour—impatient labour, cannot afford to think long. It must act. It must be fed. It has not many days to lose in deputations. Its drafts are all payable on sight, or on very short notice, and all questions regarding its immediate subsistence must be immediately solved, for no bank on earth can renew its bills.

There are differences of opinion regarding the comparative approximation of the nation to ruin and penury. One gentleman at Hull, on the 22d, declared that we were nearer the rocks in 1825. Some other gentlemen say that we were quite as nearly crushed at some other dates. Nero fiddling as Rome burned, acted much in the manner of these gentlemen. We assume that Nero scraped his instrument at such a distance from the blazes that he was not particularly inconvenienced by their heat. We think it even probable that Nero had so many suburban villas or country houses that he could always shift with the wind, so as to avoid the smoke. It may be also reasonably supposed that the Roman Emperor had taken the precaution of building his houses fire-proof, as we do not read of fire insurance societies in those days. Perhaps, also, Nero may have had an interest in property out of the range of the fire, and thus the hope of a rise in rent inspired his cheerful notes, and he swept away at "Blythe an' merry we's be a'," not from any love of mischief, as has been generally supposed, but from respect to three per cent. additional. If these suppositions be nearly correct—if they be at all reasonable suppositions—then one readily understands what otherwise is inexplicable in the extremely sanguine temperament of his successors. They are resigned, not to loss and suffering, but to apparent gain and aggrandisement. Their homilies are, however, impolitic. A man who lost a thousand pounds yesterday is not consoled by being reminded that he also was minus nine hundred and ninety-nine pounds, eighteen months since. That is one reason why he should not have lost one thousand now. We do not know that Napoleon would have thanked any friend who, observing him turning his horse's head from Waterloo, might have tried to console him with—"Please, Sire, you were defeated at Leipsic." The memory of former disasters is merely evidence against the system on which, for a considerable period, the country has been misled. The Bank Charter Act dates only from 1844, but it was avowedly a supplement to the Act of 1819, by the same author; and ever since 1810 a small school of clever men have been scheming and dabbling in currency, to the great disadvantage of this country, and endeavouring to secure objects in their nature impossible of attainment — and, in their character, valueless, if they could have been attained. Under the pretence of advancing public interests, they have unquestionably promoted some private fortunes and ruined others; and it is certainly no recommendation of panics that they are not new. You say to a man suffering from gout, "Be patient, for you have been so often victimised—you were prostrate in January—down again in March—and confined in June; remedies are not in your way; you should throw physic to the doctors or the dogs, for you are not quite so bad as you were in February, 1845." You bid a man who has been robbed avoid alarming the police, because he was robbed half-a-dozen times before. You say to the lady who has lost her purse in a crowd, "Don't cry 'stop, thief,' because, once before, you may remember that your pocket was cut away." You advise the robbed gardener not to make a noise in the neighbourhood for these grapes and peaches that are stolen, seeing that his apples and pears were abstracted some time previously. You stand by the river, when its waters have gone over the land, and count the sheaves of harvest, and the wrecks of industry floating past, hopelessly and profitlessly, to the sea, but you say, "Do not build more embankments—do not restrain the natural play of the waters—this is not yet quite so bad as the Morayshire floods." You watch huge heavy waves rolling in and over a rocky shore, from the broad ocean, and you see them bear the broken fragments of noble ships—the spoiled fruits of distant industry—and the lifeless forms that once had battled with the storm; but while some sense of sorrow comes stealing even over your granite hearts, you make haste and memorialise the commissioners of lighthouses not to erect a beacon on that fatal spot to guide the embayed mariner in the bitterness of the blast and the darkness of the night—not to erect a beacon—and why? Why, because other vessels were shivered—other cargoes were scattered—and other crews were found dripping and drowned on that same coast, amongst these rocks, at different times, after various storms, long since. Yet the sun shone out again, and the moon cast a pale clear light on rock and headland, and the sea flowed so softly beneath the cliffs, that scarce its current could stir the green and gentle sea-weed that fringes them around; while hardly, it has oft since then been so sweetly calm, will the breeze sometimes stir a single leaf of the long round grass, that grows upon the graves, in the very small churchyard amongst the bents, where you buried the drowned sailors; and you say it will be thus again—there will be clear and quiet days, and soft calm nights, when the raging of this storm shall be hushed—when all its broken fragments have been gathered together, distributed, and forgotten; so you say build no lighthouses, lest

sailors, trusting too much to their warnings, grow rash, speculative, over-sailing, and come too nigh the rocks.

Is this system of yours not very base, when you defend it on the score of its absolute rottenness, and would have it left to cumber the ground for many years to come, on no better account than that it has cumbered the ground for many years that are past?

Is it true, however, that 1837 or 1825, or any other period, was commercially worse than 1847? Is what these gentlemen say correct, because, heated with argument, gentlemen will sometimes forget the truth, and deal in a very different article?

Consols have sold for less within twenty-five years than the price to which they have hitherto fallen. In February and July, 1826, they were at £77 2s. 6d. In February, 1831, they were at £77 15s. In February, 1823, they were quoted at £73, and in August at £82 15s. In February, 1821, they had fallen to £73 2s. 6d., and in August they were sold for £76 2s. 6d. In February, 1820, consols were sold at £68 5s., and in August of that year they had fallen to £67 12s. 6d. The lowest price for twenty-seven years was therefore in 1820—immediately after Peel's bill of 1819 was passed, and one-pound notes were suppressed in England.

The depreciation in consols in thirteen months to the middle of the present month, is £17 15s., say 18 per cent., and on £800,000,000, for other stocks have fallen in a similar proportion, the difference is £144,000,000! Shares in the London and North-Western Railway have fallen from £248 to £138 10s.; in the Midland, from £194 to £100; in the Edinburgh and Glasgow, from £85 to £48; and on many lines, such as the Great Western, in a yet larger proportion. On share property the depreciation has not been less than £100,000,000; and we make a moderate calculation in saying that on other property the reduction has been equal to another hundred millions—giving altogether nearly half of our ponderous national debt.

In 1825 the crisis was caused by the foolish investment of money in foreign funds. That capital was directly withdrawn from the country. It made no immediate return, and a considerable part of the sum has never paid interest. At this moment, when the numerous and gigantic bankruptcies in this country are rendering it a spectacle to the world, there is no nation that has one-tenth of our foreign debts. All America and all European nations that borrow are our debtors. Spain owes us more than forty millions—the United States of America, by its individual governments, perhaps stands twenty millions—the Southern republics are still deeper on our books; and with the world's indebtedness to Great Britain, the enormous sums sunk in European Stocks would go far to mitigate the plague of our National Debt. Wherever there are mines wrought, railways constructed, canals dug, docks excavated, bridges built, there British Capital will be found; and the mania for foreign investment reached its greatest development in 1825.

With the exception of foreign railways, we had no similar transactions in 1846; but we required to buy a quantity of foreign corn, and we failed in obtaining it in exchange for manufactures. Hitherto, however, the quantity of gold exported has not exceeded seven millions, and it is folly to say that the export of seven millions of gold could in any way account for the tremendous depreciation of all stocks during the last thirteen months, if the currency were on a sound basis.

We deny that there has been any such apparent cause given in ordinary trading, or in anything whatever not directly chargeable on the legislature, for the panic of 1847, as existed in 1825 and similar periods; but we also deny that any other panic in the century has equalled in intensity and magnitude that of the present year.

It is singular that Manchester, the centre of the Anti-Corn-Law League, and dipped deeply in free-trade principles, is said to have a vulnerable heel respecting the currency. The Manchester merchants have made no movement, to the date of our writing, in a right direction on that subject. They had a meeting regarding railway calls; and, full of free-trade principles, they seemed to suggest some Legislative interference with this branch of trade; neither to regulate fares, nor to secure the safety of passengers, so far as that may be accomplished, and which would be consistent with the acts regarding mines and factories; but actually to prevent the public from expending more than a given sum annually on iron roads. They have not, however, taken any step regarding the currency; and yet free-trade in money must be equally desirable with free-trade in bread. Money may be so wrought as to make free-trade in corn a perfect nullity. It is at present in this state, that half the machinery in Manchester is idle, and there are unexecuted orders in the country.

Is there anything in the nature of money to make it exceptional from a general rule? Is there any reason why the principles of free trade, applied to corn and cattle, cannot be applied to currency? The bullionists answer this question in the negative; and their answer is, we believe, founded on a series of blunders. Originally men exchanged their surplus commodities by barter. Merchants carried the natural products of one land to exchange for those of another; and in most cases accompanied their consignments and transacted their business personally. The Ishmaelites were journeying to Egypt with spices when they purchased Joseph; but their spicery was not of value to the desert shepherds, so they paid for their slave in bullion, exactly as Abraham paid for the field which he purchased. Barter is the original state of society, but is necessarily of short duration, and rapidly supplanted by the use of some precious metal. The Egyptians and Arabs used silver as a precious metal, and gold came rapidly into use amongst these nations as still more valuable. Upon the same continent, however, and amongst other races, "iron" was used nearly four thousand years after the

period referred to, as a precious metal, and in competition even with silver and gold dust. Any metal, or any other substance that happens to be of extreme value in the circumstances of society, will constitute money. Gold and silver are universally adopted amongst civilised nations as the types of value and the instruments of exchange, either in reality, by the actual use of so much gold and silver, or in representation, by the promise of responsible individuals to pay so much gold or silver when it may be wanted.

There are two parties connected with the currency question; one who cling to the present ruinous laws; a second who want to establish a free-trade in the issue of paper money, along with its convertibility; to whose opinions we refer in the subsequent remarks. The first party are almost entirely located in England; the second date their practice and principles from Scotland, wherever they may have succeeded in infusing them.

The idol of the first party is "convertibility," and their bugbear is "depreciation." To secure the first and avert the last, they are sacrificing every interest of the country, and rendering certain those evils which professedly they seek to avoid. "Convertibility" is an utter and baseless fiction, except so far as public feeling, for public convenience, and through public credit and confidence, tolerates its existence. There is no such thing as convertibility, in the absolute meaning of the word. The circulating medium is the means of ultimately repaying debts; and is any man sufficiently simple to believe that this circulating medium ever can be convertible? The supposition, although thereon rest all the arguments for recent enactments, is utterly childish. Can the Bank of England convert its notes into gold? Can it keep its word, and pay them when presented? We do not know, while we write, that the nation is not on the eve of a terrible panic. There is a strong probability that this is the case, and an absolute certainty that the Bank of England could not keep its feet against a substantial run for a week. Let people once generally suspect that they should exchange notes for gold, and hoard their sovereigns—let this suspicion prevail for a week in timid minds, and the bubble, convertibility, "will be exploded."

In round numbers, we may state, that the Bank of England has nineteen millions of notes in circulation, and holds eight millions of bullion; but it is evident that eight millions cannot pay nineteen, if the holders demand payment. The Bank holds stock, and can throw it on the market; but what will be its value during a panic? It is now £79 10s. It has been lower within a few days. But will it bring £79 10s. when the Bank sells for the purpose of drawing in gold to pay its notes? If the bank broker put one million on the Exchange, will he obtain £75? If he places two millions, will he obtain £70? Should he require to sell three millions, would he receive £60? or, for four millions, could he command £50—or anything? One or all of these questions must be answered, undoubtedly, in the negative; for, in these circumstances—not unlikely occurrences—there would be more sellers than the Bank, and very few buyers. The convertibility of the circulating medium depends, therefore, entirely on public confidence in the public stock. Whenever that becomes largely depreciated, the circulation will no longer be convertible. Every sarcasm cast by the bullionists against Birmingham reverts thus upon themselves; for no arithmetical proposition can be clearer than that the destruction of public confidence must insure the inconvertibility of bank notes.

While these pages are in the printer's hands, the Government has issued their license, if we may use that phrase, to the Bank of England to break the law. In that letter the Premier and the Chancellor of the Exchequer express their hope, that any over-issue of notes which the Bank may make will be gradually recalled. We doubt whether the Bank will ever require to make an over-issue. The balance of two and a half millions in the banking department may suffice to restore a healthy tone to commerce, now that it can be let loose; but, however that may be, the charm of the Bank Charter Act is broken.

Nothing tends more clearly to show the ignorance of the Cabinet on this subject, than that the signatures, John Russell and Chas. Wood, appear to a letter in which this indefinite relaxation of the law is styled a temporary measure. The nature of the case forbids the use of temporary measures. The act must be, like Cæsar's wife, above suspicion—above the suspicion of being set aside under any circumstances—to be of the slightest utility to its framers.

There was a tradition current in our school-boy days regarding the Dutch mode of punishing certain criminals—a mode that certainly had its advantages in Holland—where, as the story ran, convicts were condemned to learn industry under pain of drowning, by working a pump for so many hours daily in such a situation, that relaxation on their part insured a rise in the water so steadily that a man had merely to do nothing in order to commit suicide. The efficiency of the punishment arose from the fact that there was no relaxation of the inward current. It was at the option of the labourer to stop the flow out, but the flow in was as completely out of his control as the lapse of time. He therefore pumped steadily; but if, when the water reached his shoulders or his chin, the convict had been assured, from precedent, that the inward current would be relaxed, then, doubtless, the regularity of the works would have been sadly interrupted, and the pumps would have often been wrought at leisure.

So it is with the Bank Charter Act. It can be relaxed, and the circumstance will be remembered. An act that needs to be occasionally repealed had better be entirely destroyed.

One Currency Act, however, cannot be destroyed without substituting another. The repeal of the Act 1844 cannot be carried alone. There must be a substitution of some other scheme for that which recently existed, which is, indeed, only suspended. Three modes of arranging the issue

of paper money are suggested: the first is an exclusive issue by Government; the second, an issue by specially privileged incorporations, companies, and individuals, as at present; the third is by free-trade in money—that is, by permitting all companies who can comply with the regulations devised and adopted, to issue bills for small sums payable in bullion on demand. To the first scheme we have a leading objection, arising from the circumstance that the Government mechanism is already sufficiently unwieldy, and again from the suspicion that might be engendered of Government interference through its issues with the course of business.

In reference to the second or existing scheme, while we deny not the abstract right of Government to manufacture, or even to manufacture exclusively, paper money; yet we deny any right, in justice, that it can have to pass away this privilege to a certain number of private companies or individuals. The right in law is not to be questioned. The Legislature make the statutes, but what is right in law may not always be sound in policy or just in morals. We see no ground to justify the bestowal of an exclusive privilege to make money—the current representative of capital—and itself real capital or not, as the case may be. The Government have monopolised the conveyance of letters, which is done ill and cheaply: the work is not done ill because it is done cheaply; but both characteristics exist together; and without denying the right of the Government to convey the mails exclusively, we should deny the moral right of the Legislature to bestow this privilege or business on one or two private companies—on the London and North Western, or on Pickford & Co. We have, therefore, a radical objection to the second plan. It is a monopoly, and all monopolies are essentially imprudent and impolitic.

The third plan prevailed in Scotland to the date of the Act 1845 and 1846, which confined the power of issuing paper money exclusively to the banks of issue then established in that country.

The Bank of England Charter presents an objection to the adoption of free-trade in the metropolis and some parts of England. That charter has its date, and it has its money value. We know when it will die out, and we know also that it may be bought out; while we do not think that any sum which could be necessary for that purpose should prevent a great national reform. Assuming, therefore, that the Bank of England can be approached with proposals regarding the sale of its charter, we reach the conditions on which any company might be permitted to issue notes for small sums payable on demand.

There are many distinctions between a bank and trading companies for general purposes. In depositing money, a person satisfies himself respecting his banker's solidity and solvency. Inquiries are not often made; appearances are readily set down for facts; and sometimes the shrewdest depositors choose the crooked stick; yet we are bound to suppose that in a leisurely and deliberate transaction, business is done, in this regard, on a sound basis.

A bank of issue, however, asks credit from the public. Its wares are thrown into every man's hand; and it is not desirable, as a shopkeeper or trader takes their bills, that he should be obliged to consult some authority regarding their validity. They should bear the mark of being good and solvent promises to pay on their brow. There should be no doubt left on the subject. The Government warranty can be affixed to each note, and thus, wherever it passes, it may be known to represent in good faith one pound, or five, or ten pounds worth of negotiable property. In asking security for the currency, we are reminded of the much larger capital in deposits left with bankers; but that is the business of each individual depositor; while the currency affects all classes, and no class should, we repeat, be compelled to make special inquiries regarding the character and solvency of every bank in the kingdom.

Our proposal embraces, first, the purchase of Consols by the bankers who mean to issue notes, equal in amount to one-third above the sum which they intend to issue. Thus, if their fixed issue shall be £240,000, we propose that they should hold Government stock to the nominal value of £320,000, productive of dividends annually to their concern, but in every other respect withdrawn from the market, and placed under a Government lock and key.

The first act in establishing a bank of issue, or continuing one already existing, would be to mortgage property amounting to one-third more than the circulation which the proposers would ever have before the public. Any other description of property might answer for this mortgage equally well with Government stock; but yet, the latter is the most convenient form; 2d, it is advisable, for the interests of the country, to maintain the value of this stock; 3d, it renders expensive and tedious inquiries unnecessary.

The bank of issue would necessarily obtain on an average 3½ per cent. for the capital invested in this mortgaged stock; but we do not contemplate a state of business where that return will form any temptation to capitalists. They would also have the interest accruing from the average amount of circulation that their notes may obtain in the course of their business. A bank of issue, however, never really circulates to the amount fixed by law. It must always have a stock of notes at its different offices for the transaction of business; and under a sound system of banking, it becomes the interest of every man to increase this slumbering stock of notes. The supposition, therefore, that bankers would always have in circulation, and yielding interest, a sum of money equal to their fixed issue, is erroneous. Still, as some expense must be connected with the establishment of Government offices to conduct this business, or with the extension of the staff in the present stamp offices, to include the requisite and additional operations, there is no fund by which it could be more fairly met than the profit accruing from the paper circulation. That might be done by an individual tax on each note stamped by the Government office, as has

been previously the case; and as each note would require to bear very apparently a Government stamp as the guarantee for its validity, this mode of raising a revenue to meet the necessary expense seems least objectionable. A general tax of one or one and a third per cent. might be taken from the dividends accruing on the stock lodged against the notes issued; and that plan has also the advantage of simplicity. On its adoption, banks of issue would require power to withdraw part of their mortgaged stock, by lodging an equivalent amount of their notes to be cancelled.

The common objection, that we should be inundated with paper money — that we should have over-issues, consequent depreciation, destruction of credit, of confidence, accompanied by periodical panics and crashes—may be made to this plan in England, but will scarcely be repeated in Scotland, where the guarantees against an over-issue have long and effectively checked the disease, or even in Ireland, where their operation is practically known.

In Scotland interest is allowed on current accounts; and no man, therefore, who has an account with a banker, retains money in his possession. There can be no doubt that the circulating medium of England is—gold being included—twenty-fold the currency of Scotland, for five times the population, who do not transact a proportionately much larger business than that of Scotland. A five-pound note in Scotland does four times the work of its English contemporary. Notes, however, thus rapidly paid into the office where the holder transacts his business, are not largely those of that office. They are composed in average quantities of the general currency; and thus bankers have a mutual exchange of their notes, paying the balances in bullion. The tendency to over-issue is thus effectively checked by the knowledge that within three days the "promises to pay" will be returned. This currency must be convertible in bullion. There is a standard of money value, and we do not require it changed. The paper currency can still be held convertible into sovereigns at the present weight. This convertibility, as an absolute business extending to the whole circulation, however, as has been already stated, is, in any case, a fiction. No man really imagines that the currency is convertible. It cannot be supposed that all the paper in the country could be paid in gold. The existence of this ability is, indeed, absolutely unnecessary. Public confidence is the great requisite for an internal currency. Public confidence is possessed by the Scotch banks pre-eminently, and will ultimately be accorded to all banks governed on the same principles, and conducted with equal prudence. Until very recently, little or no gold has been demanded for notes in this country. The gold required has been for exportation, and we have had no run upon the banks for internal purposes, until within a few days in some localities of England. Convertibility, therefore, really means public confidence that, when required, the one-pound note will bring twenty shillings; with a strong conviction that the change will never be required, except in small quantities. Bankers, therefore, for internal purposes, do not require a large stock of coin. A stock of bullion is required, however, somewhere to balance foreign exchanges. There is no probability that our outward business can ever present a fair account. There will be a balance on some side of the paper, and it must be squared off.

We must, therefore, have a stock of bullion, and it has been assumed that this stock should be kept by some large bank, at present by the Bank of England. We see no sound reason for that assumption. Some parties have proposed that the Government should buy all the railways, and trade in that way. It is, at least, more consistent with the functions of Government that the Mint department should have the custody of coin and bullion. We do not stop to examine here the arrangements necessary for the commencement of this system, because they are evidently matters of detail; but when the Government has come into the position of the Bank of England, as the bullion keeper of the country, the subsequent working may require to be explained, and that can be done in a few sentences.

There is at present a fixed price of gold; and as an internal standard of value, it may be advantageous, although a fixed price of any commodity appears inconsistent with principles very generally held. This fixed price, however, is a positive loss often in our transactions with foreign countries. Merchants have frequently exported gold not to balance exchanges, but as a commodity yielding a profit. The Government, therefore, should be empowered to *sell* coin to those who want it for its average value in foreign markets; or, what comes nearly to the same result, should be empowered to charge a commission on coin required from them.

The principle on which the bullionists justify the suspended law is, that when the exchanges go against us by any cause, such as the recent large purchases of corn, the bill operates to return gold by reducing the price of commodities, thus forcing them upon foreign markets, and restoring the equanimity of the exchanges. The operation is extremely expensive. It reduces not merely the value of goods exported or stocks sold to a foreign country, but all other goods and stock whatever. We prefer to throw out the inducement in another direction. Under the system of currency we propose, there would not be large quantities of coin in the vaults of bankers. When, therefore, a merchant required gold for the purposes of export, he would draw on his banker for the sum in bullion. The latter would have to cancel notes to that amount in order to obtain gold; or deposit his notes with the Government office, to cover the advance he required, at the price of gold in the average of foreign countries, if that were higher than our standard; or at our standard, if it were lower. This operation would not narrow the circulation, because if bankers found their issues shortened too much by the transaction, they could increase them by farther purchases of stock. The price of stocks generally and indirectly of goods and produce would be

partially maintained ; while the export of bullion would be so far discouraged as could be consistent with prudence, and thus far inducements would be given to make payment in goods of debts to foreign countries. We could conceive the possibility of the Government officers being nearly run out of bullion. It is not a likely circumstance, but it might occur. In that case, they would require to buy wherever it could be found ; to incur loss in the purchase ; and thus to raise the price abroad, and necessarily at home, so as to accomplish their object in getting the exchanges balanced by goods instead of gold.

The nation would lose something by the transaction in this scarcely possible case, but better that it should lose five or ten per cent. on the sum required, four or five millions, than, as during the recent crisis, eighteen to fifty per cent. on all stock shares and produce, reducing wages, annihilating profits, stopping works, and causing a social revolution for the benefit of a few capitalists.

We are approaching the period when a change in the Currency laws will be made, and whatever may be the system adopted, the principle of freedom of trade in money, as in other matters, must be vindicated.

MIRANDA : A TALE OF THE FRENCH REVOLUTION.

BY PERCY B. ST. JOHN.

BOOK I.

THE DUKE AND THE STUDENT—1789.

CHAPTER III.

THE MAN IN THE CLOAK.

When the ladies had retired, and been shortly afterwards followed by the Duke and Charles Clement, Jean Torticolis and Duchesne, who had hitherto kept aloof, drew timidly nearer to the fire, the front of which was almost wholly occupied by the laqueys and ladies' maids, who, having no sleeping chamber, had agreed to sit up and enjoy themselves until towards morning, when a few hours' slumber could be sought on chairs and benches.

"Mam'selle," observed one of the domestics, addressing a lively brunette who officiated as lady's maid to the Countess Miranda, "you have never been to Versailles, I think?"

"Never," said Mam'selle, as she was generally called; "but I suppose I soon shall."

"We are all bound to the Court," said the other, pompously.

"And a good many along with us," laughed the girl, thus displaying a row of perfectly white teeth, encased in a ruddy setting.

"*Ma foi!*" said the domestic, shaking his head. "It will be a grand sight this meeting of the *Etats-Generaux*. All the nobles in grand costume—plumes, and gold, and white, and silver—messieurs the clergy in full costume—the *Tiers-Etats* in black cloth, *chapeaux clabauds*, and short cloaks. It will be worth the journey."

"That it will!" exclaimed the other domestics, with profound and solemn looks.

"But what is this *Etats-Generaux?*" inquired the brunette. "I assure you, Maître Pierre, it puzzles me."

"Ah, there I am *flambé*, puzzled too," said Maître Pierre," looking thoroughly so; "but I rather think it is a mode of showing respect to his Majesty."

"Bah!" interrupted the *maître d'hotel*, who, mixing more with his masters, was, of course, better informed; "you are in the wrong, Pierre ; but that's no wonder, since this is a most weighty subject;" and the *maître d'hotel* shook his head knowingly, pursed up his mouth, and looked as profound as was in his nature.

"But what is it then, Monsieur Germain?" persisted the brunette, somewhat maliciously.

"Oh, yes! what is it then?" said Maître Pierre, a little ruffled.

Torticolis and Duchesne nodded their heads, not venturing to put in a word.

"Why, the fact is—" said the *maître d'hotel;* "but you know, Mam'selle, our first duty in this world is to our king."

"Exactly!" put in Pierre, quite triumphantly; "that's what I said."

"But I don't see it," said Germain, angrily, glad of the opportunity of being so, as he was somewhat nonplussed at his task.

"Never mind," muttered the valet; "we are waiting for your explanation."

"Well, then, that's settled," repeated the *maître d'hotel.* "Now, our best way of showing respect to his Majesty is by paying what money is necessary for his Majesty to support his army, his navy, his palaces, his household."

"Certainly," repeated the domestics, affirmatively.

"Then, why do not the *noblesse* pay their share?" said Mam'selle Rosa, carelessly.

"Oh!" exclaimed the horror-struck domestics.

"Recollect their outlays," said the *maître d'hotel.*

"Their horses," put in the negro coachman.

"Their mansions, their hotels," interposed another.

"Their dreadfully expensive habiliments," said Adela's maid; "their prodigious charges at court; their household."

"Ah!" responded Rosa, as if convinced.

"Well, it seems," continued the *maître d'hotel,* "that, in the course of time, people, perverted by a set of men my master calls philosophers, have got into the bad habit of not paying regularly, and there is what is called a *de—de—ficit.*"

"A *disette,*" exclaimed the domestics, in chorus.

"No!" responded M. Germain, contemptuously, "a *deficit.*"

"And what is a *deficit?*" asked one; "something worse than a famine?"

"Much, I believe, since I heard Count Leopold say, a *deficit* is another word for ruin. It means a want of money."

"Oh," again chorussed the domestics, visibly touched.

"So you see his Majesty cannot, for want of money, carry on the affairs of the state. His navy is without pay."

"Terrible," said the chorus.

"And his army!" continued Germain.

"Shocking."

"And his servants!" exclaimed Germain, with oratoric emphasis.

"Dreadful!" cried the domestics, with heart-felt energy.

"And the people who are starving, what of them?" said an exasperated voice, in a loud and shrill tone. It was the voice of the poor man, of what modern cant calls in France the *proletaire*, making itself heard in an assembly of the untaxed.

Scarcely had Torticolis—for it was him—given vent to his exclamation than he shrunk terrified into his chair, awaiting the result.

"Insolence! unworthy of notice! better not be repeated!" exclaimed the servants, with the true *insouciance* of power, holding the speaker too contemptible for serious attention.

"And the *Etats-Generaux* will bring his Majesty money for all these purposes," said Mam'selle, in affected admiration.

"Why," replied Germain, "that's a question I don't exactly understand; but I think it's to settle about regular payments in future."

"And will the *Etats-Generaux* ask nothing in return?" said the favourite attendant of the Countess Miranda.

"*Corbleu*," laughed Germain; "but Monsieur le Duke says they will ask for a great deal; from what Monsieur Clement says, I believe they will want some laws."

"Ah!" said Pierre, emphatically, "I know a good many which are much wanted."

"You do!" exclaimed Rosa, merrily; "and what laws are they?"

"Why, laws against Savoyards, Swiss, Italians, exercising the *etat* of domestic, and thus throwing Frenchmen born out of work," said the kitchen Solon.

"Most necessary," continued Germain, approvingly.

The discussion, however, was here prematurely closed, to the great loss, we doubt not, of society in general.

"Hola there! *milles boulets rouges!*" thundered a voice from without; "open!"

The tone was so imperious that Madame Martin hurried across the apartment to open the door with even more energy than she had shown on the arrival of the Duke. The servants rose, startled at the intrusion, while Jean Torticolis and Duchesne consulted in a low tone their probable chances of sleep.

"*Sapristie!*" said the stranger, entering; "this is a night! Rain enough to melt a cannon ball. Oh! oh! a fire and company. Dame, a bottle of good wine! By your leave."

With these words the man seized a stool which had previously been occupied by one of the domestics, and seating himself on it, proceeded to dry his clothes by the fire.

"A pleasant night for the rats," laughed the soldier, drawing his wet cloak round him, so as to bring it in front of the blaze; "better cozy by one's fireside than abroad; eh, pretty ones?" And the stranger chucked the pouting Rosa under the chin.

"Hands off!" cried the *soubrette*, with a laugh; "faugh! thy cloak sends forth no pleasant odour. Why not hang it up to dry?"

"Ay, I will hang it up for thee," said Fournier, the black coachman, who had been curiously examining the stranger's countenance.

"Thanks, but 'twill stiffen off me," exclaimed the soldier, carelessly; "and I have come to rest, not to stay; I am bound on the king's service, and when my horse has eaten and I have warmed my jacket, I shall ride again."

"Thou hast ridden far?" inquired Rósa.

"Far or near, it matters not," said the soldier, quaffing a huge draught.

"What ails you?" whispered Duchesne to his companion Torticolis, who was pale as death, and sat trembling like a leaf.

"Nothing—but that voice!" replied the crick-neck, with a shudder. "Come away; let us go to sleep."

Duchesne, much puzzled, rose in company with his friend, and, after a few words with Dame Martin, they retired to a loft, overlooking the stable and the *remise* which contained the Duke's carriage.

"Plenty of clean straw," said Torticolis; "too good for us; as Foulon says, we shall live to eat hay."

"Plenty," repeated Duchesne, abstractedly; "but what ails thee? has the soldier given you a fright?"

"Oh no!" replied Torticolis, "only he reminded me of the past, when such gallants guarded me to the Grève."

"Not an over pleasant recollection, truly," said Duchesne, with a grin.

"Are you sleepy?" inquired Torticolis, dryly.

"Very," replied the *Bourreau*, with a yawn, and falling lazily on a heap of fresh straw.

"So am I," said Torticolis; "wilt thou drink a *gôute* ere you snore?" And the crick-neck produced his case bottle of brandy.

"Readily," replied the *Bourreau*, taking the flask; "that's the stuff, it's devilish strong. Eh? good night, Torty; don't mind that *gens*—of a soldier—ah!"

And, after a few more growling words, the *Bourreau*, who had almost emptied the flask, was fast asleep.

"Good," muttered Jean, putting the brandy away without tasting it.

With this one word he darkened the lanthorn which had been given them, and having lit his pipe, put his head out of the window, with the air of a man who is about to watch.

The window at which Torticolis sat overlooked the yard. Facing him was a small door, which led into the principal room of the auberge, and through the cracks of which came occasionally the smothered sound of mirth and jollity. The servants, excited by the trooper, were evidently enjoying themselves, and giving way to as much merriment as was consistent with a due regard to the slumbers of their master. Beneath was the stable. A trap-door, half over that and half over the coach-house, was close to

Jean's feet, and he once moved towards this aperture, and made sure that there was a ladder to descend by.

In the corner of the yard was a snug shed, with a room over it occupied by the ostler, and beneath this was the trooper's charger, as well as three horses belonging to the servants, the stable itself being quite full.

The night, which was far advanced—it was past one—was dark and lowering, though the rain had ceased a while. The clouds, in ragged and black masses, hurried headlong by, charged with the storm and the blast. There were strange sounds at that hour in the house-tops, which came with saddening influence to the heart of the watcher. The low wind moaned, rather than shrieked, in its damp journey through the loaded air, save when a fitful gust came howling along, awakening the sleeping echoes, and searching out every hole and corner whence to draw a sigh or groan. Save the speaking of the breeze, Nature was silent; the low whisper of a summer's night was replaced by the blustering fury of the tempest.

Torticolis, however, paid no attention to the warfare of heaven. A tempest of hate, revenge, and mingled hope, was raging in his bosom, which blinded him to all else. This man, poor, unknown, humble, had endured unheard of sufferings. Once happy, with a young and cherished wife, who loved him as he loved her, his happiness had been destroyed by the illicit passion of a noble. Persecuted and followed unceasingly, the young wife had complained to her husband, then a tradesman, well to do in the world; and he, forgetting all prudence, had personally chastised the insolent aristocrat, who sought to rob him of his greatest treasure. But the law was strict. A noble was inviolate, and Paul Ledru was condemned to death. What became of the refractory wife was not known; the husband's fate has already been explained.

Inconceivable as it was, Jean Torticolis—thus, in cynical remembrance of his escape, had he christened himself—had fancied that, in the ragamuffin of a soldier, he had recognised the voice, the tone, the face of him whom he hated with a hate which is impossible to be characterised, but which may be in part conceived in one who had, by an act of foul injustice, been robbed of life, of fortune, of her he loved, of legal existence, and even a name. But Jean hated not only the man, but his class, the system, the thing called aristocracy, which gave such monstrous rights to men over their fellow-men, to creatures of God over creatures of God.*

Modified as aristocracy has been by the progress of civilization, it still enjoys privileges enough to excite the wonder of all reasonable men. Were any one to propose, at this time of day, that a certain number of persons should be chosen, whose sons and son's sons should be born legislators, who should hold land without having it answerable for their debts, who should have a monopoly of all the high offices of the state, and be in fact a privileged class, we should receive the population with shouts of derisive laughter, and vote its advocate a safe box in Bedlam, just as, under existing circumstances, men do the unhappy wight who talks of the aristocracy of merit and talent, and of equal rights and equal duties for all men, irrespective of birth. We are aware we give occasion for the accusation of madness, but then we are so in goodly company.

Torticolis scarcely knew what was about to happen, save that the thirst for revenge was hot within him, and that the words of Charles Clement had filled his mind with hope. The soldier was armed, while he had nothing but an old knife; but in the hands of the man dead before the law, whose wife had vanished from the earth, this weapon was mighty.

And the night went on apace. It wanted but an hour of morning; and, had the weather been less tempestuous, he would have discovered the first grey streak of dawn. Jean listened attentively—the tumult within had some time ceased—and yet the soldier had not appeared to pursue his journey on the king's service. It was time to act—all in the public-room probably slept. His first desire was to make sure of his man. Taking his knife between his teeth, Torticolis, without the aid of his lantern, descended the ladder into the coach-house, groped about with both his hands, and found the door. It was on the latch. He opened it and stood in the yard. Before him was the side door of the cabaret, to his left a high wall covered with grape vines, and leaning against there a number of poles and a small ladder.

Jean listened, scarcely drawing breath.

A slight noise fell upon his ear. It was the unbarring, in the most stealthy manner, of the small door already referred to.

"He is going," muttered Jean, falling at the same time behind the shadow of the poles, between which and the wall his small and frail body was easily concealed.

At the same moment the door opened, and two men came out, who noiselessly reclosed the issue behind them.

Jean Torticolis allowed a heavy sigh of rage to escape his bosom, for the soldier was not alone. To kill was not his only object. He had a secret to wring from his heart, for which purpose it was necessary to take his enemy at a disadvantage.

To be quite sure, the trick-neck peered forth into the air, and looked carefully towards the pair.

It was the trooper and Fournier, the American coachman.

There are moments in a man's existence when, enlightened by love, or hate, or both, his intelligence usually slugged and lazy—and it is oftener so than naturally dull—acts with a degree of rapidity that seems to him at the moment almost prophetic. The mind, sharpened by the passions, dives deep and brings up truth—not always, but often. It was so with Torticolis. The association of these two men was a shaft of light which pierced the dull husk and went to his very soul, infusing a terrible and savage joy. He saw crime in their union, and for crime there was punishment.

Might not he live to see him receive that ignominious death which had so nearly been his lot? Such was the thought of this man, ignorant, debased, degraded; but

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* Came not the revolution in time when the following could be truly quoted with regard to the system of French feudalism?—"He (Lapoule) spoke of the mort-main, as well real as personal, of the forced obligation to nourish the dogs of the nobles, and of that horrible right, confined, doubtless, for ages to the dusty monuments of barbarism, but which existed, by which the *seigneur* was authorised, in certain cantons, to disembowel two of his vassals on his return from the chase, to refresh himself, by putting his feet within the warm bodies of these unhappy wretches!"—*Hist. Pop. de la Revolution Francaise, par Horace Raisson.*

ignorant not from his fault—debased, degraded from the crimes of others.

He clutched his knife, and, more happy than he had felt for years, listened.

"Who was this man who joined the Duke here?" inquired the soldier.

"How do I know?" replied Fournier; "I didn't listen. It's not my business to wait at table. Germain could tell you."

"*Nigaud!*" said the other, fiercely, "but you say he retired with the Duke?"

"He did," continued the negro, without paying attention to the other's tone.

"*Manant, coupe-jarret,*" * muttered the other, "you might be a little more respectful."

"And call you by your name?" said the other, with low cunning.

"No. But no more words," continued the soldier, apparently recollecting his part; "who mixes in dirty work can scarce come out clean."

"It was your own choice, Monsieur," sneered the other; "I should never have thought of it."

There was a moment of fierce passion on the part of the trooper, during which he drew forth one of his pistols, but it was soon lowered, though he still kept it in his hand.

"You are a rough customer," he laughed; "show the way."

The negro, or rather the half-cast, was one of these hideous creatures who appear purposely chosen to give crime a repulsive aspect. His forehead was so low as to seem scarcely to exist; his hair, half woolly and half silky, was thinly scattered over his dark brown pate; his nose was flat, his lips thick, with an expression of disgusting appetite about them; while his heavy chin and goggle eyes, all surmounting a short thick body, made him the very incarnation of ugliness. To this, on ordinary occasions, he added a look of inconceivable stupidity, which deceived the most adroit. Save, however, to serve his various passions, on no occasion was his intelligence active.

This man, whose presence with the soldier, under such suspicious circumstances, had served to illumine the senses of Jean, led the way towards the coach-house. In his hand was a lanthorn which was very nearly betraying the presence of Torticolis, and would have done so to any less abstracted in their designs. The crick-neck trembled like a leaf, for he knew his man, and he, discovered there, would have served, he knew too well, to screen the true author of the crime, whatever it was, which was about to be perpetrated. He held his very breath, and by a superhuman effort repressed the shaking of his limbs. He had once already, innocent, stood upon man's scaffold.

"Is there as much as we expected," said the trooper, as they entered.

"More than we shall be able to carry," replied the American, with a grin.

Torticolis' heart beat for joy. These men were in his power. For the negro he cared not, except as a means of denouncing the other, and having him condemned.

"Not a *livre* shall be spared if our horses die," growled the other, who all along, from the habit of the evening, studied to disguise his voice.

"As you please," said Fournier, "but here it is."

Torticolis leaned forward, and saw the negro in the act of forcing, with a picklock, the padlock which secured the seat of the carriage, in the inside of which, it appeared, the Duke had placed his valuables. The black, however, did not appear very ready at his trade of thief, and the fastening remained good.

"Give me the *crochet*," muttered the other, impatiently, "you are but a bungler."

The negro yielded his instrument readily, which the other seized, laying his pistol on the step of the carriage, to have his hand free. In another minute the top of the seat was open.

"*Peste!*" cried the troop, joyously, "but here is a heavy load. You were right, Fournier, we shall scarcely be able to carry it. *Diantre*, there must be two hundred thousand livres in silver, and a jewel box too. It is fastened, but no matter, we shall have time enough, anon."

"We must loose no time then now," said the negro, his eyes glistening.

"Right," replied the soldier, whose back was half turned to the black, "go, draw out the horses, they are ready saddled."

The negro paused. The lanthorn was full upon his face, and Jean Torticolis made ready to spring upon him, for he saw a horrid grin pass over the American's face, as he calculated how well the whole would suit him. Jean feared his prey might perish too easily. He did not wish him now to die so soon. But the thought of the black was but momentary, and he moved away to the shed which covered the horses.

"These are the jewels of the Countess Miranda," laughed the trooper; "well, she must go to court without, unless we sell them to her again, which is to be thought of."

"The horses are ready," muttered the black from the yard.

"I come," and taking up several canvass bags of silver, the trooper passed within a foot of his mortal enemy.

"Here are the valises," said the negro.

"Bring them inside," replied the soldier; "the horses are trained and will not move."

The black did as he was directed.

"This is mine," said the man in the cloak, pointing to the large portmanteau; "you recollect our agreement—one-third for your part, which, with the passport I give you for England, will secure your fortune."

"I recollect our agreement," answered the black, with a slight tone of savage irony.

"Ruffian!" exclaimed the other fiercely, "you risk your carcase for what will make you for life; I risk life, rank, position, a brilliant fortune, for what will scarce carry me over my wedding."

"With La Grêve," muttered Torticolis within himself."

"I quarrel not with my part," said the negro.

The next of their task was performed in silence. The valises were crammed full. The jewel case of the Countess Miranda the soldier placed in his pocket, along with a small and well-secured box, the contents of which he was ignorant of. This done, they left the stable to put on the horses' backs their heavy load. This was rapidly accomplished, and then, having well secured them, they mounted.

* Clown, brigand.

On the step of the carriage lay the soldier's pistol, which, in the hurry of his crime, he had forgotten.

It was now dawn. The criminals, shunning the light, hastened to unbar the door which opened into the road. Profiting by this moment of inattention on their part, Jean Torticolis glided into the coach-house, seized the neglected pistol, pressed it convulsively to his breast, where he concealed it, and then with noiseless footsteps mounted the ladder. Gaining the loft, the crick-neck rushed to the window, and leaning out, saw them about to depart.

"*Bon voyage!*" he laughed, hideously. "I hope your load is light?"

"Malediction!" cried the soldier, seizing his remaining pistol, and discharging it furiously at the crick-neck; "away Fournier."

And giving spur to their horses, the robbers dashed away in the direction of Paris.

"Thieves! murder!" roared Jean Torticolis, whom the ball had touched on the left shoulder. "Quick! thieves! murder."

"Hang them!" said the *Bourreau*, sitting bolt upright.

"*Au feu!*" shrieked Dame Martin, who had been awoke by the pistol shot.

Jean, quick as thought, glided the pistol into his bundle, and then, without taking note of his wound, continued to bawl "*au voleur! au meurtre!*"

In an instant the yard was filled with servants, while the ostler and Dame Martin hurried to examine the shed.

"Where?" cried Germain.

"Gone," bawled Dame Martin, "without paying his score."

"The carriage burst open!" exclaimed the head valet, horror-struck.

"The soldier gone!" continued Dame Martin.

"And Fournier!" thundered Germain.

"Which way?" asked one of the servants of Jean, he having, his clothes all covered with blood, descended to join the domestics.

"What is the matter?" said the voice of the Duke, who, a sword in his hand, and followed by Charles Clement, now entered the yard.

The worthy old nobleman, in a dressing gown and night-cap, having taken not even time to don his velvet *culotte*, would, under any other circumstances, and in the presence of any but his household, have excited much merriment; but, as it was, a dead silence followed, all the domestics making way for Jean.

"But you are bleeding," said Charles, anxiously.

"It is nothing, *monsieur*," replied Jean Torticolis, thankfully.

"But what is the matter?" inquired the Duke, petuently.

Jean, who, for his own private reasons, chose to conceal that he knew all, quietly replied, that, awoke by a noise in the yard, he saw two men, the *reître* and the coachman, on horseback, about to leave the inn. Judging from the hour, their suspicious manner, and the heavy portmanteaus they carried, that all was not right, he challenged them, when the soldier fired his pistol and rode off.

"Examine the carriage," said the Duke, who was pale, but whose face was rigid.

"The carriage seat is burst open," replied Germain, in a trembling voice.

"Have they then taken everything?" inquired the nobleman, in a faltering tone.

"Everything, Monsieur le Duc," said Germain, desperately.

Charles Clement, meanwhile, was obtaining from Torticolis some account of the appearance of the thieves. As for Duchesne, he had no idea upon the point save that they ought to be hanged.

"What *is* the matter?" suddenly exclaimed the musical voice of the Countess Miranda, who, followed by Adela, now appeared on the threshold of the public room.

"That my negligence, in not taking our valuables into my room, has dishonoured me," replied the Duke, in a tone of deep grief. "I had charge of your jewels, and the deeds of your Italian estates, and they have all been stolen."

"You must buy me others, jewels are not rare in Paris, nor am I penniless; as for my papers, you must win them back through Ducrosne," said the Countess, laughing merrily. She was young, and could not grieve the old man by showing the slightest regret. "Come, come, no shakes of the head, my lord; but have you lost nothing yourself?"

"A trifle," answered the Duke, without flinching, "a month's revenue. Fasten up the doors, and prepare breakfast, it is useless retiring to rest again."

"But I will mount and chase them," exclaimed Charles Clement, who stood resolutely out of sight, his costume being far from complete, "give me two of your servants."

"It is useless, nephew," said the Duke; "the rogues have a fair start. That scamp of a Fournier, he looked like a cut-throat. By-the-way, dress that man's wound, Pierre, and give him a couple of ecus, if, indeed, the vagabonds have left us any."

"But who knows they are not accomplices," muttered Pierre, the barber-valet, pointing to Jean and Duchesne.

"Search us," replied Torticolis, coldly, while his whole frame quivered.

"Do nothing of the kind," exclaimed Charles Clement, indignantly; "I answer for these men."

Jean gave him a look of humble gratitude. He still alone possessed the secret of the pistol. The servant drew back with an ill-suppressed growl.

"Go finish dressing, ladies," cried the Duke to his daughter and the Countess; more, however, to get clear passage for himself and Charles Clement, than because the young beauties required their maids.

"We go; come Rosa," said the Countess, smothering a laugh.

"Hush, Miranda," whispered the blushing Adela, "my father will be offended."

"But they did look so richly comic," replied the merry Countess, "especially your cousin of the long robe."

"Miranda," said Adela, reproachfully, for this was reminding her of his inferiority.

"Tush! girl, I meant no harm," answered the other, faintly blushing; "I think better of him than you perhaps imagine."

"So much the better," exclaimed Adela, still pouting, for she had not disguised her affections for him from her

friend. They had no mutual secrets—none. But we have all secret thoughts, which the breath of life has never fanned, and could they be exceptions?

"What manner of man was this?" inquired the Duke of Germain, who assisted him to dress, while Pierre bound up the wound of Torticolis.

The domestic described him minutely.

"Humph! a cut-throat thief enough. As soon as breakfast is over, put in the horses; then ride ahead without waiting for us. When you reach Paris, give information to the lieutenant of the police. Tell M. Ducrosne that I will give fifty thousand livres for the Countess' jewels, and as many for her papers."

It was the best plan. In those days the police served as go-betweens for thieves and their victims. The change has not been for the better.

In a few hours after, the whole party were on their road to Paris.

Charles Clement accompanied the Duke, his daughter, and Miranda.

Jean Torticolis followed on foot. After a brief colloquy, in which, without mentioning names, he told his history, Charles Clement had engaged him as a servant. With the young republican, his chief recommendation was his having been oppressed.

The hangman accompanied his friend, not at all displeased to return to Paris, that centre of civilization—that soul of the world, as it is called over the water, where lived, and had their being, more knaves, rogues, and ———; but plain-spoken English has gone out with Smollet and Fielding. We do not speak now, we insinuate.

CHAPTER IV.

THE FIRST SCENE.

Paris was seething, hissing, but not yet boiling. The elections were over, and everywhere men of liberal tendencies had been returned by the Tiers-Etats. The world was now anxiously inquiring what it would do—this assembly of the nation's representatives. There was want, there was misery, there was oppression, there were grinding and opprobrious laws—if legality can thus be insulted. There was incredulity on the one hand, bigotry on the other; there was hope in the people's heart, selfishness in the middle classes, hate in the upper ranks. Already the rotten fabric of aristocracy trembled, for the light of truth was breaking in upon it. Too long had one favoured portion of the nation been masters—the turn of others now, and they knew it. But they met not the revolution boldly, and seizing the helm guided it—they ran away, or conspired in holes and corners. The emigration of the great, of the rich, such is the secret of subsequent anarchy. The chivalrous French nobility struck their colours and fled.

At no great distance from the Palais-Royal, and leading from the Rue St. Honore to the Fromagerie, is a street known by the name of the Tonnelerie, which belongs to it ever since the year 1300, when Guillot in his "Dits des Rues de Paris" says—

"Droit et avant sui ma trace
Jusques en la Tonnelerie."

In this locality, where, at No. 3, in 1640, was born Moliere, we must now transport ourselves. Antiquated, dirty, with windows mended by paper, and tenanted by old-clothes-men, the houses project into the middle of the street on one side, being supported by huge square wooden pillars, black, begrimed, and soiled by the air of ages. Their duration had not added to their respectability; like the *noblesse*, they were rotten at the core. The pavement, at the time of which we speak, was broken and disjointed; while the front of the shops, where piles of old rags were displayed under the specious name of second-hand clothes, exhibited all the hideous features which appertained to one of the old quarters of Paris, in those days of utter disregard in relation to the comforts of the poor, the indigent, the humble. Death, which in other places is conquered by the power of life, stalked in Paris by the side of the new-born child, and for every babe that came into the world, there perished one to make him place. Not a soul was added to the population, though twenty thousand annually drew their first breath in the pestilent and crowded atmosphere of a metropolis, which boasted so many splendid monuments of its ancient race of kings, and not one to the benefactors of the people.* Horrible prisons, dark and gloomy quarters, narrow lanes, like slits in a wall, where no sun nor light ever penetrated; high-priced provisions, and high duties for all that entered the city walls; uncleansed gutters, unlightened streets; everything which could brutalise both mind and body. Such was the state of things in Paris when the storm began to blow; all hurrying on the catastrophe, and furnishing ready, reckless, and blind tools for the selfish, unprincipled, and bad men, who degraded and stained a revolution in its outburst—natural, hearty, wholesome and just.

In this street, and in a house which lay midway between the great and little *Friperie*, in a large room, almost bare of furniture, save a truckle-bed, a table, and a few chairs, sat a man, deeply engaged in the luxurious employment of drinking a *carafe* of brandy, and of smoking as black and ill-looking a pipe as could be found, even in that unwholesome establishment. If the walls of the room were dingy and repellent, with their plaster falling inwards—if the ceiling was clouded, the floor absolutey filthy—the whole was in excellent keeping with the occupant of the chamber. Not more than forty, there was yet in his puffed red cheeks, carrotty hair, bald crown, and unwashed visage—in his keen grey eyes, thin hands, and paunchy shape—in his shabby black hat, and coarse shoes—in his unshaven chin—a sublime whole, which spoke an age of crime or misfortune, or both. Those compressed lips and dilated nostrils, with eye fixed hardly or fiercely on the ceiling, showed that he was contemplating some object of deep interest. Whatever it was, however, it did not abate the perseverance with which he sent forth clouds of tobacco smoke, in the examination of which, as they rose upwards to the sky, he might, by a casual spectator, have been supposed engaged.

Suddenly the faint tinkle of a bell was heard, once, and then a heavy tread was distinguished on the stairs.

The man continued to smoke as impassably as if he had not heard anything.

* For several years before the revolution there were 20,000 annual births and deaths, 7,000 of the births illegitimate. In 1794, the deaths had decreased to 17,000, while marriage had increased, and the number of illegitimate children had diminished to 3,000.

"M. Brown," said a voice through a small loophole in the door.

"Come in," still without moving.

The man entered, and stood almost meekly before the dirty personage, whom he addressed by the name of Brown. In a plain suit of grey, with clean hands, clean face, clean shoes, he looked a marked contrast to the smoker, but not less with himself a few days previously, for under the garb of a sober domestic were the little piercing eyes and the crick-neck of Torticolis.

"Take a pipe and a seat," said the other, without moving.

Torticolis looked irresolute and half indignant.

"Paul," exclaimed M. Brown, quietly, "you did not hear me. Take a pipe and a seat."

The crick-neck started as if he had seen the gallows of the Grève before him, but he did as ordered.

"You have been warmly recommended to me," said the man, taking up a paper from the table before him, but still continuing to smoke.

"Hum," half growled the other.

"By my worthy, by our mutual friend, Duchesne," continued Brown, eyeing the other with a horrid leer, which made him shudder.

"For what purpose?" said Torticolis, almost impatiently.

"Your name is now?" added his questioner, preparing to write his reply.

"Jean Torticolis is my name," he answered briefly.

"You are in the service of—"

"Monsieur Charles Clement. But why these questions?"

"Monsieur Torticolis," replied the other, "I am the secret agent of his majesty's police."

"Oh!" said the domestic curiously, and with another faint shudder.

"And your friend," continued the other.

"Ah."

"You wish to recover your wife?" threw out the other (M. Brown) carelessly.

"Man or devil!" cried Torticolis, with an indescribable look, "how know you all this?"

"And to be revenged on a certain aristocrat," said M. Brown, rubbing his hands.

"You are right," replied Torti, sombrely; "show me him, and I am your slave."

"Ah! I thought we should understand one another, and I am quite willing to assist you, if you satisfy me."

"I will do my best," said Torticolis, whose face was radiant with hope, for he hated, and revenge was at hand.

"Your master has inherited a portion hitherto unjustly withheld from him by his mother's relations."

"I believe so."

"His uncle, the Duke, fascinated by his talents and manner, aims even at giving him, through the king's letters patent, the right to inherit his title."

"I have heard it whispered."

"It remains to be seen," said Brown, peering at the ceiling, "if the king can do this."

"The king can do anything," replied Jean Torticolis, who recollected that the monarch was called "La France" by his courtiers.

"Can he?" continued Brown, who was French born, though of English parents, and who spoke both languages equally well; "then, why does he not without the States-General? But that is not the question. Your master loves Adela de Ravilliere?"

"I believe so."

"And she loves him," added Brown.

"I believe so," again dryly observed Jean.

"To complete the romance, there is an impediment," chuckled the spy.

"An impediment?" cried Jean, anxiously—he already loved his master.

"A serious impediment, one which cannot be got over," added Brown.

The bell tinkled again; this time sharply.

"Ah!" exclaimed the spy, jumping to his feet, and laying down his pipe.

"Shall I go?" inquired Torticolis, rising.

"By no means," cried M. Brown, "but enter here, and remain still until I call you. You will find a bottle of brandy, drink it."

With these words Torticolis was pushed through what seemed a cupboard, but which was in reality a door into another apartment.

For an instant the crick-neck remained perfectly lost in astonishment. He was in a chamber, half boudoir, half bed-room, that appeared to belong rather to some Madame Dubarry than to the dirty police spy. In an alcove was a bed elegantly and tastefully laid out, while mirrors, sofas, velvet chairs, the unheard-of luxury of a carpet, little knick-knackeries more suited to a woman than a man, a magnificent clock of Sevre China, with curtains to deaden the light, all added to the puzzled senses of Jean. On a chair was a complete suit of clothes, of the most irreproachable character, which appeared to be those of M. Brown. On pegs hung a number of suits of all kinds, suited to peer or peasant, but all of one size—that of M. Brown.

On a table in the middle of the room were the remains of a supper, at which two persons had been present, but not a sign was there of the second personage. Numerous untouched bottles were on the sideboard, and to these Jean was advancing, when he suddenly paused as if a serpent had stung him.

"Monsieur Brown! Monsieur Brown!" said a voice, which made the crick-neck's heart leap.

It was that of the trooper of the *Dernier Sou*.

"Your servant, Count," replied the spy.

"It is he; but Count, that is surely a mistake," muttered Jean, who, the wine now quite forgotten, was listening with all his ears through the door.

"Well," continued the new arrival, throwing himself on a chair, "any news?"

"Plenty," replied the other, "the Court is allowing the people to get a-head."

"I know it, and this must be stopped."

"There is only one means," said the spy, coldly, "and I doubt your using it."

"What is it?" inquired the other.

"Win over the middle classes," replied Brown.

"Willingly, but how?" asked the soldier.

"Concede some of your privileges, join with them heartily on the meeting of the States, divide the taxes fairly, let the nobles bear their part, the clergy theirs."

"I grant you the church," said the other, "having no

interest in that venerable establishment, but for the rest, impossible."

"I know it; you have held too long your place to give up willingly," said the spy, with an expression of face impossible to be rendered or understood; "you have held it too long."

"But what then?" inquired the soldier.

"You must frighten the middle classes, you must separate them from the people."

"Whom call you the people?" said the puzzled trooper.

"The labouring classes, the porters, the hawkers, the little tradespeople, the beggars, the unemployed, all who work without employing others."

"And you think this *canaille* worth troubling our heads about."

"This *canaille*," said the spy, with lowering eye, "is hungry."

"Let them eat," sneered the soldier.

"To eat they must have wages—to have wages they must have work—to have work, there must be trade, commerce, credit—to have trade, commerce, credit, there must be a steady government; now we have none of all this."

"You are a politician?" said the soldier.

"I am a police spy, and know everything," replied the other, with perfect self-confidence. "Now this people have their writers, their talkers, their plotters; and if the *Etats-Generaux* don't please them, and give them work and food, they will act."

"We must fill Paris with troops."

"You must have the consent and good-will of the middle classes."

"And how, pestiferous talker, can this be gained?"

"Frighten them, and they will consent to anything."

"Well," said the trooper, "of all this anon. The Abbé Roy and the Prince de Lambese will be here presently, incognito, to confer with us. The Court is alarmed."

"The king?" inquired Brown, raising his head.

"Bah! his majesty sticks to his blacksmith's shop, and comes out upon state occasions."

"You mean the Austrian, then, Monsieur, and the Count D'Artois?"

"They are the rulers."

"They are," replied the spy, dryly; "the more is the pity."

"As for that, it is none of my business; and now that I have sounded you, let us talk on my affairs, ere they come."

"I am ready, Coupt," said Brown.

Torticolis listened, his ear against the door; what would he not have given to have seen.

"Well, and what says Ducrosne?" inquired the soldier.

"That you can have thirty thousand livres for the diamonds, and the same sum for the papers."

"*Sapristie!* the lieutenant is generous. Nothing less than a hundred thousand for the two will satisfy me."

"That is exactly what he gets," replied the spy, dryly.

"And he thinks to pocket forty thousand. I will treat with them myself."

"There is a slight objection to it," quietly answered Brown.

"What?" inquired the Count, haughtily.

"The Châtelet," said the spy, looking at his empty fire-place.

"You would betray me?"

"You would be no longer useful?" continued the impassable policeman.

"Then my utility alone saves me!" said the Count, furiously.

"And your generosity," smiled the spy.

"Well, never mind, I will wait; a greater reward will be offered, perhaps."

"Perhaps," said Brown.

Torticolis breathed more freely—the proofs of guilt were still in his enemy's hands.

"The Abbé Roy, I think you said," observed the spy, consulting a register.

"I observed so," replied the soldier, who was devouring his rage at not being able to chastise the insolence of the policeman.

"A notorious intriguer and rogue," continued Brown, with perfect *sang-froid*.

Again the bell tinkled, this time with greater violence even than before.

"Our company," said the trooper, carelessly, and seating himself, for hitherto he had been standing.

"I am your most humble servant," exclaimed M. Brown, as two men entered, the one in the rich costume of the Colonel of the Royal-Allemands, the other in the garb of a priest.

"Well met, Count," said the Prince; "have you come to an understanding."

"Not at all, replied the soldier, "I leave that for you."

De Lambese bit his lip, and took a chair, in which he was imitated by the Abbé.

"But what progress have you made?" inquired the Colonel.

The soldier explained what had passed upon the point.

"But what does this *canaille* want?" said the poor Prince, really puzzled; for what could such people possibly desire?

"They want equality of rights," replied the spy.

"*Peste!* nothing more?" laughed the Colonel; "and if we don't agree to so reasonable a wish?"

"There is talk—not loudly, but in corners as yet—of a republic."

"And what is that?" inquired the dragoon, elevating his eyebrows, and using his tooth-pick—he had just dined in the Palais-Royal.

"I refer you to the Abbé, Monsieur le Prince," said the spy, with a reverence.

"An atrocious system, which Montesquior, Voltaire, Rousseau, and that gang, have devised," replied the priest, with an expression of horror, "in which there is a government without king or aristocracy."

"The devil!" cried De Lambese; "but in France this is absurd; a monarchy of fifteen centuries, a powerful nobility, a—a——"

"Nothing else, Monsieur le Prince," said the spy, smiling; "the tradespeople, the merchants, the middle classes, all save the *petite noblesse* of the robe, are against you."

"So it is said at court," exclaimed the prince, haughtily; "but we have the army, and this herd of the middle classes must see that they, too, would suffer from the reign of the mob."

"More than they do now?" ventured the spy.

"And what do they want?" said the dragoon, impatiently.

"That, paying the taxes, they may have the voting of them; for this purpose they desire an assurance of regular States-General."

"*Peste* take that word! but supposing this wish consented to, they were to take it in their wooden heads not to vote supplies?"

"When their will was baulked, they would do so," replied the spy.

"Then this shop-keeping *canaille* would rule——"

"As they do in England."

"Cursed example!"

"Unless middle classes and people united to rule, as in America."

"This comes of Lafayette playing the Quixote," sneered the prince. "But will the Paris *bourgeois* unite with the mob?"

"To gain their objects, as in the time of the *fronde* of Mazarin; the *canaille* will do the work."

"And the fat citizens reap the benefit"

"Exactly; your highness is a philosopher."

"*Ventre biche!*" cried the prince; "not at all, I hate the race. But the middle classes must be separated."

"There is but one means, Monsieur le Prince," said the spy.

"And that?"

"As I observed to Monsieur, just now, they must be frightened; the two classes must be placed in antagonism."

"How?"

"The mob must be roused to some violent act—they must commit some depredations, some burnings; they must pillage some shops?"

"But how is this to be managed?"

"Nothing easier," said the spy, with a scarcely repressed sneer; "the people are ignorant, and easily deceived. They are hungry—persuade them that the grocers charge too high for sugar, the bakers for bread, that certain masters keep down wages, that there are forestallers, monopolists; in a word, set labour against capital, its right hand."

"Can this be done?"

"As long, Monsieur le Prince, as there is ignorance and hunger."

"But certain parties must be chosen; we must not go to work blindly."

"Certainly not," said the Abbé Roy, with the look of a cat about to jump upon its prey.

"Have you any one to recommend as a victim?" inquired the prince.

"Your highness, I have heard of a certain elector, a friend of the pamphleteers, a man who wanted to have Mirabeau deputy for Paris, a certain Reveillon."

"The best master in the Faubourg St. Antoine," said the spy, dryly.

"That will never do, then," observed the prince.

"Nothing more easy," said the priest, warmly, his eye kindling as he spoke. "He is an atheist, a liberal, a friend to the working classes; their ruining such a man would rouse the whole *bourgeoisie* against the mob."

"But you propose a difficult task," exclaimed the prince.

"I propose nothing which I am not ready to execute," answered Roy, with a savage leer. "I will myself go among the people, persuade them he is conspiring a general lowering of wages, and spread the feeling that the Tiers-Etats, which represents the masters, is all for themselves."

"Abbé, you are invaluable," said the Royal-Allemand, with a smile; "your devotion shall be known at Versailles. For my part, anything to keep down all this *canaille*. But the police is sharp—Ducrosne will know all this in half an hour."

"He must have high orders to let things take their course," replied the Abbé; "but the soldiers must come in at the end—it will make them popular."

"This is settled then," said De Lambesc, rising.

"But I must have some dozen or two aids, to assist me in rousing the mob—the Faubourg St. Antoine is large."

"And peopled like a bee-hive," said the spy; "once set moving, 't will be hard to stop."

"I leave the details to you and M. Brown," continued the Royal-Allemand; "here are twenty thousand livres in an order on the treasury. Come, Count, will you to the opera? I have promised to meet La Volage."

"Willingly, prince;" and the two soldiers went out, after plotting one of those infernal schemes which set the mob going, and taught them their power for evil.

"Monsieur the Abbé," said the spy, as soon as the other conspirators had left them, "you have a personal spite against this Reveillon. He lent you money when you were in distress."

"M. Brown," replied the priest, with lowering eye, "sufficient he is my enemy. More, he is a Rousseauite, talks *Contrat Social* by the yard, receives the enemies of the holy Catholic church at his table——"

"That is to say, like so many others in the Faubourg, who are industrious and prosperous, he is a Protestant."

"A heretic——"

"Bah!" said the spy, laughing; "no bigotry from you to me."

"You are strangely familiar even with princes," answered the Abbé, with a growl, "and I must not complain."

"It would be little use," said the spy, relighting his pipe.

"But my co-operators?" inquired the other, rising.

"At five to-morrow be at the cabaret, Rue du Faubourg St. Antoine, known as the Tour du Bastille—at five—I will join you."

"Agreed, and now may——" began the priest.

"Bah! no *orémus* for me," laughed M. Brown; "I'm half a heretic myself."

"Ah!" muttered the priest, retreating, "but duty before everything."

Then meekly folding his hands across his breast, this mild son of the church went out. Scarcely had he closed the door behind him, than the spy rose. His step was stealthy and light: he was advancing towards the partition which led towards his inner apartment.

Suddenly throwing it open, he looked in. At a distance which rendered listening impossible sat Torticolis with two empty bottles before him, and a third just commenced, evidently in that happy condition when man, with justice, is doubtful whether he is an animal about to be led to the block, or a rational being in a state of temporary hallucination.

"Torti," said the spy, paternally, "you've made pretty free."

"Glad to see you, *preux che—che*—eh, what wants this dirty fellow in my—my—*boudoir?*" replied the crick-neck, acting his part admirably. The two bottles had been emptied out of the window.

"Jean," exclaimed the spy, laughing, and pushing him out at the same time, "go home, go to bed, and return to-morrow at four."

"Agreed," replied Torticolis, who floundered down stairs like a whale, nor walked uprightly until at some considerable distance from the house.

(To be continued.)

SCOTTISH RIVERS.—No. II.

THE TWEED AND ITS TRIBUTARIES.—*Continued.*

BY SIR THOMAS DICK LAUDER.

HAVING by chance cast our eyes over the latter part of our last paragraph, and then assumed an almost mathematically horizontal line, in order the better to indulge in some little reflection upon it, with our toes, our nose, and our black-lead pencil, all pointed directly towards the heavens, like the top-gallant-masts of some trim frigate, a curious thought struck us, which may, we think, lead to vast discoveries, both scientific and literary. Why may not the pointed pencil, directed vertically against the heavens, have the effect of attracting thence a minute portion of that electrical matter with which the clouds are charged, so as to be productive of something like a galvanic stream, to vivify and stimulate the dull brain that fills the skull, lying on the pillow directly beneath, to so great an extent that it shall emit bright and lively coruscations, that otherwise never could have been elicited from it? We are quite willing to allow that we have been somewhat surprised at our own occasional moments of brilliancy, and we hope we are at least too honest to attribute these to anything else but the true scientific cause.

The course of the Teviot is longer than that of any of the other tributaries of the Tweed. It is, moreover, an extremely beautiful stream, and it is fed by a number of smaller ones, the more important of which we shall notice in the progress of our description. It has its source at Teviot Stone, on the heights dividing Roxburghshire from Dumfriesshire, and it runs down through its own dale to join the Tweed above Kelso, giving to the district the name of Teviotdale, or, much more commonly with the careless vulgar, Tividale. That part of it which extends from Hawick upwards embraces a portion of the great line of road to Carlisle, which is afterwards carried through Langholm and Longtown, passing Johnny Armstrong's picturesque tower of Gilnockie, and through a range of scenery, which, partaking partly both of the wildness of that of Scotland, and the richness of that of England, is hardly to be surpassed for beauty by that of any part of either of the two countries.

It happened to us, yesterday, that in the course of a visit to an old friend of ours, an extensive farmer in this our county of East Lothian, he showed us some enormous horns, which must have been borne by a species of deer much larger than our red deer now existing in the Highlands. They were dug up from a low bottom in one of his fields, in the course of draining a swamp of so treacherous a nature, that all sorts of cattle venturing into it were sure to be sucked down, buried up, and suffocated; proving that the accumulation of the bones and horns of deer which were found here must have taken place from a succession of similar accidents which had occasionally occurred to the deer for a long series of years. But looking, as we did yesterday, from a considerable height all over the well-enclosed and fertile Lothians, where not a square inch of ground appeared to have been left uncultivated, we could not help feeling, in defiance of all historical record and daily discovered facts, that it was extremely difficult to imagine this now so polished surface of a country in a state of so great roughness and wildness as to furnish shelter and harbourage for such animals. Then, if, notwithstanding these appearances, the Lothians could do this, what might not the naturally more wild mountains and glens of the Border afford? and, therefore, how much must Teviotdale and the vale of the Jed, and their neighbouring elevations, have swarmed with these noble antlered creatures?

In later times, when the animal man had multiplied considerably, so as to fill these valleys with a pretty tolerable sprinkling of population, and when human passions, unrestrained, began to act and to produce wondrous scenes, tragedies, and deadly conflicts, Teviotdale must have had its own share of them. And, again, when aggressive force began to be less applied between neighbours reciprocally than directed against the common enemy of England, few of the passes between the two countries afforded so easy an access from one to the other, for predatory purposes. It would appear, however, that, for some time at least, it was more used by the English for carrying raids into Teviotdale, and Scotland generally, than by the Scots for harrying England.

In the reign of James the First, the one-half of the lands of Branxholm belonged to Sir Thomas Inglis, who appears to have been a peaceable man, but little fitted for the times in which he lived. This gentleman happening to meet with Sir William Scott of Buccleuch, the chief of the name, who then possessed the estate of Murdieston, in Lanarkshire, which at this moment belongs to Admiral Sir Thomas Cochrane, Inglis expressed himself in strong terms of envy for the quiet repose which the proprietor of a low country property, such as Scott's, far from the immediate Border, must enjoy, whilst he at Branxholm could hardly dare to lie down to sleep, or if he did, he must do so in his boots and shirt of mail, so as to be at all times ready to resist the English marauders who came to clear his byres of their inmates. "What say you to an exchange of our two estates?" demanded Scott, abruptly. "I like that dry hill country much better than this stretch of wet clay." "If you are really serious," said Inglis, "I, for my part, have not the least objection." To the bargain they went then, and the result was, that, in a very short time, Sir Thomas Inglis, to his great satisfaction, saw him-

self laird of Murdieston, whilst the more warlike Sir William Scott was laird of Branxholm, in which he no sooner found himself fairly installed, than he dryly and shrewdly remarked, that the cattle of Cumberland were as good as those of Teviotdale. Fortifying himself, therefore, with a strong band of hardy, active, determined, and well-mounted men-at-arms, he soon turned the tide of affairs, and made the balance of the account between him and the Cumberland people very much in his own favour—a state of matters which his descendants endeavoured to keep up for generations after him, so that few dales on the Scottish Border must have teemed with more warlike circumstances. How appropriate, then, are these verses of Sir Walter Scott, drawing the comparison between these ancient warlike times of Teviot and the more modern days of peace and tranquillity, and how beautiful is the contrast, in a poetical point of view :—

"Sweet Teviot! on thy silver tide
The glaring bale-fires blaze no more,
No longer steel-clad warriors ride
Along thy wild and willowed shore;
Where'er thou wind'st, by dale or hill,
All, all is peaceful, all is still,
As if thy waves, since time was born,
Since first they rolled upon the Tweed,
Had only heard the shepherd's reed,
Nor startled at the bugle-horn."

Mr. Stoddart tells us that the course of the Teviot is upwards of forty miles in length, but old Stewart makes it only thirty-four miles. Mr. Stoddart says that of all its tributaries, such as the Lymy-cleugh and Frostly burns, the Allan and Borthwick waters, the Slitrigg, the Rule, the Ale, the Jed, the Oxnam, and the Kale, the last mentioned is in the best repute among anglers; and he talks of his friend, Mr Wilson, and himself, having captured thirty-six dozen of trout between them in the course of a day. One of these, taken with the worm, weighed two pounds. The Teviot itself is a stream where sport is by no means certain, and considerable skill must be exerted to ensure it. The trouts are more shy than in most rivers, and the finest tackle, and great attention to the size and colour of the fly, must be employed to tempt them, otherwise an empty pannier will be the consequence.

The Teviot is a peculiarly pure stream, while its purity is rendered more apparent by its pebbly bed; and, after leaving the hills, it winds delightfully through its rich, extensive, and well-cultivated valley.

The first and greatest place of interest on the Teviot is the ancient house of Branxholm, which has been alike the scene of old ballad and modern poetry, and we conceive that it will demand so much of our paper and time, if we hope to do it anything like justice, that it would be a waste of both to bestow more of our attention upon the upper part of the river's course than we have already done.

Sir William Scott, the hero of whom we have already spoken in connexion with Branxholm, having fairly established himself in Teviotdale, in defiance of the English Border freebooters, the remaining half of the barony of Branxholm was, in the following reign, that of James II., granted to Sir Walter Scott, and his son, Sir David. Branxholm now became the principal seat of the Buccleuch family, and continued to be so whilst the nature of the times required security to be considered as one of the chief objects in the choice of a mansion. The building, as it now stands, is greatly reduced in its dimensions from what it must have been of old, and, with the exception of one square tower of immense strength of masonry, it possesses less of the character of the castle than of the old Scottish house. It is sufficiently picturesque, however; and its situation, in the dell of the Teviot, surrounded by fine, young, thriving wood, and looking down on the beautiful river, is extremely delightful; and, from the narrowness of the glen here, it comes so suddenly on the passing traveller, that the interest it excites is enhanced, and would in itself be considerable, even if Sir Walter Scott had not thrown a poet's witchery over it.

The oldest story that belongs to this place is that connected with the bonny lass of Branxholm. She was the daughter of the woman who kept the ale-house of the adjacent hamlet. A young officer of some rank, of the name of Maitland, having been sent hither with a party, to keep the Border moss-troopers in order, fell so desperately in love with her that he married her, and so very strange was such a *més*-alliance held to be in those days, that the mother, whose nick-name was "Jean the Ranter," was strongly suspected of having employed witchcraft to effect it. A very old ballad still exists on this subject, out of which Allan Ramsay composed his, which is somewhat better known. The original one is found in an old manuscript, entitled, "Jean the Ranter's bewitching of Captain Robert Maitland to her daughter—by Old Hobby (or Robert) in Skelftrill." We shall here extract some of the verses, so as to give our readers some notion of the whole ballad :—

"As I came in by Tiviot side,
And by the braes of Branxholm,
There I spied a bonny lass;
She was both neat and handsome.
My heart and mind, with full intent,
To seek that lass was ready bent;
At length by orders we were sent
To quarter up at Branxholm."

* * * * * * *

"My men their billets got in haste,
Dispersed the country over;
But I myself at Branxholm Place,
To sport me with my lover.
There nothing could my mind harass,
While I that blessing did possess,
To kiss my bonny blythesome lass
Upon the braes of Branxholm.

"The lassie soon gave her consent,
And so did Jean, her mother;
And a' her friends were well content,
That we should wed each other.
We spent some time in joy and mirth,
At length I must gae to the north,
And cross the rural road of Forth,
To see my ancient mother.

"When my competitors got wot
That I was gaun to leave them,
They cam to me, my foy to set,
And kindly Jean received them.
With mirth hence a' our cares did fly;
No fears did our brave hearts annoy,
Till drink did a' our stomachs cloy,
And drown our active senses.

"Haste, Dame, said we, gar fill more bear,
For lo! here is more money;
And for your reck'ning do not fear,
So lang as we have ony:
Gar fill the cap, gar fill the can,
We'll drink a health to the goodman,
We's a' be merry or we gang—
Here's till the bonny lassie."

* * * * * * * *

"Sae Robin he's gane to the north,
To visit friends and father,
And when that he came back again,
Jean thought him meikle braver.
The priest was got immediately,
And he the nuptial knot did tie;
Quoth Jean, 'I'll dance, if I should die,
Because my daughter's married.'"

* * * * *

"Sae now they're married man and wife,
There's nae man can them sinder;
To live together a' their life,
There's naething can them hinder.
Lang may they live and thrive; and now
Jean she claws an auld wife's pow;
She'll no live meikle langer now,
But leave a' to her daughter."

The drinking such oceans of ale by these noble captains presents a curious picture of the times.

Let us now turn to the "Lay of the Last Minstrel," and see with what magic Sir Walter Scott restores the picture of the ancient times of Branxholm, with a vividness of colouring as great and as true as if he had lived in the times he writes about.

I.

"The feast was over in Branxholm tower,
And the ladye had gone to her secret bower;
Her bower that was guarded by word and by spell,
Deadly to hear, and deadly to tell—
Jesu Maria, shield us well!
No living wight, save the ladye alone,
Had dared to cross the threshold stone.

II.

"The tables were drawn, it was idlesse all;
Knight, and page, and household squire,
Loitered through the lofty hall,
Or crowded round the ample fire;
The stag-hounds, weary with the chase,
Lay stretched upon the rushy floor,
And urged, in dreams, the forest race,
From Teviot-stone to Eskdale-moor.

III.

"Nine-and-twenty knights of fame
Hung their shields in Branxholm Hall;
Nine-and-twenty squires of name
Brought them their steeds to bower from stall;
Nine-and-twenty yeomen tall
Waited, duteous, on them all:
They were all knights of mettle true,
Kinsmen to the bold Buccleuch.

IV.

"Ten of them were shenthed in steel,
With belted sword, and spur on heel;
They quitted not their harness bright
Neither by day, nor yet by night;
They lay down to rest
With corselet laced,
Pillowed on buckler, cold and hard;
They carved at the meal
With gloves of steel,
And they drank the red wine through the helmet barred.

V.

"Ten squires, ten yeomen, mail-clad men,
Waited the beck of the wardours ten;
Thirty steeds, both fleet and wight,
Stood saddled in stable day and night,
Barbed with frontlet of steel, I trow,
And with Jedwood-axe at saddle-bow;
A hundred more fed free in stall:
Such was the custom of Branxholm Hall."

And, assuredly, it was a custom not only well calculated to ensure the safety and repose of the garrison of Branxholm, but to make it extremely perilous for any body of English marauders, unless they came in overwhelming force, to venture into Teviotdale at all. This, indeed, was the key of this pass, and the narrowness of the valley here rendered any attempt to evade it, without subduing it, perfectly hopeless. We are well aware that great and rich men often find that a superabundance of places of residence proves a great curse. His Grace the Duke of Buccleuch has houses enough, truly; but we cannot help stating, that, if Branxholm were ours, we could not resist the temptation of restoring its architecture to what it once was.

The Tower of Goldieland stands very picturesquely on the height of a wooded knoll, on the south side of the river, opposite to, but a little way below Branxholm. It is one of those ancient Border peels which contains nearly as much masonry in the walls as vacant space within them, and the shell of which can neither be cracked nor burned, reminding one of one of those nuts one sometimes meets with, of strong and stubborn shell, which nothing can overcome but a hammer, and which, when broken at last, seems to be altogether devoid of contents. Goldieland was the ancient possession of a retainer and clansman of the Scotts of Branxholm; and, doubtless, he did not fail to lend his ready help to his chief, whether the war was offensive or defensive, and that, too, with very little trouble or inquiry into the cause or the merits of the quarrel. Sir Walter Scott tells us that the last of these Scotts of Goldieland is said to have been hanged, over his own gate, for march treason. The ballad of "Jamie Telfer of the Fair Dodhead," given by Sir Walter Scott in his "Border Minstrelsy," in which the Laird of Goldieland is so particularly noticed, is so very characteristic of the manners of the times, and so perfectly shows how the weak and small were compelled to hang for protection on the great and powerful, that, although it, perhaps, somewhat surpasses in length the bounds of reasonable quotation, we cannot resist extracting it as it stands:—

"It fell about the Martinmas tyde,
When our Border steeds get corn and hay;
The Captain of Bewcastle hath bound him to ryde,
And he's ower to Tividale to drive a prey.

"The first ae guide that they met wi',
It was high up in Hardhaughswire;
The second guide that they met wi',
It was laigh down in Borthwick Water.

"'What tidings, what tidings, my trusty guide?'
'Nae tidings, nae tidings, I hae to thee;
But gin ye'll gae to the fair Dodhead,
Mony a cow's cauf I let thee see.'

"And when they came to the fair Dodhead,
Right hastily they clamb the Peel;
He loosed the ky out ane and a',
And ranshakled the house right weel.

"Now Jamie Telfer's heart was sair,
The tear ay rowing in his e'e;
He pled wi' the Captain to ha'e his geer,
Or else revenged he wad be.

"The Captain turned him round and leugh;
'Said, 'Man there's naething in thy house
But ae auld sword, without a sheath,
That hardly now would fell a mouse.'

"The sun was nae up, but the moon was down,
It was the gryming of a new fa'en sna';
Jamie Telfer has run ten myles afoot,
Between the Dodhead and the Stob's Ha'.

"And when he cam' to the fair tower gate,
He shouted loud, and cried weel he,
Till out bespak' auld Gibby Elliot—
'Whae's this that brings the fraye to me?'

"'It's I, Jamie Telfer, o' the fair Dodhead,
And a harried man I think I be;
There's naething left at the fair Dodhead
But a waefu' wife and bairnies three.'

"'Gae seek your succour at Brankseme Ha',
For succour ye'se get nane frae me;
Gae seek your succour where ye paid black-mail,
For, man, ye ne'er paid money to me.'

"Jamie has turned him round about—
I wat the tear blinded his e'e;
'I'll ne'er pay mail to Elliot again,
And the fair Dodhead I'll never see.

"'My hounds may a' rin masterless,
My hawks may fly frae tree to tree,
My lord may grip my vassal lands,
For there again maun I never be.'

"He has turned him to the Tiviot side,
E'en as fast as he could drie,
Till he cam' to the Coultart cleugh,
And there he shouted baith loud and hie.

"Then up bespak' him auld Jock Grieve—
'Whae's this that brings the fraye to me?'
'It's I, Jamie Telfer, o' the fair Dodhead,
A harried man I trow I be.

"'There's naething left in the fair Dodhead,
But a greeting wife and bairnies three;
And sax poor ca's stand in the sta',
A' routing loudly for their minnie.'

"'Alack a wae!' quo' auld Jock Grieve,
'Alack! my heart is sair for thee!
For I was married on the elder sister,
And you on the youngest of a' the three.'

"Then he has ta'en out a bonny black,
Was right weel fed with corn and hay,
And he's set Jamie Telfer on his back,
To the Catslockhill to tak' the fraye.

"And whan he cam' to the Catslockhill,
He shouted loud, and cried weel hie;
Till out and spak' him William's Wat—
'O whae's this brings the fraye to me?'

"'It's I, Jamie Telfer, o' the fair Dodhead,
A harried man I think I be;
The Captain of Bewcastle has driven my gear—
For God's sake rise and succour me!'

"'Alas for wae!' quoth William's Wat,
'Alack! for thee my heart is sair!
I never cam' by the fair Dodhead
That ever I found thy basket bare.'

"He's set his twa sons on coal-black steeds,
Himsell upon a freckled gray,
And they are on wi' Jamie Telfer
To Branksome Ha', to tak' the fraye.

"And when they cam' to Branksome Ha',
They shouted a' baith loud and hie,
Till up and spak' him auld Buccleuch,
Said—'Whae's this brings the fraye to me?'

"'It's I, Jamie Telfer, o' the fair Dodhead,
And a harried man I think I be;
There's nought left in the fair Dodhead,
But a greeting wife and bairnies three.'

"'Alack for wae!' quoth the guid auld lord,
'And ever my heart is wae for thee!
But fye gar cry on Willie, my son,
And see that he come to me speedilie.

"'Gar warn the water, braid and wide,
Gar warn it sure and hastilie;
They that winna ride for Telfer's kye,
Let them never look in the face o' me.

"'Warn Wat o' Harden and his sons,
Wi' them will Borthwick Water ride;
Warn Gaudilands, and Allanhaugh,
And Gilmanscleugh, and Commonside.

"'Ride by the gate at Priesthaughswire,
And warn the Currors o' the Lee;
As ye cum down the Hermitage Slack,
Warn doughty Willie o' Gorrieberry.'

"The Scotts they rade, the Scotts they ran,
Sae starkly and sae steadily;
And aye the ower-word o' the thrang
Was—'Rise for Branksome readilie!'

"The gear was driven the Frostylee up,
Frae the Frostylee unto the plain,
Whan Willie has look'd his men before,
And saw the kye right fast drivand.

"'Whae drives thir kye?' 'gan Willie say,
'To make an outspeckle o' me?'
'It's I, the Captain o' Bewcastle, Willie,
I winna layne my name for thee.'

"'O will ye let Telfer's kye gae back?
Or will ye do aught for regard o' me?
Or, by the faith of my body,' quo' Willie Scott,
'I'se ware my dame's caufskin on thee.'

"'I winna let the kye gae back,
Neither for thy love, nor yet thy fear;
But I will drive Jamie Telfer's kye,
In spite of every Scott that's here.'

"'Set on them, lads!' quo' Willie than;
'Fye, lads, set on them cruellie!
For ere they win to the Ritterford,
Mony a toom saddle there sall be!'

"Then till't they gaed, wi' heart and hand,
The blows fell thick as bickering hail;
And mony a horse ran masterless,
And mony a comely cheek was pale.

"But Willie was stricken ower the head,
And thro' the knapscap the sword has gane;
And Harden grat for very rage,
When Willie on the grund lay slane.

"But he's ta'en aff his gude steel cap,
And thrice he's waved it in the air—
The Dinlay snaw was ne'er mair white,
Nor the lyart locks of Harden's hair.

"'Revenge! revenge!' auld Wat 'gan cry;
'Fye, lads, lay on them cruellie!
We'll ne'er see Tiviotside again,
Or Willie's death revenged sall be.'

"O mony a horse ran masterless,
The splintered lances flew on hie;
But or they wan to the Kershope fords,
The Scotts had gotten the victory.

"John o' Brigham there was slane,
And John o' Barlow, as I heard say;
And thirty mae o' the Captain's men
Lay bleeding on the grund that day.

"The Captain was run through the thick of the thigh,
And broken was his right leg bane;
If he had lived this hundred years,
He had ne'er been loved by woman again.

"'Hae back the kye!' the Captain said;
'Dear kye, I trow, to some they be!
For gin I suld live a hundred years,
There will ne'er fair lady smile on me.'

"Then word is gane to the Captain's bride,
Even in the bower where that she lay,
That her lord was prisoner in enemy's land,
Since into Tividale he had led the way.

"'I wad lourd have had a winding-sheet,
And helped to put it ower his head,
Ere he had been disgraced by the Border Scot,
Whan he ower Liddel his men did lead!'

"There was a wild gallant amang us a',
His name was Watty wi' the Wudspurs,
Cried—'On for his house in Stamgirthside,
If ony man will ride with us?'

"When they cam' to the Stamgirthside,
They dang wi' trees, and burst the door;
They loosed out a' the Captain's kye,
And set them forth our lads before.

"There was an auld wyfe ayont the fire,
A wee bit o' the Captain's kin—
'Whae dar loose out the Captain's kye,
Or answer to him and his men?'

"'It's I, Watty Wudspurs, loose the kye,
I winna layne my name frae thee;
And I will loose out the Captain's kye,
In scorn of a' his men and he.'

"Whan they cam' to the fair Dodhead,
They were a welcum sight to see;
For instead of his ain ten milk kye,
Jamie Telfer has gotten thirty and three.

"And he has paid the rescue shot,
Baith with gowd and white monie;
And at the burial o' Willie Scott,
I wat was many a weeping e'e."

After extracting and then reperusing this ballad, we are disposed not to grudge its length, for we consider it to be one of the best of the class to which it belongs, and that it affords the truest picture of the eternal turmoil that prevailed in those times. The anxiety with which each respective baron asks the question, "Whae's this brings the fraye to me?" proves how formidable they were in the habit of considering what the consequences of the "fraye" were likely to be, and of course accounting for their unwillingness too rashly to involve themselves in them.

The Borthwick Water joins the Teviot immediately opposite to Goldielands, where stands Harden Castle, an ancient Border fortress. Leyden, in his "Scenes of Infancy," thus describes it:—

"Where Bortho hoarse, that loads the meads with sand,
Rolls her red tide to Teviot's western strand,
Through slatey hills whose sides are shagged with thorn,
Where springs in scattered tufts the dark-green corn,
Towers wood-girt Harden, far above the vale,
And clouds of ravens o'er the turret sail:
A hardy race who never shrunk from war,
The Scott, to rival realms a mighty bar,
Here fixed his mountain home, a wide domain,
And rich the soil had purple heath been grain:
But what the niggard ground of wealth denied,
From fields more blessed, his fearless arm supplied."

This castle is worthy of notice from its picturesque situation, and from the romantic and precipitous dell in front of it, which is covered with fine timber. It is also remarkable for possessing a lobby paved with marble, and the hall has its ceiling decorated with some remarkably fine old plaster mouldings. Over one of the chimney-pieces is an earl's coronet, and the letters W. E. T., for "Walter, Earl of Tarras." This was Walter Scott of Highchester, husband of Mary, Countess of Buccleuch, who was so created in 1660.

The town of Hawick presents an extremely rough-looking exterior, and its river, the Slitterig, which here joins the Teviot, possesses somewhat of the same character. Its people, however, are remarkable as being sound and original thinkers. During the Hon. John Elliot's election, some years ago, when the county was contested, these gentlemen did try to wash Toryism out of some of his opponents by gently dipping them in their euphoniously-named stream. Whether they were successful or not, we cannot tell, but certain it is that John Elliot came in upon the occasion of this last election, and now sits as member for Roxburghshire, without any opposition whatsoever. Hawick is a considerable place for manufactures, but it has every prospect of rising into a great manufacturing town, as it will soon have the advantage of a railway which is now making to it from Edinburgh. In the times of Border warfare, it must have had many a thump, and very little peace. But it would seem to have been well constructed in those days for the kind of usage to which it was, doubtless, daily subjected. Mr. Chambers tells us that "the houses were built like towers, of hard whinstones, and very thick in the wall, vaulted below, no door to the street, but with a pended entry giving access to a court-yard behind, from which the second flat of the building was accessible by a stair; and the second flat communicated with the lower only by a square hole through the arched ceiling. The present head inn, called 'the Tower,' was a fortress of a better order, belonging to the superior of the burgh, and it was the only house not consumed in 1570 by the army of the Earl of Sussex." This last-mentioned house was a frequent residence of Anne, Duchess of Buccleuch and Monmouth, widow of the royal but unfortunate Monmouth who was executed. This proud dame used to occupy a raised state chair, with a canopy over it, and, taking to herself all the rank of a princess, she made all those stand who came into her presence.

There is a well-preserved moat hill at the head of the town. Here it was that the brave Sir Alexander Ramsay of Dalwolsie was acting in his capacity of Sheriff of Teviotdale, when he was

set on and seized by Sir William Douglas, who thought he should himself have had that office bestowed upon him, and who threw him, horse and man, into a dungeon of Hermitage Castle, and there left him to die by starvation.

In the song of "Andrew and his Cutty Gun," we have Hawick especially noticed in the verse—

"Blythe, blythe, and merry was she,
Blythe was she butt and ben,
And weel she lo'ed a Hawick gill,
And leuch to see a tappit hen."

These are all measures of liquors, and the Hawick gill was distinguished by being double the size of any other gill.

There are several places and things deserving notice as we proceed down the river, but from our having not long ago visited Minto, we are so full of that noble residence, that we cannot bring ourselves to bestow on anything else either time or space, both being rather scarce with us. Minto is indeed a superb place. Its grand natural features of beauty are, first, its picturesque range of crags, which are seen over all the country, and which have been planted with so much judgment, and secondly, its deep glen. Scott celebrates the former, in the following verses, in his "Lay of the Last Minstrel":—

"On Minto Crags the moonbeams glint,
Where Barnhill hewed his bed of flint,
Who flung his outlaw'd limbs to rest,
Where falcons hang their giddy nest,
'Mid cliffs from whence his eagle eye
For many a league his prey could spy;
Cliffs, doubling, on their echoes borne,
The terrors of the robbers' horn;
Cliffs which for many a later year
The warbling Dorie reed shall hear,
When some sad swain shall teach the grove,
'Ambition is no cure for love.'"

The great extent of its woodland scenery it owes to the industry and taste of its various proprietors. The crags are extremely romantic in themselves, and the legend which Scott tells us is attached to them, namely, that a small platform, on a projecting rock, commanding a grand prospect, is called "Barnhill's Bed," from a robber of that name, the remains of whose strong tower are still to be seen beneath the overhanging cliffs, add to their interest. The remnants of another tower, called Minto Crags, are still to be seen on the rocky summit.

The timber all throughout the park and pleasure ground is of a very grand description, but its growth, in the deep, narrow, and winding glen below the house, is, in many instances, stupendous. Some of the silver firs and larches are especially wonderful, and we have little hesitation in pronouncing that the latter must be nearly, if not altogether, coeval with those of Dunkeld, to which, with perhaps the exception of the great one on the lawn near the spot where old Dunkeld house stood, most of them appear to us to be superior. Here, as at Castle Craig, an old ruined church, with its churchyard, have been made excellent use of in forming a beautiful and picturesque spot in the midst of the pleasure ground, the grave-stones, with their rude but forcible mementos of the perishable nature of all earthly things, and the little mouldering heaps to which they are attached, being well calculated to soften and touch the heart of solitary meditation.

This is one of those families which may be said to belong to or to be the property of Scotland, and of which she has reason to be proud. It has produced brave, and wise, and patriotic men, likewise contributed its proportion to the poetry of the harmonious Teviotdale, as the following beautiful pastoral song, written by Sir Gilbert Elliot, the grandfather of the present Earl, may sufficiently prove:—

"My sheep I neglected, I broke my sheep hook,
And all the gay haunts of my youth I forsook:
No more for Amynta fresh garlands I wove;
Ambition, I said, would soon cure me of love,
But what had my youth with ambition to do?
Why left I Amynta? why broke I my vow?

"Through regions remote in vain do I rove,
And bid the wide world secure me from love.
Ah! fool to imagine, that aught could subdue
A love so well founded, a passion so true!
Ah! give me my sheep, and my sheep-hook restore,
And I'll wander from love and Amynta no more!

"Alas! 'tis too late at thy fate to repine!
Poor shepherd, Amynta no more can be thine!
Thy tears are all fruitless, thy wishes are vain,
The moments neglected return not again.
Ah! what had my youth with ambition to do,
Why left I Amynta! why broke I my vow."

In quoting this song, Sir Walter Scott hints at the gratifying fact that the Muse has not altogether deserted the family, which may lead us to hope for future productions of their family.

There is something really remarkable in the poetical atmosphere which may be said to hang over this favoured region of Teviotdale. Wherever we go, we seem to find some rare instance of the Muse's inspiration. Let us now cross the river to the pretty little village of Denholm, and there we find the birth-place of the justly-celebrated Dr. John Leyden. Alas! this precious scion of poesy was by necessity transplanted to the hotter regions of India, where he afterwards died; and there is something truly heart-sinking in the tone of despair that runs through the following beautiful and touching verses, in which he contemplates the dreadful sacrifice which he has been compelled to make for the miserable golden coin which he holds in his hand:—

I.

"Slave of the dark and dirty mine,
What vanity hath brought thee here?
How can I bear to see thee shine
So bright, that I have bought so dear.
The tent rope's flapping lone I hear,
For twilight converse arm in arm;
The jackall's shriek assails mine ear,
When mirth and music wont to charm.

II.

"By Cherical's dark wandering streams,
Where cane-tufts shadow all the wild!
What visions haunt my waking dreams,
Of Teviot loved while yet a child!
Of castled rocks stupendous pil'd,
By Esk or Eden's classic wave!
Where loves of youth and friendship smil'd,
Uncursed by thee, vile yellow slave.

III.

"Fade day-dreams sweet, from memory fade
The perish'd bliss of youth's first prime,
That once so bright on fancy play'd,
No more revives in after time.
Far from my dear, my native clime,
I haste to an untimely grave;
The daring thoughts that soared sublime,
And quenshed in ocean's southern wave!—

IV.

"Slave of the mine, thy yellow light
Gleams baleful as the tomb-fire drear!
A lovely vision comes at night,
My lonely, widow'd heart to cheer
Her eyes are dim with many a tear,
Which once were leading stars to mine;
Her fond heart throbs with many a fear!
I cannot bear to see thee shine!

V.

"Ha! com'st thou now so late to mock
This wither'd, sinking heart forlorn!
Now that my form the winter shock
Of sun rays tipt with death hath borne!
From love, from friendship, country, torn,
To memory's fond regrets a prey.
Vile slave, thy yellow drops I scorn;
Go mix thee with thy kindred clay!"

The chief hill of Teviotdale, called Ruberslaw, which possesses a strongly-marked character of its own, rises a little way to the south of Denholm, and presents a striking feature to be seen from all parts of the country. It is said that the celebrated Covenanter, Peden, used to hold his conventicles in different parts of this hill. We cannot help feeling a deep sympathy with those congregations of modern times who cannot obtain sites for the erection of churches, where they may peacefully worship God in their own way. But how much more dreadful were the persecutions of those older times! The poor people, of both sexes, and of all ages, were driven by the ruthless sword of the dragoon from the moor to the moss, and from the moss to the ravine, and where the question was not regarding a site for the church, but a site on which the poor pious peasant might seat his person, to listen to the edifying prelections of his venerable pastor, and where a service began in prayer and praise to the most High God, frequently ended in the brutal and bloody slaughter of the helpless and the innocent.

A little way below the village of Denholm, the river Teviot receives the Rule as a tributary. Its name, of Gaelic origin, means the rumbling-noised river, and is exactly descriptive of the character of the stream, which rushes over a rough, rocky channel, filled with boulders, and producing a tremendous din. This stream is celebrated from its association with Walter Scott's "Jovial Harper"—"Rattling Roaring Willie." Having quarrelled at a drinking bout with one of his own profession, who had the strange soubriquet of "Sweet-milk," owing to his having come from a place on the Rule water of that name, they instantly proceeded to settle the matter by mortal duel, when "Sweet-milk" was killed close to a thorn tree which still bears his name. Willie was instantly devoted to be hanged at the fair at Jedburgh, and, by way of a last dying speech, he gave forth a long ballad. Of this we shall only give the following stanza as a sample:—

"The lasses of Ousenam water
Are rugging and riving their hair,
And a' for the sake of Willie,
His beauty was so fair:
His beauty was so fair,
And comely for to see,
And drink will be dear to Willie,
When 'Sweet-milk' gars him die."

The Vale of the Teviot, as we proceed downwards to Ancrum Bridge, is wide and expanded, richly cultivated, and ornamented on both sides by the extensive plantations of Chesters, and other gentlemen's seats. The river is broad, clear, and sparkling; and the scenery, as it is usually seen, is *riante* and cheerful. But we cannot avoid noticing that, as we were returning towards Jedburgh from our visit to Minto, we saw it under circumstances that produced one of the grandest effects we ever witnessed. In a space of time so short that it appeared almost momentary, a clear bright sky was overshadowed by an inky curtain, as if the change had been produced by dropping a scene in a theatre. This soon spread itself like a canopy over the whole hemisphere, and its intense blackness was broken up in several places with great irregular streaks of a lurid fiery Indian red, as if dashed on it in mere idle whim, by the hogtool of some playful artist. Under the hedge, at the upper end of a steepish hill, was a small gipsy encampment, which we had noticed by the way as we went. But now the squalid owner of the tent, cart, and pony pasturing, had kindled a large bickering fire, by which he sat carelessly smoking, whilst his wife lay sound asleep in the door of the tent, half within and half without, with a babe in her arms. All at once, the lightning began to flash from the sky, and the distant thunder rolled grandly away, and flash after flash, and peal after peal, succeeded each other for a considerable time. We, of course, made the best of our way, under the apprehension that, as the carriage was open, the ladies of the party were about to be drowned in a deluge. But strange to say, not a drop of rain fell; although the darkness became such, as night approached, that we could not possibly have proceeded but for a pair of lamps, on the mail-coach construction, with which the carriage is provided.

The Teviot is formed from the north, by the beautiful water of Ale, a little above Ancrum Bridge. We remember, in those days of our piscatory excursions to Melrose, that, having started from home one evening after supper, and walked all night with a companion, we reached that sweet spot in the morning, and having made an excellent breakfast, whilst our friend went to bed to recruit his strength, we prepared for a long day's angling. On this occasion, we procured a very decent, respectable, and sober man, as an attendant, a souter from Selkirk, whose name we regret much has escaped our memory, so that we

cannot now record it, as we should have much wished to have done. By his advice, we resolved to try the upper part of the water of Ale, and accordingly we walked round by Saint Boswells, and then joining that stream, we proceeded to fish it upwards. The day unfortunately was cloudless, and we had no sport, but we were charmed with our walk. For one long stretch, if we remember right, we wandered along, through sweet-scented meadows, with the stream running deep and clear, and with its waters almost level with the grassy plain through which they flowed. Trouts we saw in plenty, but the rogues only laughed at us when we offered them either a fly or a worm. On we walked, however, until our friend, the souter, suddenly stopping, and peering cautiously over the enamelled bank, into the water, waved to us to approach, and pointed out a large pike which lay on the mud at the bottom, within a foot of the side we stood on, and at a depth of some three feet, or a little more. He seemed to be a fish of some seven or eight pounds weight. Back the souter led us from the side of the stream. "We shall soon have that fellow," said he; and, sitting down on the grass, he shortened his rod to the length of the butt piece, and then he quickly tied three large hooks back to back, put a sinker to them, and fixed them to the end of his reel line. Both of us then approached the edge of the bank, whence we still saw the pike quietly reposing in his old position. Dropping his hooks gently into the water a little beyond him, he guided them towards the broadside of the fish, and then giving a powerful jerk, he, to his great surprise, whisked him quite out of the water, and over his head, to the full extent of the line; and owing to his force not being sufficiently resisted, the worthy souter fell smack on the broad of his back upon the green sward. On picking up the prize, it turned out to be one of those thin slabs which an expert carpenter cuts off the side of a log that he is preparing for sawing, by squaring; and certainly we must confess that, when stuck up on edge in the mud, at the bottom of the water, head and tail regularly up and down stream, its deceptive appearance was complete.

This disappointment, which produced much laughter, only whetted the worthy souter's desire to have fish somehow or other; and, accordingly, having made our way up the stream as far as Midlem bridge and mill, we came to a very long gravelly-bottomed pool, of an equal depth all over, of from three to four feet. Here the souter seated himself; and, shortening both our rods, and fitting each of them with the three hooks tied back to back, he desired us to follow him, and then waded right into the middle of the pool. The whole water was sweltering with fine trouts, rushing in all directions from the alarm of our intrusion among them. But after we had stood stock-still for a few minutes, their alarm went off, and they began to settle each individually in his own place. "There's a good one there," said the souter, pointing to one at about three yards from him; and, throwing the hooks over him, he jerked him up, and in less than six seconds he was safe in his creel. We had many a failure before we could succeed in catching one, whilst the souter never missed; but at length we hit upon the way; and so we proceeded with our guide, gently shifting our position in the pool as we exhausted each particular spot, until the souter's creel would hold no more, and ours was more than half filled with trouts, most of which were about three quarters of a pound in weight; and, very much delighted with the novelty of our sport, we made our way back to Melrose, by the western side of the Eildon hills, and greatly astonished our companion with the slaughter we had made, seeing that he had been out angling for a couple of hours in the Tweed, without catching a single fin.

The Ale water is really a lovely stream; but, perhaps, the beauties it displays all around the house of Kirklands, the charming residence of our much-valued friend, Mr. John Richardson, are more striking than most of the other parts of it. The banks are steep and richly wooded, and the river sweeps around the grounds of Kirklands so as almost to make a peninsula of them. The house, of one of Blore's Elizabethan plans, stands on a fine terrace, commanding a long reach of the river downwards, and the wooded park of Ancrum on its eastern side. In a most picturesque spot, immediately under the eye, lies the church, with its neat and well-kept churchyard. We know very few residences anywhere more delightful; and then the host himself!—a host indeed in himself—for more highly relished as his conversation must always be when it is enjoyed here among the scenes that he loves, it is yet such as might make us forget our situation, if in the midst of one of the most dull and barren scenes of nature. The personal friend of Scott, and of every really intellectual being that has existed, or that does exist, during his time, and estimated by all of these as of the highest mental powers, he is of manners the most modest, simple, and unassuming. Even at the risk of offending him, however, we must here introduce a small copy of verses, written to supply words to one of the Scottish songs in our worthy and venerable friend Mr. George Thomson's edition, which may prove that, in settling in Teviotdale, he was quite fitted to take his place among its numerous poets, past, present, or to come:—

"O Nancy, wilt thou leave the town,
And go with me where Nature dwells?
I'll lead thee to a fairer scene
Than painter feigns or poet tells.

"In Spring, I'll place the snow-drop fair
Upon thy fairer, sweeter breast;
With lovely roses round thy head,
At Summer eve, shalt thou be drest.

"In Autumn, when the rustling leaf
Shall warn us of the parting year,
I'll lead thee to yon woody glen,
The red-breast's evening song to hear.

"And when the Winter's dreary night
Forbids us leave our shelter'd cot,
Then, in the treasure of thy mind,
Shall Nature's charms be all forgot."

The village of Ancrum, which stands on the right bank of the stream, is somewhat picturesque, and it has an air of antiquity about it which renders it interesting. Thomson, the poet of "the Seasons," spent much of his time in the manse, with Mr. Cranstoun, the then clergyman of the parish. The house stands at no great distance from the wooded brink of the sandstone cliffs that line and overhang the river upon that side for more than a mile. There are some caves in the face of the cliff, and in one of these, accessible through the brushwood from above, Thomson was fond of sitting to indulge his reveries. His name is carved on the roof, as it is believed, by his own hand. The view he must have enjoyed from this his rocky retreat was extremely beautiful; for, looking perpendicularly down upon the stream which ran along the base of the cliffs, his eye could roam over the whole length and breadth of the extensive haugh on the Ancrum side of the river, with the lawn and noble timber of the park rising from the farther side of it. The haugh is cut off at its lower end by the cliffs of sandstone rising grandly and picturesquely from the river's brink, and these are curiously perforated with caverns, some of which open one into another.

The angling on the Ale about Kirklands and Ancrum is quite excellent, as both Mr. Richardson and Sir William Scott can testify, though we do not understand that the trouts are very large.

Ancrum (Almcrom, the crook of the Ale), the residence of our friend, Sir William Scott, is a noble, old, baronial Border place, which stands on an elevation between the Ale and the Teviot. The park is extensive, and of very varied and beautiful surface, and the trees are old, and of the most magnificent growth. Some of the limes are peculiarly grand. The ancient mansion stands on a wide terreplein, overlooking both the park and the distant country; and Sir William has had the good taste to make an addition, in which he has contrived to employ a large mass of masonry, which now looks to be the oldest part of the castle. Adjacent to Ancrum, and on the same side of the Teviot, but lower down, and just above its junction with the Jed, stands the Marquis of Lothian's place of Mount Teviot, exhibiting a cheerful, smiling appearance, and having extensive, well-disposed, and well-grown plantations around it, and covering the rising grounds behind it.

We now come to one of the most beautiful as well as most important tributaries of the Teviot; we mean the river Jed, which rises out of the Carter Fell. There it is that the scene of the ancient ballad of "The Young Tamlane" is laid.

"O I forbid ye, maidens a',
That wear gowd in your hair,
To come or gae by Carterhaugh,
For Young Tamlane is there."

And its neighbourhood is also rendered classical by the Reidswire, which is a part of the face of the Carter mountain, about ten miles from Jedburgh, celebrated as being the scene of the conflict described in the ancient ballad of "The Raid of the Reidswire," where a friendly meeting of the two Wardens of the Marches, for the redressing of wrongs and punishing of crimes, ended in bloody slaughter:—

THE RAID OF THE REIDSWIRE.

"The seventh of July, the suith to say,
At the Reidswire the tryst was set;
Our wardens they affixed the day,
And as they promised, so they met.
Alas! that day I'll ne'er forget!
Was sure sae feared, and then sae faine—
They came theare justice for to gett,
Will never green to come again.

"Carmichael was our warden then,
He caused the country to conveen;
And the Laird's Wat, that worthie man,
Brought in that sirname weil beseem:
The Armstranges, that aye hae been
A hardy house, but not a hail,
The Elliot's honours to maintain,
Brought down the lave o' Liddesdale.

"Then Tividale came to wi' spied;
The Sheriffe brought the Douglas down,
Wi' Cranstane, Gladstain, good at need,
Baith Rowle water, and Hawick town,
Beangiddart bauldly made him boun,
Wi' a' the Turmbills, stronge and stout;
The Rutherfoords, with grit renoun,
Convoy'd the town of Jedbrugh out.

"Of other clans I cannot tell,
Because our warning was not wide—
Be this our folks hae ta'en the fell,
And planted down pallioner, there to bide;
We looked down the other side,
And saw come boosting ower the brae,
Wi' Sir John Forster for their guyde,
Full fifteen hundred men and mae.

"It grieved him sair that day, I trow,
Wi' Sir George Vearonne of Schipsyde house;
Because we were not men enow,
They counted us not worth a louse.
Sir George was gentle, meek, and douse,
But he was hail and het as fire;
And yet for all his cracking crouse,
He rewd the raid of the Reidswire.

"To deal with proud men is but pain;
For either must you fight or flee,
Or else no answer make again,
But play the beast, and let them be.
It was no wonder he was hie,
Had Tindaill, Reedsdaill, at his hand,
Wi' Cukdaill, Gladsdaill, on the lee,
And Hebsrime, and Northumberland.

"Yett was our meeting meek eneugh,
Begun wi' merriment and mowes,
And at the brae, aboon the heugh,
The clark sat doun to call the rowes;
And some for kyne, and some for ewes,
Call'd in of Dandrie, Hob, and Jock—
We saw come marching ower the knows,
Five hundred Fenwicks in a flock—

"With jack and speir, and bows all bent,
And warlike weapons at their will:
Although we were na weel content,
Yet, by my troth, we fear'd no ill.
Some gaed to drink, and some stude still,
And some to cards and dice them sped;
Till on ane Farnstein they filed a bill,
And he was fugitive and fled.

"Carmichaell bade them speik out plainlie,
And cloke no cause for ill nor good;
The other, answering him as vainlie,
Began to reckon kin and blood:
He raise, and taxed him where he stood,
And bade him match him with his marrows;

Then Tindaill heard them reason rude,
And they loot off a flight of arrows.

"Then was there nought but bow and speir,
And every man pulled out a brand;
'A Schafton and a Fenwick' there:
Gude Symington was slain frae hand.
The Scotsmen cried on other to stand,
Frae time they saw John Robson slain—
What should they cry? the King's command
Could cause no cowards turn again.

"Up rose the laird to red the cumber,
Which would not be for all his boast;—
What could we doe with sic a number—
Fyve thousand men into a host?
Then Henry Purdie proved his cost,
And very narrowlie had mischief'd him,
And there we had our warden lost,
Wert not the grit God he relieved him.

"Another throw the breiks him bair,
While flatlies to the ground he fell;
Then thought I weel we had lost him there,
Into my stomack it struck a knell!
Yet up he raise, the truth to tell ye,
And laid about him dints full dour;
His horsemen they raid sturdily,
And stude about him in the stoure.

"Then raise the slogan with ane shout—
'Fy, Tindaill, to it! Jedburgh's here!'
I trow he was not half sae stout,
But anis his stomack was asteir,
With gun and genzie bow and speir,
Then might see mony a cracked crown!
But up amang the merchant geir,
They were as busy as we were down.

"The swallow taill frae tackles flew,
Five hundredth flain into a flight;
But we had pestelets enew,
And shot among them as we might.
With help of God the game gaed right,
Fra time the foremost of them fell;
Then ower the knowe, without good-night,
They ran with mony a shout and yell.

"But after they had turned backs,
Yet Tindaill men they turned again,
And had not been the merchant packs,
There had been mae of Scotland slain.
But Jesu! if the folks were fain,
To put the buzzing on their thies;
And so they fled wi' a' their main,
Down ower the brae, like clogged bees.

"Sir Francis Russell ta'en was there,
And hurt, as we hear men rehearse;
Proud Wallington was wounded sair,
Albeit he be a Fenwick fierce.
But if ye wald a souldier search,
Among them a' were ta'en that night,
Was nane sae wordie to put in verse
As Collingwood, that courteous knight.

"Young Henry Schafton, he is hurt;
A souldier shot him wi' a bow;
Scotland has cause to mak' great sturt,
For laiming of the Laird of Thow.
The Laird's Wat did weel indeed;
His friends stood stoutlie by himsell,
With little Gladstain, gude in need,
For Gretein kend na gude be ill.

"The Sheriffe wanted not gude will,
Howbeit he might not fight so fast;
Beanjiddart, Hundlie, and Huntshill,
There, on they laid weel at the last.
Except the horsemen of the guard,
If I could put men to availe,
None stoutlie stood out for their laird,
Nor did the lads of Liddisdail.

"But little harness had we there;
But auld Badreule had on a jack,
And did right weel, I you declare,
With all his Turmbills at his back.
Gude Edderstane was not to lack,
Nor Kirktoun, Newton, noble men!
Thus all the specials I of speak,
By others that I could not ken.

"Who did invent that day of play,
We need not fear to find him soon;
For Sir John Forster, I dare well say,
Made us this noisome afternoon.
Not that I speak precisilie out,
That he supposed it would be perril;
But pride, and breaking out of feuid,
Garr'd Tindaill lads begin the quarrel."

Like most of these rivers, the upper part of the Jed is devoid of wood, but its lovely stream soon becomes buried in the deep and impenetrable shades of the grand remains of the ancient Caledonian forest, which still extend themselves along its banks. We, from experience, do not hesitate to declare, that our wanderings through these sylvan wildernesses have been productive of much more exciting sensations than those merely which might be engendered by the effect of woodland scenery alone. Every giant tree that spreads its wide leafy canopy abroad over our heads seemed to link us by association with centuries long gone by. We, for our own part, had no doubt that many of them beheld the return of our victorious Scottish army from Otterburne, moving with chastened step, under the deep affliction of the loss of their hero, Lord Douglas, which converted their triumph into mourning, and their march into a funeral procession, as we have had occasion to describe it in our Historical Romance of "The Wolfe of Badenoch."

The site of the ancient Jedburgh, which is said to have been founded in 845, lies about four miles above the present town, and nothing can be more romantic or beautiful than the whole of the great road in its way to the present town, both road and river winding among high banks, covered with the grand remains of the ancient forest. The Marquis of Lothian's old castle of Ferniehurst, on the right bank, now partly in ruins, is one of the most interesting objects the lover of such antiquities can meet with. It was built by Sir Thomas Kerr in 1490, and it was a fortress of so much importance as to have undergone several sieges, by the armies of both countries. One memorable beleaguerment was by the Scottish forces, assisted by French auxiliaries, who recaptured it from the English. Beaugé, one of the French officers, has left a curious and very particular account of this siege, which, we grieve to say, was full of cruel atrocities on the part of the Scots, in revenge for those formerly perpetrated by the English. The remains consist of a large square tower, with a number of picturesque subsidiary buildings. The old-fashioned garden is curious and interesting, and, altogether, we know few places where we should more willingly spend a long summer's day than amidst the woods of Ferniehurst, and we must own we should have liked it better previous to the present approach being made, by which a carriage

may now get up to the door of the building. It could then only be reached by a confined path, which made its devious way among the huge oaks. Among these, at the top of the ascent from the haugh below, stands the great oak called "The King of the Wood," and on the haugh itself stands "The Capon Tree," both of which we have had occasion to notice in our edition of "Gilpin's Forest Scenery."

The romantic character of this region is augmented by the curious caverns, apparently artificial, which are found on the banks of the Jed, at Hundalee, Lintalee, and Mossburn-ford. These were supposed to have been used as places of retreat and concealment in the olden times. The camp where Barbour, in his "Bruce," makes the Douglas lie, for the defence of Jedburgh, is at Lintalee, about a mile from the town, and it was here that he killed, in personal encounter, the Earl of Brittany, the English commander, and defeated his army with great slaughter.

Nothing can possibly be more romantic than the approach to Jedburgh, by the winding road and merrily dancing river, the bottom for the most part closely enclosed between steep, rocky, wooded banks, but now and then expanding into little grassy glades, where the sunshine has full power to rest, and to produce a brilliant effect in opposition to the deep neighbouring shades, or where night might spread a moon-lit carpet for the faeries to dance upon. And then, again, when the antique town bursts upon the eye, filling its little rock-and-wood-environed amphitheatre, and rising backwards to the north from the sweep of the river that half surrounds it to the south, with the tower of its beautiful ruined Abbey rising grandly over it, we pledge ourselves that the traveller will admit that he has seen few scenes more interesting or beautiful.

Jedburgh is one of those places which is unique in itself, and, notwithstanding our rule about towns, it would deserve to be more thoroughly described than either our time or paper will allow us to do. Its important and exposed situation compelled it, in the ancient troublesome times, to be fortified both within and without. At the upper end of the town was a very strong castle, which now no longer exists, and most of the larger houses in the place were fortified in the style of Bastel houses, and many traces yet remain to enable the learned antiquary to detect what it once was. Its old name was Jedworth, corrupted into Jethart, and its inhabitants were always very warlike, wielding a huge pole-axe called "the Jethart staff," with which they drove down all before them, and shouting their resistless war-cry "Jethart's here!" They are supposed to have carried the fortune of the day at the affair of the Reidswire. Their boldness was excessive; and the story is well known of the Provost, who, in defiance of their powerful neighbour, Kerr of Fernieherst, who espoused the cause of Mary against her son, seized on the *poursuivant* who brought her letters, compelled him to eat them at the cross, and then scourged him, *en derriere*, with his bridle. Fernieherst revenged this by hanging no less than ten of the citizens that fell into his hands. In our limited space, it would be vain to attempt to describe the Abbey; all we can say is, that it is one of the most beautiful specimens of the Saxon and early Gothic that Scotland possesses. As a ruin it is highly picturesque, and as a feature in this most romantic town it is invaluable. The houses towards the upper part of the burgh, or the "Townhead," as that quarter is called, are peculiarly worth notice. Mr. Chambers tells us that the very old houses of which it is composed have suffered few repairs, and no alterations, for generations, from their old-fashioned inhabitants, who form a society by themselves, and would by no means condescend to intermarry with the people at the lower end of the town, or the "Townfit," as being moderns, and infinitely inferior to themselves in point of antiquity. We must confess that we beheld a railway planning up to Jedburgh with anything but equanimity. We speak as an antiquary, and we, in that character, predict, that the day it is opened, the romance of Jedburgh will be gone. Perhaps the most interesting relic in the town is the house where Queen Mary was laid up with that serious illness which so nearly carried her off, and which was the result of her almost incredible exertion and fatigue in riding into Liddisdale to visit Bothwell, who lay at Hermitage Castle wounded by the banditti. It has been constructed as a Bastel house; it has a plain barn-like appearance on the one side, and on the south side, where there is a large garden between it and the river, a square tower projects from the building, in which was Mary's apartment, with that of her tire-woman immediately above. We had occasion to visit it recently, and were much gratified by being admitted by the ladies who inhabit it. We could not help figuring to ourselves the Queen lying in this truly sorry apartment, oppressed by her malady, and with every reason for her to believe that she would never see another chamber but the grave; and indeed it becomes a matter of question, whether it might not have been better for her if she had then and there finished her chequered career. The roof of this building is thatched, as were those of all the houses in the town, and it is one of the few thatched roofs that now remain.

Jedburgh and its little vale are filled with gardens, which produce very superior fruit, especially pears, which form a considerable article of sale for the inhabitants. Its air of retirement is altogether most fascinating. It is quite a place to inspire a youthful poet, and we doubt not that the circumstance of Thomson having received his earlier education here, which gave him an opportunity of wandering about amid Nature's scenes, and filling his mind with her choicest pictures, animate as well as inanimate, may have largely contributed to foster his future peculiar poetical turn. We have heard and read wonder expressed, that he could paint so many things of this kind with so accurate a pencil, seeing that the obesity and indolence of his more advanced life was so great, that he never went out, and that, consequently, he could never have witnessed the animated scenes

he describes. But a lad at school and a man in advanced life are different beings; and no one will persuade us that his angling, his bathing, his sheep-shearing, and other such pictures, were not originally studies from nature, or scenes early impressed upon his memory, which, when worked upon by a matured mind, produced those beautiful passages in his "Seasons" on these subjects, with which we are all so well acquainted. And, again, the intellectual leisure of his lazy life in London, when three-fourths of his time was spent in bed, very easily explains the creation of those charming, dreamy pictures, of a different description, with which that delightful poem, the "Castle of Indolence," everywhere abounds. That his mind must have been filled with Scottish pictures is sufficiently evident from the following beautiful passage in his "Autumn":—

——————"And here a while the Muse,
High hovering o'er the broad cerulean scene,
Sees Caledonia in romantic view:
Her airy mountains, from the waving main
Invested with a keen diffusive sky,
Breathing the soul acute; her forests huge,
Incult, robust, and tall, by Nature's hand
Planted of old; her azure lakes between
Poured out extensive, and of watery wealth
Full; winding deep, and green, her fertile vales;
With many a cool, translucent, brimming flood,
Washed lovely from the Tweed, (pure parent-stream,
Whose pastoral banks first heard my Doric reed,
With sylvan Jed! thy tributary brook,)
To where the north inflated tempest foams
O'er Orca's or Betubium's highest peak!"

Immediately below Jedburgh, on the right bank of the stream, is the property of Hartrigge, lately purchased by our much-valued friend, Lord Campbell. The family which possessed it previous to him had called it Stewartfield, and we must say, that the practice of doing away with old names deserves nearly as much reprobation as the doing away with old places. Lord Campbell has very properly restored the ancient name, which so well associates itself with the ancient Caledonian forest, of which it formed a part. This estate, which runs along the right bank of the river, is beautifully timbered in many parts, especially in a charming retired glen to the east of the house, called the Tower Glen, where some of the trees are very large. This is a delightful retreat for a man to whom its possession is sweetened by the conviction that he owes it to his own intellectual exertions; and whilst his rank and his wealth are rendered all the more graceful and enjoyable by the conviction that they have been the rewards of upright, straightforward conduct, which always had the good of his country honestly at heart, the few weeks of rural enjoyment in which he indulges here have their happiness increased by the circumstance that they follow months of laborious attention to our national affairs.

And here the name of Lord Campbell, and its connexion with Edinburgh, awakens in us a train of thought on recent events, which we earnestly entreat not only our gentle and courteous readers, but all our readers, gentle or ungentle, courteous or uncourteous, to permit us to rid ourselves of before we proceed farther. But, in the first place, we must honestly premise that we, and not this journal, are alone and individually responsible for the opinions we shall utter. In the second place, we must remark that we have had the good fortune to be acquainted with Mr. Cowan, the new member of Parliament for the city, for above a dozen of years, and that we have always entertained the highest respect for that gentleman and his opinions, having had the honour to fight with him in the same ranks in the great cause of reform; and there is no man whose return to Parliament, provided it had been freed from the consequences concomitant on his present election, we should have hailed with greater satisfaction. In the third place, we must confess that, since the intense occupation of official duties has precluded the possibility of our any longer occupying a place in the political arena, so very strange a macadamization of parties has taken place, that any such Rip-van-winkle as ourselves would be presumptuous in pretending to offer anything like decided political opinions where so many local causes of division may have arisen in the Scottish capital. Our remarks, therefore, have solely to do with the intellectual view of the question; and we earnestly entreat that they may be permitted to give pain or offence to no party or individual whatsoever or whomsoever, seeing that, on our part, they are in every respect most innocently intended; and we may safely say, that they have nothing to do with Mr. Cowan's success, but entirely refer to what we hold to be the sad and irreparable loss of Mr. Macaulay. Has not Edinburgh long rejoiced in the proud name of "Modern Athens," which was willingly accorded to her by every stranger, of whatsoever country, who was acquainted with her natural features, or the intellectual characteristics of her inhabitants? And how came this last cause to operate? Not merely because for some generations she possessed a set of men of whom those who were scientific gave impetus by their discoveries to the whole sciences of Europe; whilst our poets and fiction writers were delighting every part of the habitable earth with their productions; and our critics were keeping both the science and the literature of the whole world under wholesome subjection. We say that it was not merely from these causes that this most honourable title came to be applied to our northern capital, but because science and literature were so generally diffused in her very streets, that they were breathed, as it were, in her very air. They were the merchandise, so to speak, in which her inhabitants dealt; and they were daily pursued, more or less, by every individual, of all ranks, each being more anxious than another to secure a due share of them before night. Then, indeed, such a city, with such inhabitants, was well and fitly represented in Parliament, on gaining freedom of election, by such names as those of Abercromby, Jeffrey, Campbell, and Macaulay, from the choice of whom the very universality of intellectual pursuit among the inhabitants seemed

of itself to be proved and established! How can we, awaking from our period of slumber, and ignorant of the various small reticulations and decussations which seem now to have meshed all parties—how can we reason on the, to us, most unaccountable apathy with which the citizens of Edinburgh have cast away, like a worthless weed, Macaulay—perhaps, at this moment, the noblest and most powerful intellect that our country can boast of—except by supposing that the intellectual merchandise of which we spoke has been, for some time, so sunk in value as to be no longer marketable, and that the brains of the citizens have been clouded and their vision dimmed by a dense Beotian fog, which has enveloped the intellectual city, obscuring the very summits of her rock-cradled towers, and hiding everything but the graceful snout of the tall utilitarian gas chimney, to add to the opacity by its smoke. We believe that, if *Punch* might at any time have the desire to be peculiarly severe on Colonel Sibthorpe, he would, for the nonce, bestow upon him the name of Solon, or Lycurgus; and thus, we fear, have the citizens of Edinburgh, by their late rejection of Macaulay, wilfully converted that proud title of the "Modern Athens" into an appellation of reproach, so cruel, that, "*Nemo me impune lacesset*," let all strangers beware how they may use it in future, lest, by so doing, they may compromise their personal safety.

On the opposite side of the Jed, above a beautiful wooded bank that rises over the haughs below, is the charming retreat of Bonjedward. We regret that we cannot trace the origin of this ancient name. It is now the property of the Hon. John Talbot. As we proceed downwards, the stream, as it approaches the Teviot, becomes more placid, making its way gently through rich arable fields, bordered here and there with trees, and joining the Teviot opposite to Mount Teviot.

A very interesting relic of antiquity appears on Lord Campbell's eastern march, in the old Roman road, which here traverses the country. Here the artist might be, at all times, sure of studies of picturesque groups of figures, from the vacant spaces at the sides of it being much frequented by the gipsies, who are seldom molested for encamping here. Farther to the eastward are the woods and place of Crailing House, situated on the Oxnam water, which, running through the haughs of Crailing, joins the Teviot at some distance below the kirk. On the opposite or left bank of the Teviot is the village of Nisbet.

The Kale water, already mentioned by us, joins the Teviot at some distance below Eckford. This river, after leaving the hills, waters, and sometimes overflows, a great part of a spacious and valuable plain of 1200 acres. Below this there is little to occupy us till we reach the ancient site of Roxburghe Castle, where a wooded knoll and some fragments of ruin are all that mark that it ever existed. This is, indeed, a point on which much might be said; and, although it may now be said to be gone as effectually as if it had never existed, it was long one of the great stronghold defences of Scotland, and many important passages of Scottish history are connected with it. It was often taken and retaken alternately by the English and the Scots. The historical fact of James II. laying siege to it in 1458, and, in his eagerness to recover it, superintending the operations in person, and losing his life by the bursting of one of his ill-constructed cannon, requires no notice, except we may mention that a thorn tree, in the Duke of Roxburghe's park at Fleurs, marks the spot where he died. We find it much more interesting to dwell upon the times which are recorded in the ancient chronicles, and we much prefer giving the account of the surprise of the castle and its recovery from the English by the Black Douglas. As we find this nowhere told so simply or so well as by Sir Walter Scott in his "Tales of a Grandfather," we shall quote this most romantic story verbatim from that work. We must acknowledge that we do not consider these tales as the least meritorious of the great author's works; and we confess that, knowing as we did both the parties, now no more, we have recently been deeply affected by a reperusal of the "Dedication to Hugh Littlejohn, Esq.," which, conceived at the time in a tone of grave humour, has now received a melancholy pathos from the sad concatenation of events which have occurred since 1828, when it was written:—

"You must know Roxburghe was then a very large castle, situated near where two fine rivers, the Tweed and the Teviot, join each other. Being within five or six miles of England, the English were extremely desirous of retaining it, and the Scots equally eager to obtain possession of it. I will tell you how it was taken.

"It was upon the night of what is called Shrovetide, a holiday which Roman Catholics paid great respect to, and solemnised with much gaiety and feasting. Most of the garrison of Roxburghe Castle were drinking and carousing, but still they had set watches on the battlements of the castle, in case of any sudden attack; for, as the Scots had succeeded in so many enterprises of the kind, and as Douglas was known to be in the neighbourhood, they conceived themselves obliged to keep a very strict guard.

"An Englishwoman, the wife of one of the officers, was sitting on the battlements with her child in her arms, and looking out on the fields below, she saw some black objects, like a herd of cattle, straggling near the foot of the wall, and approaching the ditch or moat of the castle. She pointed them out to the sentinel, and asked him what they were. 'Pooh, pooh!' said the soldier, 'it is farmer such-a-one's cattle' (naming a man whose farm lay near to the castle); 'the goodman is keeping a jolly Shrovetide, and has forgot to shut up his bullocks in their yard; but if the Douglas come across them before morning, he is likely to rue his negligence.' Now these creeping objects which they saw from the castle wall were no real cattle, but Douglas himself and his soldiers, who had put black cloaks above their armour, and were creeping about on hands and feet, in order, without being observed, to get so near to the foot of the castle wall as to be able to set ladders to it. The poor woman, who knew nothing of this, sat quietly on the wall, and began to sing to her child. You must know that the name of Douglas had become so terrible to the English that the women used to frighten their children with it, and say to them, when they behaved ill, that they 'would make the Black Douglas take them.' And this soldier's wife was singing to her child,

"'Hush ye, hush ye, little pet ye,
Hush ye, hush ye, do not fret ye,
The Black Douglas shall not get ye.'

"'You are not so sure of that,' said a voice close beside her. She felt at the same time a heavy hand, with an iron glove, laid on her shoulder, and when she looked round, she saw the very Black Douglas she had been singing about standing close beside her, a tall, swarthy, strong man. At the same time, another Scotsman was seen ascending the walls, near to the sentinel. The soldier gave the alarm, and rushed at the Scotsman, whose name was Simon Ledehouse, with his lance; but Simon parried the stroke, and, closing with the sentinel, struck him a deadly blow with his dagger. The rest of the Scots followed up to assist Douglas and Ledehouse, and the castle was taken. Many of the soldiers were put to death, but Douglas protected the woman and the child. I dare say she made no more songs about the Black Douglas."

Again we return to Kelso and its lovely environs, to which much beauty is contributed by the woods of the fine place of Springwood Park, where the Teviot joins the Tweed; and we shall finish this part of our subject by those beautiful lines from Teviot's own poet, Leyden, in his "Scenes of Infancy":—

"Bosomed in woods where mighty rivers run,
Kelso's fair vale expands before the sun;
Its rising downs in vernal beauty swell,
And, fringed with hazel, winds each flowery dell;
Green spangled plains to dimpling lawns succeed,
And Tempe rises on the banks of Tweed.
Blue o'er the river Kelso's shadow lies,
And copse-clad isles amid the waters rise."

FÜRSTENRUHE.

BY JOHN WILMER.

As the hurricane, even whilst it blights and blasts, at the same time purifies, so Napoleon passed over Germany, mowing down antiquated prejudices and forms in which whole nations seemed petrifying, like so many fossil remains of ancient days. Thus the merging of so many small principalities into large monarchies prepared the way for a happy, though, as yet, only a partial change, which time, however, will surely complete. For if we cannot in candour but admit that the manifold resident towns of these petty sovereigns caused civilization to glitter and break, as it were, into more points and surfaces, and thus to irradiate a larger space—the undeniable advantage of the system—the distractions which these divisions and subdivisions caused weakened the whole body of the empire, and laid it ever open to foreign invasion—as was made but too evident in the easy victories the French obtained on their first campaign in Germany; and the disadvantages resulting from the system were no less evident in the maladministration of the laws and finances of those several petty states, and the utter want of public security, both in the highways and byeways of life. When very small lords had very large fortresses, but very few men to man them—had very great need of money, and very small means of procuring any—energetic measures of any kind were scarce to be expected of them; and it is but fair to the Germans to state, that many strong places, like Hohenaspern in Wirtimberg, and Konigstein, now in the duchy of Nassau, then belonging to the electorate of Mayence, were garrisoned but by a handful of invalids when seized upon by Vendamme and Custines, who spent more powder in blowing up these strongholds than in taking them.

These courts, or semblances of courts, according to the virtues or vices, wisdom, or folly, or humour, of their several shadows of potentates, thus often presented the not incurious spectacle of a model or a satire; more frequently that of a parody of the thing they aimed at representing; at any rate, the pride and pomp, sometimes even the vices of the mighty princes whom they aped, when transferred within such narrow limits, mostly took a tinge of the ludicrous, which lesser princes could only have avoided by adopting a simple mode of life, and by exhibiting those private virtues that command respect whenever and wherever they are met with; but this was a piece of good taste which the eighteenth century too seldom exhibits in its annals. It is to a small court of this kind I would introduce my readers; and, though not historical as to names or dates, or, perhaps, even absolute facts, this tale will be found as faithful a delineation of the objects intended to be brought before his view as if none of these were wanting. It is, therefore, a matter of no moment whether we call the high and mighty lord we are about to mention, Graugraf, Landgraf, Wildgraf, Raugraf, Pfalzgraf, Markgraf, or Burggraf, or by any other title; be it sufficient to say, that, though not of the highest, he certainly did not rank among the least of the sovereigns subject to the empire; so we will at once style him Duke, and pass to the description of himself and his belongings.

Of his possessions, if size alone be considered, there would, indeed, be but little to say; but, though not large, they contained a world of traditional and historical associations that made the grey towers and ruins—that, time-hallowed, loomed through the waving forests which crowned the heights—a fund for the recorder of past lore, and an object of deep interest to the romantic or artistic mind. True, the deep, tangled woods, that glowed in such bright and varied tints under the cheering autumnal sun, were rendered perilous to the poor pedestrian by hordes of vagrants, of every denomination and description, who infested the country, and met with no check adequate to their numbers and daring. The solitary wanderer was bold indeed who should have ventured to climb the summits of the verdant hills, whence he may have longed to gaze on the blue ocean of distance. The felon knight was, indeed, departed, but the vagabond still infested the crumbling walls of the ruined castle, as ready to spring thence on his prey as ever were their first possessors. Germany, then, especially in these small, weak states, presented strange and startling contrasts. Dark, frowning fortresses, enclosed some choice spirits—the poet, the thinker, and the soldier—who expiated behind bolt and bar some trifling offence, often the mere victims of caprice or of a court intrigue; whilst the gipsy and the robber were doing and

daring their worst with impunity in God's free air, in the face of his bright heaven, and of the laws. Every spot was marked by tradition or a legend, sacred to history or to fable. Such the land I would speak of—lovely, yet full of faults—so dear to romance for these very faults—Germany, such as it has long ceased to be, and never will be again.

The reigning Duke and Duchess of Immingbausen Birkenburg Erlenstadt were no longer young; and neither, could the almost yearly records of their appearance which the palace furnished be relied upon, had ever been good-looking; still, the air and self-possession of one accustomed to homage spread over features and a presence that otherwise would have been insignificant, an air and a grace which seldom failed of effect, until the Duke spoke, when no look, however benign, could veil the hopeless shallowness of Serenissimo, as the town and the court were wont to style him.

The Duchess, though short and stout, was erect like a Maypole, and stately as a swan. Let not this be thought preposterous. A very little observation will show that dignity of mien is less dependent on natural than acquired forms; inasmuch as we seldom see beauty alone confer it, but constantly may behold how its harshest contrast cannot rob birth and station of this their undeniable privilege.

Thus the Duchess had a lofty bearing, despite all the hindrances Nature had put in her way. Her step was slow and stately as a Spaniard's, and the frigid look of her pale blue eyes was enough to freeze the thought on the lip, and cause the conscious blush to rise to the most innocent temples. Under this awful look the heart of its object misgave him, and memory involuntarily set to work in order to tax him with some possible dereliction from propriety, some want of respect due to time or place, some crime of *laze étiquette*—such misdemeanours being the most severely viewed at the court of Immingbausen.

Pride—the mere pride of birth and station—was the leading feature, or, more properly speaking, the engulphing, all-absorbing quality of the Duchess' mind; for it had most literally engulphed all the other qualities, good or bad, with which it had pleased nature originally to endow her, and completely neutralised the impulses of a heart at once kind and sincere, and warped a spirit that would otherwise have been just. Thus a fund of virtues that might have made life pleasant to herself, and endeared her to others, was swallowed up in that one mighty prejudice, which, though she was excellent in many ways, caused her to be more feared than loved in the limited circle which to her was a universe.

To this description it need scarce be added, that high mental acquirements were without the range of either. This deficiency was, in the Duchess, rather betrayed by the absence than the presence of any particular form of wit; but in the Duke it became very conspicuous, from his perpetual attempts at display. The Duke and Duchess had always lived in harmony, which the profound respect each entertained for the dignity of the house had maintained through every trial, and in this, as in many other respects, pride had greatly assisted, if not mainly incited, to a moral end. The only fruit of this calm union had been a son, who, strange to say, seemed gifted by Nature with all the fire which she had denied the parents. His nature, warm, impulsive, susceptible, had been one originally of great promise; but, for want of proper guidance, his abilities and qualities became obscured by obstinacy, which would hardly yield to necessity, and rendered him utterly deaf to counsel.

The residence—as the town where the sovereign resides is invariably denominated in Germany—was very small, inasmuch as there was a fair view of the country beyond at either end of the principal street, that, namely, in which the palace stood. And a huge palace it was—grand in its proportions, severe in its architecture, magnificent in its details—but utterly out of keeping with the size and style of all around it, except, perhaps, the splendour of the mountain scenery which its windows so freely commanded. The contrast with the small, ill-built, worse kept, mean-looking houses of the town, was as painful to the eye as the absence of heavy, splendid pieces of architecture is in great and populated cities. In this town there were but three objects the eye could rest upon—the huge palace, which looked alone and desolate in its glory—the barracks—and the town gates, two of which were built in the Doric style, and might have been the prelude to an Athens, and one, recently constructed, in the modern Gothic, which unfortunately came down the very first time that a high, heavily-laden cart attempted to pass it. As it had been achieved from a design by the prince's own hand, the court hushed up the affair with all haste, and it was an understood thing at the palace to consider the event as connected with some revolutionary principle, and the carter as an emissary of the *Jacobins* in disguise. How far this hypothesis would bear the test of a closer investigation, was a question not likely to arise at the palace, where it was considered the very highest breach of decorum to investigate or question anything whatever; and if any flitting notion seemed more particularly to need elucidation, this the Duke settled, finally and for ever, by a *bon-mot*, from which there was no appeal, in matters great or small.

Yet pleasant withal to this day are the large, shady parks of such residences, ever open to the public, and where, within sound of the trickling fountains, or the tiny waterfalls, the German student dreams his first dream of love—the future poet indites his first lines—the young artist ventures his first sketch—and the idler, whose glance roves from height to height, from ruined tower to tower, first gets attracted towards history's grave page. The gravel is smoothly kept—the flowers sweetly scent the air—the friendly bench is invitingly placed on a rising knoll, whence the eye can scan the extensive views around, and all for the use of the most ragged old woman, the wooden-legged soldier, the weary and heated artisan, as well as for the highest. There anxious mothers need scarcely dread the nursery-maid's carelessness—their darlings are safe as they play around the bench where she sits knitting; and the old man may smoke his afternoon's pipe, or take his nap, without fear of interruption. Here, too, fond vows have been, and will yet be exchanged; but, perhaps, to be more conscientiously kept, more truly spoken, than in more crowded purlieus.

On a certain 12th of May, 17—, the Duke and Duchess were taking their customary walk in the picture-gallery, whose length was well calculated to afford the comfort of a promenade, whenever the weather pre-

vented the court from stirring out; it served often, too, as a reception-room, though not officially styled such, and was habitually the scene of all the ducal domestic cogitations. Though the hour was yet early, the Duchess was already stately in her hoops and high red heels, already very highly rouged, and her head-gear preternaturally elevated, her air serious and collected as ever. The Duke's hair, just fresh from the hands of the court *friseur*, spread like the fluttering wings of some huge bird on either side his head, and sent volumes of scented powder around him at his every movement, and ever and anon he shook it gracefully, as, from his snuff-box, whose lid exhibited her portrait surrounded with diamonds, he offered his consort a pinch, with amiable condescension. They had thus taken a few silent turns up and down the gallery, when the Duke observed, with his peculiar abruptness of manner, which was apt to startle the uninitiated—

"Do you know who was presented to me this morning, my dear?"

"How should I?" the Duchess gravely remarked. "I never permit myself to inquire into your movements, my good lord: I am quite content to wait for what it may be your will and pleasure to communicate."

"You are, indeed, a model of a ——;" the Duke was, in his jovial humour, about to say "wife;" but he checked himself in time, and added, gracefully bowing, "of a princess. However, it is no state secret, so I may let you into it. It was Von Adlersklau. He wishes to become an officer in my guards—a likely lad—wants air, and so forth; but we'll take care of that. However, what do you think I told him?" The Duke intently gazed into the Duchess' faint blue eyes in the very justifiable hope she would not anticipate too clearly the *bon-mot* with which he meant to astonish her.

"Your *Liebden* is so very witty, I cannot presume to guess," replied his consort.

"You give it up; you cannot find it out. Well, I said to him, 'Are you a hand at riddles? Who is the fairest reckoner in the whole world?' He looked posed—mortally posed. I was generous. 'Death,' said I; 'for he makes all people pay the same debt, and lets no one off.' Eh! eh! eh! I can't help laughing even now."

The Duchess dutifully chimed in; but her cachinnation sat so strangely on her grave, solemn face, any other but the Duke would have suspected its sincerity; in fact, the Duchess would have been tempted to think Serenissimo's jokes both stale and stupid in any other but a ducal mouth; but her besetting sin here turned to a virtue; for it blinded her to her husband's absurdity as completely as Cupid's bandage has ever done.

"Very good; was it not?" said the Duke, still laughing, though he had been in the habit of repeating this joke for the last twenty years. The Duchess bent her head in silent assent, and the Duke continued—"but not, withal, quite so fresh as what I said at our last reception to Countess Dassel's niece, who is on a visit to her, you know. She was complaining that her bonnets and caps were ruined by the journey, and had arrived a perfect jam, because her husband had insisted on their being sent by the wain instead of taking them in their own travelling carriage, as she wished. Seeing her so pathetic on the subject, I said, by way of consolation, 'Madam, be not distressed; instead of bonnets, you have bonnet powder; it is a new fashion you will introduce to the world.' Bonnet powder—new, this, my dear, there's no denying it, is very new and very rich. Everybody laughed extremely. I am afraid you don't laugh, my dear."

"Oh yes," said the Duchess, forcing a faint giggle from the innermost regions of her throat; "very funny. Eh! eh! very droll."

"Then, my dear, allow me," offering a pinch of snuff to his obliging spouse. "It was no later than yesterday I said to the master of the ceremonies, 'If you were a dentist, what would you do?' He was perplexed—distressed. 'Well,' said I, 'would you not draw Time's tooth, that does so much evil?' Ha! ha! ha! but you don't laugh, Duchess."

"Ah! ah!" feebly echoed the lady; "very strange; but you are sometimes a little hard upon one."

"Hard! I should hope so!" and here the Duke drew himself up to his full height, which was considerable, and looked down on his tiny Duchess with all the conscious superiority which his exalted notion of his own abilities so often gave him.

Here the conversation flagged; for having informed the Duchess of his *latest bons-mots*, he had nothing more to say, and they walked side by side, absorbed, as it might have seemed to casual observers, in thought, but in reality vainly striving to catch at any. At last the Duke said, as his eye chanced to light on one of the pictures that adorned the gallery—

"Do you remember, my dear, the remark I once made about that portrait? I know it caused much merriment at the time, but I cannot, for the life of me, recollect what it was."

"It is that of a princess who married an hereditary prince of your house, but whose son, not husband, succeeded. But for that posthumous prince—that child which she holds in her arms—your house would have been extinct."

"True; very true," said the Duke, with a vacant expression of countenance; then it suddenly lighted up with renewed animation, as he exclaimed, "I have it—I have it; some one or other was prosing about his journey to Italy, and the arts, and the pictures, and galleries there, and telling us long stories about madonas in a chair, and madonas in straw hats, and madonas with pearls. It was in this gallery. I stopped short before this very picture, and said, pointing up at the same time, 'And this, sir, is the lady, child, and cherry;' for, observe, my dear, that huge bunch of cherries which my infant ancestor holds in his hand. Would you believe it, my dear; though every one else laughed, the stranger did not, but stared at me like a wild Indian."

The Duchess again complacently simpered; but the portrait had awakened other thoughts in her mind; and, after a short pause of courtesy, perceiving her lord had nothing more to add for the time being, she remarked, with some emphasis, "Only sons should marry early."

"Yes; young men are skittish things," answered the Duke; "may I," presenting his snuff-box, from which the pinch, whether wanted or not, never was refused. "The first thing they do is—but I am afraid to shock you, my dear——" The Duchess drew her-

self up, and looked, though one might have deemed the thing impossible, stiffer than before.

"It is very immoral, and all that sort of thing," said the Duke; "but then you must make allowances—in our station."

"Yes," sighed the Duchess; "but how many a noble house has failed through these same follies which men may, but princes should not, think lightly of, on account of this very peril."

"Surely you do not fancy we are about to lose our Prince," said the Duke, sharply.

"Heaven forbid! but such dispensations have come upon the highest families quite unawares; and our young prince should secure the continuation of your line, since it has pleased heaven to bestow but one son on us."

"True; most true," said the Duke, assuming an air of deep thought as he gazed on the Duchess; "you are right; but where to find the bride, and on so short a notice—for the case is imminent; there's no time to lose; the Prince is past twenty."

"The house must of course be unexceptionable," said the Duchess; "unluckily I have no niece."

"Very unlucky," said the Duke; "but the Prince has expensive tastes. I do not think money should be lost sight of altogether in this affair."

"There's the reigning Duke of L——; he has several princesses, and would not, I am sure, refuse."

"Refuse!" said the Duke; "refuse! No one of my house has ever been refused; but," he added, in his usual urbane tone—for he was at bottom a good-natured man—"but there are too many fair daughters."

"And," said the Duchess, musingly, "they are cousins to the Emperor. Should, perchance, the young people disagree, this circumstance might be awkward."

"Very true," assented the Duke. "There's the only daughter of our neighbour the Count of B——; she is beautiful and accomplished, and rich besides."

"Yes," said the Duchess; "but I think there is a flaw somewhere about the middle of their genealogical tree," and she shook her head thoughtfully.

"About the middle!" said the Duke, coaxingly; "that's rather distant; for my part, I wouldn't mind it. By the way, my dear, the young Baron Silberbach is just returned from the university, you know. He was presented to me the other day as a first-rate scholar in all sorts of abstruse things; so I said, 'I'll put you a scientific question, young man, that may chance to pass your wisdom. What's that thing on earth and in heaven that's always equidistant?' He was silent; he looked confused. 'Why, the middle,' said I; 'the middle, to be sure.' He did laugh, my dear, and so heartily too, it would have done your heart good to see him. I have taken a great fancy to him; a nice youth he is, and shall have advancement here, as I have promised him."

The Duchess listened patiently to the stale joke her husband favoured her with for the hundredth time in that very gallery up which she was majestically sailing, and even waited to hear if he would add anything more, with the punctilious respect she maintained on all points connected with him, then resumed—

"What say you to the Princess Helena of M——? She is but seventeen, and I am informed, at the death of the Bishop of F——, her uncle, she is expected to inherit something handsome. She is of a very great house, so far as illustration goes, but which is too far off, and not in a position to protect her in a way ever to trouble our son: so that he, at any rate, would have every chance of happiness in this alliance. What say you, my dear Lord? for your opinion can alone guide us all to a happy issue."

"Well, my dear, I was just thinking she'd do very well in every respect. She has never seen me, you know, so my wit will come quite fresh and pungent upon her.

"It is not worth mentioning the matter to Prince Henry," said the mother, "because he can have no possible objection."

"And if he had," said the Duke, "don't we know best what's for his good and pleasure? We'll take him by surprise, and call it '*un marriage en surprise.*' Eh! eh! eh! Very good; but I think it is time to reconduct you to your apartments. Pray, remember, however, this is a state secret; so be silent. I'll send for the minister no later than to-day about it."

Thus lightly, and without granting them any part or parcel in the affair, was the whole life of two beings decided upon, and that, too, in its very dawn. True, men often determine on measures as grave, without more, or, perhaps, even so much ground for election; but every man is more prepared to abide by his own folly than even by the wisdom of others. The German proverb, "Man's will is his paradise," fully bears out this view of the case, more especially in that country where the saying originated.

Before all the necessary preliminaries were settled, the dower fixed, and the rights of the future Princess clearly defined, there were as many journeys to and fro, as many envoys to scour the country, as many diplomatic ruses and finesses on either part, to grant as little, and obtain as much as could be extorted from the other, as though the weal of nations depended on an event of so strictly a domestic nature. It was, however, brought at last to a happy issue, after having nearly split on a rock or two, which were luckily and adroitly removed by the deep sagacity and profound policy of the court of Immighausen—abetted, perhaps, by the desire fathers generally experience, whether Princes or not, to get rid, as soon as possible, of their marriageable daughters.

One awkward accident marred somewhat the majesty of the discussion. The bearer of important dispatches from the Minister to the Duke's agent at the court of the bride elect's father, a tall sturdy soldier in the Duke's own uniform, was stopped whilst crossing a wood, and cleaned out of his documents, twenty-four kreutzers, and some bread and cheese, the only things besides that his pockets contained. To fly thus in the face of the Duke's own regimentals was too much audacity for the court to believe in; and it was there confidently asserted that a neighbouring court, anxious to discover the secrets of the Duke, had been the hidden instigators of this outrage. But some there were among the unprivileged to appear at court, who were sceptical enough on this head to affirm the missing dispatches were one day discovered in the basket of a female vagrant, enwrapping some pounds of butter which she had brought to market; a fact, however, studiously kept from the knowledge of the Sovereign by the prime minister, who was quite enough of a courtier to know how disagreeably such a triviality

would jar with the self-exaltation to which the reigning family was addicted. So he wisely confiscated the butter to his own use, and committed the tell-tale papers to the flames.

The difficulties that, at one time, nearly broke off the whole affair were these:—The Duke, once struck with the notion that his house might, by any untoward accident, come to an end, becoming ardently desirous of possessing grand-children as speedily as might be, was very averse from any delay in the execution of the marriage scheme; but the female relations of the bride were equally anxious to gain time for the making up of a handsome *trousseau*, and the eagerness of both parties well nigh defeated their purpose altogether.

Now this was a graver point than may at first be supposed. It was not a mere matter of months, but years, which this question implied. In Germany, slow and methodic *par excellence*, they are far from proceeding at the galloping rate of our own more practical country in this or any other matters. Throughout all classes of society, two or three years are generally allowed on such occasions for necessary preparation—such as getting up the linen, and securing and furnishing the lodging. And many a union has been delayed, to the writer's knowledge, beyond that period, by trifling difficulties occuring in these seemingly trivial circumstances. But if, on the one hand, this does not argue much in favour of German passion, on the other it speaks volumes for their truth and stedfastness. Another moral, too, it clearly points out, namely, the scantiness of suitable lodgings in the provincial towns, and the impossibilty, under whatever pressure of circumstances, of procuring any thing *impromptu* in that country; and in this, as in many other respects, nothing can be more chastening to an impatient spirit than a prolonged sojourn in Germany.

The Duke, however, triumphed in this instance, and the ceremony was to take place within the twelvemonth. The last persons made acquainted with the important event projected, at either court, were those destined to figure as principal characters in the pageant. Neither remonstrated; for they knew too well the fruitlessness of such a measure: but the announcement acted very differently on each. The Princess, trained to passive obedience from earliest infancy, dreamed not of opposition; and utterly inexperienced in general in the world's ways, she felt no misgiving of any kind. But the Prince, who, as we have elsewhere said, was wilful and headstrong, hated, from the very hour her name was first mentioned to him, one whose only and most involuntary fault was being, as it were, forced upon him.

When the young Princess appeared at his father's court, she produced an unfavourable impression on most of her beholders. Timid, bashful, awkward, and unformed, although the delicate *contour* of her person and face bore, to the *connoisseur*, a promise of future beauty, that beauty, as well as her merits, whatever they might be, seemed, as yet, but in the bud: nor did the young Prince feel any interest in her possible development, the rather, perhaps, that a riper stage of female loveliness had already taken possession of his fancy.

The Princess, having been wedded by proxy, had arrived at her new home with a scemly train of attendants, for the most part belonging to her future lord's household. As she beheld the belt of mountains that girded the smiling plains, yellow with the ripening corn, perchance she indulged in some bright, warm vision of happiness, such as it is youth's sweetest privilege to entertain; and whilst gazing on the happy laughing faces of the young virgins and children who greeted her with flowers, and songs, and smiles, as she proceeded along the high street and across the square before the palace, she, perchance, dreamed of childish glee like their's; but at sight of the huge, dull palace in which her days were henceforth to be spent, and of the group assembled on the majestic flight of steps of this provincial Versailles, well might her heart sink within her. There stood the Duke, with his face set on the half grin, in anticipation of his intended witticisms, and their effect on a new, and, he had reason to hope, perfectly complacent listener. There, also, stood the Duchess in prodigious hoops, just got up for the occasion, and with heart certainly overflowing with maternal benevolence, yet looking as prim and rigid as one of the monumental effigies in her family vault. Near her was the Prince, in a very stiff uniform, than which it would be difficult to imagine a more unfavourable disguise to a tall, well-formed person; keeping his head artificially erect, as if some disagreeable perfume threatened his high and mighty olfactory organs, powder masking the rich brown of his luxuriant locks, and a cold formality checking all the grace and warmth of youth.

Immediately behind the Duke stood the prime minister; a short, fat, and very important personage, possessed of a mysterious look, a diplomatic smile, and a nod of such promise, that, although endowed with nothing else in the wide world beyond these gifts of Nature or of Art, they sufficed to elevate him to his present high post at the court; and, indeed, would have been sufficient to make his fortune in a larger sphere, had heaven willed to place him in such a one. Next came the master of the ceremonies, a tall, thin, sour-looking specimen of bustle and arrogance, always in a hurry himself, and scaring others by his nervous excitement about nothing. He was an immense favourite at the palace: without him nothing could proceed—he was the very corner-stone of its semblance of life.

A few more courtiers were grouped respectfully behind the Duke, whom it is needless to describe. At the Duchess' rear stood a small but formidable knot of dowagers; of whom it might have been suspected that they had been selected by that great lady's domestic prudence, as not likely to turn the male heads at the palace. They were, indeed, strange samples of the female world at Imminghausen; with cheeks rouged to the colour of their carriage wheels, and their heads nodding beneath a weight of flour and starch, sufficient to have maintained a few starving villagers for a week, and fabrics of such fanciful compositions that it might have puzzled a conjurer to guess what they might be meant to represent. But if their head gear were difficult to unravel, their countenances were not difficult to read aright; and their acidity, in all its grades and degrees, might have been well studied by any curious physiognomist.

Without having the slightest pretension to that science, the youthful Princess felt a chill at her heart as her eye fell on those assembled to receive her on the threshold of her new home. She guessed at a glance who the Duchess was, though she had never before beheld her; and her first impulse was to throw herself in

her arms and call her mother. The Duchess perceived her intention in time to avert the proffered embrace, and coldly saluted the paling cheek of the poor young thing whom, at that very moment, her every feeling yearned towards, as to a long-lost, long-missed, and at last restored object of affection; for the Duchess had missed a daughter sadly, and had felt, what sovereigns, great or small, are mostly doomed to feel—that an heir can hardly be a child. But how could the bashful, shrinking girl guess that such kindly thoughts were entertained of her, when she in vain sought a sympathising glance in the Duchess' pale, china-blue eyes. She stole one timid look at the future arbiter of her days: his air of ineffable contempt needed no interpreter, and the poor Princess, half child as she yet was, read it aright. An older, a less pure mind, might have resented the scorn of her charms which his coolness implied. Not so Helena; she merely conceived a vague terror of the future without being exactly conscious on what basis this terror was founded. The Duke's friendly manner alone gave her sufficient courage and presence of mind to go through the rest of the *programme;* and thankful she was when led to her chambers at last.

The rooms set apart exclusively for her own use were most elegantly furnished; and there was a certain boudoir, hung with white silk on which stood out roses and rosebuds in embroidered relief, having a deep bay window overlooking the pleasant shady grounds, and far, far beyond, through the vistas, were seen the distant hills and the valleys winding between them. Helena came from the north of Germany, where Nature assumes not such majesty of form, nor such variety of colouring; and with the volatileness of her age, she clapped her hands with joy at being the mistress of such a bower, and forgot, for the moment, all the conditions annexed to its possession. Alas! La Rochefoucault has spoken but too truly, "Fortune gives not her favours, but sells them;" and could we but keep the fact in mind, or be able to trace its force in every instance, how very seldom should we find it worth our while to envy greatness.

But Helena was not long allowed to remain thus oblivious of her fetters. Her ladies presented themselves to her notice—they might more properly have been termed *duennas*, for formality was written legibly in every wrinkle of their faded countenances. The Princess, at sight of them, felt her innocent joy vanish away; and they noting her change of aspect, not untruly laid it to the account of a personal dislike to themselves, which they were quite ready to return in kind. Helena turned from her boudoir, which she meant to reserve for her own privacy, and entering her dressing room, patiently endured a very long lecture, couched in the way of advice, on the duties of her future life in general, and of that evening in particular, when there was grand reception at the palace in honour of her arrival. Yet, even whilst seeming to listen with gravest attention, the Princess' imagination was revelling in the distant hills whose undulations her eye could follow from where she sat, and her heart bounded at the mere thought of climbing to their summits, or rowing on the clear, small lake she could just get a tempting glimpse of through the dense trees of the park.

She pleaded fatigue to be permitted to dine in her own apartment. Her nerves, rather than her heart, fluttered at the idea of the Prince's probable visit, for which her ladies took care to prime her. She could scarce be said to desire it; yet, as it was a breach of courtesy in the Prince to omit it, she felt wounded at his non-appearance, and was more frightened than ever by the manifold insinuations, which the good nature of the ladies did not spare her, with regard to his peculiarities of taste and temper, and those of his family. They rendered, indeed, justice to the Duchess' purity of character; but, could virtue ever seem formidable, the description of it in that lady would have succeeded in achieving the feat.

When Helena prepared for the reception, she felt as though the pearls that encircled her slender throat were stones of ponderous weight, and her long, thin hands and arms looked as if they shrunk from the golden bands that clasped them. She was so pale with suppressed emotion, not all the rouge expended on her cheeks could conceal the fact, and not all the drops of all the flacons in the palace could still the throbbing of her pulses, or give assurance to her steps, as, leaning on the Duke's arm, she entered the grand saloon, which, as she was informed, had been newly arranged for her marriage, never having been altered before from the period of the Duke's accession down to that very day. It was fitted up in a cold, formal style, with hangings of purple damask, and furniture to match.

Helena was not, indeed, of a royal house; but still her father's court was on a more enlarged scale than that over which she had the prospect of one day presiding; and she was so struck with the difference, that her looks betrayed her surprise.

"You find the rooms crowded?" the Duke kindly inquired.

"Oh, no!" she frankly exclaimed, "I expected to see many more people."

The Duke was not so obtuse but he understood her feeling of disappointment, and not a little mortified; he answered somewhat huffily, "Do you know what makes the difference between a market place and a reception hall?"

The Princess innocently pleaded ignorance.

"Then mark—it is this—the one is for the many—the other for the few, to bring their wares to, and get the best price they can for them—that's why you find this room not quite so full as, perhaps, you were led to expect by the people that thronged your passage this morning."

The Princess perceived she had offended, and her shyness pointed out to her the wisest method on such occasions; she remained silent.

But the generally placable Duke soon turned again to her, and said, keeping her the whilst in the embrasure of a door, the conscious object of universal scrutiny, "What would you do if you were a dentist?"

The Princess, blushing up to her eyes, confessed she had no notion.

"Well," said the Duke, triumphantly, "would you not pull out Time's tooth, that does so much evil?"

"Now," observed, in a whisper, a young fellow to a friend near him, "I warrant Serenissimo is letting fly the first arrow from his quiver at the Princess. I plainly see the word 'tooth' still hovering on his lips. I always know exactly the particular joke he is telling by the peculiar expression of his mouth."

"Serenissimo does love to repeat that joke, it is true,

a little often ; but hush, my friend, these are perilous matters to talk of within these walls. Serenissimo is, indeed, indulgence itself, still——. By the way, the Princess, now I see her better than I could this morning in her travelling attire, will be pretty a year hence or so."

"It will be too late, I greatly fear," said the other ; "look how sternly the Prince eyes her."

A little farther two other gentlemen were conversing in low tones.

"Do you know the Prince's latest order respecting court dress," the elder was saying ; "surely not, or you would have conformed."

"No—tell me, I entreat—I feel an age behind hand in court news, in the very few days I have spent on my estate ; one cannot leave town for a single day without growing rustic ; but pray tell me where lies my sin."

"Well, my friend, this is it—the *ailes de pigeon* are to be worn considerably more to the right and left than heretofore, and the *queues* are henceforward to have two large bows to the bag instead of one ; look at me behind,"

"Oh ! charming—delightful—so becoming—looks like the extended arms of a wind-mill—whenever you turn your head, it seems as though the wind set them in motion. How foolish that no one told me of this before. I feel on thorns now, lest Serenissimo or Serenissima turn their eyes on me, and yet dare not withdraw, lest I should be missed on such an occasion as this—it is impossible ! What a painful position ! Don't you feel for me ? Say, my dear friend, can't you comprehend my sufferings ?"

"Can I, my dear Baron—to be sure I can ; I am sincerely sorry for you, but there's no help for it ; you must even brave it out, and by keeping the back of your head very near the wall, the fact may escape detection."

"What a lucky thought ; you are my friend ; indeed, I feel grateful, very, very grateful. When many a man would have pointed me out as a mark for high displeasure, you tell me how best to screen myself—this is generous."

Whilst the grateful Baron was thus exhausting his vocabulary of court phrases to paint the flitting feeling of the moment, Princess Helena was released from her tedious thraldom, and was preparing to receive, at the Duchess' side, the congratulations of the assembly ; whilst the master of the ceremonies, perspiring with the exertion he fancied incumbent upon him on this occasion, the first of the kind, as he very justly observed, that had taken place within his remembrance, marshalled the company with more than his usual air of bustling importance. Indeed it was no light matter to decide on the right of precedence of the noble guests, as each eagerly pressed forward to be presented to the new Princess.

"My dear Baron Wolfstein, I, in my quality of master of the horse, as an officer of the household, should be one of the very first to show my respect."

"I," argued another, "am of a family whose dignity it behoves me to support ; otherwise, rest assured, I should never trouble you on this head, my dear Wolfstein ; but remember my family is as ancient, to the full, as that even of Serenissimo himself. On all other points you'll find me amenable, my dear Baron ; but on this I must be firm, were it only out of respect to my Countess, who is born[1] D——. You see my position. I cannot permit L—— and C—— to pass before me ; and, Wolfstein, if you manage this for me as I desire, I shall be grateful, very grateful," pressing, significantly, the hand he had seized, despite the great man's endeavours to keep it out of reach.

"Now," pleaded a third, "remember, Wolfstein, you are very partial to my house since the arrival there of a certain fair niece of mine ; now, should I not pass first, her pride will be hurt, and see what sort of reception you will get at your next call."

"But, my good friend," remonstrated the embarrassed chamberlain, "what can I do—you must be fair—you cannot pass before the gentlemen of the household."

"*Tatarara*, I'll pass, *pour les beaux yeux de ma niece*—if you disoblige me in this trifle, how can you expect me to favour your views."

"Do as you please," the chamberlain replied, "but don't require me to perform impossibilities. Serenissimo never would notice the oversight, but the Duchess has a lynx's eye in such matters. I dare not."

As he is about to turn to that part of the room where Serenissimo is standing, and seems expecting the ceremony to begin, a fourth comes up whispering,

"Baron, Baron, I must be presented too, and not the last."

"My dear fellow, what do you speak of ? If at all, you come last—among the secretaries, of course."

"Ay, among the secretaries, if you will, but the first of them ; and I say, Baron, the money I lent you the other day——." But the Baron is far off, shaking his powdered head, as with a quick step, yet stately mien, he nears the high and mighty personages, who guess pretty well why he looks so flurried, and feel in their secret hearts no small satisfaction thereat.

They had all now to defile before the Princess, and to kiss her hand, whilst the Baron named them as they came up, though without making those comments which might, if admissible, have enlivened the tedium of the ceremony.

First came those whose claims to precedence were clearly established by their unstained genealogy. They were for the most part *Freiherrs*, who had, however, but scanty portions left of the immense territories their ancestors once possessed—nobles, once as powerful as princes, who ruled with tyrant sway during the middle ages, and formed the powerful chivalry of Germany. Their names grace the ancient books of tournaments, and are inscribed on history's page. But this ancient body has suffered in the world's esteem, and a new race has sprung up in their stead, created by successive monarchs, under the more sounding titles of Count and Prince, but whose origin is often foreign, or, if native, can seldom be traced so far back. But though fallen into comparative insignificance, whilst their more fortunate successors flock around the greater Sovereigns, these lesser constellations revolve round lesser suns, content to grace a second, or even third rate sphere, rather than sink into total oblivion ; for, in a land where the independent position of a gentleman living on his own estate, for his own pleasure, without place or title, is not yet understood, he would risk to be soon confounded with the surrounding boors, were he not to hang upon the skirt of some court or other.

After the half-dozen Freiherrs had been presented to the Princess, who knew enough of history not to be unfamiliar with their names, came those whose station in or about the palace made them inmates under the same roof with herself, and whom probably she would daily meet. They might make a round dozen more. Then came a score of officers, pigeon-breasted, frizzled, filling the air around with a pungent smell of musk ; these were presented by the Prince himself, and were termed the guard of honour. They not only represented, but chiefly composed the army ; and only obtained their commissions after their genealogical tree had been duly examined, and the cut of their coats, and the twist of their *queues* approved of in high quarters ; a good leg, a thin waist, and a correct profile, went a good way towards advancement, especially with the Prince, who had, as was generally observed at court, a great military turn.

Then came the dependants of the household, who might have been omitted but for the sake of numbers, which on similar occasions is an object. There was the court chaplain, a timid man, who reproved the sins of his powerful patrons, with due caution, from the pulpit of the Duke's private chapel once a week ; and who, with all his care, had once chosen a text so injudiciously as to spend ten days in the neighbouring fortress ; where, however, he was not forgotten, as sometimes occurred in such cases, because, as we have before stated, the Duke was at bottom a good-natured man, whose heart often made amends for the weakness of his head, which not being, unfortunately, a common occurrence among his like, caused him to be generally well loved by his people, and called " the good Duke." There was, too, the private secretary, the *maestro di capella*, an Italian, and many more, who literally lived on the Duke, had little to complain of, much to be thankful for, but who, with the waywardness peculiar to man's nature, and his inborn dislike of all control, laughed unmercifully at Serenissimo's foibles, and thought little of the obligations they were under.

We perceive, with surprise and regret, we have dwelt on the lords more than on the ladies, nor granted these their due precedence ; but as they mostly were the wives and daughters of the gentlemen we have described, the reader may thank us for passing them under silence. When the *baise-main* was over, the society passed into an inner saloon, where the card tables were laid out ; for the Duchess was very fond of a game or two, or at least professed to be so ; but so methodical were all her movements, it would have been puzzling in the extreme to distinguish between her real and her assumed tastes. The Princess, professing ignorance of all games, to escape the nuisance of playing, sat behind the Duchess, flanked on either hand by Serenissimo and his son. The latter seemed turned to stone, so silent and moody did he sit next to his bride elect. Those of the household formed into several knots fronting the table ; whilst the officers, stiff and starch as on parade, huddled together at the further end of the room, as it would have seemed from their silence, for countenance sake rather than conversation. Some old ladies played at the various tables, but their *grande misère mon cœur* sounded low and cautious in those sacred precincts. Now and then, indeed, the somewhat sharp tones of the Duchess were heard, as by a direct question to either of the young people she sought to draw them out : but Helena was dispirited, and the Prince obstinately bent on disappointing her efforts. Little accustomed to resistance of any kind, the Duchess' hand actually trembled as she took up the cards ; but she had far too much self-command to betray her sentiments by any graver token of displeasure. The Duke, intuitively, felt that something was wrong, but trusting a word in private from him to his son would set all right again, thought the opportunity good for display, so, turning to the master of the ceremonies, he said :—

" We have not had rain for a long while, Wolfstein."

" We may, however, soon look for some, your highness," the well-trained Baron replied, " for the moon's change is at hand."

" And a full moon too, Wolfstein."

" Yes, your highness." The courtier knew it to be in its last quarter, but he had too often been promoter to the good Duke's jokes to miss the clue now.

" Ay," said the Duke ; then turning to Helena, he asked, " Do you know why the moon is called full at times ?"

The Princess could not guess.

" It is because she is about to overflow."

The Princess burst into a hearty fit of laughter, which rose not, indeed, so much from the words she listened to, as from the suggestions of her own mind at the scene before her—at thoughts of the inordinate gaities to which she was doomed, and of which this evening was the prelude. She laughed at the gravity of so many human beings gathered together, and yet scarcely exchanging a word above their breath—at her joyless bridegroom—at the formal old Duchess—at herself and her position. She declared in after years that the thought of a deaf and dumb assembly had involuntarily risen to her mind. The clear ringing tones of youthful merriment, soft and silvery as they in reality were, sounded quite awful in the midst of the stillness. The officers started as though a trumpet blast rang in their ears—the dowagers suffered their cards to drop from their hands—and all eyes were turned towards the Princess in wonder and amazement. The Duke alone was charmed ; it was long since his hit at the moon had met with such success ; he loved the Princess for that hearty laugh, and turning to the master of the ceremonies he whispered—

" The Princess is truly charming."

The loud whisper was heard by one or two, and soon penetrated to the remotest corners of the room.

" Serenissimo likes the new Princess"—" she'll be a prodigious favourite"—" that laugh was a lucky hit"—" if I had dared, I had ventured as much before now."

Such were the *sotto voce* exclamations resulting from this remark. The Duchess turned her pale blue piercing eyes on Helena, and soon detected more of suppressed mirth in her downcast lids and compressed lips, than she thought her lord's somewhat stale jokes likely to call forth ; but this was neither time nor place to chide, so the play went on. After a little while, the Duke addressed his son so directly, the latter could not evade an answer—" Anything new in the papers to-day ?"

" Nothing that I know of, your highness."

" No, I see there's no war to be feared now ; I am glad of it. *Apropos*," addressing the Princess, " do

you know who are the most charitable of men during war time?"

"The monks, I suppose," replied Helena, who thought it incumbent upon her to say something, and who was dying to give her secret hilarity free vent.

"You are out, quite out, my dear; it is the soldiers; they make so many poor houses—by plunder and rapine I mean—you see the point, don't you?"

Helena, glad of so plausible an excuse, gave way to another explosion of gaiety, more in harmony with her years than with her breeding or her birth. Nature was so little known in the palace of Immenghausen Berkenburg Erlenstadt—had been so remorselessly banished thence, that the impression made by this second outbreak was generally unfavourable to the Princess. The Duke alone continued to be charmed. The placid smiles of his familiars and his Duchess, what were they to the flattering homage of such spontaneous merriment?" "I knew," thought the Duke, "I'd come strong upon her freshness; I daresay her father is a dull drone of a fellow, but his daughter is sprightly. I wonder my son does not take more to her; it is very strange; I must look to it—I'll set all that right in the twinkling of an eye. I must try her again, however."

Whether the Duchess had enough of her game, or perceiving her husband fresh primed, wished to prevent his exploding, or dreaded least Helena's childishness should become too evident, or that her son's coldness towards her might grow too much an object of remark, she suddenly pushed the cards from her, and rising, turned to request Helena's arm to take a turn through the saloon. The Duchess stepped out with still more erectness than usual, spreading her fan before her as she went with an authoritative air which would have baffled imitation, showing off her small snowy hand of remarkable beauty, almost every finger of which was gemmed. Her cheeks were rouged to a still deeper tint than in the morning, the fiery red of which, contrasting strongly with her powdered head and pale eyes, gave her countenance a harsh unnatural expression; nor did the diamonds that glittered on her stomacher, neck, and arms, in a profusion more magnificent than tasteful, add grace to her overloaded figure. But for this she cared little. Seldom do we find vanity, coquetry, or, indeed, any petty vice, mixed up with pride. It has, at least, the advantage of preserving from many a meaner weakness and defect. The Duchess dressed, as she did all things, with reference merely to what was due to her rank and station, and not with any secondary view whatever. She approached the table where the dowagers were still playing, and spoke a few words in a tone so obviously and constrainedly condescending, that it fell far short of its intended object. But the Duke, who had followed close upon her heels, exclaimed in his hearty manner—

"Well, ladies, who is the winner? you, Frau von Lilienfeld? I am happy to hear it—you are on a visit here—it's but fair that the luck of the place should bid you welcome. Ha! ha! ha! not bad, is it?" turning to the Duchess, who was pleased, as usual, graciously to smile, then to Helena, who dared no longer laugh. From thence they honoured one group after another with a passing word of notice, which smacked somewhat of the smallness of the town, for it chiefly consisted of such observations as the following:—"I hope, Sir Counsellor, your children are well of the measles—your eldest got them also?—that's too bad, I had hoped to see her at our next ball—truly sorry." "Baron, your niece is about to get married?—oh! it's your daughter, so much the better, I trust we shall have the pleasure of seeing her here." "Sir Librarian, we have been very delighted with your last work"—a heavy elephant edition of the history of the House of Immenghausen Berkenburg Erlenstadt, enriched with genealogical tables—"highly interesting—allow me to offer you a testimony of my esteem." Here the Duke presented a snuff box with his gracious image on the lid, a sad daub of a minature, and *not* surrounded with diamonds, as the officious recorder of more than one lie had fondly expected. He looked crestfallen enough, and was probably rapidly summing up in imagination the labour and time he had spent in researches which he now thought thrown away. But it was too late to wish back the volume into non-existence; and, if possible, what author could or would achieve such a *felo de se*—the destruction of his better self? If such an unnatural literary parent could be found, it certainly were not among the sons of science. Those who have laboured to obtain a result, be that result never so unsatisfactory, are not tempted to fling it away. As it was, the *savant* pocketed his disappointment and the compliment that was meant to sooth it; he shook his ruffled feathers, and though he swore he'd never again busy himself with the ungrateful task, not many months later enriched the literary world with a supplement, scarce less ponderous than the original compilation.

The Duchess then passed back into the reception room. This, however, was empty, but for the presence of a few cornets who were whispering in corners; but, on perceiving the Major Domo approaching to announce supper, the Duchess made a somewhat precipitate retreat, lest the announcement might lose anything of its solemnity by the members of the ducal family being scattered about.

The supper offered but one remarkable feature. The ducal party sat alone at a table set apart for them; but to Helena's surprise, who had never beheld anything of the kind at her father's court, the officers of the guard, in their full regimentals, waited behind their chairs like so many lackeys. The Princess' obvious embarrassment at this, to her, unfamiliar circumstance, seemed to force a notion of the impropriety of their position on the poor guardsmen themselves: and their cheeks were, to the full, as flushed as her own, whenever her eye chanced to light on any of them. At neighbouring tables sat the rest of the society, who were served according to their right of precedence.

The Prince was as mute and looked as stern as before supper, which would have seemed intolerably long, had not the regimental band played the whole time, and somewhat covered the dullness by the lively tunes which they played with a perfection that charmed and carried along with it the most insensible ear.

Thus closed Helena's first day in her new home; but as she laid her head on her pillow that night, a flood of tears relieved her aching heart; for never had she felt more lonely, more thoroughly an orphan, without any kind heart in the whole world, in which to pour her griefs—to counsel, to comfort her—she whose nature was all love and gentleness.

A few more dull days passed away; then came that on which the wedding was to take place. The Duke had, indeed, prevailed on the Prince to offer Helena some few indispensable courtesies; but they were proffered in so ungracious a manner that, novice as she was, she could not be blind to his aversion for her; but this consciousness made her feel more desolate than ever; she could hardly have restrained her tears from flowing, even in public, had not the manners of the Duchess forced them back at their source, and the kindness of the Duke supported her.

The ceremony was performed in the private chapel of the palace, the largest church the town boasted. Helena's head and heart throbbed with such intensity during the ceremony, that she was scarce conscious of anything but the having bound herself to a wretched existence. After the nuptial blessing was pronounced, again she yearned to claim a mother in the Duchess; but even whilst the pulses of the latter beat with responsive longing, she calmly checked the effusion, and all died away within Helena's breast. For one solitary moment, as she gazed on her handsome lord, did she remember he was bound to her by an irrevocable tie; but she alone seemed conscious of the fact; no echo to her sentiments could she detect in his lowering countenance.

Retired to the solitude of her own apartments, Helena wept over her future prospects; when, to her great surprise, the Duchess entered, alone, unannounced, and with something more of feeling than she had yet suffered to become visible.

"Do not grieve so, Helena," she said, as she took her seat beside the toilet-table—"indeed, my poor child, God knows I feel for you—but things will turn out better than you expect. To-day the Prince may avoid you, but to-morrow he will be at your feet."

Helena's small, slender fingers mechanically played with the rich lace that curtained her toilet-table. Confidence, too hastily checked, could not thus be recalled at pleasure. She dared not give utterance to what lay so heavy on her heart. It was not her husband's love only—it was love, sympathy in every one about her that she missed.

The Duchess, receiving no reply, continued—"Not that in our rank we can look for that sort of thing which, in inferior stations, people call domestic happiness; different positions call for different sentiments—for different opinions—you understand."

"I am afraid I do not," the Princess innocently replied, turning her eyes from the silver baubles of her toilet-table, on which she had hitherto kept them, full on Serenissima's countenance. The Duchess blushed beneath her rouge; for she was about to throw into the young soul that thus lay open to her like a clear, limpid lake, the first pebble of knowledge that was to call up the dregs from the bottom, to mix with and destroy the transparency of its waters. But she took heart of grace and continued—

"Having lost your mother so early, I am forced to take her place."

"Oh! madam, that you would!" said Helena, with clasped hands.

But the Duchess, overlooking the interruption, went on as if none had occurred, "and let you into many a disagreeable truth—but it is for your good, and I must not shrink from my self-imposed task. Princes seldom love their wives."

"And Princesses?" naively inquired the one-hour's bride.

"Of course are bound to be more submissive and devoted than other spouses; I mean, my child, that we must early prepare to meet the unavoidable drawbacks of our lofty positions. Look around at all the courts of Germany—you will find them in strict accordance with that of France—the Princes' consorts resigned and devoted to their rightful lords throughout life, whilst these, like the mighty monarch of France, spend their leisure and seek their pleasures in lighter bonds."

"Is, then, the marriage vow only meant to bind one, and not the other?" the Princess exclaimed in amazement.

"I will not presume to say God meant it so," the Duchess replied, "but so the German Princes have made it, and respect for our sovereigns and lords will not allow of our sitting in judgment upon them."

"But," she observed with some warmth, "those who permit and screen what is wrong, are parties to the evil committed."

The Duchess was chafed. Proud of her own intact reputation—proud of having sacrificed, in years by-gone, every other sentiment to what she believed due to her exalted station, she was shocked at the opposition to her views, and the censure on her own conduct, which Helena's remark seemed to imply; she, therefore, winced a little as she said—

"If you speak of ordinary women, or of marriage in an ordinary acceptation, what you observe may be founded in reason; but with reference to such as we are, it is altogether another case; and we must be guided by other rules. To keep up the dignity of our house, or that which becomes ours by alliance, should be our chief aim in life; and to that we should sacrifice every puerile consideration, every egotistical resentment—thus the Queen remains attached to the King, though the husband may have deserted the wife."

"But," persisted the Princess, "my father's chaplain used to say, in our station, we should be doubly mindful to give none but useful and good examples; because people would never make allowance for their distance from us, which we have so constantly before our eyes, but would adopt our principles to their own conduct."

"A worthy man, I doubt not," the Duchess replied, "but not well versed in worldly wisdom, I fear; however, believe me, if you are patient and docile, and abide by my counsel, the Prince will turn to you one day or other; or, at least, you are sure of securing his esteem."

"Yes," said Helena, peevishly, "when he is old and ugly;" but she suddenly checked herself, and blushing up to the eyes, remained silent.

"Poor child," said the Duchess, compassionately, "you are very young, and life's first lessons will be bitter indeed to you; but a high-birth should give a high-bearing throughout all difficulties, and elevate us above all paltry feelings—but some one is approaching."

"It is my father-in-law," exclaimed Helena, petulantly, for she was much relieved by the sound of his cheerful voice.

"Forgive me the necessary hint," said the Duchess, gravely, "but you should not thus familiarly mention his Highness."

(To be continued.)

PROTESTANTISM.*

BY THOMAS DE QUINCEY.

THE work whose substance and theme are thus briefly abstracted is, at this moment, making a noise in the world. It is ascribed by report to two bishops — not jointly, but alternatively — in the sense that, if one did *not* write the book, the other *did*. The Bishops of Oxford and St. David's, Wilberforce and Thirlwall, are the two pointed at by the popular finger; and, in some quarters, a third is suggested, viz., Stanley, Bishop of Norwich. The betting, however, is altogether in favour of Oxford. So runs the current of *public* gossip. But the public is a bad guesser, "stiff in opinion" it is, and almost "always in the wrong." Now let *me* guess. When I had read for ten minutes, I offered a bet of seven to one (no takers) that the author's name began with H. Not out of any love for that amphibious letter; on the contrary, being myself what Professor Wilson calls a *hedonist*, or philosophical voluptuary, and murmuring, with good reason, if a rose leaf lies doubled below me, naturally I murmur at a letter that puts one to the expense of an aspiration, forcing into the lungs an extra charge of raw air on frosty mornings. But truth is truth, in spite of frosty air. And yet, upon further reading, doubts gathered upon my mind. The H. that I mean is an Englishman; now it happens that here and there a word, or some peculiarity in using a word, indicates, in this author, a Scotchman; for instance, the expletive "just," which so much infests Scotch phraseology, written or spoken, at page 1; elsewhere the word "*shortcomings*," which, being horridly tabernacular, and such that no gentleman could allow himself to touch it without gloves, it is to be wished that our Scottish brethren would resign, together with "*backslidings*," to the use of field preachers. But worse, by a great deal, and not even intelligible in England, is the word *thereafter*, used as an adverb of time, *i. e.*, as the correlative of *hereafter*. *Thereafter*, in pure vernacular English, bears a totally different sense. In "Paradise Lost," for instance, having heard the character of a particular angel, you are told that he spoke *thereafter*, *i. e.*, spoke agreeably to that character. "How a score of sheep, Master Shallow?" The answer is, "*Thereafter* as they be." Again, "Thereafter as a man sows shall he reap." The objections are overwhelming to the Scottish use of the word; first, because already in Scotland it is a barbarism transplanted from the filthy vocabulary of attorneys, locally called *writers;* secondly, because in England it is not even intelligible, and, what is worse still, sure to be *mis*-intelligible. And yet, after all, these exotic forms may be a mere blind. The writer is, perhaps, purposely leading us astray with his "*thereafters*," and his horrid "*shortcomings*." Or, because London newspapers, and Acts of Parliament, are beginning to be more and more polluted with these barbarisms, he may even have caught them unconsciously. And, on looking again at one case of "*thereafter*," viz., at page 79, it seems impossible to determine whether he uses it in the classical English sense, or in the sense of leguleian barbarism.

This question of authorship, meantime, may seem to the reader of little moment. Far from it! The weightier part of the interest depends upon that very point. If the author really *is* a bishop, or supposing the public rumour so far correct as that he is a man of distinction in the English Church, then, and by that simple fact, this book, or this pamphlet, interesting at any rate for itself, becomes separately interesting through its authorship, so as to be the most remarkable phenomenon of the day; and why? Because the most remarkable expression of a movement, accomplished and proceeding in a quarter that, if any on this earth, might be thought sacred from change. Oh, fearful are the motions of time, when suddenly lighted up to a retrospect of thirty years! Pathetic are the ruins of time in its slowest advance! Solemn are the prospects, so new and so incredible, which time unfolds at every turn of its wheeling flight! Is it come to this? Could any man, one generation back, have anticipated that an English dignitary, and speaking on a very delicate religious question, should deliberately appeal to a writer confessedly infidel, and proud of being an infidel, as a "triumphant" settler of Christian scruples? But if the infidel is right, a point which I do not here discuss—but if the infidel is a man of genius, a point which I do not deny—was it not open to cite him, even though the citer were a bishop? Why, yes—uneasily one answers, *yes*; but still the case records a strange alteration, and still one could have wished to hear such a doctrine, which ascribes human infirmity (nay, human criminality) to *every* book of the Bible, uttered by anybody rather than by a father of the Church, and guaranteed by anybody rather than by an infidel, in triumph. A boy may fire his pistol unnoticed; but a sentinel, mounting guard in the dark, must remember the trepidation that will follow any shot from *him*, and the certainty that it will cause all the stations within hearing to get under arms immediately. Yet why, if this bold opinion *does* come from a prelate, he being but one man, should it carry so alarming a sound? Is the whole bench of bishops bound and compromised by the audacity of any one amongst its members? Certainly not. But yet such an act, though it should be that of a rash precursor, marks the universal change of position; there is ever some sympathy between the van and the rear of the same body at the same time; and the boldest could not have dared to go ahead so rashly, if the rearmost was not known to be pressing forward to his

* A Vindication of Protestant Principles. By Phileleutheros Anglicanus. London: Parker. 1847.

support, far more closely than thirty years ago he could have done. There have been, it is true, heterodox professors of divinity and free-thinking bishops before now. England can show a considerable list of such people—even Rome has a smaller list. Rome, that weeds all libraries, and is continually burning books, in effigy, by means of her vast *Index Expurgatorius*,* which index, continually, she is enlarging by successive supplements, needs also an *Index Expurgatorius* for the catalogue of her prelates. Weeds there are in the very flower-garden and conservatory of the Church. Fathers of the Church are no more to be relied on, as safe authorities, than we rascally lay authors, that notoriously will say anything. And it is a striking proof of this amongst our English bishops, that the very man who, in the last generation, most of all won the public esteem as the champion of the Bible against Tom Paine, was privately known amongst us connoisseurs in heresy (that are always prying into ugly secrets) to be the least orthodox thinker, one or other, amongst the whole brigade of 15,000 contemporary clerks who had subscribed the Thirty-nine Articles. Saving your presence, reader, his lordship was no better than a bigoted Socinian, which, in a petty diocese that he never visited, and amongst South Welshmen, that are all incorrigible Methodists, mattered little, but would have been awkward had he come to be Archbishop of York; and that he did *not*, turned upon the accident of a few weeks too soon, by which the Fates cut short the thread of the Whig ministry in 1807. Certainly, for a Romish or an English bishop to be a Socinian is *un peu fort*. But I contend that it is quite possible to be far less heretical, and yet dangerously bold; yes, upon the free and spacious latitudes, purposely left open by the English Thirty-nine Articles (aye, or by any Protestant Confession), to plant novelties not less startling to religious ears than Socinianism itself. Besides (which adds to the shock), the dignitary now before us, whether bishop or no bishop, does not write in the tone of a conscious heretic; or, like Archdeacon Blackburne† of old, in a spirit of hostility to his own fellow-churchmen; but, on the contrary, in the tone of one relying upon support from his clerical brethren, he stands forward as expositor and champion of views now prevailing amongst the *elite* of the English Church. So construed, the book is, indeed, a most extraordinary one, and exposes a history that almost shocks one of the strides made in religious speculation. Opinions change slowly and stealthily. The steps of the changes are generally continuous; but sometimes it happens that the notice of such steps, the publication of such changes, is not continuous, that it comes upon us *per saltum*, and, consequently, with the stunning effect of an apparent treachery. Every thoughtful man raises his hands with an involuntary gesture of awe at the revolutions of so revolutionary an age, when thus summoned to the spectacle of an English prelate serving a piece of artillery against what once were fancied to be main out-works of religion, and at a station sometimes considerably in advance of any occupied by Voltaire.*

It is this audacity of speculation, I apprehend, this *étalage* of bold results, rather than any success in their development, which has fixed the public attention. Development, indeed, applied to philosophic problems, or research applied to questions of erudition, was hardly possible within so small a compass as 117 pages, for *that* is the extent of the work, except as regards the notes, which amount to 74 pages more. Such brevity, on such a subject, is unseasonable, and almost culpable. On such a subject as the Philosophy of Protestantism—"*satius erat silere, quam parcius dicere.*" Better were absolute silence, more respectful as regards the theme, less tantalising as regards the reader, than a style of discussion so fragmentary and so rapid.

But, before we go farther, what are we to call this bold man? One must have some name for a man that one is reviewing; and, as he comes abroad *incognito*, it is difficult to see what name *could* have any propriety. Let me consider: there are three bishops in the field, Mr. H., and the Scotchman—that makes five. But every one of these, you say, is represented equally by the name in the title—*Philelentheros Anglicanus*. True, but *that's* as long as a team of horses. If it had but *Esquire* at the end, it would measure against a Latin Hendecasyllable verse. I'm afraid that we must come at last to *Phil.* I've been seeking to avoid it, for it's painful to say "Jack" or "Dick" either *to* or *of* an ecclesiastical great gun. But if such big wigs *will* come abroad in disguise, and with names as long as Fielding's Hononchrononthononthologus, they must submit to be hustled by pick-pockets and critics, and to have *their* names docked as well as profane authors.

Phil., then, be it—that's settled. Now, let us inquire what it is that *Phil.* has been saying, to cause such a sensation amongst the gnostics. And, to begin at the beginning, what is *Phil.'s*

* "*Index Expurgatorius.*"—A question of some interest arises upon the casuistical construction of this Index. We, that are not by name included, may we consider ourselves indirectly licensed? Silence, I should think, gives consent. And if it wasn't that the present Pope, being a horrid Radical, would be sure to blackball *me* as an honest Tory, I would send him a copy of my *Opera Omnia*, requesting his Holiness to say, by return of post, whether I ranked amongst the chaff winnowed by St. Peter's flail, or had his gracious permission to hold myself amongst the pure wheat gathered into the Vatican garner.

† "*Archdeacon Blackburne.*"—He was the author of *The Confessional*, which at one time made a memorable ferment amongst all those who loved as sons, or who hated as nonconformists, the English Establishment. This was his most popular work, but he wrote many others in the same temper, that fill six or seven octavos.

* "*Voltaire.*"—Let not the reader misunderstand me: I do not mean that the clerical writer now before us (bishop or not bishop) is more hostile to religion than Voltaire, or is hostile at all. On the contrary, he is, perhaps, profoundly religious, and he writes with neither levity nor insincerity. But this conscientious spirit, and this piety, do but the more call into relief the audacity of his free-thinking—do but the more forcibly illustrate the prodigious changes wrought by time, and by the contagion from secular revolutions, in the spirit of religious philosophy.

capital object? *Phil.* shall state it himself—these are his opening words:—"In the following pages we propose to vindicate the fundamental and inherent *principles* of Protestantism." Good; but what *are* the fundamental principles of Protestantism? "They are," says *Phil.*, "the sole sufficiency of Scripture,* the right of private judgment in its interpretation, and the authority of individual conscience in matters of religion." Errors of logic show themselves more often in a man's terminology, and his antitheses, and his subdivisions, than anywhere else. *Phil.* goes on to make this distinction, which brings out his imperfect conception. "We," says he (and, by the way, if *Phil.* is *we*, then it must be my duty to call him *thee*), "we do not propose to defend the varieties of *doctrine* held by the different communities of Protestants." Why, no; that would be a sad task for the most skilful of funambulists or theological tumblers, seeing that many of these varieties stand related to each other as categorical affirmative and categorical negative: it's heavy work to make *yes* and *no* pull together in the same proposition. But this, fortunately for himself, *Phil.* declines. You are to understand that he will not undertake the defence of Protestantism in its *doctrines*, but only in its *principles*. That wont do; that antithesis is as hollow as a drum; and, if the objection were verbal only, I would not make it. But the contradistinction fails to convey the real meaning. It is not that he has falsely expressed his meaning, but that he has falsely developed that meaning to his own consciousness. Not the word only is wrong; but the wrong word is put forward for the sake of hiding the imperfect idea. What he calls *principles* might almost as well be called *doctrines*; and what he calls *doctrines* as well be called *principles*. Out of these terms, apart from the rectifications suggested by the context, no man could collect his drift, which is simply this. Protestantism, we must recollect, is not an absolute and self-dependent idea; it stands in relation to something antecedent, against which it protests, viz., Papal Rome. And under what phasis does it protest against Rome? Not against the Christianity of Rome, because every Protestant Church, though disapproving a great deal of *that*, disapproves also a great deal in its own sister churches of the protesting household; and because every Protestant Church holds a great deal of Christian truth, in common with Rome. But what furnishes the matter of protest is—the *deduction of the title* upon which Rome plants the right to be a church at all. This deduction is so managed by Rome as to make herself, not merely a true church (which many Protestants grant), but the exclusive church. Now, what *Phil.* in effect undertakes to defend is not principles by preference to doctrines (for they are pretty nearly the same thing), but the question of title to teach at all, in preference to the question of what is the thing taught. *There* is the distinction, as I apprehend it. All these terms—"principle," "doctrine," "system," "theory," "hypothesis"—are used nearly always most licentiously, and as arbitrarily as a Newmarket jockey selects the colours for his riding dress. It is true that one shadow of justification offers itself for *Phil.'s* distinction. All principles are doctrines, but all doctrines are not principles; which, then, in particular? Why, those properly are principles which contain the *principia*, the beginnings, or starting-points of evolution, out of which any system of truth is evolved. Now, it may seem that the very starting-point of our Protestant pretensions is first of all to argue our *title* or right to be a church *sui juris*; apparently we must begin by making good our *locus standi*, before we can be heard upon our doctrines. And upon this mode of approach, the pleadings about the *title*, or right to teach at all, taking precedency of the pleadings about the particular things taught, would be the *principia*, or beginning of the whole process, and so far would be entitled by preference to the name of *principles*. But such a mode of approach is merely an accident, and contingent upon our being engaged in a polemical discussion of Protestantism in relation to Popery. *That*, however, is a pure matter of choice; Protestantism may be discussed, as though Rome were not, in relation to its own absolute merits; and this treatment is the logical treatment, applying itself to what is permanent in the *nature* of the object; whereas the other treatment applies itself to what is casual and vanishing in the *history* (or the origin) of Protestantism. For, after all, it would be no great triumph to Protestantism that she should prove her birth-right to revolve as a *primary* planet in the solar system; that she had the same original right as Rome to wheel about the great central orb, undegraded to the rank of satellite or secondary projection—if, in the meantime, telescopes should reveal the fact that she was pretty nearly a sandy desert. *What* a church teaches is true or not true, without reference to her independent right of teaching; and eventually, when the irritations of earthly feuds and political schisms shall be soothed by time, the philosophy of this whole question will take an inverse order. The credentials of a church will not be put in first, and the quality of her doctrine discussed as a secondary question. On the contrary, her credentials will be sought *in* her doctrine. The Protesting Church will say, I have the *right* to stand separate, because I stand; and from my holy teaching I deduce my title to teach. *Jus est ibi summum docendi, ubi est fons purissimus doctrinæ.* That

* "*Sole sufficiency of Scripture.*"—This is much too elliptical a way of expressing the Protestant meaning. Sufficiency for *what?* "Sufficiency for salvation" is the phrase of many, and I think elsewhere of *Phil.* But *that* is objectionable on more grounds than one; it is redundant, and it is aberrant from the true point contemplated. *Sufficiency for itself, without alien helps*, is the thing contemplated. The Greek *autarkeia* (αὐτάρκεια), self-sufficiency, or, because that phrase, in English, has received a deflexion towards a bad meaning, the word *self-sufficingness* might answer; sufficiency for the exposition of its own most secret meaning, out of fountains within itself; needing, therefore, neither the supplementary aids of tradition, on the one hand, nor the complementary aids on the other (in the event of unprovided cases, or of dilemmas arising), from the infallibility of a *living* expounder.

inversion of the Protestant plea with Rome is even now valid with many; and, when it becomes universally current, then the *principles*, or great beginnings of the controversy, will be transplanted from the *locus*, or centre, where *Phil.* places them, to the very *locus* which he neglects.

There is another expression of *Phil.'s* (I am afraid *Phil.* is getting angry by this time) to which I object. He describes the doctrines held by all the separate Protestant churches as doctrines *of* Protestantism. I would not delay either *Phil.* or myself for the sake of a trifle; but an impossibility is *not* a trifle. If from orthodox Turkey you pass to heretic Persia, if from the rigour of the *Sonnees* to the laxity of the *Sheeahs*, you could not, in explaining those schisms, go on to say, "And these are the doctrines *of* Islamism;" for they destroy each other. Both are supported by earthly powers; but one only could be supported by central Islamism. So of Calvinism and Arminianism; you cannot call them doctrines *of* Protestantism, as if growing out of some reconciling Protestant principles; one of the two, though not manifested to human eyes in its falsehood, must secretly be false; and a falsehood cannot be a doctrine of Protestantism. It is more accurate to say that the separate creeds of Turkey and Persia are *within* Mahommedanism; such, viz., as that neither excludes a man from the name of Mussulman; and, again, that Calvinism and Arminianism are doctrines *within* the Protestant Church—as a church of general toleration for all religious doctrines not *demonstrably* hostile to any cardinal truth of Christianity.

Phil., then, we all understand, is not going to traverse the vast field of Protestant opinions as they are distributed through our many sects; *that* would be endless; and he illustrates the mazy character of the wilderness over which these sects are wandering,

> ——————"ubi passim
> Palantes error recto de tramite pellit,"

by the four cases of—1, the Calvinist; 2, the Newmanite; 3, the Romanist;* 4, the Evangelical enthusiast—as holding systems of doctrine, "no one of which is capable of recommending itself to the favourable opinion of an impartial judge." Impartial! but what Christian *can* be impartial? To be free from all bias, and to begin his review of sects in that temper, he must begin by being an infidel. Vainly a man endeavours to reserve in a state of neutrality any preconceptions that he may have formed for himself, or prepossessions that he may have inherited from "mamma;" he cannot do it any more than he can dismiss his own shadow. And it is strange to contemplate the weakness of strong minds in fancying that they can. Calvin, whilst amiably engaged in hunting Servetus to death, and writing daily letters to his friends, in which he expresses his hope that the executive power would not think of burning the poor man, since really justice would be quite satisfied by cutting his head off, meets with some correspondents who conceive (idiots that they were!) even that little amputation not indispensable. But Calvin soon settles *their* scruples. You don't perceive, he tells them, what this man has been about. When a writer attacks Popery, it's very wrong in the Papists to cut his head off; and why? Because he has only been attacking error. But here lies the difference in this case; Servetus has been attacking

* "*The Romanist.*"—What, amongst Protestant sects? Ay, even so. It's *Phil.'s* mistake, not mine. He will endeavour to doctor the case, by pleading that he was speaking universally of Christian error; but the position of the clause forbids this plea. Not only in relation to what immediately precedes, the passage must be supposed to contemplate *Protestant* error; but the immediate inference from it, viz., that "the world may well be excused for doubting whether there is, after all, so much to be gained by that liberty of private judgment, which is the essential characteristic of Protestantism; whether it be not, after all, merely a liberty to fall into error," nails *Phil.* to that construction—argues too strongly that it is an oversight of indolence. *Phil.* was sleeping for the moment, which is excusable enough towards the end of a book, but hardly in section I. P.S.—I have since observed (which *not* to have observed is excused, perhaps, by the too complex machinery of hooks and eyes between the text and the notes involving a double reference—1st, to the section, 2d, to the particular clause of the section) that *Phil.* has not here committed an inadvertency; or, if he *has*, is determined to fight himself through his inadvertency, rather than break up his quaternion of cases. "In speaking of Romanism as arising from a misapplication of Protestant principles; we refer, not to those who were born, but to those who have become members of the Church of Rome." What is the name of those people? And where do they live? I have heard of many who think (and there *are* cases in which most of us, that meddle with philosophy, are apt to think) occasional principles of Protestantism available for the defence of certain Roman Catholic mysteries too indiscriminately assaulted by the Protestant zealot; but, with this exception, I am not aware of any parties professing to derive their Popish learnings *from* Protestantism; it is *in spite of* Protestantism, as seeming to *them* not strong enough, or through principles omitted by Protestantism, which therefore seems to *them* not careful enough or not impartial enough, that Protestants have lapsed to Popery. Protestants have certainly been known to become Papists, not through Popish arguments, but simply through their own Protestant books; yet never, that I heard of, through an *affirmative* process, as though any Protestant argument involved the rudiments of Popery, but by a *negative* process, as fancying the Protestant reasons, though lying in the right direction, not going far enough; or, again, though right partially, yet defective as a whole. *Phil.*, therefore, seems to me absolutely caught in a sort of *Furcæ Caudinæ*, unless he has a dodge in reserve to puzzle us all. In a different point, I, that hold myself a *doctor seraphicus*, and also *inexpugnabilis* upon quillets of logic, justify *Phil.*, whilst also I blame him. He defends himself rightly for distinguishing between the Romanist and Newmanite on the one hand, between the Calvinist and the Evangelical man on the other, though perhaps a young gentleman, commencing his studies on the *Organon*, will fancy that here he has *Phil.* in a trap, for these distinctions, he will say, do not entirely exclude each other as they ought to do. The class calling itself Evangelical, for instance, may also be Calvinistic; the Newmanite is not, *therefore*, anti-Romanish. True, says *Phil.*; I am quite aware of it. But to be aware of an objection is not to answer it. The fact seems to be, that the actual combinations of life, not conforming to the truth of abstractions, compel us to seeming breaches of logic. It would be right practically to distinguish the Radical from the Whig; and yet it might shock *Duns* or *Lombardus*, the *magister sententiarum*, when he came to understand that partially the principles of Radicals and Whigs coincide. But, for all that, the logic which distinguishes them is right; and the apparent error must be sought in the fact, that all cases (political or religious) being cases of life, are *concretes*, which never conform to the exquisite truth of abstractions. Practically, the Radical *is* opposed to the Whig, though casually the two are in conjunction continually; for, as *acting* partizans, they work *from* different centres, and, finally, *for* different results.

the TRUTH. Do you see the distinction, my friends? Consider it, and I am sure you will be sensible that this quite alters the case. It is shocking, it is perfectly ridiculous, that the Bishop of Rome should touch a hair of any man's head for contradicting *him*; and why? Because, do you see? *he* is wrong. On the other hand, it is evidently agreeable to philosophy, that I, John Calvin, should shave off the hair, and, indeed, the head itself (as I heartily hope* will be done in this present case) of any man presumptuous enough to contradict *me*; but then, why? For a reason that makes all the difference in the world, and which, one would think, idiocy itself could not overlook, viz., that I, John Calvin, am right—right, through three degrees of comparison—right, righter, or more right, rightest, or most right. Calvin fancied that he could demonstrate his own impartiality.

The self-sufficingness of the Bible, and the right of private judgment—here, then, are the two great charters in which Protestantism commences; these are the bulwarks behind which it entrenches itself against Rome. And it is remarkable that these two great preliminary laws, which soon diverge into fields so different, at the first are virtually one and the same law. The refusal of an oracle alien to the Bible, extrinsic to the Bible, and claiming the sole interpretation of the Bible; the refusal of an oracle that reduced the Bible to a hollow masque, underneath which fraudulently introducing itself any earthly voice could mimic a heavenly voice, was in effect to refuse the coercion of this false oracle over each man's conscientious judgment; to make the Bible independent of the Pope, was to make man independent of all religious controllers. The *self-sufficingness of Scripture*, its independency of any external interpreter, passed in one moment into the other great Protestant doctrine of *Toleration*. It was but the same triumphal monument under a new angle of sight, the golden and silver faces of the same heraldic shield. The very same act which denies the right of interpretation to a mysterious Papal phœnix, renewed from generation to generation, having the antiquity and the incomprehensible omniscience of the Simorg in Southey, transferred this right of mere necessity to the individuals of the whole human race. For where else could it have been lodged? Any attempt in any other direction was but to restore the Papal power in a new impersonation. Every man, therefore, suddenly obtained the right of interpreting the Bible for himself. But the word "*right*" obtained a new sense. Every man has the right, under the Queen's Bench, of publishing an unlimited number of metaphysical systems; and, under favour of the same indulgent Bench, we all enjoy the unlimited right of laughing at him. But not the whole race of man has a right to *coerce*, in the exercise of his intellectual rights, the humblest of individuals. The rights of men are thus unspeakably elevated; for, being now freed from all anxiety, being sacred as merely *legal* rights, they suddenly rise into a new mode of responsibility as *intellectual* rights. As a Protestant, every mature man has the same dignified right over his own opinions and profession of faith that he has over his own hearth. But his hearth can rarely be abused; whereas his religious system, being a vast kingdom, opening by immeasurable gates upon worlds of light and worlds of darkness, now brings him within a new amenability—called upon to answer new impeachments, and to seek for new assistances. Formerly another was answerable for his belief; if that were wrong, it was no fault of his. Now he has new rights, but these have burthened him with new obligations. Now he is crowned with the glory and the palms of an intellectual creature, but he is alarmed by the certainty of corresponding struggles. Protestantism it is that has created him into this child and heir of liberty; Protestantism it is that has invested him with these unbounded privileges of private judgment, giving him in one moment the sublime powers of a Pope within his own conscience; but Protestantism it is that has introduced him to the most dreadful of responsibilities.

I repeat that the twin maxims, the columns of Hercules through which Protestantism entered the great sea of human activities, were originally but two aspects of one law: to deny the Papal control over men's conscience being to affirm man's self-control, was, therefore, to affirm man's universal right to toleration, which again implied a corresponding *duty* of toleration. Under this bi-fronted law, generated by Protestantism, but in its turn regulating Protestantism, *Phil.* undertakes to develope all the principles that belong to a Protestant church. The *seasonableness* of such an investigation—its critical application to an evil now spreading like a fever through Europe—he perceives fully, and in the following terms he expresses this perception:—

* The reader may imagine that, in thus abstracting Calvin's epistolary sentiments, I am a little improving them. Certainly they would bear improvement, but that is not my business. What the reader sees here is but the result of bringing scattered passages into closer juxtaposition; whilst, as to the strongest (viz., the most sanguinary) sentiments here ascribed to him, it will be a sufficient evidence of my fidelity to the literal truth, if I cite three separate sentences. Writing to Farrel, he says, "*Spero* capitale saltem fore judicium." Sentence of the court, he *hopes*, will, at any rate, reach the life of Servetus. Die he must, and die he shall. But why should he die a cruel death? "Pœnœ vero atrocitatem remitti cupio." To the same purpose, when writing to Sultzer, he expresses his satisfaction in being able to assure him that a principal civic officer of Geneva was, in this case, entirely upright, and animated by the most virtuous sentiments. Indeed! what an interesting character! and in what way now might this good man show this beautiful tenderness of conscience? Why, by a fixed resolve that Servetus should not in any case escape the catastrophe which I, John Calvin, am longing for, ("ut saltem exitum, *quem optamus*, non fugiat.") Finally, writing to the same Sultzer, he remarks that—when we see the Papists such avenging champions of their own superstitious fables as not to falter in shedding innocent blood, "pudeat Christianos magistratus [as if the Roman Catholic magistrates were not Christians] in tuendâ *certâ* veritate nihil prorsus habere animi"—"Christian magistrates ought to be ashamed of themselves for manifesting no energy at all in the vindication of truth undeniable;" yet really since these magistrates had at that time the full design, which design not many days after they executed, of maintaining truth by fire and faggot, one does not see the call upon them for blushes so very deep as Calvin requires. Hands so crimson with blood might compensate the absence of crimson cheeks.

"That we stand on the brink of a great theological crisis, that the problem must soon be solved, how far orthodox Christianity is possible for those who are not behind their age in scholarship and science; this is a solemn fact, which may be ignored by the partisans of short-sighted bigotry, but which is felt by all, and confessed by most of those who are capable of appreciating its reality and importance. The deep Sibylline vaticinations of Coleridge's philosophical mind, the practical working of Arnold's religious sentimentalism, and the open acknowledgment of many divines who are living examples of the spirit of the age, have all, in different ways, foretold the advent of a Church of the Future."

This is from the preface, p. ix, where the phrase, *Church of the Future*, points to the Prussian minister's (Bunsen's) *Kirche der Zukunft;* but in the body of the work, and not far from its close, (p. 114,) he recurs to this crisis, and more circumstantially.

Phil. embarrasses himself and his readers in this development of Protestant principles. His own view of the task before him requires that he should separate himself from the consideration of any particular church, and lay aside all partisanship—plausible or not plausible. It is his own overture that warrants us in expecting this. And yet, before we have travelled three measured inches, he is found entangling himself with Church of Englandism. Let me not be misunderstood, as though, borrowing a Bentham word, I were therefore a Jerry Benthamite: I, that may describe myself generally as *Philo-Phil.*, am not less a son of the "Reformed Anglican Church" than *Phil.* Consequently, it is not likely that, in any vindication of that church, simply *as* such, and separately for itself, I should be the man to find grounds of exception. Loving most of what *Phil.* loves, loving *Phil.* himself, and hating (I grieve to say), with a theological hatred, whatever *Phil.* hates, why should I demur at this particular point to a course of argument that travels in the line of my own partialities? And yet I *do* demur. Having been promised a philosophic defence of the principles concerned in the great European schism of the sixteenth century, suddenly we find ourselves collapsing from that altitude of speculation into a defence of one individual church. Nobody would complain of *Phil.*, if, *after* having deduced philosophically the principles upon which all Protestant separation from Rome should revolve, he had gone forward to show, that in some one of the Protestant churches, more than in others, these principles had been asserted with peculiar strength, or carried through with special consistency, or associated pre-eminently with the other graces of a Christian church, such as a ritual more impressive to the heart of man, or a polity more symmetrical with the structure of English society. Once having unfolded from philosophic grounds the primary conditions of a pure scriptural church, *Phil.* might then, without blame, have turned sharp round upon us, saying, such being the conditions under which the great idea of a true Christian church must be *constructed*, I now go on to show that the Church of England has conformed to those conditions more faithfully than any other. But to entangle the pure outlines of the idealising mind with the practical forms of any militant church, embarrassed (as we know all churches to have been) by pre-occupations of judgment, derived from feuds too local and interests too political, moving too (as we know all churches to have moved) in a spirit of compromise, occasionally from mere necessities of position; this is in the result to injure the object of the writer doubly: 1st, as leaving an impression of partisanship the reader is mistrustful from the first, as against a judge that, in reality, is an advocate; 2d, without reference to the effect upon the reader, directly to *Phil.* it is injurious, by fettering the freedom of his speculations, or, if leaving their freedom undisturbed, by narrowing their compass.

And, if *Phil.*, as to the general movement of his Protestant pleadings, modulates too little in the transcendental key, sometimes he does so too much. For instance, at p. 69, sec. 35, we find him half calling upon Protestantism to account for her belief in God; how then? Is this belief special to Protestants? Are Roman Catholics, are those of the Greek, the Armenian, and other Christian churches, atheistically given? We used to be told that there is no royal road to geometry. I don't know whether there is or not; but I am sure there is no Protestant bye-road, no Reformation short-cut, to the demonstration of Deity. It is true that *Phil.* exonerates his philosophic scholar, when throwing himself in Protestant freedom upon pure intellectual aids, from the vain labour of such an effort. He consigns him, however philosophic, to the evidence of "inevitable assumptions, upon axiomatic postulates, which the reflecting mind is compelled to accept, and which no more admit of doubt and cavil than of establishment by formal proof." I am not sure whether I understand *Phil.* in this section. Apparently he is glancing at Kant. Kant was the first person, and perhaps the last, that ever undertook formally to demonstrate the indemonstrability of God. He showed that the three great arguments for the existence of the Deity were virtually one, inasmuch as the two weaker borrowed their value and *vis apodeictica* from the more rigorous metaphysical argument. The physico-theological argument he forced to back, as it were, into the cosmological, and *that* into the ontological. After this reluctant *regressus* of the three into one, shutting up like a spying-glass, which (with the iron hand of Hercules forcing Cerberus up to day-light) the stern man of Koenigsberg resolutely dragged to the front of the arena, nothing remained, now that he had this pet scholastic argument driven up into a corner, than to break its neck—which he did. Kant took the conceit out of all the three arguments; but, if this is what *Phil.* alludes to, he should have added, that these three, after all, were only the arguments of speculating or *theoretic* reason. To this faculty Kant peremptorily denied the power of demonstrating the Deity; but then that same *apodeixis*, which he had thus inexorably torn from reason under one manifestation, Kant himself restored to the reason in another (the *praktische vernunft.)* God he asserts to be a postulate of the

human reason, as speaking through the conscience and will, not proved *ostensively*, but indirectly proved as being *wanted* indispensably, and presupposed in other necessities of our human nature. This, probably, is what *Phil.* means by his shorthand expression of "axiomatic postulates." But then it should not have been said that the case does not "admit of formal proof," since the proof is as "formal" and rigorous by this new method of Kant as by the old obsolete methods of Sam. Clarke and the schoolmen.*

But it is not the too high or the too low—the too much or the too little—of what one might call by analogy the *transcendental* course, which I charge upon *Phil.* It is, that he is too desultory—too eclectic. And the secret purpose, which seems to me predominant throughout his work, is, not so much the defence of Protestantism, or even of the Anglican Church, as a report of the latest novelties that have found a roosting-place in the English Church, amongst the most temperate of those churchmen who keep pace with modern philosophy; in short, it is a selection from the classical doctrines of religion, exhibited under their newest revision; or, generally, it is an attempt to show, from what is going on amongst the most moving orders in the English Church, how far it is possible that strict orthodoxy should bend, on the one side, to new impulses, derived from an advancing philosophy, and yet, on the other side, should reconcile itself, both verbally and in spirit, with ancient standards. But if *Phil.* is eclectic, then *I* will be eclectic; if *Phil.* has a right to be desultory, then *I* have a right. *Phil.* is my leader. I can't, in reason, be expected to be better then *he* is. If I'm wrong, *Phil.* ought to set me a better example. And here, before this honourable audience of the public, I charge all my errors (whatever they may be, past or coming) upon *Phil.'s* misconduct.

Having thus established my patent of vagrancy, and my license for picking and choosing, I choose out these three articles to toy with:—1st, Bibliolatry; 2d, Development applied to the Bible and Christianity; 3d, Philology, as the particular resource against false philosophy, relied on by *Phil.*

Bibliolatry.—We Protestants charge upon the Ponteficii, as the more learned of our fathers always called the Roman Catholics, *Mariolatry;* they pay undue honours, say we, to the Virgin. They in return charge upon us, *Bibliolatry*, or a superstitious allegiance—an idolatrous homage—to the words, syllables, and punctuation of the Bible. They, according to *us*, deify a woman; and we, according to *them*, deify an arrangement of printer's types. As to *their* error, we need not mind *that*: let us attend to our own. And to this extent it is evident at a glance that Bibliolatrists *must* be wrong, viz., because, as a pun vanishes on being translated into another language, even so would, and must melt away, like ice in a hot-house, a large majority of those conceits which every Christian nation is apt to ground upon the verbal text of the Scriptures in its own separate vernacular version. But once aware that much of their Bibliolatry depends upon ignorance of Hebrew and Greek, and often upon peculiarity of idiom or structures in their mother dialect, cautious people begin to suspect the whole. Here arises a very interesting, startling, and perplexing situation for all who venerate the Bible; one which must always have existed for prying, inquisitive people, but which has been incalculably sharpened for the apprehension of these days by the extraordinary advances made and making in Oriental and Greek philology. It is a situation of public scandal even to the deep reverencers of the Bible; but a situation of much more than scandal, of real grief, to the profound and sincere amongst religious people. On the one hand, viewing the Bible as the word of God, and not merely so in the sense of its containing most salutary counsels, but, in the highest sense, of its containing a revelation of the most awful secrets, they cannot for a moment listen to the pretence that the Bible has benefited by God's inspiration only as other good books may be said to have done. They are confident that, in a much higher sense, and in a sense incommunicable to other books, it is inspired. Yet, on the other hand, as they will not tell lies, or countenance lies, even in what seems the service of religion, they cannot hide from themselves that the materials of this imperishable book are perishable, frail, liable to crumble, and actually *have* crumbled to some extent, in various instances. There is, therefore, lying broadly before us, something like what Kant called an antinomy—a case where two laws equally binding on the mind are, or seem to be, in collision. Such cases occur in morals—cases which are carried out of the general rule, and the jurisdiction of that rule, by peculiar deflexions; and from the word *case* we derive the word *casuistry*, as a general science dealing with such anomalous cases. There is a casuistry, also, for the speculative understanding, as well as for the moral (which is the *practical*) understanding. And this question as to the inspiration of the Bible, with its apparent conflict of forces, repelling it and yet affirming it, is one of its most perplexing and most momentous problems.

My own solution of the problem would reconcile all that is urged against an inspiration *with* all that the internal necessity of the case would plead in behalf of an inspiration. So would *Phil.'s*. His distinction, like mine, would substantially come down to this—that the grandeur and extent of religious truth is not of a *nature to* be affected by verbal changes such as *can* be made by time, or accident, or without treacherous design. It is like lightning, which could not be mutilated, or truncated, or polluted. But it may be well to rehearse a little more in detail, both *Phil.'s* view and my own. Let my

* The method of Des Cartes was altogether separate and peculiar to himself; it is a mere conjuror's juggle; and yet, what is strange, like some other audacious sophisms, it is capable of being so stated as most of all to baffle the subtle dialectician; and Kant himself, though not cheated, was never so much perplexed in his life as in the effort to make its hollowness apparent.

principal go first; make way, I desire, for my leader: let *Phil.* have precedency, as, in all reason, it is my duty to see that he has.

Whilst rejecting altogether any inspiration as attaching to the separate words and phrases of the Scriptures, *Phil.* insists (Sect. 25, p. 49) upon such an inspiration as attaching to the spiritual truths and doctrines delivered in these Scriptures. And he places this theory in a striking light, equally for what it affirms and for what it denies, by these two arguments—1st (in affirmation of the real spiritual inspiration), that a series of more than thirty writers, speaking in succession along a vast line of time, and absolutely without means of concert, yet all combine unconsciously to one end—lock like parts of a great machine into one system—conspire to the unity of a very elaborate scheme, without being at all aware of what was to come after. Here, for instance, is one, living nearly 1600 years before the last in the series, who lays a foundation (in reference to man's ruin, to God's promises and plan for human restoration), which is built upon and carried forward by all, without exception, that follow. Here come a multitude that prepare each for his successor — that unconsciously integrate each other—that, finally, when reviewed, make up a total drama, of which each writer's separate share would have been utterly imperfect without corresponding parts that he could not have foreseen. At length all is finished. A profound piece of music, a vast oratorio, perfect and of elaborate unity, has resulted from a long succession of strains, each for itself fragmentary. On such a final creation resulting from such a distraction of parts, it is indispensable to suppose an over-ruling inspiration, in order at all to account for the final result of a most elaborate harmony. Besides,' which would argue some inconceivable magic, if we did not assume a providential inspiration watching over the coherencies, tendencies, and intertessellations (to use a learned word) of the whole,—it happens that, in many instances, typical things are recorded—things ceremonial, that could have no meaning to the person recording—prospective words, that were reported and transmitted in a spirit of confiding faith, but that could have little meaning to the reporting parties for many hundreds of years. Briefly, a great mysterious *word* is spelt as it were by the whole sum of the scriptural books—every separate book forming a letter or syllable in that secret and that unfinished word, as it was for so many ages. This co-operation of ages, not able to communicate or concert arrangements with each other, is neither more nor less an argument of an over-ruling inspiratiou, than if the separation of the contributing parties were by space, and not by time. As if, for example, every island at the same moment were to send its contribution, without previous concert, to a sentence or chapter of a book; in which case the result, if full of meaning, much more if full of awful and profound meaning, could not be explained rationally without the assumption of a supernatural over-ruling of these unconscious co-operators to a common result. So far on behalf of inspiration. Yet, on the other hand, as an argument in denial of any blind mechanic inspiration cleaving to words and syllables, *Phil.* notices this consequence as resulting from such an assumption, viz., that if you adopt any one gospel, St. John's suppose, or any one narrative of a particular transaction, as inspired in this minute and pedantic sense, then for every other report, which, adhering to the spiritual *value* of the circumstances, and virtually the same, should differ in the least of the details, there would instantly arise a solemn degradation. All parts of Scripture, in fact, would thus be made active and operative in degrading each other.

(To be concluded in next Number.)

THOMAS MACAULAY.

BY GEORGE GILFILLAN.

To attempt a new appraisement of the intellectual character of Thomas Macaulay, we are impelled by various motives. Our former notice of him* was short, hurried, and imperfect. Since it was written, too, we have had an opportunity of seeing and hearing the man, which, as often happens in such cases, has given a more distinct and tangible shape to our views, as well as considerably modified them. Above all, the public attention has of late, owing to circumstances, been so strongly turned upon him, that we are tolerably sure of carrying it along with us in our present discussion.

The two most popular of British authors are, at present, Charles Dickens and Thomas Macaulay. The supremacy of the former is verily one of the signs of the times. He has no massive or profound intellect—no lore superior to a schoolboy's—no vast or creative imagination—little philosophic insight, little power of serious writing, and little sympathy with either the subtler and profounder parts of man, or with the grander features of Nature; (witness his description of Niagara—he would have painted the next pump better!) And yet, through his simplicity and sincerity, his boundless *bon hommie*, his fantastic humour, his sympathy with every day life, and his absolute and unique dominion over every region of the odd, he has obtained a popularity which Shakspeare nor hardly Scott in their lifetime enjoyed. He is ruling over us like a Fairy King, or Prince Prettyman—strong men as well as weak yielding to the glamour of his tiny rod. Louis the 14th walked so erect, and was so perfect in the management of his person, that people mistook his very size and it was not discovered

* In a "Gallery of Portraits."

till after his death, that he was a little and not a large man. So many of the admirers of Dickens have been so dazzled by the elegance of his proportions, the fairy beauty of his features, the minute grace of his motions, and the small sweet smile which plays about his mouth, that they have imagined him to be a Scott, or even a Shakspeare. To do him justice, he himself has never fallen into such an egregious mistake. He has seldom, if ever, sought to alter, by one octave, the note Nature gave him, and which is not that of an eagle nor of a nightingale, nor of a lark, but of a happy, homely, gleesome "Cricket on the Hearth." Small almost as his own Tiny Tim, dressed in as dandyfied a style as his own Lord Frederick Verisoft, he is as full of the milk of human kindness as his own Brother Cheeryble; and we cannot but love the man who has first loved all human beings, who can own Newman Noggs as a brother, and can find something to respect in a Bob Sawyers, and something to pity in a Ralph Nickleby. Never was a monarch of popular literature less envied or more loved; and while rather wondering at the length of his reign over such a capricious domain as that of Letters, and while fearlessly expressing our doubts as to his greatness or permanent dominion, we own that his sway has been that of gentleness—of a good, wide-minded, and kindly man; and take this opportunity of wishing long life and prosperity to "Bonnie Prince Charlie."

In a different region, and on a higher and haughtier seat, is Thomas Macaulay exalted. In general literature, as Dickens in fiction, is he held to be *facile princeps*. He is, besides, esteemed a rhetorician of a high class—a statesman of no ordinary calibre—a lyrical poet of much mark and likelihood—a scholar ripe and good—and, mounted on this high pedestal, he "has purposed in his heart to take another step," and to snatch from the hand of the Historic Muse one of her richest laurels. To one so gifted in the prodigality of Heaven, can we approach in any other attitude but that of prostration? or dare we hope for sympathy, while we proceed to make him the subject of free and fearless criticism?

Before proceeding to consider his separate claims upon public admiration, we will sum up, in a few sentences, our impressions of his general character. He is a gifted but not, in a high sense, a great man. He is a rhetorician without being an orator. He is endowed with great powers of perception and acquisition, but with no power of origination. He has deep sympathies with genius, without possessing genius of the highest order itself. He is strong and broad, but not subtle or profound. He is not more destitute of original genius than he is of high principle and purpose. He has all common faculties developed in a large measure, and cultivated to an intense degree. What he wants is the gift that cannot be given—the power that cannot be counterfeited—the wind that bloweth where it listeth—the vision, the joy, and the sorrow with which no stranger intermeddleth—the "light which never was on sea or shore—the consecration and the poet's dream."

To such gifts, indeed, he does not pretend, and never has pretended. To roll the raptures of poetry, without emulating its *speciosa miracula*—to write worthily of heroes, without aspiring to the heroic—to write history without enacting it—to furnish to the utmost degree his own mind, without leading the minds of others one point farther than to the admiration of himself and of his idols, seems, after all, to have been the main object of his ambition, and has already been nearly satisfied. He has played the finite game of talent, and not the infinite game of genius. His goal has been the top of the mountain, and not the blue profound beyond; and on the point he has sought he may speedily be seen, relieved against the heights which he cannot reach—a marble fixture, exalted and motionless. Talent stretching itself out to attain the attitudes and exaltation of genius is a pitiable and painful position, but it is not that of Macaulay. With piercing sagacity he has, from the first, discerned his proper intellectual powers, and sought, with his whole heart, and soul, and mind, and strength, to cultivate them. "Macaulay the Lucky" he has been called; he ought rather to have been called Macaulay the Wise.

With a rare combination of the arts of age and the fire of youth, the sagacity of the worlding and the enthusiasm of the scholar, he has sought self-development as his principal, if not only end.

He is a gifted but not, in a high sense, a great man. He possesses all those ornaments, accomplishments, and even natural endowments, which the great man requires for the full emphasis and effect of his power, (and which the *greatest* alone can entirely dispense with;) but the power does not fill, possess, and shake the drapery. The lamps are lit in gorgeous effulgence; the shrine is modestly, yet magnificently, adorned; there is everthing to tempt a god to descend; but the god descends not—or if he does, it is only Maia's son, the Eloquent, and not Jupiter, the Thunderer. The distinction between the merely gifted and the great is, we think, this—the gifted adore greatness and the great; the great worship the infinite, the eternal, and the god-like. The gifted gaze at the moon like reflections of the Divine—the great, with open face, look at its naked sun, and each look is the principle and prophecy of an action.

He has profound sympathies with genius, without possessing genius of the highest order itself. Genius, indeed, is his intellectual god. It is (contrary to a common opinion) not genius that Thomas Carlyle worships. The word genius he seldom uses, in writing or in conversation, except in derision. We can conceive a savage cachinnation at the question, if he thought Cromwell or Danton a great genius. It is energy in a certain state of powerful precipitation that he so much admires. With genius, as existing almost undiluted in the person of such men as Keats, he cannot away. It seems to him only a long swoon or St. Vitus' dance. It is otherwise with Macaulay. If we trace him throughout all his writings, we will find him watching for genius with as much care and fond-

ness as a lover uses in following the footsteps of his mistress. This, like a golden ray, has conducted him across all the wastes and wildernesses of history. It has brightened to his eye each musty page and worm-eaten volume. Each morning has he risen exulting to renew the search; and he is never half so eloquent as when dwelling on the achievements of genius, as sincerely and rapturously as if he were reciting his own. His sympathies are as wide as they are seen. Genius, whether thundering with Chatham in the House of Lords, or mending kettles and dreaming dreams with Bunyan in Elstowe—whether reclining in the saloons of Holland House with De Stael and Byron, or driven from men as on a new Nebuchadnezzar whirlwind, in the person of poor wandering Shelly—whether in Coleridge,

> "With soul as strong as a mountain river,
> Pouring out praise to the Almighty giver;"

or in Voltaire shedding its withering smile across the universe, like the grin of death—whether singing in Milton's verse, or glittering upon Cromwell's sword—is the only magnet which can draw forth all the riches of his mind, and the presence of inspiration alone makes him inspired.

But this sympathy with genius does not amount to genius itself; it is too catholic and too prostrate. The man of the highest order of genius, after the enthusiasm of youth is spent, is rarely its worshipper, even as it exists in himself. He worships rather the object which genius contemplates, and the ideal at which it aims. He is rapt up to a higher region, and hears a mightier voice. Listening to the melodies of Nature, to the march of the eternal hours, to the severe music of continuous thought, to the rush of his own advancing soul, he cannot so complacently bend an ear to the minstrelsies, however sweet, of men, however gifted. He passes, like the true painter, from the admiration of copies, which he may admire to error and extravagance, to that great original which, without blame, excites an infinite and endless devotion. He becomes a personification of Art, standing on tip-toe in contemplation of mightier Nature, and drawing from her features with trembling pencil and a joyful awe. Macaulay has not this direct and personal communication with the truth and the glory of things. He sees the universe not in its own rich and divine radiance, but in the reflected light which poets have shed upon it. There are in his writings no oracular deliverances, no pregnant hints, no bits of intense meaning—broken, but broken off from some supernal circle of thought—no momentary splendours, like flashes of midnight lightning, revealing how much—no thoughts beckoning us away with silent finger, like ghosts, into dim and viewless regions—and he never even nears that divine darkness which ever edges the widest and loftiest excursions of imagination and of reason. His style and manner may be compared to crystal, but not to the "terrible crystal" of the prophets and apostles of literature. There is the sea of glass, but it is not mingled with fire, or at least the fire has not been heated seven times, nor has it descended from the seventh heaven.

Consequently, he has no power of origination. We despise the charge of plagiarism, in its low and base sense, which has sometimes been advanced against him. He never commits conscious theft, though sometimes he gives all a father's welcome to thoughts to which he has not a father's claim. But the rose which he appropriates is seldom more than worthy of the breast which it is to adorn; thus, in borrowing from Hall the antithesis applied by the one to the men of the French Revolution, and by the other to the restored Royalists in the time of Charles the Second, "dwarfish virtues and gigantic crimes," he has taken what he might have lent, and, in its application, has changed it from a party calumny into a striking truth. The men of the Revolution were not men of dwarfish virtues and gigantic vices; both were stupendous when either were possessed: it was otherwise with the minions of Charles. When our hero lights his torch it is not at the chariot of the sun; he ascends seldom higher than Hazlitt or Hall—Coleridge, Schiller, and Goethe are untouched. But without re-arguing the question of originality, that quality is manifestly not his. It were as true that he originated Milton, Dryden, Bacon, or Byron, as that he originated the views which his articles develope of their lives or genius. A search after originality is never successful. Novelty is even shyer than truth, for if you search after the true, you will often, if not always, find the new; but if you search after the new, you will, in all probability, find neither the new nor the true. In seeking for paradoxes, Macaulay sometimes stumbles on, but more frequently stumbles over truth. His essays are masterly treatises, written learnedly, carefully conned, and pronounced in a tone of perfect assurance; the Pythian pantings, the abrupt and stammering utterances of the seer, are awanting.

In connexion with this defect, we find in him little metaphysical gift or tendency. There is no "speculation in his eye." If the mysterious regions of thought, which are at present attracting so many thinkers, have ever possessed any charm for him, that charm has long since passed away. If the "weight, the burden and the mystery, of all this unintelligible world," have ever pressed him to anguish, that anguish seems now forgotten as a nightmare of his youth. The serpents which strangle other Laocoons, or else keep them battling all their life before high heaven, have long ago left, if indeed they had ever approached him. His joys and sorrows, sympathies and inquiries, are entirely of the "earth, earthy," though it is an earth beautified by the smile of genius, and by the midnight Sun of the Past. It may appear presumptuous to criticise his creed, where not an article has been by himself indicated, except perhaps the poetical first principle that, "Beauty is truth and truth beauty;" but we see about him neither the firm grasp of one who holds a dogmatic certainty, nor the vast and vacant stretch of one who has failed after

much effort to find the object, and who says, "I clasp—what is it that I clasp?" Toward the silent and twilight lands of thought, where reside, half in glimmer and half in gloom, the dread questions of the origin of evil, the destiny of man, our relation to the lower animals, and to the spirit world, he never seems to have been powerfully or for any length of time impelled. We might ask with much more propriety at him the question which a reviewer asked at Carlyle, "Can you tell us, quite in confidence, your private opinion as to the place where wicked people go?" And, besides, what think you of God? or of that most profound and awful Mystery of Godliness? Have you ever thought deeply on such subjects at all? Or if so, why does the language of a cold conventionalism, or of an unmeaning fervour, distinguish all your allusions to them? It was not, indeed your business to write on such themes, but it requires no more a wizard to determine from your writings whether you have adequately *thought* on them, than to tell from a man's eye whether he is or is not looking at the sun.

We charge Macaulay, as well as Dickens, with a systematic shrinking from meeting in a manful style those dread topics and relations at which we have hinted, and this, whether it springs, as Humboldt says in his own case, from a want of subjective understanding, or whether it springs from a regard for, or fear of popular opinion, or whether it springs from moral indifference, argues, on the first supposition, a deep mental deficiency, on the second, a cowardice unworthy of their position, or on the third, a state of spirit which the age, in its professed teachers, will not much longer endure. An earnest period, bent on basing its future progress upon fixed principles, fairly and irrevocably set down, to solve the problem of its happiness and destiny, will not long refrain from bestowing the name of brilliant trifler on the man, however gifted and favoured, who so slenderly sympathises with it, in this high though late and difficult calling.

It follows almost as a necessity from these remarks, that Macaulay exhibits no high purpose. Seldom so much energy and eloquence have been more entirely divorced from a great uniting and consecrating object; and in his forthcoming history we fear that this deficiency will be glaringly manifest. History, without the presence of high purpose, is but a series of dissolving views—as brilliant it may be, but as disconnected, and not so impressive. It is this, on the contrary, that gives so profound an interest to the writings of Arnold, and invests his very fragments with a certain air of greatness; each sentence seems given in on oath. It is this which glorifies even D'Aubigne's Romance of the Reformation, for he *seeks* at least to show God in history, like a golden thread, pervading, uniting, explaining, and purifying it all. No such passion for truth as Arnold's, no such steady vision of those great outshining laws of justice, mercy, and retribution, which pervade all human story, as D'Aubigne's, and in a far higher degree as Carlyle's, do we expect realised in Macaulay. His history, in all likelihood, will be the splendid cenotaph of his party. It will be brilliant in parts, tedious as a whole—curiously and minutely learned—written now with elaborate pomp, and now with elaborate negligence—heated by party spirit whenever the fires of enthusiasm begin to pale—it will abound in striking literary and personal sketches, and will easily rise to and above the level of the scenes it describes, just because few of those scenes, from the character of the period, are of the highest moral interest or grandeur. But a history forming a transcript, as if in the short-hand of a superior being, of the leading events of the age, solemn in spirit, subdued in tone, grave and testamentary in language, profound in insight, judicial in impartiality, and final as a Median law in effect, we might have perhaps expected from Mackintosh, but not from Macaulay.

"Broader and deeper," says Emerson, "must we write our annals." The true idea of history is only as yet dawning on the world; the old almanac form of history has been generally renounced, but much of the old almanac spirit remains. The avowed partisan still presumes to write his special pleading, and to call it a history. The romance writer still decorates his fancy-piece, and, for fear of mistake, writes under it, "This is a history." The bald retailer of the dry bones of history is not yet entirely banished from our literature—nor is the hardy, but one-sided Iconoclast, who has a quarrel with all established reputation, and would spring a mine against the sun if he could—nor is the sagacious philosophiste, who has access to the inner thoughts and motives of men who have been dead for centuries, and often imputes to deep deliberate purpose what was the result of momentary impulse, fresh and sudden as the breeze, who accurately sums up and ably reasons on all calculable principles, but omits the incalculable, such as inspiration and frenzy. We are waiting for the full avatar of the ideal historian, who to the intellectual qualities of clear sight, sagacity, picturesque power, and learning, shall add the far rarer qualities of a love for truth only equalled by a love for man—a belief in and sympathy with progress, thorough independence and impartiality, and an all-embracing charity—and after Macaulay's History of England has seen the light, may still be found waiting.

The real purpose of a writer is perhaps best concluded from the effect he produces on the minds of his readers. And what is the boon which Macaulay's writings do actually confer upon their millions of readers? Much information, doubtless—many ingenious views are given and developed, but the main effect is pleasure—either a lulling, soothing opiatic, or a rousing and stimulating gratification. But what is their mental or moral influence? What new and great truths do they throw like bomb-shells into nascent spirits, disturbing for ever their repose? What sense of the moral sublime have they ever infused into the imagination, or what thrilling and strange joy "beyond the name of pleasure" have they ever circulated through the heart?

What long, deep trains of thought have his thoughts ever started, and to what melodies in other minds have his words struck the key-note? Some authors mentally "beget children—they travail in birth with children;" thus from Coleridge sprang Hazlitt, but who is Macaulay's eldest born? Who dates any great era in his history from the reading of his works, or has received from him even the bright edge of any Apocalyptic revelation? Pleasure, we repeat, is the principal boon he has conferred on the age; and without under-estimating this (which, indeed, were ungrateful, for none have derived more pleasure from him than ourselves), we must say that it is comparatively a trivial gift—a fruiterer's or a confectioner's office—and, moreover, that the pleasure he gives, like that arising from the use of wine, or from the practice of novel-reading, requires to be imbibed in great moderation, and needs a robust constitution to bear it. Reading his papers is employment but too delicious—the mind is too seldom irritated and provoked—the higher faculties are too seldom appealed to—the sense of the infinite is never given—there is perpetual excitement, but it is that of a game of tennis-ball, and not the Titanic play of rocks and mountains—there is constant exercise, but it is rather the swing of an easy chair than the grasp and tug of a strong rower striving to keep time with one stronger than himself. Ought we ask a grave and solid reputation, as extensive as that of Shakspere or Milton, to be entirely founded on what is essentially a course of light reading?

We do not venture on his merits as a politician or statesman. But, as a speaker, we humbly think he has been over-rated. He is not a sublime orator, who fulminates, and fiercely, and almost contemptuously, sways his audience; he is not a subtle declaimer, who winds around and within the sympathies of his hearers, till, like the damsel in the "Castle of Indolence," they weaken as they warm, and are at last sighingly but luxuriously lost. He is not a being piercing a lonely way for his own mind, through the thick of his audience—wondered at, looked after, but not followed—dwelling apart from them even while rivetting them to his lips—still less is he an incarnation of moral dignity, whose slightest sentence is true to the inmost soul of honour, and whose plain, blunt speech is as much better than oratory, as oratory is better than rhetoric. He is the primed mouth-piece of an elaborate discharge, who presents, applies the linstock, and fires off. He speaks rather before than to his audience. We felt this strongly when hearing him at the opening of the New Philosophical Institution in Edinburgh; that appearance had on us the effect of disenchantment; our lofty ideal of Macaulay the orator—an ideal founded on the perusal of all sorts of fulsome panegyrics—sank like a dream. Macaulay the orator? Why had they not raved as well of Macaulay the beauty? He is, indeed, a master of rhetorical display; he aspires to be a philosopher; he is a brilliant *literateur*; but, besides not speaking oratorically, he does not speak at all, if speaking means free communication with the souls and hearts of his hearers. If Demosthenes, Fox, and O'Connell were orators, he is none. It was not merely that we were disappointed with his personal appearance—that is sturdy and manlike, if not graceful—it is, besides, hereditary, and cannot be helped; but the speech was an elaborate and ungraceful accommodation to the presumed prejudices and tastes of the hearers—a piece of literary electioneering—and the manner, in its fluent monotony, shewed a heart untouched amid all the palaver. Here is one, we thought, whose very tones prove that his success has been far too easy and exulting, and who has never known by experience the meaning of the grand old words, "perfect through suffering." Here is one in public sight selling his birthright for a mess of pottage and worthless praise, and who may live bitterly to rue the senseless bargain, for that applause is as certainly insincere as that birthright is high. Here is one who, ingloriously sinking with compulsion and laborious flight, consciously confounds culture with mere knowledge—speaking as if a boarding-school Miss, who had read Ewing's Geography, were therein superior to Strabo. There, Thomas Macaulay, we thought thou art contradicting thy former and better self, for we well remember thee speaking in an article with withering contempt of those who prefer to that "fine old geography of Strabo" the pompous inanities of Pinkerton. And dost thou deem thyself, all accomplished as thou art, nearer to the infinite mind than Pythagoras or Plato, because thou knowest more? And when he spoke again extempore, he sounded a still lower deep, and we began almost to fancy that there must be some natural deficiency in a mind so intensely cultivated, which could not shake as good, or better speeches, than even his first, "out of his sleeve." But the other proceedings and harangueings of that evening were not certainly fitted to eclipse his brightness, though they *were* calculated, in the opinion of many, to drive the truly eloquent to the woods, to find in the old trees a more congenial audience.

The House of Commons, we are told, hushes to hear him, but this may arise from other reasons than the mere power of his eloquence. He has a name, and there is far too much even in Parliament of that base parasitical element, which, while denying ordinary courtesy to the untried, has its knee delicately hinged to bend in supple homage to the acknowledged. He avoids, again, the utterance of all extreme opinions—never startles or offends—never shoots abroad forked flashes of truth; and besides, his speaking is, in its way, a very peculiar treat. Like his articles, it generally gives pleasure; and who can deny themselves an opportunity of being pleased, any more than a dish of strawberries and cream in summer time. Therefore, the House was silent—its perpetual undersong subsided—even Roebuck's bristles were wont to lower, and Joseph Hume's careful front to relax—when the right honourable member for Edinburgh was on his legs. But *he* is, in our idea, the orator who fronts the storm and crushes it into silence—who snatches the

prejudice from three hundred frowning foreheads and binds it as a crown unto him—and who, not on some other and less difficult arena, but on that very field, wins the laurels which he is to wear. Those are the eloquent sentences which, though hardly heard above the tempest of opposition, yet are heard—and felt as well as heard—and obeyed as well as felt, which bespeak the surges at their loudest, and immediately there is a great calm.

We are compelled, therefore, as our last general remark on Macaulay, to call him rather a large and broad, than a subtle sincere, or profound spirit. A simple child of Nature, trembling before the air played by some invisible musician behind him, what picture could be more exactly his antithesis? But neither has he, in any high degree, either the gift of philosophic analysis, or the subtle idealising power of the poet. Clear, direct, uncircumspective thought—vivid vision of the characters he describes—an eye to see, rather than an imagination to combine—strong, but subdued enthusiasm—learning of a wide range, and information still more wonderful in its minuteness and accuracy—a style limited and circumscribed by mannerism, but having all power and richness possible within its own range—full of force, though void of freedom—and a tone of conscious mastery, in his treatment of every subject, are some of the qualities which build him up—a strong and thoroughly furnished man, fit surely for more massive deeds than either a series of sparkling essays, or what shall probably be a one-sided history.

In passing from his general characteristics to his particular works, there is one circumstance in favour of the critic. While many authors are much, their writings are little known; but if ever any writings were published, it is Macaulay's. A glare of publicity, as wide almost as the sunshine of the globe, rests upon them; and it is always easier to speak to men of what they know perfectly, than of what they know in part. To this there is perhaps an exception in his contributions to "Knight's Quarterly Magazine." That periodical, some of our readers may be aware, was of limited circulation, and limited life. "It sparkled—was exhaled, and went to ——;" yet Professor Wilson has been known to say, that its four or five volumes are equal in talent to any four or five in the compass of periodical literature. To this opinion we must respectfully demur—at least we found the reading of two or three of them rather a hard task, the sole relief being in the papers of Macaulay, and would be disposed to prefer an equal number of "Blackwood," "Tait," or the "Old London Magazine."

Macaulay's best contributions to this are a series of poems, entitled, "Lays of the Roundheads." These, though less known than his "Lays of the League," which also appeared in "Knight," are, we think, superior. They are fine anticipations of the "Lays of Ancient Rome." Like Scott, vaulting between Claverhouse and Burley, and entering with equal gusto into the souls of both, Macaulay sings with equal spirit the song of the enthusiastic Cavalier and that of the stern Roundhead. He could have acted as poet-laureate to Hannibal as well as to the republic, and his "Lays of Carthage" would have been as sweet, as strong, and more pathetic than his "Lays of Rome." "How happy could he be with either, were t' other dear charmer away." Not thus could Carlyle pass from his "Life of Cromwell" to a panegyric on the "Man of Blood," whose eyes—

"Could bear to look on torture, but durst not look on war."

But Macaulay is the artist, sympathising more with the poetry than with the principles of the great Puritanic contest.

His Roman Lays, though of a later date, fall naturally under the same category of consideration. These, when published, took the majority of the public by surprise, who were nearly as astonished at this late flowering of poetry, in the celebrated critic, as were the Edinburgh people, more recently, at the portentous tidings that Patrick Robertson, also, was among the poets. The initiated, however, acquainted with his previous effusions, hailed the phenomenon (not as in Patrick's case, with shouts of spurting laughter,) but with bursts of applause, which the general voice more than confirmed. The day when the Lays appeared, though deep in autumn, seemed a belated dog-day, so frantic did their admirers become. Homer, Scott, Wordsworth, and Byron, were now to hide their diminished heads, for an old friend under a new face had arisen to eclipse them all. And, for martial spirit, we are free to confess the Lays have never been surpassed, save by Homer, Scott, and by Burns, whose one epithet "red wat shod," whose one description of the dying Scotch soldier in the "Earnest Cry," and whose one song, "Go fetch for me a pint of wine," are enough to stamp him among the foremost of martial poets. Macaulay's ballads sound in parts like the thongs of Bellona. Written, it is said, in the war office, the Genius of Battle might be figured bending over the author, sternly smiling on her *last* poet, and shedding from her wings a ruddy light upon his rapidly and furiously-filling page. But the poetry of war is not of the highest order. Seldom, except when the war is ennobled by some great cause, as when Deborah uttered her unequalled thanksgiving, can the touch of the sword extract the richest life's blood of poetry. Selfish is the exultation over victory, selfish the wailing under defeat. The song of the sword must soon give place to the song of the bell; and the pastoral ditty pronounced over the reaping hook shall surpass all lyrical baptisms of the spear. As it is, the gulph between the Lays—amazingly spirited though they be—and intellectual, imaginative, or moral poetry, is nearly as wide as between Chevy Chase and Laodamia. Besides, the Lays are in a great measure centos; the images are no more original than the facts, and the poetic effect is produced through the singular rapidity, energy, and felicity of the narration, and the breathless rush of the verse, "which rings to boot and saddle." One of the finest touches, for example, is imitated from Scott.

"The kites know well the long stern swell
That bids the Romans close"—

Macaulay has it. In the Lady of the Lake it is:—

"The exulting eagle screamed afar,
She knew the voice of Alpine's war."

Indeed, no part of the Lays rises higher than the better passages of Scott. As a whole, they are more imitative and less rich in figure and language than his poetry; and we have been unable to discover any powers revealed in them which his prose works had not previously and amply disclosed. In fact, their excessive popularity arose in a great measure from the new attitude in which they presented their writer. Long accustomed to speak to the public, he suddenly volunteered to sing, and his song was harmonious, and between gratitude and surprise was vehemently encored. It was as if Helen Faucit were to commence to lecture, and should lecture well; or as though Douglas Jerrold were to announce a volume of sermons, and the sermons turn out to be excellent. This, after all, would only prove versatility of talent; it would not enlarge our conception of the real calibre of their powers. Nay, we hesitate not to assert, that certain passages of Macaulay's prose rise higher than the finest raptures of his poetry, and that the term Eloquence will measure the loftiest reaches of either.

This brings us to say a few words on his contributions to the "Edinburgh Review." We confess, that had we been called on while new from reading those productions, our verdict on them would have been much more enthusiastic. Their immediate effect is absolutely intoxicating. Each reads like a new Waverley tale. "More—give us more—it is divine!" we cry, like the Cyclops when he tasted of the wine of Outis. As Pitt adjourned the court after Sheridan's Begum speech, so, in order to judge fairly, we are compelled to adjourn the criticism. Days even have to elapse ere the stern question begins slowly, through the golden mist, to lift up its head—"What have you gained? Have you only risen from a more refined 'Noctes Ambrosianæ?' Have you only been conversing with an elegant artist? or has a prophet been detaining you in his terrible grasp? or has Apollo been touching your trembling ears?" As we answer, we almost blush, remembering our tame and sweet subjection; and yet the moment that the enchantment again assails us, it again is certain to prevail.

But what is the explanation of this power? Is it altogether magical, or does it admit of analysis? Macaulay's writings have one very peculiar and very popular quality. They are eminently clear. They can by no possibility, at any time, be nebulous. You can read them as you run. Schoolboys devour them with as much zest as bearded men. This clearness is, we think, connected with deficiency in his speculative and imaginative faculties; but it does not so appear to the majority of readers. Walking in an even and distinct pathway, not one stumbling stone or alley of gloom in its whole course, no Hill of Difficulty rising, nor Path of Danger diverging, greeted, too, by endless vistas of interest and beauty, all are but too glad, and too grateful, to get so trippingly along. Vanity, also, whispers to the more ambitious: What we can so easily understand we could easily equal; and thus are the readers kept on happy terms both with the author and themselves. His writings have all the stimulus of oracular decision, without one particle of oracular darkness. His papers, too, are thickly studded with facts. This itself, in an age like ours, is enough to recommend them, especially when these facts are so carefully selected—when told now with emphasis so striking, and now with negligence so graceful; and when suspended around a theory at once dazzling and slight—at once paradoxical and pleasing. The reader, beguiled, believes himself reading something more agreeable than history, and more veracious than fiction. It is a very waltz of facts that he witnesses; and yet how consoling to reflect that they are facts after all! Again, Macaulay, as we have repeatedly hinted, is given to paradoxes. But then these paradoxes are so harmless, so respectable, so well-behaved—his originalities are so orthodox—and his mode of expressing them is at once so strong and so measured—that people feel both the tickling sensation of novelty and a perfect sense of safety, and are slow to admit that the author, instead of being a bold, is a timorous thinker, one of the literary as well as political *juste-milieu*. Again, his manner and style are thoroughly English. As his sympathies are, to a great degree, with English modes of thought and habits of action, so his language is a stream of English undefiled. All the territories which it has traversed have enriched, without colouring, its waters. Even the most valuable of German refinements—such as that common one of subjective and objective—are sternly shyed. That philosophic diction which has been from Germany so generally transplanted, is denied admittance into Macaulay's grounds, exciting a shrewd suspicion that he does not often require it for philosophical purposes. Scarcely a phrase or word is introduced which Swift would not have sanctioned. In anxiety to avoid a barbarous and Mosaic diction, he goes to the other extreme, and practises purism and elaborate simplicity. Perhaps under a weightier burden, like Charon's skiff, such a style might break down; but, as it is, it floats on, and carries the reader with it, in all safety, rapidity, and ease. Again, this writer has—apart from his clearness, his bridled paradox, and his English style—a power of interesting his readers, which we may call, for want of a more definite term, tact. This art he has taught himself gradually; for in his earlier articles, such as that on "Milton," and the "Present Administration," there were a prodigality and a recklessness—a prodigality of image, and a recklessness of statement—which argued an impulsive nature, not likely so soon to subside into a tactician. Long ago, however, has he *changé tout cela*. Now he can set his elaborate passages at proper distances from each other; he peppers his page more sparingly with the condiments of metaphor and

image; he interposes anecdotes to break the blaze of his splendour; he consciously stands at ease, nay, condescends to nod, the better to prepare his reader, and breathe himself for a grand gallop; and though he has not the art to conceal his art, yet he has the skill always to fix his reader—always to write, as he himself says of Horace Walpole, "what everybody will like to read." Still further, and finally, he has a quality different from and superior to all these—he has genuine literary enthusiasm, which public life has not yet been able to chill. He is not an inspired child, but he is still an ardent schoolboy, and what many count and call his literary vice we count his literary salvation. It is this unfeigned love of letters and genius which (dexterously managed, indeed) is the animating and inspiring element of Macaulay's better criticisms, and the redeeming point in his worse. It is a love which many waters have been unable to destroy, and which shall burn till death. When he retires from public life, like Lord Grenville, he may say, "I return to Plato and the Iliad."

We must be permitted, ere we close, a few remarks on some of his leading papers. Milton was his "Reuben—his first-born—the beginning of his strength;" and thought by many "the excellency of dignity, and the excellency of power." It was gorgeous as an eastern tale. He threw such a glare about Milton, that at times you could not see him. The article came clashing down on the floor of our literature like a gauntlet of defiance, and all wondered what young Titan could have launched it. Many inquired, "Starting at such a rate, whither is he likely to go?" Meanwhile the wiser, while admiring, quietly smiled, and whispered in reply, "At such a rate no man can or ought to advance." Meanwhile, too, a tribute to Milton from across the waters, less brilliant, but springing from a more complete and mellow sympathy with him, though at first overpowered, began steadily and slowly to gain the superior suffrage of the age, and from that pride of place has not yet receded. On the contrary, Macaulay's paper he himself now treats as the brilliant bastard of his mind. Of such *splendida vitia* he need not be ashamed. We linger as we remember the wild delight with which we first read his picture of the Puritans, ere it was hackneyed by quotation, and ere we thought it a rhetorical bravura. How burning his print of Dante! The best frontispiece to this paper on Milton would be the figure of Robert Hall, at the age of sixty, lying on his back, and learning Italian, in order to verify Macaulay's description of the "Man that had been in Hell."

In what a different light does the review of Croker's Boswell exhibit our author? He sets out like Shenstone, by saying "I will, I will be witty;" and like him, the will and the power are equal. Macaulay's wit is always sarcasm—sarcasm embittered by indignation, and yet performing its minute dissections with judicial gravity. *Here* he catches *his* Rhadamanthus of the Shades, in the upper air of literature, and his vengeance is more ferocious than his wont. He first flays, then kills, then tramples, and then hangs his victim in chains. It is the onset of one whose time is short, and who expects reprisals in another region. Nor will his sarcastic vein, once awakened against Croker, sleep till it has scorched poor Bozzy to ashes, and even singed the awful wig of Johnson. We cannot comprehend Macaulay's fury at Boswell, whom he crushes with a most disproportionate expenditure of power and anger. Nor can we coincide with his eloquent enforcement of the opinion, first propounded by Burke, then seconded by Mackintosh, and which seems to have become general, that Johnson is greater in Boswell's book than in his own works. To this we demur. Boswell's book gives us little idea of Johnson's eloquence, or power of grappling with higher subjects—"Rassellas" and the "Lives of the Poets" do. Boswell's book does justice to Johnson's wit, readiness, and fertility; but if we would see the full force of his fancy, the full energy of his invective, and his full sensibility to, and command over, the moral sublime, we must consult such papers in the "Idler" as that wonderful one on the Vultures, or in the "Rambler," as Anningait and Ajut, his London, and his Vanity of Human Wishes. Boswell, we venture to assert, has not saved one *great* sentence of his idol—such as we may find profusely scattered in his own writings—nor has recorded fully any of those conversations, in which, pitted against Parr or Burke, he talked his best. If Macaulay merely means that Boswell, through what he has preserved, and through his own unceasing admiration, gives us a higher conception of Johnson's every-day powers of mind than his writings supply, he is right; but in expressly claiming the immortality for the "careless table-talk," which he denies to the works, and forgetting that the works discover higher faculties in special display, we deem him mistaken.

In attacking Johnson's style, Macaulay is, unconsciously, a suicide—not that his style is modelled upon Johnson's, or that he abounds in *sesqui-pedalia verba*—he has never needed large or new words, either to cloak up mere commonplace, or to express absolute originality—but many of the faults he charges against Johnson belong to himself. Uniformity of march—want of flexibility and ease—consequent difficulty in adapting itself to common subjects—perpetual and artfully balanced antithesis, were, at any rate, once peculiarities of Macaulay's writing, as well as of Johnson's, nor are they yet entirely relinquished. After all, such faults are only the awkward steps of the elephant, which only the monkey can deride. Or we may compare them to the unwieldy, but sublime, movements of a giant telescope, which turns slowly and solemnly, as if in time and tune with the stately steps of majesty with which the great objects it contemplates are revolving.

The article on Byron, for light and sparkling brilliance, is Macaulay's finest paper. Perhaps it is not sufficiently grave or profound for the subject. There are, we think, but two modes of properly writing about Byron—the one is the

Monody, the other the Impeachment: this paper is neither. Mere criticism over such dread dust is impertinent; mere panegyric impossible. Either, with condemnation melting down in irrepressible tears, or with tears drying up in strong censure, should we approach the memory of Byron, if, indeed, eternal silence were not better still.

Over one little paper we are apt to pause with a peculiar fondness—the paper on Bunyan. As no one has greater sympathy with the spirit of the Puritans without having any with their peculiar sentiments than Carlyle, so no one sympathises more with the literature of that period, without much else in common (unless we except Southey), as Macaulay. The "Pilgrim's Progress" is to him, as to many, almost a craze. He cannot speak calmly about it. It continues to shine in the purple light of youth; and, amid all the paths he has traversed, he has never forgotten that immortal path which Bunyan's genius has so boldly mapped out, so variously peopled, and so richly adorned. How can it be forgotten, since it is at once the miniature of the entire world, and a type of the progress of every earnest soul? The City of Destruction, the Slough of Despond, the Delectable Mountains, the Valley of the Shadow of Death, Beulah, and the Black River, are still extant, unchangeable realities, as long as man continues to be tried and to triumph. But it is less in this typical aspect than as an interesting tale that Macaulay seems to admire it. Were we to look at it in this light alone, we should vastly prefer "Turpin's Ride to York," or "Tam O'Shanter's Progress to Alloway Kirk." But as an unconscious mythic history of man's moral and spiritual advance, its immortality is secure, though its merits are as yet in this point little appreciated. Bunyan, indeed, knew not what he did; but then he spake inspired; his deep heart prompted him to say that to which all deep hearts in all ages should respond; and we may confidently predict that never shall that road be shut up or deserted. As soon stop the current or change the course of the black and bridgeless river.

We might have dwelt, partly in praise and partly in blame, on some of his other articles—might, for instance, have combatted his slump and summary condemnation, in "Dryden," of Ossian's poems—poems which, striking, as they did, all Europe to the soul, must have had some merit, and which, laid for years to the burning heart of Napoleon, must have had some corresponding fire. That, said Coleridge, of Thomson's "Seasons," lying on the cottage window-sill, is true fame; but was there no true fame in the fact that Napoleon, as he bridged the Alps, and made at Lodi impossibility itself the slave of his genius, had these poems in his travelling carriage? Could the chosen companion of such a soul, in such moments, be altogether false and worthless? Ossian's Poems we regard as a ruder "Robbers"—a real though clouded voice of poetry, rising in a low age, prophesying and preparing the way for the miracles which followed; and we doubt if Macaulay himself has ever equalled some of the nobler flights of Macpherson. We may search his writings long ere we find anything so sublime, though we may find many passages equally ambitious, as the Address to the Sun.

He closes his collected articles with his Warren Hastings, as with a grand finale. This we read with the more interest, as we fancy it a chapter extracted from his forthcoming history. As such it justifies our criticism by anticipation. Its personal and literary sketches are unequalled, garnished as they are with select scandal, and surrounded with all the accompaniments of dramatic art. Hastings' trial is a picture to which that of Lord Erskine, highly wrought though it be, is vague and forced, and which, in its thick and crudeed magnificence, reminds you of the descriptions of Tacitus, or (singular connection!) of the paintings of Hogarth. As in Hogarth, the variety of figures and circumstances is prodigious, and each and all bear upon the main object, to which they point like fingers; so from every face, figure, aspect, and attitude, in the crowded hall of Westminster, light rushes on the brow of Hastings, who seems a fallen god in the centre of the god-like radiance. Even Fox's "sword" becomes significant, and seems to thirst for the pro-consul's destruction. But Macaulay, though equal to descriptions of men in all difficult and even sublime postures, never describes scenery well. His landscapes are too artificial and elaborate. When, for example, he paints Paradise in Byron or Pandemonium in Dryden, it is by parts and parcels, and you see him pausing and rubbing his brows between each lovely or each terrible item. The scene reluctantly comes, or rather is pulled into view, in slow and painful series. It does not rush over his eye, and require to be detained in its giddy passage. Hence his picture of India in Hastings is an admirable picture of an Indian village, but not of India, the country. You have the "old oaks"—the graceful maiden with the pitcher on her head—the courier shaking his bunch of iron rings to scare away the hyenas—but where are the eternal bloom, the immemorial temples, the vast blood-spangled mists of superstition, idolatry, and caste, which brood over the sweltering land—the Scotlands of jungle, lighted up by the eyes of tigers as with infernal stars—the Ganges, the lazy deity of the land, creeping down reluctantly to the sea—the heat, encompassing the country like a sullen, sleepy hell—the swift steps of tropical Death, heard amid the sulphury silence—the ancient monumental look proclaiming that all things here continue as they were from the foundation of the world, or seen in the hazy distance as the girdle of the land—the highest peaks of earth soaring up toward the sun, Sirius, the throne of God? Macaulay too much separates the material from the moral aspects of the scene, instead of blending them together as exponents of the one great fact, India.

But we must stop. Ere closing, however, we are tempted to add, as preachers do, a solid inference or two from our previous remarks. First,

we think we can indicate the field on which Mr. Macaulay is likely yet to gain his truest and permanent fame. It is in writing the *Literary* History of his country. Such a work is still a desideratum; and no living writer is so well qualified by his learning and peculiar gifts—by his powers and prejudices—by his strength and his weakness, to supply it. In this he is far more assured of success than in any political or philosophical history. With what confidence and delight would the public follow his guidance, from the times of Chaucer to those of Cowper, when our literature ceased to be entirely natural, and even a stage or two farther! Of such a "progress" we proclaim him worthy to be the Great-heart! Secondly, we infer from a retrospect of his whole career, the evils of a too easy and a too early success. It is by an early Achillean baptism alone that men can secure Achillean invulnerability, or confirm Achillean strength. This was the redeeming point in Byron's history. Though a lord, he had to undergo a stern training, which indurated and strengthened him to a pitch, which all the after blandishments of society could not weaken. Society did not—in spite of our author—spoil him by its favour, though it infuriated him by its resentment. But *he* has been the favoured and petted child of good fortune. There has been no "crook," till of late, either in his political or literary "lot." If he has not altogether inherited, he has approached the verge of the curse, "Woe to you, when all men shall speak well of you." No storms have unbared his mind to its depths. It has been his uniformly to—

"Pursue the triumph and partake the gale."

Better all this for his own peace than for his power, or for the permanent effect of his writings.

Let us congratulate him, finally, on his temporary defeat. A few more such victories as he had formerly gained, and he had been undone. A few more such defeats; and if he be, as we believe, essentially a man, he may yet, in the "strength of the lonely," in the consciousness and terrible self-satisfaction of those who deem themselves injuriously assailed, perform such deeds of derring-do as shall abash his adversaries and astonish even himself.

ON SEEING SOME ANCIENT TOMBS OF THE CONSTANTINES,

ERECTED, BY THE SULTAN'S ORDERS, NEAR THE MOSQUE OF ST. SOPHIA, AT CONSTANTINOPLE.

Beneath Sophia's wondrous dome I stood,
And witnessed on her walls the cross defaced,
And Islam's emblems o'er her altars placed;
And then before my mind that day of blood
Arose, when, spite of all that valour could,
Byzantium fell, o'erwhelmed, but not disgraced;
Then, quenched beneath the Moslem's fiery flood,
Seemed the bright star of Christendom erased.

But I went forth, and even by the door
A handful of quiet men, with toil and care,
Upreared an ancient tomb with honour there,
And, looking for the emblem that it bore,
I marked the fair, broad cross of Constantine
Upon its side.—This also is a sign.

Robert Ferguson.

FAREWELL TO THE KORÉ.

AN AUTUMN SONG.

I.

The withered leaves are falling fast,
Like tears for an only child,
And roughly murmurs the wailing blast
That comes from the ocean wild;
The golden ears no longer wave,
Like a rippling sunlit sea;
Thou art gone from us to the gloomy grave—
Farewell, Persephoné!

II.

Since first the corn rose fresh and green,
With its drops of crystal dew,
How many a hope the light hath seen,
That never shall rise anew!
The dazzling dreams that round us shone,
We never again may see;
There are hearts that now must dwell alone—
Farewell, Persephoné!

III.

Demeter wears her robe of gloom,*
For the Holy One† she grieves,
For the Autumn brings thy yearly doom
With the sickle and the sheaves:
And since the weary year was young,
How oft, for the loved like thee,
Hath the widowed heart with grief been wrung—
Farewell, Persephoné!

IV.

But when the crocuses shall bloom,
Thou then wilt again appear,
Wilt burst the bands of the darksome tomb,
And bask in the sunlight clear:
The loved *we* mourn are gone for aye,
On earth they have ceased to be;
On our sorrow's night ne'er dawneth day—
Farewell, Persephoné!

Richard Rowe.

* The Phigalians pointed out a cavern in Mount Elaion, whither, they said, Demeter went and mourned the Despoina, after she had been carried off by the gloomy Aïdoneus. In this cavern she was worshipped as Μέλαινα, and her statue was attired in black (Paus. viii. 42, 1). This mythe is evidently only a poetical expression of the fact, that black is the colour of the earth (Δημήτηρ = γῆ μήτηρ, mother-earth) after the removal of the crops of corn.

† Ἁγνή is an epithet applied to Persephoné in the Homeric poems.

MANSION-HOUSE LAW AND JUSTICE.

We learned from the columns of one of the best weekly London newspapers—the *Examiner*—years ago, hat the practice of the London Police-ocurts was often characterised by strange vagaries, but we had no apprehension of experiencing in our own affairs the extreme folly and incapacity of a London Magistrate, thrust into office, out of time, and by an accident.

We are certain that no personal feelings could induce us to occupy our pages with proceedings in which we might feel aggrieved, but the following statements are of some interest to the public—to those of them at least who, like us, have no craving for Mansion-House notoriety, and no desire to be the objects even of a Lord Mayor's folly.

The report of the Lord Mayor's manner of dealing with us will partly explain the merits of this case, and we extract it from one of the London newspapers :—

"At the Mansion House, on Tuesday the 5th instant, Mr. R. G. Hobbes, a gentleman who holds a situation in her Majesty's dockyard at Sheerness, appeared before the Lord Mayor for the purpose of publicly stating a serious grievance under which he was at present labouring, from the extraordinary misconduct of the editor of a magazine. The complainant said—My Lord, I have been five or six years in the Government service in India, and on my return home I was appointed, under the patronage of Lord Ellenborough, to a situation in the dockyard at Sheerness. I had taken a good deal of trouble in writing an account of what I had seen and observed during that time of interesting commotion, and I showed my manuscript to a literary friend, who advised me to send it forthwith to the Editor of *Tait's Magazine*, as a person who would in all probability treat with me for its publication. I wrote to the editor of the magazine, accordingly, offering to be a contributor, and representing the kind of information with which I was ready to supply him, and he answered me in a note, in which he desired to see the manuscript, and stated that he would peruse it, and let me know the result. I took care to represent to him that as the subject was one of temporary interest, and the value of the work must therefore suffer depreciation by delay, it would be necessary to come to as quick a conclusion with respect to the purchase as possible. I sent him the manuscript, and in January I received a letter from him, acknowledging the receipt of it, and assuring me that he would read it, and speedily return me an answer. The promise was, however, not performed. No attention was paid to my subsequent correspondence by Mr. Troup, the editor of the magazine. I wrote to Messrs. Simpkin and Marshall of London, whom I understood to have some connexion with the establishment, stating the facts, but they were not acquainted with the transaction. Month after month passed away, and Mr. Troup never sent to me information whether it was his intention to use or return my manuscript, the interest of which, comprehending as it did the late war in India, was fast dying away. I applied to a clerical friend in Scotland, who tried to recover the manuscript, and was informed that a Mr. Alison had been attracted by it, and put it in his pocket, after which it had not been seen. I wrote again to Mr. Troup, representing my claim to recompense for the injury I had sustained by the procrastination, and threatening to place the matter in the hands of my attorney. That communication had the same fate which my other requests met. Mr. Troup did not condescend to notice it, and I learned that my only remedy lay in an appeal to the Scotch law, and not in an English court of justice. Aware of the difficulties in the way of an equitable decision, I wrote to Mr. Troup an assurance, that I should come to London and expose the whole affair before a metropolitan magistrate if he refused to send me £20 as compensation for my work, which I considered, when placed in his possession, to be worth £200, and which is now valueless. Your Lordship will see the inhumanity of such conduct, and you are no doubt surprised that it is attributable to a person holding an eminent literary station.

"The Lord Mayor—I am indeed surprised at finding such unpardonable conduct ascribed to a man who holds such a situation, and cannot help saying that the want of the feelings of a gentleman is very palpable throughout the whole transaction which you have so dispassionately represented. To say nothing of the inhumanity of the treatment to which you have been subjected, the Editor of *Tait's Magazine* was bound as a gentleman to answer your letters. I regret the existence of the difficulties in the way of obtaining a proper recompense for the loss you have sustained. I am perfectly cognizant o the hazard arising from an appeal to the Scotch law, having been afflicted in former days with two Scotch cases, which have made a deep impression upon my memory and pocket.

"Mr. Hobbes—I feel grateful for your Lordship's very kind expression of your sympathy. It was too harsh treatment to render useless the labour of years by inattention to the ordinary rules by which the conduct of gentlemen is regulated. The work I sent to Mr. Troup at his own request consisted of 700 pages, and was the result of study and observation at least entitled to civility.

"The Lord Mayor—I am sure that the press of London will most readily render you every assistance. I have frequently had occasion to ask for the aid of newspapers in exposing what no institution can punish, and I have never been unsuccessful in my applications. Nothing, I must say, exceeds my astonishment at so remarkable an instance of contemptuous neglect as that which one literary man has thought fit thus to visit upon another.

"Mr. Hobbes again thanked his Lordship, and retired."

It is obvious enough that this interesting report was carefully concocted—and perhaps the speech of Mr. Hobbes on the occasion was not so well connected as it appears in the report, while the supposition accounts for several omissions on his part, and a number of embellishments that have no better foundation, we trust, for the sake of Mr. Hobbes, than the reporter's inaccuracy.

The business as it stands in that report, without any qualification, has a singular appearance for the Lord Mayor. He pronounces an opinion, in a matter where he has no jurisdiction, regarding a transaction of which he had heard only an *ex parte* statement; and for the purpose of gratifying the author of a rejected manuscript, he denounces an individual as destitute of the feelings of a gentleman, and guilty of inhumanity, without the shadow or pretence of inquiry into the truth or falsehood of assertions with which he had no possible business, whether they were true or false. If injustice had been done, Mr. Hobbes had a remedy. Notwithstanding the statements of this civic dignitary, the Scotch Law Courts are open enough to any action of this nature. They afford far greater facilities than English Courts, are cheaper, and more rapid. The case was one to be decided on documentary evidence. There was no expensive proof requisite. It was impossible for any imaginable case to have involved the prosecutor in less trouble or expense, and Sir George Carroll—we believe that is the Lord Mayor's name—knew, or his clerk could have told him, these facts. He was, however, going out of office. His year had well nigh run its course. He wanted a character for humanity, and so, crossing our path, he deemed it wise to get the matter up at our expense. Mr. Hobbes had an easy remedy. We have none. The Lord Mayor's language may be actionable, but he would, of course, deny the accuracy of the report,

plead an omitted "but" or a deficient "if," and through his counsel be eloquent on the looseness of reporters' notes, if he were dealt with in that way. There is a moral cowardice in conduct of this kind, disgraceful to a man in the position even of a temporary magistrate. From his seat on the bench he spreads slander and falsehood with security. What any just or honourable man would shrink from in private life, he does, and for the action claims credit as a humane, kind-hearted gentleman.

There is no individual safe from this system of annoyance and intimidation, when a magistrate chooses to lend himself to its perpetration. No man can secure himself against being denounced by the Lord Mayor of London as destitute of humanity, unless he comply with any request for twenty pounds that may be made upon him. No matter how ridiculous the claim, still he must pay, or submit to be placarded as a person destitute of gentlemanly feelings by the credulous Lord Mayor. Why, if Mr. Hobbes had gone to the Mansion House and alleged that we had stolen his volume, instead of being most involuntarily and immeasurably pestered with 700 pages of mortal writing, thoroughly useless to us, bound in morocco, and decorated in a way more befitting the library of the noble Lord to whom it was inscribed in letters of gold, and by whom it was returned, than the precincts of a printing-office; or that we had done him any other imaginable mischief, it would have been the same matter; the Lord Mayor would have believed him, and denounced us in language virulently proportioned to the magnitude of the offence. We see daily reports of cases at police offices, involving attempts to obtain money by intimidation, or on false pretences; and this in our opinion—an opinion that may be right or wrong—resembled them; and they become serious enough when magistrates, instead of acting as public guardians, invest themselves, by their conduct, with the character of public nuisances.

We are proceeding hitherto on the supposition that Mr. Hobbes' statement may have presented itself to the Lord Mayor as a plain, true, unvarnished tale; unsupported, however, by evidence of any description, involving matters easily brought to an issue, but concerning parties over either of whom he had no more jurisdiction, and no closer connexion, than the Mayor of Galway or the Provost of Wick.

In the remarks on this curious case which appeared in the *Morning Chronicle*, the writer adopted this view of the matter:—

"Very many of our readers, no doubt, remember—though the present Lord Mayor of London appears, unfortunately, to have forgotten—the highly vigorous and useful castigation which Lord Brougham administered some years ago to a certain class of metropolitan 'sitting magistrates,' for a practice which he justly characterized as 'a usurpation of the most flagrant audacity.' The abuse alluded to, which at one time threatened, in some of our police courts, to swamp the ordinary and legitimate functions of police magistrates, and convert the administration of justice into a grand centralized agency of safe and cheap defamation, was so well described by the learned lord, that we cannot do better than reproduce his words:—

"'What I allude to is called 'asking advice of the sitting magistrate;' and it consists in this abuse and nothing else—that if any man has a grievance against another, and dares not go into a court of justice with it, from being sensible that against that other person he has no case, and that at the hands of that other, he has no hope of obtaining anything, he hies him away before the 'sitting magistrate,' as he is called, and, in the absence of the other person, and in the utter and necessary ignorance of that other person that one word is about to be spoken respecting him, he tells the sitting magistrate the whole of his story, which is forthwith published with impunity to the whole world.'

"His lordship flattered himself on the occasion referred to, that he had done sufficient execution on the functionaries who had lent themselves to this gross impropriety, and that 'sitting magistrates' would thenceforth abstain from making the administration of justice a vehicle for attacks on private character. We are bound to acknowledge that his lordship's exposure of the monstrous indecorum in question did a vast deal of good. We have seen much less of it ever since. Of late years it has not been a habit with 'sitting magistrates' to waste the public time in listening to *ex parte* stories about matters in which they have no jurisdiction, and to violate common justice and propriety by judicial invectives against persons of whom they know nothing. It would seem, however, from a transaction reported in our columns yesterday, as if the effect of the noble and learned lord's lash had begun to wear off. The chief sitting magistrate at our Mansion-House has shown himself, we are sorry to say, grievously in want of a refresher. In all our recollections of the culpable and silly magisterial practice above described, we can find nothing that surpasses, in injustice and stupidity, the exhibition to which the Lord Mayor of London was pleased to treat the ill-natured portion of the public on Tuesday morning last.

"A gentleman of the name of Hobbes, it appears, conceives himself to have been very ill used by Mr. Troup, the editor of 'Tait's Magazine,' with respect to a manuscript forwarded to Mr. Troup (it is said at his desire) some months back, and, as is alleged, unjustly detained by this gentleman, after reiterated applications, until its interest and pecuniary value have evaporated by lapse of time. There is no occasion to repeat the particulars of the story, which consists of a number of allegations, all requiring to be sifted and tested according to the ordinary rules of evidence in matters affecting character and property; and, of course, in our total ignorance of the facts, we can have no opinion to express as to the probability of Mr. Troup's having acted with the shabby and shameful injustice imputed to him. Despairing of regaining his manuscript, Mr. Hobbes tells us that he wrote at last to Mr. Troup, claiming compensation for the lost value of his literary property, and threatening to place the matter in the hands of his attorney. Subsequent reflection, he informs us, deterred him from incurring the costs and risks of an appeal to a Scottish tribunal, and he resolved on trying 'exposure' instead. Accordingly, he wrote again, he says, to Mr. Troup, demanding £20 down as compensation, with the alternative of 'coming to London, and exposing the whole affair before a metropolitan magistrate.'

"With this story—which may be all true, or all false, or a mixture of the true and false, in proportions calling for the most delicate moral and legal analysis—Mr. Hobbes presents himself before the chief magistrate of the city of London, and asks for a magisterial denunciation of 'the inhumanity of such conduct.' And, marvellous to say, Mr. Hobbes obtains what he asks, with a compliment superadded for his 'dispassionate representation' of the case. Not the shadow of a doubt seems to cross the judicial mind as to the absolute precision and completeness of Mr. Hobbes' version of the business. Our Lord Mayor altogether disdains the saving virtues of an '*if*.' He takes the whole story exactly as it is given him, and forthwith invokes the aid of the London press to ruin the character of a man of whom he knows simply nothing. The following are the terms in which the chief magistrate of the first city in the world thought it decent to speak, on the merest *ex parte* hearsay, of a man who was not present before him, either in person or by proxy—whose very name he probably heard for the first time from the lips of an angry complainant—and of a transaction on which he had neither a judicial nor a moral right to express any opinion whatever:—

"'The Lord Mayor—I am indeed surprised at finding such unpardonable conduct ascribed to a man who holds such a situation, and cannot help saying that the want of the feelings of a gentleman is very palpable throughout the whole transaction which you have so dispassionately represented. To say nothing of the inhumanity of the treatment to which you have been subjected, the editor of 'Tait's Magazine' was bound as a gentleman to answer your letters. I regret the existence of the difficulties in the way of obtaining a proper recompense for the loss you have sustained. I am perfectly cognizant of the hazard arising from an appeal to the Scotch law, having been afflicted

in former days with two Scotch cases, which have made a deep impression upon my memory and pocket. * * * Nothing, I must say, exceeds my astonishment at so remarkable an instance of contemptuous neglect as that which one literary man has thought fit thus to visit upon another.'"

"This is positively outrageous. One is perfectly aghast at the mingled impertinence and silliness of a magistrate who can rush in this fashion head-foremost into a business which no way concerns him—swallow implicitly every syllable of a complainant's own version of his own case, and publicly brand an absent and unheard man as 'palpably wanting in the feelings of a gentleman,' and guilty of an act of 'unpardonable inhumanity.' We profess we cannot understand it. It is utterly incomprehensible to us how a person of that average intellectual capacity, which one must presume in a civic chief magistrate, and possessing that familiarity which the routine of judicial proceeding, which is necessarily incident to a year's mayorality, can commit himself to so enormous a breach of the elementary judicial proprieties. We most devoutly trust that it may be a long time before we have to comment again on a magisterial escapade of this astounding description. To say that our Lord Mayor displayed a good heart and kindly sympathies in this affair, is merely to say that he is admirably qualified for that domestic happiness and repose to which he is happily on the eve of returning, and which we trust he will for many years continue to enjoy, undisturbed by official responsibilities and newspaper criticisms."

The following letter was subsequently published in the *Chronicle* :—

"My Lord,—In the London papers of Wednesday, I observe the report of an application made to you by Mr. R. G. Hobbes, of Sheerness, regarding a manuscript transmitted to me for publication in "Tait's Magazine;" and your Lordship's remarks on his statement. I also observe your Lordship sneers at Scottish law; and I deeply regret that, as a Magistrate, you do not practise one principle in Scottish law, that of hearing the statements of both parties in any case before pronouncing an opinion.

"Mr. Hobbes applied to me, as he says, regarding a manuscript on East Indian affairs, and led me to understand that the application was made at the suggestion of a gentleman in London, who is connected with literature, and that the manuscript had been read by him. On meeting that gentleman subsequently in London, I learned from him that he was unacquainted with the character of the manuscript. I wrote to Mr. Hobbes that he might send the manuscript, and that I should provide for its safety. I was surprised, however, to receive a volume very richly bound, expensively illustrated, and inscribed in gilt letters to the Right Honourable the Earl of Ellenborough. His Lordship entertaining the same opinion of the contents of the volume that I have been induced to form, returned, as it appears, the gift.

"I have never, at any time, had the slightest objection to follow the Earl of Ellenborough's example, but I have requested Mr. Hobbes to instruct me how the volume was to be returned. And I have done so, because its return to Sheerness through a bookseller's parcel is attended with some risk, which I do not wish to incur, in the case of a manuscript so highly prized by its owner, and because I should not be called on to bear the expense of returning a volume that is quite useless to me, but which, at the value fixed on it by Mr. Hobbes, would require to be insured.

"So far from not having answered Mr. Hobbes' letters, I have before me a note, in answer to one of my letters, requesting to know from Mr. Hobbes to whom his manuscript should be delivered. In that note he threatens to apply to a police magistrate, unless I remit him twenty pounds along with his volume, and, as he says, with the view of compelling me to make some compromise. I have no idea of being intimidated into a payment of twenty shillings or twenty pence in this way, and certainly declined to transmit any money whatever. If I am supposed to be indebted to Mr. Hobbes, as, along with your Lordship, he entertains apparently some well-grounded fears that Scottish Judges are not so open to *ex parte* statements as London Lord Mayors, I shall afford him every facility to have his case tried in an English court, by giving him my address in London. His manuscript is neither more nor less useless than at any former period; because, apparently, in the opinion of the Earl of Ellenborough, who should know India, an opinion in which, without the same means of acquaintance with the country, I fully coincide, it never was of any value; and it is not connected with any subject of a temporary character, or one that can suffer by delay in its publication. But your Lordship seems to think that to read a volume of 700 pages, so as to decide whether it be worth £200 for a magazine, is a matter of little importance, which may be done on receipt.

"I observe that Mr. Hobbes in his statement intimates that, on applying to me through a clerical friend for this MS., he learned that a friend of mine had taken a fancy for it, and carried it away in his pocket. My friend's pocket must have been not less capacious than your Lordship's credulity, when it admitted a quarto volume of 700 pages. I know nothing regarding this "clerical friend;" but when I received the MS. I was not permanently resident here, and thus the volume happened to be taken to and left in the house of a friend of mine. When applied to by one of the *clerks* in this office for this volume, I mentioned where it was, and that on receiving an order from Mr. Hobbes it would be handed over to any party, but I cannot see why the name of a private gentleman in whose house the volume was left, should be introduced in this affair.

"I repeat now, what I have always stated, that on an order being handed to me for the volume, I am ready to return it; or if Mr. Hobbes instruct me by what conveyance he wishes it returned, at his risk, and not at mine, it will be sent.

"Will your Lordship allow me now to remark, that I am not surprised that your Lordship suffered in purse, and suffers in recollection, from your Scotch law pleas, because, judging from your observations in this case, they had been very rashly entered into. Farther, when your Lordship ventures to express an opinion as to the feelings and conduct of gentlemen, do you not step somewhat out of your line, for it occurs to me that when the Court of Aldermen placed your Lordship in the Mansion House last November, they did not insist on having a gentleman for a tenant.

"Still farther, when your Lordship styles Mr. Hobbes a literary man, I may be permitted to say that you are venturing an opinion on a subject with which you are even less acquainted. From the MS. in my possession, I suspect that the literary career of Mr. Hobbes has yet to be commenced, and that his literary qualifications are very nearly on a par with the justice of your Lordship's remarks.

"I am, my Lord,
"Your Lordship's, &c.,
"GEORGE TROUP."

The *Chronicle* has a note to this explanation, in which it states that not even the Lord Mayor's conduct justifies the writer's intemperance. We apprehend that most men would have exhibited some irritation in the circumstances; but there are the two documents—the *Chronicle's* article and our letter; and when the *Chronicle* in the case speaks of intemperance, we say that it looks very like the reproof of sin by Satan.

The *Morning Post*, the only other morning paper in which the report appeared, endeavoured to defend the Lord Mayor from the remarks of the *Chronicle*, and was even zealous in favour of magistrates having full permission and power to assail any man's character unheard, as their want of discretion and prudence might dictate.

The defence was natural. Similarity of taste leads to similarity of conduct. The *Post*, although using its columns to circulate falsehoods in this instance, declined to insert our letter; and refused us whatever benefit we might have derived from its very limited circulation—an instance of justice quite equal to that displayed by the Lord Mayor himself.

This very worthy magistrate and remarkably just man, on receiving our letter, of course corrected his errors—stated that the case had not been fully explained—that the volume was now, and had at any time been at the command of Mr. Hobbes—on his giving an order for a

book which he valued at £200, or stating how or by what means he wished to have it returned.

Persons who expected so much justice in the Mansion House, under the present mayoralty, would be greatly disappointed. We were not, because it was evident enough to us that a man capable of committing the injustice contained in the magistrate's original remarks, if at all correctly reported, was capable also of perpetuating that injustice.

This volume, we should say, was too heavy to return by post. The post-office, until within four or five weeks, would not have taken it on any terms, and we could not divide an expensively-bound book. Even now the postage, pre-paid, on a 5lb. parcel would be £1 10s.; and even £1 10s. was too much to lose, in addition to valuable time, on a manuscript thrust upon us, with the understanding that it had been seen, read, and approved, by a gentleman thoroughly conversant with such matters, but who, it appears, knew nothing of its contents—a manuscript volume that has nothing to do with the late Indian war, as was represented, but is quite as desirable now as at any former time, and which is certainly not devoted in any very great degree to matters of a warlike character.

We had no means of following any other course than that adopted with a bundle valued at £200—and for which, if lost, we were unfortunately liable—no means whatever, but preserve it carefully to its owner's order, or to be forwarded at his risk. Mr. Hobbes, however, wanted money, and if his goods had been useful to us—if we had required them, to money he was well entitled; and he threatened to expose us in such a way as would prevent other authors from visiting us with similar tribulation, if we did not pay him twenty pounds, in return for losing valuable time, and for the detention of what we thought, perhaps erroneously thought, a stupid manuscript, but which, not falling amongst our many manuscripts, we should have been glad at any time to have got safely, where it now is, out of our hands.

If his offer had been for twenty pounds, or even forty pounds, to prevent similar annoyances for the time to come, and from similar authors, we might have closed the bargain, and been cheaply out of difficulties.

We solicit and require no man's manuscripts—excepting those that come from our regular contributors. We never find any advantages accruing to us from stray manuscripts. In nineteen cases out of twenty they are unsuitable, and it would be better to want the twentieth, than to read and dispose of the other nineteen. Very generally work of that kind is done from a feeling of good nature towards parties who are not much connected with literature, and we are quite willing to bear our share, but two hundred pounds' worth of writing from one thoroughly unknown individual—unknown as a writer—is a quality we never should have looked at, if the invoice had preceded the parcel.

However, the point of public interest in the case is the facility with which threats of this kind can be executed. So long as there are police magistrates like Sir George Carroll, any man may indulge malevolent feelings against those who decline to pay him black mail. There can be no more complete nuisance than this description of intervention by a magistrate in business that concerns him not. There can be nothing more unjust than the permission afforded to such men as this Lord Mayor, of attacking absent individuals, of whom they know nothing, on information that may be either true or false. There is no remedy for the evil at present. Lord Mayors can always take shelter beneath the reporters' pencils. They are safe from prosecution; and may, if they please—and have a turn that way—convert their courts into schools for scandal. What is our case now, may be that of any other person on another day—of some person whose habits or whose circumstances, for many reasons, will not permit him to treat quite so lightly, as we trust we can afford to treat, anything that such a credulous person as this Lord Mayor may have to say.

THE BEREAVED ONE.

He reck'd not the pulse from her heart was gone,
'And that now he stood in the world alone,
For the ling'ring flush which life had set,
From that lovely cheek had not parted yet;
While the smile on the lip seemed resting there,
Like the light which echoes the spirit's prayer,
And hush'd he stood in that love-fraught spell,
Which gathers round one whom the heart loves well.
Thus time wore on, and yet all was still,
When a death-like voice from his bosom's thrill,
Told him the quiet which settled now,
On that fair smooth cheek and chissel'd brow,
Must be the calm of that long last sleep,
To be hallow'd there by that silence deep;
Not then he wept—for his heart seem'd bound,
In that fearful truth it so late had found;
And e'en for the moment there came no sigh,
To relieve the soul of its agony.
Yet awhile he rested his marble gaze,
On the fondly cherish'd of other days,
And then was the chain from that spirit burst,
O'er the trembling hope it as yet had nurs'd.
Like the fearful rush of the ocean's wave,
Which gathers the jewels it may not save,
E'en thus it o'erflow'd with the gushing tears,
O'er that fairy vision of vanish'd years.
And then came his childhood, whose dream was fraught
With the love which his after years had brought,
The cottage afar in that sunny land,
Which was press'd by the feet of his household band.
Yet not for them are the tears he weeps;
There's another chord for whom nature keeps,
Her echo'd music of song and light,
Thro' the dreary hour of the spirit's night.
There is one who mirrors his fond heart's dream,
For the flowret's blossom and bright sunbeam;
There is one whose halo now calls him back,
To the joy of his after childhood's track.
And brighter thoughts in his heart now rest;
There's a glow of hope in his troubled breast,
And a fairy path which his feet must tread,
Thro' the flowers which blossom around the dead.
They'll meet again in that deathless land,
'Mid the fairer smiles of his household band. M. W.

TO THE LILY.

There bloomed not in Eden's most exquisite bowers
A fairer than thou art, thou fairest of flowers!
Nor floats there such perfume through sweet Araby
As that which thou yield'st, my pale lily, to me.

When first thou unfoldest thy leaves to the light,
Arrayed like the snow in the purest of white,
Thou'rt the emblem of maiden unspotted by guile,
Ere yet from her eye hath departed the smile—

Ere the Angel of Peace from her bosom hath flown—
Unsullied by sin, and by sorrow unknown;
While yet her first smiles are bestowed on the skies,
And the first of her accents in gratitude rise.

Pale lily, I love thee, have loved thee for long,
And fain now would weave all my love into song;
But it will not be told, and I cannot impart
To others the joy thou hast yielded my heart.

Colin Rae Brown.

LITERARY REGISTER.

History of the Conquest of Peru. By William H. Prescott. London: Richard Bentley.

Recent inquiries into the character and circumstances of the inhabitants of the American continent, previous to the emigration of European settlers, have rendered more accessible the scanty materials remaining to form the history of those numerous but lost nations. Even at the present moment, it may be doubted whether the continent of America contains a population equal in number to its inhabitants at the time when Columbus first crossed the Atlantic; but from the remains of ancient cities in the wilderness, and from the traditions of the Indians, it appears probable that, before the arrival of the European conquerors, the population had decreased from the maximum which it had previously reached. There is not in the history of the world any instance of nations equally numerous and equally advanced in civilization melting away before a hostile race, and being almost obliterated and forgotten in their own land. It is true, indeed, that in the southern states of America the Indian race still forms a large proportion of the population; but, sunk in apathy and serfdom to their European conquerors, they make no struggle to regain their former supremacy. They have ceased to preserve the traditions and records of their former power; and, while the bolder tribes of the north have been destroyed, those of the south promise nothing towards the solution of the questions that arise regarding the ancient history of their race. Mr. Prescott's "Conquest of Mexico" is very generally known to those who feel interested in the Indian races of America. His "Conquest of Peru" has been received with equal favour; and although only a short period has elapsed since its publication, it has already reached a second edition. The conquest of Peru in no respect resembled that of Mexico, except in the general issue. Both the Peruvians and the Mexicans were subdued by hostile adventurers from the old world; but otherwise, as there was little affinity between the two races, so in their struggles for national existence there are few common features exhibited. The Peruvians and Mexicans—although both advanced in civilization, both living under a settled form of government, inhabiting large cities, and presenting many remarkable characteristics—had no mutual intercourse. The dominions of the Aztecs and the Incas were extending their borders in every direction at the period of the Spanish invasion; and in course of years, when they met, the southern regions of America might have witnessed a struggle between the two great divisions of the children of the soil; but the intervention of the Spaniards brought both empires to a close, and subjected the Western Continent to European sway. The fate of the Spanish races in southern America bears some resemblance to that of the men whom they supplanted. They also are giving way before another race, more skilled in the art of war, and endowed with greater energy, so that again Mexico, with all the advantages of its position, has been stormed and taken by a foreign enemy. The present conflict may not result in the entire subjugation of the Spanish race; but it is not difficult to foresee that some great change in their habits and character can alone prevent the descendants of the chivalrous adventurers, whose swords revolutionised empires and nearly extirpated nations, from perishing in their turn. Mr. Prescott's history is of the conquest of Peru, and the preliminary book, which occupies one-third of the first volume, describes the position and characteristics of the nation at the period when that conquest began.

Those glimpses of their institutions, their power, and their form of government that can now be obtained—or probably that ever will be obtained—reach us through the records left by their conquerors, and are imperfect. In this preliminary book, Mr. Prescott has exercised great apparent care in comparing the various statements handed down by Spanish writers, who were not often qualified to investigate those facts that the world wants to know and will not know regarding the history of the American nations.

The narrow strip of land occupied by the Peruvians between the Andes and the Pacific, was peculiarly unfavourable to agricultural purposes; but by the most laborious cultivation, it had been brought into a condition of great natural fertility, and supported an immense population at the period of the Spanish invasion. It does not appear that the dynasty of the Incas had been of long duration; while it is certain that the advancement of the Peruvians in power, and the centralization of the various tribes, occurred under their rule, or during a period of more than three hundred years. That fact does not lead us to suppose that the Peruvian races came into the country at nearly such a recent date. Mr. Prescott says:—

"We may reasonably conclude that there existed in the country a race advanced in civilisation before the time of the Incas; and, in conformity with nearly every tradition, we may derive this race from the neighbourhood of Lake Titicaca; a conclusion strongly confirmed by the imposing architectural remains which still endure, after the lapse of so many years, on its borders. Who this race were, and whence they came, may afford a tempting theme for inquiry to the speculative antiquarian; but it is a land of darkness, that lies far beyond the domain of history.

"The same mists that hang around the origin of the Incas continue to settle on their subsequent annals; and, so imperfect were the records employed by the Peruvians, and so confused and contradictory their traditions, that the historian finds no firm footing on which to stand till within a century of the Spanish conquest. At first the progress of the Peruvians seem

the Peruvians were the earliest settlers; that they came from the west, because it is unlikely that they would have traversed the wide continent of Southern America, and climbed the Cordilleras to settle on a narrow strip by the shores of the Pacific. They had also, probably, left the parent race prior to the invention and use of written characters to express the sounds of speech; and the quipu was most likely their own invention. This theory rests on better grounds than mere conjecture; for it is scarcely possible that the knowledge of written characters, once obtained, would be entirely obliterated.

The Mexicans had made greater advances. They were acquainted with a rude description of hieroglyphics, and may have originally left the African coast while that mode of conveying ideas was in its imperfect state. We infer that they came from the East, as the Peruvians from the West, and that the races never met.

We revert again to the peculiar institution of the Incas, the most perfect aristocracy, and the most patriarchal, on a large scale, that the world has probably ever witnessed:—

"It was the Inca nobility, indeed, who constituted the rea strength of the Peruvian monarchy. Attached to their prince by ties of consanguinity, they had common sympathies, and, to a considerable extent, common interests with him. Distinguished by a peculiar dress and insignia, as well as by language and blood, from the rest of the community, they were never confounded with the other tribes and nations who were incorporated into the great Peruvian monarchy. After the lapse of centuries, they still retained their individuality as a peculiar people. They were to the conquered races of the country what the Romans were to the barbarous hordes of the empire, or the Normans to the ancient inhabitants of the British Isles. Clustering around the throne, they formed an invincible phalanx, to shield it alike from secret conspiracy and open insurrection. Though living chiefly in the capital, they were also distributed throughout the country in all its high stations and strong military posts, thus establishing lines of communication with the court, which enabled the sovereign to act simultaneously and with effect on the most distant quarters of his empire. They possessed, moreover, an intellectual preeminence, which, no less than their station, gave them authority with the people; indeed, it may be said to have been the principal foundation of their authority. The crania of the Inca race show a decided superiority over the other races of the land in intellectual power; and it cannot be denied that it was the fountain of that peculiar civilisation and social polity, which raised the Peruvian monarchy above every other state in South America. Whence this remarkable race came, and what was its early history, are among those mysteries that meet us so frequently in the annals of the New World, and which time and the antiquary have, as yet, done little to explain."

We have a notion that, if the thigh-bones of the Incas, like their crania, could be compared with those of the vassals, they would also evince physical superiority, and that the difference in both cases is traceable, not to a distinction of race, but of the manner of living.

Criminal punishment amongst the Peruvians was patriarchal, paternal, and therefore severe. Removing landmarks, turning the water away from a neighbour's land into one's own, burning a house, were all severely punished. To burn a bridge was death. A rebellious city or province was laid waste, and its inhabitants exterminated. Rebellion against the Children of the Sun was the greatest of all crimes:—

"The simplicity and severity of the Peruvian code may be thought to infer a state of society but little advanced, which had few of those complex interests and relations that grow up in a civilized community, and which had not proceeded far enough in the science of legislation to economize human suffering by proportioning penalties to crimes. But the Peruvian institutions must be regarded from a different point of view from that in which we study those of other nations. The laws emanated from the sovereign, and that sovereign held a divine commission, and was possessed of a divine nature. To violate the law, was not only to insult the majesty of the throne, but it was sacrilege. The slightest offence, viewed in this light, merited death; and the gravest could incur no heavier penalty. Yet, in the infliction of their punishments, they showed no unnecessary cruelty, and the sufferings of the victim were not prolonged by the ingenuous torments so frequent among barbarous nations."

All property centred originally in the Incas—but especially in the Incas—exhibiting a close resemblance to the laws and customs of Oriental nations.

"All the mines in the kingdom belonged to the Inca. They were wrought exclusively for his benefit by persons familiar with this service, and selected from the districts where the mines were situated. Every Peruvian of the lower class was a husbandman, and, with the exception of those already specified, was expected to provide for his own support by the cultivation of his land. A small portion of the community, however, was instructed in mechanical arts; some of them of the more elegant kind, subservient to the purposes of luxury and ornament. The demand for these was chiefly limited to the sovereign and his court; but the labour of a larger number of hands was exacted for the execution of the great public works which covered the land. The nature and amount of the services required were all determined at Cuzco by commissioners well instructed in the resources of the country, and in the character of the inhabitants of the different provinces."

Not only, however, the products of the mines, but a portion also of those of the soil, reverted to the Inca, for the use of his household, and for public purposes:—

"A part of the agricultural produce and manufactures was transported to Cuzco, to minister to the immediate demands of the Inca and his court. But far the greater part was stored in magazines scattered over the different provinces. These spacious buildings, constructed of stone, were divided between the Sun and the Inca, though the greater share seems to have been appropriated by the monarch. By a wise regulation, any deficiency in the contributions of the Inca might be supplied from the granaries of the Sun. But such a necessity could rarely have happened; and the providence of the government usually left a large surplus in the royal depositories, which was removed to a third class of magazines, whose design was to supply the people in seasons of scarcity, and occasionally to furnish relief to individuals whom sickness or misfortune had reduced to poverty; thus in a manner justifying the assertion of a Castilian document, that a large portion of the revenues of the Inca found its way back again, through one channel or another, into the hands of the people. These magazines were found by the Spaniards, on their arrival, stored with all the various products and manufactures of the country—with maize, *coca*, *quinua*, woollen and cotton stuffs of the finest quality, with vases and utensils of gold, silver, and copper; in short, with every article of luxury or use within the compass of Peruvian skill. The magazines of grain, in particular, would frequently have supplied for the consumption of the adjoining districts for several years."

The practice still reminds us of patriarchal times; the custom of storing grain on public account, illustrated often in profane history, and nowhere more beautifully than in the scriptural history of Joseph. We have mentioned already the existence of correct statistical returns, which enabled the Inca and his subordinates to assign the work that every province, and in reality every family, had to furnish on public account.

"A register was kept of all the births and deaths throughout the country, and exact returns of the actual population were made to the government every year, by means of the *quipus*, a curious invention, which will be explained hereafter. At certain intervals, also, a general, survey of the country was made, exhibiting a complete view of the character of the soil, its fertility, the nature of its products, both agricultural and mineral; in short, of all that constituted the physical resources of the empire. Furnished with these statistical details, it was easy for the government, after determining the amount of requisitions, to distribute the work among the respective pro-

with unwearied solicitude over its subjects, provided for their physical necessities, was mindful of their morals, and showed throughout the affectionate concern of a parent for his children, it yet regarded them only as children, who were never to emerge from the state of pupilage, to act or to think for themselves, but whose whole duty was comprehended in the obligation of implicit obedience.

"Such was the humiliating condition of the people under the Incas, while the numerous families of the blood royal enjoyed the benefit of all the light of education which the civilization of the country could afford; and, long after the Conquest, the spots continued to be pointed out where the seminaries had existed for their instruction. These were placed under the care of the *amautas*, or 'wise men,' who engrossed the scanty stock of science—if science it could be called—possessed by the Peruvians, and who were the sole teachers of youth. It was natural that the monarch should take a lively interest in the instruction of the young nobility—his own kindred. Several of the Peruvian princes are said to have built their palaces in the neighbourhood of the schools, in order that they might the more easily visit them, and listen to the lectures of the *amautas*, which they occasionally re-enforced by a homily of their own. In these schools the royal pupils were instructed in all the different kinds of knowledge in which their teachers were versed, with especial reference to the stations they were to occupy in after life. They studied the laws, and the principles of administering the government, in which many of them were to take part. They were initiated in the peculiar rites of their religion, most necessary to those who were to assume the sacerdotal functions. They learned also to emulate the achievements of their royal ancestors, by listening to the chronicles compiled by the *amautas*. They were taught to speak their own dialect with purity and elegance, and they became acquainted with the mysterious science of the quipus, which supplied the Peruvians with the means of communicating their ideas to one another, and of transmitting them to future generations."

This statement does not, however, agree precisely with another at page 73, where we are informed, that to secure the allegiance of some of their vassals, the Incas adopted

"Another expedient of a bolder and more original character. This was nothing less than to revolutionise the language of the country. South America, like North, was broken up into a great variety of dialects, or rather languages, having little affinity with one another. This circumstance occasioned great embarassment to the Government in the administration of the different provinces, with whose idioms they were unacquainted. It was determined, therefore, to substitute one universal language, the *Quichua*—the language of the court, the capital, and the surrounding country—the richest and most comprehensive of the South American dialects. Teachers were provided in the towns and villages throughout the land, who were to give instruction to all—even the humblest classes; and it was intimated at the same time, that no one should be raised to any office of dignity or profit, who was unacquainted with this tongue. The Curacas and other chiefs who attended at the capital, became familiar with this dialect in their intercourse with the court; and, on their return home, set the example of conversing in it among themselves. This example was imitated by their followers, and the Quichua gradually became the language of elegance and fashion, in the same manner as the Norman French was affected by all those who aspired to any consideration in England after the Conquest."

Again, page 108, the reader is informed that the policy of the Incas confined education to their own race. While they "watched with unwearied solicitude over their subjects, provided for their physical necessities, were mindful of their morals, and showed throughout the affectionate concern of a parent for his children, they yet regarded them only as children, who were never to emerge from the state of pupilage, to act or think for themselves, but whose whole duty was comprehended in the obligation of implicit obedience."

The great deficiency of the Peruvians was their ignorance of the characters for a written language. They had no symbols to represent sounds with sufficient accuracy, or even in a plenary manner. The quipu was their only means of communicating historical events, except by oral tradition. The quipu exhibited great ingenuity, and answered better for statistical than for literary purposes. It is thus described:—

"The quipu was a cord about two feet long, composed of different coloured threads tightly twisted together, from which a quantity of smaller threads were suspended in the manner of a fringe. The threads were of different colours, and were tied into knots—the word quipu, indeed, signifies a knot. The colours denoted sensible objects, as, for instance, *white* represented silver, and *yellow*, gold. They sometimes also stood for abstract ideas; thus, *white* signified *peace*, and *red*, *war*. But the quipus were chiefly used for arithmetical purposes. The knots served instead of ciphers, and could be combined in such a manner as to represent numbers to any amount they required. By means of these they went through their calculations with great rapidity; and the Spaniards who first visited the country bear testimony to their accuracy."

The statistics of Peru were kept by these skeins of thread with great nicety. Returning officers were appointed in each district. There were registrars of births, marriages, and deaths, which our civilization has only recently attempted to supply, and still supplies imperfectly; and there were officers appointed to obtain, record, and preserve agricultural statistics and the amount of produce—a degree of accuracy which we have not yet attained:—

"Annalists were appointed in each of the principal communities, whose business it was to record the most important events which occurred in them. Other functionaries, of a higher character, usually the amautas, were entrusted with the history of the empire, and were selected to chronicle the great deeds of the reigning Inca, and of his ancestors. The narrative, thus concocted, could be communicated only by oral tradition; but the quipus served the chronicler to arrange the incidents with method, and to refresh his memory. The story, once treasured up in the mind, was indelibly impressed there by frequent repetition. It was repeated by the amauta to his pupils; and, in this way, history, conveyed partly by oral tradition, and partly by arbitrary signs, was handed down from generation to generation, with sufficient discrepancy of details, but with a general conformity of outline to the truth."

Even these traditions are, however, mainly lost, unless some future inquirer unlock the Indian mind, if anything yet remains there undiscovered. There is a similarity between the Mexicans and Peruvians, in the absence of written characters:—

"The Peruvian quipus were, doubtless, a wretched substitute for that beautiful contrivance, the alphabet, which, employing a few simple characters as the representatives of sounds, instead of ideas, is able to convey the most delicate shades of thought that ever passed through the mind of man. The Peruvian invention, indeed, was far below that of the hieroglyphics, even below the rude picture-writing of the Aztecs, for the latter art, however incompetent to convey abstract ideas, could depict sensible objects with tolerable accuracy. It is evidence of the total ignorance in which the two nations remained of each other, that the Peruvians should have borrowed nothing of the hieroglyphical system of the Mexicans; and, this, notwithstanding that the existence of the maguey plant (*agave*) in South America might have furnished them with the very material used by the Aztecs for the construction of their maps."

It is remarkable that these two powerful nations remained in ignorance of the existence of their neighbours; and appears to establish the supposition that they were descended from different divisions of the human race, emigrating at different times, and from different points, to America. Pursuing this line of inquiry, we should . . . .

the Peruvians were the earliest settlers; that they came from the west, because it is unlikely that they would have traversed the wide continent of Southern America, and climbed the Cordilleras to settle on a narrow strip by the shores of the Pacific. They had also, probably, left the parent race prior to the invention and use of written characters to express the sounds of speech; and the quipu was most likely their own invention. This theory rests on better grounds than mere conjecture; for it is scarcely possible that the knowledge of written characters, once obtained, would be entirely obliterated.

The Mexicans had made greater advances. They were acquainted with a rude description of hieroglyphics, and may have originally left the African coast while that mode of conveying ideas was in its imperfect state. We infer that they came from the East, as the Peruvians from the West, and that the races never met.

We revert again to the peculiar institution of the Incas, the most perfect aristocracy, and the most patriarchal, on a large scale, that the world has probably ever witnessed:—

"It was the Inca nobility, indeed, who constituted the real strength of the Peruvian monarchy. Attached to their prince by ties of consanguinity, they had common sympathies, and, to a considerable extent, common interests with him. Distinguished by a peculiar dress and insignia, as well as by language and blood, from the rest of the community, they were never confounded with the other tribes and nations who were incorporated into the great Peruvian monarchy. After the lapse of centuries, they still retained their individuality as a peculiar people. They were to the conquered races of the country what the Romans were to the barbarous hordes of the empire, or the Normans to the ancient inhabitants of the British Isles. Clustering around the throne, they formed an invincible phalanx, to shield it alike from secret conspiracy and open insurrection. Though living chiefly in the capital, they were also distributed throughout the country in all its high stations and strong military posts, thus establishing lines of communication with the court, which enabled the sovereign to act simultaneously and with effect on the most distant quarters of his empire. They possessed, moreover, an intellectual preeminence, which, no less than their station, gave them authority with the people; indeed, it may be said to have been the principal foundation of their authority. The crania of the Inca race show a decided superiority over the other races of the land in intellectual power; and it cannot be denied that it was the fountain of that peculiar civilisation and social polity, which raised the Peruvian monarchy above every other state in South America. Whence this remarkable race came, and what was its early history, are among those mysteries that meet us so frequently in the annals of the New World, and which time and the antiquary have, as yet, done little to explain."

We have a notion that, if the thigh-bones of the Incas, like their crania, could be compared with those of the vassals, they would also evince physical superiority, and that the difference in both cases is traceable, not to a distinction of race, but of the manner of living.

Criminal punishment amongst the Peruvians was patriarchal, paternal, and therefore severe. Removing landmarks, turning the water away from a neighbour's land into one's own, burning a house, were all severely punished. To burn a bridge was death. A rebellious city or province was laid waste, and its inhabitants exterminated. Rebellion against the Children of the Sun was the greatest of all crimes:—

"The simplicity and severity of the Peruvian code may be thought to infer a state of society but little advanced, which had few of those complex interests and relations that grow up in a civilized community, and which had not proceeded far enough in the science of legislation to economize human suffering by proportioning penalties to crimes. But the Peruvian institutions must be regarded from a different point of view from that in which we study those of other nations. The laws emanated from the sovereign, and that sovereign held a divine commission, and was possessed of a divine nature. To violate the law, was not only to insult the majesty of the throne, but it was sacrilege. The slightest offence, viewed in this light, merited death; and the gravest could incur no heavier penalty. Yet, in the infliction of their punishments, they showed no unnecessary cruelty, and the sufferings of the victim were not prolonged by the ingenuous torments so frequent among barbarous nations."

All property centred originally in the Incas—but especially in the Incas—exhibiting a close resemblance to the laws and customs of Oriental nations.

"All the mines in the kingdom belonged to the Inca. They were wrought exclusively for his benefit by persons familiar with this service, and selected from the districts where the mines were situated. Every Peruvian of the lower class was a husbandman, and, with the exception of those already specified, was expected to provide for his own support by the cultivation of his land. A small portion of the community, however, was instructed in mechanical arts; some of them of the more elegant kind, subservient to the purposes of luxury and ornament. The demand for these was chiefly limited to the sovereign and his court; but the labour of a larger number of hands was exacted for the execution of the great public works which covered the land. The nature and amount of the services required were all determined at Cuzco by commissioners well instructed in the resources of the country, and in the character of the inhabitants of the different provinces."

Not only, however, the products of the mines, but a portion also of those of the soil, reverted to the Inca, for the use of his household, and for public purposes:—

"A part of the agricultural produce and manufactures was transported to Cuzco, to minister to the immediate demands of the Inca and his court. But far the greater part was stored in magazines scattered over the different provinces. These spacious buildings, constructed of stone, were divided between the Sun and the Inca, though the greater share seems to have been appropriated by the monarch. By a wise regulation, any deficiency in the contributions of the Inca might be supplied from the granaries of the Sun. But such a necessity could rarely have happened; and the providence of the government usually left a large surplus in the royal depositories, which was removed to a third class of magazines, whose design was to supply the people in seasons of scarcity, and occasionally to furnish relief to individuals whom sickness or misfortune had reduced to poverty; thus in a manner justifying the assertion of a Castilian document, that a large portion of the revenues of the Inca found its way back again, through one channel or another, into the hands of the people. These magazines were found by the Spaniards, on their arrival, stored with all the various products and manufactures of the country—with maize, *coca*, *quinua*, woollen and cotton stuffs of the finest quality, with vases and utensils of gold, silver, and copper; in short, with every article of luxury or use within the compass of Peruvian skill. The magazines of grain, in particular, would frequently have supplied for the consumption of the adjoining districts for several years."

The practice still reminds us of patriarchal times; the custom of storing grain on public account, illustrated often in profane history, and nowhere more beautifully than in the scriptural history of Joseph. We have mentioned already the existence of correct statistical returns, which enabled the Inca and his subordinates to assign the work that every province, and in reality every family, had to furnish on public account.

"A register was kept of all the births and deaths throughout the country, and exact returns of the actual population were made to the government every year, by means of the *quipus*, a curious invention, which will be explained hereafter. At certain intervals, also, a general, survey of the country was made, exhibiting a complete view of the character of the soil, its fertility, the nature of its products, both agricultural and mineral; in short, of all that constituted the physical resources of the empire. Furnished with these statistical details, it was easy for the government, after determining the amount of requisitions, to distribute the work among the respective pro-

vinces best qualified to execute it. The task of apportioning the labour was assigned to the local authorities, and great care was taken that it should be done in such a manner that, while the most competent hands were selected, it should not fall disproportionately heavy on any."

The Inca and the priesthood had also a portion of the land specially devoted to their support.

"The lands assigned to the Sun furnished a revenue to support the temples and maintain the costly ceremony of the Peruvian worship and the multitudinous priesthood. Those reserved for the Inca went to support the royal state, as well as the numerous members of his household and his kindred, and supplied the various exigencies of government. The remainder of the lands was divided, *per capita*, in equal shares among the people. It was provided by law, as we shall see hereafter, that every Peruvian should marry at a certain age. When this event took place, the community or district in which he lived furnished him with a dwelling, which, as it was constructed of humble materials, was done at little cost. A lot of land was then assigned to him, sufficient for his own maintenance and that of his wife. An additional portion was granted for every child—the amount allowed for a son being the double of that for a daughter. The division of the soil was renewed every year, and the possessions of the tenant were increased or diminished according to the numbers in his family. The same arrangement was observed with reference to the Curacas, except only that a domain was assigned to them corresponding with the superior dignity of their stations.

"A more thorough and effectual agrarian law than this cannot be imagined. In other countries where such a law has been introduced, its operation, after a time, has given way to the natural order of events, and under the superior intelligence and thrift of some, and the prodigality of others, the usual vicissitudes of fortune have been allowed to take their course, and restore things to their natural inequality. Even the iron law of Lycurgus ceased to operate after a time, and melted away before the spirit of luxury and avarice. The nearest approach to the Peruvian constitution was probably in Judea, where, on the recurrence of the great national jubilee, at the close of every half century, estates reverted to their original proprietors. There was this important difference in Peru, that not only did the lease, if we may so call it, terminate with the year, but during that period the tenant had no power to alienate or to add to his possessions. The end of the brief term found him in precisely the same condition as he was in at the beginning. Such a state of things might be supposed to be fatal to anything like attachment to the soil, or to that desire of improving it which is natural to the permanent proprietor, and hardly less so to the holder of a long lease. But the practical operation of the law seems to have been otherwise; and it is probable that, under the influence of that love of order and aversion to change which marked the Peruvian institutions, each new partition of the soil usually confirmed the occupant in his possession, and the tenant for a year was converted into proprietor for life.

"The territory was cultivated wholly by the people. The lands belonging to the Sun were first attended to. They next tilled the land, of the old, of the sick, of the widows and the orphan, and of soldiers engaged in actual service—in short, of all that part of the community who, from bodily infirmity, or any other cause, were unable to attend to their own concerns."

The Peruvian nation formed, in fact, one great family, having all things in common to the point necessary for the support of existence; and if now, we, as a nation, rejoice in our greater attainments, let us not scorn to look back to their care of the widow and the orphan; and to follow their example in preventing poverty, so far as it can be imitated in our circumstances.

Peru was a densely peopled land, without the evils of extreme pauperism.

"If no man could become rich in Peru, no man could become poor. No spendthrift could waste his substance in riotous luxury. No adventurous schemer could impoverish his family by the spirit of speculation. The law was constantly directed to enforce a steady industry and a sober management of his affairs. No mendicant was tolerated in Peru. When a man was reduced by poverty or misfortune—it could not be by fault—the arm of the law was stretched out to minister relief; not the stinted relief of private charity, nor that which is doled out, drop by drop, as it were, from the frozen reservoirs of 'the parish,' but in generous measure, bringing no humiliation to the object of it, and placing him on a level with the rest of his countrymen.

"No man could be rich, no man could be poor in Peru; but all might enjoy, and did enjoy a competence. Ambition, avarice, the love of change, the morbid spirit of discontent, those passions which most agitate the minds of men, found no place in the bosom of the Peruvian. The very condition of his being seemed to be at war with change. He moved on in the same unbroken circle in which his fathers had moved before him, and in which his children were to follow. It was the object of the Incas to infuse into their subjects a spirit of passive obedience and tranquillity, a perfect acquiescence in the established order of things. In this they fully succeeded. The Spaniards who first visited the country are emphatic in their testimony, that no government could have been better suited to the genius of the people; and no people could have appeared more contented with their lot, or more devoted to their government."

If we deplore the ignorance and the serfship of the Peruvian races, we must also remember that their lives were pleasant and their yoke was light. Obedience provided support; and the tyranny of the Incas embraced effective relief without degradation. The nation insured its individual members against the consequences of calamity, and even the anxieties, of excessive care. Under these circumstances, so favourable to inactivity, the Peruvians did not degenerate into indolent habits. They were even characterised by great industry. They opened roads in regions of most difficult access. They perched their villages on the mountain's brow. They built reservoirs for irrigation, and terraced the hillsides for their crops. They spanned the deepest ravines with their suspension bridges.

"Over some of the boldest streams it was necessary to construct suspension bridges, as they are termed, made of the tough fibres of the *magney*, or of the osier of the country, which has an extraordinary degree of tenacity and strength. These osiers were woven into cables of the thickness of a man's body. The huge ropes, then stretched across the water, were conducted through rings or holes cut in immense buttresses of stone raised on the opposite banks of the river, and there secured to heavy pieces of timber. Several of these enormous cables, bound together, formed a bridge, which, covered with planks, well secured and defended by a railing of the same osier materials on the sides, afforded a safe passage for the traveller. The length of this aerial bridge, sometimes exceeding two hundred feet, caused it, confined as it was only at the extremities, to dip with an alarming inclination towards the centre, while the motion given to it by the passenger caused an oscillation still more frightful as the eye wandered over the dark abyss of waters that foamed and tumbled many a fathom beneath. Yet these light and fragile fabrics were crossed without fear by the Peruvians, and are still retained by the Spaniards over those streams which, from the depth or impetuosity of the current, would seem impracticable for the usual modes of conveyance. The wider and more tranquil waters were crossed on *balsas*, a kind of raft still much used by the natives, to which sails were attached, furnishing the only instance of this higher kind of navigation among the American Indians."

Their zealous and careful cultivation of the land was apparent everywhere.

"The Peruvians showed a similar spirit of enterprise in their schemes for introducing cultivation into the mountainous parts of their domain. Many of the hills, though covered with strong soil, were too precipitous to be tilled. These they cut into terraces, faced with rough stone, diminishing in regular gradation towards the summit; so that, while the lower strip, or *anden*, as it was called by the Spaniards, that belted round

the base of the mountain, might comprehend hundreds of acres' the uppermost was only large enough to accommodate a few rows of Indian corn. Some of the eminences presented such a mass of solid rock that, after being hewn into terraces, they were obliged to be covered deep with earth before they could serve the purpose of the husbandman. With such patient toil did the Peruvians combat the formidable obstacles presented by the face of their country! Without the use of the tools or the machinery familiar to the European, each individual could have done little; but, acting in large masses, and under a common direction, they were enabled, by indefatigable perseverance, to achieve results, to have attempted which might have filled even the European with dismay."

They made considerable progress in agricultural science; and the guano now highly prized by our farmers was considered not less valuable by the Peruvians.

"The Peruvian farmers were well acquainted with the different kinds of manures, and made large use of them—a circumstance rare in the rich lands of the tropics, and probably not elsewhere practised by the rude tribes of America. They made great use of *guano*, the valuable deposit of sea-fowl that has attracted so much attention of late from the agriculturists both of Europe and of our own country, and the stimulating and nutritious properties of which the Indians perfectly appreciated. This was found in such immense quantities on many of the little islands along the coast, as to have the appearance of lofty hills, which, covered with a white saline incrustation, led the conquerors to give them the name of the *sierra nevada*, or 'snowy mountains.'

"The Incas took their usual precautions for securing the benefits of this important article to the husbandman. They assigned the small islands on the coast to the use of the respective districts which lay adjacent to them. When the island was large, it was distributed among several districts, and the boundaries for each were clearly defined. All encroachment on the rights of another was severely punished. And they secured the preservation of the fowl by penalties as stern as those by which the Norman tyrants of England protected their own game. No one was allowed to set foot on the island during the season for breeding under pain of death, and to kill the birds at any time was punished in the like manner.

"With this advancement in agricultural science, the Peruvians might be supposed to have had some knowledge of the plough, in such general use among the primitive nations of the eastern continent. But they had neither the iron ploughshare of the Old World, nor had they animals for draught, which indeed were nowhere found in the New. The instrument which they used was a strong, sharp-pointed stake, traversed by a horizontal piece, ten or twelve inches from the point, on which the ploughman might set his foot, and force it into the ground. Six or eight strong men were attached by ropes to the stake, and dragged it forcibly along, pulling together, and keeping time as they moved by chanting their national songs, in which they were accompanied by the women, who followed in their train to break up the sods with their rakes. The mellow soil offered slight resistance; and the labourer, by long practice, acquired a dexterity which enabled him to turn up the ground to the requisite depth with astonishing facility."

There is a wide difference between our children of the Normans, and those children of the Sun. For choice, the Incas were greatly preferable to the Dukes. Our aristocracy preserve pheasants, useful birds when not overdone, but generally over-protected, and then they are mischievous. The Peruvian aristocracy preserved sea-fowl. The game-laws of the modern preservers injure agriculture. The laws of their barbarian predecessors were devised to increase guano; and the Lothians or Lincolnshire may be at this hour indebted to their care.

Our manufacturers have only recently introduced the wool of the llama. It was in use amongst the Peruvians many hundred years since:—

"They had peculiar advantages for domestic manufacture in a material incomparably superior to anything possessed by the other races of the western continent. They found a good substitute for linen in a fabric, which, like the Aztecs, they knew how to weave from the tough thread of the maguey. Cotton grew luxuriantly on the low sultry level of the coast, and furnished them with a clothing suitable to the milder latitudes of the country. But, from the llama, and the kindred species of Peruvian sheep, they obtained a fleece adapted to the colder climate of the table land, 'more estimable,' to quote the language of a well-informed writer, 'than the down of the Canadian beaver, the fleece of the *brebis des calmoucks*, or of the Syrian goat.

"Of the four varieties of the Peruvian sheep, the llama, the one most familiarly known, is the least valuable on account of its wool. It is chiefly employed as a beast of burden, for which, although it is somewhat larger than any of the other varieties, its diminutive size and strength would seem to disqualify it. It carries a load of little more than a hundred pounds, and cannot travel above three or four leagues in a day. But all this is compensated by the little care and cost required for its management and its maintenance. It picks up an easy subsistence from the moss and stunted herbage that grow scantily along the withered sides and the steeps of the Cordilleras. The structure of its stomach, like that of the camel, is such as to enable it to dispense with any supply of water for weeks, nay, months together. Its spongy hoof, armed with a claw or pointed talon, to enable it to take secure hold on the ice, never requires to be shod, and the load on its back sits securely on its bed of wool, without the aid of girth or saddle. The llamas move in troops of five hundred, or even a thousand, and thus, though each individual carries but little, the aggregate is considerable. The whole caravan travels on at its regular pace, passing the night in the open air, without suffering from the coldest temperature, and marching in perfect order, and in obedience to the voice of the driver. It is only when overloaded that the spirited little animal refuses to stir, and neither blows nor caresses can induce him to rise from the ground. He is as sturdy in asserting his rights on this occasion as he is usually docile and unresisting."

Their mode of managing flocks and manufactures partook of the plans pursued by them in conducting all business. Cuzco was the main-spring of the state. Centralization was reduced to a perfect system. The Government directed everything. Not a shuttle moved in Peru but by the Inca's orders. The people were reduced to machines—very happy, well-fed, and contented machines. We find no more complete despotism in any country, at any stage of the world's history, and none more successful:—

"The regulations for the care and breeding of these flocks were prescribed with the greatest minuteness, and with a sagacity which excited the admiration of the Spaniards, who were familiar with the management of the great migratory flocks of Merinos in their own country.

"At the appointed season they were all sheared, and the wool was deposited in the public magazines. It was then dealt out to each family in such quantities as sufficed for its wants, and was consigned to the female part of the household who were well instructed in the business of spinning and weaving. When this labour was accomplished, and the family was provided with a coarse but warm covering, suited to the cold climate of the mountains—for in the lower country, cotton, furnished in like manner by the crown, took the place, to a certain extent, of wool—the people were required to labour for the Inca. The quantity of the cloth needed, as well as the peculiar kind and quality of the fabric, was first determined at Cuzco. The work was then apportioned among the different provinces. Officers appointed for the purpose superintended the distribution of the wool, so that the manufacture of the different articles should be entrusted to the most competent hands."

The success of the Incas' despotism is apparent in the respect and veneration in which they were held by the people. When, upon the order and regularity of their empire the strange warriors broke at last, carrying dismay and terror in their path, the fidelity of the people to their monarchs was peculiarly marked. It was part, indeed, of their religious system. They worshipped the Sun, and, regarding the Incas as his lineal descendants, they came

necessarily to impart some portion of their religious allegiance to their monarchs, who, on their part, appear to have acted in a manner likely to retain and increase their popularity. They made frequent processions through their dominions:—

"The most effectual means taken by the Incas for communicating with their people, were their progresses through the empire. These were conducted, at intervals of several years, with great state and magnificence. The sedan, or litter, in which they travelled, richly emblazoned with gold and emeralds, was guarded by a numerous escort. The men who bore it on their shoulders were provided by two cities, specially appointed for the purpose. It was a post to be coveted by no one, if, as is asserted, a fall was punished with death. They travelled with ease and expedition, halting at the *tambos*, or inns, erected by government along the route, and occasionally at the royal palaces, which, in the great towns, afforded ample accommodations for the whole of the monarch's retinue. The noble roads which traversed the table land were lined with people, who swept away the stones and stubble from their surface, strewing them with sweet-scented flowers, and vying with each other in carrying forward the baggage from one village to another. The monarch halted from time to time to listen to the grievances of his subjects, or to settle some points which had been referred to his decision by the regular tribunals. As the princely train wound its way along the mountain passes, every place was thronged with spectators eager to catch a glimpse of their sovereign; and when he raised the curtains of his litter, and showed himself to their eyes, the air was rent with acclamations, as they invoked blessings on his head. Tradition long commemorated the spots at which he halted, and the simple people of the country held them in reverence, as places consecrated, by the presence of an Inca."

These expressions of attachment to the Incas, in the plentitude of their power, are not nearly so affecting as the zeal with which their persons and their property was defended to the last, in their days of adversity, when they were hunted by a powerful enemy, whose skill and science defeated the numbers and devotedness of their people.

The Incas collected great wealth, and exhibited it in the number and magnificence of their palaces. Cuzco was the London of Peru, and Yucay its Windsor. The beauty of this country residence is described in glowing terms by Mr. Prescott:—

"But the favourite residence of the Incas was at Yucay, about four leagues distance from the capital. In this delicious valley, locked up within the friendly arms of the Sierra, which sheltered it from the rude breezes of the east, and refreshed by gushing fountains and streams of running water, they built the most beautiful of their palaces. Here, when wearied with the dust and toil of the city, they loved to retreat and solace themselves with the society of their favourite concubines, wandering amidst groves and airy gardens, that shed around their soft intoxicating odours, and lulled the senses to voluptuous repose. Here, too, they loved to indulge in the luxury of their baths, replenished by streams of crystal water, which were conducted through subterraneous silver channels into basins of gold. The spacious gardens were stocked with numerous varieties of plants and flowers, that grew without effort in this *temperate* region of the tropics; while parterres, of a more extraordinary kind, were planted by their side, glowing with the various forms of vegetable life skilfully imitated in gold and silver. Among them, the Indian corn, the most beautiful of American grains, is particularly commemorated, and the curious workmanship is noticed with which the golden ear was half disclosed amidst the broad leaves of silver, and the light tassel of the same material that floated gracefully from its top. If this dazzling picture staggers the faith of the reader, he may reflect that the Peruvian mountains teemed with gold; that the natives understood the art of working the mines to a considerable extent; that none of the ore, as we shall see hereafter, was converted into coin, and that the whole of it passed into the hands of the sovereign for his own exclusive benefit, whether for purposes of utility or ornament. Certain it is that no fact is better attested by the conquerors themselves, who had ample means of information, and no motive for misstatement.

"The Italian poets, in their gorgeous pictures of the gardens of Alcina and Morgana, came nearer the truth than they imagined.

"Our surprise, however, may reasonably be excited, when we consider that the wealth displayed by the Peruvian princes was only that which each had amassed individually for himself. He owed nothing to inheritance from his predecessors. On the decease of an Inca his palaces were abandoned; all his treasures—except what were employed in his obsequies—his furniture and apparel, were suffered to remain as he left them, and his numerous mansions were closed up for ever. The new sovereign was to provide himself with everything new for his royal state. The reason of this was the popular belief that the soul of the departed monarch would return after a time to reanimate his body on earth, and they wished that he should find everything to which he had been used in life prepared for his reception."

Our theory that the ancestors of the Peruvian race separated from the other families of mankind at a very early period, is supported strongly by their religious observances. They believed in the resurrection of the body, and the existence of the soul after death. They worshipped the sun—the first step in idolatry; but, until a comparatively recent period, they added no other creatures to their mythology. Subsequently, and shortly before the arrival of the Spaniards, they had fallen into the secondary worship of minor idols. They preserved very clear and distinct the tradition of the deluge; and probably no race presented a smaller departure from the truth delivered to the patriarchal fathers, through a long period of time, than the Peruvians:—

Mr. Prescott's history of their conquest is full of interest, with all the value of facts carefully sifted, and all the attractiveness of a romance skilfully written. He thus parts with Peru.

"The testimony of the Spanish conquerors is not uniform in respect to the favourable influence excited by the Peruvian institutions on the character of the people. Drinking and dancing are said to have been the pleasures to which they were immoderately addicted. Like the slaves and serfs in other lands, whose position excluded them from more serious and ennobling occupations, they found a substitute in frivolous or sensual indulgence. Lazy, luxurious, and licentious, are the epithets bestowed on them by one of those who saw them at the Conquest, but whose pen was not too friendly to the Indian. Yet the spirit of independence could hardly be strong in a people who had no interest in the soil, no personal rights to defend; and the facility with which they yielded to the Spanish invader—after every allowance for their comparative inferiority—argues a deplorable destitution of that patriotic feeling which holds life as little in comparison with freedom.

"But we must not judge too hardly of the unfortunate native, because he quailed before the civilization of the European. We must not be insensible to the really great results that were achieved by the government of the Incas. We must not forget that, under their rule, the meanest of the people enjoyed a far greater degree of personal comfort, at least, a greater exemption from physical suffering, than was possessed by similar classes in other nations of the American continent—greater, probably, than was possessed by those classes in most of the countries of feudal Europe. Under their sceptre the higher orders of the state had made advances in many of the arts that belong to a cultivated community. The foundations of a regular government were laid, which, in an age of rapine, secured to its subjects the inestimable blessings of tranquillity and safety. By the well-sustained policy of the Incas, the rude tribes of the forest were gradually drawn from their fastnesses, and gathered within the folds of civilization; and of these materials was constructed a flourishing and populous empire, such as was to be found in no other quarter of the American continent. The defects of this government were those of over-refinement in legislation—the last defects to have been looked for, certainly, in the American aborigines."

Wayfaring Sketches among the Greeks and Turks, and on the Shores of the Danube. By a Seven Years' Resident in Greece. London: Chapman & Hall.

The reader will find that the title of this work furnishes a very correct indication of the matter it contains. It is the production of a lady, as we discover from some observations made in the volume, evidently a person who possesses, in a considerable degree, the power of observation and description, and can convey her thoughts in a vigorous, elegant, and pleasing style.

After a lengthy, but far from tedious introduction, the reader is presented with some interesting sketches of Greece; and especially the ceremonies of the Greek Church during Easter week, are most graphically described. But we cannot take so favourable a view, as does the authoress, of the practices, or we should rather say, the superstitions of this ancient church. "Doubtless," says she, "it is a question, how far it may not be injurious to the mind, that religious feelings should be roused, or impressions made, by means of any such outward ceremony; yet, in the case of the Greek people, I should imagine it would be productive only of good. Their faith, simple and child-like, honestly accepting all their church would have them believe, has, it must be owned, but little of a spiritual nature, at least as yet; and it may, therefore, be as well that their lively imaginations and quick feelings should be worked upon in this manner." . . . . . "Altogether, I think the impression left on the mind by these ceremonies cannot but be favourable to the Greeks and their church; surely more is said of their ignorance and superstition than is altogether just?"

Leaving Greece, which had been the happy home of our authoress for several years, and to which she bade adieu with no small degree of regret, she sailed in the direction of Smyrna, calling at some of the islands in the Archipelago. Some time was spent in inspecting the objects of interest in Smyrna—the gate to the East. Among other places visited was the largest mosque in Smyrna, into which our authoress, after considerable pleading, and on condition that she would take off her shoes altogether, and not even replace them with slippers, was allowed to enter.

"I then found myself in a vast building, divided into three parts, the vaulted roof of each one forming a separate dome. The two side compartments were reserved seemingly for the worshippers, and contained a considerable number of the faithful in the posture of prayer, their foreheads bent to the ground; that in the centre, to which a few steps descended, was quite empty, and entirely covered with those beautiful little carpets or much prized everywhere. On the roof, in a large circle of golden letters, were inscribed the seven names of Allah, and suspended from it, by a long chain, were innumerable little glass lamps, mingled with all sorts of fantastic ornaments, such as horses' tails, ostrich eggs, &c. In the direction of Mecca was a somewhat shabby representation of the Prophet's Tomb, and a kind of pulpit, from whence the Koran is daily read.

"My progress through the Mosque was slow, from the circumstance that, in spite of the proverbial difficulty of disturbing a moslem at his devotions, every single individual no sooner saw me than he flew towards me, and insisted on my holding out my foot, that he might be quite sure no workmanship of a profance cobbler had desecrated the sacred ground. When satisfied on this score, there ensued, of course, a routine of a salaaming, which occupied some time. Even then they looked rather sulky at my audacity, though the presence of the Mollah, under whose protection I was there, prevented them from displaying their anger. They had soon, however, an opportunity of showing what they felt, of which they took advantage rather amusingly.

"One of the passengers on board of our steamer, passing the open door of the Mosque, saw me within, and supposing it to be one of the public sights, very coolly ascended the steps, and was about to walk in, never dreaming that any objection would be made either to himself or his dusty boots. Scarce did he appear composedly at the door, when a man who was sweeping the carpets, perceiving an unprotected individual, uttered a yell of rage, which elicited a simultaneous response from all present; then suddenly seizing hold of an immense long pole which stood near, I do believe for the very purpose, he ran frantically at the intruder with it, in the most ferocious manner, and so terrified and astonished the unfortunate man, that he started back and tumbled down the stairs, having just time to give vent to one wild '*Misericorde!*' as he disappeared in a whirlwind of dust."

There is much truth in the following remarks regarding the Turkish empire, which our authoress makes in connexion with her visit to Constantinople:—

"The Turkish empire itself will soon be a dream—already is it gliding from the scale of nations, losing its distinctive characteristics day by day, and assuming that shadowy indistinctness, as the spirit of other countries steals on it from all sides, which tells that, as a peculiar and separate people, it will soon belong to the past. This fact, daily becoming more glaring to all who even cursorily glance at the actual state of the Ottoman empire, is noways affected by the political fate which may ultimately cancel it from among the kingdoms of the earth. A country may change masters, losing even its name, and become merged in one more powerful, whether it be subdued by the force of arms, or handed over to a foreign yoke, by the diplomatic arrangements of those who have made it the toy of their own interest, but it may not the less in this position retain its individuality, if such a term may be used—the character of the people remaining the same, and the spirit of the nation unquenched.

"With Turkey it is very different; it has been the policy alike of all those great powers in whose hands it lies, and whose clashing interests alone have prevented its being long since assigned to one or the other, to undermine it gradually; effacing from it its peculiarities one by one, and bringing it into contact with the moral atmosphere of other countries, under the ostensible motive of laudibly introducing civilisation and enlightenment; thus, it will soon matter little whether it holds its place on the map as a Russian province, or by any other name, as far as its own individual existence is concerned. It is the Turkish empire, with all its great and peculiar features, which is passing away; whose term of existence, leaving a wild and stirring page among the records of the earth, is expiring at last."

And not the less just in her opinion of Mahomedanism, the religion at this moment of many millions of the human race.

"Mahomedanism is hourly opening out into a new aspect before me; I had imagined it but a low, degraded creed, one of the numerous offsprings of prolific error and ignorance, which, as a substitute for the truth that has not yet dawned upon them, could not have a better or a worse effect in its moral influence, on the great multitude, than any other vain superstition; but, from the conversation of those whom I met here (Constantinople), and who are well qualified to judge, and from a closer view of its palpable working, not as seen in the history of past ages, but on the hearts and minds of the individuals with whom I am actually in contact every day, I cannot but think that it was originally a deeply-laid scheme, carried out with an almost fiend-like knowledge of the human heart, for enthralling the people by working solely on their evil passions. Most other religions, however much they may have fallen from their common origin in man's instinctive consciousness of the Supreme, have at least for their ultimate aim and end the moral improvement of man; whereas the system of Islamism would seem in every doctrine and in every law to foster and bring forth their worst propensities, presenting even the heaven for which their purer spirit is to strive under images so earthly, that the very hope itself de-

grades them to the lowest level of mankind; and satisfying the conscience that goads their fallen nature to arise, with a few material and unmeaning observances, strong only in their strictness."

The description of her visit to the Slave Market in Constantinople is most harrowing to the feelings, and calculated to awaken anew our indignation at the traffic in human beings. It is painful enough to think of this abominable traffic existing in Turkey; but how much more so is it to think that the same inhuman and horrid system still widely prevails in the United States of America—in a country professedly Christian, and that glories in being pre-eminently the land of the free. We insert two extracts from the account given of the Slave Market :—

"Presently the slave trader to whom the poor creatures belonged came up, followed by a tall phlegmatic-looking Turk, with the unmeaning features and coarse corpulency which are so characteristic of his nation. The merchant advanced, and, seizing one of the slaves by the arm, forced her to stand up before this personage, who, it appeared, wished to buy her. He looked at her for a few minutes from head to foot, while her master descanted on her merits; then he placed one hand on the back of the neck, whilst he jerked her head rudely with the other, so as to force her to open her mouth, that he might examine her teeth; he roughly handled her neck and arms, to ascertain if the flesh were firm; and, in short, the examination was such that I do not hesitate to declare I have seen a horse or a dog more tenderly treated, under similar circumstances."

"Our guide led us into the adjoining enclosure. Here we became witness to a sale that was just about to be completed. A most interesting group presented itself before us; two young female slaves, both with most pleasing countenances, stood together closely embraced, the arm of the one round the neck of the other; their attitude, as well as the strong likeness between them, pointing them out at once as sisters. By their side was an African slave-dealer, in whose ferocious countenance it seemed impossible to discern a trace of human feeling. He was armed with a large heavy stick, with which he drove them to and fro, literally like a herd of animals. Three or four Turks were discussing, with considerable animation, the price of one of the women; but the bargain had been struck just before we came in, and one of the party, a stout good-looking man, was paying down the money. When this was completed, with an imperious movement of the hand, he motioned to his newly-purchased slave to follow him. It was the youngest and most timid of the two sisters whom he had selected. Nothing could have been more painful than to watch the intense, the terrified anxiety with which both had followed the progress of the sale; and now it was concluded, and they knew that the moment of separation was arrived. She whose fate had been sealed, disengaged herself, and turning round, placed her two hands on her sister's shoulders, with a firm grasp, and gazed into her eyes. Not words, not tears, could have expressed one-half of the mute, unutterable despair that dwelt in that long, heart-rending gaze. It were hard to say which face was most eloquent of misery; but the Turk was impatient; he clapped his hands together. This was a well-known signal. A slight tremor shook the frame of the young slave; her arms fell powerless at her side; and she turned to follow her master. The voiceless but agonized farewell was over. In another moment we could just distinguish her slender figure threading its way through the crowd, in company with the other slaves belonging to the Turk. Her sister had hid herself behind her companions, and now sat on the ground, her head sunk upon her folded arms."

We cannot follow our authoress in her departure from Constantinople, and in her voyage up the Danube; but the reader will find sketches of the more important towns and localities along this river, and interesting descriptions of the majestic and glorious Danube itself. With another extract from this entertaining and instructive volume, we conclude our notice.

"And now at last we finally parted company with this most noble river (the Danube). It seemed to us almost as though we were called on to bid farewell to a familiar friend, after so many weeks that we had trusted ourselves to its guidance, and made it a part of our daily existence."

"We had followed its course since the first moment when, plunging and tossing in the midst of that dark, angry sea, our little vessel had suddenly met with a yet stronger resistance, and we were told to mark, in the discolouration of the water, how the proud Danube invaded even the stormy Euxine; then we had entered upon it in its intensity of solitude, when it seems like a great mourner, with its sky-like pall, and its shroud of mists, and its deadly vapours floating on the dull air, as though it called them up to deter all human beings from intruding on its dreamy loneliness; and gradually we had seen the sleeping Nature awake on its lifeless banks, and throw over them a veil of summer green and wreaths of flowers; and then, like an enchanter, whilst its growing loveliness stole on us unawares, it led us on from scene to scene of quiet beauty, till, among the blooming hills of Orsova, we could have made our home for ever."

The Book of Poetry. London: James Burns.

Is a collection of poems and ballads, selected carefully, and got up in the style that distinguishes this publisher's works, in which we recognise many pieces from authors of acknowledged merit.

Poems. By Spencer T. Hall. London: W. S. Orr & Co.

A TINY volume of poems about woods, trees, fields, and country cottages, written in a very pleasing spirit, by one who wants to do and think the best with and for everything. Mr. Spencer Hall is a poet of Sherwood Forest, and believes in Robin Hood heartily, as a forester is surely bound to do. His poetry is of this style :—

"Little old hamlet! Dearly do I love thee,
Thy cluster of grey homes and gardens green,
And woodland waving solemnly above thee,
With hooded well and muttering rill between,
And children gambolling round housewife clean,
Or patriarch, sunning at his open door,
And reading news, from many a distant scene,
To gathering gossips, who admire his lore,
Thinking each fresh event more strange than all before."

The little volume is so full of kindly thoughts, that we cannot help wishing for it a kind reception.

Poems and Songs. By Davis, the "Belfast Man." Belfast: John Henderson.

THIS title is bad for a poet—it looks rather like that of a pugilist—but the "Belfast Man" is a poet, nevertheless. His poems and songs are principally reprints from journals. He is, we believe, one of the Spirit-of-the Nation writers, and not the worst. He has necessarily a considerable tinge of that school, though not so savage, by any means, as certain of his fellow-labourers, but quite as deeply impressed with the idea that Ireland is very badly treated; and, instead of hoping in hard steady labour for national greatness, like his friends, he has faith in a poetical idea We think it quite possible that this school can do Ireland considerable harm, and almost impossible that it will ever do that country good. There are many practical grievances there requiring to be amended, but that will never be done by wasting good poetry on bad politics. We much like the following song, which has probably appeared elsewhere:—

"WEAVER'S SONG.

"On merrily speeds the shuttle, boys,
And gaily smacks the lay;
Then, cheerily as the hour flies,
Let's sing its weight away.
No gems we need to deck the brow,
Nor beads of kingly oil,
For richer far adorn us now—
The sweat of honest toil.

But while we weave,
And time the stave,
See, all goes fair and well;
For what's amiss,
Depend on this,
The warehouse day will tell.

"'Tis sweet to see the shuttles play,
And hear the *fighters* speak,
On little silvery Saturday,
When well we've spent the week.
Ay, that's the day can tell who slept
With sunlight on his eyes;
But we have leaped ere day has swept
The ravellings from the skies.
Then as ye weave,
And time the stave,
This axiom keep in sight—
The little done
With Monday's sun
Is much on Friday night.

"And life is but a gingham chain;
Why o'er it should we grieve,
Though stripes and checks of joy and pain
We now and then must weave?
'Twill one day end, and this we know,
The Great Employer's love
Can every thread that's dark below
Make rainbow bright above.
Then with the threads
Of darkest shades
Should this life be perplex'd?
No, onward drive,
And nobly strive,
For fairer in the next!

"Oh! for that day when every cloth
Shall in the light be tried,
And justice given alike to both
Employer and employed.
Oh! for ye then, ye drones of trade,
Who crush the struggling poor;
For every fraud ye'll well be paid
With interest full as sure!
But mind the *scobes*
For ladies robes
Must faultless be as flowers,
Nor *crack* nor *cloud*
Can be allowed
In dainty work like ours!

"And now when youth and strength are rife,
Let's so each hour employ,
That ere the Friday eve of life,
Our 'pushing' may be by;
And so to wait our warehouse fate
Without being much afraid
Of bringing 'bail' to shame or hate
By any work we've made.
Then while ye weave,
And time the stave,
See all goes fair and well;
For what's amiss,
Depend on this,
That warehouse day will tell."

TO ——.

I CANNOT hear where thou art dwelling now;
'Tis seldom that I ever hear thy name;
Grief since I met thee may have seared thy brow,
Or it may still be fair, yet not the same.
But when I now recall thy countenance,
And think upon thy deep and thoughtful eye,
'Tis as when first I met its thrilling glance,
Tho' years since then, even *years* have fleeted by.
Thy voice, it *may* be gentle now no more,
Thine eye may now be dim, thy very heart
May be so changed from all I knew before,
I could not love the thing that now thou art.
Or it may be that yet a sterner seal
Than grief upon thy brow has been impressed,
And all that once could breathe, and live, and feel,
Shrouded in its last, long, unbroken rest,
May lie unmoved alike by grief or mirth,
A thing that was and not that is of earth,
Pale as the winding-sheet in which they wound thee,
And lifeless as the coffined dead around thee.

Yet why should *I* mourn; 'tis not now for me
To cherish even one lingering thought of thee.
The last pale star of hope that lingered yet,
To cheer the darkness with its lonely ray,
When all, except itself, had passed away,
That last pale star of hope and love has set!

I watched it as it faded, night by night,
Hour after hour I watched its fading light,
And wept to think the fitful light it gave
But glimmered, as a lamp within the grave,
Lighting the very dead with its wild glare,
To show the depth of desolation there.
'Tis gone! and I am lonelier than before—
I've nothing now to hope or wish for more,
Except that even thy name may now be lost,
And buried with the suffering it has cost.
Thou hast been but too fondly cherished; thou
Wert all to me, but must be nothing now.
I never watched the deepening of twilight,
I never looked out on the sky at night,
To cool the fever of this burning brow,
But something even there (I knew not how
Or why it came) brought back a dream of thee.
I never knew a murmur, nor a tone
Thrill on mine ear, but it spoke of thy own,
Thy voice, thy low sweet voice; it seemed to be
A very spirit of the midnight air,
A sound that came when nothing else was there,
To bring me that wild swell of love and thought,
No tones, but thy deep tones, have ever brought.

And must I now forget thee—was it wrong
To cherish thee, as I have done, so long?
I *must* forget thee, or must think of thee
As if thou wert—oh, nothing now—to me;
Or anything, except the thing thou art,
And learn to hear thee named without a start,
To turn away from all that I have loved,
Or look upon it coldly and unmoved—
To feel the desolation and the chill
Within—without—but to conceal it still.
I *must* forget thee, even if this heart
Break with the chains that it would rend apart.
I must forget thee still, aye, even forget
That hour—that thrilling hour—when first we met.

I write not now as I have done before,
With one fond lingering hope to meet thee more.
No—that wild dream is o'er—I buried all
Before I traced this last and hurried scrall.
Farewell, farewell, and never over thee
May come the cloud that hath o'ershadowed me.
A light is gone that nothing can restore—
The dream of day, the midnight watch is o'er.

E. M. FORDHAM.

POLITICAL REGISTER.

PARLIAMENT stands prorogued to the 11th current, and it was pretty generally believed, that, on account of the circumstances of the country, the Session would then commence. The publication of authority to the Bank of England to break through the Bank Charter Act has been considered a reason for postponing the opening of the Session by others. We cannot say to which set of guessers the merit of accuracy belongs. If the Parliament be to assemble for legislative purposes in eight or ten days, the intention should be well known ere this time; and we shall not be surprised if the Government prefer the indiscreet course of proroguing again. They have already incurred the necessity for an indemnity bill, and we do not blame them on that account. They should have stood in need of that indemnity bill six weeks or two months ago; but they should remain under the necessity for the shortest possible time. They have been compelled to act technically wrong, but they should put themselves even technically right with the utmost convenient speed; and the earliest day the Parliament may meet is not in January next.

The period of its meeting is not of quite so much importance as the work it may be disposed to do. The House of Commons is largely composed of new men, and men of great promise. They have all offered so much that the community will be anxious to see how their bills may be honoured. We may state our fears that, if left to themselves, they will, like their predecessors, talk loudly at the beginning of the session, and part at its close, with a resolution of amendment for the time to come.

It cannot be denied that Parliaments work hard when they are in extremity; towards the close of a session they go through business like a railway clerk five minutes before the train is to start. And there is another extremity when their activity is remarkable. Measures are resisted until they can no longer be evaded, and then are passed in an incomplete and careless style. No time is left to wait a month before the representatives of the people in good earnest begin to work. We verily believe that the ballot will be legalised some day with that rapidity which infers an immediate demand. It would be more decorous if business could be managed with a little more consideration—not quite so much as has been given to the Health of Towns' Bill, which has been in the way for half a dozen years, and should be put out of it directly; but, if possible, measures of improvement could be adopted a little before the last hour to which they can be delayed. The Legislature should not resemble that class of travellers who always get to the coach-office as the guard's foot is on the steps of the coach, or to the station-house when the last bell has rung—pay their fare, and a shilling over by mistake, are grumbled at, bundled into a corner, and are morally certain to lose a hat-box or an umbrella. In law-making, as in travelling, it is well to be five minutes fast.

There is the Currency Question—the grand question of the year. We know that on it a committee of inquiry will be moved for at an early date; but the nation cannot wait on a committee now. The information has been collected out of doors, and every man has systematically arranged it for himself. Even for the assemblage of Parliament—for the first, second, and third readings—for Peel's defence of his blunder—the people would not wait, or rather, bills of Exchange would not abide the convenience of bills of Parliament. Even the stroke by which the Government assumed—and very properly assumed for the time—legislative functions is given with a nervous hand, as if the executioner was performing the last sad duty of the law upon an old and neighbourly acquaintance.

There is so much work to do that Parliament should begin early. Ireland must have a Land Occupancy Bill. Matters there are getting into inextricable confusion, because that has not been provided; and honest persons who sell their property to pay their debts are, we see, here and there, in that country, murdered. With one small section of the community the payment of debts is reckoned a mortal crime, and has been mortally avenged. We believe them to be a very small section, but resistance to the payment of rent seems to embrace a greater number of persons. There are next two dropped bills—the Sale of Irish Encumbered Estates, and the Irish Waste Land—greatly needed.

The repeal of the Game Laws, or such a tax on preserves as will suppress them, must be got forward. The Entail Laws are standing in the way of everything, except deer forests, and sheep-walks, which thrive under them. Free-trade in land, like free-trade in money, is an essential to national prosperity—and with us, indeed, in our position, it is essential to the avoidance of national misery.

THE BANK CHARTER ACT.—The list of great insolvencies during the last month is terrific. In one week, five English banks stopped their payments. On one Saturday, nearly five thousand artizans were put on warning in Liverpool. On that Saturday, scarcely one-half of the operatives in cotton at Manchester were in full employment. In all the other Lancashire towns, business was at least equally bad. Deputation after deputation had waited on the Ministers during the week to request some movement to stay the plague, but the Ministry still adhered pertinaciously to Peel's bill. On the Saturday to which we have referred, however, the Chancellor of the Exchequer had a long interview with Sir Robert Peel. On the following day—so urgent seemed the business—it is reported that the Cabinet met, and early on Monday the public were informed that Peel's bill was abandoned.

And of much suffering, past and present, and yet to come, a great triumph has been wrought. The bill which, three years ago, was described as the great panacea for panics, has been tried, condemned, and cashiered. This bill was advertised as the complete money measure. It was the Morrison's pill of all commercial distress. Like Mr. Grimstone's Egyptian Pea to the vegetable world, this bill, if it could have done what its sponsor promised on its account, would have been to the commercial world treasure found. We admit freely, that Mr. Grimstone's Pea, which is a reality, has its action of libel for comparing it to this sham. And yet Peel's bill is not more a sham than a sheet anchor slung from a shallop under pretence of pulling it up, which would inevitably pull it down. The letter of suspension is so important that, although it has been published in every newspaper, we insert it here as a record of progress :—

"Downing Street, October 25, 1847.

"Gentlemen,—Her Majesty's Government have seen, with the deepest regret, the pressure which has existed for some weeks upon the commercial interests of the country, and that this pressure has been aggravated by a want of that confidence which is necessary for carrying on the ordinary dealings of trade.

"They have been in hopes that the check given to transactions of a speculative character, the transfer of capital from other countries, the influx of bullion, and the feeling which a knowledge of these circumstances might have been expected to produce, would have removed the prevailing distrust.

"They were encouraged in this expectation by the speedy cessation of a similar state of feeling in the month of April last.

"These hopes have, however, been disappointed, and her Majesty's Government have come to the conclusion that the time has arrived when they ought to attempt, by some extraordinary and temporary measure, to restore confidence to the mercantile and manufacturing community.

"For this purpose, they recommend to the Directors of the Bank of England, in the present emergency, to enlarge the amount of their discounts and advances, upon approved security; but that, in order to retain this operation within reasonable limits, a high rate of interest should be charged. In present circumstances, they would suggest that the rate of interest should not be less than 8 per cent.

"If this course should lead to any infringement of the existing law, her Majesty's Government will be prepared to propose to Parliament, on its meeting, a Bill of Indemnity.

"They will rely upon the discretion of the directors to reduce, as soon as possible, the amount of their notes, if any extraordinary issues should take place, within the limits prescribed by law.

"Her Majesty's Government are of opinion that any extra profit derived from this measure should be carried to the account of the public, but the precise mode of doing so must be left to future arrangement.

"Her Majesty's Government are not insensible to the evil of any departure from the law which has placed the currency of this country upon a sound basis; but they feel confident that, in the present circumstances, the measure which they have proposed may be safely adopted; and that, at the same time, the main provisions of that law, and the vital principle of preserving the convertibility of the bank note, may be firmly maintained.

"We have the honour to be, Gentlemen,
"Your obedient humble servants,
(Signed) "JOHN RUSSELL.
"CHAS. WOOD.

"The Governor and Deputy-Governor of the Bank of England."

(Copy of reply.)

"Bank of England, October 25, 1847.

"Gentlemen,—We have the honour to acknowledge your letter of this day's date, which we have submitted to the Court of Directors, and we enclose a copy of the resolutions thereon, and

"We have the honour to be, Sirs,
"Your most obedient servants,
(Signed) "JAMES MORRIS, Governor.
"H. J. PRESCOTT, Deputy-Governor.

"To the First Lord of the Treasury and the Chancellor of the Exchequer."

"Resolved,—That this Court do accede to the recommendation contained in the letter from the first Lord of the Treasury and the Chancellor of the Exchequer, dated this day, and addressed to the Governor and Deputy-Governor of the Bank of England, which has just been read.

"That the minimum rate of discount on bills not having more than ninety-five days to run be eight per cent.

"That advances be made on Bills of Exchange, on Stock, Exchequer Bills, and other approved securities, in sums of not less than £2,000, and for periods to be fixed by the governors, at the rate of eight per cent. per annum."

The business should be less tragical, and then we could have a hearty laugh. But mirth is improper here. One might as well indulge at the blunders of a grave-digger and his man, in the place of tombs, during a funeral. Here is the political grave-digger and his man, Sir Charles — decently and decorously shuffling the earth over this Bank Charter Act, and all the time speaking such words, as if they really thought it a creature that once had a soul, and would rise again. It's quite enough to make one's flesh creep with superstitious agony to hear such a phenomenon once named, even amongst the bones of abandoned and detested bills. The measure was meant to cure panics or to prevent them. It has neither done the one nor the other; and, therefore, is useless for the avowed purpose of its framers, and for the public interest it has been, and it will yet be, ruinous. Men's deeds do not die with them, and the consequences of bad bills outlive for long the laws themselves. The country will not recover its lost confidence, and business will not attain a condition of unruffled composure for many months to come.

There is an extraordinary fact, to which, we trust, the attention of English readers will be directed. Money on loans, with the best security, is *eight* per cent. in London, but commonly higher rates are paid. Money in Glasgow, on ordinary business bills, is *six and a half* or *seven per cent.* One half of the cotton spinners of Lancashire have been idle for some time. None of the cotton-spinners of Glasgow are idle yet. Five English banks have failed in a single week. None of the Scotch banks are even suspected. These are facts, and from them the deductions are easily ascertained.

The last whine of the men of mattock and of pick, concerns "the vital principle"—the convertibility of bank notes. That convertibility, being the dependant and henchman of public credit and confidence, depends upon the legislature. We need scarcely repeat here that absolute convertibility does not exist, and sufficient convertibility will not long "consist," with money at eight per cent.

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TAIT'S EDINBURGH MAGAZINE.

DECEMBER, 1847.

WHAT IS TO BE DONE WITH IRELAND?

IRELAND, in the midst of calamities, still multiplies crimes. Where famine and disease have wasted, murder wastes. At no period in its history has a reckless disregard for life been more frequently or more atrociously manifested there than within a few weeks. The victims of these outrages are all of one class. Landowners and their agents are specially marked out for destruction. The mode of proceeding evinces anything rather than courage. It is characterised by the cowardice of cruelty; for we cannot discover the slightest evidence of courage in one, two, or three men skulking behind a hedge or a wall, and villanously shooting down, with deliberate aim, a defenceless and unarmed passenger. Duelling is a cowardly conformity to the world, extracted from weak minds; but it is a manly description of assassination. One life is placed on the die against another. A good shot has necessarily the chance in his favour; but the best marksman may be shot down by any person who can pull a trigger. The bullet fired at chance may have its billet. A bow drawn at a venture might send an arrow to a king's heart.

It is almost unnecessary to mention a truth so plain; but a person, styled a venerable archdeacon—a professed minister of religion—calling himself the follower, the servant, of Jesus Christ, who, when he was reviled, reviled not again—has been observing, at one meeting, that a hungry Englishman would shoot the first person with a decent coat whom he met, if he only had courage. We fear that Englishmen are not exempted from this—the last degree of crime. Too much confidence cannot be placed in what Archdeacon Laffan calls their want of courage, by a strange perversion of the meaning that we have been accustomed to attach to the word. Murders are perpetrated in England. Those arising from general criminality are, perhaps, more numerous there than in Ireland. In the latter country the great proportion of these crimes are of agrarian origin; they spring from the tenures and circumstances of landholding. On that account they have been charged, in numerous instances, indirectly upon the landowners themselves. They have been accused of dealing hardly by the people, and provoking them to revenge. If the accusation be true, it may reduce our sympathy with the victim, without taking, in any sense, from the guilt of the criminal. Men cannot innocently avenge wrong by assassination. There seem to be also grounds for exculpating many of the landowners from the broad charge cast on their order. We have observed that where processes of ejectment have been served on tenants, there has sometimes been such a long account of arrears, as an English or Scottish proprietor could not contemplate without horror. In fact, he could not contemplate it in any aspect. He could not afford the outlay. Having probably paid heavily for his land, or inherited it with incumbrances, he expects, and he requires, punctual settlements of his rents. An ejectment at the present day for money due in 1844 or 1845 would not be reckoned summary or sharp practice in either England or Scotland. Mr. Ormsby Gore, we believe, a liberal landlord, has been charged with acting severely in the ejectment of some of his tenantry; and the writer by whom the charge was made says that the ejected farmers *only* owed three half years' rent to September, 1847. They *only owed* three half years' rent at September last. The potato failure may have rendered many small farmers unable to pay one year's rent, and that strange word "only," applied to arrears of three half years, is thus not so unintelligible; but then Mr. Gore's agent on the estate writes that "they owed several years' rent." The term "several" is indefinite, but we suppose that it covers at least "three." Of these arrears Mr. Gore's agent demanded the rent of one year. It was refused, according to his statement, and he brought ejectments. Any English landowner—any person who had money to obtain—would probably have adopted a similar course. The ejectment was not carried out in any malicious manner. There was no unnecessary severity exhibited to the defaulters. They were promised houses of some description during the winter, and assistance to emigrate in the spring, according to the agent's card, which we cannot substantiate; but, from the general character of Mr. Gore, the statements may be considered correct.

The murder of Major Mahon, although one of many similar evil deeds, is that which, for some weeks past, has been the most notorious. The

position of the unfortunate gentleman, and his general character, have helped to attract more than the usual attention to this crime. Major Mahon had large property, and he appears to have exercised his rights indulgently; but he intended to make some improvements on his estate, and, amongst other objects, to send out of the country a number of families who were in arrear of rental. The parish priest, we are informed, denounced him from the altar on Sabbath, and he was shot on Monday. This circumstance leads us gradually into the facts of Ireland's case. The fate of Major Mahon renders intelligible the condition of the country. We may find out from the details of this crime the reason of Ireland's deepest disgrace. There are red spots on her hands that must be wiped away ere she take the rank among the nations that the physical capabilities of the country and the moral qualities of the people claim. No man acquainted with the southern Irish will doubt that they are generous and warm-hearted; and the criminality in these circumstances occurring amongst them, and even still worse than the crime, the sympathy with the criminal, becomes apparently inexplicable.

There are several facts connected with Major Mahon's death to which we will refer. The first and the most remarkable is the denunciation of the priest, followed almost immediately by the shot of the assassin. In the Irish papers we find one case even more remarkable reported. A coroner's jury are assembled. They have viewed the body of a murdered and an humble man, the servant of some landed proprietor. On Sabbath afternoon, he was marked by a cowardly assassin and shot dead. There is a priest in the witness-box. Three questions are asked at this reverend gentleman — three, doubtless, amongst many others, but three that stand out from all others — three remarkable questions, followed by terrible answers; we quote them:—

"Did you denounce the murdered man from the altar?—I did.

"When did you denounce him?—On Sunday at mass.

"When was he murdered?—At 5 o'clock the same evening."

That priest seems quite calm and collected. The answers are those of a good man, who modestly confesses that he has done a good action. The examinator seems to extort from a modest witness the evidence of his own merits. There is, indeed, no faltering on the part of the priest. He is firm, without reluctance; but, also, without any desire to reveal his part in the proceedings. This man, we are convinced, imagines that he has been doing good service to truth, morality, and religion. He prays—that man—he prays to him who said "thou shalt do no murder," and forbade us in anything—by deed, or word, or will—to abridge life. He prays—not as the conscience-stricken felon and sinner in his iron-bound cell, where the sounds that penetrate are the strokes of the hammer rivetting together the planks of the gibbet, on which, before man, his crime will be expiated. He prays, but not, we fear, for that forgiveness which this denunciation needs. He sorrows, it may be, but not, we dread, for that sad coincidence through which the man whom he denounced was so soon placed beyond his denunciations. And yet, he may be a sincere man. How many sincere men have done badly—have persecuted—have sacked and spoiled—and gloried in licensed crimes! We do not know that the verdict in any respect implicated the priest. He may not have been considered by the jury an accessory to the crime. He may not have been dealt by as one who had culpably incited the passions of man-slayers. We believed that the priesthood had been practically taught not to consider the altar a refuge against the law. Some time since that question was settled by a jury, and although an appeal was threatened against their decision, yet it was not prosecuted. The question was tried in a civil action. A tradesman and small farmer in a country parish had undertaken to circulate copies of the Bible according to the Protestant version. He had been a Roman Catholic; but it is probable, before he made this arrangement, that he had virtually abandoned its communion. There is no doubt that he did so afterwards. From the altar, after mass, he was excommunicated by the priest of his parish. The act of excommunication was within the province of the spiritual authority, and to be exercised according to the usual method pursued in his communion. It would be monstrous to suppose that any religious society should be denied the power, through its regular officials, to expel persons who had violated in any way or manner its rules of membership. In this case, however, what is termed the major excommunication had been applied, which, interfering with the temporal circumstances of the excommunicated, was considered an unwarranted infliction by the jury, who returned a verdict carrying all costs, or, in legal phraseology, sixpence of costs, and considerable damages. In this instance, the pursuer had suffered in his business. His customers had been taught to have no dealings with him. The result of the supplement to the sermon had been ruinous to his commercial prospects. That, however, was not equal with a denunciation, even to the death—not probably that the priest meant death to follow on his wrath. He may have been a moderate man, contented if even a sufficient degree of indignation should settle on the person whom he assailed. The arrow may have entered deeper than he designed; but why was the bow drawn?

We cannot say that the victim was a good man. His character—his pursuits—almost his name, are to us alike unknown. He may have pressed severely on his poorer neighbours. He may have been a harsh collector of rents. He may have been a grasping farmer, who added field to field. He may have been an industrious man, who was willing to occupy, on a fair rent, the fields from which an indolent or incapable farmer was expelled. We are not acquainted with his circumstances; but we know the truth, that he who has to preach from the text, "Blessed

is the peacemaker"—be he priest, prelate, or presbyter, is not to be allowed, by any wise and constitutional law, to denounce from his altar or his desk, any man by name, as an object deserving public vengeance.

Preaching to the times is an ancient, and it was always an inconvenient practice. The pulpit is not the place for discussing disputed points unconnected with the special objects of the congregation. Theology and politics are not to be unnecessarily mingled. The preacher or the priest may be practical, without denouncing individuals by name. He has to war with vice rather than with the vicious. He has no personal quarrel to wage against the wicked, but an endless struggle with wickedness. There is a peculiar advantage in this arrangement. When a man is accused through the press, he can reply through the press; and if he be denounced on the platform, he can probably answer on the platform; but an attack in the pulpit, from the solemn and very proper feelings attached to a place, and to the act, of religious worship, is unanswerable.

We have mentioned Archdeacon Laffan's speech at a tenant-right meeting; and we should say, in justice, that he subsequently denounced murder. He was good enough to say that murder was a fearful crime, and that God would bring the murderer to punishment; but why should he associate Saxon deficiency in courage with Saxon abstinence from assassination? Why should he inform his audience that the Saxon peasantry, if they had sufficient courage, would hide behind a hedge, and fire at an unsuspecting and helpless passenger? Want of courage is not an English crime. It is neither an English nor an Irish crime. The courage of both Celt and Saxon has been tried and vindicated where men met face to face, and steel to steel, in the crush for life or death. But it requires something more than courage for a private individual, on account of private, supposed, or real grievances, in defiance of God's law, to mark out his enemy, and shoot him from a place of concealment.

The priest of a parish, surrounded with penury, acquainted with the terrible sufferings of a thousand breadless families, is sorely tried in spirit, unless he be a cold and callous man. The famine and the fever of the last year have aggravated a proverbial misery into despair, and converted a land of trial and of want into a charnel-house. Any man, therefore, whose heart is softer than the nether mill-stone, must feel a life that daily brings him into collision with the most abject wretchedness in its most needful hours to be a continuance of exasperating trial; and it would need a terrible energy of character, or a great measure of grace, to preserve a soul in patience amid the moral and physical wreck in some quarters of Ireland.

There is thus an apology for the denouncing members of the priesthood, but one that will not excuse a practice which, we trust, is not very prevalent, and will be put down by their ecclesiastical superiors, to save its suppression by the state.

We refer at greater length to this part of the subject, because it unfolds a cause for that sympathy with crime, or with criminals of one class, and that the worst grade, evinced in some counties of Ireland. The criminal is in the position of a man who has perilled life for land, and land is life in that country. He is regarded as a patriot who, rough in his measures, and rude in the manner of their accomplishment, means well nevertheless; and has done that which, though evil, had become necessary. Major Mahon was denounced from the altar on one day, and he was shot on the next, and yet he was an improving landlord; and it is said that he was a benevolent man. We believe him to have been a steady resident in the country. He was giving employment to a considerable number of persons. He was engaged in devising schemes to change the face and circumstances of his estate; but they involved the element of mischief in his country—the removal of small farmers from their land. Many of these farmers had paid no rental for some years; and their landlord proposed to defray the cost, or part of the cost, o their emigration. The emigration of last year has left a bad impression on the minds of the peasantry. They associate together emigration and death. The wrecks on the waves—th fever in the ships—the nameless graves in the deep waters—the miseries of a Canadian hospital—the repulsion that fear and fever have taught the Colonists to exhibit towards the new-comers—the wretchedness of 1847—scarcely admitting exaggeration, may have been overcoloured in their imaginations; and none can wonder if they bring emigration and death into very close contact, as nearly akin and assimilated to each other. Major Mahon's schemes avowedly involved the emigration of a number of his tenantry, and the fact was equivalent in the minds of many to extermination. A proportion of the arrears on his estates were enforced, and that also tended to obliterate the remembrance o his general conduct. His death was planned evidently in revenge for his policy, and yet the latter would have been in ordinary circumstances regarded as humane and generous. We are thus driven into a corner when inquiring what can be done for Ireland. It must not be left in its present position. Out of its own soil its physical safety must grow. Emigration is now, and will remain for some years, unpopular. Manufactures do not spring like mushrooms, but require many years of quiet and steady perseverance ere they approach maturity. The fisheries on the coasts can only employ a small proportion of the people, and fisheries must be prosecuted with skill and capital to be successful. Skill and capital have yet to be required in Ireland. Efforts are in progress by some men, more from benevolent than commercial motives, to supply the latter, but the former is the child of experience. The construction of public works cannot be very extensive in the present state of the money market. We

thought last season, and still think, that Lord George Bentinck's resolutions were the wisest things ever proposed in that line for Ireland. Unfortunately, they were moved by Lord George Bentinck, and therefore they were rejected; because, of course, a popular representative will rather desert his country than his party. The expenditure of money, in present circumstances, for the construction of railways, cannot be proposed without throwing Liverpool and Manchester into fever, and therefore it will be avoided. From the soil of Ireland, and from that alone, is there real hope for her people. Emigration can never bring them relief. Their state is more desperate than this remedy can meet; and there has been already more indiscriminate emigration than is creditable to the nation or the nation's Government. Landlords and people seemed both to think, and act, as if the bill was passed, when the latter were got out of the way and out of sight. Both classes appear to have acted in a contemplative dread of the Poor Law; for even those whom it directly serves live in dread of its beneficial inflictions. Time will soften these asperities, and experience will show that the Act may be wrought well. It leaves assassination with less ground for sympathy than at any former period. A family cannot now be turned houseless on the turf to starve. There is shelter for all who choose to enter in, and food for all who are anxious and willing to eat. These sentences announce an Irish revolution. The people may not fully comprehend the fact; but their country is revolutionised. The denunciations of the priest, and the bullet of the peasant, are rendered less intelligible by the Poor Law.

There are gross imperfections in the Act—restrictions to be removed and rules to be repealed—but it offers an asylum against starvation. The separation of husband and wife, especially in the case of aged persons, is absurd; and the separation, during the greater part of their time, of children from their mothers, is cruel. The necessity for selling everything before claiming Poor-Law relief is so manifestly extravagant that the rule is seldom and straitly imposed. The ukase against tea and tobacco in the workhouses looks very like to being temperate overmuch. Tea, notwithstanding the opinion of a very few medical men, and the practice of none, or scarcely none, is a very agreeable necessary of existence. Tobacco is probably an injurious narcotic in any form, but we scarcely consider the Poor-Law Guardians as its best opponents. Individuals habituated to its use for many years may feel its exclusion from the workhouses an unnecessary grievance, adopted only to render them unpopular. Too many means are adopted for that purpose. We once met a very gentlemanly guardian who was crammed with political economy; and in conversation he assured us that they used "sago" and "arrow root" as general articles of diet in their establishment. "Sago," as the habitual food of paupers, appeared to us a strange choice, and we inquired into its results on their general health. "They improve upon it fast, sir," said the clever guardian. The next question was, "Is it cheap?" "Cheap!" chuckled the economist, "cheap!"—do you not know the price?" Our confession of complete ignorance of either the taste, smell, or price of this article of dietary, led our friend to acknowledge that it was a dear article, perfectly wholesome, and they used the finest. "But, if it be dear, why do you use it?" "Because," said the guardian, "you see they hate it; and it's an excellent test." We tell the story with some compunction, because the excellence of the test may recommend a course of "sagoizing" to all those guardians who are never done with tests and testing.

Some of the workhouses might be appropriately considered as prolongations of the test act. Experimentalising on the necessities of paupers proceeds in them from January to December. Tests are put on food, on raiment, on labour, and on everything. The refugees, like the starling in the cage, sing perpetually, or when they sing at all, "We can't get out." Out they cannot get, except after a series of applications and deliberations that might suffice to carry a Russian nobleman out of the Czar's dominions. In this way workhouses are rendered unpopular, and so also would any other description of establishments, where a number of ingenious gentlemen passed a few hours weekly, in scheming and executing annoyances on the inmates. The scheme cannot work well unless these petty contrivances are abandoned. Major Mahon, we fear, perished by an assassin's slugs because there had been "testing," "scheming," and economising guardians of the poor in his union. Except for that reason the peasantry would have said, "Well, if he turns us out of our land, he must find food or work." Emigration they would have regarded as an alternative admitting of consideration. Ejectment would have been respected by them as the riddance from probably a bad bargain. Want, in any case, could not have been disclosed to them in its most savage aspect. The law insists that the workhouse must be full before the guardians afford out-of-door relief. The workhouses, however, never will be full while they are made the scenes of experiments in new soups and sago. They must involve work, but in other respects they should not exhibit any revolting tendency, even if nothing better than a prejudice be opposed, and nothing more than tobacco be exterminated.

Ireland must be physically saved by and out of Irish soil, without the aid of a reliance upon potatoes. The trust upon that root is broken. It can no longer command confidence. That fact also revolutionises Ireland. With an acre or two of land under potatoes, the peasant reared his family, trusting for the rent to harvest, and for clothes to such jobbing work as offered. His land was slovenly cultivated. He had no lease, and no inducement to dig carefully. In any other crop very careful cultivation is necessary to secure a sufficient return. The drainage measures of the Government are, therefore, highly commend-

able. They are well calculated to improve the resources of the country, the quality and the quantity of the crops, but they are insufficient. The death-like struggle for land must be cured, by not merely improving its quality, but increasing its quantity. Happily, we have a reserve. There are four millions of waste, but cultivateable land in Ireland. The Whig Government proposed to compel the holders either to put it under cultivation, or sell it to the public for its present value. One class of politicians and economists rose immediately in arms against the scheme, which crossed some pet theory of their devising. We have received several pamphlets on the subject, and have read some of them, nor do we think there can be any want of penance in Ireland, while they can be had cheap. They may be used in that way advantageously; and, generally speaking, they will never be used profitably in any other, except by the trunk-makers. They, however, frightened the Whigs, who cling with indomitable courage to the bad measures of the rival house, and fly from their own good intentions, like scared deer.

At the commencement of the present Session, Lord John Russell promised to re-consider the measure; and the country must keep him closely at the work, for, if he falters, he is lost. The improvement of this land would add one-fourth to Ireland. It would, therefore, reduce the land pressure by twenty-five per cent. It would, for a time, render murders uncommon. It would afford a breathing space wherein to plan and work. It would raise the standard of comfort. It would bind up the bruised and bleeding heart of hope, by conferring a real and substantial benefit. The work requires no outlay except on labour; and its completion would add, probably, forty millions sterling annually to the products of the country. Ireland needs no emigration—is not without resources—has the means of physical regeneration in her idle soil—and only requires to have it freed from the surly guardianship of the dogs in the manger, who neither use themselves nor permit others to use the locked-up mercies.

There is another bill on which the ingenuity of the Government law-officers is said now to be employed—the bill for facilitating the sale of encumbered estates. We understand it, in other words, to be a measure for regulating the operation of the law of Entail. No division of the empire suffers more from this relic of a barbarous age than Ireland. Some of its most princely domains are held by English noblemen, who have other homes, and, it may be, have happier homes, on the fair broad plains of England, where they have sadly forgotten an equally interesting and naturally a more fertile land, except when the rentals are payable. Society is so framed in Ireland, that the absence of a large proprietor is severely felt in his neighbourhood. The extensive farmers of the south of Scotland, or in some counties of England, care little for the presence of the owner of the manor. They know more of agriculture than he can tell them. They pay their rents when term time comes round. They can sustain agricultural schools, if they require them. Even agricultural societies are not greatly indebted to the landowners. A nobleman presides at a dinner occasionally, but we all know that the tenants do the work. Irish rural society is feebler, and needs a head to counsel, and a hand to help in every parish of two provinces—nearly in every parish of the third, and in many of the fourth. It needs, and has not. The great landlords are nearly all absentees. The Entail law induces and provides for absenteeism. When an Anglo-Hibernian family require to borrow money, the mortgages on their Irish estates are first on and last off. The abolition of the Entail law will change this practice. It will bring the Irish entailed estates into the market, and procure for them new and active owners; or it will put them into the keeping of second and third sons or daughters. It will establish permanently within the country branches of the families who hold now, but rarely visit, Irish, estates. And it must be done. The Entail law can neither be preserved in Britain nor in Ireland. Property must be held responsible for the debts of its owners, and the trade in land must be free. Whenever that is accomplished—and a long time will not elapse before its accomplishment—there will be labour for all the labourers, and wages for all who will work in Ireland.

We speak and write of Ireland as one country, and the Irish as one nation. These assumptions may be tolerated for geographical convenience and political distinctions. They are, however, perfectly erroneous. Practically, all know the difference between the linen manufacturers and farmers of the north-eastern counties, and the peasantry of the south. There is a similar distinction between the Leinster farmers and those of Connaught. They belong to different races; and while generally they hold the same faith, yet they exhibit different characteristics. The plague spots of Ireland are in the centre and the south. Bloodshed is chiefly confined to a few counties. The people of Ulster know no more of these crimes than those of Yorkshire. The Roman Catholic peasantry of Connaught—or certainly of the north-western districts—abstain from crime, and suffer patiently an enormous pressure of pauperism. This distinction in the popular mind is insufficiently marked. We hear of crimes in Ireland that are allowed to cast an odium on all Irishmen. There is no greater justice in the reflection than in charging all Americans with slave-holding, or with repudiation. We can bear testimony, from experience, to the patient sustenance of wrong manifested by many Irishmen, who are stigmatised because they belong to a land of beauty and of crime—a land of fertility and starvation. They are taunted with indolence, who are never tempted to activity. They are charged with idleness, who never obtain security for the fruit of their labour. They are called bad farmers, who seldom farm well without having to meet a rise of rent. Amongst the remedies of Ireland's wants,

it needs new and better laws than at present exist between landlord and tenant. Meetings have been held over many counties, to demand the legalization of tenant-right. The nature of that right existing in Ulster was explained in our January Number, and so far as Ulster is concerned there never was a plainer case for legislation. We do not see the validity of objections made to the system of tenant-right; but, granting their accuracy, yet surely the men who hold these claims at present are entitled to their price. The honour of the landowners is said to be security for the payment and maintenance of tenant-right. We are acquainted with a case of recent occurrence, which illustrates the reliance to be placed on that guarantee. Some time ago, a farmer purchased the tenant-right of a farm on the estate of a nobleman in Downshire. He paid for this right, and laid out on the farm, on obtaining possession, a sum of fifteen hundred pounds. Last year he, unfortunately for his interest, gave some assistance in the management of a fever dispensary or hospital in a village on the estate. In this position he did not absolutely agree with the views of the landlord, or the landlord's factor. The matter was of importance to the villagers and farmers in their neighbourhood. Landowners in Ireland are occasionally opinionative; and this difference in opinion regarding the management of a benevolent institution led to the expulsion of the tenant, without the slightest recompense for his original payment and subsequent outlay, given and made with the consent of the noble landowner, who punished the fragment of independence on his estate by a fine of fifteen hundred pounds. Independence is crime on these estates; and farmers are understood to barter their consciences for their farms, and give so much money for the difference in value. A wise Government never would leave the large sums of money invested in the tenant-right of Ulster by its farmers unsecured by statute-law. The meaning of tenant-right there differs widely from its meaning in the other provinces. In the first it is property acquired, and in the second property to be acquired. In the one it is capital formed; in the other capital to be formed. In Ulster, the tenants say, legalize the custom of the country; statutize what Lord Stanley described as the common law—so that we may have an outlay of fifteen millions sterling secured, and then give us security for future improvements. The tenantry of the other provinces, with a few exceptions, can only, and do only, demand, under the name of tenant-right, security, through leases or otherwise, for the outlay which they may hereafter make on improvements. Both requests are strictly reasonable, and we repeat of the Ulster tenant-right, that if it be not allowed, it must be repaid.

The Government propose to suppress the revengeful crimes of a few counties by coercion. We dislike the cure, because it is expensive and inefficient; coercion can never reach secret societies except at a great cost. A change in the constitutional law is far more likely to answer the purpose. Juries in Ireland and England convict only when they are unanimous. Juries in Scotland convict by a majority. The assimilation of the Irish to the Scottish Law in this point would more probably accomplish the object in view, than any coercive proceedings. Men become the executioners of the sentence passed by a secret conclave, because they trust to one friend in the jury if they be brought to trial. It would be more difficult to find six. The other measures likely to come before Parliament look wiser and better. The abolition of the entail law—the cultivation of waste land that might be made profitable—a regulation of the landlord and tenant question—and a recognition of tenant-right, would not do all that is necessary, but would effect much that is required to still the mighty murmurings of society disorganised, that come across the channel borne on every western wind. They would aid materially to remove the reproach of Ireland from the British name. It is a reproach all over the world. At Foo-Choo, one of the most distant ports of China, the Mandarin asked of the Rev. Mr. Smith, a Church of England missionary, why Ireland was so difficult to govern. The governor of the Central Land—the lord-lieutenant of Foo-Choo, would have been startled if the rev. gentleman had declared all his knowledge of the subject—of ministers without churches, of absentee bishops, of religious teachers, who scarcely know the names of their parishes; and who have helped to produce a population, often devoid of principle, always crushed by poverty, sometimes maddened to crime.

Agriculture is the staple trade of Ireland. Gradually it will increase in other business. But it is eminently qualified for a great agricultural community. Its soil is rich, and its climate more genial, on the average of the whole year, than that of any other European country. The doom of being an agricultural country is not, therefore, severe on Ireland; but the doom of being confined to land, without the power of improving it, and without an inducement to extend it from the surrounding waste, has cramped the energies of the people, checked any tendency to advancement, left them contented at the lowest stage of existence—the most dangerous position for a nation, because it leaves no point to which in an adverse hour they can retreat. A nation living on potatoes must ever be on the verge of rebellion or destruction.

THE CURRENCY AND THE CABINET.

PARLIAMENT has met. The Ministers' message to the Legislature has been read. The report of the Executive wisdom to the Legislative wisdom is in the hands of the people, along with illustrative discussions and debates. The latter bear the same proportion to the text that Lord Robertson's

notes on the Edinburgh Hebrew Professorship case invariably sustain to his interlocutors. The learned Lord gives the world his law in cypher, and the reasons for his law in longhand. Decisions of three lines are flanked or followed by the learned punster, judge, and poet, with three columns of notes, and observations, and explanations. The ministry proceed on the same plan, although their illustrations are scarce so interesting and useful. Their conclusions regarding the affairs of the republic are to be found not in plain but oracular terms in the speech from the throne, and their reasons stretch over an immense surface, to be expanded and extended by the Chancellor of the Exchequer and others; but we cannot profit by statements to be made on Magazine day. The message was a mixture of light and shade. The monetary system, according to the Ministry, had been ill, but was recovering. Commerce is in a convalescent state they say; and to establish their statement, they instruct the Directors of the Bank of England to take one per cent. from the usurious rate of interest which they also instructed them to charge. The Directors have, for a long period, reduced or increased their rate of interest on Thursdays. The public have been long accustomed to expect alterations of this nature on Thursdays, and not to look for them on other days. Unless to fortify the assertions of the Ministry in their message, there could be, and there was not, a reason for changing the practice in this instance. The Directors do not say, we presume, that money was so plentiful with them they could not postpone its cheapening for two days. They did not anticipate the regular turn of the wheel, because they were weighed down by bullion. They did not break up the ordinary course of proceeding, from an anxiety to serve the public, and economise one per cent. to the discounters of Wednesday and Thursday. Arrangements have been made hitherto upon the understanding that interest would remain unaltered from Thursday to Thursday: and the application of a ministerial screw can alone have changed the established use and wont. The Ministry committed an extraordinary mistake on the first night of Parliamentary business. We noticed in last month's Political Register, a letter issued by Lord John Russell and Sir Charles Wood to the Governor and Deputy-Governor of the Bank of England, in which, under promise of a bill of indemnity, they advised the Bank to infringe the Currency law. This letter slightly revived confidence. It is understood that the London bankers were to call out their deposits from the Bank of England, and the call could not have been met without causing signal ruin and disaster to many interests. We may doubt if it could have been met at the time, under any consequences. The authority of the Executive seemed however to justify the Directors in issuing above the limits of the Bank Charter Act; and while it necessarily destroyed that measure, it also relieved the panic which was seizing all classes. The Bank Directors have not actually required to infringe the terms of the Act. That would have been their last shift, for it works well to them. The letter was, however, their old guard—the reserve between them and insolvency. In answer to Lord Stanley, in the House of Peers, the Marquis of Lansdowne, an influential member of the Cabinet, denied that this document was a Government letter, or, in any sense, the act of the Cabinet, but simply a transaction by two individuals who hold office, and who tendered to the Bank of England their opinion, their advice, and their service, if a bill of indemnity should be required. The Noble Marquis was very plain and distinct on this topic. He repudiated for the Government any right to direct the Bank, and for the letter any claim to the consideration of a Government document. We quote the words used by him:—

"The Government had no authority, and claimed no authority, to order or to direct the Bank, or to indemnify the Bank for any course they might take; but the Bank took the responsibility of acting upon the advice which was given them. They took the course which was undoubtedly advised by two distinguished public officers, who took upon them not to break the law themselves, not to authorise a breach of the law, but to tell them that, in their opinion as individuals, the Bank, under existing circumstances, would be justified in running the risk of violating the law. It was open to the Bank to take or to reject the advice tendered—to follow or to disobey it. The Bank thought it expedient to adopt the advice."

The terms of the letter were nevertheless equally plain, and we must assume that the Marquis of Lansdowne never read it. Lord John Russell and Sir Charles Wood say to the Bank Directors, on 24th October,—

"IF THE COURSE SHOULD LEAD TO ANY INFRINGEMENT OF THE EXISTING LAW, HER MAJESTY'S GOVERNMENT WILL BE PREPARED TO PROPOSE TO PARLIAMENT, ON ITS MEETING, A BILL OF INDEMNITY."

In another paragraph, HER MAJESTY'S GOVERNMENT is again introduced, for the purpose of explaining that this Government "*is not insensible of the evil of any departure from the law.*" In the House of Commons, on the same evening, Mr. Shafto Adair, in seconding the address to the throne, actually styled the letter "an Act of the Crown" evincing the patriotism of the Government; while Mr. Herries described it as a Government letter; and the Chancellor of the Exchequer, directly replying to Mr. Herries, did not question the accuracy of this definition.

An inconsistency of this nature damages a Government most severely. It evinces bad business arrangements, or exposes the existence of quarrels in the concern. It resembles a public confession of carelessness on the part of an influential member of the Cabinet, who must have been its sleeping partner.

The message assured the members of the Legislature that commercial confidence was reviving, and that business was undergoing an improvement. It is not our business to chronicle insolvency; but the number of banks and houses in an extensive line of business that have stopped payment within a few months exceed, we believe, one hundred and fifty. Still business may be

improving. As commentaries on the assertion, the drafts of the Barbadoes Bank were dishonoured; intelligence of the stoppage of the Union Bank at Madrid was received; and a large mercantile stoppage at each of Newcastle, Hull, and Liverpool, was made known in London on the day when the message was delivered.

The Cabinet, however, not merely show ignorance of the state of business, but also of its principles. The Premier is a free-trader. He has been latterly the champion of free-trade amongst the aristocracy. Nothing, we think, is more inconsistent than to find a statesman professing at one and the same moment to admire free-trade and Sir Robert Peel's banking bills. There are certain topics where the shades of distinction are very nice, but between free-trade and the Currency laws, the difference is all that rests between white and black. The Currency laws cherish monopoly—enact monopoly—and confer monopolies. They proceed from their preambles to their perorations on the principles of monopoly, and yet are supported by free-traders, erroneously so called.

This Premier—the chief of a free-trade Cabinet—defends his fixed rate of interest letter to the Bank of England, on the plea that if notes had been issued at £4 16s. or £5 per cent., there would have arisen a most ruinous reaction. Against ruin Lord John Russell deems it necessary to fortify the country by eight per cent. He saves merchants from themselves, and the temptations of too much money. Some time ago, the highest rate of interest "exactable" by law was five per cent.; but still more lately, the lowest rate that the Bank of England was advised by the Government to charge was eight per cent. We are told that England is a richer country than Scotland. The characteristic of a poor country is dear money. Judged by that rule England must be a poorer country than Scotland; for during the greatest severity of the pressure in 1847, good bills have been discounted in Scotland for six and a-half per cent. to the regular customers of the leading banks. That fact, however, has not ruined Scotland. It has caused no terrible reaction. Business there has been firmer, and failures have been fewer, than in England. The history of the crisis is a tribute to the superiority of Scottish banking; but Lord John Russell thinks, or says, that the mercantile interest require to be curbed by a high rate of interest and to be guided by the Government. This we believe is the first time that any statesman has actually spoken in favour of dear money. And the argument establishes a character to the speaker of a guileless ignorance of everything connected with this department in his craft. Merchants and manufacturers, wincing under the infliction of low discounts, would form an excellent theme for George Cruikshank or H. B. They may be fancied standing quite aghast at the bank counter, with the discount note between their fingers, and trembling to find four and four-fifths only charged. At six they might have struggled through—seven could have brought the ends together—seven and a-half left a profit—but eight—eight per cent. is the grand Cabinet figure to make out a paying balance according to Lord John Russell.

He may have meant, indeed, and he probably did mean, that four and four-fifths, or five per cent. would have stimulated production, relieved distress, but made ultimately a severer pressure. Are we then to understand, that discounts in future are to hover between five and a-half and eight? Is a perpetuity of the existing rate of interest contemplated? It would be wise and just to wring out replies to these questions, because one-half of the manufacturing establishments would be closed at once, if they were answered affirmatively. Cheap money has established the agriculture, manufactures, and commerce of Britain. Dear money will dis-establish them irretrievably.

In the midst of mistakes the Government have formed a good resolution. The perfect bill is to be put on trial. A Committee of the House of Commons is to examine its working, for we anticipate no successful opposition to the motion with which the Chancellor of the Exchequer will conclude his speech on Tuesday. The appointment of the Committee has been agitated through sufferings. There have been no large assemblages against the present system. There has been no popular agitation in the ordinary meaning of the term. That has yet to be commenced in an earnest way; and it will be well if the object it could serve may be attained without a recurrence to this plan of teaching statesmen; for when the truth once breaks upon the popular mind—when idle multitudes learn that their homes are cheerless, cold, and empty, in order to gain a few rich men two per cent. or three per cent. additional on their capital per annum—much that has been done will be undone; much that has been wrongously paid will require to be repaid; and measures will be rashly passed that should be the fruit of sedulous careful inquiry.

We are now told that bullion is returning—that there are ten millions of sovereigns in the Bank—that Britain is attracting the world's gold once again. But how is this accomplished? Sir Robert Peel promised to restore gold by the sale of goods, yet nobody believes that we are drawing in a single sovereign on that account. The gold imported comes in exchange for stock exported. The shares held in foreign companies—the funds of foreign governments, formerly owned here, have been thrown on all the Stock Exchanges of the Continent and America. We are not drawing gold for nothing, or for manufactures. This kind of improvement resembles the improvement of the revenue from a direct tax. It is quite a sure card. Any mercantile house with goods to sell, and willing to run them off at any sacrifice, will establish a momentary capital. The end of sacrificing goods and property to obtain money, and to raise a fictitious capital, would be apparent in the merchant's case. We fear it is not diametrically different in that of the nation. The end must be the *Gazette*.

ALL CLASSES: A NOVEL.*

It is to the credit of the age, if the opinion be correct, that novelists, like journalists and writers of yet higher pretension, prudently follow its prevailing tastes and opinions, and no longer aspire to lead—that, in the most slight and ephemeral work of entertainment, as well as in the highest compositions of the class romance, we find those great political and moral questions which stir the general heart to its core, often ably discussed, and always in some shape brought prominently forward to point the moral, if not to adorn the tale. In not unfrequent recent instances, the basis, aim, and end of the most brilliant fictions of the day has been the "Condition of England Question." Mr. D'Israeli has risen in his prime of intellect, from the Henrietta Temples, and such like of his fervid youth, to Sybil Gerard, the "Daughter of the People;" and some of Sir E. Bulwer Lytton's most effective novels are expressly intended to illustrate existing social ills and anomalies. In the days of Godwin, Holcroft, and Mrs. Inchbald, something of the same sort began to be visible in our light literature; but what was then the exception is now become the rule. Madame Wolfensberger, better known, perhaps, by her maidenly English appellation of Miss Burdon, has in her recent romance of "All Classes," followed in this noble track, her object being to illustrate, by an ingenious and amusing story, the great truth that goodness, worth, and talent, are confined to no particular class of society; and, more especially, that what too often passes for refinement and the highest civilization is no guarantee for the possession of true dignity of mind and the personal and social virtues; and, farther, that what is popularly called *education*, apart from the discipline which developes and strengthens moral principle, is of little intrinsic value, if not positively an enlarged power for mischief, to the individual who possesses it, and the bane of society. But these results rather unfold themselves in the course of the narrative, and in the dramatic developement of character, than in direct lessons and examples, or moral reflections; though the latter, in proper time and place, are not wanting.

The novel, like every other well-conceived picture of actual, contemporary life, consists, as the title implies, of the sayings and doings of persons of all characters, ranks, and stations; but—what we do not always find in such sketches—from each varying rank are drawn the good, the worthless, and the mixed sharers of a common humanity—the purest virtue, together with the most abject vileness, being found in high life; and the chosen resting-place of worth, elegance, cultivation, refined taste, and pure and elevated felicity, chiefly among the middle classes of English society.

The plot turns upon the somewhat hackneyed incident of the suppression of a will; but incidents of all sorts are now so much outworn, that, to invent a new incident that will surprise any reader, is at least as difficult as to invent a new pleasure that will stimulate the palled and indurated taste of the worn-out man of pleasure.

Yet the manner of dressing up and presenting the old familiar incident still affords scope for the display of original talent in fresh details and new combinations. And here, as in the solid and primary object of her work, the power of our authoress is found.

No fitter scene for the encounter and jostle of "All Classes" could be imagined on the earth's surface than the crowded streets of London—of all classes save the women of the higher ranks. But, by help of a little permissible license, the heroine of the tale, though an Earl's daughter, makes her first appearance, alone and unattended, in this unusual way. Lady Clara Ellersby is, however, no ordinary young lady of quality, either by character or education; and, musing and moralizing on the motley scene into which she had plunged, the brave girl is first seen on the gloomy afternoon of a cold day in February, passing, with hasty steps, along one of the busiest parts of Oxford Street:—

"She was simply and elegantly dressed in a black velvet pelisse, with a large shawl wrapped around her slender and graceful figure, and though a veil of rich lace was drawn down from her little satin bonnet, it rather enhanced than concealed the beauty of her youthful face. She had scarcely reached her eighteenth year, and her carriage and appearance bespoke her of a class of which the female members rarely, if ever, tread the busy thoroughfares of London alone.

"Yet her manner was quiet and self-possessed as she glided quickly through the throng, without glancing to the right or the left, as if it were not for the first time that she found herself thus unaccompanied. Her pale, earnest countenance had an expression of thought beyond her years, and the bright animation of her dark eyes betrayed the secret joy of her heart at escaping, though only for a brief space, from the trammels with which rank enslaved her, and of proving herself a useful member of the society which her relatives insisted she was only born to adorn. She knew that her purpose was good, and no false notions of danger or impropriety occurred to her mind to diminish her pleasure in the fulfilment of a task she considered a duty.

There were fewer people than ordinary in the streets, for it was a hard frost, and those who were not well defended by coat or mantle from the cutting east wind hurried with the utmost rapidity along. No one noticed or recognised the fair young girl, and she had reached the end of Shepherd Street without interruption, when the plaintive voice of a woman demanding charity attracted her attention. It was not in the ordinary whine of a common beggar that the petitioner close at her side implored her to have compassion on a poor, suffering fellow-creature, and give her something to save her sick husband and herself from perishing of cold and hunger. The manner and the language were those of a female of an educated class, and the young girl involuntarily arrested her steps, and turned suddenly to look at the speaker, struck by the extraordinary resemblance of the voice to that of one well known to her, but whom she had no reason to love.

"But instead of the beautiful and spoiled child of

* By Madame Wolfensberger, Author of "Seymour of Sudley," the "Ward of the Crown," &c., &c. 3 volumes. London: T. C. Newby.

luxury, whose image these tones had brought to her mind, she saw a faded, sickly, and broken-hearted looking creature, whose thin, ragged, and dirty garments scarcely served to cover her meagre figure, but were no defence against the cutting blast. Yet the hand she held forth for charity was delicate and beautifully formed; and, though she was no longer young, her pale face bore evident traces of no ordinary beauty.

"'Lady, have compassion, or we must die in the streets,' were her concluding words, as she fixed her bright, eager, hollow eyes on the face of her she addressed; and the girl who had sought a penny in her bag, as for a common beggar, exchanged it for half-a-crown, which, with a gentle expression of pity, she placed in the woman's hand, and rapidly pursued her way.

"She listened not to the poor creature's thanks."

Here are two specimens of the extremes of the social classes. Others are congregated: Sir John Calvert, a man of fashion, callous, vicious—indeed, a thorough profligate and villain—who, attracted by youth and beauty unprotected, dogs the young girl's steps; and Mrs. Waller, the object of her furtive expedition—her poor old governess. There may seem something *infra dig.* in a heroine of romance appealing for protection to the policeman, instead of, as of yore, to the knight, armed *cap-a-pee*, who ever appears at her extremity; but in our day, in a winter's afternoon in Oxford Street, how, save by calling the policeman, was any damsel to get rid of the impertinent profligate, who, with undaunted effrontery, persisted in forcing his company upon her. At the close of a spirited and much more sensible speech than usually comes from a distressed heroine's mouth, the young lady did, therefore, threaten to call the policeman, remarking—"Thank heaven! no honest woman need now fear to walk the streets of London."

"As she ceased speaking, the policeman to whom she had alluded came within a few paces of them, and stood loitering near, as if curious to know what two persons of such a striking appearance could be doing in such a place. The door of the house was almost at the same moment opened; and whilst the gentleman was bestowing maledictions on the fellow for his unwelcome presence, the lady sprang into the passage, and closed the entrance behind her.

"'Is Mrs. Waller at home?' she demanded of the boy who had given her admission.

"Yes, Miss, you will find her in the back room, on the second story," he replied, and he stood aside, to let her pass to the narrow stairs, which, though steep and uncarpeted, were strictly clean. Each lodger—and there were many in the dwelling—washed in turn the flight leading to the chamber she occupied; and in the midst of poverty there was order and neatness, for that house was the abode of honest industry, and of people, who, though they had to struggle with many cares, had a modest pride in maintaining the decencies of a life. The lady thanked the lad, and requiring no farther information, she flew, light as a bird, up the steep ascent. She did not even stop to ask for admission at the door of the chamber she sought; but gently pushing it open, she entered without hesitation.

"It was a small place, only dimly lighted from a back window, opening above a narrow court, surrounded on all sides by high, gloomy, brick houses, whose smoking chimneys completely obscured the sky. Nevertheless, it presented a cheerful contrast to the streets the girl had so recently trodden, for a bright coal fire threw its warm and glimmering rays on the snow-white walls, and the few articles of simple furniture ranged around them, whilst the happy, placid countenance of the only inmate of this humble dwelling seemed to proclaim that she felt nothing wanting there.

"She was an old woman, yet her complexion was remarkably fair and clean, and her bright grey eyes sparkled with intelligence, though the short cut hair that appeared from beneath her neatly-plaited cap was white as silver. She wore a plain black stuff dress, and a black silk apron, on which not a speck of dust was to be seen; but though everything around her was exquisitely neat, there was not the slightest approach to any of those luxuries of life on which the better paid, even of the working classes, too frequently, now in times of uncertain prosperity, expend the gains which, in a more simple state of society, were hoarded as a resource in old age or misfortune. The only exception to the general poverty of the apartment was a rich gold chased watch of antique fashion, that hung by a much-worn ribbon above the chimney-piece. A small kettle sung upon the fire, and the solitary lodger having laid aside her knitting, was enjoying a few minutes of idle meditation, after her usual afternoon's refreshment of a cup of tea, when she was disturbed by the sudden apparition of her youthful visitor.

"'My own dear Lady Clara!' she cried, the moment she recognised her."

This is a good specimen of another and a large class. From the conversation which followed, the reader gathers that Lady Clara, who had lately arrived at her noble father's residence in London, had been adopted and educated by her late grand-uncle, Sir Charles Talbot, whom her father, Lord Ellersby—an *effete*, vain, and thoroughly-selfish worn-out man of fashion—described as "a Liberal and a Radical;" who had, accordingly, filled the young girl's head with all manner of pestilent notions, and finally left her completely unprovided for; as, dying without a will, the estates, and large ready-money fortune of the Baronet, fell to his lordship, as the heir-at-law. This unaccountable oversight—or, rather, cruel injustice—was not confined to Lady Clara. The Baronet had also brought up an orphan youth, the nephew of his deceased wife, through whom his estates came; and it was generally understood that this young Sydney Wallington was to inherit the landed property, while Lady Clara received the sixty thousand pounds of consols possessed by the Baronet. The young man, who had been her playmate in their happy childhood, her lover in riper years, was by this time called to the bar—a briefless barrister and disappointed heir. The affair of the inheritance was inexplicable. It was generally understood that Sir Charles had no dearer wish than for the union of the two young persons who had been to him as beloved children, and on whom he intended to bestow his whole fortune. Clara had been adopted by her grand-uncle on the death of her mother. The union of her parents had been as brief as unhappy and unequal. The poor younger son of a noble family had married an imagined city heiress. Her father became bankrupt. There was no fortune; and the disappointed husband afterwards succeeding to riches, rank, and title, by the death of his elder brothers, felt himself clogged for life with a city wife, who did not even bring an heir to his name.

"'Beautiful, young, and noble,' said Mrs. Waller, 'numbers envied her whilst living, yet she died of a broken heart—the victim of selfishness of others.'

"'Yet surely my father grieved for her loss?' said Lady Clara, whilst tears filled her eyes.

"'I know not, my child, for soon afterwards I left the house with you. Two years after your poor mother's death, he married his present wife.'

"'And who was this lady?' asked the girl. 'I know nothing of her history before she became my father's wife.'

"'She was said to be the widow of an Indian officer, living at Cheltenham, on a tolerable jointure, when my Lord made her acquaintance at a public ball,' answered Mrs. Waller. 'She was the daughter of a poor Scotch Baronet, without brothers or sisters, and had an unblemished character.'

"'Was her father living?' 'No; he died when she was very young, and as she had no near relative, and no fortune, she went out to India to seek a husband. She returned a widow at the end of two years, and could not have been more than three-and twenty when your father married her six years ago.' 'She is still very beautiful,' was the girl's only reply.

"'Yes; and when she came a bride to your uncle's at Westbourne Abbey, she was the most perfect creature I ever beheld; but still she was no favourite of Sir Charles Talbot's.'"

On the character of this Countess great pains are bestowed; and, were it one within the bounds of ordinary probability, it might be said, that, in spite of her wickedness and actual crimes, there is something almost heroic in the fortitude and self-possession with which she plays her despicable part when fairly enmeshed in the toils her low ambition and deep deceit had woven around her. On her step-daughter, the Countess ever looked with an evil, though a smiling eye; and, under the fairest seeming, daily undermined her in the affections of Lord Ellersby, partly from hatred, but as much lest any part of the vast fortune which she had secured to her husband, by her secret destruction of the will of Sir Charles Talbot, might be diverted from herself and her only child, the heir which she had born to the family honours. Some attachment, or feeling of maternal instinct for this child, was the only human affection which lingered in the callous heart of the beautiful and still youthful victim of low ambition, the worshipper of fashion, whose brilliant life was all a lie, and who lived in the continual fear of detection and exposure. Nor was it long before these fears threatened to be realized. She was already in the power of her Scotch cousin, the profligate who had annoyed Lady Clara in Oxford Street. Sir John Calvert, a ruined and desperate gamester, long a fortune-hunter, and now a needy adventurer about town, as a forlorn hope, formed the design of marrying the beautiful Lady Clara, through the influence of her step-dame, and obtaining with his bride a fortune of at least thirty thousand pounds. Though holding unbounded power over his victim, from knowledge of her early history and the arts by which she had gained her coronet, and its troublesome appendage, her selfish and imbecile lord, Sir John, was still ignorant of the darker secret of the destroyed will, which the Countess hoped was confined to her own bosom.

But there were others aware of the guilty affair, and so acute and unscrupulous an observer as Calvert, as soon as the most slender clue was obtained, could not long be baffled in his purpose of solving the mystery. As a relative of the Countess, he had been introduced to Lord Ellersby, whom he adroitly flattered, while to his wretched glittering victim he now dictated his own terms. He must obtain the hand of Lady Clara with a competent fortune, *or else*. He must, meanwhile, have hush-money, bribes for himself and others who were to be kept quiet. The threats and importunities of the needy and unprincipled spendthrift, in his private interviews with the Countess, and the mortal agonies and dexterous evasions of the miserable, though cool and well-practised fair dissembler, give rise to many effective scenes. These are relieved—and they require relief—by the stolen or lucky accidental interviews of the young lovers, who, gloomy as their prospects had become, were still sustained by their mutual affection, and the not irrational hope of better days. Lady Clara had an independent fortune of five thousand pounds, and to Sydney briefs might soon come, while India offered a fairer though distant resource. These scenes of young romance, and sketches of the friends that the young pair had inherited from their guardian, Sir Charles—the excellent and thoroughly respectable Daltons and Anstruthers, middle-class people—if not so exciting, better bear detaching than the more highly-wrought and impassioned passages; and as a fair specimen of the quieter style of the novel we shall take of these extracts one for all:—

"It has long been the established practice of novel writers to represent every man and woman engaged in trade, or in certain professions, or who, from necessity or choice, live apart from the crowd of fashionable idlers, who call themselves the great world, as vulgar, and ignorant of the common usages of good breeding and good society, though making the most ridiculous attempts to affect them. We protest against such representations, not only as utterly false, but as infinitely prejudicial to the interests of society in general, although, perhaps, by so doing, we may ourselves incur the risk of being pronounced most lamentably ignorant of the written and unwritten doctrines of *bon ton*.

"We have known too many bright examples in direct contradiction to such a vulgar prejudice to accept as truth that which we are convinced is a fallacy, born of affectation, and propagated by flippancy and impertinence. In the present state of education in England, there are gentlemen in every class above the lowest grades of retail tradesmen—men of high honour, of cultivated and refined minds, who, having reason to respect themselves, are above all vulgar affectation and pretence.

"Such was Mr. Dalton, once the solicitor of Sir Charles Talbot, to whose friendly dinner table Wallington was that day invited. His house was of moderate dimensions, and furnished with the comfort and extreme neatness which are to be found in England alone. A well-dressed, well-mannered man-servant, out of livery, who had been ten years in the family, ushered Wallington to the drawing-room, where there were neither gilt tables nor enormous mirrors, nor shelves laden with useless trumpery ornaments. A few choice pictures, by the best living artists, adorned the walls, and half-a-dozen new and interesting books lay on the table, evidently there for perusal, and not for show.

"Mr. Dalton was a man near fifty, of middle stature, a lofty brow, and clear, mild, but very intellectual eyes. His wife, who received her guest most cordially, was not less prepossessing than the lawyer himself. She was no longer young, and had probably never been handsome; but her benevolent smile and sweet manners were the true interpreters of her active goodness and enlightened generosity. She had through life been the true helpmate

of her husband—the confidant of his thoughts and his anxieties—the sympathiser in his tastes and pleasures. His daily association with her pure uncontaminated and unselfish mind had lent him force to maintain all the natural rectitude and dignity of his character, amidst the war of petty interests and paltry intrigues with which his profession unavoidably brought him in contact.

"Amongst the company which Wallington found assembled in the drawing-room of his host, were a Mr. and Mrs. Anstruther, who had recently returned to England, after a year's residence in Italy. They were well-known to him as old neighbours, their country house being only two miles from Westbourne Abbey. The gentleman was a quiet, pleasing, good-looking man, about thirty; the lady beautiful and well-dressed, but evidently forgetful of both, in her ardent interest in all that was passing around her, and for everything remarkable in nature and art.

"Two gentlemen stood near the fire, whom Wallington immediately recognised as a Mr. Cunningham and Mr. Bolton, barristers, better known for their wit and acknowledged conversational powers than for their extensive practice at the bar. With a few rare exceptions, the barrister of many briefs has not time to be a literary man.

"A young lady, who sat somewhat shaded by a screen near the sofa, made up the party; and the astonishment and delight of Wallington were beyond all expression when Mrs. Dalton, turning towards her with a smile, said, 'I imagine it is unnecessary to present you to Lady Clara Ellersby.'

"Neither of the young people spoke, but a glance was exchanged between them, as Wallington pressed the hand of his beloved in his, which betrayed all their pleasure at this unexpected meeting, and convinced their hostess, whose quick observation it did not escape, that she had done perfectly right in bringing them together.

"A brilliant conversation was kept up till the announcement of dinner, and it was again renewed when all were seated round the social board.

"No extraordinary display of useless plate was made, neither was the table loaded with tasteless pretences to fine cookery; there was no champagne, but the wines, though few, were excellent of their kinds. Everything was simple and good—thoroughly English, and what many would have called old fashioned, but the whole was conducted with the same order and tranquility as at the dinners of the first nobleman in the country; for Mr. Dalton never invited more company than the domestics of his own household were competent to serve. There was no hired cook for the occasion; there was no assistant-waiter called in, unacquainted with the habits of the establishment, to add to appearances, and to throw all into confusion; nor were any attempts made to introduce modern fashions, of which the old domestic and his master had an equal horror. Everything went on as it was done every day, and everybody felt as perfectly at ease as at their own table.

"The party was not too large for general conversation, nor so fine as to think it proper only to whisper in couples. Both the host and hostess had the art of animating their guests without any one perceiving their influence; and the graceful vivacity, wit, and intelligence which sparkled around them, soon made both Wallington and Lady Clara forget the many anxious thoughts which had engaged their minds when they entered the lawyer's dwelling."

A natural turn in the conversation of this amiable and highly-cultivated middle-class party introduced the subject of poetry, literature, and the fine arts. A revival in the spirit of art was predicted, and symptoms of a fresh outburst are indicated. Wallington rejoiced in this. He said—

"'It is only when the spirit of the age finds a voice in art, as it has done in literature, that it can possibly attain perfection, and again be made the original language of a new and undying poesy. And I have the most ardent hopes that this ere long will be the case. The times are rife with poetry; there is a deep, earnest, longing for perfection at work through the whole of the great undercurrent of society, though, perhaps, with many of the higher classes, art is only encouraged as a fashion.'

"'That is possible,' said Mr. Dalton, 'but our authors and our artists have certainly the double advantage of belonging, at the same time, to an old and a new world. They have the advantage of all the taste and knowledge the higher classes have gleaned from the past, and they have an audience recently called into existence, with all the strong, earnest, unadulterated feelings of a new nation. Shakspeare had not a more fresh-minded people to appeal to when literature first burst upon the English nation, than the lower orders of our countrymen, in whom the recent extension of knowledge has awakened a desire to be refreshed, after their daily toil, with some bright glimpses of the poetry of existence.'"

These extracts—and we wish we could copy out much more—may give our readers an idea of the more sedate and instructive portions of this novel, though we shall not severely blame them, if very young, for preferring its dramatic and highly-exciting scenes.

As time wore on, the Earl, many years older than his beautiful and fascinating wife, had become a confirmed invalid—fretful, selfish, and exacting. Yet her influence over him remained undiminished. On a particular evening that the Countess received a brilliant dinner party, her infirm husband dined as usual apart in the library, but by rare chance had for his companions, Mr. Wallington, whom he saw on business, and the Lady Clara, whom her step-mother could well spare. The Earl got into such good humour that he proposed that his lady, who came into the library for a few minutes, should take Clara and Mr. Wallington to the opera.

"It was the first time that Wallington had ever seen the step-mother of Lady Clara; and such was her exceeding beauty, that he had no longer wondered, as many did, at Lord Ellersby's unequal marriage.

"Slightly above the middle size, her perfect form had preserved all the roundness and elasticity of youth, and her transparent skin had the smoothness, and almost the polish, of highly-chiselled marble. Her ungloved arm was a model for sculpture; and as Wallington gazed on her half-averted face, he felt he had never before seen anything so faultless in outline and colour—so soft, so delicate, so truly feminine. The expression pleased him less; yet it was very sweet. The only fault that could be found was, that the forehead was somewhat too high; but it was smooth as ivory; and the small Grecian nose, the beautiful mouth, with its perfect teeth, and bewitching smile, and above all, the large expressive hazel eyes, with their long black lashes and pencilled brows, were perfect.

"The lady was in a full dress of green velvet, and old point lace. A roll of the same material, interspersed with pearls, was mixed with her raven hair, which, without curls, was gathered in a Grecian knot at the back of her head. She wore no ornament, except a broach of rubies and brilliants, and ear-rings of the same stones.

"'Good evening, dearest Clara,' she said, extending her hand towards her daughter-in-law, as she approached her. 'My dear Lord, I am glad to find you are not alone.'"

Throughout, the Countess played the part, in which she never once failed, of an exquisite dissembler; or, if she started for an instant when she first saw the young man, whom her guilty deed had impoverished, she soon recovered, and received Mr. Wallington with her softest tones and blandest smiles:—

"'I am delighted to see you here. Lady Clara has so frequently spoken of her former companion, that I feel as if we had already met.'

"Then, gliding forward, and making a graceful sign for her guest to resume the chair from which he had risen, she took a seat beside her husband.

"'Ah! dear Ellersby,' she exclaimed, 'how charmingly quiet you are here. What would I not give to form one of your little circle, instead of being compelled to play the irksome part of hostess to all those tiresome people in the drawing-room, for whom I don't care a straw.'

"'Why did you invite them then, dearest?' demanded the Earl, with as much of reproof in his tone as politeness would allow him to express in the presence of a stranger.

"'You know, my best love, I have done it entirely on your account,' she softly replied. 'I thought it was your wish, since your illness prevents your keeping up your political interests in person, that I should do all in my power to supply your place.'"

* * * *

"Unlike her lord, Lady Ellersby had held her rank too short a time to be indifferent to opinion, and she never allowed an opportunity to pass of rendering herself agreeable to those who were presented to her. Yet few men suspected her of vanity; and regarded her evident desire to please as the mere result of her tender, benevolent, and lively nature. The cause was far deeper—it was to lull suspicion."

On the same evening, the gay party in Lady Ellersby's saloon were highly diverted by the melancholy tones of a street ballad-singer. Many witticisms passed; yet the fashionables were not wholly without reflection and human feelings:—

"Through the closed shutters pierced the full tones of a clear, melodious female voice. But it was not of a common street beggar. The rich notes were exquisitely modulated; but so profoundly melancholy was the strain, that all the careless pleasure-seekers in Lady Ellersby's drawing-room were struck by the fearful contrast it presented to their own levity, and there was silence for several minutes.

"The cheek of the beautiful Countess herself turned pale, and her heart grew chill, as she listened to the mournful sounds. It was not the music that had touched her, but the voice. That alone brought back before her eyes the haunts of her childhood, the trials of riper years, and a circumstance that it had been the study of her later life to blot out from her remembrance. She raised her head from the hand on which it had rested, she gazed around, as if to assure herself it had not been a dream that had distracted her; or if in truth her present existence was only a delusion, from which at some future day she was to know a terrible awakening. Were the honours, the wealth, the pleasures, by which she was surrounded, all a mockery, and that poor wretch, that sung in the frozen streets for a morsel of bread, the only creature that had any real bond to her, the flattered child of fashion, the glittering and envied idol of the hour—these were the wild ideas that hurried through her brain.

"Her thoughts drove her almost to madness, yet she mastered them ere the song came to an end."

At a later hour, Lady Clara and Mr. Wallington, in compliance with the request of the Countess, had taken their places in the carriage waiting her, to go to the opera. Alone together for an instant, Sydney whispered—

"'I fear our happy days at Westbourne Abbey can never be renewed.'

"'Charity, for the love of heaven, charity!' cried a poor tattered creature, coming close up to the steps of the house door, and holding out her withered hand for alms as the youthful pair turned from thence to the carriage.

"Clara knew the voice; it was that of the same poor creature who had accosted her in Oxford Street that afternoon.

"Ere the woman could receive her bounty, the Countess appeared at the open hall door, and a domestic rudely pushed the poor creature aside to make way for his lady.

"The beggar turned her eyes full upon the brilliant and beautiful Lady Ellersby, wrapped in costly furs, and glittering with diamonds; and before the servants had time to interpose, she rushed up the steps, flung herself at her feet, and seized her hand in hers.

"'Gertrude! oh, Gertrude! have I found you! Mercy, mercy! have pity at length, for we are destitute!' she wildly exclaimed, in a voice which Wallington instantly recognised to be that of the street singer.

"'Is the creature mad!' exclaimed Lady Ellersby, with a look and action of horror, as she released herself from the hand of her suppliant, and rushed to the carriage, whilst the domestics held back the struggling beggar, who wildly repeated her name in accents of despairing agony.

"'Gertrude! Gertrude! stay and I will tell you who it is that calls you! Monsters, let me go; she must, she shall know me, and though she deny me a crumb from her rich board, she shall know whom she condemns to starve.'

"Wallington would fain have tarried to question the woman as to the meaning of her words, and the cause of her distress, but the Countess called to him sharply from the carriage, and slipping a small sum into the woman's hand, he obeyed the summons.

"Not a word was spoken by any of the trio, as they proceeded rapidly along the brilliantly-lighted streets towards the opera house. It would be difficult to find a more dazzling spectacle than Regent Street, when the magic of gas, dispelling the darkness of night, displays more riches and wonders than Aladdin's lamp called into existence. Riches, not engrossed by princes, but the property of free-born traders; wonders, not wrought by the tyranny of evil agents, but by the labour of honest and humble industry.

"And yet, though dazzled for a while by the gorgeous display, the philanthropist cannot turn from it without a sigh, when he remembers the days of wearing toil, the lives of half-famished misery, that have been passed by the creators of all this treasury, from which they have and can derive no benefit, but the scanty means of prolonging an existence of unceasing labour, debarred from all the healthy pleasures which nature intended for the whole human race—verdant fields, and often from the pure air of heaven, he must feel, that even in the freest lands, luxury and riches have their slaves."

When it is known that the wretched mendicant was the mother of the Countess, the complicated distress of that lady may be imagined. Lady Ellersby's mother, the wife of the Scotch Baronet, had eloped from a bad husband with Mr. Henry Colville, her first lover. The misery, the self-devotion, and unabated tenderness of this ill-starred and weak-principled, but not unprincipled pair—their love, strong as death, outliving every extreme of indigence and suffering, form an affecting episode, or, rather, principal part of the story. Under the name of Gordon, Mr. Colville—originally a gay, thoughtless, and improvident barrister, finally ruined in his professional prospects by his false step and subsequent marriage—had settled as a solicitor in Westbourne, and, during some political quarrel with Mr. Dalton, had been employed by Sir Charles Talbot to make his will. Two copies were made, and formally executed; one of which, imagined the only one, had been found by the Countess, during the dying hours of the baronet, and secretly burnt. A bribe to Gordon, who im-

mediately left that part of the country, and of whose real character the Countess was not aware, made all easy. Every thing had succeeded to her wish, or if she ever experienced the terrors and cowardice of guilt, she knew nothing of its remorse. But now her mother, her wretched, degraded mother, had appeared, and—tenfold worse—the husband, to whom that mother was so tenderly devoted, was Gordon, the man she most dreaded, until now that Sir John Calvert also found means to participate in her dark secret.

Gordon, or Colville, ruined in health, steeped in the extremest poverty, and goaded by conscience, was, by this time, only withheld from doing all the justice in his power to the rightful heirs, Lady Clara and Sydney Wallingion, by the passionate entreaties of his devoted wife, who had worked for him, begged for him, been his fond and tender companion in every scene of distress—by her entreaties to spare her child; her callous and ungrateful child, who, in the height of her guilty prosperity, could leave her mother to perish of want.

If sustenance could not be wrung from the daughter, by love or pity, for her wretched mother, bribes and hush-money were largely given by her to quiet Gordon. But this aid was intercepted by the agent, Sir John Calvert, who had now got the Countess completely in his power, and only required possession of that true duplicate of the will, which he had learnt existed, to render him, as he fancied, as powerful with the deceived Earl as with the guilty Countess. Through other channels, Lady Clara, and also Wallington, had obtained some clue to the settlement of Sir Charles, and Mr Dalton was now in active pursuit; and detection would have been inevitable and speedy, save for the strong feeling of maternal love still lingering in the breast of Gertrude's unhappy mother, distracted between her suffering husband and the daughter whom she had abandoned in childhood, and deemed to have, for this cause, a double hold upon her forbearance. At several intervals, when Gordon was upon the point of disclosing the complicated scheme of fraud and villany, his wife, by address or supplication, obtained a respite. Once, Mr. Wallington, by an accident, encountered Gordon, and had nearly learned the secret so important to him; and, again, Lady Clara, in a visit of charity, discovered Mrs. Gordon. From her, nothing was to be learned; and all trace of the Gordons was again lost, as they instantly shifted their lodgings to elude pursuit.

From the splendid boudoir of the daughter, so fortunate, and in the world's eye so irreproachable, we are invited to turn to the squalid lodging of the far less guilty mother:—

"Two of the panes in the only window it contained were nearly closed by the snow, which the bitter north wind was bearing thick against it, yet the fire in the narrow grate might have been held in a man's hands. A bed-stead, with a projecting head, but no curtains, scarcely left room for a person to pass between it and the chimney. It was furnished with nothing but a miserable flock mattress, and a thin dirty blanket, over which were spread an old black coat and several other articles, to afford the warmth it failed to supply.

"Upright on this miserable resting place sat Gordon, the attorney, with a woman's tattered plaid mantle gathered over his shoulders. He was paler and more emaciated than when he had addressed Wallington in the street, and there was a more eager and restless expression in his clear pale eyes, as he glanced from time to time towards the fire-place, as if longing for the warmth that was not there. Close beside him, on the edge of his bed, sat his wife, still beautiful in decay, and more beautiful than many in the freshness of youth, from the expression of deep unutterable love with which she regarded the poor dying partner of her melancholy destiny. What would the noblest and the richest often give to be adored, as she adored that penniless man! She knew that this love had been her ruin, yet had it alone supported her, to bear for long, long years, the withering blight of all else, which its indulgence had brought upon her.

"She had a little broken cup of ink in her hand, to which her husband, from time to time, applied his pen. He was writing on a small sheet of coarse paper; his thin hand trembled as he traced the lines rapidly, like one who wrote from the heart's feelings; and when, as if overcome by his own emotion, he paused, and raised his eyes to those of his wife, a tear stole down his furrowed cheek.

"'Margaret,' he said, 'though I have yielded long to your entreaties, I know I am doing wrong; and if I cannot see those I wish, I must finish this letter—I will finish the letter. Death is rapidly approaching me, and very different is the conduct I ought to pursue, to smooth my passage to the grave; but you leave me no other resource.'

"'Do not speak thus, dearest,' answered the woman. 'Mr. Smith, the surgeon, assured me yesterday you were in no danger, and that nothing was necessary for your rapid recovery but good nourishment and the comforts of life.'

"'But how are you to procure these if we do not send the letter?' demanded Gordon, fretfully. 'The little money you can gain scarcely suffices to prevent us dying of famine.'

"'But Calvert has promised us something more when he receives a sum due to him this week,' answered his wife, softly.

"'It would be far better for me to see Mr. Wallington and tell him all; I should then die in peace at least, Margaret, even if I fail to procure the means to prolong my miserable existence.'

"'Ah, Henry! talk no more of Mr. Wallington, and making disclosures,' exclaimed his companion, bursting into tears of bitter sorrow. 'How can you ever expect that Heaven would have pity upon us if we bring another to destruction?—and that other ———. Oh, Henry! unkindness like that we have experienced is hard to bear; but vengeance is a fearful thing—vengeance on one!—Oh, Henry! it would be a sin tenfold darker than the concealments which torment you so perpetually.'

"'Why, then, has she refused to listen to our humble prayers?' he replied. 'Why has she, in the midst of pleasure, luxury, and ill-gotten wealth, refused us a morsel of bread to save us from starvation. Margaret, Margaret! you ought to feel no pity for one who has no feeling for aught upon earth save herself. Heaven forgive me! but I believe that, in the midst of her own pride, she desires nothing so earnestly upon earth as that we were both in the grave.'

"'And perhaps she has reason,' answered Mrs. Gordon, with a deep sigh. 'She has been taught from her childhood to consider my existence a sorrow and a disgrace to her.'

"'Oh, wife, wife!' cried the sick man, with feverish energy, 'spare me your reproaches; too well I know it is I who have made you an outcast from all that belong to you—that I have brought you from pride and riches to poverty and contempt.'

"'I may reproach myself, but never you, my poor Henry,' was her reply, as she pressed his burning hand again and again to her lips, and moistened it with her tears." * * * *

"Sometimes Margaret reproached herself, as she watched his troubled breathing, that she pained him, by her earnest opposition to his desire of going and disclosing the painful secret on his mind, to Mr Wallington, for she could not help feeling, as he did, that health for the poor conscience-stricken man, and farther competence for them both, might be obtained by such a proceeding. But quickly were these ideas dispelled, when she recalled to mind the inevitable ruin which Gordon's disclosures would bring on one whose life and prosperity were even dearer to her than her own; disclosures so replete with infamy, ruin, and danger, that, even whilst she gazed on the face of the suffering husband she adored, she maintained her resolution unwavering of preventing them, to the utmost of her power; and again she swore a silent oath, in her heart, to struggle on with him to the grave, through want, and sorrow, and disgrace, rather than secure prosperity by blasting the whole existence of another, yet young, and exulting in the triumph of beauty and honours, united with an apparently boundless measure of prosperity. She never thought of justice and injustice! Her perceptions on that point were blinded by affection. Her ideas of right and wrong were less exact than those of her husband During her whole life, she had been governed rather by feeling than principle; and she was so still."

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"'Let me burn that letter, dearest,' she said, after a long pause, attempting, as she spoke, to draw the paper softly away, from beneath her husband's hand, that lay upon it. 'Whatever else you may do, I can never consent that you should write thus to him. He is a stranger to us; he probably knows nothing of the affair, and the consequences might be too terrible to think of.'

"'Yet she returns us no answer; she will not even deign to show that she is conscious of our existence,' he replied, 'and you may say what you please, Margaret, she deserves to be exposed.'

"'Not by us!' was the woman's bitter reply. 'Alas! she has little reason to remember me, even with compassion. I well know how she was educated, to hold my very name in abhorrence.'

"'If she has neither love, nor pity, nor common charity, yet she must have fear,' was Gordon's earnest reply, 'and it is to that we must address ourselves, now all other means of touching her have failed. My letter is well written—it speaks to the point. It shall not be burnt! it shall go! for once I will be firm; so torment me no more.'

"'If not for her sake, at least for mine, forbear!' cried the wretched Margaret, falling on her knees, with clasped hands, by the sick man's bedside. 'Have pity on me! drive me not to madness by such wild language. My heart is breaking, Henry! even now my senses often wander; it needs only this heaviest blow of all to lay me in the dust. Oh! Henry, Henry! if ever I was dear to you, if ever you loved the angel child we buried, hear its poor mother's prayer, and drive her not to madness or to death.'

"Gordon answered not; he took his wife's hand in his; he looked long and tenderly in her imploring eyes, and then he bent his head down upon her shoulder and wept.

"'Take the letter, Margaret,' he said at length, 'you have conquered. I know I am doing wrong, but I am weak, very weak! I have not the strength to behold you suffer. But do not think I am convinced.'"

There is a temporary lull; but of the three hundred pounds, extorted by Calvert from the Countess, to enable her mother and Gordon to leave the country, ten only found a way to them; and, in a moment of the frenzy and desperation of poverty, Gordon wrote to Lord Ellersby. To prevent the fatal consequences of this act, his wretched wife hurried from London to warn her daughter, whom she waylaid in the grounds of the Abbey. A thin, withered, ungloved hand rested upon the arm of the Countess:—

"'Woman, what means this audacity?' demanded Lady Ellersby, in a chilling voice, as she turned and cast a haughty and searching glance on the stranger.

But in an instant the pride of her eye was quenched, a deadly paleness overspread her face, and she stood fixed to the ground, as if she had beheld a spectre. The beauty of that wan, sad countenance, the expression of those large, melancholy, imploring eyes, were not to be mistaken.

"'Ah! you know me, Gertrude! thank heaven you know me,' exclaimed Margaret Gordon, clasping her hands with wild energy, whilst tears streamed fast down her furrowed cheeks.

"'Yes, wretched woman! I know you to my sorrow; it were better I had died ere I was thus accursed!'

"'Forbear! forbear! in mercy forbear?' cried the wretched woman, 'if you knew—if you could feel but the hundredth part of what I have suffered, you would spare me your reproaches.'

"'Why then thus force yourself into my presence?' demanded the Countess, in a somewhat milder tone.

"'Ah! Gertrude,' cried the wanderer, 'you ought to have some idea of the eager desire—the love.'

"'Love,' echoed the Countess, and she laughed bitterly, 'talk of that to others, not to me. If you seek money, say so at once, but talk no sentiment; it comes with an ill grace from your mouth.'

"'I know you were taught to hate me; yet, oh! in charity, speak but one word of compassion—give me one look of pity!' exclaimed Margaret, and with streaming eyes, she fell before the feet of the Countess. 'I ask not forgiveness—but mercy—one kind word to treasure in my heart, till I die! Ah! in other days, how little did I think it would ever come to this.'

"'You have yourself alone to blame,' said Lady Ellersby quietly, for she was utterly unmoved by the spectacle of broken-hearted grief and desolation before her. She thought only of the danger of being surprised in such company, and in the middle of such a scene. 'You have no right to complain of my conduct towards you,' she continued, 'the honours I possess I have acquired for myself, and if you do not wish to add my disgrace and ruin to the other evil consequences of your folly and misconduct you will leave me this instant, nor ever again venture to intrude yourself on my presence.'"

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"Whilst the Countess thus spoke, Margaret Gordon bowed her head upon her hands and wept. But no sooner did she cease to address her, than aroused from her wild grief by her unfeeling and insulting words, she stood erect before her, the indignation of outraged feeling, giving a nobility to her tall, wasted figure, which those who had only seen her a few minutes before, might have supposed it had lost for ever.

"'Gertrude, Gertrude! you are going too far,' she said, in an utterly altered tone. 'Heap reproaches and insults upon me as much as you please; it may be, I have deserved them, though not from you. But venture not again to speak of my husband thus, in my presence. For years he has been my only stay, my only friend, my only comforter upon earth, and you, yes you, Gertrude;' and she held the Countess fast by the arm, whilst she leant forward, with her lips close to her ear, and murmured, 'yes you, proud, insolent, and audacious as you are, owe all you possess to his forbearance!'"

* * * *

At this interview, the Countess first learned that an authentic will still existed, in the sure custody of Gordon, who, she was now informed, had told all in his letter to the Earl.

"'Just heaven! I am utterly undone!' was the Countess's wild exclamation. 'Your history once disclosed, I am lost.'

"'It is concerning the papers alone he has written.'

"'Oh, worse, worse, ten thousand times worse. My child! my innocent, my noble boy! now will he one day curse the very name of the mother that bore him. And you have told this to Calvert, you have placed even my life in the keeping of that false villain! for infamy, I will

never survive! and yet you have the audacity to come here, and talk to me about the ties that exist between us.'

"'Gertrude, said I not I came to serve you?' demanded Margaret sternly. 'There is still one way to do so. Calvert knows nothing of the transactions between you and Gordon. He believes the letter to the Earl speaks only of *me*. So have I told him, and requested him to warn you to intercept it. You may have forgotten your childhood, but I have not! even your unkindness cannot erase it from my memory; I would die to save you from shame, for fearfully I know the pangs it can inflict, and I tell you again I would die rather than see the joy of your youth blighted as mine has been!'"

A most trying scene was impending. It is one pervaded with thrilling interest. Among the petty tyrannies and noble prerogatives of the Earl was the monopoly of the letter-bag; but for some days the gout having fortunately attacked his hands, Lady Ellersby, in his presence, had been employed to unlock it.

"Should he not do so that day, she felt she was lost.

"With this conviction she hurried with breathless velocity through the woods, and across the gardens, her eyes fixed on the great clock of the tower, as soon as its minute hand became distinctly visible.

"Lord Ellersby, she well knew, was not less exact in all his movements than the springs of that time-keeper.

"Already she had seen the groom who had been to the post-office, leading his horse back to the stables, and her heart beat so wildly that she was compelled to pause for breath, before she crossed the flower garden, which now alone divided her from the Abbey.

"At that moment her boy—her bright Ernest, bounded away from his servant, joyfully, towards her, and clasping his little arms round her knees, looked smiling up in her face for a kiss.

"The mother beheld this rosy and innocent creature for the first time with dismay. She kissed him hastily—she tried to shake him off, but he would not release her. He wanted to tell her about the new pony papa had given him, he said.

"'Ernest, my sweet boy, I will come back to you,' she returned, 'but let me begone; papa wants me—he will be angry, my child,' but Ernest was deaf to everything she could say. She must come and see his pony. He would hear of nothing else.

"The wretched woman looked up at the clock. Two minutes had been thus already lost."

* * * *

"The clock began to strike; she heard footsteps crossing the great hall, and softly opening the door, she entered the library with her usual calm and graceful bearing.

"Lord Ellersby was not alone. To her utter surprise and consternation, Sir John Calvert was sitting at a little table near him, laughing and talking, whilst he arranged a set of ivory chessmen, in readiness for the game.

"He arose at her entrance, but did not look up, till she had exchanged greetings with her Lord, and stood beside him in such a position that the Earl, without turning on his chair, could not see her face. Then, whilst the old man's eyes were fixed on the domestic, who at that moment entered with the letter bag, he regarded her with a quick, keen glance, which she well knew how to interpret, and replied to, by one not less expressive, which implored for pity—for help—for protection at her utmost need. Yet he was perfectly calm, and he smiled—a smile that wrought the agitated feelings of his victim to a point of agony, almost beyond her control."

The flatteries of the Countess had their usual influence with her uxorious lord.

Calvert, now completely master of the secret, and, as he imagined, of the fate of the Earl as well as of the Countess, made every effort to finish his work, by obtaining possession of the will. But his villanous, and even murderous schemes, are circumverted by the honesty and intelligence of an old soldier, the foster-brother and former servant of Colville, *alias* Gordon. In the miserable object of Sir John Calvert's persecution, in which this old soldier, Macfarlane, was made an agent, the beloved playmate and kind master of former days was found, blasted and ruined; but ever dear to the faithful and warm-hearted Scotchman. Macfarlane was finally entrusted with the important document, and after many intervening scenes of trial and more perilous incidents than enough for any romance reader, upon the death of Gordon, all but murdered by the villanous Calvert and his agents, the will is restored to the heirs, Lady Clara and her manly lover. Poetic justice even to severity is executed upon the thoroughly wicked, and the less flagitious meet fitting retribution. The aristocratic, vain, and selfish Peer is sufficiently punished by the discovery of the arts of which he had been the dupe, and the ignominy which his wife had brought upon him. He even frantically exulted in the death of the young heir, for whose birth he had so longed. Better death than disgrace! Lady Ellersby becomes insane, and her heart-broken mother, in a few months, follows poor Gordon to the grave; Wallington and Lady Clara minister all the comfort they can to the querulous Earl, who, though for a time somewhat softened by adversity, speedily relapses into his old tyrannical and selfish humours, and is opportunely carried off by a fit of the gout. Calvert is shot dead in a scuffle with constables sent to apprehend him on a charge of forgery, and Lady Clara and her husband, the happiest of all wedded pairs, the best of friends and neighbours, the most generous and considerate of landlords, fix their permanent residence at the Abbey, amidst the scenes of their early lives.

So concludes a tale of no ordinary merit, which aims to combine instruction with entertainment, and largely fulfils its excellent purpose. Neither is its moral object kept obtrusively in the reader's view, though the critics may find artistic error or defect in making some of the bad so irredeemably despicable, as well as wicked, that they at last overpower, as with the sense of night-mare, in which all is vague, horrible, and hateful. Another, if not the main fault of the work, is want of relief, of gaiety, of light, if not sparkling passages and dialogues, and of those commonplace personages, who, occupying so much space in real life, can never with advantage be wholly spared in impressive and lively pictures of its varied and motley scenes.

Though it may be somewhat out of place, we are constrained to notice the inaccurate way in which this romance is printed. The reading public will not patiently endure the slovenly reading of manuscript which is indicated here; and unless Madame Wolfensberger have more than the patience of Griselda, we know not what she is to say to the wild work made with her parts of speech.

THE EDUCATIONAL INSTITUTE OF SCOTLAND:

ITS ORIGIN, HISTORY, AND OBJECTS.

It is not often that the brethren of the scholastic profession have attempted to force themselves on public notice. They are vulgarly said to be a pedantic race; they are, unquestionably, a quiet, inoffensive race, and have hitherto drudged silently on in their laborious calling, the worst paid, and the most undervalued of public servants. But as certain animals, naturally meek and peaceful, are, when excited, more terrible in their wrath than such as are habitually fierce and irascible, so this retiring and passive body of men, when once roused to vindicate their claims upon society, may urge them with irresistible energy and perseverance. They have already made a bold beginning. Between 600 and 700 teachers, of various denominations, and from all parts of Scotland, assembled in the hall of the High School of Edinburgh, on Saturday the 18th of September, and formed themselves into an association, which they have denominated the "Educational Institute of Scotland." They were enthusiastic—they were unanimous—they were moderate in their aims, and temperate in their language; and when a number of men of education, intelligence, and respectability, thus combine, and thus conduct their proceedings, there is no object, provided it be laudable, rational, and practicable, which they may not hope to accomplish. We shall, therefore, be doing a service to the educator, to education, and to the community, by devoting a portion of our present number to a brief consideration of this movement among the teachers of Scotland.

It is now nearly twenty years since we heard one of those whom Dr. Schmitz calls "*amateur* pedagogues," declare, that teaching ought to be a fourth profession; and we have occasionally heard some of the more ambitious operatives of the brotherhood express a similar opinion. But, till very recently, no means were taken to convert this opinion into a fact. The first attempt was made by the teachers in the north of Ireland, who, in the year 1840, formed the "Ulster Teachers' Association;" and, in the summer of 1846, their example was followed by the unendowed teachers in England, who then instituted the "College of Preceptors." In imitation of their Irish and English brethren, some of the teachers of Glasgow and the neighbourhood, towards the close of 1846, commenced a similar association for Scotland, in organising which they invited the co-operation of their brethren in Edinburgh. After some deliberation, it was resolved that the movement should begin anew in Edinburgh; and, accordingly, in January last, a meeting was held in that city, at which resolutions were passed as the basis of the proposed association. These resolutions were circulated throughout the country, and were afterwards considered at a meeting of delegates, held in the High School on the 19th of June. They were then remitted to a committee, to be amplified and modelled into the constitution, which was adopted at the general meeting on the 18th of September last. As already stated, that meeting was attended by between 600 and 700 teachers, certainly the most numerous assemblage of the brethren which ever congregated in this, or, perhaps, in any other city. Dr. Schmitz, the Rector of the High School, was in the chair; and there were present nearly all his colleagues, and the greater number of the more eminent public and private teachers of Edinburgh, with representatives from Glasgow, Paisley, Greenock, St. Andrews, Perth, Dundee, and almost all the other burghs and towns in Scotland. There was also a large attendance from the country districts, many having come even from the most remote counties; and the delegates of the parochial schoolmasters, after having deliberated some time by themselves, joined the meeting in a body. Already upwards of 1,000 teachers have signified their adherence; and it is calculated that, before the next annual meeting in September, the Institute will number not fewer than 2,000 members.

We should greatly misapprehend the causes of so extensive and rapid a movement as this, among a body formerly so silent and apparently indifferent, if we ascribed it entirely to the example set by the teachers in Ireland and England. The immediate impulse was, no doubt, given by the Ulster Association and the College of Preceptors; but, had there not existed a strong sympathy only waiting to be awakened, no merely extraneous influence could have been so suddenly effective. The great moving principle was slumbering in the body of Scottish teachers themselves, and it is to be found in their personal and professional condition.

Among teachers of all grades and denominations, there has long been a growing feeling of their degraded social position; and it cannot be denied that there is only too much cause for this feeling. There are individuals among them, no doubt, who, by their talents and attainments, vindicate to themselves a respectable standing among their neighbours; and there are others whose office secures to them respect, because, humble though it may be reckoned, it is still one of the highest in a poor or secluded locality. But there can be as little doubt that, as a class, teachers occupy a position far below that of any other body of educated and professional men in Scotland. The time has not long gone by when, in the larger towns, there were social circles, not above the middle rank, to which they were not admissible at all; and, even in the smaller towns and landward districts, the surgeon, the lawyer, and sometimes the exciseman, would affect to patronise the schoolmaster. This arose partly from the poverty of the teacher, but its chief cause was, as stated by Dr. Schmitz in his address to the meeting held in the High School, the low estimate which was formed of his calling and influence. "Your money is easily won," would be grumbled forth by a surly boor, as he reluctantly paid eighteenpence or two shillings for a quarter's instruction to his boy or girl; and if the small farmer or village tradesman had a son who was fit for nothing else, he was good enough to be a schoolmaster. Nor was this erroneous mode of judging of the teacher's office and qualifications confined to the ignorant. The heritor and the clergyman acted upon the same principle when they appointed to a school one who had no other claim than that he was the son of a dependant, or had been recommended by a friend whom they wished to oblige.

Of late years matters have greatly improved, and they continue to improve. A more complete education, and a course of training in the art of teaching, are beginning to be reckoned necessary; and it is now generally admitted that labour of so much value to society should be more liberally remunerated. Teachers are treated with greater respect, and more care is taken to appoint men who are deserving of respect. But still much of their personal and professional degradation remains. They are still kept aloof by a large portion of the community; they are not held as equal to other professional men; and parents, who do not hesitate to entrust them with the most important of all functions, the training of the intellectual powers and moral habits of their children, look down upon them, as if they were, both intellectually and morally, inferior to themselves and to the children whom they train. Even on subjects connected with their own avocations they are not considered worthy of being consulted. If, on some educational question, evidence is to be given before a committee of Parliament, lectures are to be delivered to a philosophical institution, or a public demonstration is to be made, lawyers, professors, clergymen, booksellers, any theorist who has written a letter or published a pamphlet on education, but who could no more conduct a class of fifty boys than he could command the channel fleet, are summoned to London, requested to give a short course, or invited to the platform; but no person seems to think that the opinion of practical teachers is worth having. Even as inspectors of schools, where one would suppose practical knowledge to be indispensable, they do not appear to be considered the most eligible. Nor is this overlooking of the services of actual educationists confined to such appointments as may be so far under the control of political influence, or restricted by acts of Parliament, or by immemorial practice. We find the same thing prevailing where there can be, or at least ought to be, no such influence or restriction. In a very extensive educational scheme, framed for Scotland within the last two years, we find no provision made for practical educational questions being left to the decision of practical men. The secretary, it is true, was once a teacher, and to his intelligence and experience we are to ascribe all that is excellent in the scheme; and teachers are said to draw up and judge the examination papers; but, nominally and ostensibly, the entire direction and execution of the scheme rests with a committee and with church courts, which do not necessarily contain a single individual professionally conversant either with the art or the science of education. What would be thought of any other scheme, from the law and medical departments of which all lawyers and physicians were excluded?

Now whence does all this proceed? Whence does it arise, that, while an increasing importance is attached to education, the educator is still so little esteemed, and so poorly paid? that, on subjects with which he only is familiar, his opinion is never asked? and that, on the recent or proposed educational plans and changes, not one of the many eminent teachers whom Scotland contains has ever been consulted? We believe we have already answered these questions. It proceeds entirely from the low estimate which is formed of the teacher's profession and influence. Education is a subject on which every one thinks that he is qualified to give an opinion; and teaching is an art which, it is thought, any one may practise. Hence those whose occupation it is to study the subject, and to practise the art, are not considered more competent to deliberate on educational questions, or to execute educational plans, than those who, in the words of Dr. Schmitz, "have never visited a school-room except in their own boyhood, and who know as little about educating and training a young mind, as a person knows about anatomy who has never been in a dissecting-room." It is not so in those continental states where the greatest and most successful efforts have been made for the education of the people. There the affairs of education are conducted by men engaged in education. But what teacher in Scotland, who has studied his profession theoretically, and is daily engaged in it practically, (and there are hundreds of such throughout the country,) does not feel that, to use the language of Mr. Gunn at the recent meeting, he is "completely misunderstood and under-rated by his fellow-citizens?" Can we wonder that those who have originated and organised this association should think it high time to bestir themselves, for the purpose of vindicating the dignity of their profession and their own capability of promoting its best interests?

But if it were merely the dignity of their profession that was concerned, the teachers of Scotland would not have so much of our sympathy. We believe that the cause of education is bound up in that of the educator. As the latter is degraded, the former is paralysed; as the one is elevated, the other is advanced. Fifty years ago, the teacher and his office were less esteemed than they are now, much too low as that estimation still is. The office was then considered an unworthy one; unworthy men were put into it, or, at least, were not excluded from it; and its duties were often as unworthily performed. As the condition of the teacher improved, better men entered the profession, and the work was more efficiently done. So will it continue to be. The more honoured and the better remunerated the professors are, the more honourable and desirable will the profession become, and the more ably and successfully will the business of education be conducted.

Such are our views on this important question, and such we believe to be the views of the originators of the Educational Institute. The objects of the Institute, accordingly, as stated in the preamble of its constitution, are to increase the efficiency of teachers, to improve their condition, and to raise the standard of education. The means by which the teachers of Scotland seek to accomplish these objects are, professional union among themselves, and incorporation by Royal Charter. In other words, they aim, first, at self-improvement, which they can accomplish without external aid; secondly, at self-government, which they wish to have legalised by a charter from the Crown, constituting them a separate profession; and, thirdly, at the elevation of the whole matter and manner of education throughout the country.

It will scarcely be denied that these objects are laudable; or that, in placing self-improvement first, the Scottish teachers are acting at once modestly and prudently. Neither will it be denied that the self-improvement of the body is the best way to qualify itself for, and to show that it is capable of, self-government. That the elevation of the standard of education will follow is, we think, equally undeniable.

The way by which the teachers of Scotland propose to improve their body is by forming themselves into an association, of which all who signify their adherence before the close of the year 1847, and pay the entrance fee and first annual contribution, shall be reckoned members. The objects of the Institute being entirely professional, the privilege of membership is open to teachers of all denominations of Christians. On his admission, each member who joins the Institute before the close of the current year becomes entitled to a certificate of membership; but if he wishes for more than this, he may, according to the evidence of his attainments and experience, be ranked as a Junior Licentiate, Senior Licentiate, or Fellow. Admission on application, and classification by documentary evidence, are only a temporary arrangement, necessary to get the Institute established and organised. After the lapse of 1847, members are to be admitted only after examination by a Board appointed for the purpose, who shall rank the successful candidates for admission according to their qualifications. All members who have been thus admitted will receive diplomas which shall be definite; that is, shall specify the branches in which the members have been examined, and shall state the proficiency manifested by each. The diploma will thus be not only an evidence of the standing which the possessor of it holds in the profession, but a certificate of the precise department in teaching which he is qualified to fill. The examinations are to take place twice a-year in the four university seats, and in the towns of Dumfries, Perth, and Inverness. They will be conducted by means of printed papers, to which the candidates will return written answers.

For the more effectual carrying on of the business of the Institute, Scotland is to be divided into districts; each district is to have its Local Committee, which is to meet as often as business requires; and a general meeting of all the members is to be held in Edinburgh once a-year. The general business of the Institute, and in certain specified matters the proceedings of the Local Committees, are to be under the direction and review of a General Committee of Management, whose transactions must all be reported to the annual meeting. Regulations for the election of office-bearers, and for conducting the other affairs of the Institute, are given in the constitution, which has been printed; but we do not think it necessary to enter into any farther detail.

From this brief summary of the objects and arrangements of the Educational Institute, it will be obvious that it can, at least, do no harm. This is a very poor recommendation; but still it will be a recommendation to those who may have apprehended that there was an intention, on the part of the teachers, of invading their privileges. To the same parties, and perhaps to others, it will be a farther recommendation, that the Institute does not interfere with the other educational arrangements of the country. It does not counteract their present operation; neither does it stand in the way of their improvement. The election of parochial teachers by heritors, and of burgh teachers by town councils; the examination and superintendence of parochial and burgh schools by presbyteries; the competition of Free Church teachers for bursaries and larger salaries; the supplementing of emoluments, and the training of pupil teachers, by the Government scheme, will all remain untouched. With all that is good in these arrangements, the Institute will co-operate; much that is defective in them, it will supply. To illustrate this, let us suppose it in full operation; let us farther suppose, (what we trust will ultimately be the case,) that electors to schools will choose no teachers who are not members of the Institute. A burgh or a parochial school becomes vacant, the electors cannot, or will not, choose a teacher who is not a member of the Established Church; but from the members of the Institute who belong to the Established Church, they can make their selection of one whom they are sure of being qualified. Before he can be admitted to his office, he must be examined by the Presbytery. To this the teacher will not object; because it is presumed that he has already undergone at least as stringent an examination by the Board of the Institute. Neither will the Institute be disposed to object, even if it had the power of doing so; because this second examination by another body will be a test of the efficacy of its own, and will thus be a check on any laxity on the part of its examining board. A similar effect will follow with respect to candidates for either bursaries or schools in connexion with the Free Church. A member of the Institute will have no difficulty or unwillingness in presenting himself for examination by the Education Committee of the Free Church, because he has already passed an equally formidable ordeal; and, on the other hand, a Free Church teacher who has passed the examination of the Education Committee will be the more ready to present himself before the Board of the Institute; the two examining bodies thus serving as a mutual check upon each other. On the Government scheme the Institute will operate even more beneficially. Members of the Institute need not fear any examination to which they will be subjected by Government inspectors; and the examination by the latter will be all the more efficient, if there is a probability of its being afterwards tested by the Board of the Institute; while pupil teachers, who have served their apprenticeship, and passed their examinations, without being after all qualified for the efficient management of schools, will be arrested in their progress towards a profession of which they are not fit to become members. The time may come when the fact of his having passed the examining Board of the Educational Institute will be reckoned a sufficient recommendation to any teacher; but, in the meanwhile, the agency of the Institute may, in the way we have explained, co-operate most beneficially with that of all other electing and superintending bodies, and especially of those we have mentioned; and, therefore, we trust, that from them the Institute will receive all countenance and support.

But a large proportion of the teachers of Scotland do not come under the control of any electing or superintending body. In the last Education Returns the number of parochial teachers was stated to be 1170, and of teachers not parochial 4469; and the number of Free Church teachers was, in May last, estimated at 650. It cannot be calculated how many unendowed teachers will avail themselves of Government aid, and consequently be placed under Government inspection; but we think we may warrantably conclude that, even after the Free Church and the Government schemes are in full operation, there will still be upwards of two thousand teachers whose qualifications are subject to no other test than the opinion of their employers. All these, or the greater number of

them, will find it to be for their interest to join the Institute; for as soon as membership becomes a recommendation, (which, we have no doubt, it will soon be,) parents and others will not be disposed to employ any teacher who does not possess that status. After the lapse of the current year, admission to membership will always imply a certain standard of qualification; and thus, if the Institute receives the encouragement which it deserves, the ultimate results of its establishment will be, that, even in the humblest school, there will not be an ill-qualified teacher in Scotland, and that, in schools of every description, the standard of qualification will be uniform.

Upon those teachers who acquire the status of membership by simply signifying their adherence before the first of January next, and who thus undergo no examination, the Institute may also be expected to exercise an improving influence. The circulation of the examination papers will keep constantly before them the qualifications which every teacher ought to possess; while their frequent meetings in local committees, and their annual meetings in Edinburgh, will impart to the whole body an animation which cannot fail to be beneficial. Other subjects also, besides the mere business transactions of the Institute, may afterwards occupy their attention. We have heard an Educational Journal spoken of as a probable result of this combination among practical educators, and in a note appended to the "Constitution" mention is made of lectures on the theory and practice of teaching, and the institution of libraries. Another salutary result of the establishment of the Institute remains yet to be noticed. A numerous body of men of all Christian denominations, harmoniously co-operating for the objects already specified, may do much to counteract that spirit of sectarianism, which, in the opinion of many, is rather fostered than discouraged by recent educational operations and enactments.

Let it not be forgotten, however, that all these benefits can be produced only by the efficient working of the Institute. Examinations must be stringently conducted, diplomas charily conferred, and unworthy members excluded. Unanimity must also continue to pervade the body, and to characterise its proceedings; all party spirit must be avoided; and the grand objects of the combination must be earnestly and perseveringly pursued. If the Institute proceed in this manner, there can be no doubt regarding its final success. We can fancy no objections to its obtaining a Royal Charter; and what we look upon as of far greater consequence, it will secure the confidence of the public. Another addition will thus be made to the educational honours of Scotland. It was the first country which could boast of a national system of schools; the Scottish nation was long the best educated in Europe; and in Scotland will have been formed the first really national association of teachers, and teaching will have been first raised to its proper dignity of being a distinct learned profession.

THE LION AND THE PANTHER:

A SCENE IN LIFE.

BY PERCY B. ST. JOHN.

CHAPTER I.

Let not our readers be alarmed. This is by no means a Zoological tale. We are not at all inclined to indulge in the recondite history of the loves of any of the inferior animal creation. We know well that the task is beyond us. To rival the exciting history of "Beauty and the Beast," of "Puss in Boots," of "The Cow with the Crumpled Horn," would demand an inventive genius of which no dull denizen of the British Isles is, we have been assured, capable. Besides, we have passed the childhood of narrative. It is too late now even to raise the ghost of Rosicrucius. The elixir of life has been voted a bore, and there is nothing animal popular but animal magnetism. We, therefore, humbly offer to our readers the history of two persons, whose characters will, we hope, be readily recognised in the circle in which they moved—and nowhere else. We add this advisedly, knowing the aptitude of certain vain persons to take umbrage at all they read, as if none were entitled to commit follies but themselves.

The sun, scorchingly hot, as we verily believe it can be nowhere else save in Paris during the autumn months, was peering through the heavy curtains which shaded the window of a small room, the ordinary occupant of which could readily be guessed by the attributes of the apartment. It was magnificently furnished. Chairs, tables, ottomans, secretaires, and a variety of nameless articles which encumbered every corner, were all in the newest style of fashion, while the carpet was so soft and velvety as to arrest the steps of many a timid novice with the fear of sinking as he moved. A large mirror, gorgeously framed, surmounted the fire-place, while numerous splendidly-bound volumes were scattered in every corner. But above these, and almost hiding them in their multitudinous encumbrances, were foils, boxing gloves, riding whips, Turkish pipes, one or two expensive smoking caps, several China urns containing choice tobacco, an opera programme, half a dozen letters, all in female handwritings, and, finally, a small table by the fire-place—there placed from habit—on which was spread a most *recherché* breakfast. The person for whom this was spread was a young man under thirty. Dark hair, regular features, jet whiskers and moustache, piercing eyes, gave him right to the characteristic of handsome; while his pale complexion and compressed lips seemed to denote either much abuse of life or much study; but neither supposition would have been correct. The young man had enjoyed life and the ample fortune which he had inherited without overtasking his powers; while a natural taste for politics had made him devote much time to the elucidation of its intricacies.

At the moment at which we make his acquaintance, Lucien Dorville was busily engaged in devouring, not the wing of a fowl, or any other of the delicacies on the table, but something quite as *piquant*, in the shape of the political leader in a journal of his own party. Lucien was in opposition.

"Strange difference," he muttered, with something of a smile, "between what I have just read;" and he took up a ministerial paper. "Here the minister is lauded

as the saviour of France—here as riding over it with iron hoof—here as devoting his energies to the welfare of our colonies—here as sacrificing them to selfish monopolists; and so on. I should like to know which to credit."

"Neither, my dear Lucien," said a voice close to him, in a laughing tone; "neither, altogether."

"Victor!" exclaimed Lucien, rising and casting away the rival leaders as he extended his hand.

"Yes! and you see, trusting to my old friendship, I have entered unannounced."

"You delight me, for you do me justice. Four years, Victor, make vast changes; but with friends there should be none."

"I see there is none in you, Lucien," said Victor, seating himself; "but what have you done with yourself these four mortal years?"

"Lived!" laughed Lucien.

"Existed, you mean," said his friend, shrugging his shoulders.

"No, indeed, lived. My uncle's fancy of having me all this time secluded in his old chateau was certainly strange; but his gout and eccentricity explain it."

"Quite, my dear fellow; but not your acquiescence."

"He is my father's only brother—my guardian. I am his future heir. I owe him some attention."

"And you have heroically paid it."

"I have! but meanwhile I have studied—I have read—"

"Books," said the other, contemptuously, "which have so sharpened your intellects that the flat contradictions of two opposite leaders puzzle you. They belong to the men they advocate. Besides, we must judge statesmen by what they do—not by what is said of them."

"And what would you have me study, Victor?"

"Three things, my dear friend."

"The first?"

"Men."

"The second?"

"Men."

"Oh! you are travestising, are you? I will spare you the third. But, in part, you are right, though the study of men and books must go together."

"Early in life. But who would succeed in politics must mix with politicians—must exist, must live among them—must watch the intrigues and plans of all parties, especially his own—the only one he has to fear. But bah! here we are already exciting ourselves on this hot August day; and of that where is the use?"

"It is of more consequence than you imagine, my dear Victor," replied Lucien, laughing; "you are aware that there is a vacancy at B———."

"I think I remarked that circumstance in the papers. But of what moment is this to you?"

"Nothing more, my dear friend, than that I am about to demand the suffrages of the electors."

"You a deputé!" cried the other, in unfeigned amazement.

"And why not?" said Lucien, with a smile.

"I see no insuperable objection, but it must be a great bore; and how are you going to set about it?"

"I have forwarded an address to the electors. My uncle owns property at B———, and will come from his chateau to vote. I shall trust to the power of my principles for the rest."

"My dear friend," said Victor, laughingly, "if you have engaged in this desperate enterprise, I am your right-hand man. I luckily possess a vote yonder, and some friends."

"I am fortunate," replied Lucien.

"More so than you imagine. But now let us be serious. Have you gained the President of the Electoral College?"

"Gained!" cried Lucien, with astonishment.

"Why, what hope have you without? The influence of M. Quehan Dutertre is immense."

"I have a letter of introduction to him."

"So far so good. But he is a peculiar man. Rich, powerful, with a factory which dispenses employment and happiness round the neighbourhood, he is thought perfectly inaccessible to a bribe. Priding himself on his independence, he would kick a minister who offered him a place; but he is a vain man, immensely open to flattery, and vastly taken by any delicate attention."

"I somewhat fancy the character. Go on."

"Well! the weakness of our president is well known, and unless we are careful, we shall lose his support. Of no certain politics, it is from mere opposition he votes with the liberals."

"I begin to be less confident of success," said Lucien.

"Not at all. We shall see. If the ministerial 'delicate attention' has not arrived before ours, there is yet hope."

"What do you mean?" exclaimed the candidate.

"Why, if Monsieur Dutertre has not received by this time a letter full of compliments, speaking of him as the centre of his arrondissement, one of whom the king has spoken in terms of affection, the whole terminating by a *postcriptum* in the shape of a quarter of venison, then the minister is a *goujat*, and we are safe."

"You don't mean to insinuate that such a present might influence the election."

"I am sure of it. You must, therefore, this very day, select some extravagant rarity, and take it down with you for the purpose of being forwarded with the letter of introduction."

"You are a better judge than I can be, and I leave myself in your hands. But as to the mayor?"

"There is no use counting on him. The place of *receveur-general* of the department is vacant; he wants it for his son. If it were given, he might vote with us to show his independence, but the sword of Damocles is over him."

"Is there, then, no political honesty, no love of liberty?—are elections all but interested struggles?"

"Little more. The number of electors is small, the amount of government offices is great, and men are unfortunately venal."

"And the remedy for this?"

"Extend the number of voters, and exclude from the eligible electors all *employés*."

"I will propose such a law myself," said Lucien, warmly.

"You can do as you please about that, but keep your counsel now."

"Why?"

"You would else get few votes. But let this be considered arranged. To-morrow morning we start for B———, don't forget the 'delicate attention:' and now enough of politics. Where do you dine?"

"Where you please."

"*Aux-Freres Provenceaux*, then. But," continued

Victor, glancing round the apartment, "I see that you have not forgotten old times."

"Not at all," said Lucien, assuming a listless and careless tone; "how go all the Lions? I suppose you are as much one as ever?"

"My dear Lucien," replied Victor, shaking his head, "the Lions are now in the shade."

"Who has dared to cast them there?" said Lucien, surveying his elegant costume with a smile.

"*Les Panthères*, my dear fellow," continued Victor, gravely.

"The what?"

"The She Panthers," quietly replied Victor; "they have crushed the Lions."

"And what, in the name of all that is ridiculous and absurd, is a Panther?" said the astonished Lucien.

"If you were any one but my very excellent friend, Lucien Dorville, I should say, a Panther is a Panther; but I will endeavour to be descriptive."

"You will vastly oblige me—my curiosity is roused."

"Imagine, then, my dear fellow," said Victor, leaning back on his soft and comfortable ottoman—"but hand me that jar of Latikia—a number of young women, fair, lovely, rich and virtuous as—ah, as Panthers, who have taken it into their heads to cut us men out in all our very chiefest attributes. They ride better, hunt better, fence better, ay, and, in some cases, smoke better than any one of us."

"They can't with all this be very ferocious."

"You are wrong. With all this outward seeming there is not one word to be said against their morals. Talk to them, and in delicate and sweet phraseology they amuse you with the paternity of their horses, the details of the last steeple-chase, will bet on the favourite, and show vast prudence in making up a book—the whole with a grace, an ease, an elegance quite astonishing."

"You astound me. I must make acquaintance with these damsels."

"Nothing more easy. You who, four years ago, were the chief of the Lions of Paris, will at this moment find at B——— the most celebrated *Panthere;* and her celebrity is deserved. Beautiful, with the loveliest eyes, mouth, and teeth, in the world—amiable as the most gentle of her sex—this young lady has been a perfect *fureur*. Wholly given up to the interests of her order, she has refused every offer of marriage, and seems likely to rival Diana in other matters besides hunting."

"And this person is—?"

"Mademoiselle Charlotte Dutertre."

"Daughter of the president?" exclaimed Lucien.

"Herself."

"Then I shall make acquaintance, no doubt."

"Don't flatter yourself, my dear Lucien," said Victor, gravely; "it is of no use making any serious attempt. I," and he smiled as he surveyed his handsome form and distinguished bearing, "quite failed."

"That is conclusive," exclaimed Lucien; "where you have failed, I should dread to try. But, seriously, I have other intentions."

"You don't mean it? Going to be married?" said Victor, with pious horror; "a Lion, too."

"I don't exactly say it is settled," replied Lucien, carelessly, "for the affair has been made up quite as a matter of business. My uncle is an old friend of the father, the young lady is a great heiress, and if we are mutually agreeable, I suppose I shall commit matrimony."

"And the Dulcinea is—?"

"A Mademoiselle Pauline Chastneux. Do you know the family?"

"A little," replied Victor, dryly; "she is a great heiress. Her father is a very influential man; can command twenty votes."

"I suppose, then, I must marry the votes?" said Lucien, with a searching glance in his friend's face.

"It would be advisable," answered Victor, carelessly; "but now for a drive."

CHAPTER II.

PAULINE.

Two days had elapsed, and Lucien Dorville, accompanied by his friend, Victor Meunier, the son of a late administrateur, who, dying, left him master of a very pretty fortune, had reached, in company with a splendid turkey, prepared in some unheard-of manner, the hospitable chateau of M. Chastneux, the parent of Pauline.

The house was elegantly situated in the midst of well-laid-out grounds, and was approached by a long avenue—somewhat English in style—at one end of which stood a porter's lodge. In front of this, early on the morning of the second day, the travelling carriage of Lucien Dorville halted.

"Lucien," exclaimed Victor, "now is your time. It wont do to take this turkey to the house. It would look strange. Give it to Cristophe here."

"You know him?" smiled Lucien, as the porter advanced, cap in hand, to open the door.

"A very worthy fellow, with an excellent wife, a stalwart son, and a very pretty daughter," said the other, turning towards the individual alluded to.

"Ah, Monsieur Victor, always the same. Happy to see you, and I hope everybody will be as glad."

"Eh?" whispered Lucien, "what does he mean?"

"I am sure I cannot tell," said Victor, carelessly. "Here, Cristophe, Jacques behind there will give you a turkey, which, with this letter, you will oblige me much by having conveyed to the address to-day. Send it by your son, and here is to drink our healths," and Victor, with a whispered addition that was not caught by Lucien, dropped a Napoleon into his hand.

"Ah, sir, you are too kind; but I cannot send over until the evening. Do you see, my son is engaged all day, and I—"

"That will do. Now forward, *postilion*, for I expect it is about breakfast-time."

Victor was correct in this surmise; and as they had come but a short distance from an hotel in the neighbouring town, the two friends were speedily introduced to the family circle. There were many present, and Lucien at once perceived that he had fallen upon one of these delicious reunions of pleasant people which owe so much to the selective taste of the master and mistress of the house. There were old soldiers and old sailors, men of rank and repute, one or two leaders of fashion, a poet, and a novelist, and numerous ladies, old and young, some beautiful, and apparently in great spirits.

M. Chastneux, an active, bustling, important little man, whose sparkling eyes perpetually reminded one of the blast furnaces to which he owed his fortune, received

Lucien with hearty hospitality; while his wife, a graceful and elegant person, responded with marked politeness, while all the company smiled a formal acquiescence. Nothing could have been more proper; but Lucien felt as if he would have preferred the easy, off-hand manner in which Victor was welcomed, with a word for and from everybody. But then he was no stranger, and the candidate made up his mind to be satisfied with what he had received.

A seat which was offered to Lucien placed him beside Pauline and an elderly dame, who had been in deep converse upon the prospect of a refreshing game of whist in the evening, to which she looked forward all day, enduring the evils of riding, walking, talking, and other social annoyances, with easy good temper, as excellent inventions to kill time, until the hour arrived when she could give her whole soul to trumps and odd tricks.

"I was saying," observed the lady, "that General M—— is an excellent partner; so attentive to his game, I never found him make a mistake. You play whist, of course, M. Dorville?"

"A little," replied Lucien, with excessive politeness; "but I may perhaps induce you to give me a lesson before I leave."

"With pleasure," exclaimed the lady, reddening with satisfaction; and she muttered to herself, "Sensible young man; so different from those who think of nothing but flirtation. I must make Paul vote for him."

Paul was an elector, and the lady's husband.

"You have a charming residence, Mademoiselle," said Lucien, addressing Pauline, and examining her furtively as he spoke. He was not to be blamed. He had come to be married.

Mademoiselle Pauline Chastneux was twenty—fair, with blue eyes, an exquisite complexion, teeth white as ivory, and a most captivating smile. "Decidedly," thought Lucien; "my uncle has no bad idea of a wife."

"I am glad you are pleased with it," said Pauline, with a smile.

"To me it is charming, in the fullest sense of the word, having been for the last four years confined to a somewhat *triste* chateau."

Pauline replied with some ordinary phrase, while her mind seemed somewhat otherwise occupied.

"You must enjoy the relaxation of the country, after the turmoil of Paris life," said Lucien, perseveringly.

"I have been much in the country," said Pauline, shaking her pretty little head, "and know little of Paris, except from the lively descriptions of your friend, M. Victor."

Lucien raised his head, and his quick eye rapidly possessed him of two facts. Pauline slightly blushed, while Victor, who was seriously engaged in conversation with Monsieur Chastneux, looked uneasily towards the newly-acquainted couple.

"You have, I suppose, many pleasant acquaintances?" he continued more gravely.

"Many!" said Pauline, a little surprised.

"As I am a stranger, might I hope to learn something of those with whom I may have future connexion, from one who must know them so well?"

"I am but a poor describer," replied Pauline, laughing, and somewhat astonished at the business turn which the conversation was taking.

"Let me question you, however, Mademoiselle," said Lucien, still gravely. "You know Monsieur Dutertre?"

"I love, I dote on his daughter."

"*La Panthere!*" exclaimed Lucien.

"Ah," said Pauline, pouting her pretty lips, "that's Victor's malice. He is always applying that odious epithet to her."

"Does she not deserve it?" inquired Dorville.

"No; that is, she does ride like a centaur, will run a steeple-chase with any of your Parisian gentlemen, can fire a pistol without flinching; but all this is the fault of her having had no mother to bring her up."

"That is a misfortune," said Lucien, gently, "which you have not had to suffer."

"No, sir, thank heaven. But let me do justice to Charlotte. She is the most amiable, the most kind and noble creature in the world——"

"Decidedly," thought Lucien; "she is exquisite this Pauline. No petty jealousy, no feeling of rivalry. And he added aloud, "She is, I suppose, then, the belle of the quarter?"

"She is surrounded by suitors, but none have ever received encouragement. A certain baron Pemnic, a perfect Nimrod, is certainly now considered as likely to gain favour."

"Oh!" said Lucien.

"You will see them both, however, to-day, for we purpose a hunt in the forest, and, to oblige Charlotte, all the ladies who ride are going."

"Amongst whom we shall, I hope, count Mademoiselle Chastneux?" said Lucien, gallantly.

"I have promised Charlotte," replied Pauline, almost coldly.

Lucien made no answer, his eye being fixed upon the grave and serious countenance of Victor Meunier, who, seated between M. and Madame Chastneux, was endeavouring to enliven them with some tale of life, fresh from the capital, with, however, but moderate success, to judge from the uneasy expression of his face.

"Will you excuse me one moment?" said Lucien, rising; "I have a word to say to your father."

Pauline bowed with an easy grace and a sweet smile, that almost made the Lion hesitate, but some secret feeling conquered, for he walked across the room.

"Victor!" he exclaimed, carelessly, "will you change seats with me for a few moments? However charming the society of Mademoiselle, I must not further delay a few words with Monsieur Chastneux."

"I am always at your orders, my dear Lucien, and will endeavour, however feebly, to represent your personage, near the young lady of the house;" and Meunier gave up his place with the most perfect nonchalance, and was next moment engaged in an animated discussion with the lovely Pauline.

"I wish simply," said Lucien, "to learn what are my prospects with regard to the election, M. Chastneux. I am sure I cannot address myself better."

"My dear sir," replied the other, with a pompous air, which said plainer than words, "I am the man," "you know these things are not to be judged of in a hurry. There are three parties—nay more—all of which, save one, must be gained. As you came forward in opposition, of course the ministerial votes are not to be thought of."

"I am afraid not," said Lucien, gravely; for, seeing

his man at once, he appeared to think this a profound discovery.

"The liberals—that is, the declared liberals, as they are called—you may depend on."

"I hope so," continued Lucien.

"As for the legitimists, they are few; but I believe they will put forward a candidate."

"That is unfortunate," observed Dorville.

"Not at all. You don't see the value of this," replied Chastneux, growing still more important.

"I confess that I am unable to discern what you have fathomed."

"Ah, sir, you are young," said the other, with a paternal smile, "but you must know, if this be the case, parties are so balanced, that not one will have the requisite majority—you see?"

"I begin to understand," replied Lucien, admiringly.

"Ah! ah! we see the ins and outs. There must be a second scrutiny, when the legitimists will inevitably vote for the opposition candidate."

"You give me hopes, M. Chastneux."

"But," continued that gentleman, gravely, "there is a very important body yet to be discussed — men too rich, too independent, to belong to any party, but who, above such influences, look around and give their support to worth and talent, without regard to colours."

Lucien well knew that Chastneux alluded to himself and others, who, aiming at governing in their neighbourhood, were to be won by which ever party showed them most attention—a set of men very common, and, if they would but see the truth, as contemptible as common, without any regard for principle, governed by vanity.

"My excellent sir," replied Lucien, who had learned too much from Victor not to know that he must disguise many of his real sentiments. "I hope I shall enjoy the proud satisfaction of uniting these suffrages."

"We shall see! we shall see!" said Monsieur Chastneux, with benignity; "but you had better follow the example of the ladies."

Lucien rose, perceiving that the fair portion of the company were dispersing to their chambers to dress for their ride in the forest; and as he was necessarily one of the favoured cavaliers, advanced to meet Victor.

"My friend," he said, somewhat seriously, "we must be grand to-day, for the *Panthere* will endeavour to outshine us."

"Oh," replied Victor, curiously, "you have been already discussing the phenomenon with Chastneux."

"Oh, no!" cried Dorville, "with Mademoiselle Pauline, who is decidedly more charming even than I expected."

"You think so?" said Victor, sadly.

"Yes, my friend!" exclaimed Lucien, as they moved along the passage alone, and he spoke gravely, "and I compliment you upon your conquest."

"Lucien!" stammered Meunier, blushing like a young girl of sixteen.

"Fie! Fie!" said Lucien, laughing, "could you not have at once told me? I should never have imagined the possibility of being your rival."

"Noble, generous friend," replied Victor, pressing his hand, "but your disinterestedness is useless; my fortune and prospects are too small to give me hope."

"Does she love you?" said Lucien, calmly.

"She tells me so," continued Victor, with a smile.

"Good, for I suppose, as you once informed me, you do know the family a little," said Lucien, maliciously.

"I have seen her once or twice before. Besides"—and Victor tried to look perfectly innocent—"her mother is my aunt."

"Oh! oh! a cousin, Monsieur the hypocrite. Very well," laughed Dorville, "you almost deserve punishment; but, as you are my friend, pray tell Pauline that I aim at nothing more now than the honour of signing my name to your contract of marriage."

"Will you then do me an immense favour?" said Victor, warmly; "will you now oblige me in the most friendly manner?"

"I will try."

"Then make love to her; keep away all suitors from her. I will warn her to encourage you; it will prevent the danger of my betraying myself, and spare me the mortification of seeing her courted by the Count de Brie, an old and persevering lover of hers."

"I was about to request the favour of this permission."

"But why?"

"Allow me a secret for twenty-four hours, my dear Victor," said Lucien, "and trust to me implicitly."

"I will; but away now and dress, or we shall be late, and the Diana of B—— will not wait for us."

CHAPTER III.

THE PANTHERE.

In half an hour an elegant and joyous group poured forth upon the lawn, where the horses awaited them. In gay costume, and gladsome anticipations of the day's amusement, they seemed some school of boys and girls rushing to sport and jollity, their whole heart and soul given to the occupation of the hour, without a thought for the past or the future—all idea centred in the present. It was a bright and sunny day. Light and flimsy clouds spread cobweb-like over the sky, fretting the blue vault with, as it were, a net-work of vapour, that made the rays of the sun appear less scorchingly arid. The air, perfumed with the odours of the field and orchard, and gently disturbed by a soft wind, came with invigorating freshness to the heart, and all united to delight the hunting-party, which was now in saddle and ready for a start.

"Now, gentlemen and ladies," said Victor, who rode beside a young and portionless girl, a poor relation of the Chastneux, "or ladies and gentlemen rather, *en route*."

"Not so fast," replied the Count de Brie, a fat, rubicund, and somewhat dull personage, of an uncertain age, but who might be thirty; "which way do we take?" and, while speaking, the young man did his best to accidentally reach the side of Pauline.

"I suppose I must decide," said that young lady, gaily, "and therefore let it be the narrow lane by the river. Come, Monsieur Dorville, as you are a stranger here, allow me to show you the way;" and, giving a gentle touch to her horse, the heiress galloped forward with Lucien by her side, leaving the Count de Brie to bring up the rear, with an expression of countenance that might have endangered the peace of any milk which might have been near, so much of thunder did there appear in it.

"I have taken you for my cavalier in a most unceremonious manner," said Pauline, as they rode side by side along the green and pleasant lane, which her good taste had selected.

"I shall make, I hope, a good substitute," replied Lucien, a little maliciously.

"Ah, Monsieur Lucien," said Pauline, gaily, "it is not my fault. Monsieur Victor has known me for years."

"Mademoiselle," continued Dorville, "you delight me in allowing this subject to be discussed. I congratulate you much on your having won his heart. Meunier is a noble and excellent friend."

"You are perhaps partial?" said Pauline, coquettishly.

"Not at all," replied Lucien; "but, Mademoiselle, we must move in single file. I hear horses advancing to meet us, and the rider is coming furiously."

"The *Panthere!*" exclaimed Pauline, as they turned a corner, and using the epithet she so much condemned.

Mounted on a magnificent horse, that flew rather than stepped along the ground, Charlotte Dutertre was discovered dashing along the narrow path, with a speed which few riders could have sustained; and yet just as Lucien began to feel uneasy at the probable effects of a collision, the fair Diana drew in her rein, and her obedient charger, covered with perspiration, and steaming as if he had just left a warm bath, stood pawing the ground, within a couple of yards of the advancing party.

"Good morning, lazy ones," said Charlotte, in a rich and musical tone, full like the sounding notes of an organ.

"Good morning, my dear Charlotte," replied Pauline, "and allow me to introduce you to a friend. Mademoiselle Dutertre, Monsieur Lucien Dorville, according to Victor, the first lion in Paris—Monsieur Dorville, Mademoiselle Charlotte Dutertre, my friend—"

"And, according to Victor, the first of *Pantheres*," exclaimed the lady, with a gay laugh.

"Mademoiselle," said Lucien, gravely, "I am happy to make your acquaintance."

"The neighbourhood will be happy to return the compliment," exclaimed Charlotte, somewhat haughtily, for the young man's manner was, she thought, slightly cold.

The two rivals—if we may be allowed to designate them by this name—involuntarily raised their eyes to examine, as it were, an enemy one unexpectedly meets, and whose strength it is necessary to measure. The ex-leader of fashion, quite ready to renew the character, surveyed with curiosity the woman who aimed at dethroning his sex; while the *Panthere* as curiously contemplated a man whose genius, talent, as well as taste, had been so much the theme of discourse in what French novelists call the capitol of the world. Their eyes met; Charlotte coloured to the very summit of her forehead, bowed her head, and without a word, darted onward at the head of the party.

Lucien, for the first time in his life, looked for a moment almost like one bereft of reason; but speedily recovering himself, galloped beside Pauline, as if nothing had happened. But the radient sunshine of his smile struck the young lady dumb with astonishment; his eyes flashed with strange brilliancy—his mien seemed that of a conqueror.

The lady who rejoiced in the name of Charlotte Dutertre was about three and twenty. Tall, of a graceful and supple form, she possessed every feature which could command the admiration of the other sex. Her hair was black, and hung in profuse curls down her neck; her face oval, and with a certain amount of sternness, was yet singularly feminine; her eyes large, and yet of almond shape, swam as it were in a bath of light, and were truly characterised as speaking; her nose was perfect; while her mouth, though exhibiting considerable firmness, had yet about it promises of a more soft and gentle kind. Her form was faultless. In a word, rarely had so many perfections been exhibited in the person of one woman.

"You are struck by my friend's appearance," said Pauline, as she observed Lucien watching with interest the junction of Charlotte with a gentleman who had followed her at a respectful distance.

"Much," replied Lucien, coldly, "and am only surprised that so much perfection should be blotted by so much that is unfeminine. But who is that alongside of her?"

"The Baron de Pemnic, the Carlist candidate, I believe."

"My rival," muttered Lucien, audibly.

"What! already are you ranged among her sultors?" said Pauline, with a laugh.

"Oh no! the lion and the lamb," replied Lucien, "is a possible union, but not the other. I alluded to politics."

By this time a junction had been effected between the two parties, and Lucien, without taking the slightest notice of Charlotte, went through the ceremony of introduction with the Baron, M. Dutertre, and others, and then resumed his position alongside of the heiress. Charlotte, who had accidentally, no doubt, left herself for a moment without a cavalier, saw this movement, and calling the Baron to her, passed Lucien with a slightly scornful air, and led the van. Monsieur Dorville, perfectly aware of her manœuvre, smiled, and entered into an animated conversation with Pauline.

From that moment, the Diana of the day drew all eyes upon her, by the daringness of her feats—leaping hedges, vaulting ditches, with an ease and boldness which few could imitate. Dorville, on the contrary, though mounted on a magnificent horse, avoided all display, rode round to gates, selected spots which were easy for himself and his partner, and showed altogether a most lady-like care of his person. So far did this extend, that it became matter of general observation, and various not very complimentary remarks passed between the leaders of the party. As what Pauline had called a hunt turned out to be nothing more than a random kind of steeple-chase, broken by a picnic beneath the arching shade of trees, the peculiarity of M. Dorville was the more remarked; but, unmoved by any looks or hints, while every one of the young men vied in their endeavours at least to keep pace with Charlotte, Lucien quietly followed the elders and more timid of the fair sex.

The lunch was spread beside a rippling stream, which, at the particular spot selected, was both wide and deep, with precipitous banks, and a thick growth of underbrush on the opposite side. About a hundred yards distant was the usual place for crossing; and, the meal concluded, the whole party having mounted, were moving in a body towards the spot, when a cry from Lucien made them pause.

"Come! come! ladies and gentlemen," he cried, "you are not surely going to refuse the glorious leap which offers itself?"

"Where, sir?" said the Baron, contemptuously, while the whole party halted.

"Here," replied Lucien, quietly retiring back, and preparing for the only really dangerous leap of the day.

"Sir—M. Dorville," cried the Baron, "this is madness. You will assuredly break your neck."

"Nonsense," said Dorville, laughing; "you have been so accustomed to follow Mademoiselle, that where she falters you all retreat."

The men who had sneered at Lucien looked somewhat foolish, while Charlotte bit her lip, and could scarcely restrain the ready starting tear. It was evident that M. Dorville had not thought her leaps worth vying with.

"But, Monsieur Dorville," said the lady, in a slightly haughty tone, "I will follow if you lead."

"No! no! no!" cried the men with one accord.

"Allow me to observe," said Lucien, "that this leap is quite beyond the power of any lady, or of your horse, Mademoiselle."

"Sir," replied Charlotte, warmly, "you under-rate both the powers of my horse and myself. If you go I shall follow."

Lucien hesitated. He was a perfect equestrian; had received lessons from public riders, and had the reputation, amongst the circle which knew him in Paris, of having performed feats which would have done honour to Franconi. He, however, did not wish to induce the lady to follow him, and, rather than expose her to danger, would have retreated, but there stood that body of men who would at once ascribe his refusal to the cause which had militated against him during the day.

"You cannot do it," whispered Victor, by his side; "are you mad, or what is the matter?"

"My dear friend, remember what I could do, and my four years' practice in the Pyrenees;" and then, speaking aloud, "I shall be proud to leap with Mademoiselle on one condition."

"And that is——?"

"That we leap together and close beside one another."

"I accept; clear the ground, gentlemen!" cried Charlotte, with flashing eyes.

All, both men and women, interfered, to induce her not to compete, but in vain. The Baron insisted, but Charlotte laughed, and, retreating to some distance with Lucien, the rivals prepared.

The leap was a tremendous one. Sure of himself and of his horse, Lucien knew both that he could, and that Charlotte could not do it; but he was resolved to give the *Panthere* a lesson, and show her her dependence on the strength and courage of the master sex, in all that was physical, at all events; as if that alone did not include everything as a necessary consequence.

The whole party, in no very tranquil mood, stood on one side, awaiting the trial with intense interest. The sudden resolution of Lucien was inexplicable, save to Victor; while Pauline, who was now beside her lover, gave vent to a wish which the suitor joined in with the assurance that it would be so.

Meanwhile Lucien and Charlotte had started, and, thanks to the care of the former, had taken their fearful leap together to a second of time. The whole party held their breath, and what passed, so rapid was it, seemed a dream, the first awakening from which was the sight of Charlotte's horse plunging and rearing in the deep water, followed by a perfect roar of applause. Lucien had calculated to a nicety, and, knowing his horse, had at the moment of leaping dropped both reins and whip, and the as they seemed to fly across, had, half-way, just as the *Panthere's* steed fell short in the water, by three yards, caught the lovely girl in his arms and landed her in safety, in front of him, on the opposite bank.

"Sir," said Charlotte, in the excitement of the moment, struggling, she knew not why, in his arms, "what means this trick?"

"Mademoiselle," replied Derville, wheeling round his steed, and pointing to the animal, which was being swept towards the ford, "you would have had a cold bath but for my taking this liberty."

"Excuse my hastiness," exclaimed Charlotte, hurriedly; "you have defeated me; now aid me in capturing my horse."

Lucien made no reply, but galloped with his charming burden towards the forest, and with a smile, though a faint one, of triumph, instead of taking the ford, went back by the road he came, performing this feat with much greater ease than the previous one, as this time he leaped from a high bank to a low one, instead of the contrary as before.

Charlotte, vanquished, vexed, and blushing, remounted her easily-captured steed, and taking a place beside her father, rode quietly all the rest of the day, using her utmost eloquence to induce M. Dutertre to promise his electoral support to the Baron de Pemnic. Despite, however, her utmost exertions, her thoughts wandered towards the audacious Lucien, with a feeling in which indignation, disappointment, and admiration were strangely mingled.

It was nearly sun-down when the whole party reached the lodge of M. Chastneux's grounds; and as a grand dinner was to follow the labours of the day, all hurried forward to dress, the non-residents having had a change sent over. As they entered the gate, Charlotte allowed all the rest to pass her, and, addressing Cristophe, inquired after his wife with a kindly interest, which showed how truly feminine was her heart.

"Better, I thank you, Miss," replied the husband, "and I am sorry I cannot bring her out. She is yet too poorly to thank you in person."

"Hold my horse, then," said the girl, warmly; "I will go in."

CHAPTER IV.

The next morning Lucien, accompanied by Victor, waited upon Monsieur Dutertre. Having been shown into an apartment furnished with the utmost elegance, but with somewhat too little of feminine attributes, they were speedily joined by the *Panthere*, who received them with quiet politeness, untinged by the slightest affectation.

"I hope you are quite recovered after the unusual fatigues of yesterday," said Lucien, gravely.

"Oh, Monsieur, you are too good," replied Charlotte, with an air of pique; "I am so used to such exercise, it never tires me. Now, this morning, I and the Baron, who is down stairs with my father, have ridden fifteen miles, and fenced for half an hour before breakfast."

"Indeed," said Lucien, colouring despite himself, and turning away to admire a picture.

Charlotte looked radiant; she had, she thought, discovered the secret of his attempt to lower the character of her feats.

"Do you fence?" she continued; "I should like to try you. The Baron is the only man who can disarm me, but then he is a brilliant fencer."

"I shall be very happy to exercise half an hour with the Baron," replied Lucien, with a smile.

At this moment M. Dutertre entered, accompanied by De Pemnic.

"Ah! ah!" exclaimed the rich manufacturer, rubbing his hands, after the usual salutations, "his majesty begins to see the value of us bourgeoise, and writes to me by his minister."

A meaning glance passed between Lucien and Victor.

"But, my dear sir," said the Baron, "recollect the rights of legitimacy, of hereditary descent; recollect the respect we owe to the race of the Bourbons."

"Rather," observed Lucien, "what we owe to our country, to the people, to great and crying principles, and not to the quarrels of two branches of a royal family."

"I am afraid this is very republican," said M. Dutertre, hastily.

"Shocking!" muttered Pemnic.

"Nay, my dear sir, you mistake me. I am ready to stand by the crown and its just prerogatives, but the first duty of a politician is to consider the millions, whose fate, whose happiness, whose well-being depends on the patriotism of their rulers;" and Lucien, excited by his subject, poured forth a brief but eloquent exposition of his principles.

Charlotte listened with surprise and some annoyance; and when he had finished, with an object which she could scarcely explain to herself, prevented the Baron from answering, by exclaiming, "But, Baron, I have challenged, in your name, M. Lucien to a fencing-match."

"I am always your obedient servant," replied the nobleman, gallantly.

"You will dine with us," said M. Dutertre, "if it be only to honour the ministerial haunch of venison."

"With pleasure," responded Lucien, again seeking Victor's eye.

"Go to your fencing," whispered Victor; "leave the father to me. Attend you to the daughter."

"I declare——"

"Declare nothing, but go."

Lucien shrugged his shoulders, and went to the Salon D'Escrime, which was fitted up with quite feudal splendour. A couple of foils were selected, and Charlotte, standing by as umpire, the contest began. Dorville at once felt his mastery, but did not immediately take advantage of it.

"M. le Baron always disarms you, Mademoiselle," said Lucien, his eyes fixed on his antagonist.

"Almost always," replied Charlotte, as the Baron's sword fell at her feet.

"You are too much for me," said De Pemnic, with some embarrassment.

"That was perhaps accident," observed Lucien; "let us try again."

"Oh, no!" cried Charlotte; "I see you are equal to your reputation."

"Perhaps Mademoiselle would honour me," said Lucien.

"I would rather not be so easily defeated," replied Charlotte, moving away; "but come, let me show you my garden;" and away the fickle and vexed girl drew M. Dorville, while the Baron retired to write a letter.

The garden was lovely, full of shady places, of seats embowered in honeysuckle and jasmine, with cool and gloomy grottos, cascades, and little lawns, which somehow or other took some two hours to examine. Lucien was grave, spoke of subjects of great and startling interest, poured forth the fire of his eloquence upon the sky, the hills, the flowers, the grottos, but never once alluded to anything personal, and Charlotte returned from her walk vexed, irritated, and almost ready to weep, for each moment she admired the man more and more, and yet he, it was quite clear, despised and contemned her for her unfeminine and masculine qualities.

It was two o'clock when the friends took their leave, and scarcely were they clear of the house when Lucien turned towards Victor.

"And the turkey?"

"I am lost in conjecture," replied Victor; "at all events, it is quite certain it has not been received, and to send it now, after the ministerial venison, would be too glaring."

"But the letter was delivered?"

"Last night, as agreed. I can make nothing of it."

"But I should like to have this explained."

"Nothing easier; let us ride on to the Lodge. But, with the daughter, how do you proceed?"

"Victor," said Lucien, gravely and sadly, "I love this girl with all my heart and soul; you are surprised, but some day you will learn a secret. This, however, is decided, I will never marry a *Panthere*. I must have a gentle, confiding, and feminine being for my wife, and yet I admire this cruel girl, as I say; but once the election over, I will fly, and see her no more."

"Love her," exclaimed Victor; "are you so far as that in two days?"

"Ask me no questions as yet. Luckily she does not love me, or else——"

"Or else what?"

"I might risk all."

In conversation of this kind the time was consumed, and in a short space they reached the Lodge, and the door being opened, dismounted and entered.

"Lucien!" said Victor, smothering a laugh, as they crossed the threshold.

"I smell it," replied his friend, coldly.

They entered, and the whole party, who were at dinner, received them in some confusion.

"But, Cristophe," exclaimed Victor, gravely, "how was it you did not fulfill your commission?"

"And deliver both letter and turkey?" said Lucien, glancing with sarcasm at the remains of the expensive delicacy in question, that garnished the table from which the family had risen.

"For a very curious reason," said Cristophe. "Mademoiselle Charlotte, who is goodness itself——"

"I knew she was in it," muttered Lucien.

"Called last night to see my wife, who is recovering, as you see, from illness; she calls every day she rides out, and, after chatting a few minutes, began to admire the turkey, which was hung up. I replied that she would soon admire it on her table, for that it was a present from M. Lucien Dorville to her father——"

Victor stuffed his handkerchief in his mouth, while his eyes glistened, in his efforts to keep from bursting out into a roar.

"Which with a letter——"

"Give me the letter," she said, "I will deliver it, and as I cannot carry the turkey, eat it yourselves; but, mind, not a word."

"I promised obedience, and but that you caught us in the fact, should have said nothing. It was very kind of Mam'selle."

"And was it very good?" inquired Victor, with gravity.

"Oh," exclaimed the young people, "delicious."

"Dame," said Cristophe, "I never tasted anything like it."

"I am glad you enjoyed it," exclaimed Victor; "but come, Lucien, we must dress and return."

And Dorville followed his friend into the open air.

"I can't stand it," said Victor, as soon as they had got out of sight of the Lodge; and he burst forth into a roar of inextinguishable laughter, in which Lucien joined him.

"How they had been eating the turkey!" said Victor; "they had their mouths full when we entered."

"A pretty picking for them," replied Lucien, himself laughing.

"How much did it cost?"

"More than a hundred francs, being stuffed in some diabolical style," continued Dorville, dryly.

"Ah! ah! ah!" laughed Victor; "this is a perfect vaudeville."

"I would advise you to adapt it," said Lucien, gravely.

"Oh! I can't stand it. The *Deputè and the Dindon*," screamed Meunier.

"My dear fellow, you are decidely mad," said Lucien; "but come, as to Pauline, what news?"

"Nothing new; I am booked there already—the father is the consideration."

"Leave him to me, your fortune is—"

"Some twenty thousand francs a-year, and expectations."

"Those, I know."

They had now gained the house of the Chastneux, which they found in commotion, the whole party having been invited over to Dutertre's to spend the evening, while one or two were requested to join the dinner-party.

"Good!" said Lucien; "and now, Victor, oblige me in a most inestimable manner."

"I am ready ever," replied his friend, with earnestness, while he took his hand.

"By some contrivance or other, bring about this evening, as if accidentally, a game of forfeits."

Meunier looked at his friend as if he thought him insane, but the other gave him no time to express his flattering opinion on the state of his intellects.

"And should you succeed, have a general forfeit proposed for all the company, that each person shall, boldly and sincerely, tell the assembled company which has been the happiest moment of their lives."

Meunier agreed, and they separated to dress.

CHAPTER V.

THE EVENING PARTY.

There had been a temporary cessation from dancing, and the whole of the assembled visiters seemed to seek some momentary relief from the somewhat violent exercise.

"It is excessively warm," said Victor Meunier, carelessly.

"If we were to have some quiet amusement awhile," exclaimed Pauline, as if by a preconcerted arrangement.

"Cards," said several elderly ladies and gentlemen.

"François!" exclaimed Charlotte, and the doors of the neighbouring room flew open, displaying numerous tables, to the great delight of the whist-players.

"Forfeits!" suggested Victor, with a half-innocent, and half-whimsical face.

"Nonsense," said Charlotte, laughing.

"It is excellent fun," observed several of the younger members.

"Then forfeits let it be," decided Charlotte.

This being received as law, the whole party arranged themselves amid cries, very faint, however, of "how childish," "how silly," "how ridiculous," proceeding from those who presently were most intensely engaged in the game.

For half an hour the drawing-room resounded with those merry peals of laughter—those light-hearted bursts which the occasion demanded. All had warmed to the humour of the moment, and not one but entered into the excitement of the affair with as much zeal, if not more, than would have been exhibited by them ten years before.

At length every one appeared sufficiently encumbered with forfeits, and the work of redemption began.

Various and strange were the modes of regaining their pledges, which Victor, who was the declarer, suggested, until at length Pauline Chastneux, who cried the articles, made an imperceptible sign to Meunier, by touching his shoulder.

"He or she," said Victor, "shall earnestly, and without guile or disguise, declare the happiest hour of their past life."

Lucien Dorville, who did not wish this applied indiscriminately, turned pale and trembled, not without being noticed by Charlotte, who thought him ill.

"Charlotte!" exclaimed Pauline, laughing.

Lucien, who knew nothing of the collusion between Victor and his pretty mistress, started.

Charlotte curled her lip, and was about to give some very careless answer, when her eye caught sight of Lucien, leaning pale, ghastly, and as if his life hung on her reply, against a door.

"The happiest hours of my life," said the *Panthere*, bending her eyes upon the ground, and her whole face, neck, and arms, suffused with crimson, "were, since I must answer as adjured, spent two years, and more, ago, the 12th of March, in a wild gorge of the Pyrenees."

"No answer, no answer!" cried Victor, "the circumstances—the details."

"Oh, no, no!" said Charlotte, in extreme confusion, "the details I cannot give."

"You must, Charlotte," repeated Pauline, with astonishment, "or I must."

Meanwhile Lucien was the picture of sudden and unexpected happiness.

"Let them be told when all have paid, then," entreated Charlotte.

"Agreed; and now, Victor," said Pauline, "the purchase of the present gage."

"Oh! I'm for more revelations," exclaimed Victor, joyously; "I impose the same as on Mademoiselle Charlotte."

"Lucien Dorville," said Pauline.

The young man again started, and advancing towards Victor, in order to have an excuse to pass Charlotte, said, with eyes in which beamed joy unutterable, "May I?"

"Yes," was the trembling reply.

"The happiest hours of my life were spent in a gorge of the Pyrenees, last 12th of March two years," said the candidate, with proud and happy mien.

"A mystery! a mystery!" exclaimed Victor, amid universal astonishment; "this must be unravelled."

"Not until I have said that I have a more recent and equal moment of happiness to record," interposed Lucien.

"Speak! speak!"

"When I this afternoon received M. Dutertre's kind permission to win, if I could, his daughter's affections. As Mademoiselle has, without knowing this, just publicly declared that I may hope, I have no hesitation in being equally as frank."

"More mystery," said Victor; "shall we have no explanation?"

"Listen," said Pauline, drawing forth a small MS., "and you will understand. I know not the hero's name before, but the facts I give from the very best authority."

"Read! read!" cried the young people, delighted at the novel *denouement* of their game of forfeits, except, indeed, the Baron de Pemnic, who looked grave and stroked his moustaches.

CHAPTER VI.

PAULINE'S MS.

The 12th of March, 183–, opened upon the Valley de Lousine in all the cold splendour of an early spring, or rather late winter morning. The sun, long imprisoned in his ice-cloud chambers, was bursting his hated bonds, and seeking once more to embrace and vivify the glad earth; the vapours were dispelling on every side; the wind blew calmly and steadily through the ancient and through the younger pines, in quiet satisfaction at the games he had long been playing; and even the snow beneath the rays of light looked less frosty than usual, when a travelling carriage emerged from the court-yard of an inn half-way up the mountain which surmounts Lousine, and began its progress towards the French territory.

For an hour all was quiet and calm, and the two ladies, one young, the other an elderly companion, with as many servants behind, began to hope for a pleasant day's journey when they reached the Calvaire, which marks the narrow entrance to one of the wildest and most savage gorges of the Pyrenees. Through this dell, where the pine and saplings hung in melancholy shade over the road, the carriage had to pass, descending a steep and precipitous pathway. The tenants of the vehicle paused some few minutes to gaze upon the bleak splendour of the scene; but, feeling a dank dampness in the air behind, looked back rather, and saw that one of these sudden storms which devastate the mountains was about to burst upon their heads. From light to darkness, from the blue sky to the blackness of night, was but as it were a moment, and then the blast came wildly to their ears, filling the atmosphere with a thickness which was oppressive to the lungs.

Lightning then illumined the scene—flash after flash succeeded—and the heavens poured forth huge volumes of water on their heads. Suddenly a burst of thunder, more awful than any other, the echoes of which were cannon-like amid the hill-tops, with a terrific flash of lightning, startled the horses, and sent them plunging headlong down the rough and stony road. The ladies, terror-stricken, shrieked as they saw the maddened steeds refusing to obey the guidance of the driver, and had closed their eyes in their terror, when suddenly the carriage halted, the horses stood motionless, and, looking up, they saw a young man holding down the heads of the animals. At the peril of his life he had stopped them in their mad career.

Without waiting for a word with the occupants of the vehicle, he led the horses, perfectly obedient to his will—so iron seemed his hand—until they reached the yawning cavity that leads into the grotto of Lousine, where carriage, horses, and ladies were completely sheltered from the storm, which had, however, completely wet the latter, as well as their servants. The young man, who had evidently been hunting, produced a flint, steel, and other necessaries, and speedily made a blazing fire, before which they, who owed him already so much, were soon gladly warming themselves. This done, he entered the cave and brought forth a mountain goat, the produce of his morning's hunt, and in half-an-hour was offering to his grateful friends a meal as well as shelter. A bottle of brandy, some wine, bread, and coffee, were all fetched from the depths of the grotto, the young man explaining that he and a faithful servant, now out on the hills, often spent a fortnight on a hunting excursion, making the grotto his head-quarters. The stranger, despite the resistance of the young lady, waited upon her himself, with an ease and elegance which at once proclaimed his good breeding and superior manners.

At length, the thunder ceasing, while the rain poured down worse than ever, the male servants fell asleep by the fire; while the companion and ladies'-maid, seated in the carriage, which was close to the fire, talked to keep themselves awake. It was in vain; for, after a short time, the young man and the lady were alone awake in the grotto.

Now begun a long conversation, and, perhaps, as singular a one as ever took place. Both were well read, the stranger astonishingly so, combining, evidently, with much study, vast originality of manner, boldness of thought, and an eloquence rarely seen in the Chamber. Hours flew like the wind, and yet the storm had not abated, when the young man became silent.

"You are tired," said the lady, much surprised.

"No," replied he, sadly; "I have been thinking, and I see that I have done a thing which I shall repent all my life."

"What?" exclaimed his companion, astonished and alarmed.

"Mademoiselle," he replied, respectfully, "in four hours I have lived years. I know not your name—I seek not to know it; but I have read your very soul, and you are as well known to me as if we had been intimate for years. The wildness of our meeting, the kindness which your gratitude for my poor service has made you evince,

your noble want of reserve, have worked a strange change in me. I love, and for the first time,"

"I have never loved," said the young lady, faintly.

Passionate and bold was the hunter's reply; for he spoke of his sudden and strange-born affection, which situation has so much effect upon; and, after an hour, in which both probed the secrets of their own hearts, they vowed on their knees before God—short as had been their acquaintance—not eternal fidelity, not mutual affection, but that neither would marry, or give his or her heart, until they met in society, when the vow in the wild grotto of Lousine, sworn amid the tempest, in that native temple of God, should be rescinded or confirmed.

Both were clearly aware of the strangeness of their action—of, perhaps, its folly; but they had met strangely, and, with the storm raging over their head, with the artillery of heaven pouring itself forth upon the earth, their souls were unwittingly laid bare. They had, in reality, known one another better in a day than, in ordinary society, they would have done in years.

A sweet half-hour followed their mutual rash promise, rich in its golden dreams of the future—dreams which, like the bright and glowing pictures round the sun when it sets, were perhaps to fade as fully as these fade, when the object which gave them birth was no longer present.

They parted, and without having each other's names; for 'twas part of their vision that, if they were to be united, they must meet in society by chance.

The young lady pursued her journey, reached Paris, and, faithful to her vow, refused all offers, and, in order to repel suitors, became to the public eye one of those masculine creatures whom one may admire, but whom no man wishes for a wife. For more than two years did she continue her plan, which succeeded, for, despite her fortune, she terrified all suitors save the Baron de Pemnic, who courageously resolved to brave her masculine graces, and is still her declared lover.

Of the young man, up to this time, the writer knows nothing.

CHAPTER VII.

THE CONCLUSION.

When Pauline concluded, there was for a moment a silence so profound that a sigh might have been heard, while Charlotte and Lucien were lost in the remembrance of that day, the brightest of their lives. They were again in

"Imagination living over those hours."

"I can now add," said Pauline, demurely, "that at length the lady and gentleman met. Both had been equally faithful, but the young man, led away by outward appearances, and utterly ignorant that the lady's assumed character was to protect her vow, believed himself very foolish, and endeavoured to eradicate all his former feelings In vain, however; for at length, twenty-four hours after their second meeting, the gentleman asked the hand of the lady in marriage, prepared to brave, like his rival the Baron, all her defects."

"Nay, my dear Mademoiselle," exclaimed Lucien, blushing like a young maiden; "I knew the innate virtue of the prize——"

"Which you very coolly think you have won," said Charlotte; "but don't imagine, M. Lucien, that I am to be carried off, before all my friends, as I was yesterday, without a single hour of ordinary courting."

"That was done," observed Lucien, with a wicked smile, "in the grotto of Lousine."

"It is no use," said the joyous, happy, and delighted group; "you must give in, Charlotte."

"If I must, I must, though never was woman so impudently wooed," exclaimed the heiress, with a glow of generous happiness in her face; "the *Panthere* is conquered by the Lion."

"Ladies and gentlemen," said Lucien, taking the unresisting hand of the lovely girl, "this has been a wild and eventful history. We began our acquaintance strangely. I hope, however, that you who have all so kindly sympathised with our happiness, will live to see that if we loved in a hurry, it was also in earnest."

"And I," said the Baron, amid the murmur of applause which arose, "can only observe that you are the only man whose throat I would not have cut for having destroyed my hopes. Lucien Dorville, you deserve the heart you have won."

"You came to be deputé," put in Victor; "you will be a husband instead."

"You shall be both, my son," exclaimed Dutertre, who had been a glad listener.

"You shall," repeated M. Chastneux.

"And my dear friend, Meunier," said Lucien, insinuatingly, "shall——"

"Now you have worried me enough about that already," exclaimed M. Chastneux, pettishly.

"But, sir, the power of love."

"Power of nonsense," said the father, his eye resting on the pale and gentle face of his child.

"I will never be married," exclaimed Charlotte, emphatically, "except it be on the same day as Victor Meunier and Pauline Chastneux."

"My *fiancee* having made that vow," said Lucien, gravely, "I *must* insist, my dear sir, on your fixing my wedding-day."

"Well, well, I never did see marriages settled in this fashion before," smiled the worthy old man; "but if you must all be foolish, we had better say the day after the election."

This announcement completed the joy of the assembly. The elders viewed, with tearful and earnest face, the hopeful hearts of the young, while they, strong in their golden visions, felt a satisfaction unalloyed at the unexpected joy which that evening had brought forth.

How Lucien and Charlotte, and Pauline and Victor, sat together all the rest of the evening—how Charlotte completely laid the Panther at the feet of the Lion, and became the lovely and bright creature she really was—how Pauline teased Victor upon the want of romance in their courtship—and how all four were as happy as true hearts could be—the reader must imagine.

In the local journal of a month later these announcements appeared:—

"M. Lucien Dorville has been elected Deputé by a majority of votes."

"Marriages.—M. Lucien Dorville to Charlotte Dutertre. M. Victor Meunier to Pauline Chastneux."

FÜRSTENRUHE.

BY JOHN WILMER.

(Continued from page 757.)

THE Duke at that moment entered with the Prince, and was in his most jovial humour.

"Well, fairest," he said, addressing his daughter-in-law, with the flowery gallantry so much in vogue at the time, "your fair namesake of Troy herself never caused more trouble than you have this day inflicted on me. I have been pestered to place, and brevet, and advance, and gratify, in every possible way, more people than I can remember."

"And did your Highness take into consideration the petition of poor P——, whose sister requested my interference in his behalf?" said the Duchess. "I think it is their extreme poverty that makes them so pressing to get the young man into your guards. They know not how else to clothe and provide for him. His birth and connexion, I believe, are unexceptionable."

"Tut, tut, my dear," Serenissimo impatiently responded, "the poor devil has a squint that would drive a whole regiment to flight—of ladies, I mean, of course," he added, with a jocular air. "No, my dear, I'm very sorry for the poor youth, but it is not to be thought of; he is *too plain*. But I have named, instead, B——. Tush! I know very well what you would say about that awkward affair he had the other day with L——. He showed the white feather—there's no denying it; but he has a leg might do for an Apollo; and his valet gives the sweetest turn to his *queue* you ever saw."

"But," ventured, timidly, Helena, "would these advantages avail against the enemy?" The Duchess' eye gave immediate notice of the impropriety of her interference; but Helena could not recall her words, and the Prince answered somewhat bitterly,

"Such avowals may be made *en famille*—we are too small Princes—our territories are too limited—our people too few—to dream of defence in case of invasion. In such a case nothing would remain to us but to make the best personal terms we could with the enemy, and let the rest take care of themselves."

Helena sighed to think how limited was that greatness to which she was called to make so many sacrifices; but she was destined to drain the cup of disappointment to the dregs.

It was in vain that the court gave a grand dinner, whose *ennui* oppressed no one more than the givers themselves. In vain was the park lighted up with lamps of variegated colours—that pop-guns and crackers, the delight of every true-born German, were let off in quick succession—that flaming hearts whirled round and round on the grass—those lodged in the bosoms of the young pair sunk at the sight to the freezing point. In vain did the burghers of the town assemble before the palace with torches in every hand, to sing epithalamium to the new wedded couple—no smile visited the lips of either. The large saloon was almost full; the Duke having stretched a point on this occasion, looking more to numbers than to the eligibility of those invited. But though the room was tolerably crowded, no social warmth extended through the heterogeneous assembly; the chill at the heart of the new married pair seemed to creep over all. The Duchess herself began to entertain certain doubts as to their future happiness; that troubled the impassibility of mind it was the study of her life to preserve. The only person completely at ease was the Duke, who already beheld in imagination the christening of his son's eldest born. He seemed to tread on air, and was in such remarkable spirits, that, as he himself afterwards declared, he never had been more brilliant. He propounded to all who came near him his favourite questions about death and the dentist, and many more of the same sort, framing both question and answer at once, for there was not in the whole room such a novice as to presume to give the well-known response where it was so obviously not desired. Nor was he without a spice of sarcasm; he said of a young gentleman of small birth, but great wealth, and who, though somewhat awkward in person and bearing, yet managed to get a circle of admirers around him, that he strongly reminded him of the golden animal the Jews danced before in Bethel, but whose name he could not remember.

"How very severe is Serenissimo to-night!" said one.

"How delicate his satire!" echoed another.

"Serenissimo is in high spirits this evening!" exclaimed a third.

"Is he?" was the whispered reply. "Well, he has need to be gay, for many are the reverse. Look at the Prince and Princess; they look as if they were about to enter their graves, instead of the marriage bed.

"I hope, my dear boy," observed the Duke, facetiously, to a youth about to start off to one of the universities, "you won't do like that student, who, on being reprimanded for his idleness, replied that he could find no season proper for study—winter was too cold—summer too warm—autumn too foggy—and spring too damp."

"Serenissimo surpasses himself to-night!" exclaimed the master of the ceremonies, enthusiastically.

"You'll hear more by-and-bye," added the prime minister, with a mysterious shake of his head. Nor was he mistaken; for the Duke, turning to a gentleman who was greatly vexed that he had not obtained the title of counsellor he was ambitious of at a neighbouring court to which he belonged, said, by way of consolation:—"Never mind, my good friend, the Lord had twelve apostles, and there was never a counsellor among them."

"Serenissimo is quite astonishing! I do positively believe I never heard him utter this last saying before."

"But you may, perchance, have heard it elsewhere."

"Hush! we are getting on treasonable ground."

"But, see, the Prince is leading his bride to the balcony to greet the people; he takes her hand as though it were a burning coal he felt through her glove, which, you will observe, she has not removed."

This remark was received with a significant shrug of the shoulder.

At the sound of a mighty flourish of trumpets, the Princess was now handed to the apartment in which, according to the custom of the house, the bride was to pass her wedding night. The few ladies who composed

the court, with the Duchess at their head, conducted her thither. It was in a remote part of the palace, of a date much antecedent to the rest, and could only be reached by traversing a long, dark, and narrow passage, connecting it with the main building. It was a large, desolate chamber, with a heavy chimney-piece, under whose ample canopy a whole party might have found room, and railed off in the middle by a low balustrade of richly-carved wood, painted white to match the panels of the room. A huge, antique bed, canopied by a heavy baldachin of dark green silk, with curtains and coverlid to match, which, together with the heavy drapery of the lofty windows, were all faded by time—a stiff sofa—some prim, high-backed chairs—small, round, silver-framed mirrors, fixed at alternate intervals on the wall, betwixt massive silver sconces and artificial wreaths of myrtle flower. Such was the cheerless apartment into which she was ushered. The impression it produced was so disagreeable that Helena could not repress some visible signs of it.

"In this room," said the Duchess, taking her reluctant hand, and gently forcing the Princess forward, "many successive brides of this house have spent their wedding night. They have all, in due time, contributed to the continuance of this ducal house. May the same blessing attend you, my child." As she spoke, a slight tremor was perceptible in her voice.

"But I shall be afraid," timidly urged the Princess.

"Your Highness will not be alone," insinuated the oldest of the dowagers; and the lady looked in vain for a blush in Helena's cheek; it rather paled beneath her gaze at these words.

"Yes," continued the Duchess, thoughtfully, as with her own hands she prepared to disrobe the bride—for etiquette allowed of it on this solemn occasion—"the first who occupied this room, not, indeed, temporarily, but during her whole life, was the Duchess Christiana Ulrica Philomena. She was the daughter of Ottocar, tenth Duke, and of Engelbertha Emmanuela of Sistenheim."

"And she had no less than seven children," said one of the ladies, nervously, alarmed at the Duchess' mounting her hobby, for she was as weak on the chapter of genealogy as her husband was on that of witticisms.

"Then," continued the Duchess, the tide of recollection flowing in upon her, "there was Hildegarde Sybilla Maria Margaretta, the wife of Duke Amor, whose portrait hangs up in the gallery, and is not very unlike Princess Helena. What say you, Baroness Steinfelt?"

"The Duke," answered the Baroness, mechanically giving utterance to what she had so often heard her mistress say, without being at first aware of the impropriety of doing so at the present moment, "had two lawful and fourteen illegitimate children." She stopped short in deep confusion, being made sensible of her error by a slight cough from one of her companions.

"Who," continued the Duchess, without seeming, from habit, to notice the embarrassment, "were created lords of Maunstein."

Helena could not repress a movement of impatience, which made the Duchess aware she was treading on tender ground, so she kindly added—

"Well, I will wish you the fate of the happiest of them all, Bertha, wife to Duke Otto the Twelfth. They lived in great harmony, throughout peaceful times, and were blessed with a numerous progeny, reached a good old age, and left great wealth behind them."

"Our prayers," put in, rather maliciously, one of the dames present, "are that your felicity may equal that of your immediate predecessor."

"I should have expressed this feeling from the first," said the Duchess, whose pride intuitively taught her to parry every attack made upon it, "but that I remembered that one heir to a house like ours is by many too few. I had rather that it pleased Heaven to shower more blessings on the young couple in the way of a family than have fallen to our lot; and now, Helena, let me hang up your marriage wreath with my own hands."

As she spoke, she detached the myrtle wreath, which in Germany is worn by maidens of every condition at the altar, the symbol of purity, as is the orange flower in France, from Helena's heavy tresses, and placed it on the first vacant space between the mirrors. Helena watched her movements with an almost superstitious terror, at seeing herself thus, in some manner, associated with the long-since departed, whose bridal wreaths, all faded as they were, still hung on the wall, whilst they who had worn them lay mouldering in the vaults of the palace.

"And now," said the Duchess, pointing to the spot where she had placed the wreath, "we stand side by side, *my daughter*."

These words were spoken with a depth of feeling that went to the poor young girl's heart. "Were she but ever thus," thought she.

The ladies soon withdrew, and Helena was at last free, and, throwing herself on the stiff sofa, she gazed wistfully around the cold, bleak apartment. But approaching footsteps soon roused her from her meditations; the door opened, and the Prince made his appearance with a bed-chamber light in his hand, and arrayed in a gorgeous *robe de chambre*, that permitted his native dignity of form to become more apparent than did the stiff uniform he generally wore; whilst Helena, with dishevelled hair, the rouge washed off her pale cheeks, her loose robe adhering but too faithfully to her very slender person, looked like some faded portrait in the family gallery just started from its frame. But the Prince paused not to observe her looks. Depositing his light at no great distance, he advanced towards her with much the same icy ceremoniousness he had hitherto displayed, and thus addressed her—

"I think it fair, madam, to enlighten you as to my real views and sentiments, in order at once to establish the footing on which we are to live together; so that we may hereafter be friends, though we never can be lovers."

After this exordium the Prince paused; but receiving no answer, continued in the same cold formal manner as before—

"Most husbands of my rank feel, I am well aware, as little affection towards the brides which circumstances of policy or family motives thrust upon them as I do, madam, and yet do not feel called upon to proclaim it. I think otherwise. In fairness, you can no more expect my love than I can look for any in your heart for the unknown tyrant to whose hands chance and the will of others has consigned you. Therefore I do not fear in-

sulting your self-love by my candour, but, on the contrary, hope to spare you many a pang in the future, by telling you, from the first, that beyond the privileges attendant upon your title as *mother of these lands*,* and, perchance, of its future ruler, you have nothing to look for at my hands—that I will never allow you to interfere with my conduct, public or private. Most sovereigns act up to these principles without professing them; I prefer not allowing you the slightest cause for future recrimination."

"It would have been more generous," said Helena, the latent pride of whose nature was roused, "to have told me all this before, not after marriage."

"Could I, or could you have resisted the will of our families?" said the Prince; "of what avail would it have been?"

"Of what avail is it now?" said the Princess, petulantly.

"That you may not give way to any romantic notions with regard to myself, that could only end in disappointment."

The Princess rose to her feet, and confronted the Prince with a calm dignity, surprising in one so young. "After what I have just heard, I think you had better retrace your steps to the apartment you have left—for I, in turn, declare to you that on these terms I shall never be your wife but in name, nor do I take upon my head the sin of our broken vows. Go, Prince, I would be alone."

For a moment surprise rooted the Prince to the spot, and kept him mute. As soon would the Sultan look forward to a revolt in the harem as did the Prince for any opposition in Helena. His will was law in his own esteem, and he had ever taught himself, in common with most tyrants, great or small, to consider a wife, whenever he should take one, only as the first of his slaves. He was then quite unprepared for Helena's spirit on this occasion, which the more astonished him from her excessive youth and timidity. But, though wayward and headstrong, he was not ungenerous; and so, after a few moments' deliberation with himself, he bowed with deeper respect than he had yet shown, and said:—

"It shall be as you please, madam. I have no right to be offended. It shall be my care so to arrange matters that my parents may be spared the sorrow, and you the annoyance, which would be the result of your strange resolution, should it come to their knowledge; and should you persevere in your present resolve, whenever I am free to do so—that is, supposing the arrangement to meet your views—I shall get our union dissolved, and restore you to the liberty which you seem to value so highly."

The Princess bowed her thanks, and the Prince withdrew, half relieved, and half perplexed, by the turn matters had taken.

Indignation had made Helena bold; but now all was over, and the Prince gone, her courage faded away with her anger, and she felt truly miserable; but it was not so much the misery of the future as the gloom of surrounding objects that affected her. She was alone, and, to the best of her knowledge, with none within call. The silence was so profound that it seemed as though she could hear the minutes rustle by as they sped; at least such was the fantastic notion she began to entertain. Her eyes wandered from wreath to wreath on the wall, until the faded forms of those to whom they once belonged seemed ready to start from beneath them, to punish her for her disrespect for their name and house, which she would not condescend to continue. From the mirrors, too, strange faces seemed to peep; and, ever and anon, she fancied that she heard a faint rustling of the heavy damask curtains of the huge bed, and dared hardly look towards it, for fear of seeing—she herself knew not what. She would have called, or left the room, but too many prudential considerations forbade her so doing. She felt she must resist her growing weakness; but, struggle as she would, she could not overcome it so far as to venture behind the awful balustrade.

To understand her state of mind, it is necessary to remember the proneness to superstition, and the belief in ghosts, which yet prevailed in the early part of the eighteenth century, and which, indeed, formed a prominent feature of the time. At last she made up her mind to court sleep where she lay, and accordingly assumed as convenient a posture for that purpose as the stiffness of the couch would permit; and resolutely shutting her eyes and ears to all imaginary sights and sounds, and turning her thoughts to other objects, as the best mode of escaping the disagreeable impressions of the moment, she soon felt a gentle lassitude creep over her. The bridal chamber was forgotten in a pleasant consciousness of approaching sleep, when suddenly she was roused from her trance by a positive sound. It seemed to be a tuning of many instruments. She distinctly heard the squeaking of the fiddles, the growling of the basses, the middle tones of the tenors—then came a pause—and the solemn peal of the organ floated through the apartment.

"They have chosen a strange time and circumstance for the performance of sacred music in the chapel," thought Helena; but her wonder yielded to rapture, when, after a brilliant prelude of the organ, the stringed instruments joined their searching tones to its rolling harmonies, as though they were chanting forth the sorrows of the mortal race, amid the happier, yet grave concert of diviner voices. She became so inspired by the sweet, sad strains, that she could not help mingling with them, and soon her voice rose in solitary melody, to which the rest seemed but a subdued accompaniment, as though it were an individual and separate tale of woe she were uttering, to which the rest of earthly sorrows formed the chorus. Her tones rang so clear, so high, so mournful, they affected even herself; but she could not cease—she must go on—till again the mighty swell of the organ and the crash of the instruments silenced her and she listened in wrapt sympathy. Again it was her turn to take the lead; when, all at once, the music ceased entirely, and she alone could not stop, but continued her vain attempts to produce the same effect as before. Suddenly she saw issuing from behind the curtains of the bed a tall figure, clad in ducal robes, but beneath the crown a death's head was visible. She would have shrieked, but her tongue clove to the roof of her mouth. The figure advanced to the balustrade. She still hoped some potent charm would prevent its overstepping the frail barrier which still parted it from her; but no—the skeleton hand forced it back. She rose

* *Landesmutter* is a very graceful German appellation for the consort of the reigning sovereign.

to fly—she ran with feeble steps to reach the door—but ere she could effect her purpose, the long, bony arms of the phantom fastened round her. Helena struggled violently to free herself, and, behold, he had disappeared!

The room was silent, cold, and tenantless, as it had been a few hours before; she was reclining on the sofa, precisely in the position which she had assumed to compose herself for sleep. Had she been visited by some fearful vision? or was she merely duped by the phantasma of a vivid dream? She dared not at that moment pause to decide; but, rising hastily, made towards the window, to see if day were yet far off, for she had no means of ascertaining the hour. Her trembling hand did not attempt to raise the heavy drapery; but, gliding behind its folds, she perceived the window opened upon a balcony. There was such relief in the idea of breathing the free air that she did not hesitate to open the window and step out. It overlooked the gloomiest part of the park, where stood in a clump the oldest, tallest, darkest trees, a place equally seldom trod by the foot of gardener or visiter; but the moon, which was in her last quarter, shed her feeble light around, and though the sombre firs looked more mysterious beneath her silver ray, and the spot was not a friendly one even in daylight, Helena was so glad to gaze on Nature, ever young and fresh in comparison of the mouldiness of the past that oppressed her within the bridal chamber, that she quarrelled not with the confined prospect, since she had a sight of heaven's free vault.

Helena saw, or fancied she could see, lights still burning within some of the rooms of the palace. Who knows not the comfort which lights, and the consciousness of human beings near at hand, give to the timorous? And Helena felt so soothed, that, unmindful of the night air, she remained on the balcony until the first few faint streaks of approaching day warned her from her post. She drew the curtain back, however, to keep this consoling fact in view, as she reluctantly returned to the chamber; nor did she abandon the vicinity of the friendly casement until the fresh summer morning broke in brightly over the glad earth. The sight made her feel heartily ashamed of her foolish terrors over night. The objects that had then looked so awful now assumed a milder aspect, and she reproached herself for having allowed a dream to disturb her so greatly.

Thus passed the wedding night of the Prince and Princess; and though the former took every precaution to keep its results secret, circumstances got bruited about to which the Prince, since he dared not question his wife, had no clue, causing the Duke and Duchess some distress of mind, which, however, for obvious reasons, they so carefully concealed from Helena, that she never had an opportunity, had she even been so disposed, to clear up the mystery. This was, namely, the appearance of a white lady on the balcony of the bridal chamber, who disappeared at cock-crow. Too many persons in the palace had deposed to having seen this vision with their own bodily eyes for the fact to be doubted; it was, therefore, universally believed, but differently construed, according to the prejudices of each.

Meanwhile the life of the Princess was sufficiently monotonous; she, indeed, retained the apartment first assigned her, but we need hardly say that the private passage which led from the young Prince's apartment was never used; a fact suspected from the first, but positively ascertained, after a few months, by the rust of both lock and key. She and her nominal husband, therefore, never met except at the ducal table, where they exchanged but the most unavoidable courtesies. The Duke on such occasions was invaluable, with his incessant flow of what he chose benignantly to term witticisms, as he thus engrossed to himself all the attention which might otherwise have been painfully drawn to the young people. Still, after the first blush of disappointment, with the elasticity of spirits natural to her years, Helena turned her best efforts to make her situation as tolerable as she could. She found this the more easy that she considered it but as a temporary one; and she made the best of her dull life, though dull enough it was. Her pleasures were few, and drawn rather from the resources of her own innocent mind than from outward circumstances. Thus she caused a small table to be fixed within her favourite bay window, in such a manner as to draw it in or out at will, where she wrote, and read, and drew, and sung to her guitar, always in sight of those hills that had charmed her when first she beheld them, and whose changing aspect, under the variations of light and shade which they were constantly undergoing, never sated her delighted eyes. There was another pleasure equal to this—that of her solitary walk in the park, a footman being the only clog on her free movements when the old lady in waiting, whose duty it was to attend her, unable to follow her rapid motions, rested herself in some pleasant bower, and suffered the Princess to roam about, under the vigilant eye of her faithful attendant, whom she had brought with her from her own country.

She was truly happy then, when, with feet winged by the sense of freedom, she sought the loneliest parts of the park, or even ventured beyond its boundaries into the daisy-enamelled fields. She felt as light-hearted and merry as a truant out of bounds; nor did she risk any encounter more romantic than that of an artful beggar who had cunningly waylaid her path, and always found ready access to her purse; or some nursery-maid, whose pretty charge would often attract from her a kind look or caress. Sometimes, too, she would feed the deer with her own hands; and as the forester's favourite, a tame, sleek roe, with glistening brown coat and gentle eyes, took the chesnut from her fair fingers, and gently rubbed her head against the basket on her arm that contained more of them, Helena felt as happy as if no princely trammels bound her. Those who came in contact with her praised her affability; for she had a kind smile for all. The military band that played every day from eleven to twelve in the palace yard was observed to display more zeal than of yore, since the young Princess was known to listen to their performances with unfailing exactitude.

Such were the pleasures of Helena's life; its bores were as regular in their recurrence. Among these were her father-in-law's *bon-mots*, which she ever greeted, however, with an indulgent smile, and sometimes with the hearty laugh of youth, which, as we have seen, endeared her greatly to him from the first. The dinner was always a tedious affair; and though much less embarrassed by their reciprocal position than the Prince, his obvious restraint when he addressed her always checked half-way her efforts at establishing an easier intercourse between them. "If he would but see in me," thought

Helena, "a temporary guest at his father's court, methinks he might be more friendly. Surely I do not deserve this distance—I fetter him not—he is as free as though I did not exist. I have not asked a single sacrifice of taste or fancy at his hands, and yet my sight is odious to him. He can't forgive me for existing at all, though my existence is no obstacle in his path—surely this is most unjust."

Thus thought the Princess, and would have given worlds to have expressed those thoughts to the Prince; but the fear that he might misconstrue her advances made her still more diffident in her manner towards him than if she never had contemplated making any. This girlish timidity on her part, and Prince Henry's marked avoidance of her, gave rise to the daily surmises of the whole household, and finally roused the doubts and curiosity of the old Duchess herself; but she did not consider matters sufficiently rife, as yet, to call forth parental interference, which she had sense enough to feel was not very likely to avail in a case of this kind. She was convinced it was her son who was averse from the Princess, and not the reverse, which her pride could never have brooked or forgiven. She therefore pitied Helena, but was not angry with her, and trusted to time to make her son renounce a prejudice which a closer study of her daughter-in-law's gentle nature rendered unaccountable to her. But, though thus sympathising with Helena, she never betrayed it by word or look.

The after-dinners at the palace were, if possible, duller than the dinners. Helena longed to trust herself to the four splendid greys which the town had presented her with on her marriage, to reach the dark forest and blue hills she loved to gaze on from her windows. But the rule was not to be broken through. Serenissimo went to his room, undressed completely, and got to bed, where he slept for several hours. In the meantime, there was *cercle* at the Duchess, half a dozen old dowagers, whilst occupied with the knitting-needle, distilled the freshest reports floating about the town to the Duchess at her tambour frame, who, in turn, analysed the genealogy of neighbouring houses, or exalted her own, read and commented on the various letters which it was the hour of receiving—for, like all German grandees of that epoch, she was herself an indefatigable correspondent—was amazed at Countess Augusta Amelia Felicitas such and such having wedded Duke Kraft Ernest Judas Thaddeus Notger—read occasionally in the almanac; but, though a woman of practical good sense in her own way, she was very averse from reading in general; and the only thing she was apt to regret was, that they had no theatre yet—a thing, she hoped, her son would one day provide.

When the Duke, refreshed by a couple of hours' sound sleep, fresh powdered, and perfumed, and frizzled, returned to the Duchess, then was the time allotted to pass into a larger saloon, where stood the card-tables, and the Duchess sat down to play until supper was announced. Helena, after having sat for hours like a monument of patience in her mother-in-law's *boudoir*, in appearance busy on a bit of fancy work, whose slow progress did not escape the observation and comments of all present—for she could not fix her mind either to the conversation of the dowagers or on the canvass before her—had now no alternative but to attend to the game of the Duchess, who was a most critical player, or to be immersed in Serenissimo's oft-repeated *whys*, whose novelty wore off but too soon upon her. Prince Henry seldom spent his evenings at the palace; but, when there, his presence was rather an additional weight than a relief, by the restraint he imposed on Helena, who had a double part to play with reference to him, desirous as she was at once of evading the curiosity of others, and avoiding to raise his suspicions of the integrity of her resolve.

Solitude ripens the faculties of youthful minds, as rest ripens the budding charms of the person. Thus Helena, in the quiet of her own chamber, developed her mind by study; whilst early hours, and the pure, bracing air she enjoyed, told advantageously in her looks, that mended, slowly and gradually, indeed, but sensibly.

Prince Henry was far from exhibiting, or, indeed, enjoying, such tranquillity. He still, it is true, often mustered the troop of officers and handful of soldiers that composed the army, in the court-yard of the palace; but all his pleasure in this duty was evidently fast fading. He ceased to visit the library or the armoury, where he had been in the habit previously of spending some hours of each day; but riding, and chiefly hunting, always a lively taste with him, seemed of late to have grown into an inordinate passion. The horses he rode were often unfit for service for many a day; nay, sometimes, truly injured by reckless riding. He would suffer no other attendants about him but a few favourites, and his aide-de-camp and confidant, whom he knew to be wholly devoted to his person, a youth who, from infancy upwards, had been his inseparable companion. At first, he had ridden up and down the public avenues of the town, along which many of its inhabitants were in the habit of taking their walks; but, latterly, he directed his course towards the dark forest that extended along the base of the hills. The old foresters of the Duke were in constant request, and tokens of the Prince's skill littered the passages and halls of the ducal residence—fresh antlers decorating every nook where they could with any propriety be introduced. But soon this mania took another and a graver turn. The Prince not only spent hours, but days, in the forest; and as the autumn drew on, and the leaves fell, he became more and more absorbed in this favourite pursuit, nor would he take the slightest interest in any other.

The family saw less and less of him; and he could scarcely curb his impatience at the trammels of home even in the Duke and Duchess' presence. His temper grew fretful and peevish; he was so restless and moody, that Helena, generally unobservant of his appearance, became struck with the circumstance; but she dared neither venture on the office of comforter, nor yet inquire of those around the reason of so obvious a change. Maternal eyes noted this change with more anxiety and less pity. For once, the Duchess condescended to inquire; it was but too soon that she solved the mystery so likely to blast all the fond hopes she and her husband had built upon his early marriage. The Prince had formed a serious attachment to the lady who had captivated his fancy some short time previous to that unlooked-for event. Some petty annoyances, and the dread of discovery, had induced him

to remove her from town, and place her under the care of one of the Duke's foresters, who dwelt in the thickest part of the wood; and whose humble roof had become the magnet that had drawn the Prince thither for the last few months. She was by many years his senior, and very experienced, for this was not by any means the first affair of the kind in which her name had been involved; but this the Prince did not credit, and was wholly subjected by her fascinations. What a blow to all the ducal hopes! The Duchess determined, before pursuing this affair farther, to sound the Princess on the subject; trusting to extract from her inexperience more candid admissions on many points than the Duke would be able to draw from his son. She accordingly bent her steps, with a beating heart, towards the Princess' dressing-room.

Helena was in her beloved little retreat in the bay window, but unwilling to admit any one, even the Duchess, to a participation in its secret joys. She stepped forward, and met her on the threshold. The Duchess sat beside the toilet-table, as she had done once before, and motioning Helena to take her place near her, she began with more show of affection and less pomposity than was her wont:—

"I trust, my dear child, you still bear in mind the advice I gave you, on this very spot, a short time since?"

Helena felt no slight emotion at this exordium, but carefully concealed it under the air of passive attention which she had taught herself to adopt towards the Duchess, as the most likely to put her scrutiny at fault. After her bowed assent, the Duchess resumed:—

"I little thought you would so soon be called upon to put it in practice; but I am convinced the storms of wedlock had always best visit us in the first years of marriage, when we have so many means of allaying them, than later, when these means daily decrease."

"I do not understand your Highness," said the Princess, gravely, for reflection and reading had matured the child into the woman, able and ready to parry the direct and indirect attacks made upon her candour. The Duchess had not sought her confidence and love, when her counsels and protection had been most needed. Left to guide her bark alone through all difficulties, Helena would now permit no other hand but her own to seize the rudder.

"These things are so painful to tell," said the Duchess, "I could have wished some one had spared me the task; perhaps, however, it is proper that I alone should break such matters to you—who else dare take such a liberty?"

"No one," said Helena, with a smile, "allows himself liberties here; but, doubtless, madam, you will kindly explain?"

"The Prince has a mistress," said the Duchess, in a low, cautious tone, as if watching the effect of her dread announcement. Helena's start was so natural, there could be no doubt of her hearing this piece of news for the first time; but, beyond the blush it called to her cheek, she showed no token of interest; and, as the Duchess continued silent, she merely said—

"Well?"

"Well!" repeated the indignant Duchess, "Well! I do not know how modern wives feel, but I should have felt—indeed I have felt—very differently on such trying occasions."

"Your Highness' counsels have borne good fruits," said Helena, with an arch smile; but seeing the mother pierce through the Duchess' triple armour of pride, she pitied her anxiety, and gently added, "Why distress yourself by dwelling on the Prince's youthful errors?—time will correct him, and he may yet be all you wish."

"Ay!" said the Duchess, bitterly, "my counsels retorted in mockery upon me! What you say would be sense if you had a fair bevy of sons around you, but as it is, it is worse than mockery!"

"I did not mean it so," replied Helena, soothingly.

"You don't know," continued the Duchess, with increasing warmth, "that whole races, valiant in deeds, illustrious in ancestry, the flower of the Empire, have thus been extinguished in the arms of a paramour!"

"History has some sad records of the kind," put in Helena; "but I have often thought that the principles that can alone shield us against our passions should be instilled early into our breasts, not brought forward for convenience's sake, at the mere moment of need, to be discarded when the danger is over."

The Duchess was far from being quick enough fully to comprehend Helena's meaning, and, like most people in such cases, preferred following her own peculiar train of thought to that suggested by another. "Yes," she pettishly remarked, "principles, indeed; a fine boy would, at the time being, be worth a world of them."

Helena shook her head in token of dissent.

"You do not believe me?" said the Duchess.

"I am afraid I can't agree," replied Helena. "Accidents can influence some portion of, but cannot regulate, our lives as principles will. The former may be likened to the comets, the latter to the fixed stars of heaven. The appearance and results of the first are doubtful, the latter we can always turn to at pleasure."

An unusual cloud gathered on the Duchess' brow, and she drew in her lips into their severest expression, as she answered, "You were always so silent at my after-dinner *cercle*, I never guessed that you were so ready with your thoughts. I dare say my son knew your blue fits better—at least so the result would seem to show."

Helena coloured crimson under the reproof, for though she felt anything but ashamed at the turn for serious reading that she had taken in the solitude of her chamber, she at the same time felt indignant at having to endure reproach for faults not her own, from those who had shown her scarce any sympathy, and, glowing with indignation, she was about to commit herself by a hasty reply, when the Duchess, unmindful of her agitation, continued:—

"Can I not make myself understood? Must I speak plainer? Is there no chance of such a comet lighting up your conjugal heaven as the birth of a son and heir? Nay, more, there is a very painful question I have to make, but which I have a right to put. Has there *ever* been a chance of such a contingency? I have heard, I have observed—in short, you must excuse my doubts and relieve my mind."

The Princess reddened this time with a different emotion than her previous one; but she had long since prepared herself for some such an interrogatory, and had her answer ready for any emergency.

"Forgive my not entering into details, which respect for all parties forbid; but, believe me, madam, I make no doubt your son will one day or other become the head

of a family." This jesuitical reply but half satisfied the Duchess, who had too many grounds for suspicion thus lightly to lay them aside. She shook her head doubtfully, and added, in her most insinuating manner, or what was meant as such, for the art of persuasion was not among her gifts, natural or acquired :—

"Well, my child, you know best ; but you might repose some confidence in my experience. The matter is more serious than you may believe. As long as the Duke lives, the Prince will seek to conceal from all of us an attachment which will grow from the very restraints that surround it. Fresh ties will spring up. The day that makes him lord will then become that of your expulsion and my voluntary exile. You," continued the mother, made eloquent by the truthfulness and strength of her feelings, "you know not what is in store for us !"

"For me ?" the Princess replied, with *hauteur;* "I am quite prepared to bear without a murmur, nay, without regret, any termination to my present situation which it may please Heaven and the Prince to decide upon."

"You have never loved him !" exclaimed the Duchess, with bitterness.

"Has he loved me ?" the Princess calmly replied.

"But your vow ?"

"Did he abide by his ? I told you from the first, that I, at least, did not understand, and would never submit to a contract that was binding but to one party. This may be convenient to policy, but is abhorrent to morality and my own dignity."

"Oh !" exclaimed the Duchess, passionately, "that there had been a Princess, of suitable age, in my own family ! I had been sure, at least, of an ally, of a friend ; one who had entered into those views and maxims to which I have ever been ready to sacrifice myself, the supporting and preserving, under all trials, the dignity of the name I bear."

The Duchess spoke warmly, because from the very inmost depths of her soul. But this pride of birth, the fountain-head of all her merits, vibrating so loudly in her own bosom, touched no responsive chord in that of Helena. She listened unmoved, unconvinced. The Duchess, for the first time in her life opposed to a nature different to her own, and conscious of the impossibility to control, guide, or force it, felt herself powerless, and had recourse, by instinct, to the only arms of the impotent—prayer. The mother and the woman, for once, triumphed completely over the Duchess. "See," she said, with a look and tone strangely at variance with her usual mode of address, "the fate of a whole family is in your hands in this moment, Helena—of an ancient house. I know my son has not shown you love, but have you sought to win it ? No ! You have withdrawn within yourself. Your voice is sweet ; you sing well—at least, so your ladies say—has he ever heard you ? Have your eyes ever sought his ? Has a blush, a smile, ever betrayed your consciousness of his presence ? Have you ever watched him as he rode from the court ? listened with pleased attention when he spoke ?"

"Madam!" exclaimed Helena, with an indignant blush, "would you have me lower myself to that extent ?"—but she paused and blushed deeper still ; for this was admitting more than she had desired. She felt how strange, in her supposed relation to the Prince, her unfeigned indifference to all that concerned him must seem ; and yet she was not willing to compromise any portion of her future freedom, and present peace of mind, for persons who, according to her peculiar views, had done so little to deserve her interest. Impressed by such considerations, she suddenly stopped short ; the Duchess' eager countenance, as she drank in every word, warning her she had said but too much already. The Duchess, seeing there was no chance of obtaining more at that time, continued with increasing severity :—

"It is a wife's duty to use every endeavour to save her husband from evil—to hold out a saving hand. Think, Helena," she continued, in softer accents, as she observed a cold, sarcastic smile gather on the Princess' lip, "if recalled by no spell of conjugal endearment from this sinful and miserable affair—think of all the evils that await him and us. You return to your own country ; your contract secures your dowry under every circumstance ; the law, perhaps, frees you from hated bonds, and you may become happy elsewhere, under more favourable auspices—ay," she added, with vehemence, "I have read your secret thoughts aright—you dare not deny it."

Helena's eyes sought the ground ; she was too honest formally to disavow what was the real state of the case. Such the nature of those day-dreams with which she had taught herself to support patiently the tedium of her enforced sojourn at a place so little congenial. She was startled at her most secret hopes being thus expounded by another ; she could not deny, she would not own the truth ; in silence, therefore, she took her refuge.

"I have seen through her at last," said the Duchess, with a voice tremulous with passion. "She could—she might recall my son, and she will not !"

"The Prince," said Helena, soothingly, "may, perchance, one day meet with a consort more suited to his taste than it has been my fortune to be—why not build your hopes on so probable an event ?"

"Because," said the Duchess, "because it will then be too late ! No sooner will he be his own master than he will quarrel with the States about this—this woman," she added with contemptuous emphasis—"will insult his officers—dismiss his counsellors—fail in respect to his mother—scorn the discontent of his people, to elevate her and hers to an illusory position—to enrich them with moneys robbed—ay, *robbed* from the State and his country. Finally, he may be deposed, after a life of misery and strife—or, like many another in the same predicament, forgetful of everything, and chiefly of his name and his honour, he will sell his patrimony to swell the possessions of some mightier Prince, and nothing will remain to him except his shame ! Oh ! Helena, that I were in my grave ere I see that day !—my son despised—laughed at—duped by a woman !—duped, because there never is—there never can be sincerity in such contracts. But," she added, rising in some disorder, "but I am speaking to one who has no ears to hear—no eyes to see—no heart to feel for us or our concerns—whose hopes are not our hopes—whose fears are not our fears—who longs for the hour when she may leave a tottering house." Saying this, the Duchess flung herself from the room, leaving Helena breathless at the revelations of every kind she had made, and, above all, with the passionate nature of her appeal, whom she had erroneously judged to be callous on all, because callous

on most points. The life spot in that marble being had been touched, and lo! the springs of feeling were open, and down gushed the living waters to the amazement of her who suspected not their hidden existence. She could not but be moved by the mother's sorrow; but was shocked at the profound egotism that referred all things to her son's welfare and happiness, but made no account whatever of her own.

Helena's curiosity being awakened by what had passed, her ladies were shortly after summoned into her presence, and with an indirectness that did credit to her feminine instinct, since of experience she was devoid, she managed to bring the Prince's delinquencies on the *tapis*. She had, hitherto, so carefully abstained from mentioning him in any way, that this new feature of the case amazed the dowagers; however, as they had long since been dying to relate that about which they were now not only licensed to speak, but actually questioned, soon all they knew, or supposed, was communicated to her, with sundry compassionate, though veiled, personal comments, intended as consolations, at the same time taking malicious notes of her calm unmindfulness of what should have touched her so nearly.

The whole of the Court, and the town itself, was agitated that day, by the scene said to have taken place at the palace. It was affirmed at the former, that Serenissima had been seen to leave the Princess' chamber with unsteady steps, flushed cheeks, and dim eyes, hurrying to her own apartment, in which she had shut herself up for hours. This, coupled with the young Princess' sudden and most unusual interest in the Prince's movements, and the subsequent event—for such trifles are events to those who lead a dull, trifling existence—of the Princess absenting herself from the Court *cercle* that afternoon, and, under pretence of indisposition, keeping altogether to her own apartment for some days after the interview—all these were facts which, when compared and united, showed that a discussion of some sort had arisen between the ladies. That the Prince's amours had been the subject of it, and that the Princess resented her mother-in-law's interference, was the general impression about the affair and universal regret was felt and expressed that the choice of the ducal family had fallen on a Princess so tame and spiritless, although, in other respects, Helena was allowed to be unexceptionable.

In the town, however—especially among those who cannot be supposed to know how such things are managed by the great—it was bruited about that the Duchess had had a violent quarrel with the Princess, her daughter-in-law—had bestowed on her some very disagreeable epithets; and, being of a very hasty temper, had allowed herself such latitudes that she left the room with dishevelled hair and disordered attire, and the Princess had been unable to leave her chamber ever since. A grave shake of the head and a sigh closed such remarks, and all parties were blamed as a matter of course.

The Duke alone was left in ignorance of what was passing around him; for, dreading to irritate her son, and drive him to a still more decided course by too strong an opposition, the Duchess had not only been silent herself, but imposed silence on others; and a salutary fear of offending the future sovereign had tied tongues even more than compliance with her wishes; so that, for a time at least, a show of domestic peace was kept up, although it was felt to be but the calm that precedes the storm. Like all such calms, there was something forced in it which made every one aware of its hollowness.

Helena, from this interview with her mother-in-law, felt a change growing upon herself, for which she was in some respects able, and in some others unable, to account. Thus, now the Duchess had herself torn away the veil from before the Princess' sentiments and intentions, she felt relieved, like one who throws away a tiresome disguise. Her position, with regard to the court, was now defined—her presence there clearly understood to be but conditional and temporary—she no longer felt, as it were, one of the family, and was, therefore, all the more inclined to maintain the dignity of her own; considering herself at liberty to follow the bent of her own inclinations, and by no means bound to a slavish observance of those of others.

From that day forth, therefore, she appeared less frequently in the Duchess' *cercle*, and spent more of the evening hours in her own apartment. She visited the riding-school of the palace, and even ventured beyond its precincts, with few attendants, and these of her own selecting; and, above all, entertained a very active correspondence with her own distant friends, taking great care to whom her letters were entrusted. On the other hand, she invariably, and formally, though gently, refused the many petitions with which her path was waylaid, though her heart often bled at the sight of veterans who were discarded, pensionless, from service, under pretence of a reduction in the army, but merely on account of their age and growing infirmities; or of young men whom want of figure and address, or ancestry, debarred from all chance of bettering their fortunes, when mothers and sisters depended on them for support. But she felt how little right her real position and secret resolves gave her to interfere in any matters concerning the Court of Imminghausen; and though pained at the harsh inferences which the afflicted would be sure to draw from the conduct of her in whom they fancied they beheld their future *Landesmutter*—though aware the Duke would hardly refuse anything to so great a favourite as she had become with him—she scrupulously adhered to what she considered a point of propriety in her own behaviour.

But whilst thus anxious to preserve her own independence in the present and the future—whilst preparing at the very first opportunity to slip the yoke that still lay on her—her thoughts, which, from the first and only interview she had with the Prince, had never again reverted to him, or only in a fugitive and careless way, now turned more frequently towards him. The first fruits of the Duchess' appeal had been awakened curiosity—the next was an impulse of feminine vanity. The Duchess had thought she could, if she would, compete with one who had been described to her as eminently beautiful, though by many years Prince Henry's senior. She, for the first time, interrogated her glass with womanly feelings, and the image it reflected was such as to call forth a well-pleased smile. In fact she was greatly changed since she beheld herself in her bridal wreath and veil, so awkward and unformed. She thought her tall, slender figure graceful in its outline, and her features, she knew enough of drawing to know, were correct; but there was a want of strength of ex-

pression, if one may so term it, which she determined to correct by bestowing more attention on her outward graces than she had hitherto done. She resolved on devoting some portion of her time to riding and dancing, to pay more attention to her toilet, that, at any rate, the Prince should become aware that it was a graceful woman whom he was about to lose, and not a mere child.

Thus argued vanity. Then reason whispered, what signified the opinions of a person so very indifferent to her? Then came the natural reflection that, after all, so long as the law had not dissolved the bonds that bound them, they had a right in each other—that all addressed her as though she exerted that right over the Prince's heart and opinions. After all, she was his wife. It was, indeed, dream-like; but so it was. Though she had not exchanged a thought with him since their marriage, still they were married. This idea took strong possession of her mind, struggle as she would against it. Then, again, if she could be sure of success, it would be very cruel to refuse compliance with the Duchess' desires of attempting to save the Prince from his headlong career of passion and folly. But Helena's womanly pride rose up in arms, and warned her of the impossibility, in her peculiar position, of making the slightest advances. Still the Duchess' advice rang in her ears, and had some, though most secret, results—secret even to herself. Thus she often now watched the Prince from behind the closely-drawn curtains, as he mounted his fiery charge, managing him with a grace and skill she could not but admire; but so guarded her movements on such occasions, no keen observer, far less one so preoccupied as the Prince, could have detected her. If, perchance, meals brought them together, which, from the increasing frequency of her husband's absence from home, and hers from the family-table, was not very often, even whilst assuming an absorbed look, she attentively listened when he spoke, and was surprised to mark how little his mind corresponded with that of his parents. She could not but notice his manly bearing, his decision of character, his good looks and youthful fire—qualities she had until then either denied him altogether, or overlooked from sheer inattention. She felt, too, that his conduct towards her had not been devoid of generosity—he had not stooped to deceive—and had respected her just resolutions. She began to think well, and, what was more, to think much of him; though she permitted no one to become aware of the fact. And whilst she was thus rapidly improving her opinion of her husband's merits, all who approached her fancied she had discarded him altogether from her thoughts. She often sat in the recess of her favourite window, in her rose-broidered boudoir, gazing with curious eyes on the distant landscape; and her looks more especially sought to pierce the darkness of the wood, whither she would attempt to trace the hurrying figure of her lord, and ask herself if it would not be a sweet thing to be thus beloved in the silent shades of the evergreen forest, far from the trammels of etiquette; and then torture her imagination to conjure up the countenance of the Prince, animated and softened by tenderness—that countenance which she never beheld but clouded with discontent.

The winter passed heavily for all in the palace except herself. Busy with the accomplishments she was desirous of acquiring, and still more with her vivid fancies, time did not hang on her hands. The whole household, and the public in general, kept up the same everlasting discussions about the strangeness of the young people's behaviour to each other. The courtiers wondered how the Prince had come by his fiery temperament—his passionate and impassioned disposition. Serenissimo, said they, was so very serene. Serenissimo's mind had ever been like a sheet of ice; it had no light or shade, no depth or height; it was one frigid surface. She was regulated like a piece of Dutch clock-work; still they traced the Prince's vivacity wholly to her; inasmuch as the courtiers observed she had always shown herself impressionable to music, especially to the clash of trumpets and the roll of drums, to which she never failed to beat time with her head and fan. Now, music was known to act on the nerves, and was likely to have an unfavourable influence upon unborn princes. The Duchess had never presented a snuff-box, ornamented with real diamonds, but to a fiddler. The whole body of courtiers resented the fact to that very day, and maintained that this inordinate passion for music was the sole origin and cause of the future sovereign's evincing a temper so unlike that of his august parents.

The Princess' daily improvement in look, manners, and dress, her evident love for and grace in the dance, her artless yet growing consciousness of her increasing charms, became the subject of general remark. But these newly-budding perfections sprang up unheeded in the Prince's path, as do the field flowers beneath the tread of some careless passer-by, who neither notices their fragrance nor their bloom; and the child was fast disappearing, and making way for the beautiful and thoughtful woman, without his becoming aware, so blind is prejudice, of any, even the slightest change. Thus sped the winter, and the leaves were budding forth again, the more gratefully to all beholders that the German winter lasts so long and returns so soon, that its short absence is a tenfold relief; the songsters of the wood again made the air joyous with their notes of welcome; still all remained as before, and the days passed away in their wonted monotony.

The Prince alone had matured a great idea. She whom he loved should not, he had long since determined, dwell any more in a hut, as much beneath her deserts as unworthy of his gallantry. He had held long consultations with his trusty friend and aid-de-camp on this subject, but yet, to brave the Duke, his father, openly, he dare not, and to build some secret bower of love such as he had often dreamed of, was an undertaking that required more money than he had at his disposal. Besides, he dreaded the *eclat* that would unavoidably attend so great an enterprise. But in his constant beat through the forest, chance at last threw what he sought in his way.

The forest, divided and subdivided by many names, skirted and wound round the chain of mountains that partly bounded, and partly belonged to, the Duke's territory; now clothing their sides, now covering their summits, now spreading far across the plain for miles upon miles of country, now receding into dark mysterious dells, now invading the silent depths of precipices. The dark mass had once extended, as a garb of pride, over the whole land, and was but slowly and partially yielding to the power of civilization, and the increas ng wants of an increasing population. These forests,

guarded by most severe game regulations, and troops of foresters to enforce them, were a chief source of amusement to their royal, or electoral, or ducal, or even less exalted possessors. Whether lay or clerical, all took the same unlimited pleasure in the chase; and when one considers the loveliness of the forest scenery of Germany, here mountain bound and wild, there rendered sweet and smiling by lonely lakes concealed within its secret folds, like some fairy held in leafy prison, with ever and anon some break opening on a vast expanse of field, so suddenly revealed as to charm the more, in a land so rich in Nature's choicest beauties, the Nimrod taste of the inhabitants has at least an apology which in less-favoured countries it often wants.

At a considerable distance from the town the trees assumed more majesty of bulk and height, and grew at greater distances from each other, until they formed into a long, large avenue, that seemed to be the undisturbed growth of centuries. It run on for miles up a smooth, soft, turf road, along which the wheels revolved noiselessly and swiftly, unchecked by any more formidable obstruction than a chance pebble. On either hand extended a wide margin of short velvety grass, on which, lying in the shade of the antique trees, were often seen, especially towards evening, when the lengthening shadows were cast across the mossy road, and all was hushed but the rustle of the leaves, or the crash of their own bounding kind through the brushwood, herds of wild deer; and when warned by approaching sounds of the presence of man or beast, they would spring back to their leafy retreat, just far enough among the underwood to conceal part of their forms, but part only. Here and there a snow-white hart, with head proudly thrown back, swelling throat, and many branching antlers; a little farther, a timid doe, with soft eyes and delicate limbs, might be seen watching the intruder from behind a treacherous bush that concealed them not from view. The sweet exudations of the firs, the breathing stillness all around, made this place a paradise, and thither the Prince often wandered with his train.

(*To be continued.*)

THE STUDENT.

BY E. M. FORDHAM.

"Could we but reckon the number of young lives annually injured or destroyed by the overstraining of their mental powers, our readers would scarcely believe us; but certain it is that the midnight lamp could, if it had a tongue, 'unfold' many 'a fearful tale' of the destruction of life and energy, and decay of health, that it has witnessed."—*From an old Newspaper.*

Gleaming with a sickly light,
Through each long hour of midnight,
The Student's lonely lamp was seen;
Though night so perfectly serene,
And sky so deeply blue and fair,
Were watching o'er that thoughtful one,
Their loveliness might well have won
His spirit from all thoughts of care.
And, oh! of all that God hath given
Of quiet rest, and tearless hours,
To cheer this toilsome life of ours,
There's nothing that can ever bring
Peace to the weary heart and brain,
And change its look of suffering
To one as calm and soft again
As moonlight on a summer deep,
Like that one gift of tranquil sleep.
Yet, still, as midnight passed away,
And starlight faded from the sky,
The Student, by his lamp's dim ray,
Sat reading with unwearied eye.
And the calm moon seemed looking down
Through the soft curls of lightest brown
That shaded that pale countenance,
With a half wondering, pitying glance.
Alas! though health and life might now
Shine on that young and thoughtful brow,
Its spirit yet may be o'ercast,
The avenging shadow fall at last.

* * * *

Years, since that brilliant moonlight night, had flown,
And day-light's last and melancholy smile,
Through casement frames of grey and crumbling stone,
Lit a cathedral's dim and solemn aisle.
So sadly, too, and mournfully upon
Pillar and arch, and architrave, it shone,
It almost seemed as if its light had caught
A tinge of human care, of grief and thought,
From the deep voice of death and of decay
That through dim, echoing roofs, and cloisters grey,
Poured its dull, heavy tones, at measured times;
Sounding among the very chambers, where,
Forgetting all their sorrows, hopes and crimes,
Reckless alike of human weal or care,
Each in his last and lightless home enclosed,
The dead, the pale, unheeding dead reposed.

O'er the dense forests, too, its sound was borne,
And the brown leaves of autumn seemed to mourn,
And the seared flowers in the copsewood curled
And shivered, as its sullen tones went by.
O! it is sad to gaze upon the world,
And feel its brightest things may droop and die;
To know a bright, blue sky is o'er us bending,
And glorious sunlight on the earth is shed,
Ever while the deep and solemn knell is sending
Through the clear air a tolling for the dead!

The dew fell heavily, when sunset's smile
Passed from each grave-stone and its grassy mound;
And round the proud cathedral's dusky pile
The wind was whistling with a dreary sound.
And through the vaults of death, so dark and damp,
It came and went, unfelt, unheard by all,
Even where, enfolded in his sable pall,
Lay the young Student of the midnight lamp.
Glory upon his pathway had been shed,
The wreath of fame had bound that graceful head;
Yet, though it might be called a splendid doom
To go thus honoured to his early tomb,
It still was grief to feel the frail links sever
That bound him to a life, even tried as his;
Alas! it still was grief to leave for ever
That little he *had* known of human bliss.

All in his pale and ghastly vestments clad,
With those whose hearts were pulseless as his own,
His look, if sad, was still so gently sad;
And on his brow so little change was shown,
His rest, as yet, was marked with scarcely less
Than sleep's own look of peace and loveliness,
Yet, if that eye could raise its heavy lid,
To look back on the loved spot of its birth,
And if that mind could feel, as once it did,
A kindred spirit of the quitted earth;
Even if in his short sojourn he had felt
Deeply his share of human suffering,
Still yearningly the Student's heart would cling
To those dear earthly homes where he had dwelt,
And sigh to cheer the anguish and despair
Of those whom he had left to mourn him there,
Until they, too, the weary path had trod,
That leads us to our resting-place, and God.

FAITH AND HOPE;

OR, THE HIGHLAND CABIN.

Loud howl'd the wind ; keen swept the blast
  Along that bleak, wild, Highland moor ;
Whilst leaden clouds stooped down to cast
  Thick flakes around each cabin door,
Until the low peat walls became
  Half buried 'neath their drifting load ;
And all things seemed enwrapped the same,
  Nor trace of pass, or path, or road.
Ah ! madness 'twere to venture forth
  To brave that mighty, wint'ry gale ;
Dark rushing from the chilly north,
  'Twill bring of wreck and death a tale !

Such was the scene without ; but yet
  Within that hut 'twas gloomier far ;
For there grim Want his foot had set,
  A happy home to blast, to mar :
A stinted fire still marked the hearth,
  (Or, rather heaped upon the floor),
Whilst from the smould'ring blocks of earth
  The thick brown smoke in volumes pour,
As if the vapour strove to shade
  The drooping forms by anguish bent ;
For there a meek, young face did fade,
  Whilst raised to Heav'n her pray'r upwent,
So deep, so fervent, that she seemed
  Like to some virgin saint of old ;
As Faith and Hope around her gleamed,
  Or sighs, half-checked, of suff'ring told.
Then ever and anon she turned
  With anxious eye tow'rds one more lone ;
One whom the voice of comfort scorned—
  An aged, helpless, stricken crone.

The dame she rocked her to and fro
  Within her wicker chair ;
Her mutt'ring voice breathed sounds of woe,
  Her eye bespoke despair ;
Her very life seemed turned to gall,
And thus her boding accents fall :—
" Howl on ! howl on, ye dismal winds !
  Such tones are meet for scenes like this,
Where gnawing famine refuge finds,
  And death can scarcely come amiss !
Four score twelve years have come and gone
  (A little space now that 'tis sped)
Since first earth's dawn upon me shone,
  But now 'tis night—aye, joy hath fled !
And was it on this very day,
  Three score and ten short years ago,
That Donald fetched his bride away
  To share his chequered lot below ?
The bagpipe called a festive band,
  Re-echoing up yon Highland glen ;
For plenty smiled upon our land,
  And rustic hearts were blithesome then !
Yes, yes, these very clay-built walls
  Seemed all a paradise to me ;
More prized than e'en our chieftain's halls,
  For, Donald, they were shared with thee !
Years rolled apace, and with them came
  Fresh blessings, for a smiling crew
Of urchins clustered round their dame ;
  Nor want we felt, nor discord knew.
Ah me ! such bliss could never last ;
  Ay, sorrows came to press us sore ;
Till, one by one, those dear ones past,
  And left me, to return no more !
All vanished ! whilst this heart was torn
  With anguish—widowed, seared, and chilled.
Oh ! ' better had I ne'er been born,'
  Since bitter dregs my cup hath filled !
Nay, chide me not with mute caress.
  Poor orphan ! fain thine eyes would say,
That one at least my soul should bless
  Ere that it bursts its house of clay.

Yes, Janet, all that I have known
  For years of good is due to thee ;
Thy well-tried love, dear child, I own,
  Hath soothed me 'midst my penury;
Thy father was my first-born pride,
  The first to lisp a mother's name ;
He sank beneath the stormy tide—
  To fill his vacant place you came.
Yes—bless thee, sweet one—half the tears
  I shed but now were for thy sake !
For death a darker aspect wears
  Since mine must thee more lonely make.
Thou bid'st me ' hope, and pray, and trust,'
  But who will shield thee, Janet, then—
As this worn frame doth turn to dust ?
  Ah ! sad must be the moment when,
First driven from this old roof-tree,
A wand'rer thou art forced to flee !"

The maiden's ruddy lip had pressed
  In silence that wan withered cheek,
Then crouching at her side to rest,
  In gentlest tones she turned to speak :—
" Dear mother, cheer thee ! better hours
  Will come again ; let us endure
This trial whilst misfortune low'rs ;
  For have we not the promise sure—
That God's own hand will prop and stay
  The widow, orphan, in their need ?
Drive, then, such dark'ning thoughts away,
  For he will still the hungry feed ;
The humble lily owns his care—
  Why should his children shrink with dread ?
The faithful, too, his bounty share ;—
  ' Lord, give us still our daily bread !' "

The dame repeated, faint and slow,
Those sacred words ; then, whisp'ring low,
She seemed as one constrained t' impart
The terrors of her stricken heart.

" Our daily bread !—'tis all but spent ;
  Though piously thou would'st conceal
That with a morsel thou'rt content
  So long as I'm reserved a meal.
Ah ! can I watch without a pang
  That pallid cheek and sunken eye ?
Worse to endure than famine's fang ;
  For oh ! 'tis mental agony !"

" Hush ! mother, hush ! I cannot bear
Desponding sighs from one so dear ;
Our fellow-men have not forgot
The scourge that desolates this spot.
'Tis God's decree ; yet we'll receive
Succour from those who such can give."

" And hath it come to this, that I
Must live on charity, or die ?
That thought my very soul doth crush ;
  Child, ours was once a mighty clan,
That onward to the charge did rush,
  Obedient to one high-born man
(Our chief)—and why ? Strong ties of blood
  Ran through each vein ; each hardy Gael
Might gladly look to him for food ;
  Whilst his did last, ours ne'er could fail.
But oh ! those olden ties are rent—
  Those faithful hordes are scattered wide ;
A princely fortune, reckless spent,
  Hath ruined all this country side.
No more the pibroch wild shall call
  Each clansman on to victory ;
A Southron claims our chieftain's hall.
  (Sad, sad, I close my history.)
These broad lands teem with guarded game
  (The badger slumbers in his dens)—

We know of justice but the name—
They're barring up our very glens.
The deer-herds through their forest range—
For man alone is found no space!
Child, marvel not I feel the change,
Or that I hate each stranger face.
More, I our cabin homes have seen
Demolished, levelled with the ground;
Marked now by spots of vivid green,*

Where once the peasant's hearth was found.
The autumn brings our new-made lord;
Our Gaelic tongue salutes his ears
Like to some foreign harsh discord—
How can he understand our fears?
Far, far from us he may be kind,
Gen'rous, and true; but still our cry
Can scarce his southern mansion find—
Lost on that wailing blast 'twill die."

"Oh! why dwell on a theme so sad?
The darkest storm at length must cease,
Dear mother mine. So Nature glad
Looks forth to smile on earth in peace.
Have we not seen this mountain wild
In heather decked of brightest hue,
As Summer kissed her northern child,
And fragrance breathed through mist and dew?

Those blossoms scarce were dried and gone
Ere kindling swift to wreaths of fire,
Each hill begirt with flaming zone,
Glowed like to some enormous pyre!†
Yet each scared root will freshly spring
With double vigour. So this scourge
Will blessings to the humble bring.
Our very sufferings must urge
Our cause. Yes! hands that grasped before
Will learn to raise their brethren poor."

"Trust on, sweet child, for surely ne'er
Did young heart throb mid scenes more drear;
Youth buoys thee up; and that bright guest
Would bid thy soul securely rest.
'Tis well, for he to whom thou'st sworn
Thy faith is tardy of return.
I like it not, for well I ken,
Vows slightly bind the wills of men.
Allan may seek for other ties,
Some English home, 'neath softer skies,
Unmindful that the mountain flower
Blooms sweetest through misfortune's show'r."

As when the traveller, awed, doth gaze,
Watching the sun's declining rays
Where Mont Blanc tow'rs, midst endless snows,
His monarch head—first like the rose,
'Tis glowing flushed; then mark the change—
A death-like hue around doth range.
'Tis past! th' unrivalled sight is gone,
Leaving that glorious, pure, white throne.
Such tints the maiden's cheek suffused,
As on her mother's words she mused.
A tear had trembled on her lid,
Then back the doubting drop was chid,
For Allan's name for her did sound
The dearest chord that earth had found.
Foreboding thoughts from her did fly
As thus she framed her meek reply:—

Song.

"Our vows were softly spoken;
We asked no earthly token;
For love so true
Fades not in hue—
Once plighted, ne'er 'tis broken.

"His eye sought mine so fondly;
His voice was tuned so sweetly;
Such sounds are dear
To woman's ear—
They're treasured ever deeply.

"Hope lulls me when I'm sleeping;
She greets me when awaking;
Like angel bright
She glads my sight,
With flowers my pathway strewing.

"If there's a joy enduring—
A pleasure worth securing,
Sure it must prove
In mutual love
To one our all confiding.

"Like pure white heather blooming,
Where northern skies are glooming,
So shall e'er be
My love for thee—
Oh! tarry not in coming!"

She ceased her soft, wild, rustic air;
The dame's lips moved as if in prayer.
Perhaps that well-loved voice prevailed
Where words of comfort all had failed.
The door on noiseless hinge had turned,
The peats again more brightly burned,
Whilst through the cabin's smoky screen
A manly form was dimly seen.
Perchance the wand'rer's foot had stayed
To listen to that mountain maid;
For, shining by the flick'ring light,
His dark eye glistened with delight.
His shepherd's plaid of ample fold
Was cast aside. My tale is told—
Yes! thrilling was the cry that rung
As Janet to her lover clung,
Until her blushing face did rest,
Half hidden, on his throbbing breast.
Then came, in trembling accents broken,
Each dear loved name—half hushed, half spoken;
Proving, when with emotion fraught,
Sounds faintly shadow forth each thought.
But pass by love's still endless theme
To where the dame beheld the scene;
Nor long ere Allan sought her seat,
With kindly words her ear to greet:—

"Mother, this blessed hour repays
The toil of many weary days.
See! these bright pieces, how they shine—
They're Janet's, therefore they are thine.
Yes! I may claim that dear girl's vow;
Two children, dame, will watch thee now!
The fury of the storm is spent,
My heart reposes here content;
For well I know my Janet still
Will woman's holiest task fulfil.

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* In travelling through the Highlands, last autumn, we remarked, in several places, patches of verdure much brighter in hue than the fields of which they formed a part. On inquiring the cause, we were told that each of those vivid spots marked the locality where a cabin had been razed to the ground. Numbers of the inmates thus ejected proceeded to Canada, and, we rejoice to find, have prospered in their new homes. (See "Hochelago," &c.) If, indeed, some method cannot be devised of providing remunerating employment for this class at home, it seems greatly to be desired that many more families should be similarly disposed of. Canada, and the fertile and rising colonies of New Zealand and Australia, can yield bread to more than the thousands now languishing or dragging on a miserable existence at home.

† When watching (during clear frosty nights) the burning of wide tracts of heather, we felt that nothing could exceed the grandeur and beauty of the forms taken by the sheets of flame. Once, in particular, when the hill-side above Gare-Loch-Head suddenly seemed to ignite and take the appearance of an enormous palace, illumining the mountains behind, and then reflected in the calm loch beneath; yes! like to a fairy dream, the whole scene assumed the aspect of enchantment, such, indeed, as to baffle all description.

I'll work—endowed with youth and health,
Strong arms inured to daily toil;
Such are the springs of real wealth,
Fit for free sons of British soil!
23d February, 1847.

We'll husband still our little store,
Ay trust to turn it into more;
For reason every bosom tells
God helpeth those who help themselves."

ELIZABETH CAREY M'CREA.

SCOTTISH RIVERS.—No. II.

THE TWEED AND ITS TRIBUTARIES.—*Continued.*

BY SIR THOMAS DICK LAUDER.

FROM the confidential habits that have grown up between our courteous reader and ourselves, during the progress of this long undertaking, we scrupled not to tell him that it was written with the pencil. A like consideration induces us now to inform him, that since our last fasciculus went to press, we have been compelled, in consequence of what we hope will prove a merely temporary malady in our eyes, to discontinue writing altogether, and to avail ourselves of an intelligent amanuensis, to whom we may dictate the matter that we have to produce. The reader will perceive an obvious inconvenience in this, which, however, chiefly affects ourselves, and which we are not aware has in any degree injured the stream either of narrative or description.

Like a gentleman of large fortune, who has just received a great accession to it, the Tweed, having been joined by the Teviot, leaves Kelso with a magnitude and an air of dignity and importance that it has nowhere hitherto assumed during its course, and which it will be found to maintain, until it is ultimately swallowed up by that grave of all rivers—the sea. A few miles bring it to the confines of Berwickshire, and in its way thither it passes through a rich country. The most important place upon its banks is that of Henderside Park, the seat of our friend Mr. Waldie, who has a large estate here. But before coming to his residence, we cannot help noticing a small place, merely for its name. It is called Sharpitlaw, and it furnishes a strange proof how Sir Walter Scott must have treasured up such names for his particular occasions, since we find this most appropriately applied to the procurator-fiscal in his "Heart of Mid-Lothian."

In regard to the angling here, we find, on reference to Mr. Stoddart, that "immediately below Kelso commence the Sprouston fishings, rented, along with the ferry, a couple of miles down the river, by Thomas Kerss, a relative of Old Rob's at Trows, for about seventy pounds per annum. These, in connexion with the salmon casts belonging to John Waldie, Esq., of Henderside Park, embrace the following streams and pools:—Hempside Ford, the Bank, the Grain, Winter Cast, Mill-stream, Mill-pot, Butter-wash, Bushes, Scurry, containing the well-known Prison Rock, Dub, Mile-end-falls, Eden-water-foot. Mr. Waldie's fishings begin at the Mill-stream and terminate along with the Sprouston casts." We believe that any gentleman getting permission to have a day's angling on any of these will have every chance of enjoying salmon-fishing in perfection; and, from the information we have had, we understand that the gentlemen, who pay a large rent for the angling, are most liberal in the manner in which they grant permission when they are properly applied to.

Just before quitting the confines of Roxburghshire, the Tweed receives the classic stream of the Eden, which enters it from the left bank. This river rises from a part of Berwickshire; and, passing through Mellerstain, the fine old residence of George Baillie, Esq., of Jerviswood, and through a richly-cultivated country, it enters the parish of Stichell, belonging to our friend Sir John Pringle, Bart., where it produces a pretty little romantic scene, by throwing itself over a precipitous rock of considerable height. The spot is called Stichell Lynn. The right bank is here occupied and ornamented by the beautiful pleasure grounds of Newton Don, one of the most charming residences in this part of the country; and the mill, miller's house, and other buildings which stand close to the fall on the left bank, combine to produce an interesting picture. Alas! there is a tale of woe attached to this scene, the occurrence of which we are just old enough to remember. The late Sir Alexander Don, of Newton Don, had two sisters, whom we recollect as beautiful blooming girls, full of the highest life and spirit. They were just of an age to be brought into fashionable life, of which they would unquestionably have been ornaments. We remember them in Edinburgh under the charge of their mother, Lady Harriet Don. Having gone to spend the summer and autumn at Newton Don, they took with them a young lady, Miss Ramsay, a friend of theirs, as a companion. The three ladies, on their return from a walk on the left bank of the stream, and having suddenly heard the dinner-bell ringing at the house, bethought themselves of a set of stepping-stones, which enabled a person on foot to cross the river dry-shod, a little way below where they then were, and they accordingly made their way down the bank, in order to avail themselves of them. Now, it so happens that an instantaneous flood is produced in the river, by the operation either of turning on or off the mill sluice—we at this moment forget which. The three ladies had reached the middle of the stepping-stones, when the miller, altogether ignorant of their being there, had occasion to perform the fatal operation on his mill sluice. Down came the river like a

wall in full career upon the ladies, swept them from the stones, and whelmed them in the flood. Their shrieks were piercing; but, alas! there was no one there to help. Miss Ramsay happened, fortunately, to be clad in a sort of stuff petticoat, which being of a stiff material, resisted the water, and buoyed her up until she caught hold of some branch or bough, which was the means of saving her. But, alas! the two sisters were utterly lost.

After passing through the beautiful grounds of Newton Don, the river enters the lovely vale of Eden, rich in cultivation, and resembling some of our happiest English scenes. In the centre of it is the peaceful village of Ednam, the birth-place of our favourite poet Thomson, who was the son of the clergyman of this parish. His mother's name was Hume, and she inherited a portion of a small estate as coheiress. His father, having no less than nine children, had little difficulty in agreeing to the proposal of a kind neighbour clergyman, Mr. Riccarton, who being without a family himself, being moreover much struck with the genius which early displayed itself in James Thomson, undertook the charge of his education, and to furnish him with books. Mr. Riccarton was somewhat of a poet himself, and it has been asserted that it was to him that Thomson was indebted for the plan of his "Seasons." It was in this way that his earlier years were passed, until he went to the school at Jedburgh.

We have already said a good deal on the subject of Thomson and his writings, but we must be allowed a little indulgence here in extension of what has already fallen from us. It is not long ago since we were in a company of very intelligent people of both sexes, where the subject of Thomson happened to be introduced, and where, to our very great astonishment, it was agreed, *nemine contradicente*, not only that nobody read Thomson now-a-days, but that nobody could read Thomson now-a-days, and one gentleman went so far as to state that he believed that nothing but the circumstance of an individual being, by some accident, confined in a determinedly rainy day to the dull parlour of some country inn, with no other book but the "Seasons," could induce him or her to open it; and he even doubted whether, if the book was opened, it would not be immediately afterwards closed. This excited a merry laugh all round; but, if there be any truth in this observation, may we not ask, whether this disregard of this faithful poet of Nature does not prove a certain perversion in general taste, rather than any fault in Thomson's poetry itself? What made the above remarks more curious to us was, that the gentleman who hazarded them was a keen and expert angler, and that all the other gentlemen present were devoted to that sport. We strongly suspect, therefore, that this undervaluing of Thomson had been entirely gratuitous, and that the gentleman had made no very recent attempt to peruse his works; for, if he had, we fearlessly ask where he could have had all the little circumstances necessary to produce success, so fully, so beautifully, or so poetically brought together, as in the following verses from Thomson's "Spring":—

"Now, when the first foul torrent of the brooks,
Swell'd with the vernal rains, is ebb'd away;
And, whitening, down their mossy-tinctur'd stream
Descends the billowy foam, now is the time,
While yet the dark-brown water aids the guile
To tempt the trout. The well-dissembled fly—
The rod, fine tapering with elastic spring,
Snatch'd from the hoary stud the floating line,
And all thy slender wat'ry stores prepare;
But let not on thy hook the tortur'd worm
Convulsive twist in agonizing folds,
Which, by rapacious hunger swallow'd deep,
Gives, as you tear it from the bleeding breast
Of the weak, helpless, uncomplaining wretch,
Harsh pain and horror to the tender hand!

"When, with his lively ray, the potent sun
Has pierc'd the streams, and rous'd the finny race,
Then, issuing cheerful to thy sport repair:
Chief should the western breezes curling play,
And light o'er æther bear the shadowy clouds.
High to their fount, this day, amid the hills
And woodlands warbling round, trace up the brooks;
The next pursue their rocky-channel'd maze
Down to the river, in whose ample wave
Their little Naiads love to sport at large.
Just in the dubious point, where with the pool
Is mix'd the trembling stream, or where it boils
Around the stone, or from the hollow'd bank
Reverted plays in undulating flow,
There throw, nice judging, the delusive fly;
And, as you lead it round in artful curve,
With eye attentive mark the springing game.
Strait as above the surface of the flood
They wanton rise, or, urg'd by hunger, leap,
Then fix, with gentle twitch, the barbed hook;
Some lightly tossing to the grassy bank,
And to the shelving shore slow dragging some
With various hand proportion'd to their force.
If yet too young, and easily deceiv'd,
A worthless prey scarce bends your pliant rod,
Him, piteous of his youth, and the short space
He has enjoy'd the vital light of heaven,
Soft disengage, and back into the stream
The speckl'd captive throw; but, should you lure
From his dark haunt, beneath the tangled roots
Of pendent trees, the monarch of the brook,
Behoves you then to ply your finest art.
Long time he, following cautious, scans the fly,
And oft attempts to seize it, but as oft
The dimpled water speaks his jealous fear.
At last, while haply o'er the shaded sun
Passes a cloud, he desperate takes the death
With sullen plunge: at once he darts along,
Deep struck, and runs out all the lengthen'd line,
Then seeks the farthest ooze, the sheltering weed,
The cavern'd bank, his old secure abode,
And flies aloft, and flounces round the pool,
Indignant of the guile. With yielding hand,
That feels him still, yet to his furious course
Gives way, you, now retiring, following now,
Across the stream, exhaust his idle rage,
Till floating broad upon his breathless side,
And to his fate abandon'd, to the shore
You gayly drag your unresisting prize."

We know nothing in Izaack Walton that so perfectly teaches the pupil the whole of his art as these lines do. It shows a most wonderful knowledge of the subject in the poet, that he points out to us, that it is not the first day after the rains that we ought to try the river. That day should be devoted to the mountain brooks and burns, which most speedily purify themselves, and after this we may proceed to the river with some hope of success. But the whole passage is replete with the very

niceties of the art. Although this quotation and these remarks have found their place here, we are still of opinion that the scenery that gave rise to them in the poet's mind must have been that of the Jed, which river was full of trouts, until some such accident as the bursting of a lime kiln destroyed the whole of them, and they are only now beginning to recover their numbers.

Before we conclude the subject of Thomson, let us be permitted to say, that we cannot estimate how deeply we should pity the man who, whether cooped up in a wretched inn, or walking free amidst the wilds of the mountain forest, could not estimate the value of these sublime and magnificent lines, which we now offer to our readers, with very great regret that our space will not allow us to quote the whole of the hymn to which they belong:—

"These, as they change, Almighty Father! these
Are but the varied God. The rolling year
Is full of Thee. Forth in the pleasing spring
Thy beauty walks, thy tenderness and love;
Wide flush the fields; the softening air is balm;
Echo the mountains round; the forest smiles;
And every sense and every heart is joy.
Then comes Thy glory in the summer months,
With light and heat refulgent. Then Thy sun
Shoots full perfection thro' the swelling year;
And oft at dawn, deep noon, or falling eve,
By brooks and groves, in hollow-whispering gales,
Thy bounty shines in autumn unconfined,
And spreads a common feast for all that lives.
In winter awful Thou! with clouds and storms
Around Thee thrown! tempest o'er tempest roll,
Majestic darkness! on the whirlwind's wing,
Riding sublime, Thou bidst the world adore,
And humblest Nature with thy northern blast."

We must acknowledge it is a very great satisfaction to us, to recollect that we had the honour of meeting two ladies of the name of Bell, some twenty years ago, when on a visit to the late Sir John Marjoribanks, at Lees, who were the lineal descendants of a sister of Thomson's, and whose conversation showed that they were not devoid of a portion of that talent for which the poet was so celebrated.

The Eden is remarkable for the excellence of the trout, which are natives of the stream, but they require very considerable skill and great nicety of art to extract them by means of the angle from their native element. Mr. Stoddart tells us that the true Eden trout is a deeply-shaped fish, small headed, and of dark complexion on the exterior. The stars or beads are by no means numerous, but they are large and distinctly formed; those on either flank being of a deep crimson or purple hue, and encircled with a whitish ring or halo. Its flesh, when in season, on being cooked, is of a fine pink colour, the flakes interlayered with rich curd. At the table it is highly esteemed for its firmness and general excellence. We hold that the superior excellence of these fish is to be attributed to the superior feeding which is supplied to them by the deep alluvial soil of the vale through which the stream flows. Mr. Stoddart mentions a curious circumstance connected with the trout of the upper part of this river, above Stichell Lynn; where, owing to the accidental escape of considerable quantities of another variety of trout from enclosed water at Mellerstain, the stream itself became the haunt, and continued so for three or four successive years, of a cross breed, which vied in numbers with the proper stock, and appeared, during the greater part of this period, as if it would ultimately supplant them altogether. This breed, however, and its after-crosses, have nearly disappeared, and the original trout are resuming, in point of numbers, their old position.

Mr. Stoddart tells us further, that below Stichell Lynn the true breed of Eden is intermixed with other varieties. May and June are the months when the trout are in highest perfection, and the worm at this period is a deadly bait. The largest trout Mr. Stoddart ever killed in Eden weighed about two pounds, and he says that he has frequently taken, among others, a dozen weighing a pound a-piece. Of late years, the fish have greatly decreased in size; but their quality, when in season, is still good.

And now we must congratulate our kind and courteous reader, as well as ourselves, that the romantic days of border warfare have been long at an end; for, if it had been otherwise, our noble companion, the Tweed, which has now brought us to a point where he washes England with his right hand waves, whilst he laves Scotland with his left, might have brought us into some trouble. As he forms the boundary between England and Scotland from hence to the sea, we must, in order to preserve him as a strictly Scottish river, say little about his right bank, except what may be necessary for mere illustration. But as we see before us the truly dilapidated ruins of what was once the strong and important fortress of Wark Castle, we must bestow a few words upon it; and perhaps the best way of so doing is to borrow those of Sir Walter Scott:—"During the reign of Stephen, Wark Castle sustained three sieges against the Scotch, under their king, David, with most admirable fortitude; in the two first they entirely baffled the assailants, and compelled them to raise both sieges; in the last the garrison were reduced to great extremities—they had killed their horses, and salted their flesh for food, and when that was nearly consumed, resolved, as soon as all provision was exhausted, to make a general sally, and cut their passage through the lines of their assailants, or die, sword in hand. During this interval, Walter D'Espec, their lord, willing to preserve so brave a corps, sent the Abbot of Beville with his command, that the garrison should surrender the place; on whose arrival a treaty was entered into, in consequence of which the garrison capitulated, and were permitted to march out of the castle under arms, with twenty horses provided them by the Scotch king. On this evacuation the castle was demolished, and the fortifications were razed. King Henry the Second, to strengthen his frontiers against the Scots, ordered the castle to be rebuilt, and the fortifications restored.

"King David Bruce, returning with his victorious army from an incursion he had made into England,

as far as Durham, passed Wark Castle. His rear, laden with spoils, were seen by the garrison with the greatest indignation. Sir William Montague was then governor, and the Countess of Salisbury, whose lord the fortress then belonged to, resided there. The governor, with forty horsemen, made a sally, committed great slaughter on the Scots, and returned into the castle with 100 horses, laden with booty. The Scotch king, incensed at this insult, made a general assault on the castle, but met with a repulse. He then invested the place. The imminent danger of the garrison rendered it necessary to send information of their situation to the English monarch, who was approaching the borders with a great army. The attempt was perilous, but it was effected by the governor himself on a fleet horse, in the darkness and tumult of a stormy night. He passed through the enemy's lines, and carried intelligence to King Edward, who advanced so rapidly to the relief of the besieged, that the Scotch had but barely time to pass the Tweed before the van of the English army appeared. The Countess of Salisbury expressed the most grateful joy for this relief. She entertained the king at Wark Castle, and her deportment and manners were so pleasing to him, that the origin of the institution of the most noble order of the garter is said to be owing to this visit.

"Soon after the accession of Henry IV. to the throne of England, the Scots made an incursion, in which they took the castle of Wark, and utterly demolished the works. It had been a fortress of too much consequence to the safety of that part of the kingdom to be long neglected; it was, therefore, soon after restored, and in a good state of defence. In 1419, in the absence of the king, who was then in France, hostilities having commenced on the Borders, William Haliburton of Fast Castle took the Castle of Wark, and put all the garrison to the sword; but it was soon recovered by the English, who made their way by a sewer which led from the kitchen of the castle into the Tweed, and surprising the Scots, put them all to death, in revenge for their former cruelty. This castle was again in the hands of the Scotch in the reign of Henry VI., and they once more levelled its fortifications with the ground. It was afterwards repaired by the Earl of Surrey; and in the year 1523, in the reign of Henry VIII., the Scotch army, lying at Coldstream, resolved again to attempt the destruction of Wark. Buchanan, the historian, being present at the siege, gives the following description of the castle:—'In the innermost area was a tower of great strength and height; this was encircled by two walls, the outer including the larger space, into which the inhabitants of the country used to fly with their cattle, corn, and flocks, in time of war; the inner of much smaller extent, but fortified more strongly by ditches and towers. It had a strong garrison, good store of artillery and ammunition, and other necessary things for defence.' The Duke of Albany, the commander of the Scotch, sent against it battering cannon and a chosen band of Scots and French, to the number of 4000, under the command of Andrew Ker of Fairnherst. The French carried the outer enclosure at the first assault, but they were dislodged by the garrison setting fire to the corn and straw laid up therein. The besiegers soon recovered it, and by their cannon effected a breach in the inner wall. The French, with great intrepidity, mounted the breach, sustaining great loss from the shot of that part of the garrison who possessed the keep; and being warmly received by the forces that defended the inner ballium, were obliged to retire after great slaughter. The attack was to have been renewed on the succeeding day, but a fall of rain in the night, which swelled the Tweed, and threatened to cut off the retreat of the assailants to the main army, and the approach of the Earl of Surrey, who before lay at Alnwick with a large force, obliged the Duke to relinquish his design and return into Scotland. The governor of Wark Castle at this time was Sir John Lisle.

"Wark was the barony and ancient possession of the family of Ross, one of whom, William de Ross, was a competitor for the crown of Scotland in the reign of Edward I. of England. It continued in that family to the end of the fourteenth century, when it appears to have become the possession of the Greys, who took their title from the place, being styled the Lords Grey of Wark, in the descendants of which family it has continued to the present time."

The Scottish banks of the river, from the Eden water to Coldstream, are richly cultivated, and partially wooded by hedgerows and the plantations of several properties. The country being flat, the extensive woods of Lord Hume's fine place of the Hirsel fill up the back-ground very happily. A very singular little stream, called the Leet, passes through his grounds. It is extremely small, and, having its course through a deep alluvial soil, it has more the appearance of a ditch than anything else; but, insignificant-looking as it is, it contains trout of very superior size and flavour. Mr. Stoddart gives us the following extraordinary account of this small stream:—"Of all streams that I am acquainted with, the Leet, which discharges itself into the Tweed above Coldstream, was wont, considering its size, to contain the largest trout. During the summer season it is a mere ditch, in many places not above four or five span in width, and, where broadest, still capable of being leapt across. The run of water is, comparatively speaking, insignificant, not equalling in the average a cubic foot. This, however, as it proceeds, is every now and then expanded over a considerable surface, and forms a pool of some depth; in fact, the whole stream, from head to foot, pursuing, as it does, a winding course for upwards of twelve miles, is a continued chain of pools, fringed, during the summer, on both sides, with rushes and water-flags, and choked up in many parts with pickerel weed and other aquatic plants. The channel of Leet contains shell-marl, and its banks, being hollowed out beneath, afford, independent of occasional stones and tree roots, excellent shelter for trout. Not many years

ago, the whole course of it was infested with pike, but the visit of some otters, irrespective of the angler's art, has completely cleared them out, and thus allowed the trout, which were formerly scarce, to become more numerous.

"On the first occasion of my fishing Leet, which happened to be early in April, 1841, before the sedge and rushes had assumed the ascendancy, I captured, with the fly, twenty-six trout, weighing in all upwards of twenty-nine pounds. Of these, five, at least, were two-pounders, and there were few, if any, small-sized fish. In 1842, on the second day of June, the weather being bright and hot, I killed, with the worm, out of the same stretch of water, betwixt Castlelaw and Boughtrig, forty-two trout, weighing upwards of twenty-three pounds; also, on a similar day in June, 1846, betwixt ten and two o'clock in the forenoon, I managed to encreel three dozen and five fish, the largest of which was a three-pounder, and there were at least twelve others that weighed a pound a-piece. The gross weight on this occasion I neglected to take note of, but it certainly approached two stones." The salmon angling casts on this long bank of the Tweed, which we have last brought under notice, are, according to Mr. Stoddart, as follow:—"The Birgham fishings on Tweed commence about half a mile below Edenmouth, and comprise, along with the Carham water, a number of excellent pools and angling casts, the principal of which are Birgham Dub, containing Burnmouth, Corbie-nest, Galashan, Jean-my-lady, Cork-stane; after which follow the Burn-stream, Carham-wheel, including Cuddy's-hole, Dyke-end, Longship-end, Mid-channel-stream, Flummery, Kirke-end, Dritten-ass, Glitters, Bloody-breeks, Under-cairn, the Cauldron-hole, Three-stanes, Pikey, Three-brethren, Nether-stream, the Hole-stream, the Hole, Craw-stanes, Lang-craig, Mark's-skelling-head, Bell-stane, Leggy-bush, White-eddy, Whinbush-skelly, Shaw's-mare, Know-head.

"The casts in the Wark water, belonging to Earl Grey, are the Snipe, the Brae, the Dub, Anna-edge, Cuddy's-hole, Skeller-rocks, Willow-bush, Island-neb, Black-mark, Fa'en-down-brae, Hedge-end, Red-hough-stane, Hell's-hole, Mid-hole, Temple, Cauld-end, Coble-neb, Coble-hole, Bulwark. The fishings on the north side of the river belong to the Earl of Hume; those on the south, below Carham Burn, to the Compton family, Carham Hall. Succeeding these are the Wark fishings, and, farther down, the Lees water."

The place of Lees, the property of Sir John Marjoribanks, Baronet, is immediately above the village of Coldstream. The house stands upon a cheerful terrace, looking down upon a very extensive and beautiful haugh, around which the river makes a large circuit. This is perfectly level in surface, and only wants the grand historical recollections that attach themselves to the famous Runnymede to possess an equal interest. The river here, although bound in honour, like a fair judge, to do equal justice to the two countries it divides, seems disposed to favour Scotland so far, as it is continually adding large portions to Sir John Marjoribanks' estate. The view down the course of the stream, which runs between wooded banks of no great height, and is crossed by the noble bridge of Coldstream, is extremely beautiful.

The village of Coldstream itself is very pretty with its nice modern cottages and gardens, but it is likewise interesting from some of its old buildings. Our friend Mr. Chambers tells us that the third house east from the market-place of Coldstream is said to have formerly been the inn. It is an old thatched edifice of two storeys, but might have at one time been the best house in the town. In this house, many personages of distinction, including kings and queens of Scotland, are enumerated by tradition as having resided, and that occasionally, for several days at a time, while waiting till the fall of the waters of Tweed permitted them to cross at the ford, the only means of passage previous to the building of the bridge. Some of the apartments in which royalty found accommodation in former times are sufficiently curious and confined. Coldstream was remarkable for its convent of Cistercian nuns, of which Mr. Chambers gives us the following interesting account:—Previous to the Reformation, Coldstream could boast of a rich priory of Cistercian nuns; but of the buildings not one fragment now remains. The nunnery stood upon a spot a little eastward from the market-place, where there are still some peculiarly luxuriant gardens, besides a small burying-ground, now little used. In a slip of waste ground, between the garden and the river, many bones and a stone coffin were dug up some years ago; the former supposed to be the most distinguished of the warriors that fought at Flodden; for there is a tradition that the abbess sent vehicles to that fatal field, and brought away many of the better orders of the slain, whom she interred here. The field, or rather hill, of Flodden, is not more than six miles from Coldstream, and the tall stone that marks the place where the king fell, only about half that distance, the battle having terminated about three miles from the spot where it commenced.

This place is equally remarkable for its consummation of the marriages of English runaway couples, as Gretna Green has been; and whilst we have no doubt that some pairs may have had uninterrupted connubial happiness since they were here linked together in matrimony, we fear there may have been many who have secretly, if not openly, cursed the day when they crossed the Tweed for such a purpose.

General Monk made this his quarters till he found a favourable opportunity for entering England to effect the restoration; and it was here that he raised that regiment that has ever afterwards had the name of the Coldstream Guards. It is known in these modern times for a very different species of celebrity, for it may now be called the Melton Mowbray of the north. Before our friend, Mr. Marjoribanks Robertson, went to

reside at Ladykirk, he took from his nephew the house and place of Lees to live in. Here he established his crack pack of fox-hounds, and hunted the Northumbrian country for several seasons with great success. He afterwards handed the hounds and the country over to Lord Elcho, who has now a very superior range of hunting country on both sides the Tweed, and particularly in Northumberland. The assemblage of sportsmen of the highest order in and about Coldstream during the hunting season is very great, and there are few places where fox-hunting can be more fully and freely enjoyed; whilst the courtesy and urbanity of Lord Elcho himself give a tone to the society that makes the mere residence here during the hunting season peculiarly fascinating.

The River Till is an important tributary to the Tweed from its right bank, but we are at some loss to say whether or not we should interfere with it, seeing that it is so decidedly an English river, and we recall, with fear and trembling, the aid its bridge of Twisel afforded to the army of Lord Surrey, enabling it to meet and overthrow the Scottish army at Flodden; but we cannot pass over the graphic description given by Scott of the passage of the English army:—

"Even so it was. From Flodden ridge
The Scots beheld the English host
Leave Barmore-wood, their evening post,
And heedful watch'd them as they cross'd
The Till by Twisel bridge.
High sight it is, and haughty, while
They dive into the deep defile;
Beneath the cavern'd cliff they fall,
Beneath the castle's airy wall.
By rock, by oak, by hawthorn tree,
Troop after troop are disappearing,
Troop after troop their banners rearing,
Upon the eastern bank you see.
Still pouring down the rocky den,
Where flows the sullen Till,
And, rising from the dim-wood glen,
Standards on standards, men on men,
In slow succession still,
And sweeping o'er the Gothic arch,
And pressing on, in ceaseless march,
To gain the opposing hill.
That morn, to many a trumpet clang,
Twisel! thy rocks deep echo rang;
And many a chief of birth and rank,
Saint Helen! at thy fountain drank.
Thy hawthorn glade, which now we see
In spring-tide bloom so lavishly,
Had then from many an axe its doom,
To give the marching columns room."

From what we have seen of this ravine, we are disposed to think that when the hounds take their course across it, they must be productive of many curious and amusing incidents among the field of sportsmen, worthy, perhaps, of being described by such a lively pencil as that of Mr. Alken. It is extremely romantic and beautiful; and the well alluded to by Sir Walter Scott in his verses is to be found beneath a tall rock near the bridge. The Till runs so extremely slow, that it forms a curious contrast with the Tweed, whose course here is very rapid, giving rise to the following quaint verses:—

"Tweed said to Till,
What gars ye rin sae still?
Till said to Tweed,
Though ye rin wi' speed,
And I rin slaw,
Yet where ye drown ae man
I drown twa!"

According to Mr. Stoddart, Till has considerable fame as an angling river. The fish it contains are pike, perch, trout, and eels; but the migratory sorts, especially whitlings, enter it freely, and much earlier than they do any other branch from the main stream. Not many salmon, however, are caught by the rod above Etal, their progress being much obstructed by a waterfall in that locality. The sea-trout, on the occurrence of a flood, force their way up into the Glen, a stream entering Till two or three miles below Wooler, and formed by the junction of the Bowmont and Colledge waters, the one passing Yetholm from Roxburghshire, and the other from the foot of Cheviot. The Glen is in high repute as an angling stream, and contains abundance of small lively trout. There are good inns at and adjoining Wooler, and a small one at Bender. Connected with this district is the Glendale fishing club, a numerous body of Northumbrians, comprising several able and intelligent anglers.

On the Tweed, at Till-mouth, there is an excellent cast for salmon; but here, as at Coldstream, the fish are very capricious, and show little inclination to favour the angler.

Let us now return to the Scottish side of the Tweed, and there let us notice the charming residence of Lennel, beautifully situated on the banks of the river, a little below Coldstream bridge. This belongs to the Earl of Haddington, and it was here that Mr. Brydone, the well-known tourist in Sicily and Malta, lived for some time previous to his death. Near this are the remains of the church of Lennel, surrounded by a burying-ground, which is still in use. Tradition speaks of Maxwell's Cross, which stood about a century ago between Lennel church and Tweed mill. A little way below Tweed mill is Milnegraden, the seat of that gallant and heroic veteran, Admiral Sir David Milne, now the residence of his son. It is charmingly situated in a wooded park upon the immediate banks of the river.

As to the angling on the Tweed, Mr. Stoddart tells us that at Coldstream bridge there is a good cast, which seldom wants its fish; and where, in the grilse season, when the river is clear, one has an excellent opportunity of studying the habits and likings of the salmon in fresh water—what fly is most attractive, &c. &c. The trouting about Coldstream is very superior; but the rod fishing for salmon, with the exception of the cast above mentioned, is somewhat precarious. Three miles below Coldstream stands Tweed mill, nearly opposite which the Till enters.

We must now proceed to make our last inroad into England—an inroad, however, very different indeed from those which used to be made by our ancestors, when they rode at the head of their men-at-arms, for the purpose of harrying the country, and driving a spoil. We go now upon a

peaceful visitation of Norham Castle, certainly the most interesting of all objects of a similar description on the whole course of the Tweed. Our first approach to this very striking ruin was from Lees, when we were upon a visit to the late Sir John Marjoribanks, grandfather of the present baronet, and we shall not easily forget the deep impression it then made upon us. The ancient name of this castle appears to have been Ubbanford. It stands on a steep bank, partially wooded, and overhanging the river. It seems to have occupied a very large piece of ground, as the ruins are very extensive, consisting of a strong square keep, considerably shattered, with a number of banks and fragments of buildings, enclosed within an outer wall, of a great circuit; the whole forming the most picturesque subject for the artist. It was here that Edward I. resided when engaged in acting as umpire in the dispute concerning the Scottish crown. From its position, exactly upon the very line of the border, no war ever took place between the two countries without subjecting it to frequent sieges, during which it was repeatedly taken and retaken. The Greys of Chillingham Castle were often successively captains of the garrison; yet as the castle was situated in the patrimony of St. Cuthbert, the property was in the see of Durham till the Reformation. After that period, it passed through various hands. At the union of the crown it was in the possession of Sir Robert Carey, afterwards Earl of Monmouth, for his own life and that of two of his sons. After King James' accession, Carey sold Norham Castle to George Home, Earl of Dunbar, for £6000. According to Mr. Pinkerton, there is, in the British Museum, col. B. 6,216, a curious memoir of the Dacres on the state of Norham Castle in 1522, not long after the battle of Flodden. The inner ward or keep is represented as impregnable. "The provisions are three great vats of salt eels, forty-four kine, three hogsheads of salted salmon, forty quarters of grain, besides many cows, and four hundred sheep, lying under the castle wall nightly; but a number of the arrows wanted feathers, and a good *Fletcher* (*i. e.* maker of arrows) was required."

We spent the greater part of a day in wandering about the ruins, visiting every hole and corner that we could thrust our head into, trying to make out the uses of the various fragments of masonry, and how they were employed, restoring the whole in our mind's-eye to its ancient state, and in filling the court yard, stables, guard-houses, and the ramparts, with the rough and hardy warriors who might have constituted its garrison. How beautifully has Sir Walter Scott thrown himself back into those times in the charming verses with which he opens Marmion!

After referring to the brilliant lines from the great minstrel, it is with much diffidence, and not without a certain dread of being accused of presumption, that we venture to give a few sentences from the Wolfe of Badenoch, in which we have introduced our hero to Norham Castle; our only apology is an earnest and romantic desire to associate ourselves with this most interesting pile:—

"'These tedious leagues of English ground seem to lengthen under our tread,' said Sir John Assueton, breaking a silence that was stealing upon their march, with the descending shades of evening. 'Dost thou not long for one cheering glance of the silver Tweed, ere its stream shall have been forsaken by the last glimmer of twilight?'

"'In sooth, I should be well contented to behold it,' replied Hepborne. 'The night droops fast, and our jaded palfreys already lag their ears from weariness. Even our unbacked war-steeds, albeit they have carried no heavier burden than their trappings, have nathless lost some deal of their morning's metal, and, judging from their sobered paces, methinks they would gladly exchange their gay chamfronts for the more vulgar hempen halters of some well-littered stable.'

"'*Depardieux!* but I have mine own sympathy with them,' said Assueton. 'Said'st thou not that we should lie at Norham to-night?'

"'Methought to cast the time and the distance so,' replied Hepborne; 'and by those heights that twinkle from yonder dark mass, rising against that yellow streak in the sky, I should judge that I have not greatly missed in meting our day's journey to that of the sun. Look between these groups of trees—nay, more to the right, over that swelling bank; that, if I mistake not, is the keep of Norham Castle, and those are doubtless the torches of the warders, moving along the battlements. The watch must be setting ere this. Let us put on.'

"'Thou dost not mean to crave hospitality from the captain of the strength, dost thou?' demanded Assueton.

"'Such was my purpose,' replied Hepborne; 'and the rather that the good old knight, Sir Walter de Selby, hath a fair fame for being no churlish host.'

* * * *

"The night was soft and tranquil. The moon was up, and her silvery light poured itself on the broad walls of the keep and the extensive fortifications of Norham Castle, rising on the height before them, and was partially reflected from the water of the farther side of the Tweed, here sweeping widely under the rocky eminence, and threw its shadow half-way across it. They climbed up the hollow way leading to the outer ditch, and were immediately challenged by the watch upon the walls. The pass-word was given by their guide, the massive gate was unbarred, the portcullis lifted, and the clanging drawbridge lowered at the signal, and they passed under a dark archway to the door of the outer court of guard. There they were surrounded by pikemen and billmen, and narrowly examined by the light of torches; but the officer of the guard appeared, and the squire's mission being known to him, they were formally saluted, and permitted to pass on. Crossing a broad area, they came to the inner gate, where they underwent a similar scrutiny. They had now reached that part of the fortress where stood the barracks, the stables, and various other buildings necessarily belonging to so important a place; while in the centre arose the keep, huge in bulk, and adamant in strength, defended by a broad ditch where not naturally rendered inaccessible by the precipitous steep, and approachable from one point only by a narrow bridge. Lights appeared from some of its windows, and sounds of life came faintly from within; but all was still in the buildings around them, the measured step of the sentinel on the wall above them forming the only interruption to the silence that prevailed."

It is amusing enough to perceive how the translator of the French edition, published at Paris in 1828, renders some of the original passages. Instead of making the stranger knights receive a *military compliment* from the guard on their entrance into the castle, the French translator says, "*L'officier de garde arriva en ce moment, et comme il connaissait la mission de l'écuyer, il le salua poliment, et ordonna qu' on les laissât passer*;" thus converting what was intended to be a

military salute from the guard, in compliment to the two knights, into a courteous bow from its captain to the squire. We must, however, do the translator the justice to say that, upon the whole, it is remarkably well done, though, perhaps, not quite equal to the Italian version.

Gentle reader, we have had a long and tortuous voyage of it together, and we have still a considerable distance to go by water, down a broader and a deeper stream. But as you have hitherto confided yourself without scruple to our care, and have had no reason to complain of having done so, we think that we may safely assure you that we shall convey you to the end of your voyage without danger or accident, and this without having recourse to the barque in which the holy St. Cuthbert chose to make so many voyages after his death. Norham was one of his favourite resting places; and, having afterwards voyaged to Melrose, he is said to have steered himself in his stone coffin from thence to Till-mouth :—

"Nor did Saint Cuthbert's daughters fail
To vie with these in holy tale;
His body's resting place of old,
How oft their patron changed, they told;
How when the Druid burn'd their pile,
The monks fled forth from Holy Isle;
O'er northern mountains, marsh, and moor,
From sea to sea, from shore to shore,
Seven years Saint Cuthbert's corpse they bore.
They rested them in fair Melrose;
But though, alive, he loved it well,
Not there his relics might repose;
For, wondrous tale to tell!
In his stone coffin forth he rides,
A pondrous bark for river tides,
Yet, light as gossamer it glides,
Downward to Till-mouth cell."

The parish of Ladykirk, which now comes under our notice, upon the left bank of the Tweed, was created at the Reformation by the junction of Upsetlington and Horndean. James IV. had built a church which he dedicated to the Virgin Mary, whence it received its name. The cause of his doing so was the circumstance of his nearly losing his life when crossing the Tweed by a ford, at the head of his army, when he suddenly found himself in a situation of great peril, from the violence of the flood, which had nearly carried him away. In his emergency he vowed to build a chapel to the Virgin, in case she would be so good as deliver him, and his vow was executed accordingly. An ancient monastery existed here, the site of which is known by a few large stones and the superior richness of the soil in what is called the Chapel Park, a little lower down the river than Upsetlington. The late Mr. Robertson of Ladykirk erected three pillars over three very fine springs that rise here, inscribing on them the names of the Nun's, the Monk's, and St. Mary's Wells. It is capable of awakening strange associations to learn that, in a field opposite to Norham Castle, numerous cannon balls have been found. Let us only think of the hostile *animus* with which these were put into the cannon which discharged them, and then how peaceably they have lain here, harmlessly buried in the soil of that country against which they were projected!

The whole of this parish belongs to the estate of Ladykirk, a magnificent property. The house and grounds are extensive, and the situation peculiarly agreeable. Perhaps the most remarkable thing here worthy of notice is the building containing the stables. We believe that these are hardly to be matched in the kingdom; and attached to them there is a grand riding house of most princely proportions. Horndean is at the lower end of the parish, and, as its Saxon name imports, it is situated in a quiet corner, in a valley sloping towards the Tweed. From hence to the sea the river is more adapted to the net and coble than for angling.

As we proceed downwards, the scenery on the Tweed may be said to be majestic, from the fine wooded banks which sweep downwards to its northern shore. The surface of the water is continually animated by the salmon coble shooting athwart the stream, whilst employed in the process of dropping the net, making its curve inward to the shore, and leaving its line of floating corks to indicate where it hangs. And then the group of stalwart, hardy fishermen, standing on the shore in their enormous boots, and ready to seize the line as soon as it is handed to them, and their picturesque attitudes, as they lean forward upon the rope to haul the net ashore, all combine to produce a wonderful degree of interest. This is not rendered the less as the bight of the net approaches the shore, and the silvery-sided fish are seen within it, lashing about in their idle effort to escape from the toils. If you throw an effect of sunset over all this, where the vivid rays catch and inflame every wavelet produced by the accidental agitation of the water, you will complete the picture with the most glowing colouring. Broadmeadows is a handsome modern mansion, but Paxton House is the most prominent object here. It is not devoid of architectural dignity, but it is sadly destroyed by its enormous roof. It appears to stand on the brink of the wooded bank immediately overhanging the Tweed. This was the residence of George Hume of Paxton, a very remarkable man. We had the honour of spending a week here with him, and found his society extremely delightful. Besides having a superior head for business, he was fond of literature, and was one of that intellectual knot that contributed to the production of the "Mirror" and "Lounger." He was a man of some taste also, as is proved by the gallery of pictures attached to the house. This residence now belongs to Mr. Foreman Hume. The name of Foreman naturally leads us to notice that very distinguished character, Andrew Foreman, who was a native of this parish of Hutton. The "Statistical Account" concisely sketches his history. He was Bishop of Moray, Archbishop of Bourges in France, and afterwards Archbishop of St. Andrews, flourished about the beginning of the sixteenth century, and was a native of this parish. He is said to have been of the family of the Foremans of Hutton in the Merse. The uncommon political talents, and the acute understanding which distinguished this prelate, gained for him most powerful patronage.

He was a favourite of two successive Scottish monarchs, James III. and IV., two successive popes, Julius II. and Leo X., and of Louis XII. of France. By those high personages he was loaded with honours and benefices. Though opposed by powerful competitors, he was elevated to the first See in Scotland. He was likewise employed as an ambassador from the Court of Scotland to that of France. Historians have given opposite portraits of his character, of the real features of which it is difficult to form an opinion. Of the family of this distinguished individual, the only trace that is left is a small field, which, as if in mockery of mortal ambition, still retains the name of "Foreman's Land." Mr. Philip Redpath, the author of the "Border History," was minister of the parish here; and we must not omit to notice another great man, though great in a different sense—we mean Mr. Bookless, who was the parish schoolmaster, and whose stature was seven feet four inches. One of our companions in early life had been placed under his tuition, and he spoke of him as an amiable man of convivial habits. He died whilst this gentleman was at school with him, and so large was the coffin that contained his remains, that a portion of the wall of the house was obliged to be broken up, so as to allow of its quitting the chamber, and it was lowered down by pulleys from the upper story to the ground. There is something extremely whimsical in the notion of the name of Bookless belonging to a schoolmaster; but, from all we have heard, he really was an educated man; and there can be no question that, if he was a literary work, he must have been considered by your book collectors as a splendidly tall copy.

A very handsome suspension bridge, executed by Captain Samuel Brown of the Royal Navy, here connects England with Scotland, and at some distance below, the Tweed receives the Whitadder as its tributary from the left bank.

The Whitadder, though perhaps not one of the largest of the tributaries of the Tweed, is extremely important in many points of view. A glance at the map of Berwickshire will show that it and its subtributary, the Blackadder, and their various smaller streams of supply, water the whole country. Were we to go very particularly into the description of the objects and places within a short distance of their waters, we should have to describe the whole of that rich agricultural shire. We shall, however, endeavour to be as particular as circumstances will admit of, and we shall adopt the same order of description that we have used in giving our account of all the other rivers, and according to this plan we shall begin with the Whitadder at its source. Mr. Stoddart tells us that the Whitadder takes its rise at Johnscleugh, in the county of Haddington, at an elevation of eleven hundred and fifty feet above the level of the sea. After running three miles, it is joined by the Fasteney water at Millknow. In the days of our scientific furor we remember making an excursion hither to visit and examine the bed of this Fasteney water, which was to a certain extent a *champ de bataille* to the two great geological parties, the Huttonians and the Wernerians—the facts it disclosed ultimately yielding a complete triumph to the former. The way from Fountainhall to Millknow being long and devious, we engaged a certain John Craig, a butcher in Ormiston, well acquainted with these hills, to be our guide. He and his pony were the very prototypes of Dandie Dinmont and his Dumple. Our very scientific friend, Mr. Scott of Ormiston, went with us to assist in our investigations, and Lord Hopetoun's gardener, Mr. Smith, now at Hopetoun House, was also of the party, being desirous to gather from us the botanical names of a number of plants which were strange to him. Starting at midnight, and arriving at Millknow in the morning, we occupied the whole day on the banks and in the bed of the river, we and Mr. Scott being engaged in taking and comparing and naming the mineralogical specimens, whilst every now and then Mr. Smith was coming to us with a new plant, to obtain from us its scientific name. As we were mounting our horses in the evening to return home, and the gardener was assisting honest John Craig to settle and arrange a couple of large game bags, full of minerals, upon his back, to which he submitted in silent patience, for it must, in truth, have been but a dull day to him, seeing that he had wandered along the river side without having the opportunity of opening his mouth to any one of us, "Take care," said Mr. Smith, "that you do not lose any of these minerals. Keep them as steady on your back as you can, so that they may not chafe one against the other, and see that you do not lose or break any of those plants in this botanical box." "Ou, never ye fear," replied John, "I'll tak' gude care o' them a'; but de'il hae me an' I ever heard sae mony kittle names gi'en to weeds and stanes as I have heard this blessed day."

Mr. Chambers gives us some interesting information with regard to the antiquities of this part of the country. He informs us that there was here a string of no less than six castles, all placed at certain distances from each other, *i. e.* John's Cleugh, Gamelshiel, Painshiel, Redpath, Harehead, and Cranshaws. These seem to have been intended as a cordon of defence to resist incursions from the south into the Lothians; and, indeed, we shall find that all the warlike remains that we shall afterwards meet with in these hills, hold positions which lead to the supposition that they were placed there, though at very different periods, yet all with the same object. Mr. Chambers is perfectly right in his supposition, that the whole of this district of hills was covered with wood in the early ages, and filled with the wild animals of chase of all descriptions. He gives us a very interesting legend in regard to the lady of Gamelshiel Castle, the ruins of which stand near the farm of Millknow, and this we shall take the liberty of extracting in his own words. "She was one evening taking a walk at a little distance below the house, when a wolf sprung from the wood, and, in the language of the simple peasants who tell the far-descended story, *worried* her. The husband buried her mangled corpse in the corner of the

court-yard ; and ever after, till death sent him to rejoin her in another world, sat at his chamber window, looking through his tears over her grave —his soul as dark as the forest shades around him, and his voice as mournful as their autumn music. This castle was one of a chain which guarded the pass between Dunse and Haddington ; a natural opening across the hills, formed by the course of the Whitadder, near the head of which stream it was situated. Two tall, spiky, pillar-like remains of the tower are yet to be seen by the travellers passing along this unfrequented road, far up the dreary hope ; and a flat stone, covering the grave of the unfortunate lady, yet exists, to attest the verity of a story so finely illustrative of the aboriginal condition of this country."

The Fasteney is a fine sparkling mountain stream. Soon after the union of the Fasteney water with the Whitadder, it receives the small river Dye. In the adjacent parish of Cranshaws stands the fine old Scottish mansion of Cranshaws Castle, now belonging to Lady Aberdour, of which the "Statistical Account" speaks as follows :—"It is an oblong square of forty feet by twenty-four. The walls are forty-five feet high. The battlement on the top is modern, otherwise the date of the building might have been pretty nearly ascertained, as the water conduits are in the form of cannon. Before the union of the two kingdoms, it had been used by the inhabitants on this side of the parish as a place of refuge from the English borderers, as the old Castle of Scarlow (of which very little now remains) had probably been by the inhabitants of the other division." This castle has been richly gifted by having the superstition attached to it of its being under the protection of a brownie, one of those rude but benevolent spirits who laboured for the comfort of the family to which it attached itself, which Milton describes so well in these lines :—

> "Tells how the drudging goblin sweat
> To earn his cream bowl, duly set ;
> When in one night, ere glimpse of morn,
> His shadowy flail hath threshed the corn
> That ten day-lab'rers could not end ;
> Then lies him down, the lubber fiend,
> And, stretch'd out all the chimney's length,
> Basks at the fire his hairy strength ;
> And crop-full out of doors he flings,
> Ere the first cock his matin rings."

Our friend, Mr. Robert Chambers, tells us that the brownie of Cranshaws was as industrious as could well be desired, insomuch that, at least, the cornsman's office became a perfect sinecure. The brownie both *inned* the corn and threshed it, and that for several successive seasons. It at length happened, one harvest, that after he had brought the whole victual into the barn, some one remarked that he had not *mowed* it very well, that is, not piled it up neatly at the end of the barn ; whereupon the spirit took such offence that he threw the whole of it next night over the Raven Craig, a precipice about two miles off, and the people of the farm had almost the trouble of a second harvest in gathering it up.

The highest land in this neighbourhood is called Manslaughter-Law, a name which it has received from a great battle having been fought here, as is proved by the numerous swords and other warlike instruments that have been dug up upon the spot. This is supposed to have been that battle which was fought between the Earl of Dunbar and Hepburn of Hailes, in 1402. Some of the Lammermuir hills in the neighbourhood of this part of the Whitadder are of considerable elevation. Meikle Cese, or Sayr's Law, is 1500 feet high ; and there is also a hill called the Great Dirrington Law, 1145 feet high. At Byrecleugh, on the Dye water, there is a curious accumulation of stones, called the "Mutiny Stones." It measures 240 feet long, of irregular breadth and height, but where broadest and highest, seventy-five feet broad and eighteen feet high. The stones appear to have been brought from a crag half a mile distant. It is difficult to conjecture for what purpose these stones were thrown together. The river Whitadder becomes of some consequence when it approaches Abbey St. Bathans, its breadth being upwards of eighty feet, and it winds its way through beautiful haughs. It is melancholy to think that the interesting ruin of the priory of Cistercian nuns which ornamented its left bank has entirely disappeared, from the ignorance of the people, who have carried off the materials for various purposes. There is a very excellent description of these ruins, including that of the church, in the Statistical Account of the Parish of Abbey St. Bathans.

Some of the scenery in this retired part of the Whitadder, although simple in its features, appears to be particularly beautiful. Along each side of the river a fertile haugh stretches for upwards of a quarter of a mile, beyond which the hills that wall in the valley rise on all sides with considerable steepness. The ground on the north side of the vale rises abruptly from the haugh, and presents a bank finely covered with natural wood. The slope which forms the south side of the vale is cultivated to a considerable height, and portions of it are planted with larch and Scotch fir, intermingled with the elm, the oak, and the ash; but still rising higher as it recedes, at last presents nothing but its natural covering of heath. At each end of the valley, where it receives and transmits the Whitadder, there opens a beautiful dell from north-westward, with its appropriate brook. The farm-house and steading of Abbey St. Bathans, with its adjoining smithy, a neat cottage, a corn-mill, the decent parish church, the manse—which, topping a little eminence, is embosomed among trees—and the school-house, present a group of simple but pleasing features. The interest awakened by these objects is, at the same time, heightened by the natural scenery amidst which they occur. Let us conceive all this glowing under the effect of a bright sunshine, the heat of which has driven the cattle from the meadow into the pools of the river, whilst the perfect stillness of the lassitude of nature reigns over everything, and when even the angler finds his occupation too great an exertion, and we shall have a picture which it might have delighted Cuyp to have painted.

PROTESTANTISM.

BY THOMAS DE QUINCEY.

(Continued from page 765.)

SUCH is *Phil.'s* way of explaining Θεοπνευστια* *(theopneustia)*, or divine prompting, so as to reconcile the doctrine affirming a *virtual* inspiration, an inspiration as to the truths revealed, with a peremptory denial of any inspiration at all, as to the mere verbal vehicle of those revelations. He is evidently as sincere in regard to the inspiration which he upholds as in regard to that which he denies. *Phil.* is honest, and *Phil.* is able. Now comes *my* turn. I rise to support my leader, and shall attempt to wrench this notion of a verbal inspiration from the hands of its champions by a *reductio ad absurdum*, viz., by showing the monstrous consequences to which it leads—which form of logic *Phil.* also has employed briefly in the last paragraph of last month's paper; but mine is different and more elaborate. Yet, first of all, let me frankly confess to the reader, that some people allege a point-blank assertion by Scripture itself of its own verbal inspiration; which assertion, if it really *had* any existence, would summarily put down all cavils of human dialectics. *That* makes it necessary to review this assertion. This famous passage of Scripture, this *locus classicus*, or prerogative text, pleaded for the *verbatim et literatim* inspiration of the Bible, is the following; and I will so exhibit its very words as that the reader, even if no Grecian, may understand the point in litigation. The passage is this: Πασα γραφη θεοπνευστος και ὠφελιμος, &c., taken from St. Paul (2 Tim. iii. 16.) Let us construe it literally, expressing the Greek by Latin characters: *Pasa graphé*, all written lore (or, every writing)—*theopneustos*, God-breathed, or, God-prompted—*kai*, and (or, also)—*ophelimos*, serviceable—*pros*, towards, *didaskalian*, doctrinal truth. Now this sentence, when thus rendered into English according to the rigour of the Grecian letter, wants something to complete its sense—it wants an *is*. There is a subject, as the logicians say, and there is a predicate (or, something affirmed of that subject), but there is no *copula* to connect them—we miss the *is*. This omission is common in Greek, but cannot be allowed in English. The *is* must be supplied; but *where* must it be supplied? That's the very question, for there is a choice between two places; and, according to the choice, will the word *theopneustos* become part of the subject, or part of the predicate; which will make a world of difference. Let us try it both ways:—

1. All writing inspired by God (*i. e.*, being inspired by God, supposing it inspired, which makes *theopneustos* part of the subject) *is* also profitable for teaching, &c.

2. All writing *is* inspired by God, and profitable, &c. (which makes *theopneustos* part of the predicate.)

Now, in this last way of construing the text, which is the way adopted by our authorised version, one objection strikes everybody at a glance, viz., that St. Paul could not possibly mean to say of all writing, indiscriminately, that it was divinely inspired, this being so revoltingly opposed to the truth. It follows, therefore, that, on this way of interpolating the *is*, we must understand the Apostle to use the word *graphé*, writing, in a restricted sense, not for writing generally, but for sacred writing, or (as our English phrase runs) "*Holy Writ;*" upon which will arise three separate demurs—*first*, one already stated by *Phil.*, viz., that, when *graphé* is used in this sense, it is accompanied by the article; the phrase is either ἡ γραφη, "the writing," or else (as in St. Luke) αἱ γραφαι, "the writings," just as in English it is said, "the Scripture," or "the Scriptures." *Secondly*, that, according to the Greek usage, this would not be the natural place for introducing the *is*. *Thirdly*—which disarms the whole objection from this text, *howsoever* construed—that, after all, it leaves the dispute with the bibliolaters wholly untouched. We also, the anti-bibliolaters, say that all Scripture is inspired, though we may not therefore suppose the Apostle to be here insisting on that doctrine. But no matter whether he is or not, in relation to this dispute. Both parties are contending for the inspiration—so far they are agreed; the question between them arises upon quite another point, viz., as to the *mode* of that inspiration, whether incarnating its golden light in the corruptibilities of perishing syllables, or in the sanctities of indefeasible, word-transcending ideas. Now, upon that question, the apostolic words, torture them how you please, say nothing at all.

There is, then, no such dogma (or, to speak *Germanicè*, no such *macht-spruch*) in behalf of verbal inspiration as has been ascribed to St. Paul, and I pass to my own argument against it. This argument turns upon the self-confounding tendency of the common form ascribed to θεοπνευστια, or divine inspiration. When translated from its true and lofty sense of an inspiration—brooding, with outstretched wings, over the mighty abyss of *secret* truth—to the vulgar sense of an inspiration, burrowing, like a rabbit or a worm, in grammatical quillets and syllables, mark how it comes down to nothing at all; mark how a stream, pretending to derive itself from a heavenly fountain, is finally lost and confounded in a morass of human perplexities.

* "Θεοπνευστια."—I must point out to *Phil.* an oversight of his as to this word at p. 45; he there describes the doctrine of *theopneustia* as being that of "plenary and *verbal* inspiration." But this he cannot mean, for obviously this word *theopneustia* comprehends equally the verbal inspiration which he is denouncing, and the inspiration of power or spiritual virtue which he is substituting. Neither *Phil.*, nor any one of his school, is to be understood as rejecting *theopneustia*, but as rejecting that particular mode of *theopneustia* which appeals to the eye by mouldering symbols, in favour of that other mode which appeals to the heart by incorruptible radiations of inner truth.

First of all, at starting, we have the inspiration (No. 1) to the original composers of the sacred books. *That* I grant, though distinguishing as to its nature.

Next, we want another inspiration (No. 2) for the countless *translators* of the Bible. Of what use is it to a German, to a Swiss, or to a Scotsman, that, three thousand years before the Reformation, the author of the Pentateuch was kept from erring by a divine restraint over his words, if the authors of this Reformation—Luther, suppose, Zwingle, John Knox—either making translations themselves, or *relying* upon translations made by others under no such verbal restraint, have been left free to bias his mind, pretty nearly as much as if the original Hebrew writer had been resigned to his own human discretion?

Thirdly, even if we adopt the inspiration, No. 2, *that* will not avail us; because many *different* translators exist. Does the very earliest translation of the Law and the Prophets, viz., the Greek translation of the Septuagint, always agree verbally with the Hebrew? Or the Samaritan Pentateuch always with the Hebrew? Or do the earliest Latin versions of the entire Bible agree *verbally* with modern Latin versions? Jerome's Latin version, for instance, memorable as being that adopted by the Romish Church, and known under the name of the *Vulgate*, does it agree verbally with the Latin versions of the Bible or parts of the Bible made since the Reformation? In the English, again, if we begin with the translation still sleeping in MS., made five centuries ago, and passing from that to the first *printed* translation (which was, I think, Coverdale's, in 1535), if we thence travel down to our own day, so as to include all that have confined themselves to separate versions of some one book, or even of some one cardinal text, the versions that differ—and to the idolater of words *all* differences are important—may be described as countless. Here, then, on that doctrine of inspiration which ascribes so much to the power of *verbal* accuracy, we shall want a fourth inspiration, No. 4, for the guidance of each separate Christian applying himself to the Scriptures in his mother tongue; he will have to select not one (where is the one that has been uniformly correct?) but a multitude; else the same error will again rush in by torrents through the license of interpretation assumed by these many adverse translators.

Fourthly, as these differences of version arise often under the *same* reading of the original text; but as, in the meantime, there are many *different* readings, here a fifth source of possible error calls for a fifth inspiration overruling us to the proper choice amongst various readings. What may be called a "textual" inspiration for *selecting* the right reading is requisite for the very same reason, neither more nor less, which supposes any verbal inspiration originally requisite for *constituting* a right reading. It matters not in which stage of the Bible's progress the error commences; first stage and last stage are all alike in the sight of God. There was, reader, as perhaps you know, about six score years ago, another *Phil.*, not the same as this *Phil.* now before us (who would be quite vexed if you fancied him as old as all *that* comes to—oh dear, no! he's not near as old)—well, that earlier *Phil.* was Bentley, who wrote (under the name of *Philelutheros Lipsiansis*) a pamphlet connected with this very subject, partly against an English infidel of that day. In that pamphlet, *Phil.* the first pauses to consider and value this very objection from textual variation to the validity of Scripture; for the infidel (as is usual with infidels) being no great scholar, had argued as though it were impossible to urge anything whatever for the word of God, since so vast a variety in the readings rendered it impossible to know what *was* the word of God. Bentley, though rather rough, from having too often to deal with shallow coxcombs, was really and unaffectedly a pious man. He was shocked at this argument, and set himself seriously to consider it. Now, as all the various readings were Greek, and as Bentley happened to be the first of Grecians, his deliberate review of this argument is entitled to great attention. There were, at that moment when Bentley spoke, something more (as I recollect) than ten thousand varieties of reading in the text of the New Testament; so many had been collected in the early part of Queen Anne's reign by Wetstein, the Dutchman, who was then at the head of the collators. Mill, the Englishman, was at that very time making further collations. How many he added, I cannot tell without consulting books—a thing which I very seldom do. But since that day, and long after Bentley and Mill were in their graves, Griesbach, the German, has risen to the top of the tree, by towering above them all in the accuracy of his collations. Yet, as the harvest comes before the gleanings, we may be sure that Wetstein's barn housed the very wealth of all this variety. Of this it was, then, that Bentley spoke. And what *was* it that he spoke? Why, he, the great scholar, pronounced, as with the authority of a Chancery decree, that the vast majority of various readings made no difference at all in the sense. In the *sense*, observe; but many things *might* make a difference in the sense which would still leave the doctrine undisturbed. For instance, in the passage about a camel going through the eye of a needle, it will make a difference in the sense, whether you read in the Greek word for *camel* the oriental animal of that name, or a ship's cable; but no difference at all arises in the spiritual doctrine. Or, illustrating the case out of Shakspeare, it makes no difference as to the result, whether you read in Hamlet "to take arms against a *sea* of troubles," or (as has been suggested), "against a *siege* of troubles;" but it makes a difference as to the integrity of the image.* What has a sea to

* "Integrity of the metaphor."—One of the best notes ever written by Warburton was in justification of the old reading, *sea*. It was true, that against a *sea* it would be idle to take *arms*. We, that have lived since Warburton's day, have learned by the solemn example of Mrs. Partington (which, it is to be hoped, none of us will ever forget), how useless, how vain it is to take up a mop against the

do with arms? What has a camel,* the quadruped, to do with a needle? A prodigious minority, therefore, there is of such various readings as slightly affect the *sense;* but this minority becomes next to nothing, when we inquire for such as affect any *doctrine*. This was Bentley's opinion upon the possible disturbance offered to the Christian by various readings in the New Testament. You thought that the carelessness, or, at times, even the treachery of men, through so many centuries, must have ended in corrupting the original truth; yet, after all, you see the light burns as brightly and steadily as ever. We, now, that are not bibliolatrists, no more believe that, from the disturbance of a few words here or there, any evangelical truth can have suffered a wound or mutilation, than we believe that the burning of a wood, or even of a forest, which happens in our vast American possessions, sometimes from natural causes (lightning, or spontaneous combustion), sometimes from an Indian's carelessness, can seriously have injured botany. But for *him*, who conceives an inviolable sanctity to have settled upon each word and particle of the original record, there *should* have been strictly required an inspiration (No. 5) to prevent the possibility of various readings arising. It is too late, however, to pray for *that;* the various readings *have* arisen; here they are; and what's to be done now? The only resource for the bibliolatrist is—to invoke a new inspiration (No. 4) for helping him out of his difficulty, by guiding his choice. We, anti-bibliolaters, are not so foolish as to believe that God having once sent a deep message of truth to man, would suffer it to lie at the mercy of a careless or a wicked copyist. Treasures so vast would not be left at the mercy of accidents so vile. Very little more than two hundred years ago, a London compositor, not wicked at all, but simply drunk, in printing Deuteronomy, left out the most critical of words; the seventh commandment he exhibited thus—"Thou *shalt* commit adultery;" in which form the sheet was struck off. And though in those days no practical mischief could arise from this singular *erratum*, which English Griesbachs will hardly enter upon the roll of various readings, yet, harmless as it was, it met with punishment. "Scandalous!" said Laud, "shocking! to tell men in the seventeenth century, as a biblical rule, that they positively must commit adultery!" The brother compositors of this drunken biblical reviser, being too honourable to betray the individual delinquent, the Star Chamber fined the whole "chapel." Now, the copyists of MSS. were as certain to be sometimes drunk as this compositor—famous by his act—utterly forgotten in his person—whose crime is remembered—the record of whose name has perished. We therefore hold, that it never was in the power, or placed within the discretion, of any copyist, whether writer or printer, to injure the sacred oracles. But the bibliolatrist cannot say *that;* because, if he does, then he is formally unsaying the very principle which is meant by bibliolatry. He therefore must require another supplementary inspiration, viz., No. 4, to direct him in his choice of the true reading amongst so many as continually offer themselves.*

Fifthly, as all words cover ideas, and many a word covers a choice of ideas, and very many ideas split into a variety of modifications, we shall, even after a fourth inspiration has qualified us for selecting the true reading, still be at a loss how, upon this right reading, to fix the right acceptation. So *there*, at that fifth stage, in rushes the total deluge of human theological controversies. One church, or one sect, insists upon one sense; another, and another, "to the end of time," insists upon a different sense. Babel is upon us; and, to get rid of Babel, we shall need a fifth inspiration. No. 5 is clamorously called for.†

Atlantic ocean. Great is the mop, great is Mrs Partington, but greater is the Atlantic. Yet, though all arms must be idle against the sea considered literally, and κατα την φαντασιαν under that image, Warburton contended justly that all images, much employed, *evanesce* into the ideas which they represent. A *sea* of troubles comes to mean only a *multitude* of troubles. No image of the sea is suggested; and arms, incongruous in relation to the literal sea, is not so in relation to a multitude; besides, that the image *arms* itself, evanesces for the same reason into *resistance*. For this one note, which I cite from boyish remembrance, I have always admired the subtlety of Warburton.

* Meantime, though using this case as an illustration, I believe that *camel* is, after all, the true translation; first, on account of the undoubted proverb in the east about the *elephant* going through the neddle's eye; the relation is that of *contrast* as to magnitude; and the same relation holds as to the camel and the needle's eye: secondly, because the proper word for a cable, it has been alleged, is not "camelus," but "camilus."

* I recollect no variation in the text of Scripture which makes any startling change, even to the amount of an eddy in its own circumjacent waters, except that famous passage about the three witnesses—"*There are three that bear record in heaven*," &c. This has been denounced with perfect fury as an interpolation; and it is impossible to sum up the quart bottles of ink, black and blue, that have been shed in the dreadful skirmish. Porson even, the all-accomplished Grecian, in his letters to Archdeacon Travis, took a conspicuous part in the controversy; his wish was, that men should think of him as a second Bentley tilting against Phalaris; and he stung like a hornet. To be a Cambridge man in those days was to be a hater of all Establishments in England; things and persons were hated alike. I hope the same thing may not be true at present. It may chance that on this subject Master Porson will get stung through his coffin, before he is many years deader. However, if this particular variation troubles the waters just around itself (for it would desolate a Popish village to withdraw its local saint), yet carrying one's eye from this Epistle to the whole domains of the New Testament—yet, looking away from that defrauded village to universal Christendom, we must exclaim—What does one miss? Surely Christendom is not disturbed because a village suffers wrong; the sea is not roused because an eddy in a corner is boiling; the doctrine of the Trinity is not in danger because Mr. Porson is in a passion.

† One does not wish to be tedious; or, if one *has* a gift in that way, naturally one does not wish to bestow it *all* upon a perfect stranger, as "the reader" usually is, but to reserve a part for the fireside, and the use of one's most beloved friends; else I could torment the reader by a longer succession of numbers, and perhaps drive him to despair. But one more of the series, viz., No. 6, as a parting *gage d'amitié*, he must positively permit me to drop into his pocket. Supposing, then, that No. 5 were surmounted, and that, supernaturally, you knew the value to a hair's breadth of every separate word (or, perhaps, composite phrase made up from a constellation of words)—ah, poor traveller in trackless forests, still you are lost again—for, oftentimes, and especially in St. Paul, the words may

But we all know, each knows by his own experience, that No. 5 is not forthcoming; and, in the absence of *that*, what avail for *us* the others? "Man overboard!" is the cry upon deck; but what avails it for the poor drowning creature that a rope being thrown to him is thoroughly secured at one end to the ship, if the other end floats wide of his grasp? We are in prison: we descend from our prison-roof, that seems high as the clouds, by knotting together all the prison bedclothes, and all the aids from friends outside. But all is too short: after swarming down the line, in middle air, we find ourselves hanging: sixty feet of line are still wanting. To re-ascend —*that* is impossible: to drop boldly—alas! *that* is to die.

Meantime, what need of this eternal machinery, that eternally is breaking like ropes of sand? Or of this earth resting on an elephant, that rests on a tortoise, that, when all is done, must still consent to rest on the common atmosphere of God? These chains of inspiration are needless. The great ideas of the Bible protect themselves. The heavenly truths, by their own imperishableness, defeat the mortality of languages with which for a moment they are associated. Is the lightning enfeebled or dimmed, because for thousands of years it has blended with the tarnish of earth and the steams of earthly graves? Or light, which so long has travelled in the chambers of our sickly air, and searched the haunts of impurity—is that less pure than it was in the first chapter of Genesis? Or that more holy light of truth—the truth, suppose, written from his creation upon the tablets of man's heart—which truth never was imprisoned in any Hebrew or Greek, but has ranged for ever through courts and camps, deserts and cities, the original lesson of justice to man and piety to God—has that become tainted by intercourse with flesh? or has it become hard to decipher, because the very heart, that human heart where it is inscribed, is so often blotted with falsehoods? You are aware, perhaps, reader, that in the Mediterranean sea, off the coast of Asia Minor (and, indeed, elsewhere), through the very middle of the salt-sea billows, rise up, in shining columns, fountains of fresh water.* In the desert of the sea are found Arabian fountains of Ishmael and Isaac! Are these fountains poisoned for the poor victim of fever, because they have to travel through a contagion of waters not potable? Oh, no! They bound upwards like arrows, cleaving the seas above with as much projectile force as the glittering waterworks of Versailles cleave the air, and rising as sweet to the lip as ever mountain torrent that comforted the hunted deer.

It is impossible to suppose that any truth, launched by God upon the agitations of things so unsettled as languages, *can* perish. The very frailty of languages is the strongest proof of this; because it is impossible to suppose that anything so great can have been committed to the fidelity of anything so treacherous. There is laughter in heaven when it is told of man, that he fancies his earthly jargons, which, to heavenly ears, must sound like the chucklings of poultry, equal to the task of hiding or distorting any light of revelation. Had *words* possessed any authority or restraint over scriptural truth, a much worse danger would have threatened it than any malice in the human will, suborning false copyists, or surreptitiously favouring depraved copies. Even a general conspiracy of the human race for such a purpose would avail against the Bible only as a general conspiracy to commit suicide might avail against the drama of God's providence. Either conspiracy would first become dangerous when first either became possible. But a real danger seems to lie in the insensible corruption going on for ever within all languages, by means of which they are eternally dying away from their own vital powers; and that is a danger which is travelling fast after all the wisdom and the wit, the eloquence and the poetry of this earth, like a mountainous wave, and will finally overtake them —their very vehicles being lost and confounded to human sensibilities. But such a wave will break harmlessly against scriptural truth; and not merely because that truth will for ever evade such a shock by its eternal transfer from language to language—from languages dying out to languages in vernal bloom—but also because, if it could *not* evade the shock, supreme truth would surmount it for a profounder reason. A danger analogous to this once existed in a different form. The languages into which the New Testament was first translated offered an apparent obstacle to the translation that seemed insurmountable. The Latin, for instance, did not present the spiritual words which such a translation demanded; and how *should* it, when the corresponding ideas had no existence amongst the Romans? Yet, if not spiritual, the language of Rome was intellectual; it was the language of a cultivated and noble race. But what shall be done if the New Testament wishes to drive a tunnel through a rude forest race, having an undeveloped language, and understanding nothing but war? Four centuries after Christ, the Gothic Bishop Ulphilas set about translating the Gospels for his countrymen. He had no words for expressing spiritual relations or spiritual operations. The new nomenclature of moral graces, humility, resignation, the spirit of forgiveness, &c., hitherto unrecog-

be known, their sense may be known, but their *logical relation* is still doubtful. The word X and the word Y are separately clear; but has Y the dependency of a consequence upon X, or no dependency at all? Is the clause which stands eleventh in the series a direct prolongation of that which stands tenth? or is the tenth wholly independent and insulated? or does it occupy the place of a parenthesis, so as to modify the ninth clause? People that have practised composition as much, and with as vigilant an eye as myself, know also, by thousands of cases, how infinite is the disturbance caused in the logic of a thought by the mere position of a word as despicable as the word *even*. A mote, that is itself invisible, shall darken the august faculty of sight in a human eye—the heavens shall be hidden by a wretched atom that dares not show itself—and the station of a syllable shall cloud the judgment of a council. Nay, even an ambiguous emphasis falling to the right-hand word, or the left hand-word, shall confound a system.

* See Mr. Yates's "Annotations upon Fellowes's Researches in Anatolia," as *one* authority for this singular phenomenon.

nised for such amongst men, having first of all been shown in blossom, and distinguished from weeds, by Christian gardening, had to be reproduced in the Gothic language, with apparently no means whatever of effecting it. In this earliest of what we may call ancestral translations, (for the Goths were of our own blood), and, therefore, by many degrees, this most interesting of translations, may be seen to this day, after fourteen centuries and upwards have passed, *how* the good bishop succeeded, to what extent he succeeded, and by what means. I shall take a separate opportunity for investigating that problem; but at present I will content myself with noticing a remarkable principle which applies to the case, and illustrating it by a remarkable anecdote. The principle is this—that in the grander parts of knowledge, which do not deal much with petty details, nearly all the *building* or constructive ideas (those ideas which build up the system of that particular knowledge) lie involved within each other; so that any one of the series, being awakened in the mind, is sufficient (given a multitude of minds) to lead backwards or forwards, analytically or symthetically, into many of the rest. That is the principle;* and the story which illustrates it is this:—A great work of Apollonius, the sublime geometer, was supposed in part to have perished: seven of the eight books remained in the original Greek; but the eighth was missing. The Greek, after much search, was not recovered; but at length there was found (in the Bodleian, I think,) an Arabic translation of it. An English mathematician, Halley, knowing not one word of Arabic, determined (without waiting for that Arabic key) to pick the lock of this MS. And he did so. Through strength of preconception, derived equally from his knowledge of the general subject, and from his knowledge of this particular work in its earlier sections, using also to some extent the subtle art of the decipherer,* now become so powerful an instrument of analysis, he translated the whole Arabic MS. He printed it—he published it. He tore—he extorted the truth from the darkness of an unknown language—he would not suffer the Arabic to benefit by its own obscurity to the injury of mathematics. And the book remains a monument to this day, that a system of ideas, having internal coherency and interdependency, is vainly hidden under an unknown tongue; that it may be illuminated and restored chiefly through their own reciprocal involutions. The same principle applies, and *à fortiori* applies, to religious truth, as one which lies far deeper than geometry in the spirit of man, one to which the inner attestation is profounder, and to which the key-notes of Scripture (once awakened on the great organ of the heart) are sure to call up corresponding echoes. It is not in the power of language to arrest or to defeat this mode of truth; because, when once the fundamental base is furnished by revelation, the human heart itself is able to co-operate in developing the great harmonies of the system, without aid from language, and in defiance of language—without aid from human learning, and in defiance of human learning.

Finally, there is another security against the suppression or distortion of any great biblical truth by false readings, which I will state in the briefest terms. The reader is aware of the boyish sport sometimes called "drake-stone;" a flattish stone is thrown by a little dexterity so as to graze the surface of a river, but so, also, as in grazing it to dip below the surface, to rise again from this dip, again to dip, again to ascend, and so on alternately, *à plusieurs reprises*. In the same way, with the same effect of alternate resurrections, all scriptural truths reverberate and diffuse themselves along the pages of the Bible; none is confined to one text, or to one mode of enunciation; all parts of the scheme are eternally chasing each other, like the parts of a fugue; they hide themselves in one chapter, only to restore themselves in another; they diverge, only to recombine; and under such a vast variety of expressions, that, even in that way, supposing language to have powers over religious truth—which it never had, or can have—any abuse of such a power would be thoroughly neutralised.

* "*That* is the principle"—I am afraid, on reviewing this passage, that the reader may still say, "*What* is the principle?" I will add, therefore, the shortest explanation of my meaning. If into any Pagan language you had occasion to translate the word *love*, or *purity*, or *penitence*, &c., you could not do it. The Greek language itself, perhaps the finest (all things weighed and valued) that man has employed, could not do it. The *scale* was not so pitched as to make the transfer possible. It was to execute organ music on a guitar. And, hereafter, I will endeavour to show how scandalous an error has been committed on this subject, not by scholars only, but by religious philosophers. The relation of Christian ethics (which word ethics, however, is itself most insufficient) to natural or universal ethics is a field yet uncultured by a rational thought. The first word of sense has yet to be spoken. There lies the difficulty; and the principle which meets it is this, that what any one idea could never effect for itself (insulated, it must remain an unknown quality for ever), the total system of the ideas developed from its centre would effect for each separately. To know the part, you must first know the whole, or know it, at least, by some outline. The idea of *purity*, for instance, in its Christian altitude, would be utterly incomprehensible, and, besides, could not sustain itself for a moment if by any glimpse it were approached. But when a *ruin* was unfolded that had affected the human race, and many things heretofore unobserved, *because uncombined*, were gathered into a unity of evidence to that ruin, spread through innumerable channels, the great altitude would begin dimly to reveal itself by means of the mighty depth in correspondence. One deep calleth to another. One after one the powers lodged in the awful succession of uncoverings would react upon each other; and thus the feeblest language would be as capable of receiving and reflecting the system of truths (because the system is an arch that supports itself) as the richest and noblest; and for the same reason that makes geometry careless of language. The vilest jargon that ever was used by a shivering savage of Terra del Fuego is as capable of dealing with the sublime and eternal affections of space and quantity, with up and down, with more and less, with circle and radius, angle and tangent, as is the golden language of Athens.

* "*Art of the decipherer.*"—An art which, in the preceding century, had been greatly improved by Wallis, Savilian professor of geometry at Oxford, the improver of analytic mathematics, and the great historian of algebra. Algebra it was that suggested to him his exquisite deciphering skill, and the parliamentary war it was that furnished him with a sufficient field of practice. The King's private cabinet of papers, all written in cipher, and captured in the royal coach on the decisive day of Naseby (June, 1645), was (I believe) deciphered by Wallis, *proprio marte*.

The case resembles the diffusion of vegetable seeds through the air and through the waters; draw a *cordon sanitaire* against dandelion or thistle-down, and see if the armies of earth would suffice to interrupt this process of radiation, which yet is but the distribution of weeds. Suppose, for instance, the text about the *three heavenly witnesses* to have been eliminated finally as an interpolation. The first thought is—*there* goes to wreck a great doctrine! Not at all. That text occupied but a corner of the garden. The truth, and the secret implications of the truth, have escaped at a thousand points in vast arches above our heads, rising high above the garden wall, and have sown the earth with memorials of the mystery which they envelope.

The final inference is this—that Scriptural truth is endowed with a self-conservative and a self-restorative virtue; it needs no long successions of verbal protection by inspiration; it is self-protected; first, internally, by the complex power which belongs to the Christian *system* of involving its own integrations, in the same way as a musical chord involves its own successions of sound, and its own resolutions; secondly, in an external and obvious way, it is protected by its prodigious iteration, and secret *presupposal* in all varieties of form. Consequently, as the peril connected with language is thus effectually barred, the call for any verbal inspiration (which, on separate grounds, is shown to be self-confounding) shows itself now, in a *second* form, to be a gratuitous delusion, since, in effect, it is a call for protection against a danger which cannot have any existence.

There is another variety of bibliolatry arising in a different way—not upon errors of language incident to human infirmity, but upon deliberate errors indispensable to divine purposes. The case is one which has been considered with far too little attention, else it could never have been thought strange that Christ should comply in things indifferent with popular errors. A few words will put the reader in possession of my view. Speaking of the Bible, *Phil.* says, "We admit that its separate parts are the work of frail and fallible human beings. We do not seek to build upon it systems of cosmogony, chronology, astronomy, and natural history. We know no reason of internal or external probability which should induce us to believe that such matters could ever have been the subjects of direct revelation." Is *that* all? There is no reason, certainly, for expectations so foolish; but is there no adamantine reason against them? It is no business of the Bible, we are told, to teach science. Certainly not; but that is far too little. It is an obligation resting upon the Bible, if it is to be consistent with itself, that it should *refuse* to teach science; and, if the Bible ever *had* taught any one art, science, or process of life, capital doubts would have clouded our confidence in the authority of the book. By what caprice, it would have been asked, is a divine mission abandoned suddenly for a human mission? By what caprice is this one science taught, and others not? Or these two, suppose, and not all? But an objection, even deadlier, would have followed. It is clear as is the purpose of day-light, that the whole body of the arts and sciences composes one vast machinery for the irritation and development of the human intellect. For this end they exist. To see God, therefore, descending into the arena of science, and contending, as it were, for his own prizes, by teaching science in the Bible, would be to see him intercepting from their self-evident destination (viz., man's intellectual benefit) his own problems by solving them himself. No spectacle could more dishonour the divine idea. *The Bible must not teach anything that man can teach himself.* Does the doctrine require a revelation?—then nobody but God *can* teach it. Does it require none?—then in whatever case God has qualified man to do a thing for himself, he has in that very qualification silently laid an injunction upon man to do it, by giving the power. But it is fancied that a divine teacher, without descending to the unworthy office of teaching science, might yet have kept his own language free from all collusion with human error. Hence, for instance, it was argued at one time, that any language in the Bible implying the earth to be stationary, and central to our system, could not have been a compliance with the popular errors of the time, but must be taken to express the absolute truth. And so grew the anti-Galilean fanatics. Out of similar notions have risen the absurdities of a polemic Bible chronology, &c.* Meantime, if a man sets himself steadily to contemplate the consequences which must inevitably have followed any deviation from the usual erroneous phraseology, he will see the utter impossibility that a teacher (pleading a heavenly mission) could allow himself to deviate by one hair's breadth (and why should he wish to deviate?) from the ordinary language of the times. To have uttered one syllable, for instance, that implied motion in the earth, would have issued into the following ruins:—*First*, it would

* The Bible cosmology stands upon another footing. *That* is not gathered from a casual expression, shaped to meet popular comprehension, but is delivered directly, formally, and elaborately, as a natural preface to the history of man and his habitation. Here, accordingly, there is no instance of accommodation to vulgar ignorance; and the persuasion gains ground continually that the order of succession in the phenomena of creation will be eventually confirmed by scientific geology, so far as this science may ever succeed in unlinking the steps of the process. Nothing, in fact, disturbs the grandeur and solemnity of the Mosaical cosmogony, except (as usual) the ruggedness of the bibliolater. He, finding the English word *day* employed in the measurement of the intervals, takes it for granted that this must mean a *nychthemeron* of twenty-four hours; imports, therefore, into the biblical text this conceit; fights for his own opinion, as for a revelation from heaven; and thus disfigures the great inaugural chapter of human history with this single feature of a fairy-tale, where everything else is told with the most majestic simplicity. But this word, which so ignorantly he presumes to be an ordinary human day, bears that meaning only in common historical transactions between man and man; but never once in the great prophetic writings, where God comes forward as himself the principal agent. It then means always a vast and mysterious duration—undetermined, even to this hour, in Daniel. The *heptameron* is not a week, but a shadowy adumbration of a week.

have tainted the teacher with the suspicion of lunacy; and, *secondly*, would have placed him in this inextricable dilemma. On the one hand, to answer the questions prompted by his own perplexing language, would have opened upon him, as a necessity, one stage after another of scientific cross-examination, until his spiritual mission would have been forcibly swallowed up in the mission of natural philosopher; but, on the other hand, to pause resolutely at any one stage of this public examination, and to refuse all further advance, would be, in the popular opinion, to retreat as a baffled disputant from insane paradoxes which he had not been able to support. One step taken in that direction was fatal, whether the great envoy retreated from his own words to leave behind the impression that he was defeated as a rash speculator, or stood to these words, and thus fatally entangled himself in the inexhaustible succession of explanations and justifications. In either event the spiritual mission was at an end: it would have perished in shouts of derision, from which there could have been no retreat, and no retrieval of character. The greatest of astronomers, rather than seem ostentatious or unseasonably learned, will stoop to the popular phrase of the sun's rising, or the sun's motion in the ecliptic. But God, for a purpose commensurate with man's eternal welfare, is by these critics supposed incapable of the same petty abstinence.

The same line of argument applies to all the compliances of Christ with the Jewish prejudices (partly imported from the Euphrates) as to demonology, witchcraft, &c. By the way, in this last word, "witchcraft," and the too memorable histories connected with it, lies a perfect mine of bibliolatrous madness. As it illustrates the folly and the wickedness of the bibliolaters, let us pause upon it.

The word *witch*, these bibliolaters take it for granted, must mean exactly what the original Hebrew means, or the Greek word chosen by the LXX.; so much, and neither more nor less. That is, from total ignorance of the machinery by which language moves, they fancy that every idea and word which exists, or has existed, for any nation, ancient or modern, must have a direct interchangeable equivalent in all other languages; and that, if the dictionaries do not show it, *that* must be because the dictionaries are bad. Will these worthy people have the goodness, then, to translate *coquette* into Hebrew, and *post-office* into Greek? The fact is, that all languages, and in the ratio of their development, offer ideas absolutely separate and exclusive to themselves. In the highly-cultured languages of England, France, and Germany, are words, by thousands, which are strictly untranslateable. They may be approached, but cannot be reflected as from a mirror. To take an image from the language of eclipses, the correspondence between the disk of the original word and its translated representative is, in thousands of instances, not *annular*; the centres do not coincide; the words overlap; and this arises from the varying modes in which different nations *combine* ideas. The French word shall combine the elements, *l, m, n, o*—the nearest English word, perhaps, *m, n, o, p*. For instance, in all words applied to the *nuances* of manners, and generally to *social* differences, how prodigious is the wealth of the French language! How merely untranslateable for all Europe! I suppose, my bibliolater, you have not yet finished your Hebrew or Samaritan translation of *coquette*. Well, you shall be excused from *that*, if you will only translate it into English. You cannot: you are obliged to keep the French word; and yet you take for granted, without inquiry, that in the word "witchcraft," and in the word "witch," applied to the sorceress of Endor, our authorised English Bible of King James's day must be correct. And your wicked bibliolatrous ancestors proceeded on that idea throughout Christendom to murder harmless, friendless, and oftentimes crazy old women. Meantime the witch of Endor in no respect resembled our modern domestic witch.* There was as much difference as between a Roman Proconsul, surrounded with eagle-bearers, and a commercial Consul's clerk with a pen behind his ear. Apparently she was not so much a Medea as an Erichtho. (See the *Pharsalia*.) She was an *Evocatrix*, or female necromancer, evoking phantoms that stood in some unknown relation to dead men; and then by some artifice (it has been supposed) of ventriloquism,† causing these phantoms to deliver oracular answers upon great political questions. Oh, that one had lived in the times of those New-England wretches that desolated whole districts and terrified vast provinces by their judicial murders of witches, under plea

* "The domestic witch."—It is the common notion that the superstition of the *evil eye*, so widely diffused in the Southern lands, and in some, not a slumbering, but a fiercely operative superstition, is unknown in England and other Northern latitudes. On the contrary, to my thinking, the regular old vulgar witch of England and Scotland was but an impersonatrix of the very same superstition. Virgil expresses this mode of sorcery to the letter, when his shepherd says—

"Nescio quis teneros *oculus* mihi fascinat agnos!"

Precisely in that way it was that the British witch operated. She, *by her eye*, blighted the natural powers of growth and fertility. By the way, I ought to mention, as a case parallel to that of the Bible's recognising witchcraft, and of enlightened nations continuing to punish it, that St. Paul himself, in an equal degree, recognises the *evil eye*; that is, he uses the idea, (though certainly not meaning to accredit such an idea,) as one that briefly and energetically conveyed his meaning to those whom he was addressing. "Oh, foolish Galatians, who hath bewitched you?" That is, literally, who has fascinated your senses by the evil eye? For the Greek is, *tis umas ebaskanen?* Now the word *ebaskanen* is a past tense of the verb *baskaino*, which was the technical term for the action of the evil eye. Without having written a treatise on the Æolic digamma, probably the reader is aware that F is V, and that, in many languages, B and V are interchangeable letters through thousands of words, as the Italian *tavola*, from the Latin *tabula*. Under that little process it was that the Greek *baskaino* transmigrated into the Latin *fascino*; so that St. Paul's word, in speaking to the Galatians, is the very same word as Virgil's, in speaking of the shepherd's flock as charmed by the evil eye.

† I am not referring to German infidels. Very pious commentators have connected her with the *engastrimuthoi* (ἐγγαστρίμυθοι) or ventriloquists.

of a bibliolatrous warrant; until at last the fiery furnace, which they had heated for women and children, shot forth flames that, like those of Nebuchadnezzar's furnace, seizing upon his very agents, began to reach some of the murderous judges and denouncers!

Yet, after all, are there not express directions in Scripture to exterminate witches from the land? Certainly; but *that* does not argue any scriptural recognition of witchcraft as a possible offence. An imaginary crime may imply a criminal intention that is *not* imaginary; but also, which much more directly concerns the interests of a state, a criminal purpose, that rests upon a pure delusion, may work by means that are felonious for ends that are fatal. At this moment, we English and the Spaniards have laws, and severe ones, against witchcraft, viz., in the West Indies, and indispensable it is that we should. The Obeah man from Africa can do no mischief to one of us. The proud and enlightened white man despises his arts; and for *him*, therefore, these arts have no existence, for they work only through strong preconceptions of their reality, and through trembling faith in their efficacy. But by that very agency they are all-sufficient for the ruin of the poor credulous negro; he is mastered by original faith, and has perished thousands of times under the knowledge that *Obi* had been set for him. Justly, therefore, do our colonial courts punish the Obeah sorcerer, who (though an imposter) is not the less a murderer. Now the Hebrew witchcraft was probably even worse; equally resting on delusions, nevertheless, equally it worked for unlawful ends, and (which chiefly made it an object of divine wrath) it worked *through* idolatrous agencies. It must, therefore, have kept up that connexion with idolatry which it was the unceasing effort of the Hebrew polity to exterminate from the land. Consequently, the Hebrew commonwealth might, as consistently as our own, denounce and punish witchcraft without liability to the inference that it therefore recognised the pretensions of witches as real, in the sense of working their bad ends by the means which they alleged. Their magic was causatively of no virtue at all, but, being believed in, through this belief it became the occasional means of exciting the imagination of its victims; after which the consequences were the same as if the magic had acted physically according to its pretences.*

(To be concluded in our next.)

FEMALE AUTHORS.—No. III.—Mrs. SHELLEY.

BY GEORGE GILFILLAN.

Much as we hear of Schools of Authors, there has, properly speaking, been but one in British Literature—at least, within this century. There was never, for example, any such thing as a Lake school. A school supposes certain conditions and circumstances which are not to be found among the poets referred to. It supposes, first of all, a common master. Now, the Lake Poets had no common master, either among themselves or others. They owned allegiance neither to Shakspeare, nor Milton, nor Wordsworth. Each stood near, but each stood alone, like the stars composing one of the constellations. A school, again, implies a common creed. But we have no evidence, external or internal, that, though the poetical diction of the Lakers bore a certain resemblance, that their poetical creed was identical. Indeed, we are yet to learn that Southey had, of any depth or definitude, a poetical creed at all. A school, again, supposes a similar mode of training. But how different the erratic education of Coleridge, from the slow, solemn, silent degrees by which, without noise of hammer or edge-tool, arose, like the ancient temple, the majestic structure of Wordsworth's mind! A school, besides, implies such strong and striking resemblances as shall serve to overpower the specific differences between the writers who compose it. But we are mistaken if the dissimilarities between Wordsworth, Coleridge, and Southey be not as great as the points in which they agree. Take, for example, the one quality of speculative intellect. That, in the mind of Coleridge, was restless, discontented, and daring—in Wordsworth, still, collected, brooding perpetually over narrow but profound depths—in Southey, almost totally quiescent. The term Lake School, in short, applied at first in derision, has been retained, principally because it is convenient—nay, suggests a pleasing image, and gives both the public and the critics "glimpses, that do make them less forlorn," of the blue peaks of Helvellyn and Skiddaw, and of the blue waters of Derwent and Windermere.

The Cockney school was, if possible, a misnomer more absurd—striving, as it did, in vain to include, within one term, three spirits so essentially distinct as Hazlitt, Keats, and Leigh Hunt—the first a stern metaphysician, who had fallen into a hopeless passion for poetry; the second, the purest specimen of the ideal—a ball of beautiful foam, "cut off from the water," and not adopted by the air; the third, a fine tricksy medium between the poet and the wit, half a sylph and half an Ariel, now hovering round a lady's curl, and now stirring the fiery tresses of the Sun—a fairy fluctuating link, connecting Pope with Shelley. We need not be at pains to cut out into little stars the Blackwood constellation, or dwell on the differences between a Wilson, a Lockhart, and a James Hogg.

One school, however, there has appeared within the last fifty years, answering to all the characteristics we have enumerated, namely, the Godwin school, who, by a common master—the old man eloquent himself—a common philosophical as well as poetical belief, common training, that of warfare with society, and many specific resemblances in manner and style, are proclaimed to be one. This cluster includes the names of William Godwin, Mary Wollstonecroft

* Does that argument not cover "the New England wretches" so unreservedly denounced in a preceding paragraph?—Ed.

Brockden Brown of America, Shelley, and Mrs. Shelley.

Old Godwin scarcely got justice in this Magazine from Mr. De Quincey. Slow, cumbrous, elephantine as he was, there was always a fine spirit animating his most lumpish movements. He was never contemptible—often common-place, indeed, but often great. There was much in him of the German cast of mind—the same painful and plodding diligence, added to high imaginative qualities. His great merit at the time—and his great error, as it proved afterwards—lay in wedding a partial philosophic system with the universal truth of fiction. Hence the element which made the public drunk with his merits at first rendered them oblivious afterwards. So dangerous it is to connect fiction (the finer alias of truth) with any dogma or mythus less perishable than the theogony of Homer, or the Catholicism of Cervantes. After all, what was the theory of Godwin, but the masque of Christianity? Cloaking the leading principle of our religion, its disinterested benevolence, under a copy of the features of Helvetius and Volney, he went a mumming with it in the train of the philosophers of the Revolution. But when he approached the domain of actual life and of the human affections, the ugly disguise dropped, and his fictions we hesitate not to characterise as among the noblest illustrations of the Sermon on the Mount. But to the public they seemed the reiterations of exploded and dangerous errors—such a load of prejudice and prepossession had been suspended to their author's skirts. And now, the excitement of danger and disgust having passed away from his theories, interest in the works which propounded them has also subsided. "Caleb Williams," once characterised by Hannah More as a cunning and popular preparation of the poison which the Political Justice had contained in a cruder form, and thereby branded as dangerous, is now forgotten, we suspect, by all but a very select class of circulating library readers. "St. Leon," "Fleetwood," "Mandeville," and "Clondesley," with all their varied merits, never attracted attention, except through the reflex interest and terror excited by their author's former works. Thus political excitement has been at once a raising and a ruining influence to the writings of a great English author—ruining, we mean, at present—for the shade of neglect has yet to be created which can permanently conceal their sterling and imperishable worth. After the majority of the writings of Dickens have perished—after one-half of Bulwer's, and one-fourth of Scott's novels have been forgotten—shall many reflective spirits be found following the fugitive steps of Caleb Williams, or standing by the grave of Marguerite de Damville, or sympathising with the gloom of Mandeville, or of Bethlem Gabor, as they do well to be angry even unto death. If sincerity, simplicity, depth of thought, purity of sentiment, and power of genius can secure immortality to any productions, it is to the fictions of Godwin.

Mary Wollstonecroft—since we saw her countenance prefixed to her husband's Memoir—a face so sweet, so spiritual, so far withdrawn from earthly thoughts, steeped in an enthusiasm so genuine—we have ceased to wonder at the passionate attachment of Southey, Fuseli, and Godwin to the gifted being who bore it. It is the most feminine countenance we ever saw in picture. The "Rights of Women" seem in it melted down into one deliquium of love. Fuseli once, when asked if he believed in the immortality of the soul, replied in language rather too rough to be quoted verbatim, "I don't know if *you* have a soul, but I am sure that *I* have." We are certain that he believed in the existence of at least one other immortal spirit—that of the owner of the still, serene, and rapt countenance on which he hopelessly doted. It is curious that on the first meeting of Godwin and his future wife, they "interdespised"—they recoiled from each other, like two enemies suddenly meeting on the street, and it required much after-intercourse to reconcile them, and ultimately to create that passion which led to their union.

Mary Wollstonecroft shone most in conversation. From this to composition she seemed to descend as from a throne. Coleridge describes her meeting and extinguishing some of Godwin's objections to her arguments with a light, easy, playful air. Her fan was a very falchion in debate. Her works—"History of the French Revolution," "Wanderer of Norway," "Rights of Women," &c.—have all perished. Her own career was chequered and unhappy—her end was premature—she died in childbed of Mrs. Shelley (like the sun going down to reveal the evening star); but her name shall live as that of a deep majestical and high-souled woman—the Madame Roland of England—and who could, as well as she, have paused on her way to the scaffold, and wished for a pen to "record the strange thoughts that were arising in her mind." Peace to her ashes! How consoling to think that those who in life were restless and unhappy, sleep the sleep of death as soundly as others—nay, seem to sleep more soundly—to be hushed by a softer lullaby, and surrounded by a profounder peace, than the ordinary tenants of the grave. Yes, sweeter, deeper, and longer is the repose of the *truant* child, after his day of wandering is over, and the night of his rest is come.

Another "Wanderer o'er Eternity" was Brockden Brown, the Godwin of America. And worse for him, he was a wanderer, not from, but among men. For Cain of old, it was a relief to go forth from his species into the virgin empty earth. The builders of the Tower of Babel must have rejoiced as they saw the summit of their abortive building sinking down in the level plain; they fled from it as a stony silent satire on their baffled ambition, and as a memorial of the confusion of their speech—it scourged them forth into the wilderness, where they found peace and oblivion. A self-exiled Byron or Landor is rather to be envied; for, though "how can your wanderer escape from his own shadow?" yet it is much if that shadow sweep forests and cataracts, fall large at morning or evening upon Alps and Appenines, or swell into the Demon of the Brocken. In this case misery takes a prouder, loftier shape, and mounts a burning throne. But a man like Brockden Brown, forced to carry his incommunicable sorrow into the press and thick of human society, nay, to coin it into the means of procuring daily bread, he is the true hero, even though he should

fall in the struggle. To carry one's misery to market, and sell it to the highest bidder, what a necessity for a proud and sensitive spirit! Assuredly Brown was a brave struggler, if not a successful one. Amid poverty, neglect, non-appreciation, hard labour, and the thousand *niaiseries* of the crude country which America then was, he retained his integrity; he wrote on at what Godwin calls his "story books;" he sought inspiration from his own gloomy woods and silent fields; and his works appear, amid what are called "standard novels," like tall wind-swept American pines amid shrubbery and brush-wood. His name, after his untimely death, (at the age of thirty-nine) was returned upon his ungrateful country—from Britain, where his writings first attained eminent distinction, while even yet Americans, generally, prefer the adventure and bustle of Cooper to the stern Dante-like simplicity, the philosophical spirit, and the harrowing and ghost-like interest of Brown.

Of Shelley, having spoken so often, what more can we say? He seems to us as though the most beautiful of beings had been struck blind. Mr. De Quincey, in unconscious plagiarism from another, compares him to a "lunatic angel." But perhaps his disease might be better denominated blindness. It was not because he saw falsely, but, as if seeing and delaying to worship the glory of Christ and his religion, that delay was punished by a swift and sudden darkness. Imagine the Apollo Belvedere, animated and fleshed, all his dream-like loveliness of form retained, but his eyes remaining shut! Thus blind and beautiful stood Shelley on his pedestal, or went wandering, an inspired sleep-walker, among his fellows, who, alas, not seeing his melancholy plight, struck and spurned, instead of gently and soothingly trying to lead him into the right path. We still think, notwithstanding Mr. De Quincey's eloquent strictures in reply, that if pity and kind-hearted expostulation had been employed, they might have had the effect, if not of weaning him from his errors, at least of modifying his expressions and feelings—if not of opening his eyes, at least of rendering him more patient and hopeful under his eclipse. What but a partial clouding of his mind could have prompted such a question as he asked upon the following occasion? Haydon, the painter, met him once at a large dinner party in London. During the course of the entertainment, a thin, cracked, shrieking voice was heard from the one end of the table, "you don't believe, do you, Mr. Haydon, in that execrable thing, Christianity?" The voice was poor Shelley's, who could not be at rest with any new acquaintance till he ascertained his impressions on that one topic.

Poets, perhaps all men, best understand themselves. Thus no word so true has been spoken of Shelley, as where he says of himself, that "an adamantine veil was built up between his mind and heart." His intellect led him in one direction—the true impulses of his heart in another. The one was with Spinoza—the other with John. The controversy raged between them like fire, and even at death was not decided. We rejoice, in contrast with the brutal treatment he met with while living, to notice the tenderness which the most evangelical periodicals (witness the present number of the *North British Review*,) extend to the memory of this most sincere, spiritual, and unearthly of modern men. It is to us a proud reflection, that for at least seventeen years our opinion of him has remained unaltered.

It is not at all to be wondered at, that two such spirits as Shelley and Mary Godwin, when they met, should become instantly attached. On his own doctrine of a state of pre-existence, we might say that the marriage had been determined long before, while yet the souls were waiting in the great antenatal antechamber! They met at last, like two drops of water—like two flames of fire—like two beautiful clouds which have crossed the moon, the sky and all its stars, to hold their midnight assignation over a favourite and lonely river. Mary Godwin was an enthusiast from her childhood. She passed, by her own account, part of her youth at Broughty Ferry, in sweet and sinless reverie, among its cliffs. The place is, to us, familiar. It possesses some fine features—a bold promontory crowned with an ancient castle jutting far out the Tay, which here broadens into an arm of the ocean—a beach, in part smooth with sand, and in part paved with pebbles—cottages lying artlessly along the shore, clean, as if washed by the near sea—sandy hillocks rising behind—and westward, the river, like an inland lake, stretching around Dundee, with its fine harbour and its surmounting Law, which, in its turn, is surmounted by the far blue shapes of the gigantic Stuicknachroan and Benvoirlich. Did the bay of Spezia ever suggest to Mrs. Shelley's mind the features of the Scottish scene? That scene, seen so often, seldom fails to bring before us her image—the child, and soon to be the bride, of genius. Was she ever, like Mirza, overheard in her soliloquies, and did she bear the shame, accordingly, in blushes which still rekindle at the recollection? Did the rude fishermen of the place deem her wondrous wise, or did they deem her mad, with her wandering eye, her rapt and gleaming countenance, her light step moving to the music of her maiden meditation? The smooth sand retains no trace of her young feet—to the present race she is altogether unknown; but we have more than once seen the man, and the lover of genius, turn round and look at the spot, with warmer interest, and with brightening eye, as we told them that she had been there.

We have spoken of Mrs. Shelley's similarity in genius to her husband—we by no means think her his equal. She has not his subtlety, swiftness, wealth of imagination, and is never caught up (like Ezekiel by his lock of hair) into the same rushing whirlwind of inspiration. She has much, however, of his imaginative and of his speculative qualities—her tendency, like his, is to the romantic, the ethereal, and the terrible. The tie detaining her, as well as him, to the earth, is slender—her protest against society is his, copied out in a fine female hand—her style is carefully and successfully modelled upon his—she bears, in brief, to him, the resemblance which Laone did to Laon, which Astarte did to Manfred. Perhaps, indeed, intercourse with a being so peculiar, that those who came in contact with, either with drew from him in hatred, or fell into the current of his being; vanquished and enthralled, has somewhat

affected the originality, and narrowed the extent of her own genius. Indian widows used to fling themselves upon the funeral pyre of their husbands: she has thrown upon that of hers her mode of thought, her mould of style, her creed, her heart, her all. Her admiration of Shelley was, and is, an idolatry. Can we wonder at it? Separated from him in the prime of life, with all his faculties in the finest bloom of promise, with peace beginning to build in the crevices of his torn heart, and with fame hovering ere it stooped upon his head—separated, too, in circumstances so sudden and cruel—can we be astonished that from the wounds of love came forth the blood of worship and sacrifice? Wordsworth speaks of himself as feeling for

"The Old Sea some reverential fear."

But in the mind of "Mary" there must lurk a feeling of a still stronger kind toward that element which *he*, next to herself, had of all things most passionately loved—which he trusted as a parent—to which he exposed himself, defenceless (he could not swim, he could only soar)—which he had sung in many a strain of matchless sweetness, but which betrayed and destroyed him—how can she, without horror, hear the boom of its waves, or look without a shudder, either at its stormy or its smiling countenance? What a picture she presents to our imagination, runing with dishevelled hair, along the sea shore, questioning all she met if they could tell her of her husband—nay, shrieking out the dreadful question to the surges, which, like a dumb murderer, had done the deed, but could not utter the confession!

Mrs. Shelley's genius, though true and powerful, is monotonous and circumscribed—more so than even her father's—and, in this point, presents a strong contrast to her husband's, which could run along every note of the gamut—be witty or wild, satirical or sentimental, didactic or dramatic, epic or lyrical, as it pleased him. She has no wit, nor humour—little dramatic talent. Strong clear description of the gloomier scenes of nature, or the darker passions of the mind, or of those supernatural objects which her fancy, except in her first work, somewhat *laboriously* creates, is her forte. Hence her reputation still rests upon "Frankenstein;" for her "Last Man," "Perkin Warbeck," &c., are far inferior, if not entirely unworthy of her talents. She unquestionably made him; but, like a mule or a monster, he has had no progeny.

Can any one have forgot the interesting account she gives of her first conception of that extraordinary story, when she had retired to rest, her fancy heated by hearing ghost tales; and when the whole circumstances of the story appeared at once before her eye, as in a camera obscura? It is ever thus, we imagine, that truly original conceptions are produced. They are cast—not wrought. They come as wholes, and not in parts. It was thus that Tam o' Shanter completed, along Burns' mind, his weird and tipsy gallop in a single hour. Thus Coleridge composed the outline of his "Ancient Mariner," in one evening walk near Nether Stowey. So rapidly rose "Frankenstein," which, as Moore well remarks, has been one of those striking conceptions which take hold of the public mind at once and for ever.

The theme is morbid and disgusting enough. The story is that of one who finds out the principle of life, constructs a monstrous being, who, because his maker fails in forming a female companion to him, ultimately murders the dearest friend of his benefactor, and, in remorse and despair, disappears amid the eternal snows of the North Pole. Nothing more preposterous than the meagre outline of the story exists in literature. But Mrs. Shelley deserves great credit, nevertheless. In the first place, she has succeeded in her delineation; she has painted this shapeless being upon the imagination of the world for ever; and beside Caliban, and Hecate, and Death in Life, and all other weird and gloomy creations, this nameless, unfortunate, involuntary, gigantic unit stands. To succeed in an attempt so daring, proves at once the power of the author, and a certain value even in the original conception. To keep verging perpetually on the limit of the absurd, and to produce the while all the effects of the sublime, this takes and tasks very high faculties indeed. Occasionally, we admit, she does overstep the mark. Thus the whole scene of the monster's education in the cottage, his overhearing the reading of the "Paradise Lost," the "Sorrows of Werter," &c., and in this way acquiring knowledge and refined sentiments, seems unspeakably ridiculous. A Caco-demon weeping in concert with Eve or Werter is too ludicrous an idea—as absurd as though he had been represented as boarded at Capsicum Hall. But it is wonderful how delicately and gracefully Mrs. Shelley has managed the whole prodigious business. She touches pitch with a lady's glove, and is not defiled. From a whole forest of the "nettle danger" she extracts a sweet and plentiful supply of the "flower safety." With a fine female footing, she preserves the narrow path which divides the terrible from the disgusting. She unites, not in a junction of words alone, but in effect, the "horribly beautiful." Her monster is not only as Caliban appeared to Trinculo—a very pretty monster—but somewhat poetical and pathetic withal. You almost weep for him in his utter insulation. Alone! dread word, though it were to be alone in heaven! Alone! word hardly more dreadful if it were to be alone in hell!

> "Alone, all, all alone,
> Alone on a wide, wide sea;
> And never a saint took pity on
> My soul in agony."

Thus wrapt around by his loneliness, as by a silent burning chain, does this gigantic creature run through the world, like a lion who has lost his mate, in a forest of fire, seeking for his kindred being, but seeking for ever in vain.

He is not only alone, but alone because he has no being like him throughout the whole universe. What a solitude within a solitude!—solitude comparable only to that of the Alchemist in St. Leon, when he buries his last tie to humanity in his wife's grave, and goes on his way, "friendless, friendless, alone, alone."

What a scene is the process of his creation, and especially the hour when he first began to breathe, to open his ill-favoured eyes, and to stretch his ill-

shapen arms, toward his terrified author, who, for the first time, becomes aware of the enormity of the mistake he has committed; who has had a giant's strength, and used it tyranously like a giant, and who shudders and shrinks back from his own horrible handy-work! It is a type, whether intended or not, of the fate of genius, whenever it dares either to revile, or to resist, the common laws and obligations, and conditions of man and the universe. Better, better far be blasted with the lightnings of heaven, than by the recoil, upon one's own head, of one false, homeless, returning, revenging *thought*.

Scarcely second to her description of the moment when, at midnight, and under the light of a waning moon, the monster was born, is his sudden apparition upon a glacier among the high Alps. This scene strikes us the more, as it seems the fulfilment of a fear which all have felt, who have found themselves alone among such desolate regions. Who has not at times trembled lest those ghastlier and drearier places of nature, which abound in our own Highlands, should bear a different progeny from the ptarmigan, the sheep, the raven, or the eagle—lest the mountain should suddenly crown itself with a Titanic spectre, and the mist, disparting, reveal demonaic forms, and the lonely moor, discover its ugly dwarf, as if dropped down from the overhanging thunder cloud—and the forest of pines show unearthly shapes sailing among their shades—and the cataract overboil with its own wild creations? Thus fitly, amid scenery like that of some dream of nightmare, on a glacier as on a throne, stands up before the eye of his own maker, the miscreation, and he cries out,

"Whence and what art thou, execrable shape?"

In darkness and distance, at last, the being disappears, and the imagination dares hardly pursue him as he passes amid those congenial shapes of colossal size, terror, and mystery, which we fancy to haunt those outskirts of existence, with, behind them at midnight, "all Europe and Asia fast asleep, and before them the silent immensity and Palace of the Eternal, to which our sun is but a porch-lamp."

Altogether, the work is wonderful as the work of a girl of eighteen. She has never since fully equalled or approached its power, nor do we ever expect that she shall. One distinct addition to our original creations must be conceded her—and it is no little praise; for there are few writers of fiction who have done so much out of Germany. What are they, in this respect, to our painters—to Fuseli, with his quaint brain, so prodigal of unearthly shapes—to John Martin, who has created over his head a whole dark, frowning, but magnificent *world*—or to David Scott, our own most cherished friend, in whose studio, while standing surrounded by pictured poems of such startling originality, such austere selection of theme, and such solemn dignity of treatment (forgetting not himself, the grave, mild, quiet, shadowy enthusiast, with his slow, deep, sepulchral tones), you are almost tempted to exclaim, "How dreadful is this place!"

Of one promised and anticipated task we must, ere we close, respectfully remind Mrs. Shelley; it is of the life of her husband. That, even after Captain Medwyn's recent work, has evidently yet to be written. No hand but hers can write it well. Critics may anatomise his qualities—she only can paint his likeness. In proclaiming his praise, exaggeration in her will be pardoned; and in unveiling his faults, tenderness may be expected from her; she alone, we believe, after all, fully understands him; she alone fully knows the particulars of his outer and inner history; and we hope and believe, that her biography will be a monument to his memory, as lasting as the Euganean hills; and her lament over his loss as sweet as the everlasting dirge, sung in their "late remorse of love," by the waters of the Italian sea.

THE INWARD VOICE.

BY WILLIAM ANDERSON, AUTHOR OF "LANDSCAPE LYRICS."

A voice within is sounding ever,
With the onward march of Time;
As the rushing of life's river
Echoes back its passing chime.

When with joy the heart is bounding,
Ere the world the mind enslaves,
Bold and high its tones are sounding,
Like the dash of ocean waves.

Doth there aught of care or sorrow
To the bosom's pulses cling?
List! it tells us that to-morrow
Will sweet consolations bring.

Long the way, and dark, and dreary
Would our pilgrimage be here,
Were it not that to the weary
Comes its song of hope to cheer.

Hope from out of some sweet nooklet
Of the heart sends forth its lay,
Soft as murmur of the brooklet
As it wanders on its way.

When life's trouble is the sorest,
Comes it to refresh the hours,
As the breeze that shakes the forest
Passes gently o'er the flowers.

Oft, when wasted with long illness,
Fain the spirit would depart,
Hope's sweet song has broke the stillness,
And revived the drooping heart.

Dreams of odours from the wild wood
Doth its gentle carol bring;
Soft as lullaby of childhood,
Or the flow of mountain-spring.

Life to sweeten and to brighten,
Has the inward voice been given;
Earth's dull gloom to cheer and lighten
With the hopes and joys of heaven.

Glasgow, *Nov.*, 1847.

HISTORICAL PORTRAITS, AUTOGRAPHS, AND ILLUSTRATIONS.*

We do not remember having ever been so deeply impressed with the feeling of how little is in some instances required, how much in others to establish, or confirm the facts of bygone periods, as when engaged for a few days in ransacking a very singular collection of portraits, autographs, and illustrations, which has been the accumulation of years, by an Edinburgh bookseller of taste and intelligence. It is Lady Blessington, we think, who indulges in some affecting sentiment over a bundle of old letters awakening the lost feelings of the moment to which they bear reference, and restoring as in a dream emotions and sensations long since passed away. But, on the other hand, is it not the fact that Sir Walter Raleigh, baffled to detect the real truth of an incident which broke out beneath his prison window, threw his great history of the world in the fire, in the hopelessness of attaining a correct representation of civil affairs? Betwixt the perishable memorials spared by time, and the conflicting assertions of literary authority, some sort of union is however formed in collections such as those of Mr. Watson, the gentleman to whom we have alluded. All we may have read, or all we may have heard, concerning the personages and events of which his collection forms the record, is there found recalled and concentrated by the presence of tangible memorials. Their wonderful influence over the memory and the imagination it is needless to describe. Next to a living and moving revival of the scenes they commemorate, we know of nothing more expressly calculated to arrest and rivet the attention of the historical student. The reigns of sovereigns, the characters of princes, the achievements of heroes, the works of poets, the labours of philosophers, the progress of the arts, and even of civilization, are rapidly but correctly recalled by the survey. It is alike with pleasure and surprise that we have been permitted to revel in whole hecatombs of Mr. Watson's fasciculi of rare and beautiful prints, manuscripts, literary and artistical curiosities, collected we know not whence, procured we know not how, but certainly combined with skill, talent, enterprise, and effect, which entitles him to the public confidence and support, for facilities towards the completion of what we cannot but regard as a great national work.

In a description of the objects of his collection, which Mr. Watson has drawn up, he has defined them somewhat as follows:—

He has sought to combine the best engravings, being portraits of eminent characters from the earliest period of British history to the present time, with autographs, consisting of manuscript letters, poems, and other literary productions, state papers, and official documents. Superadded to these are general illustrations, composed of prints and drawings of remarkable historical events; representations of the birth-places, residences, and monuments of distinguished personages; everything, in short, of a pictorial nature, tending to elucidate British history, or to confer interest on individual biography.

Portraits, autographs, and illustrations, are thus made to present memorials of men conspicuous in our history, literature, science, or the arts. It is the collector's desire, we perceive, to carry elucidation of this design the length of collecting portraits, autographs, and signed documents, of European sovereigns, and celebrated individuals of foreign countries, whose names would naturally occur in any general history of Great Britain. The prominent characters of the French Revolution, and the remarkable men of the United States of America, are especially regarded as worthy of attention by the collector in carrying out his work.

In the meantime, the mass of materials to which we have gained access from Mr. Watson may be said to be characterised, notwithstanding their extent and variety, by tact and judgment in their assemblage, arrangement, and selection, of a rare quality indeed. The different varieties of manuscripts are expressly adapted to exhibit the public in conjunction with the private capacity of each individual. Thus, with respect to the most eminent public characters, we do not only see them stalking in historic dignity, or dimly revealed in the studied phases of such a part as a biographer, with preconceived notions, may will them to appear to play; but we behold at once the public action and the private trait of character, speaking for itself, sometimes in contemporary representations issued without reference to posterity, and often certified under the actor's own hand. Nothing could be more interesting. The man of letters presents us with the coinage of the brain fresh from the mint, with the marks of the file upon it; his very mental process, by which he climbed the altitudes of thought, revealed unconsciously by the corrections and alterations of the pen. The profound investigations of the man of science are placed occasionally side by side, with some simple unpremeditated note, which instantly discloses, amidst his lofty speculations, that "one touch of nature" which "makes the whole world kin.' The courtly or official letter of the statesman is relieved against the back-ground of his familiar epistles. The warlike commander figures as a hero in his military or naval despatch, and as a mere man in his friendly communication. The monarch is seen to issue his edict from the throne, and the confidential missive from the closet. And all this is comprehended at a glance—the external and internal life—the double characters of men—the mingled stream of human existence—glides past, with these memorials on its wave. It is the pride of the collector to connect together a masterly old portrait, an antique view, an ancient representation, the written characters traced by the living hand, expressive either of familiar thoughts or intellectual efforts; and it will, we think, appear from the details of his success which, from access to the collection we have been enabled to adduce, that he has in reality formed a combination sufficiently impressive to suggest vividly the past, and comprise within a nut-shell volumes of biography.

Such indeed is the suggestive nature of the materials with which Mr. Watson has surrounded the personages of story, that we really believe his labours will be found in many instances to have contributed a better understanding of the character and position of prominent men than previously existed. The process he has employed is undoubtedly simple but laborious, and, if we may surmise, expensive; yet it is efficacious. Of this the public, we trust, will ere long be satisfied, as the compiler has announced his intention to print in chronological order such of the manuscripts as are considered suitable, and possessed of adequate interest, with *fac-simile* representations, biographical memoranda, and explanatory notes. It seems, however, impossible to Mr. Watson himself to convey by means of publication an adequate notion of the superb folio portraits which he has assembled together. And in the survey which we have obtained of his collection, we have endeavoured to indicate the beauty and consequence of these works of art, with the view of supplying a faint and imperfect notion of them in our own way. It must nevertheless be acknowledged that a mass of such materials, amounting to some fifty volumes folio, may as readily be judged of by means of the limited number of selections we can possibly overtake, as the edifice which was offered for sale by the pedant might be judged of by the brick he carried in his pocket. Selection itself is out of the question. We can only profess to offer at random a series of characters and illustrations from the suggestions arising out of an inspection of Mr. Watson's volumes. And we beg leave to observe that we have ventured to do so in a manner which would probably occasion a shock to the compiler were he able to surmise our intentions; for, regardless of the order of time and place, precedence or popularity, we have dashed off a rambling succession of characters of every description, in perfect Mosaic. If reason must be rendered to Mr. Watson and our readers for this Gothic innovation, we must urge the tyrant's plea, "necessity." Chronological order and systematic classification are all very well in their places, but might seem too formal in the sort of sketches which we have it alone in our power to offer. And if it will at all appease the *manes* of the mighty dead, who, through the medium of Mr. Watson, may seem to claim an equal share of our passing regard with those on whom we happen to have bestowed it, we are ready to acknowledge that chance has chiefly dictated our selection, and

* Outlines of an Historical Collection of Engraved British Portraits, Original Autographs, and Miscellaneous Illustrations. Collected and arranged by W. F. Watson. Edinburgh; 69, Princes Street, (printed for private circulation.)

that the names of hundreds, good as they, may be found as amply illustrated in his volumes.

Amongst the illustrious and attractive themes we have left untouched, we may name the royal names of Queen Anne, the Georges, and William IV.; of Charles V. and the other Emperors of Germany; of Frederick and the Kings of Prussia; of Francis I., Henry IV., and Louis XIV. of France: statesmen, such as Burleigh, Walsingham, Godolphin, Sunderland, Bute, North, Pitt, Fox, Burke, Sheridan, Hastings, Canning, and Grey: Ecclesiastics—Usher, Tenison, Sherlock, Warburton, Lowth, Paley, Andrew Melville, the leaders of the Covenanters, and Blair: Stothard, David Allan, Wilkie, Northcote, Raeburn, Lawrence, and the painters: Rennie, Telford, and the engineers: Garrick and the players: Ben Johnson, Waller, Swift, Addison, Young, Allan Ramsay, Richardson, Smollet, Sterne, Hume, Robertson, Gibbon, Cowper, Beattie, Burns, Byron, Coleridge, Southey, Campbell, and all the wits, historians, and poets: Voltaire, Rousseau, Liebnitz, Linnæus, and other foreign names familiar to our literature, our science, or our art: Montrose, Monk, Marlborough, Abercrombie, Moore, and the great military commanders: Howard of Effingham, Sir Cloudesley Shovel, Byng, Rodney, Howe, Hood, and the illustrious admirals: Bruce, Park, and the travellers: the Chancellors before Lord Campbell; and many others, which we dare not pause to enumerate, although the collections of MSS. and illustrations relating to them are in as complete a condition as any on which we have entered.

Suffice it to say, that if, in the limited selection we have been enabled to present, the vast mass of the materials under review may have in any instance led to confusion of names, dates, or events, the pressure of time and space must plead an apology for what is almost inevitable on our part; but which we must do Mr. Watson the justice to say is, under no circumstances, to be traced to him. The folio portraits which Mr. Watson has collected of MARY QUEEN OF SCOTS, besides being very beautiful as works of art, are, in the state of the question regarding the likeness of that queenly beauty, in themselves a complete historical study. Except in the dark vivacity of the eyes, which are uniform features throughout this series, favouring the supposition of their having been of a chestnut colour, and not of a grey or hazel, the diversity which perplexes us in all the supposed likenesses of Mary is not awanting here. It is such, indeed, as to lead us to question whether an authentic portrait of this unfortunate queen exists. Horace Walpole, whose doubts on historical subjects are notorious, was pretty much of the same opinion; yet admitted the originality and authenticity of the portrait in possession of the Earl of Morton, painted when Mary was at Lochleven. Mr. Glassford Bell, her biographer, explains the cause of the confusion which has in this instance arisen, by tracing the impositions practised by picture dealers to the unprecedented demand for likenesses of Mary. A temptation was thus created to palm off every picture that could be picked up on the Continent, bearing in costume or aspect the least resemblance to the Scottish Queen, as originals. Ladies of rank, flattered by the belief of resembling her, even had their portraits painted *a la Mary Stuart*. Many of these, and especially those of a celebrated beauty, the *Comptess de Mansfeldt*, are known to have passed current as Maries. Mr. Bell accords authenticity to two portraits of Mary in this country—one at Logiealmond, representing her at the age of fourteen, the other in the private apartments of Hamilton Palace, at a more advanced period of life. To a third, adopted by Miss Benger, he allows a genuine reputation; it is in the collection of the Marquis of Salisbury at Hatfield House. But it seems as if, whilst placing his greatest reliance on, and yielding the preference of adoption to the work of an Italian artist, painted for the Earl of Orkney, one of Mary's natural brothers, Mr. Bell is constrained, like Chalmers, to give up all the conflicting "originals," and betake himself to a composition portrait by the artist Pailou, made at Chalmers' instigation, from a comparison of Lord Morton's original and several others discovered since Walpole wrote, one in the Church of St. Andrew at Antwerp, another in the Scotch College at Douay, and a third in the Scotch College at Paris. Mr. Bell, however, in criticising this production by the standard of the Orkney portrait, avowedly taken at the girlish age of fourteen, is hardly entitled to object to the face as "a good deal too round and plump."

In the remarkable prints which Mr. Watson has succeeded in bringing together, we shall have to notice a very beautiful one, from a different source, marked by this very peculiarity. But we must premise, that in the earliest of his folios, which, from the style of art, rude enough and little else than outline, might be pronounced, as nearly as possible, contemporary, the artist does not seem to have been deeply impressed with Mary's beauty, except in the unfailing effect he has imparted to the dark orb-like eyes. She is in the French costume of the period, close fitting to the neck and figure, and seen in several other portraits. A fan of feathers graces her hand, and around her neck are suspended two massive chains of twisted gold, one of which secures a huge brilliant, the other a large pear-shaped pearl.

It is in the beautiful folio mezzotint of Simon, a rich specimen of that gorgeous style of art, that the full soft features of which we have spoken, the large lustrous eyes, the neatly arranged rich hair, half-shrouded in, but strongly contrasted with, the black velvet caul, and the ruff of snowy ermine about the neck, hemmed by a magnificent pearl necklace, combine assuredly in the most pleasing, and, for aught we can see, in the most genuine record, we possess, of Queen Mary's features.

Vertue's engraving from Zuchari's picture, in Lord Carlton's collection, displays the exquisite taste of the stately Mary in the matter of costume; a taste which, at an earlier period, whispered to her, amidst the blaze of fashion in France, to array her budding form in the splendours of the Stuart tartan, till Brantome and the Parisian fops declared that "in the barbarous fashion of the savages of her country, she appeared a goddess in a mortal body," and asked themselves, "if she appeared so beautiful thus *habillée a la Sauvage*, what must she not be in her rich and lovely robes made *a la Francaise, ou l'Espagnole*, or with a bonnet *a l'Italienne*; or in her flowing white dress, contending in vain with the whiteness of her skin." In the engraving we are now considering, she is clothed in the same tight fitting dress already noticed, the dress *a la Francaise*, according to Brantome, puffed up at the shoulders, and covered with a profuse arabesque pattern, or rather design, evidently in embroidery, to the use of which, we ascertain from many circumstances, that she was partial. A sprig of roses held in the hand is beautifully rendered, and even the style of the jewellery with which the fingers are covered, may be traced by the curious in *vertu*. A fine landscape perspective appears through the large window of the apartment. The portrait is three-fourths full. It is worthy of remark, that in contradistinction from the mere *a la Mary Stuart* portraits, both this and the former engraving deviate from what Brantome terms the head dress *a l'Italienne*. The cap or caul is in this instance closely fitted to the back of the head, and is like the principal dress of raised embroidery, but the hair, in front, is turned towards either side, in those waving ridges which characterise the Italian bonnet.

Another large folio, after the same master, a plate possessing all the peculiar softness of the line engraving of Bartolozzi, by whom it is executed, affords us full lengths of Mary and her son. The embryo pedant is in petticoats, and in one of those beautifully embroidered dresses which we have just described. Both parent and child are distinguished by magnificent point lace cuffs and collars, the glory of the pictures of Vandyck. The Queen, in this instance, is attired in black, and characteristically holds in her left hand a missal, with loose ribbons or ties instead of clasps. Her index finger is inserted between the leaves, whilst her right hand is laid gently on the head of her child. Care has already set its impress on her cheek; and the half-neglected hair escapes from under the small lace cap or bonnet, *a la Mary Stuart*—so different from the state of the toilet in the younger portraits. We necessarily have misgivings of the genuineness of this portrait. It strikes us as being more probably a composition. James, a crowned king at the age of seven, and a precocious pupil of a renowned pedagogue long before, seems already to have attained those years unbreeched. And Mary, with her missal in hand, was likely to be more jealously watched by the Lords of the Covenant, than the conjunction with her young son in this picture implies.

Of Houbraken's engraving, the folio print after Oliver's picture is a lovely specimen. It represents a bust of the Queen. The scene of her disrobing for the block in Fotheringay Castle, is given in a compartment below. How different from another disrobing scene of which history informs

us!—when, upon being united to Darnley, she laid aside her sable garments to intimate forgetfulness of grief for the death of her first husband; and, in compliance with an old custom, as many of the Lords as could approach near enough, were permitted to assist in unrobing her, by taking out a pin. The mingled melancholy and beauty of this head realises more of Queen Mary than almost any of the other portraits. The fire in the eye, and the proud curl on the lip, the splendour and accuracy of attire, struggling for effect against the marks of grief, so legible in the sunken cheek and grizzled hair, bespeak at once the loveliness of the woman and the misfortunes of the Queen.

As already stated, the portraits of Mary Stuart are at once so numerous and so various, that we know not which to accept, and begin to doubt if there in truth exists a genuine portrait of her at all. The miniature shown in Holyrood is well known to be spurious, and of comparatively modern manufacture.

Two smaller folios than those we have noticed are by Vertue, after an ancient painting in St. James's Palace, 1580, and another by Gaywood, engraved in 1653. They represent the Queen in half-length, with point lace frills. Gaywood's is characteristic. Mary is seen in the dress in which she went to execution, clasping, with crossed hands, a wooden cross to her bosom. She is enveloped in a black mantle, with a small crown upon her head. Along with this portrait, Mr. Watson preserves her autograph—

"Your own fetful
"frind,
"Marie R."

There are numerous other portraits of lesser note of Mary Queen of Scots; and, as connected with her history, striking portraits of Lennox and Darnley, father and son. That of the father is characterised at once by simplicity and intelligence. Effigies, apparently of the same personages, are found in an old print, quaintly and confusedly enough purporting to be taken from "*their mother's tomb*" in Westminster Abbey.

Minor landscape views have been collected of Linlithgow, as Mary's birth place; of the ruins of Cruickston Castle, and its famed yew tree, (now, alas, no more,) the scene of Mary's honeymoon with Darnley, and the seat of the Darnley Stewarts; of Craigmillar, Dunbar, Dumbarton, Niddry, and Lochleven Castles, as well as other places, recalling the events of her chequered history.

Along with Tytler's own MS., corrections, and interlineations of the account of the murder of Rizzio, given in his History of Scotland, Mr. Watson has put up a view of Holyrood Palace front at the period. It will be generally known that the apartments in which this deed of blood was consummated still remain as at the date of their occupancy by Mary.* A finished chalk drawing of the porch, from the east, by Leggat, after Runciman, is however given, and becomes the more interesting from the fact of the porch having been removed. The interior of Queen Mary's closet, and a spirited outline after Opie's picture of the murder, are added. There is also a curious etching, supposed to have some reference to these awful events. It represents apparently the interior of the Palace, with guards upon duty amidst the pillars, in the distance. A person is in the act of receiving a fee or bribe from the Queen, who has just quitted a chair or throne, to pass out through the half-opened portal.

Views of the ancient Kirk of Field, or the site of the present University of Edinburgh, then succeed, exhibiting the catastrophe of the blowing up, and afterwards the ruins of the building. There is an angel blowing a trumpet over the exploding ruins, and displaying a scroll, on which is inscribed "detection," whilst apart below, sits a man like an Evangelist, ready to record the revelation. A medallion portrait of Mary significantly appears in the corner. The engraver gives his name, "E. Kirkwall."

The unfought battle of Carbery Hill is another pictorial scene in Mary's career.

Bolton Castle, Hardwick Hall, Chatsworth, and the various other places of her confinement in England, are followed by a series of scenes at Fotheringay, engraved by B. Picart; and views of Peterborough Cathedral, where she was first interred, Westminster Abbey, to which the body was afterwards removed, and the monument to her memory in Westminster.

Linked to the MS. of Tytler's History and the memorials of Queen Mary, Mr. Watson has put up, with an engraving of "The Lament of Queen Mary," an original MS. of "The Lament of Mary Queen of Scots, a Ballad," in the handwriting of Robert Burns, and containing various readings differing from the ordinary version. For instance—

"Makes a' the *echoes* ring,"
For,
"Makes a' the woodlands ring."
"May rove *thae* sweets *among*,"
For,
"May rove thir sweets amang."
"And I'm the Sovereign *of* Scotland,"
For,
"And I'm the Sovereign o' Scotland."
"*Heaven shield* thee frae thy mother's faes,"
For,
"God keep thee frae thy mother's faes."
"*But* in the narrow house o' death
Let winter *o'er* me rave,"
For,
"And in the narrow house o' death
Let winter round me rave;"

proving the flickering state of Burns' most finished compositions, and the habit of constantly attempting to polish and improve which he had acquired.

The old views of Edinburgh, which accompany Mr. Watson's illustrations of James VI. and his era, forcibly recall the independent isolation of old Scotland before the Union of the Crowns. It is interesting to look back on the quaint, old, walled city, and circumscribed extent of the town, at the latest period of our national independence; fraught as it is with a conscious air of self-reliance, yet shut up within those narrow bounds which formed, in part, the penalty of such a position. The views to which we refer are akin to the bird's-eye views of "Slietzer's Theatrum Scotiæ." Appearances would justify us in referring them as nearly as possible to the period of James. Thus two classes of illustrations invest this semi-historical, semi-biographical collection with the interest of both these kinds of study. The state of the still-life, so to speak, by which the personages moving amidst it were connected, becomes important in our eyes, leading us back almost to the realisation of the surrounding circumstances of their lives. Edinburgh, which, with all its distractions, James found so flourishing and left so poor, is, therefore, a point of surpassing interest in the picture of his life. And here we have it set before us, not for the provocation of gaping wonder at the vast expansion it may since then have undergone, but to conjure up the actual scene of mingled banquettings and religious controversy, royal pedantry and aristocratic contention, so ludicrously blent around the throne. The castle, where he was born in a small chamber, and whence tradition asserts he was, while yet an infant, let down in a basket, it is curious to gaze upon as represented in a contemporary engraving, although the apartment in question is still extant. Holyrood, which has undergone so many changes from the supposed necessities of modern improvement, occasional extension, or inevitable repair, it is also curious to behold, as in Mr. Watson's small Italian print, exactly as at James' period, when he made his magnificent entry into splendid poverty, at the head of 2,000 horsemen, in October, 1579; when he called Morton to account, in December of the following year, and "warded him in the palace;" when he was brought captive to it, in 1582, by the Ruthven conspirators; when he banquetted his factious nobles within its walls on coming of age, in 1587, and foolishly sought to patch up a constrained amity between angry men, by the puerile conceits of external observance; when he dated thence his familiar epistles to the city magistrates, one of which, containing some of the celebrated references to the "hamecoming" of his Queen, is in Mr. Watson's collection;

* "It is," says Mr. Bell, "a curious and interesting fact, that notwithstanding all the changes which time has wrought in the Palace of Holyrood, the very cabinet in which Mary supped on this eventful evening, as well as the adjoining rooms and passages through which the conspirators came, still exist in nearly the same state in which they were in the year 1566."

when he banquetted them at royal baptisms, and elicited promises of future marriage portions; when Bothwell broke in with fire and sword, and citizens rushed to the rescue; when a company of English actors, Shakspeare himself supposed to be one of them, awoke the wrath of the Scottish reformation, under which dramatic representations were deemed sinful; and, finally, when he returned, in 1616, as King of Great Britain, and now obtained from the magistrates, not only the banquet, but the dotation—scenes which the sight of the building, as it stood throughout this period, is calculated to recall to the student of history. Other prominent facts in the career of James VI. find illustrations in the collection. But it may be noticed that the representation of events, through the medium of such a series, must of necessity be as much a matter of accident as of choice. Thus, in regard to the Gowrie conspiracy, which sufficed to rouse the only spark of warlike ardour that ever animated James's bosom, and to throw him into the field in person, at the head of twelve thousand men, Gowrie house, as it stood at the period upon the river bank at Perth, is the only pictorial memorial to be procured. Not so with the more famous conspiracy of Guy Faux, on which art, as well as exaggeration, seems to have expended its facilities. One trivial but characteristic contemporary print of this occurrence, inscribed with the words of Psalm cxxiv. 7, "Our soul is escaped as a bird out of the snare of the fowler; the snare is broken, and we are escaped," contains in one corner a representation of a huge eye, whence a great beam strikes diagonally upon a minute figure of Faux and his lantern, deep in the vault, with the word "proditio" written below. Several other more important plates of Guy Faux's conspiracy have been collected by Mr. Watson. The most imposing portion of the series relating to King James consists of the portraits. The most remarkable of the large folio portraits are those engraved by Smith, after Vandyck, and by Vertue, after Vansomer; with the admirable portrait by Simon,—all of which represent the monarch in the prime of life, and convey, upon the whole, a more exalted and pleasing impression than that "old almanac history"—as Horace Walpole has it—would suffer us to entertain. Although the gravity of the countenance be somewhat stolid, there is still a mass of seeming intellectuality perceptible on the lofty brow. The pedant is undoubtedly present, but there is present also the pedant's power. Smaller portraits by Du Pass, by Vaughan and others, afford full lengths of James's Dutch-built, and ungainly figure, whether in the light court dress, or slovenly-looking trunk-hose, looped beaver, or Dutch hat. Dedications of all sorts, cut from publications of the period, and addressed "to the most high and mighty Prince James," while yet James "the Sixt," and afterwards, when James the First, preserve appropriately the traces of the typography of the age, which are so intimately connected with its ostentatious patron of letters. We have also for the numismatist plates of the obverse and reverse of the very creditable coinage of the times. And for the parchment archæologist there are engravings of the royal signets. The most rare and singular features of this series are, perhaps, the genealogical trees and portraits; the first being a plate of "the progenie of our most sacred King James the Sixt," containing fourteen portraits, and exhibiting, not his progeny, but principally his progenitors. Rooted in the union of the houses of York and Lancaster, the first parallel comprehends the portraits of Henry VII. and his Queen, Elizabeth of York, with their hands in wedlock; the second parallel has three portraits, that of Queen Margaret, with her husband James IV. and Angus, to whom her hands are respectively extended; the third parallel has four portraits, James V. and Mary of Guise, and the Earl and Countess of Lennox, parents of the unfortunate Mary Queen of Scots and Henry Darnley. In the centre of the fourth parallel is the unhappy Mary, one hand extended to her first husband, Francis of France, the other to Darnley; the last parallel presents James VI. and Anne of Denmark, his Queen. The date of this engraving, by Benjamin Wright, is 1619. As already noticed, it is the collector's object to secure a series of portraits, even where the interest is not enhanced by MS. memorials. He has proceeded, we believe, and is still proceeding, upon the principle of making his collection a collection of portraits, and other illustrations, superadding MSS. as they may drop in. But in the case of James VI. the piece of autograph MS. in the collection is about as highly characteristic as possible. It is a long letter, subscribed by the royal hand, dated from "Halyrudhous xxi July 1601," addressed to the magistrates of Edinburgh, referring to the proceedings of the last Parliament for putting down disputes among the nobility respecting precedence; to the success of Henry IV. in his wars; and to the "hamecoming" of Queen Anne, afterwards so costly to the city, as the King, in prospect of his marriage, had commanded the magistrates to find suitable accommodation and entertainment for the Princess, from her arrival at Leith till Holyrood House could be fitted up for her reception, and although they paid 5,000 merks to be excused, yet, when James plucked up spirit to cross the ocean, like his grandfather, and bring home his bride, they fitted up a splendid vessel for his use at a vast expense. Amongst the topics indulged in by the King in this rather promiscuous epistle, he touches upon protectionist principles, and urges the "restraining the incoming of foreign cloth, for the better hadding of our puir people occupied," and requires delegates to be sent to a convention, to be holden the tenth of February, when these and other matters are to be considered. This last practical flourish of the pen royal gives a glimpse of insight into the purposes of the now decayed Convention of Royal Burghs in its palmy days; and shows that the present Lord Provost of Edinburgh, and other members of that not very august assemblage, were historically right in proposing its revival as a local, commercial, and industrial parliament for Scotland. Placed underneath this MS., a view of Holyrood, as in the days of James, forcibly recalls the scene and circumstances under which this letter was indited, and gives a more vivid idea of the position and pursuits of the last Scottish King than mere words could possibly convey.

Anne of Denmark, the consort of King *Jamie*, comes before us in the shape, principally, of an old, time-embrowned note, on gilt-edged paper, which forcibly recalls the olden days. It is addressed to her husband, James VI.; and, like the most of her other epistles, is unencumbered by a date. "My hairte," she addresses the learned monarch, in reference to a "maske," which, she says, "your Mat^ie would have me to make, I shall not be able to forme the same except you please to send me Mayerne to plaister me up." Mayerne was the Court physician, and we think we see him engaged in the ticklish task of "plaistering up" the stately Anne of Denmark. "Humblie kissing your M.'s hands, rest, yours, Anna R," the Queen dutifully inscribes herself, and such is the usual conclusion observed in all her brief notes or letters to James—even in a well-known one in the British Museum, conceived in a towering passion against some unlucky "Sir Roger" of the Court who had put her to public scorn. The handwriting of Mr. Watson's note, when compared with that in the British Museum, proves itself to be genuine and holograph, for this termagant woman wrote a fine, round, clerkly hand, with bold and masculine, but not ungraceful, flourishes, sparingly indulged. The folding of the note is perfect. The royal seals are still entire upon it, with crown and initial, connected once by blue flock silk, cut asunder in the opening, no doubt, by the poignard of the King.

Views of Copenhagen, where Anne was born; of Hampton Court, where she died; of Somerset House, and Ashby-de-la-Zouch, where she was royally banqueted—all pertaining to the period; and dedications "To Her Royal Highness the Illustrious Princess Ann of Denmark," with quarterings of her own and the Royal arms, make up the other illustrations. Her personal appearance is well represented by Johnson's portrait at Somerset House, as engraved in folio by Houbraken, and other old portraits.

Sir Christopher Wren, the first of British architects, is commemorated in a fine portrait—viz. Smith's beautiful folio engraving, from the painting by Sir Godfrey Kneller.

The MS. memorial is Wren's autograph, "Chr. Wren," attached to a Chelsea Hospital money-warrant, 20th October, 1698.

A curious view of St. Paul's before the great fire of London, 1666, shows what it was of old. Sir Christopher Wren's plan for re-building the city after the great fire, likewise preserved in this collection, is worthy of notice. This model of the new city afforded two straight lines of thoroughfare through the city past St. Paul's; one terminating at the Royal Exchange, the other at Tower Hill, with centre piazzas at intervals, whence cross-streets were radiated in such a

manner as would have afforded breathing spaces enough amidst the buildings, to place the lungs of London elsewhere than in the parks. The valley at Fleet Street, "once sullied with an offensive sewer," was now to be "beautified with an useful canal, with wharfs on each side, passable by as many bridges as streets, y^t^ cross it leaving Ludgate." One thing claimed as a modern suggestion appears actually to have originated with Sir Christopher Wren. We have heard a good deal of the embankment of the Thames; and, if we do not mistake, companies were, during the rage for speculation, concocted to carry through this great civic improvement. Along the Thames, betwixt Bridewell Dock and Greenhithe, Sir Christopher Wren, however, projected his "Grand Terras, with ye public halls;" and not only so, but he projected also a spacious open "key," (quay) from Temple Garden to Bridewell on the one hand, and from Dowgate to Billingsgate and the Tower on the other. This stretch of quays and terraces included the whole course of the conflagration along the river.

All the great works of Sir Christopher Wren are illustrated by nearly contemporary engravings. There is St. Paul's—"si monumentum requiris circumspice!" The front and rear of the Seldonian Theatre at Oxford; London Monument on Fish Street hill—

"Where London's column, towering to the skies,
Like a tall bully, lifts its head and lies;"

Greenwich and Chelsea Hospitals; Bow Church, Cheapside; St. Bride's, Fleet Street; the noble interior of St. Stephen's, Walbrook; and all the other edifices which we owe to the architectural genius of this great man are in like manner illustrated.

CHARLES I. supplies one of the most beautiful and interesting pieces of caligraphy in the collection. It is a letter, composed in Latin, entirely holograph, and very carefully written, excusing himself, when Prince of Wales, from receiving his father, to whom it is addressed, at his estate of Holdenby, in Northamptonshire, of the ruins of which, affording indications of great magnificence, Mr. Watson has preserved a view. This letter is subscribed, "Tuae Mti. filius obsequentissimus, CAROLUS." The handwriting is somewhat on the model of his mother's—more firm and less flowing. It retains both address and seals—the former, "Regi et Patri Optimo." Other documents of this man of misfortune are preserved, signed, "Charles R.," in particular, one dated from Hampton Court, 1634, and another from Holyrood, 1641.

We have also in the collection dedications to him, surmounted by his arms as Prince of Wales; his signet as king; the great seal of the Garter in his reign; his coinage, engraved in great variety; the title-page of "His Majesty's Declaration from Oxford, 3d June, 1643;" old figure of the bronze equestrian statue in Charing Cross; dedications, showing the style and bearings by which he was addressed as King, &c.

The folio portraits are principally after Vandyck's pictures. The first of the Vandycks is an extraordinary work of art, done by the etching needle of Suyderhoef. The breadth of handling in the flowing locks, the deepened expressiveness of the eyes, and melancholy of the countenance, are very striking, set off as they are by an immense lace frill, badge and collar of the garter, and other characteristic accessories. The second Vandyck, engraved by de Jode, represents the "Royal Martyr" in complete steel, a field-marshal's truncheon in his hand, the badge of the garter suspended from his neck by rich gold chains, a short plain collar, turned down over the gorget of the armour, lighting up into solemn effect the almost cadaverous melancholy of the countenance. As still life, the artist has introduced a plumed steel casque and royal crown, resting on a sideboard. Faithorne's is a dark, rich folio portrait. There are also Hollar's old portraits; and numerous other old ones in large point lace collars, by Vander Qucht, by Andran, and a rare one by Channeau; besides the well-known portraits, by Strange, of Charles, in royal robes, with the Duke of Hamilton; Sharpe's three heads; and Lambart's portrait of Charles on horseback, attended by a page; as well as Vertue's folio.

The illustrations of scenes in the life of Charles I. are no less numerous than startling, from his birth-place, Dunfermline, to the scaffold. We may specify—his giving orders at the drum-head to his secretary at war, Sir E. Walker, during the great rebellion; his residence of Hampden Court; an old view of Oxford; the fights at Naseby, Edgehill, Hopton-heath, Worcester; a view of the town of Worcester; his appearance before Hull; the castles in which he was confined, as Hurst Castle, Carisbrook, &c.; his trial before the High Court of Justice in the Westminster Hall, an old print, with rude portraits of the leading actors; an old view of the interior of Westminster Hall, where the trial took place; Hollar's English views; various others, chiefly Dutch, of and connected with his execution—especially a very beautiful small one, where his head is deposited on the block, Bishop Jobson and "the man in the mask" conspicuous figures, the latter just about to strike; the front of Whitehall at the time; a number of prettily engraved medallion heads and seals; and the title-page of the ΒΑΣΙΛΙΚΑ, complete the lot. We should, however, particularise more expressly a MS. referring to the disposal of the Bishopric of Orkney and Zetland to the Earl of Morton, 22d November, 1646, under the hand of Charles.

The rash, intrepid, and unfortunate JOHN, DUKE of MONMOUTH, is presented to us in a remarkable folio engraving by Blooteling, of Sir Peter Lely's portrait. The extraordinary management of light and shade flickering over its details, the rich dark flowing curls, and splendidly defined costume and ornaments, down to the plumed bonnet, held in the carelessly extended hand, give ease and grace to a picture of surprising felicity, in praise of which, indeed, too much could not be said. To these circumstances, in the manner of this master, must we attribute the extreme beauty of the engravings from his works. Few paintings, indeed, appear to afford the telling points and pleasing advantages presented to the engraver in those of Sir Peter Lely. Contrasted with this exquisite work, is an engraving belonging to the period—a juvenile-looking Monmouth on horseback, about as rude as it is curious.

As illustrations, we have an old view of Rotterdam, where the son of Lucy Waters was born, at the period when Monmouth may be assumed to have seen the light within that realm of ships and cheese. We have an old contemporary view of Dalkeith, where Monmouth, in virtue of his marriage with the Duchess in her own right—the Duchess of Scott's "Lay"—became Duke of Buccleuch; a view of Moor Park in England; an engraving of the battle of Bothwell Brig, where Monmouth was commander-in-chief, with an old view of Bothwell Castle; and a drawing of Monmouth's final battle, after his own Quixotic rising—the battle of Sedge Moor.

The MS. illustration, is a document, graced by the signature of Monmouth's father, Charles II. His own signature, "Buccleugh and Monmouth," in which the spelling is strangely enough altered, from Buccleuch to Buccleugh, as distinctly appears in the MS., although the Duchess, who may be supposed best able to spell her own name, subscribes it immediately under, "Anna Buccleuch and Monmouth." Some other distinguished signatures figure as witnesses upon this power of attorney, in favour of a London alderman, for the collection of the rents of the property.

Of Sir ROBERT WALPOLE, the great minister of George II., the folio portraits by Faber and Houbraken, after Kneller and Pond, afford imposing representations. A most satirical print by Vander Gucht, after Hayman, represents the introduction of the minister into the temple of fame—rapine, bloodshed, desolation, and famine, tracking his footsteps. We have also in this collection, Hogarth's print of House of Commons portraits, the most prominent of which are Sir Robert Walpole and Mr. Speaker Onslow. Another satirical print of "The prevailing Candidate on the Election, carried by Bribery and the Devil," represents upon a screen the white or the black years of the parliamentary period, from 1715 to 1721, according as Walpole was "out" or "in." Amongst the acts recorded, apparently for censure, during the latter period, are the "Septennial Act," "South Sea Indemnity," "Guarantee Act," "Cum multis aliis." We have old views of Houghton, his place of residence, and of the old Treasury, St. James's Park, the scene of his long labours of statesmanship; as well as his autograph as Chancellor of the Exchequer, 16th October, 1723.

BISHOP BURNETT is brought before us in a beautiful mezzotint, by Smith. A finer specimen of this celebrated engraver is not to be met with. It is from Riley's portrait of the "Bishop of Sarum" in canonicals. Mr. Watson has appended to it a rare old view of Edinburgh, the Bishop's birth-place, ere yet any part of the New Town—ere yet even the West Kirk—was erected. Burnett was born 18th September, 1643.

Another rare and interesting portrait of Bishop Burnett is by Vander Giest, after Lutterell; and to this the collector has appended a north-east prospect of Salisbury, a see to which Burnett, who attended King William to England, was appointed by that prince a few days after ascending the throne.

Another portrait still, engraved by Vertue in 1723, after Hoadley, was painted after Burnett's death, which took place 17th March, 1715, at the age of 73. Underneath this portrait the collector has placed a curious French view of Glasgow College, church, and gardens, at the period when, in 1699, Burnett was chosen professor of divinity there, an office which he held for four years, and the only office he, at any time, held in his own country.

As illustrations—the title page of a Thanksgiving Sermon at Salisbury for victories in Flanders and Spain; the original engraved title page of his "History of the Reformation," embracing a figure of Queen Elizabeth, in one hand a cornucopia, in the other a Bible; in a gallery, overlooking the scene of martyrdom of Ridley, Latimer, and Cranmer, is seen the bloody Mary, attended by a monkish priest; the title page of "The History of his own Time," and that of "A Discourse of the Pastoral Care," are all characteristic; although Burnett was too voluminous a writer to be summed up within this compass.

The MS. illustration is a letter to "The Rev. Dr. Bohun, at Mr. Bohun's, at New House, near Coventry, Warwickshire," franked, "G. Sarum," by the Bishop in capacity of a Peer.

Bishop Burnett is further illustrated by engravings of his Cathedral and Seal, of his Tomb in St. James's Church, Clerkenwell, and an engraving of that Church, in which he was interred.

RUBENS having painted the Apotheosis of James I. in Whitehall, being generally included among the British painters, and having in fact received the honour of knighthood in Britain, has been introduced to the "British connection" by Mr. Watson. He had also another claim to national regard, having taken a Scotchwoman for his second spouse. Mr. Watson has, upon these grounds, introduced into his collection a series of engravings of the best works of Rubens which he could find of small size. To pave the way towards a reconciliation with this act of adoption, we commence with a view of the Banqueting House of Whitehall; an engraving of the Collar of the Order of the Garter; a letter in Dutch, of extraordinary value and interest, entirely holograph, of the great master, addressed to a person in London. The writing, in the Italian hand, is of great beauty and perspicuity. It is subscribed "PIETRO PAULO RUBENS," and dated "Antwerpen, 25 July, 1637."

Rubens' portrait of himself, beautifully engraved by P. Pontius, is a perfect masterpiece, as indeed are two others by Vandyck, one by the same engraver, and the other by Woollett, from Vandyck's powerful picture of Rubens advanced in age. There are other fine portraits of Rubens in the collection; but not to be particularised after these. Of two folio engravings of Rubens' second wife, Helena Foreman, one after a picture by his own hand, another after Vandyck, the latter is an exquisite impression of M'Ardell's folio plate. There are also other fine portraits of Rubens' wives, with specimens of his most famous works, engraved by great contemporary masters, such as the "S. Margarita," "Christ crowned with thorns," "The Last Supper," "Roman Charity." Fine ideas of his principal works are furnished by these engravings; and when to these are added views of Cologne, where he was born, and Antwerp, where are his principal pictures, the painter's as well as the poet's creations receive something like "a local habitation and a name."

Jenny Deans's JOHN DUKE of ARGYLE, the composer of the famous ode on the "bannocks of barley meal," is given in several excellent portraits—a youthful folio, by Aikman, of Houbraken's engraving; and a more rare folio, from a picture in Holyrood, by the same artist, engraved by Simon.

An old view of Inverary Castle, which he inhabited; of Stirling Castle, which he took; of Edinburgh Castle, which he governed; and a map of Minorca, where he was also governor, rapidly recall the prominent succession of events in his life.

The Battle of Sherriff-Muir, however, the most memorable of them, has been judged worthy of more signal commemoration. There is an old plan of the order of battle; a view, about the period, of Dunblane and vicinity, where the battle was fought; David Allan's etching of that ludicrous incident in the song of the "Shirra-muir."

"And we ran; and they ran—awa' man."

Together with a MS. document signed, "Argyll," and addressed by him as commander-in-chief, from the camp at Stirling, the month before the battle, 28 September 1715, directing one of his officers to march 400 men into the Merse.

Various literary dedications exhibit the old Argyll arms; and others refer to the period when he was commander-in-chief in Spain.

Of the accomplished Sir JOHN VANBURGH, poet, dramatist, and architect, we have Simon's beautiful mezzotinto portrait, after Sir Godfrey Kneller; illustrated by an old view of London, of the period when he was born there; and a holograph order on the accountant of the South Sea Bubble, for his half-year's dividend on his whole stock, some £802 15s. 6d. The order is dated 17th February, 1724, signed, &c., "J. Vanburgh." The remaining illustrations are the title pages of some of his dramatic works, such as the "Provoked Wife," "The Provoked Husband," &c.; and elevations of his no less conspicuous architectural productions, Castle Howard, Blenheim, Seton, Delaval, &c. Castle Howard, in Yorkshire, was Vanburgh's first architectural design of any celebrity; and he was most inappropriately rewarded for it by the owner, Charles, third Earl of Carlisle, with the Tabard of Clarencieux King at Arms; for Leigh Hunt tells us that Vanburgh not only knew nothing of Heraldry, but, what was worse, laughed at it. D'Israeli has made everybody acquainted with the story of Blenheim, which, when finished after his own design, the wrathful Duchess Sarah prevented Vanburgh from even seeing.

A leaf to the "Prologue to the Satires," of the "Wasp of Twickenham," transcribed for somebody unknown, in the veritable handwriting, nay, signed by the name of POPE himself, would be acknowledged a curiosity of literature under any circumstances. But Mr. Watson has succeeded in procuring such a document, abounding in *variorum* readings, and having in one at least of its most stinging passages the name of the real Simon Pure inserted. We allude to the very passage of which Johnson says—

"Into this poem are interwoven several paragraphs which had been before printed as a fragment, and among them the satirical lines upon Addison, of which the last couplet has been twice corrected. It was at first,

"Who would not smile if such a man there be?
Who would not laugh if Addison were he?

"Then,

"Who would not grieve if such a man there be?
Who would not laugh if Addison were he?

"At last it is,

"Who but must laugh if such a man there be?
Who would not grieve if Atticus were he?"

Not only has this couplet in Mr. Watson's MS., subscribed by Pope, a still farther variation; but, as will be observed from the extracts which we subjoin, forming a portion of Mr. Watson's MS., the whole passage is pervaded by variations of reading:—

"*If meaner* GILDEN draw his venal quill,
I *wish* the man a dinner and *sit* still.
If DENNIS *rails and* raves in furious pet,
I'll answer DENNIS *when I am* in debt.
'Tis hunger, and not malice, makes them print,
And who'd wage war with Bedlam or the Mint?.'

* * * * * *
* * * * *

"Like Cato, *gives* his little senate laws,
And *sits* attentive to his own applause;
Whilst wits and Temp*lers* every sentence raise,
And wonder with a foolish face of praise.
Who but must *grieve* if such a man there be?
Who would not weep if ADDISON were he?
A. POPE.."

Compare this with the ordinary version—

"Yet then did *Gilden* draw his venal quill,
I wish'd the man a dinner and sate still.
Yet then did Dennis rave in furious fret;
I never answered—I was not in debt.
If want provoked, or madness made them print,
I waged no war with Bedlam or the Mint."

The hiatus in the published version being greatly amplified, then follows the relative passage already quoted—

> "Like Cato, give his little senate laws,
> And sit attentive to his own applause;
> While wits and Templars every sentence raise,
> And wonder with a foolish face of praise.
> Who but must laugh if such a man there be?
> Who would not weep if ATTICUS were he?"

The reader will perceive from this specimen of the MS. that it is of extraordinary interest, and well deserves a place amongst the memorials of the poet.

Four very splendid folio portraits—two in mezzotint, and two in line—illustrate the appearance of this human "mark of interrogation." The engravers are Vertue, Houbraken, and Faber. There are, besides, other smaller likenesses, amongst which we remark, more especially, a pretty etching by Blyth, and design by Kent.

A neat view of London at this time; Twickenham, with Pope's Grotto, and a representation of his monument; the original title of his fine quarto Homer; that of his Dunciad, with characteristic vignette, representing an ass groaning under a load of Grub Street literature, the works of Wellstead, Ward, Dennis, Tibbald, Oldmixon, Hayward, &c.; and numerous other general illustrations from the Dunciad and the Iliad, make up an interesting series for Pope.

Of JAMES FERGUSON, the astronomer, we have a very interesting autograph letter, signed, "Jas. Ferguson," dated from London, December 4th, 1761, "To Mr. Thomas Balfour, merchant, Kirkwall, Orkney;" in which, after detailing with parental solicitude the progress of his children at school, he states, that having been promised a subscription for a course of lectures at Birmingham, instead of one course he had four. He describes the hardware machinery of Birmingham as even then something wonderful; and expatiates upon two machines as having delighted him much—one being an engine for turning bottoms of brass buttons, in wood or bone, by which one person could furnish twelve gross per hour; the motive power of the other, a great wheel, of twenty-seven feet diameter, moved slowly by a horse walking within it, as a species of tread-mill, but giving so exceedingly rapid a motion to fifteen spindles as to enable fifteen women to polish 25,920 nails in an hour.

The folio portrait of Ferguson is a fine mezzotint, from Northcote's painting, by Howard; good nature beams placidly in the countenance, marked by two moles, and staid reflection lurks within the eyes. The attire is a dark turban or bonnet, and a fur-collared cloak. Books are introduced. There are, besides, some smaller portraits.

As subsidiary illustrations, the title-page is given of early editions of his Lectures and Astronomy. There is also presented a plate of a "New method of constructing sun-dials for any given latitude, without the assistance of dialling-scales or logarithmic calculations." There are, finally, an engraving of Ferguson's orrery, and representations of his lecturing.

The portraits of Dr. SAMUEL JOHNSON are Townley's folio, from Opie's great painting, in which the head and figure are marked by all the elephantine ponderosity of the man. There is a lighter engraving in line by Heath, also of Opie's portrait. Fry's engraving from a drawing of Wivell's, after Nolleken's bust, and smaller prints are added; one of the bust by Finden being exceedingly fine. We ought to notice, also, a small youthful figure of Johnson, already, however, in the flaxen wig, but more like the Lichfield pedagogue than the literary leviathan. Books are before him, and a pen is held mincingly betwixt the fingers. The prints from Sir Joshua Reynolds' well known picture, are also worthy of being particularised. There is, besides, a small portrait, etched by J. Trotter, interesting from its having been taken from the life a short time before Dr. Johnson's death.

Johnson's handwriting is harsh, abrupt, and dogmatic, but regular and symmetrical—an exact type of his character; a fact which is admirably illustrated in a MS. note to Mrs. Thrale, intimating that he will have an opportunity of "making it up with Beattie on Tuesday," and praying the lady's leave to stay where he is until the Wednesday, in order, we presume, that he may do so. It is signed "Saml. Johnson, May 28, 1781."

Views are presented of the town of Lichfield, Johnson's birth-place; of Pembroke College, Oxford, his *Alma Mater*, at his period; the interior of his room at Pembroke College, &c. His advertisement for boarders has been cut from the original newspaper, in which it was published, and runs thus—

> "Advertisement.
>
> "AT Edial, near Lichfield, in *Staffordshire*, Young Gentlemen are Boarded, and taught the Latin and Greek Languages, by
>
> "SAMUEL JOHNSON."

A view of Edial Hall, near Lichfield, is preserved. It is a quaint old peaked-roofed edifice, with a lantern above the peak, surrounded by a high wall. In connection with Johnson, the portrait of "Edvardus Cave, ob. 10 Jan., 1754, Ætatis 62,"—the Sylvanus Urban of St. John's Gate and its Gentleman's Magazine, is quite a curiosity. So also is St. John's Gate itself, of which an old view and a new are given, the former fringed with the curious statistics of the press of the period: Thus—

London Gazette.	York Herald.
Applebees Journal.	Dublin, 5.
Craftsman.	Edinburgh, 2.
D. Spectator.	Bristol.
App. Doctor.	Norwich, 2.
Daily Post.	Exeter.
D. Advertiser.	Worcester.
St. James's Ev.	Northampton.
Lond. Evg.	Gloucester.
Weekly Misc.	Stamford.
General Ev.	Nottingham.
W. Gazetteer.	Bury Journal.
W. Post.	Chester Do.
Com. Sense.	Derby Do.
	Ipswich Do.
	Reading Do.
	Leeds.
	Newcastle, &c. &c.

As general illustrations, we glance with interest, not unmingled with amusement, at the title-page of the second edition of the "Dictionary," in two volumes 8vo.; at the titles of the original publications of "Rasselas," "The Rambler," "The Idler;" at a general view of Iona in Johnson's time; and more particularly at the original print of the Doctor, in his travelling dress, as described in Boswell's tour, with his famous oak stick, of which he sustained the loss in the Hebrides, and made this reply to Bozzy's condolence, "No, no, my friend, it is not to be expected that any man in Mull, who has got it, will part with it; consider, sir, the value of such a piece of timber here." The set of illustrations is brought up with a view of Johnson's house in Bolt Court, Fleet Street; views of Westminster and of his monuments.

OLIVER CROMWELL is a noble subject for illustration; and yet the faithful collector cannot fail in disclosing, along with the glory and the greatness of the man, the envy and littleness of his braggadocio foes. There are four large folio engravings of his portraits. One fine rare work of art, three parts full, by Lombart, after Walker's picture, shows him accoutred for the fight, his head thrown back with an air of resolution, his carriage and bearing bold and warlike. He is in full armour. A page is adjusting his scarf. Another is Faber's fine mezzotint of Sir Peter Lely's painting, 1653. Oliver is again in armour. In Walker's head-size picture, softly engraved by Bartolozzi, he is still in armour but with a more contemplative expression on the features. A side-face, painted by Cooper, and engraved by Houbraken, from the Devonshire collection, is a striking portrait. There are also Picart's, Worlidge's, and other smaller heads; but the most beautiful is perhaps a folio reduced from West's celebrated picture of "Cromwell dissolving the Long Parliament," as engraved by Houbiegel.

Kilkenny, Drogheda, Tredagh, Dunbar, Edinburgh Castle, Aberdeen, Perth, Dunnotar, Borthwick Castle, and many other places beleaguered by Cromwell, are the subjects of illustration. The battle of Dunbar and others of his military engagements are also represented. In one of his Irish assaults, the artillery appears characteristically enough to rain down thunderbolts on the devoted town.

A singular carricature is preserved, in the collection, of "the Royal Oak of Britain"—Cromwell directing the axe to be laid

to the root of the tree, with a scriptural quotation, "Kill and take possession. 1 Kings xix." Some of his coadjutors are pulling down the hacked tree with ropes; others are robbing its branches with hooks; and pigs are seen "fatted for the slaughter" upon the acorns. Cromwell's station is taken up on the head of a monster inscribed, "Inspiratio Diabolica." The peculiar nasal feature of old Noll, flattered into ordinary dimensions in the higher class of portraits, is formidably marked in this caricature.

Literary dedications of the period set forth his style and title. "To the most illustrious Oliver, Lord Protector of the Commonwealth of the three nations of England, Ireland, and Scotland, and the dominions thereunto belonging."

His handwriting is illustrated by a MS. regimental order, signed "O. Cromwell," in favour of ensign George Crosse, to receive the regimental pay "of Captain Mullonox, his company of firelocks." The valorous ensign must have been better acquainted with the firelock than the pen, for his receipt is attached, signed "George Crosse, X his mark."

When somebody disparagingly told old George III. that General Wolfe was mad: "Then I wish to —— he would bite some of my other generals," was the retort of the King. A portrait of a youthful-like aspirant, trimly attired in the formal tie and dress coat of "the good old days when George III. was king"—a fine folio engraving by Richard Houstoun, after J. S. C. Ichaak, introduces us to Major-General James Wolfe, the hero of Quebec. There are many small portraits of Wolfe copied after this, which is the finest.

A remarkable letter, dated Bath, Dec. 29, 1758, signed "Jam. Wolfe," which has evidently been addressed to William Pitt, is absolutely prophetical. The writer says he has been "constantly ruminating" on the mode of putting an end to the North American war; and suggests for that purpose the capture of Quebec. We do not know if any hero ever left a more touching memorial behind him than this, which proves Wolfe to have died a martyr to his own military project, and to have originally devised the movement from which he has reaped such fatal renown.

A large engraving, beautifully reduced by Carl Guttenburg, from the more common and extensive plate of Woollet, after Benjamin West, aptly illustrates "the death of Wolfe." The interest is enhanced by views of Quebec at the time of the siege, taken from various points—plans of the town and the battle—and fine engravings of Wolfe's monument in Westminster Abbey.

There is, sooth to say, some reason to doubt whether so great a destroyer of images as John Knox has left any representation of himself behind; for, notwithstanding the Geneva gown and bonnet of an old engraving of "*H. ferit*," collected by Mr. Watson, and inscribed "Joannes Cnoxus Scotus," with a long flowing beard, such as appears to have been copied for promoting the sale of Parr's Life Pills, we question if there exists a genuine likeness of the hero of the Scottish Reformation. Mr. Watson, however, has collected Cooper's and other old engravings, besides the well-known large print by Penny, engraved from Lord Torphichen's picture.

Mr. Watson's collection is enriched by the famous autograph, noticed in "Dibdin's Tour," which had been written by Knox on a fly leaf of a work of his continental friend "Oecolampadius:"—

> "*Jhoannes Cnox Minister Evangelicae veritatis hunc liberum possidet.*"

Dibdin's *fac-simile*, we must say, does not convey a strictly correct idea of this bold piece of caligraphy.

General illustrations are given of the town of Haddington, where Knox was born; St. Andrew's; the Galleys; Geneva; his house in Edinburgh; his pulpit; St. Giles'; and the picture of Knox admonishing Mary.

Matthew Prior is presented in two very fine folio portraits; one, in line by Vertue, after Richardson; the other by Simon, after the same, in mezzotinto; and illustrated generally by a view of London; by the titles and head pieces of his poems; the fine monument to his memory in Westminster Abbey, &c.

A curious holograph MS. account of expenses, whilst Ambassador at the Hague, is preserved. It extends from August to November, 1695, pro £148 2s. Some of the items are a little remarkable; but none of them very extravagant; and we are happy to say that from the chancellor of the exchequer's fiat appended, there is every probability of the poet's bill having been paid.

Of Grahame of Claverhouse, Viscount Dundee, a rare old anonymous line engraving is to be found in this collection, betraying the commingled *hauteur* and comeliness of the features. The *insouciant* expression of the eye is like that of a young spoilt beauty. The smaller portraits are also scarce and beautiful. A French view of Dundee from Dudhope; the pass of Killiecrankie, and the battle of Drumelog; Edinburgh Castle, shewing the postern to which the dashing cavalier clombe—"up the high castle rock," as in Scott's spirited ballad.

A holograph MS. letter "To Mester Blathwayt, secretary at war for his Maties servace," acknowledging receipt of an order to march his troops to London, 20th October, 16—, signed, "J. Grahame," is preserved as a relic of the "bluidy Claverse."

Sir Godfrey Knellrr is commemorated in two fine folio portraits of his own, respectively engraved by Smith and by Faber—the house introduced in the engraving by Faber being his own house at Witton, near Twickenham. An engraved copy of the original poem by Addison, addressed to Sir Godfrey Kneller on his picture of George I., and circumscribed around an engraving of that great work, illustrates at once the character of his performances (elsewhere abundantly to be met with in this collection), and testifies to the estimation in which they were held by his contemporaries. The engraving in question is a presentation copy, bearing Kneller's own autograph upon it. His monument in Westminster Abbey, and general illustrations from his paintings, complete the fasciculus.

Sir Isaac Newton's portraits are by Smith and Houbraken, after Kneller, in folio; a folio mezzotinto, after the marble bust; besides another mezzotinto; and other portraits by Ravenet and Daudet, after Lely, &c.; medallions and smaller heads, all conveying the same impression of placid intellectuality. The small house at Woolthorpe, which was the birthplace of the great philosopher; the hotel in St. Martin's Street, Leicester-fields, which was formerly his residence; his monuments in Westminster Abbey and Trinity College, Cambridge; the arms of the Royal Society, of which he was president; illustrations of the refraction of light, the solar system, electricity, &c.; with an autograph letter, "Decr. 1718," as Master of the Mint—are the memorials of Sir Isaac Newton.

A letter of the immortal Nelson to Capt. Hardy, June 3d, 1797, is fraught with singular interest, although only relating to the arrangements for a dinner party at Lady Hamilton's. From the great extent of the subject, the reader knows how impossible it would be to enter into it in a satisfactory manner. We shall content us, therefore, with stating that the illustrative contributions here consist of everything calculated to recall the events of Nelson's life. A document with his signature as "Nelson & Bronte," claims especial notice, being dated from on board "the Victory" the month previous to the battle. It is addressed to Admiral (then Captain) Durham.

Sir John Hawkins, who is known to us as the introducer of the black spot of negro slavery into our colonial system, is represented by a most villanous-looking portrait, in a low crowned hat, along with the plan of the interior of a slave ship, and poor negroes packed around like herrings in a barrel. A "new and exact map of New Guinea, divided into the Gold, Slave, and Ivory Coast, &c., with their several kingdoms, and ye adjacent countries. By H. Moll, Geographer," is almost equal in minuteness and apparent accuracy to the more stylish maps of the present day relating to this ill-fated coast. A view of Hawkins' birth-place, Plymouth; and an autograph attached to a naval document—April, 1594, "John Hawkins," with Admiral Howard's amongst other signatures, are the remaining maritime curiosities.

Lord Hailes's signature as a judge; and a letter of this careful and accomplished annalist to the Earl of Buchan at Rome, arrests our passing attention. The letter is remarkably characteristic. It refers to the value of the historical information to be found in the library of the Vatican; and bears a singular analogy to the correspondence of Roscoe upon the same point. Lord Hailes alludes also to the monuments of the Avignon Popes, as likely to furnish important historical facts, if extant; to the project of a Biographia Scotica; and to the importance of the Earl of Buchan's Danish correspondence, for supplying events in our history, prior to Malcom Canmore. This letter, in short, which is signed "Dav. Dalrymple," and

dated from New Hailes, 22 Augt. 1875, abounds in hints of historical significance.

That excellent housewife, QUEEN CHARLOTTE, provides the collection with a highly characteristic holograph letter, duly honoured with the royal seal, and addressed to William Price, Esq., 10th April, 1806, the burthen of which is to request back a small balance of money remitted by her Majesty to discharge some debts, "as her Frogmore accounts are kept very *regular*." The grammar of the Court on this occasion would have appropriately graced the pantry, and the economy smacks precisely of the housekeeper's room. There are large portraits of her Majesty in the very curious dress of the day; and an engraving of a particularly stiff minuet ball at St. James's, on her Majesty's birth-night. Medals, medallions, and Queen's zebras in profusion likewise illustrate the reign of strict maternal propriety, which turned out the most rakish family in Europe.

Of WILLIAM III., we have a folio portrait of some value and beauty, as William Henry, Prince of Orange, with numerous portraits of him as King, by Smith, Valck, Picart, and Houbraken.

The MS. of a French letter or dispatch, when Prince of Orange, dated from Chateau D'Elck, 24th Sept., 1674, details the military operations before Oudenarde. It is finely and elegantly composed—the signature, "G. H. Prince D' Orange," in large, bold, writing, being a peculiarly fine autograph. We have here also a document under the sign-manual, as King of Great Britain, with the countersign of the Secretary of State, dated "Kensington, 26th Decem., 1690."

Representations are given of William's Continental palace, T'Loo; of his receiving the congratulations of the clergy—a fine old print; of his statues; his seals; plans of Drogheda and of the Boyne; views of Namur, Drogheda, Londonderry; triumphal processions; receptions, and other allegorical engravings; and an extensive illustrative series of smaller etchings of the events and exploits in which he bore a part in Continental and British history.

The PRINCESS MARY, his Queen, is similarly illustrated.

CHARLES II. affords in his portraits remarkable proofs of personal beauty in early life, which there is no reason to believe the royal sensualist retained in riper years. A proof from Hollar, after Vandyck, certainly attests this fact, as also does another engraving of him when Prince of Wales. The principal portraits collected of Charles are White's full length, after Kneller; Bouttal's, after Sir Peter Lely; the mezzotints by Smith, Vertue, and others; engravings of equestrian and other statues of the monarch, medallions, coins. Amongst the general illustrations are representations of the Ryehouse (the place of the famous plot); of his riding in disguise before Mrs. Lane, engraved by Vander Gucht; of Scone Palace, where he was crowned; of his landing and restoration; of the judgments that descended on his reign, the fire and the great plague of London. There are also documents with his autograph in 1651 and 1660.

There are some fine folio portraits by Smith, White, Audran, and Vertue of JAMES VII. or II. as King; others as Duke of York; a letter with his autograph, as Lord High Admiral in 1670; a document as King, dated at Whitehall, 1688. This last, which is countersigned by the Archbishop of St. Andrews and the Scotch Secretary of State, may not be inappositely referred to at this moment when disputes are raging regarding the appointments to Hebrew Chairs. The purport of our Popish King's mandate, on this occasion, is to require "the most Reverend Father in God, Arthur, by Divine Providence Archbishop of St. Andrews, Primate and Metropolitan of all Scotland, and Chancellor of the said University, to admit and receive the said Master Patrick Gordon to be third Master and Professor of Hebrew *and the other Oriental Languages* in the said new College."

Cipriani's Allegories on James's death embrace mystical views of London, Rome, Paris, and in Germany. Illustrative views are added of his embarkation for France; of Enniskillen and Londonderry; of the Bass, with the old Scotch State prison upon it entire; and arms, titles, and dedications as Lord High Commissioner of Scotland and as King.

We conclude with a notice of the illustrations relating to a very different character—JOHN WILKES, of whom there is a fine and curious folio portrait, by Sabelius, after Pine; besides Hogarth's well-known engraving in the early state of the plate. Wilkes's cottage in the Isle of Wight, the Tower, the Guildhall, and the Mansion-house, turn up in succession. A beautiful ticket, by Bartolozzi, after Cipriani, commemorates his Mansion-house Ball, when Lord Mayor in 1775. The arms of the city; the carricature combat between Wilkes and Horne Tooke; a curious print of his seizure as he is getting into a coach; and the title of the North Briton—are all pregnant with suggestions.

A holograph MS. dinner note addressed to "Wm. Sharpe, Esq., Newport," and acknowledging the unimpeachable flavour of a brace of trout, brings all the Aldermen before us.

LITERARY REGISTER.

Posthumous Works of the Rev. Thomas Chalmers, D.D., L.L.D. Vol. I. Edinburgh: Sutherland and Knox.

BEFORE the death of Dr. Chalmers, a few of his personal friends were acquainted with the existence of his commentaries on Scripture. The progress made by him in the work probably was unknown to many persons out of his family; but the fact that he was engaged in some work of this description was stated out of that circle. Upon his demise, the nature and extent of the papers left by him became generally known; and the plan which he adopted has been stated in many quarters. He may be said to have written two commentaries—which are to be nominally distinguished as "Horæ Biblicæ Quotidianæ," and "Horæ Biblicæ Sabbatinæ." The first consists of brief reflections, suitable for daily perusal. The second we understand to be fuller and more reflective. The first volume of the posthumous works contains an introductory statement, by the Rev. Dr. Hanna, the son-in-law of Dr. Chalmers, by whom the work will be edited—a Sabbath journal kept for some time by his late relative—and the "Horæ Quotidianæ" to the end of the book of Joshua.

The introduction merely intimates the purposes and the time for which, and when these works were commenced. We are informed that they were intended rather for private use than for publication. That may have been the original design, but subsequently, as we have stated, their publication was expected by some parties. That of the journal was evidently never anticipated by the lamented writer. Sometimes we doubt the propriety of posthumous publications, which a writer never may have intended for public use. There are thoughts that any man might wish to put on record for the warning, the comfort, and the guidance of his surviving relatives, which yet he does not choose to render public. Even when passages are struck out, there may be an injustice done to the writer's style and argument, or the ground on which some reflection was formed may be lost. So far, indeed, as this part of the volume extends, we cannot regret its having been published. Passages like the following may induce to a milder judgment of the living and their actions than is often formed. Men deal

too harshly and uncharitably by each other regarding differences that often are minute :—

"There is another temptation besides carefulness which exercises me. I have all along been vastly too much disquieted by the misconstructions of those who did not comprehend me; and have suffered much both from the fatigue of refuting and explaining the same thing a hundred times over, and from the vexation felt that in spite of every effort there is a character assigned to my views, the very reverse of every principle by which I am actuated. But why should the opposition of men thus affect me? Does it not test my belief in the reality of an all-perfect mind that is now looking on, when I suffer so painfully from the adverse understandings of the limited and subordinate minds by which I am surrounded? Would it not nobly accredit my faith in God, that in quiet communion with Him, I felt a refuge and resting-place when sorely urged by the strife of tongues? To Him may I at all times patiently commit my cause, and be still in the thought that He is God."

The publication of a few pages of this journal lets the reader somewhat into the inner life of its remarkable author. Occupied intensely in public matters, while we believe but very few men misconstrued his motives, yet he sometimes entertained a dread that his actions would be misinterpreted; forgetting that many highly esteemed the man who opposed some of his objects :—

"I am in danger of a great failure, both in the wisdom and charity of the gospel, and I must cast the whole of this burden on the Lord. Let not my vehemence so transport me as that my good shall be evil spoken of. It so happens that a great public interest has led me to concur in a measure to which, apart from this object, I might have felt prompted, by a spirit of personal revenge, and this latter may be the aspect which it is to bear in the sight of men. What an occasion, then, for the exercise both of prudence and principle. Let me commit it altogether unto God, from whom cometh both the answer of the mouth and the preparation of the heart."

The plan of his daily commentaries is remarkably simple. He reads, as it were, a few verses, and records, but not elaborately, the immediate thoughts and ideas which they originated. These "Horæ Quotidianæ" are the reflections that might seem to rise, and that we presume to have arisen, without research or examination, from the mere perusal of the verses indicated. We are apt to consider this mode of writing calculated to injure the style of the author. But the work will be most useful to those who can regard it as conversational—those who can imagine it to be a report of the conversation which its author might have held with them, or with his friends, on a few verses of the Bible, then read. We notice, also, that the sententious style, necessarily or naturally adopted in this class of compositions, did not detract from their efficiency in the hands of Dr. Chalmers. It was not his natural style of writing. It was not that followed in those works with which so many readers are familiar. The operation, commenced six years ago, was novel to him; but he has succeeded, apparently without any effort, in producing, not elaborate criticisms, or argumentative theology, but those plain and practical reflections that seem to be most needed for every day use. In many instances, he throws a new light on a passage often read perhaps, and not yet fully appreciated. Sometimes he strikes a fresh thought from a familiar portion, which the reader imagines that he had turned in every form in his mind. Often we are reminded merely of an idea that seems very familiar and very common, yet which is not tedious or monotonous, because we had found the same thought or read it in different language long ago. We quote an example :—

"The flood was miraculous; but it is remarkable that God is sparing of miracles, and seems to prefer the ordinary processes of nature, if equally effectual, for the accomplishment of his purposes. He might have saved Noah and his family by miracles; but he is not prodigal of these, and so he appointed that an ark should be made to bear up the living cargo, which was to be kept alive, on the surface of the waters; and not only so, but He respects the laws of the animal physiology, as He did those of hydrostatics, in that He put them by pairs into the ark, male and female, to secure their transmission to after ages, and food was stored up to sustain them during their long confinement. In short, He dispenses with miracles when these are not requisite for the fulfilment of His ends; and He never dispenses with the ordinary means when these are fitted, and at the same time sufficient, for the occasion."

To other passages he brings a very general acquaintance with literature to bear upon their elucidation; and in this way the work is an evidence of his extensive reading, because we have not the slightest doubt that, as the editor states, it was written without inquiry or examination. On one passage, Genesis x., 1 and 5, he says—

"I understand the isles of the Old Testament to be the countries on the other side of their sea; or looking north-westward, to be Europe both insular and continental. This quarter of the world, then, is ascribed to the descendants of Japheth; and attempts have been made to find out a connexion between the names of its various countries and the names of his sons. The only conjectures of this sort which I at present recollect are those by which Kittim is associated with Chittim, and that again with the Cetae; and by a wide enough transition, though, perhaps, by some intermediate steps with Macedonia. Elishah has also been associated with the Ellenes or Greeks. There may be other and better derivations—some of them no doubt very fanciful, yet not wholly without evidence or probability either. And here it occurs to me to say, that whereas we are apt to look on these dry catalogues of names as exceptions to the work—perhaps even as objections against the divinity of the Bible—for aught we know there may be embosomed in such hieroglyphics, if they may be so termed, a precious mine for the exploration both of historians and travellers. See an example of this in the preface to Foster on Mahometanism, where, from the Scripture nomenclature alone, both of men and women, he seems conclusively to have made out the demonstration of an identity between the present Arabians and the descendants of Ishmael.

There is another passage regarding the Arabians, the fiery descendants of Ishmael, which we quote. It is a curious confirmation of these views, that a very small body, a few tribes of Arabs in the Algerine colony of Africa, occupy at this day one hundred thousand French soldiers—for that, we believe, is nearly the number of the French African army—and yet allow them only so much ground as they can encompass with their lines and forts; though we do not recollect that, in course of this war, the Arabs have ever gained a great battle.

"In this picturesque narrative of Hagar in the wilderness, there is much to interest the artist and the man of taste. But the thing of solid and surprising interest is the memorable prophecy of the angel, and which to this day manifests its own striking fulfilment, in the lawless and predatory, and marauding habits, but withal the independence of the present Arabians. What materials, even in the state of the world as it now is, for such evolutions as shall make the truth and divinity of Scripture palpable to all men!

"And what a lesson here, too, of the ever wakeful care and providence of God! What a noble and ele-

vated freedom should be ours from those wretched anxieties which so distract and degrade us, did we bear about with us all the confidence we ought in that eye which never slumbers and never sleeps! 'Thou God seest me.' What a protection from care, and at the same time what a stimulant to watchfulness from care about the things of this life, and to watchfulness, lest we should fall short of the things which belong to our true peace and life everlasting! Give me to be spiritually minded, and then I shall have both life and peace!"

All who personally knew Dr. Chalmers were impressed with the peculiar benevolence of his character. In his latter years he seemed more than any other man that we remember to be at peace; and he had the happy art of diffusing peace around him. The part of Scripture gone over in these volumes has many of these domestic scenes, on which he thus would naturally linger, and which he would appreciate. In his reflections there are many little proofs scattered over the volume of the hold that his immediate relatives had on his affectionate regards. His general benevolence did not entrench on his anxiety for the well-being of those who were most immediately under his influence, and most likely to be the objects of his anxiety. At one point he writes:—

"I feel now as if entering on the day-light of history, and emerging from the obscurity of its earliest dawn. And I may here record the effect of old associations with the Bible narratives which are now before me. I feel quite sure, that the use of the sacred dialogues as a school-book, and the pictures of Scripture scenes which interested my boyhood, still cleave to me, and impart a peculiar tinge or charm to the same representations when brought within my notice. Perhaps when I am mouldering in my coffin, the eye of my dear Tommy* may light upon this page, and it is possible that his recollections may accord with my present anticipations of the effect that his delight in the Pictorial Bible may have in endearing still more to him the holy Word of God. May it tell with saving effect on his conscience, in whatever way it may affect his imagination; and let him so profit by its sacred lessons of faith and piety, that after a life of Christian usefulness on earth, we may meet in Heaven, and rejoice for ever in the presence of our common Father."

We might quote many most interesting, and short, though not less valuable comments, on what we should term the domestic life of the patriarchs. One, however, will show quite as readily as many, how closely even here every sentence is stamped with the impress of its author's character!

"Good and great old Joshua now makes a graceful exit from his earthly pilgrimage—we doubt not from the Canaan below, to the heavenly and everlasting Canaan. He lets the people know at a general convocation that their task was not yet done, referring to the nations that remained, and which had also been made over by lot to them, as well as to the nations which had been cut off. He promises their full and final subjugation; and if historically the matter fell short of this, it was not because God was unfaithful to His word, but because they were unfaithful to their duty—the duty of cleaving wholly unto God, and keeping themselves from idols. He appeals to their past, as the tokens and prognostications of their future victories. But instead of exterminating, they intermarried with them, and the threatened alternative ensued, that God did not drive them out; but, like tares among the wheat, they remained as temptations, and snares, and chastisements to the children of Israel. But their venerable leader still affirmed the faithfulness of God, and on the eve of going the way of all the earth, he made strong asseveration of it in their hearing. Not one thing had failed of His promises. And in like manner should all His threatenings be fulfilled, did they go into idolatry, and so kindle against them the anger of the Lord."

We know not that any theological volumes have been more generally and favourably noticed by the press, and we suppose, in a short time, more widely sold than these posthumous works. They are not so much fitted for consecutive reading, as to be read in connexion with the passages of Scripture referred to, which are named, but not quoted in the work. Taken in this way, they will be found to be a mine of rich thought, and an unpretending, but a faithful guide and expositor. We might have wished that Dr. Chalmers had been continued here until the full completion of plans so nearly finished. The event was otherwise ordered; but the large amount of manuscript which he had arranged, and which will now be published, adds greatly to the world's indebtedness to one whose name will long be held in unwonted respect; and there is good reason to hope, that some may be induced to examine his commentaries, from the literary standing and character of their author, and be drawn from them to the text that they illustrate, and attain there that peace and rest which the commentator seemed so eminently to enjoy.

China and the Chinese. Smith's Narrative. London: Seeley, Burnside, & Seeley.

The Rev. George Smith was employed by the Church of England Missionary Society "to explore" the five consular cities of China, open to foreigners, with the view of obtaining information regarding the best positions for missionary enterprise. His narrative principally refers, therefore, to the objects of this important research. The details of his journeys are interesting, especially to those who desire to promote the evangelization of China. The results may, however, be stated in a few words. Canton, which has suffered most from the visits of foreigners is decidedly most hostile to the missionaries. That hostility originates entirely in political grounds. Except for the aversion to hold intercourse with foreigners, the people are not indisposed to hear the doctrines of Christianity, but very much in the spirit with which we should listen to the speculations of an Asiatic magician. In the other consular towns, there seem to be no opposition to missionary operations, except that which originates in the feelings of the people, to whom religion never has been, and is not now, a matter of serious concern. Such is the result of Mr. Smith's inquiries on the grand object of his mission. By the authorities Christianity is tolerated wherever foreigners are permitted to reside; and to native missionaries, of whom several have been employed, there seem to be no obstacle interposed in any quarter.

Mr. Smith and his friends found many Chinese converts of the Roman Catholic Church, and he thus narrates the circumstances attending one visit:—

"Our time was taken up for two or three days in arrangements for Mr. M'Clatchie's removal into his newly-rented house, within the south gate of the city. The native authorities secretly tried the influence of intimidation with the Chinese landlord. The documents, however, had been duly signed, and were in our possession; and Mr. M'Clatchie immediately removed his luggage, and slept his first night of inauguration in his new abode.

"On June 19th, we went about a mile into the country, to explore an old ruin which formerly belonged to the

* His Grandson.

Roman Catholic Missionaries, and appeared to be about a hundred and fifty years old. It lay in the midst of a beautiful and quiet retreat, with few houses near. An old man came out of an adjoining dwelling, and conducted us into a dilapidated building, apparently used at present as an old warehouse, or lumber room. It bore the plainest marks of having been a church, with a semicircular arch dividing the body of the building from the chancel, where there was a handsomely-carved altar of stone, about four feet in height and eight in breadth, surmounted by a horizontal slab about a yard in depth. On the outer side was the inscription, "I. H. S.," in large Roman characters, surmounted by a crosss; and the rest of the tablet was decorated with carved representations of dragons, *the sacred emblem of the Chinese mythology*. Near the entrance was an inscription against the wall outside, to the memory of some Christian mandarin. On walking round to the other side of the building, we beheld six grave-stones inscribed with the same Roman letters, "I. H. S.," with crosses, and placed on the edge of a large mound, which rose to the height of twelve feet, and was covered with lilies, plants, and some dwarf shrubs, forming a beautiful object in the garden which surrounds the ruin. Here ample proof existed, if any were needed, that the Romanists in former ages, not only had access into the country, but also enjoyed a fair measure of toleration in their missionary work.

"Being desirous of ascertaining the nature and extent of missionary facilities in the neighbourhood of Shanghai, I availed myself of the invitation of Mr. Midhurst to accompany him in his usual weekly missionary excursion up the river.

"About midnight, we embarked in a covered boat, with two other missionaries. We set off at this unseasonable hour, in order to have as much time as possible before us, to bring our trip within the compass of a 'day's journey,' in accordance with the consular arrangements on the subject of boundaries. We slept on the seats on each side of our boat, with a few mats below, and a blanket over us. The mosquitoes were very troublesome; and we tried in vain to expel these unwelcome intruders by filling the boat with fumes of tobacco, which served only to increase our previous difficulty in obtaining rest. Towards daylight, as the smarting irritation of their bites subsided, and their numbers gradually disappeared, we got a little sleep, and rose somewhat refreshed to take our morning meal in the boat, which was now nearly twenty miles up the river, in a south-west direction from Shanghai. From this point we proceeded very slowly, till at last we proceeded up a *kang*, or lesser stream, on our right; and, after another hour's sculling, we stopped at a small hamlet, the tide leaving our boat without sufficient depth of water to proceed further. We landed amidst about a hundred villagers, who quickly gathered around us to receive books, which were distributed to the most intelligent of their number. Mr. Medhurst addressed them afterwards for about ten minutes; and, finding that they were principally professors of the '*teen chookeaou*,' or Roman Catholic, religion, dwelt on the more prominent truths of the Incarnation and Atonement of Christ, to which they assented. But, on his subsequently enlarging on the necessity of trusting in Christ alone as the Saviour, and the sinfulness of raising other Mediators, such as the Virgin Mary, who was only a sinful mortal like ourselves, they appeared to be somewhat staggered, and looked in his face as if incredulous and distrustful of his remarks. They brought a Popish publication of small size, commonly called the 'Nanking Catechism,' and pointing to the characters *Peh-to-lo* (Peter,) asked if we could give them some book about him. We were informed that three or four European padres were in the habit of visiting the neighbouring villages, and that at the distance of a mile from the next large village which we visited, named Makeaou, there was a church at which worship was performed. After walking two miles over the fields to this village, and passing through a long street with shops on either side; we entered the temple of the tutelary deity of the place. Here, before the large idol, in the principal hall, Mr. Medhurst stood and preached for twenty minutes, to about 200 people, who were collected around us, and, being unaccustomed to such public instruction, were rather noisy and boistrous in their remarks. One Chinese especially hastened to take advantage of the concourse by hawking his ware and vending his sweetmeats, beating together two peices of wood to draw attention to his part of the building. Returning to the outer gate, Mr. Medhurst again took his station on a bench, from which he addressed the crowd. When he had delivered about half of his address, a native brought him some tea, which he stopped to drink, amid the applause of the crowd, and then resumed his instruction. At the close, a man very decently attired approached, and, after crossing himself on the head arms, and breast, and placing his hands together in an attitude of devotion, said that our doctrines were precisely the same as his, and that he was a worshipper of *Jeen Choo*, the 'Lord of Heaven.'

The facilities for preaching Christianity appear to be fairly described in the subjoined account of Gutzlaff's practice, even on the mainland, where he is not by law entitled to visit:—

"On December 22, about nine o'clock, A.M., we embarked in a Chinese boat, accompanied by two native preachers, named A-seaon and A-tai, and proceeded along the harbour in an easterly direction. The morning was bright and beautiful, though the cold air made an upper coat indispensable to our full comfort. The towering hills of Hong Kong on our right, and the bold outline of the opposite coast, with native huts and villages on the mainland, and a number of Chinese junks and war-vessels sailing about in the opposite bay of Cow-loon, gave a pleasing and romantic effect to the scene. We doubled the small headland, which forms the eastern boundary of the harbour, and soon lost sight of the town of Victoria. Our plan was to have passed through the Limun Channel, and, steering northward, to have reached a populous village on the mainland, about twenty miles distant. As the tide had now turned against us, and the wind was also unfavourable, there remained no probability of our reaching the village till late in the afternoon. We accordingly changed our course, and determined on making the bay, which extends about two miles along the shore of Hong Kong to the point forming the Limun passage, the scene of our day's operations. We therefore disembarked, and directed the Chinese in the boat to watch our movements, and to follow us at a little distance from the beach. We first landed at a stone quarry, where the Chinese workmen were induced to leave their labour, and without any difficulty or delay about twenty natives were assembled around us, and formed a little congregation of attentive listeners. Mr. Gutzlaff commenced addressing them in their own language on the truths of the gospel, with much energy, adapting himself in tone, gesture, and manner, to the assemblage before him. They listened with apparent pleasure, frequently responding and offering observations. He was succeeded in turn by his two native assistants, who with much animation, especially A-tai, the younger, addressed their fellow-countrymen. The whole was concluded by Mr. Gutzlaff offering a short prayer to the Almighty. We then departed, after leaving a few tracts, amid the plaudits and salutations of the assembly, most of whom had something to say to us. In this way we proceeded over a space of two miles, which was covered at almost every level and habitable point by native huts of rude construction, but with substantial outer walls to repel the inroads of pirates and freebooters. They seemed to recognise in Mr. Gutzlaff and his native assistants, old acquaintances; and the authoritative tone and manner in which he compelled any hesitating or inattentive individual to give his presence and attention was sometimes amusing. At one time we had a congregation in the open air, with the heavens as our canopy, and the rugged soil as the pulpit. At another time we met in some native dwelling, where the tenants of the adjoining huts were congregated—Mr. Gutzlaff stationing himself at the door to allow free ingress, but to prevent the egress of any refractory individual. His mild compulsions were received with good humour, extracting a smile from the object of them, and approval from the rest. The majority were eager to listen, following us, in some instances, to the next place of meeting, where the services underwent a slight change or alteration of the parts assigned to each preacher. Some of the more intelligent listeners made remarks in the course of the address. The dialect they spoke was the Hok-ha, which differs considerably from the Canton dialect generally spoken in these parts. While Mr. Gutzlaff, with his usual activity, mounted a hill, which I deemed my strength unequal to the labour of climbing, my attentton was attracted, by the frequent noise of fireworks and crackers, to a little eminence, to which some degree of sanctity seemed to be attached. On ascending it, I saw two or three ugly idols, black in appearance, and only about six inches in height, with sundry decorations, and a quantity of gilt paper, representing garments in miniature. Before them were little cups filled with tea, and spacious dishes of recently-cooked fowl and ham, with potatoes and yams, and the usual appendages

of a Chinese feast. Two women, and three or four men, were all that visited the place during the time I remained. They left the food exposed without any fear of its being taken away; but this appearance of devoutness generally terminates in their removing the offerings, and having a a feast on them at their own houses."

The work contains a mass of similar details, and is the only manual we know of Chinese missions.

Fisher's Drawing-room Scrap Book. London: Fisher, Sons, & Co.

The commercial crisis has frightened publishers, or the years of annuals are past; for we have seen few of the ornate publications that once very regularly chronicled at this season the lapse of time. Until a few days since, we believed them to be all gone together; but the Drawing-room Scrap Book survives. The engravings are necessarily the staple of annuals, and we cannot transfer engravings. The literature is seldom of a high caste, and in this volume it is confined to verses illustrative of the plates. The poets and the poetesses may of course believe that the plates illustrate the text, and we have nothing to plead in bar of that settlement. The volume for 1848 is profusely adorned, as it behoves a Drawing-room Scrap Book to be. A portrait of Victoria, the Princess Royal, forms the vignette title, and, in addition to its being a beautifully-executed engraving, we may add the further recommendation of its being a remarkably-accurate likeness. There are thirty-six engravings in the volume, and amongst them three landscapes—Branbach on the Rhine; Ems on the Lahn, Rhine; and Eaux Bonnes, in the Pyrenees—are distinguished by the clear and vivid shading imparted by the engraver. "The Mistaken Hand," a faithless and a fair lady, handing from her casement a letter, intended for a paramour, to a scowling and angry husband, is one of the best imaginative sketches of one class, though scarcely superior, and it should be greatly inferior, to "Hope," by H. Robinson, or in another and a yet more difficult class—to "the Earthquake." No effort of the painter's art is more difficult than to bring together extreme sorrow and extreme beauty in one figure. In the earthquake—or in the scene after the earthquake—that has been done by the painter and preserved by the engraver. The time delineated is when the shock has passed—the first excitement is over; and amid the fallen ruins of a Brazilian town, mourners go forth to seek their dead.

Last year the Drawing-room Scrap Book was liberal in its tendencies, and Richard Cobden's portrait was engraved amongst those of the aristocracy. This year it appears to be Puseyite—a day behind the fair, and to be going Romeward when the tide has turned. Is Mrs. Norton, the editress, amongst the Puseyites? The following verses are circumstantial evidence on the subject. We may as well say that the poetry illustrates a wretched engraving of Cromwell's soldiers selling church plunder to a Jew:—

"Thro' the arched beauty of the sculptured porch,
Into the calm and consecrated church—
See where they come, with loud, unholy feet,
The soldier ruffians, and the Jewish cheat!
No more soft movement from the tranquil throng,
Who erst to peace and worship passed along;
No more sweet echoes, floating far and dim
From the full choir and organ-chanted hymn;
Fierce, wrangling oaths the startled air receives,
And lo! God's temple is a den of thieves!

"Take down the sweet Madonna, at whose shrine
The mother knelt to pray for help divine,
When her sick infant, pale and moaning lay,
Wasting its little life in pain away;
While long she knelt and wept, as loth to rise,
With 'Save him!' written in her suppliant eyes;
And saw the image of her simple faith,
Stand, like a shield, betwixt his soul and Death.
Remove the sculptured Jesus, worn and wan,
The God who suffered all the woes of man!
Pull down the cross that reared so long on high
Its hopeful emblem to the sinner's eye,
Making repentance not a thing in vain,
And Paradise still possible thro' pain;
Banish the Holy Four, whose figures grace,
With decent meanness, God's abiding-place."

We cannot say that this is correct theology; and the poetry is not sufficiently good to carry objectionable sentiments. We scarcely expected that any Christian sect taught so plainly image worship; and we somewhat fear that the celebrated authoress, having had her share of the world's excitement, is on the road to a rank and morbid enthusiasm in favour of image worship at a rather extraordinary pace. We cannot quote all the poetry. That is unnecessary; but we may copy the last stanzas:—

"Give back the dear remembrancers! Give back
The stars that shone upon the sinner's track!
The signal lights that still 'neath stormy skies
Kept the port visible to ignorant eyes!
Nor fear so much the EMBLEM, LOVE, that gave
Religion what our earthly natures crave;
The love which bids some burst, or—picture mild—
Replace the absent friend, the buried child;
Gives to a senseless stone a borrowed power,
And makes a relic of a faded flower!
Fear, more than all ye sternly bid depart,
The idol each man bears in his own heart;
Fear, above all, that Puritan idol, PRIDE,
When Form above the God is deified;
And, like the Pharisee, our boastful prayer
Thanks Heaven that we are not 'as others are!'"

We understand that the authoress is a decided Liberal—or was. Perhaps, on reflection, she will observe that this most offensive cant is anything rather than charitable. Adhesion to "form" never was a Puritanical crime. The objections made to the Puritans were mainly grounded on their contempt of "form." And after all the petty nonsense of sickly versifiers, there will still remain in honest men's hearts a sentiment of respect for the men who, in a cruel age, may have been cruel, but who built up the fabric of English freedom.

The work contains too many cathedrals—sometimes the exterior, and sometimes the interior, but more of both than is needed in a Drawing-room Scrap Book.

The thoughts in sickness at Ems on the Rhine, may deserve better than the foolish raid on the Puritans.

"Live for THYSELF! let each successive morn
Rouse thee to plans of self-indulgent ease;
And every hour some new caprice be born,
Till all be thrown aside that does not please:
So shalt thou learn how shallow is the fount
Whose glittering waves all wholesome thirst destroy,
And, heart-sick, even in youth, begin to count
Springs without hope, and summers blank of joy!

"Live for thy FELLOW-MEN! let all thy soul
Be given to serve and aid, to cheer and love;

Make sacrifice of self and still control
All meaner motives which the heart might move:
The sting of disappointment shall be thine;
The meed of base ingratitude be won:
Rare veins of gold illume the laboured mine
And toil and sadness cloud thy setting sun!"

"Live for thy GOD! Thine anchor shall be cast
Where no false quicksands shift its hold away;
Through the clear future, from the sunrise past,
Glows the calm light along the even way.
The loss of human hopes shall vex no more
Than the quick withering of earth's common flowers,
For well thou know'st when pain and death are o'er,
Eternal Spring shall glad the heavenly bowers!"

There are verses attached to an engraving, "Love," more readable, certainly, than any we have quoted; but engravings so splendid, and a work on which money must be profusely expended, should display more literary talent. Genius, we suppose, has not utterly deserted the world, and good poetry is not absolutely out of the market.

"I fear thee not—I fear thee not,
Though young and fair thou art,
My shadow stands as sentinel
By my beloved one's heart:
That guarded palace mocks thy siege,
Its gate thou can'st not win:
Roam, sighing, round the marble walls,
Nor hope to enter in!

"I know that thou art beautiful,
But I am well content;
No beauty now hath charms for him—
He swore it when he went.
Let welcome in its softest tones,
Its secret passion tell;
Thy welcome never shall efface
The sound of my farewell!"

* * *

Such is the beginning, and we subjoin the ending—a sad, but not, it may be, altogether, an uncommon termination:—

"So spake a lady sitting lone
Upon the sea's wild shore,
Whose gloomy waste of crested waves
Her dark eye travelled o'er:
She spake it with a stedfast trust,
(Oh, trust that vain must prove);
She spake it with a curling lip,
In proud triumphant love!"

"Wo's me! at that same sunset hour,
On the far distant land,
Her lover sate, and heard the lute,
Touched by a gentle hand;
There, listening with a loving gaze,
His vows of yore forgot,
His heart withdrew itself from hers,
But the lady knew it not."

The portraits of the young aristocracy, of which there are a number, are carefully got up and elegantly engraved. Elizabeth Jane Sommerville, the young daughter of the member for Drogheda, has much the appearance of a merry Irish girl, standing on tip-toe to reach the piano; and delighted with her first musical efforts. The sons of the Duke of Buccleuch, and the children of Charles Scrase Dickens—not the author—form pretty domestic groups; while the young Lord Cavendish may be a very faithful portrait. That we suppose also to be true of the Lady Clementina Villiers; but how comes it that neither of these real portraits exhibit the grace and intelligence of Mary Millington, only, we suppose, a farmer's daughter; but for her we have to turn to the Juvenile Scrap Book. The latter work is by the same publishers, but is placed, we suspect, under superior management. The Juvenile Scrap Book is edited by Mrs. Ellis. We observe in her announcement that more attention has been given to the engravings in this volume than those of its predecessors. The attention has been amply repaid. Several of the engravings are the most exquisite gems we remember. They seem too good for the juvenile portion of society, and we would be inclined to exchange scrap books with them for the season. There are some of the engravings—"The Lost and Found," by J. Stephenson; "The Wind-Mill," by W. Greatbach; and "The Pride of the Forest," by the first-named artist—but especially the two former—that cannot in delicacy of finish and shading be surpassed. Then these young people have Venice beautifully displayed, and the prettiest waterfall in Wicklow. "My Sister's Pearls," with verses that are poetry and full of truths. They have "The Heiress," quite prettier than any of the portraits in the larger work; and the vignette title, "The Bird of Hope," better even than Hope herself in the old people's book. "The parting hours" will tell them in beautiful engraving to what they must al come. They have that exquisite "Mary Millington," by painter, engraver, and poet, smiling on them so happily, and pointing out how they may also be happy. Then they have the last of humble life—"Old Friends together." And we quote the verses, not because they are the best, or anything like the best, in the book, for that would not be true:—

"They played together many an hour,
In youth's bright sunny weather;
And when the sky began to lower,
They still were friends together.

"They bore, undaunted, many a blast,
A dreary world before them;
His post was at the straining mast,
When stormy waves rolled o'er them;—

"And she, a sailor's faithful bride,
Knew many an hour of sorrow;
Her heart, by every hardship tried—
Dark night, and gloomy morrow.

"Had silken ties been o'er them thrown,
And luxuries scattered round them,
Perchance their love had weary grown,
Or time had faithless found them.

"But Heaven—more just, more kind than we—
Looked on their lowly dwelling,
And gave them, in their poverty,
A wealth beyond all telling;

"A love that changed not, though they bore
Wild storm and wintry weather;
And thus the smile of youth they wore
When old friends together."

And from the "Pride of the Forest," we take a very short extract, only to show how Mrs. Ellis runs on with her subject, and the charming way she has of teaching the young:—

"They are mine—they are mine—said a voice like the mingling of winds and waters. They are mine, in their glory, and their power, and who dare dispute my right? From the first canoe that was launched upon yon flowing river, to the British fleet that sails upon the bosom of the ocean, claiming sovereignty over the wide seas—all are mine; and I come with my hosts to fell, to hew, to scatter, and to bear away; and those who would rob me of mine ancient possessions would do well to listen to the roar of my cannon, to try if they can stem my course upon the waters, or walk along the foamy track which marks, for a

moment only, my path upon the mighty deep. Cease, then, your infatuated presumption. Lay down the axe and leave me in full possession of my own. Every oak in the forest is mine—mine to cut down, and to carve into the timbers, and the keels of England's busy ships, that fly from port to port, bearing her merchandise to distant lands, and bringing rich treasures back into her bosom. By this constant traffic, her busy children are maintained. It constitutes alike their industry, their glory, and their power. Without it, they cannot live. Leave me then to my sovereignty over the oak forests wherever they may grow, for all are mine, and I submit to no intermeddling with my rights."

The Drawing-room Scrap Book is a splendid work: the Juvenile Scrap Book is an exquisite little volume, the prettiest we have seen, and, withal, good.

Sketches of Assam. By an Officer. London: Smith, Elder, & Co.

This volume should be in the possession of mercantile men who desire the maintenance or extension of our connexion in the East. It contains minute descriptions of the state of society amongst the scanty population of the new tea province of Assam, and sketches of its natural products rendering it also interesting to the general reader. The numerous coloured illustrations appear to be faithfully given, and are evidently the work of an officer whose life at the outposts is not an idle one.

Religion and Poetry. London: James Nisbet & Co.

A volume of selections from the poetical works of the Rev. R. Montgomery, in which, for the use of those who are debarred by any cause from reading the entire works of the reverend gentleman, the cream is given. The selections are preceded by an introductory essay of 73 pages, by Mr. Gurney, on the poetical works of this writer. We should think it best, for those who are yet unacquainted with R. Montgomery's works, to begin with the selections.

POLITICAL REGISTER.

The leading topics of the month are, Currency, Commerce, and Ireland. We have referred to them at the commencement of the Magazine, and we need not repeat our convictions at its close.

The agitation in Switzerland, regarding the Jesuits, has terminated at last in civil war. The majority of the Cantons of the Diet, and of the Swiss people, seek, in this case, nothing more than the practice of many Roman Catholic countries, from which the Jesuits have been expelled by law.

That Order seems to be very generally unpopular, because they add politics to the ordinary profession of priests, meddling with everything, everywhere.

We consider it to be moreover right that the existence of the Sonderbund—a small diet within the dominions of the larger power—should be suppressed. The success of the Diet, of which little doubt is entertained, would render Switzerland more powerful, because the strength of the cantons would be concentrated. The powers of Europe, and especially France, oppose this result. They wish to keep Switzerland weak. They have therefore agreed on interfering in its internal affairs in a friendly way, and we regret to learn that Viscount Palmerston has assented to their proposition. We thought that the Peninsula was sufficiently troublesome without taking Switzerland on our hands.

In Italy, the Dukes of Tuscany and Modena are at war probably ere this date. Some small territory and some great principles are at stake between them; and their quarrel may involve all Italy.

France will be, in these circumstances, troublesome to keep, and Louis Philippe has been contracting for the erection of more forts around Paris. We know not whether its capture by the Modanese or the Florentines be the dreaded event; but against the invasion of his capital by some warlike nation he is preparing assiduously. Does the citizen king dread a citizen war? The dangers of Paris are suspected to be more from within than without.

The policy of Paris at Madrid, though expensive, is not productive; and even with Narvaez as Premier, and Christina for Regent, Louis Philippe is not at ease regarding the nature of his Spanish arrangements.

Out of Europe, Mexico and the Mexican war—the worst crime of the United States—worse even than the slavery and the repudiation of individual states—form the only attractive points.

The invasion of Mexico, from the day when Texas was stolen, to that on which General Scott hung more than thirty Irish prisoners—he had hung twenty on a previous day—has been a series of triumphs, achieved by might over right at a high price.

The cost of men and money to the States has been great, and of the latter at least the outlay must yet be greater. Foreign war is an expensive luxury; and if the European harvest of 1846 had not been under an average, the United States, in the position of their financial business, would have suffered ere now the penalty of greed for more land than they can fully occupy.

Mexico had another crime in their sight—it was a free State; slavery was abolished. The pretence made by one man of property in another was repudiated. That circumstance alone explains the activity of the Southern States in a war which, however it may end, must press on them heavily.

We are promised, at home, a decrease in the revenue—a promise that will be faithfully observed on the 5th January next, when the accounts are completed. As yet, the Chancellor of the Exchequer has not decided on increasing the debt or adding to the taxation. The latter is the most probable course, and, for this purpose, the sources of direct taxation will be re-examined. We doubt that any re-casting of the Property and Income Tax will furnish him with a material increase. The events of the present year have sadly reduced profits; and if the truth were faithfully expressed on all the schedules, there would be few parties amongst the trading classes responsible for their former payments. Unfortunately only wealthy men can afford to be honest in this respect. Men without capital, or with a limited capital, cannot afford the luxury of an honest return.