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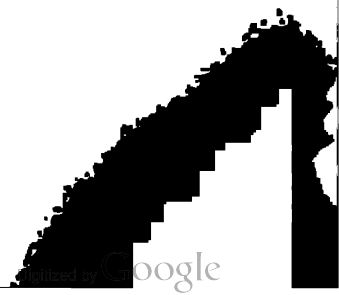
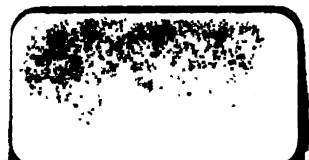
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THE YEAR OF REVOLUTIONS.

"No great state," says Hannibal, "can long remain quiet: if it ceases to have enemies abroad, it will find them at home—as powerful bodies resist all external attacks, but are wasted away by their own internal strength."* What a commentary on the words of the Carthaginian hero does the last year—THE YEAR OF REVOLUTIONS—afford! What enthusiasm has it witnessed, what efforts engendered, what illusions dispelled, what misery produced! How bitterly have nations, as well as individuals, within its short bounds, learned wisdom by suffering—how many lessons has experience taught—how much agony has wickedness brought in its train. Among the foremost in all the periods of history, this memorable year will ever stand forth, a subject of undying interest to succeeding generations, a lasting beacon to mankind amidst the folly or insanity of future times. To it the young and the ardent will for ever turn, for the most singular scenes of social strife, the most thrilling incidents of private suffering: to it the aged will point as the most striking warning of the desperate effects of general delusion, the most unanswerable demonstration of the moral government of the world.

That God will visit the sins of the fathers upon the children was pro-

claimed to the Israelites amidst the thunders of Mount Sinai, and has been felt by every succeeding generation of men. But it is not now upon the third or the fourth generation that the punishment of transgression falls—it is felt in its full bitterness by the transgressors themselves. The extension of knowledge, the diffusion of education, the art of printing, the increased rapidity of travelling, the long duration of peace in consequence of the exhaustion of former wars, have so accelerated the march of events, that what was slowly effected in former times, during several successive generations, by the gradual development of national passions, is now at once brought to maturity by the fervent spirit which is generally awakened, and the vehement passions which are everywhere brought into action.

Everything now goes on at the gallop. There is a railway speed in the stirring of the mind, not less than in the movement of the bodies of men. The social and political passions have acquired such intensity, and been so widely diffused, that their inevitable results are almost immediately produced. The period of seed-time and harvest has become as short in political as it is in agricultural labour. A single year brings its appropriate fruits to maturity in the

* "Nulla magna civitas diu quiescere potest: si foris hostem non habet, domi insensit—ut prævalida corpora ab extremis causis tuta videntur, sed suis ipsa viribus onerantur. Tantum, nimirum, ex publicis malis sentimus, quantum ad res privatas pertinet; nec in eis quioquam acrius, quam pecunie damnum, stimulat."—LIVY, XXX. 44.

moral as in the physical world. Eighty years elapsed in Rome from the time when the political passions were first stirred by Tiberius Gracchus, before its unruly citizens were finally subdued by the art, or decimated by the cruelty of Octavia. England underwent six years of civil war and suffering, before the ambition and madness of the Long Parliament were expelled by the purge of Pride, or crushed by the sword of Cromwell: twelve years elapsed between the convocation of the States-general in 1789, and the extinction of the license of the French Revolution by the arm of Napoleon. But, on this occasion, in one year, all, in the meantime at least, has been accomplished. Ere the leaves, which unfolded in spring amidst the overthrow of thrones, and the transports of revolutionists over the world, had fallen in autumn, the passions which had convulsed mankind were crushed for the time, and the triumphs of democracy were arrested. A terrible reaction had set in; experience of suffering had done its work; and swift as the shades of night before the rays of the ascending sun, had disappeared the ferment of revolution before the aroused indignation of the uncorrupted part of mankind. The same passions may again arise; the same delusions again spread, as sin springs up afresh in successive generations of men; but we know the result. They will, like the ways of the unrighteous, be again crushed.

So rapid was the succession of revolutions, when the tempest assailed the world last spring, that no human power seemed capable of arresting it; and the thoughtful looked on in mournful and impotent silence, as they would have done on the decay of nature or the ruin of the world. The Pope began the career of innovation: decrees of change issued from the Vatican; and men beheld with amazement the prodigy of the Supreme Pontiff—the head of the unchangeable Church—standing forth as the leader of political reform. Naples quickly caught the flame: a Sicilian revolution threatened to sever one-half of their dominions from the Neapolitan Bourbon; and internal revolt seemed to render his authority merely nominal

in his own metropolis. Paris, the cradle in every age of new ideas, and the centre of revolutionary action, next felt the shock: a reform banquet was prepared as the signal for assembling the democratic forces; the national guard, as usual, failed at the decisive moment: the King of the Barricades quailed before the power which had created him; the Orleans dynasty was overthrown, and France delivered over to the dreams of the Socialists and the ferocity of the Red Republicans. Prussia soon shared the madness: the population of Berlin, all trained to arms, according to the custom of that country, rose against the government; the king had not energy enough to permit his faithful troops to act with the vigour requisite to uphold the throne against such assailants, and the monarchy of Frederick the Great was overthrown. Austria, even, could not withstand the contagion: neither its proud nobility, nor its light-hearted sensual people, nor its colossal army, nor its centuries of glory, could maintain the throne in its moment of peril. The Emperor was weak, the citizens of Vienna were infatuated; and an insurrection, headed by the boys at the university and the haberdashers' apprentices in the streets, overturned the imperial government, and drove the Emperor to seek refuge in the Tyrol. All Germany caught the flame: the dreams of a few hot-headed enthusiasts and professors seemed to prevail alike over the dictates of wisdom and the lessons of experience; and, amidst the transports of millions the chimera of German unity seemed about to be realised by the sacrifice of all its means of independence. The balance of power in Europe appeared irrevocably destroyed by the breaking up of its central and most important powers,—and England, in the midst of the general ruin, seemed rocking to its foundation. The Chartists were in raptures, the Irish rebels in ecstasy: threatening meetings were held in every town in Great Britain; armed clubs were organised in the whole south and west of Ireland; revolution was openly talked of in both islands, and the close of harvest announced as the time when the British empire was to be broken up, and

Anglian and Hibernian republics established, in close alliance with the great parent democracy in France. Amidst such extraordinary and unprecedented convulsions, it was with difficulty that a few courageous or far-seeing minds preserved their equilibrium; and even those who were least disposed to despair of the fortunes of the species, could see no end to the succession of disasters with which the world was menaced but in a great exertion of the renovating powers of nature, similar to that predicted, in a similar catastrophe, for the material world, by the imagination of the poet.

"Roll on, ye stars! exult in youthful prime,
Mark with bright curves the printless steps
of Time!

Near and more near your beaming ears
approach,
And lessening orbs on lessening orbs encroach.
Flowers of the sky! ye, too, to Fate must
yield,

Frail as your alien sisters of the field;
Star after star, from heaven's high arch shall
rush,

Suns sink on suns, and systems systems crush;
Headlong, extinct, to one dark centre fall,
And Dark, and Night, and Chaos, mingle all;
Till, o'er the wreck, emerging from the
storm,

Immortal Nature lifts her changeful form,
Mounts from her funeral pyre on wings of
flame,

And soars and shines, another and the same."^{*}

But the destiny of man, not less than that of the material world, is balanced action and reaction, not restoration from ruin. Order is preserved in a way which the imagination of the poet could not have conceived. Even in the brief space which has elapsed since the convulsions began in Italy in January last, the reality and ceaseless action of the preserving laws of nature have been demonstrated. The balance is preserved in social life by contending passions and interests, as in the physical world by opposite forces, under circumstances when, to all human appearance, remedy is impossible and hope extinguished. The orbit of nations is traced out by the wisdom of Providence not less clearly than that of the planets; there are centripetal and centrifugal forces in

the moral as well as in the material world. As much as the vehement passions, the selfish desires, the inexperienced zeal, the expanding energy, the rapacious indigence, the mingled virtues and vices of man, lead at stated periods to the explosions of revolution,—do the desire of tranquillity, the interests of property, the horror at cruelty, the lessons of experience, the force of religion, the bitterness of suffering, reinduce the desire of order, and restore the influence of its organ, government. If we contemplate the awful force of the expansive powers which, issuing from the great mass of central heat, find vent in the fiery channels of the volcano, and have so often rent asunder the solid crust of the earth, we may well tremble to think that we stand suspended, as it were, over such an abyss, and that at no great distance beneath our feet the elements of universal conflagration are to be found.* But, strong as are the expansive powers of nature, the coercive are still stronger. The ocean exists to bridle with its weight the fiery gulf; the arch of the earth has been solidly constructed by its Divine architect; and the only traces we now discover, in most parts of this globe, of the yet raging war of the elements, are the twisted strata, which mark, as it were, the former writhings of matter in the terrible grasp of its tormentors, or the splintered pinnacles of mountains, which add beauty to the landscape, or the smiling plains, which bring happiness to the abodes of man. It is the same in the moral world. Action and reaction are the law of mind as well as matter, and the equilibrium of social life is preserved by the opposite tendency of the interests which are brought into collision, and the counter-acting force of the passions which are successively awakened by the very convulsions which seem to menace society with dissolution.

A year has not elapsed since the revolutionary earthquake began to heave in Italy, since the volcano burst forth in Paris; and how marvel-

* DARWIN, *Botanic Garden*.

+ "Thirty-five miles below the surface of the earth, the central heat is everywhere so great, that granite itself is held in fusion."—HUMBOLDT, *Cosmos*, i. 273.

lous is the change which already has taken place in the state of Europe! The star of Austria, at first defeated, and apparently about to be extinguished in Italy, is again in the ascendant. Refluent from the Mincio to the Ticino, her armies have again entered Milan,—the revolutionary usurpation of Charles Emanuel has been checked almost as soon as it commenced; and the revolutionary rabble of Lombardy and Tuscany has fled, as it was wont, before the bayonets of Germany. Radetzky has extinguished revolution in northern Italy. If it still lingers in the south of the peninsula, it is only because the strange and tortuous policy of France and England has interfered to arrest the victorious arms of Naples on the Sicilian shores. Paris has been the theatre of a dreadful struggle, blood has flowed in torrents in its streets, slaughter unheard-of stained its pavements, but order has in the end prevailed over anarchy. A dynasty has been subverted, but the Red Republicans have been defeated, more generals have perished in a conflict of three days than at Waterloo; but the Faubourg St Antoine has been subdued, the socialists have been overthrown, the state of siege has been proclaimed; and, amidst universal suffering, anguish, and woe, with three hundred thousand persons out of employment in Paris, and a deficit of £20,000,000 in the income of the year, the dreams of equality have disappeared in the reality of military despotism. It is immaterial whether the head of the government is called a president, a dictator, or an emperor—whether the civic crown is worn by a Napoleon or a Cavaignac—in either case the ascendant of the army is established, and France, after a brief struggle for a constitutional monarchy, has terminated, like ancient Rome, in an elective military despotism.

Frankfort has been disgraced by frightful atrocities. The chief seat of German unity and freedom has been stained by cruelties which find a parallel only in the inhuman usages of the American savages; but the terrible lesson has not been read in vain. It produced a reaction over the world; it opened the eyes of men to the real

tendency and abominable iniquity of the votaries of revolution in Germany; and to the sufferings of the martyrs of revolutionary tortures on the banks of the Maine, the subsequent overthrow of anarchy in Vienna and Berlin is in a great degree to be ascribed. They roused the vacillating cabinets of Austria and Prussia—they sharpened the swords of Windischgratz and Jellachich—they nerved the souls and strengthened the arms of Brandenburg and Wrangel—they awakened anew the chord of honour and loyalty in the Fatherland. The national airs have been again heard in Berlin; Vienna has been regained after a desperate conflict; the state of siege has been proclaimed in both capitals; and order re-established in both monarchies, amidst an amount of private suffering and general misery—the necessary result of revolutions—which absolutely sickens the heart to contemplate. England has emerged comparatively unscathed from the strife; her time-honoured institutions have been preserved, her monarchy saved amidst the crash of nations. Queen Victoria is still upon the throne; our mixed constitution is intact; the dreams of the Chartists have been dispelled; the rebellion of the Irish rendered ridiculous; the loyalty of the great body of the people in Great Britain made manifest. The period of immediate danger is over; for the attack of the populace is like the spring of a wild beast—if the first onset fails, the savage animal slinks away into its den. General suffering indeed prevails, industry languishes, credit is all but destroyed, a woful deficiency of exports has taken place—but that is the inevitable result of popular commotions; and we are suffering, in part at least, under the effects of the insanity of nations less free and more inexperienced than ourselves. Though last, not least in the political lessons of this marvellous year, the papal government has been subverted—a second Rienzi has appeared in Rome; and the Supreme Pontiff, *who began the movement*, now a fugitive from his dominions, has exhibited a memorable warning to future ages, of the peril of commencing reforms in high places, and the impossibility of

reconciling the Roman Catholic religion with political innovation.

But let it not be imagined that, because the immediate danger is over, and because military power has, after a fierce struggle, prevailed in the principal capitals of Europe, that therefore the ultimate peril is past, and that men have only to sit down, under the shadow of their fig-tree, to cultivate the arts and enjoy the blessings of peace. Such is not the destiny of man in any, least of all in a revolutionary age. We are rather on the verge of an era similar to that deplored by the poet :—

“ *Bella per Emathios plusquam civilia
campos,
Jusque datum sceleri canimus, populumque
potentem
In sua victrici conversum viscera dextrâ ;
Cognatasque acies ; et rupto fœdera regni
Certatum totis concussis viribus orbis,
In commune nefas.*”

Who can tell the immeasurable extent of misery and wretchedness, of destruction of property among the rich, and ruin of industry among the poor, that must take place before the fierce passions, now so generally awakened, are allayed—before the visions of a virtuous republic by Lamartine, or the dreams of communism by Louis Blanc and Ledru-Rollin, or the insane ideas of the Frankfort enthusiasts have ceased to move mankind? The fire they have let loose will burn fiercely for centuries; it will alter the destiny of nations for ages; it will neither be quenched, like ordinary flames, by water, nor subdued, like the Greek fire, by vinegar: blood alone will extinguish its fury. The coming convulsions may well be prefigured from the past, as they have been recently drawn by the hand of a master :—“ All around us, the world is convulsed by the agonies of great nations; governments which lately seemed likely to stand during ages, have been on a sudden shaken and overthrown. The proudest capitals of western Europe have streamed with civil blood. All evil passions—the thirst of gain and the thirst of vengeance—the antipathy of class to class, of race to race—have

broken loose from the control of divine and human laws. Fear and anxiety have clouded the faces, and depressed the hearts of millions; trade has been suspended, and industry paralysed; the rich have become poor, and the poor poorer. Doctrines hostile to all sciences, to all arts, to all industry, to all domestic charity—doctrines which, if carried into effect, would in thirty years undo all that thirty centuries have done for mankind, and would make the fairest provinces of France or Germany as savage as Guiana or Patagonia—have been avowed from the tribune, and defended by the sword. Europe has been threatened with subjugation by barbarians, compared with whom the barbarians who marched under Attila or Alboin were enlightened and humane. The truest friends of the people have with deep sorrow owned, that interests more precious than any political privileges were in jeopardy, and that it might be necessary to sacrifice even liberty to save civilisation.”†

It is now just a year since Mr Cobden announced, to an admiring and believing audience at Manchester, that the age of warfare had ceased; that the contests of nations had passed, like the age of the mastodon and the mammoth; that the steam-engine had caused the arms to drop from her hands, and the interests of free trade extinguished the rivalries of nations; and that nothing now remained but to sell our ships of war, disband our troops, cut twenty millions off our taxation, and set ourselves unanimously to the great work of cheapening everything, and underselling foreign competitors in the market of the world. Scarcely were the words spoken, when conflicts more dire, battles more bloody, dissensions more inextinguishable than had ever arisen from the rivalry of kings, or the ambition of ministers, broke out in almost every country of Europe. The social supplanted the national passions. Within the bosom of society itself, the volcano had burst forth. It was no longer general that was matched against general, as in the wars of Marlborough, nor

* LUCAN, i. 1—6.

† MACAULAY'S *History of England*, vol. ii. p. 669.

nation that rose up against nation, as in those of Napoleon. The desire of robbery, the love of dominion, the lust of conquest, the passion for plunder, were directed to domestic acquisitions. Human iniquity reappeared in worse, because less suspected and more delusive colours. Robbery assumed the guise of philanthropy; spoliation was attempted, under colour of law; plunder was systematically set about, by means of legislative enactments. Revolution resumed its old policy—that of rousing the passions by the language of virtue, and directing them to the purposes of vice. The original devil was expelled; but straightway he returned with seven other devils, and the last state of the man was worse than the first. Society was armed against itself; the devastating passions burned in its own bosom; class rose against class, race against race, interest against interest. Capital fancied its interest was to be promoted by grinding down labour; labour, that its rights extended to the spoliation of capital. A more attractive object than the reduction of a city, or the conquest of a province, was presented to indigent cupidity. Easier conquests than over rival industry were anticipated by moneyed selfishness. The spoliation of the rich at their own door—the division of the property of which they were jealous, became the dream of popular ambition; the beating down of their own labourers by free-trade, the forcible reduction of prices by a contraction of the currency—the great object of the commercial aristocracy. War reassumed its pristine ferocity. In the nineteenth century, the ruthless maxim—*Vas victis!* became the war-cry on both sides in the terrible civil war which burst forth in an age of general philanthropy. It may be conceived what passions must have been awakened, what terrors inspired, what indignation aroused by such projects. But though we have seen the commencement of the *era of social conflicts*, is there any man now alive who is likely to see its end?

Experience has now completely de-

monstrated the wisdom of the Allied powers, who placed the lawful monarchs of France on the throne in 1815, and the enormous error of the liberal party in France, which conspired with the republicans to overthrow the Bourbon dynasty in 1830. That fatal step has bequeathed a host of evils to Europe: it has loosened the authority of government in all countries; it has put the very existence of freedom in peril by the enormity of the calamities which it has brought in its train. All parties in France are now agreed that the period of the Restoration was the happiest, and the least corrupted, that has been known since the first Revolution. The republicans of the present day tell us, with a sigh, that the average budgets of the three last years of Charles X. were 900,000,000 francs, (£36,000,000;) that the expenditure was raised by Louis Philippe at once to 1500,000,000 francs, (£60,000,000;) and that under the Republic it will exceed 1800,000,000 francs, (£72,000,000.) There can be no doubt of the fact; and there can be as little, that if the Red Republicans had succeeded in the insurrection of June last, the annual expenditure would have increased to £100,000,000—or rather, a universal spoliation of property would have ensued. Louis Blanc has given the world, in his powerful historical work, a graphic picture of the universal corruption, selfishness, and immorality, in public and private life, which pervaded France during the reign of Louis Philippe.* Though drawn by the hand of a partisan, there can be no doubt that the picture is too faithful in most of its details, and exhibits an awful proof of the effects of a successful revolution. But the misery which Louis Blanc has so ably depicted, the corruptions he has brought to light, under the revolutionary monarchy, have been multiplied fourfold by those which have prevailed during the last year in the republic established by Louis Blanc himself!

Paris, ever since the suppression of the great insurrection in June last, has been in such a state, that it is the most utter mockery to call it freedom.

* LOUIS BLANC, *Histoire de Dix Ans de Louis Philippe*, iii. 321, et seq.

In truth, it is nothing but the most unmitigated military despotism. A huge statue of liberty is placed in the National Assembly; but at every six paces bayonets are to be seen, to remind the bystanders of the rule of the sword. "Liberté, Egalité, Fraternité," meet the eye at every turn in the streets; but the Champs Elysées, the Place de Grève, the Carrousel, and Place Vendôme, are crowded with soldiers; and the Champ de Mars is white with tents, to cover part of the 40,000 regular troops which form the ordinary garrison of Paris. Universal freedom of discussion has been proclaimed by the constitution; but dozens of journals have been suppressed by the authority of the dictator; and imprisonment notoriously hangs over the head of every one who indulges in the freedom of discussion, which in England and America is universal. The state of siege has been raised, after having continued four months; but the military preparations for another siege continue with unabated vigour on both sides. The constitution has been adopted by a great majority in the Assembly; but the forts are all armed, and prepared to rain down the tempest of death on the devoted city. Universal suffrage is established; but menacing crowds are in the streets, threatening any one who votes against their favourite candidates. The Faubourg St Antoine, during the late election, was in a frightful state of agitation; infantry, cavalry, and artillery, were traversing the streets in all directions; and conflicts not less bloody than those of June last were anticipated in the struggle for the presidency, and prevented only by the presence of *ninety thousand soldiers* in the capital: a force greater than that which fought on either side at Austerlitz or Jena. It is evident that republican institutions, in such a state of society, are a mere name; and that supreme despotic power is really invested in France, as in ancient Rome under the emperors, in the names of a victorious body of soldiery. The Prætorian guards will dispose of the French as they did of the Roman diadem; and ere long, gratuities to the troops will perhaps be the passport to power in Paris, as they were in the Eternal City.

Nor have the social evils, which in France have followed in the wake of successful revolution, been less deplorable than the entire destruction of the rights of freemen and security of property which has ensued. To show that this statement is not overcharged, we extract from a noted liberal journal of Paris, *La Reforme*, of November 17, 1848, the following statement:—

"Property, manufactures, and commerce are utterly destroyed in Paris. Of the population of that great city, the capital of France, there are 300,000 individuals wanting the necessaries of life. One half at least of those earned from 3*fr.* to 5*fr.* a day previous to the revolution, and occupied a number of houses in the faubourgs. The proprietors of those houses receiving no rent, and having taxes and other charges to pay, are reduced to nearly as deep distress as their tenants. In the centre of Paris, the same distress exists under another form. The large and sumptuous apartments of the fashionable quarters were occupied before the revolution by wealthy proprietors, or by persons holding lucrative employments in the public offices, or by extensive manufacturers; but nearly all those have disappeared, and the few who remain have insisted upon such a reduction of rent that the proprietor does not receive one-half of the amount to which he is entitled. Should a proprietor of house property endeavour to raise a sum of money by a first mortgage, to defray his most urgent expenses, he finds it impossible to do so, even at a most exorbitant rate of interest. Those who possess ready money refuse to part with it, either through fear, or because they expect to purchase house property when it must be sold at 50 per cent less than the value."—*La Reforme*, November 17, 1848.

It is certainly a most remarkable thing, in the history of the aberrations of the human mind, that a system of policy which has produced, and is producing, such disastrous results—and, above all, which is inflicting such deadly and irreparable wounds on the interests of the poor, and the cause of freedom throughout the world—should have been, during the last eighteen years, the object of unceasing eulogy by the liberal party on both sides of the Channel; and that the present disastrous state of affairs, both in this country and on the Con-

continent, is nothing more than the natural and inevitable result of the principles that party has everywhere laboured to establish. The revolution of 1830 was hailed with enthusiasm in this country by the whole liberal party: the Irish are not more enamoured now of the revolution of 1848, than the Whigs were, eighteen years ago, of that of 1830. The liberal government of England did all in their power to spread far and wide the glorious example. Flanders was attacked—an English fleet and French army besieged Antwerp; and, by a coalition of the two powers, a revolutionary throne was established in Belgium, and the king of the Netherlands prevented from re-establishing the kingdom guaranteed to him by all the powers of Europe. The Quadruple Alliance was formed to revolutionise Spain and Portugal; a sanguinary civil war was nourished for long in both kingdoms; and at length, after years of frightful warfare, the legitimate monarch, and legal order of succession, were set aside in both countries; queens were put on the thrones of both instead of kings, and England enjoyed the satisfaction, for the diffusion of her revolutionary propagandism, of destroying the securities provided for the liberties of Europe by the treaty of Utrecht, and preparing a Spanish princess for the hand of a Bourbon prince.

Not content with this memorable and politic step, and even after the recent disasters of France were actually before their eyes, our rulers were so enamoured of revolutions, that they could not refrain from encouraging it in every *small* state within their reach. Lord Palmerston counseled the Pope, in a too celebrated letter, to plunge into the career which has terminated so fatally for himself and for Italy. Admiral Parker long prevented the Neapolitan force from embarking for Sicily, to do there what Lord Hardinge was nearly at the same time sent to do in Ireland. We beheld the Imperial standards with complacency driven behind the Mincio; but no sooner did Radetzky disperse the revolutionary army, and advance to Milan, than British and French diplomacy interfered to arrest his march, and save their revolutionary protégé,

the King of Piedmont, from the chastisement which his perfidious attack on Austria in the moment of her distress merited. The Ministerial journals are never weary of referring to the revolutions on the Continent as the cause of all the distress which has prevailed in England, since they broke out in last spring: they forget that it was England herself which first unfurled the standard of revolution, and that, if we are suffering under its effects, it is under the effects of our own measures and policy.

Strange and unaccountable as this perverted and diseased state of opinion, in a large part of the people of this country, undoubtedly is, it is easily explained when the state of society, and the channel into which political contests have run, are taken into consideration. In truth, our present errors are the direct consequence of our former wisdom; our present weakness, of our former strength; our present misery, of our former prosperity.

In the feudal ages, and over the whole Asiatic world at the present time, the contests of parties are carried on for *individuals*. No change of national policy, or of the system of internal government, is contemplated on either side. It is for one prince or another prince, for one sultann or another sultann, that men draw their swords. "Under which King, Bezonian?—speak or die!" is there the watchword of all civil conflict. It was the same in this country during the feudal ages, and down to a very recent period. No man in the civil wars between Stephen and Henry II., or of the Plantagenet princes, or in the wars of the Roses, contemplated or desired any change of government or policy in the conflict in which they were engaged. The one party struck for the Red, the other for the White Rose. Great civil and social interests were at issue in the conflict; but the people cared little or nothing for these. The contest between the Yorkists and the Lancastrians was a great feud between two clans which divided the state; and the attachment to their chiefs was the blind devotion of the Highlanders to the Pretender.

The Reformation, which first brought the dearest objects of thought and interest home to all classes, made

a great change in this respect, and substituted in large proportion general questions for the adherence to particular men, or fidelity to particular families. Still, however, the old and natural instinct of the human race to attach themselves to men, not things, continued, in a great degree, to influence the minds of the people, and as many buckled on their armour for the man as the cause. The old Cavaliers, who periled life and lands in defence of Charles I., were as much influenced by attachment to the dignified monarch, who is immortalised in the canvass of Vandyke, as by the feelings of hereditary loyalty; and the iron bands which overthrew their ranks at Marston Moor, were as devoted to Cromwell as the tenth legion to Cæsar, or the Old Guard to Napoleon. In truth, such individual influences are so strongly founded in human nature, that they will continue to the end of the world, from whatever cause a contest may have arisen, as soon as it has continued for a certain time, and will always stand forth in prominent importance when a social has turned into a military conflict, and the perils and animosities of war have endeared their leaders to the soldiers on either side. The Vendéans soon became devoted to Henri Larochejaquelein, the Republicans to Napoleon; and in our own times, the great social conflict of the nineteenth century has been determined by the fidelity of the Austrian soldiers to Radetzky, of the French to Cavaignac, of the German to Windischgratz.

But in the British empire, for a century past, it has been thoroughly understood, by men of sense of all parties, that a change of dynasty is out of the question, and that there is no reform worth contending for in the state, which is not to be effected by the means which the constitution itself has provided. This conviction, long impressed upon the nation, and interwoven as it were with the very framework of the British mind, having come to coincide with the passions incident to party divisions in a free state, has in process of time produced the strange and tortuous policy which, for above a quarter of a century, has now been followed in this country by the government, and lauded

to the skies by the whole liberal party on the Continent. Deprived of the watchwords of men, the parties have come to assume those of things. Organic or social change have become the war-cry of faction, instead of change of dynasty. The nation is no longer drenched with blood by armies fighting for the Red or the White Rose, by parties striving for the mastery between the Stuart and Hanover families, but it was not less thoroughly divided by the cry of "The bill, the whole bill, and nothing but the bill," at one time, and that of "Free-trade and cheap corn" at another. Social change, alterations of policy, have thus come to be the great objects which divide the nation; and, as it is ever the policy of Opposition to represent the conduct of Government as erroneous, it follows, as a necessary consequence, that the main efforts of the party opposed to administration always have been, since the suppression of the Rebellion in 1745, to effect, when in opposition, a change in general opinion, and, when in power, to carry that change into effect by a change of policy. The old law of nature is still in operation. Action and reaction rule mankind; and in the efforts of parties mutually to supplant each other in power, a foundation is laid for an entire change of policy at stated periods, and an alteration, as great as from night to day, in the opinions and policy of the ruling party in the same state at different times.

The old policy of England—that policy under which, in the words of Macaulay, "The authority of law and the security of property were found to be compatible with a liberty of discussion and of individual action never known before; under which form, the auspicious union of order and freedom, sprang a prosperity of which the annals of human affairs had furnished no example; under which our country, from a state of ignominious vassalage, rapidly rose to the place of empire among European powers; under which her opulence and martial glory grew together; under which, by wise and resolute good faith, was gradually established a public credit, fruitful of marvels which, to the statesmen of any former age, would have appeared incredible; under which a gigantic

commerce gave birth to a maritime power, compared with which every other maritime power, ancient or modern, sinks into insignificance; under which Scotland, after ages of enmity, was at length united to England, not merely by legal bonds, but by indissoluble ties of interest and affection; under which, in America, the British colonies rapidly became far mightier and wealthier than the realms which Cortes and Pizarro added to the dominions of Charles V.; under which, in Asia, British adventurers founded an empire not less splendid, and more durable, than that of Alexander,"*—was not the policy of any particular party or section of the community, and thence its long duration and unexampled success.

It was not introduced—it grew. Like the old constitution, of which it was the emanation, it arose from the wants and necessities of all classes of men during a long series of ages. It was first proclaimed in energetic terms by the vigour of Cromwell; the cry of the national representatives for markets to native industry, of the merchants, for protection to their ships, produced the Navigation Laws, and laid the foundation of the colonial empire of England. Amidst all his *insouciance* and folly in the drawing-room of the Duchess of Portsmouth, and the boudoirs of the Duchess of Cleveland, it was steadily pursued by Charles II. James II. did not lose sight of this same system, amidst all his infatuation and cruelty; when directing the campaign of Jeffreys in the west, he was as steadily bent on upholding and extending the navy as when, amidst the thunders of war, he combated de Ruyter and van Tromp on the coast of Holland. William III., Anne, and the Georges, pursued the same system. It directed the policy of Somers and Godolphin; it ruled the diplomacy of Walpole and Chatham; it guided the measures of Bute and North; it directed the genius of Pitt and Fox. It was for it that Marlborough conquered, and Wolfe fell; that Blake combated, and Hawke destroyed; that Nelson launched the thunderbolt of war, and Wellington

carried the British standard to Madrid and Paris.

It was the peculiar structure of the English constitution, during this century and a half of prosperity and glory, that produced so remarkable a uniformity in the objects of the national policy. These objects were pursued alike by the Republicans and the Royalists; by the Roundheads and the Cavaliers; by the Whigs, during the seventy years of their rule that followed the Revolution, and the Tories, during the sixty years that succeeded the accession of George III. The policy was that of *protection to all the national interests, whether landed, commercial, colonial, or manufacturing*. Under this system they all grew and prospered, *alike and abreast*, in the marvellous manner which the pencil of Macaulay has sketched in the opening of his History. It was hard to say whether agriculture, manufactures, colonies, or shipping thrived and prospered most during that unique period. The world had never seen anything like it before: it is doubtful if it will ever see anything like it again. Under its shelter, the various interests of the empire were knit together in so close a manner, that they not only all grew and prospered together, but it was universally felt that their interests were entirely dependent on each other. The toast "The plough, the loom, and the sail," was drunk with as much enthusiasm in the farmers' club as in the merchant's saloon. As varied as the interests with which they were charged, the policy of government was yet perfectly steady in following out one principle—the protection of the *productive classes*, whether by land or water, whether at home or abroad.

The legislature represented and embodied all these interests, and carried out this policy. It gave them a stability and consistency which had never been seen in the world before. Nominally the representatives of certain towns and counties in the British islands, the House of Commons gradually became really the representatives of the varied interests of the whole British empire. The nomination boroughs afforded an inlet alike

* MACAULAY'S *History*, i. 1-2.

to native talent and foreign interests. Gatton and Old Sarum, or similar close boroughs, afforded an entrance to the legislature, not only to the genius of Pitt and Fox, of Burke and Sheridan, but to the wealth of Jamaica, the rising energy of Canada, the aged civilisation of Hindostan. Experienced protection reconciled all interests to a government under which all prospered; mutual dependence made all sensible of the necessity of common unanimity. The statute-book and national treaties, from the Revolution in 1688 to the close of the war with Napoleon in 1815, exhibit the most decisive proof of the working of these varied, but not conflicting interests, in the national councils. If you contemplate the general protection afforded to agriculture and the landed interest, you would imagine the House of Commons had been entirely composed of squires. If you examine the innumerable enactments, fiscal and prohibitory, for the protection of manufactures, you would suppose it had been entirely under the government of manufacturers. If you contemplate the steady protection invariably given to the mercantile navy, you would suppose it had been chiefly directed by shipowners. If you cast your eyes on the protection constantly given by discriminating fiscal duties to colonial industry, and the vast efforts made, both by sea and land, in the field and in the cabinet, to encourage and extend our colonial dependencies, you would conclude, not only that they were represented, but that their representatives had a majority in the legislature.

The reason of this prodigy was, that all interests had, in the course of ages, and the silent effects of time, worked their way into the legislature, and all enjoyed in fair proportion a reasonable influence on government. Human wisdom could no more *ab ante* have framed such a system, than it could have framed the British constitution. By accident, or rather the good providence of God, it grew up from the wants of men during a series of generations; and its effects appeared in this, that—except in the cases of the American war, where unfortunate circumstances produced a departure from the system; of the Irish Celts,

whom it seems impracticable to amalgamate with Saxon institutions; and of the Scottish Highlanders, whom chivalrous honour for a short period alienated from the established government—unanimity unprecedented during the whole period pervaded the British empire. All foreign colonies were desirous to be admitted into the great protecting confederacy; the French and Dutch planters in secret prayed for the defeat of their defenders when the standard of St George approached their shores. The Hindoos, with heroic constancy, alike in prosperous and adverse fortune, maintained their fidelity: Canada stood firm during the most dangerous crisis of our history; and the flame of loyalty burned as steadily on the banks of the St Lawrence, on the mountains of Jamaica, and on the shores of the Ganges, as in the crowded emporiums of London, or the smiling fields of Yorkshire.

But there is a limit imposed by nature to all earthly things. The growth of empires is restrained, after they have reached a certain stature, by laws as certain as those which arrest that of individuals. If a state does not find the causes of its ruin in foreign disaster, it will inevitably find it in internal opinion. This arises so naturally and evidently from the constitution of the human mind, that it may be regarded as a fixed law of nature in all countries where intellectual activity has been called forth, and as one of the most powerful agents in the government, by supreme Wisdom, of human affairs. This principle is to be found in the tendency of *original* thought to differ from the current opinion with which it is surrounded, and of party ambition to decry the system of those by whom it is excluded from power.

Universally it will be found that the greatest exertions of human intellect have been made in *direct opposition* to the current of general opinion; and that public thought in one age is in general but the echo of solitary meditation in that which has preceded it. Illustrations of this crowd on the reflecting mind from every period of history. The instances of Luther standing forth alone to shake down, Samson-like, the pillar of the corrupted Romish faith; of Bacon's opening,

amid all the despotism of the Aristotelian philosophy, his inductive philosophy; of Galileo maintaining the motion of the earth even when surrounded by the terrors of the Italian Inquisition; of Copernicus asserting the true system of the heavens in opposition to the belief of two thousand years; of Malthus bringing forward the paradox of the danger of human increase in opposition to the previous general opinion of mankind; of Voltaire combating alone the giant power of the Roman Catholic hierarchy; of Rousseau running a course against the whole ideas of his age—will immediately occur to every reader. Many of these great men adopted erroneous opinions, and, in consequence, did as much evil to their own or the next age as others did good; but they were all characterised by one mark. Their opinions were *original*, and directly adverse to public opinion around them. The close of the nineteenth century was no exception to the general principle. Following out those doctrines of freedom from restraint of every kind, which in France had arisen from the natural resistance of men to the numerous fetters of the monarchy, and which had been brought forward by Turgot and the Economists, in the boudoirs of Madame Pompadour and the coteries of Paris,—Adam Smith broached the principle of Free Trade, with the exceptions of grain and shipping. The first he excepted, because it was essential to national subsistence; the second, because it was the pillar of national defence. The new philosophy was ardently embraced by the liberal party, who, chagrined by long exclusion from office, were rejoiced to find a tangible and plausible ground whereon to attack the whole existing system of government. From them it gradually extended to nearly all the ardent part of the community, ever eager to embrace doctrines at variance with previous and vulgar belief, and not yet enlightened by experience as to the effect of the new system. It was soon discovered that for a century and a half we had been proceeding on false principles. The whole policy of government since the days of Cromwell had been erroneous; in politics, in social government, in diplomacy, in

the colonies, in war, in peace, at home and abroad, we had been running blindfold to destruction. True, we had become great, and glorious, and free under this abominable system; true, it had been accompanied by a growth of national strength, and an amount of national happiness, unparalleled in any former age or country; but that was all by accident. Philosophy had marked it with the sign of reprobation—prosperity had poured upon us by chance in the midst of universal misgovernment. By all the rules of calculation we should have been destroyed, though, strange to say, no symptoms of destruction had yet appeared amongst us. According to every principle of philosophy, the patient should long ago have been dead of the mortal disease under which he laboured: the only provoking thing was, that he was still walking about in robust and florid health.

Circumstances occurred at the same time, early in this century, which had the most powerful effect in exasperating the Opposition party throughout the country, and inducing them to embrace, universally and ardently, the new philosophy, which condemned in such unmeasured terms the whole system of government pursued by their antagonists. For half a century, since the long dominion of the Whigs was terminated in 1761 by George III., the Tories had been, with the exception of a few months, constantly in office. Though their system of government in religion, in social affairs, in foreign relations, was nothing but a continuation of that which the Whigs had introduced, and according to which the government had been conducted from 1688 to 1760, yet, in the ardour of their zeal for the overthrow of their adversaries, the liberal party embraced on every point the opposite side. The descendants of Lord Russel became the advocates of Roman Catholic emancipation; the followers of Marlborough and Godolphin, the partisans of submission to France; the successors of Walpole and Chatham, the advocates of free trade and colonial neglect. These feelings, embraced from the influence of a determination to find fault with government in every particular, were worked up to the highest pitch by the glorious result of

the war with France, and the apparently interminable lease of power acquired by their adversaries from the overthrow of Napoleon. That memorable event, so opposite to that which they had all so long in public predicted, so entirely the reverse of that which many had in secret wished, produced a profound impression on the Whig party. Their feelings were only the more acute, that, amidst the tumult of national exultation, they were forced to suppress them, and to wear the countenance of satisfaction, when the bitterness of disappointment was in their hearts. To the extreme asperity of these feelings, and the universal twist which they gave to the minds of the whole liberal party in Great Britain, the subsequent general change in their political principles is to be ascribed; and, in the practical application of these principles, the real cause of our present distressed condition is to be found.

While one set of causes thus prepared, in the triumph of Conservative and protective principles, the strongest possible reaction against them, and prognosticated, at no distant period, their general banishment from popular thought, another, and a not less powerful set, flowing from the same cause, gave these principles the means of acquiring a political supremacy, and ruling the government of the state. The old policy of England, it has been already observed, for a hundred and fifty years, had been to take care of the producers, and let the consumers take care of themselves. Such had been the effects of this protective policy, that, before the close of the Revolutionary war, during which it received its full development, the producing classes, both in town and country, had become so rich and powerful, that it was easy to see they would ere long give a preponderance to urban over rural industry. The vast flood of agricultural riches poured for expenditure into towns; that of the manufacturers and merchants seldom left it. The great manufacturing and mercantile places, during a century, had advanced in population tenfold, in wealth thirtyfold. The result of this change was very curious, and in the highest degree important. Under the *shadow of protection* to industry in all its branches,

riches, both in town and country, had increased so prodigiously, that the holders of it had *acquired a preponderance over the classes in the state yet engaged in the toilsome and hazardous work of production*. The owners of realised capital had become so numerous and weighty, from the beneficial effects of the protective system under which the country had so long flourished, that they formed an important class apart, which began to look to its separate interests. The consumers had become so numerous and affluent, that they were enabled to bid defiance to the producers. The maxim became prevalent, "Take care of the consumer, and let the producer take care of himself." Thence the clamour for free trade. Having passed the labour of production, during which they, or their fathers, had strenuously supported the protective principles, by which they were making their money, the next thing was to support the opposite principles, by which the value of the *made money might be augmented*. This was to be done by free trade and a contracted currency. Having made millions by protection, the object now was to add a half to every million by raising its value. The way to do this seemed to be by cheapening the price of every other article, and raising the price of money: in other words, the system of cheapening everything without reference to its effect on the interests of production.

Parliamentary reform, for which the Whigs, disappointed by long exclusion from office, laboured strenuously, in conjunction with the commercial and moneyed classes, enriched by protection, gave them the means of carrying both objects into execution, because it made two-thirds of the House of Commons the representatives of burghs. The cry of cheap bread was seductive to all classes in towns: —to the employer, because it opened the prospect of reducing the price of labour, and to the operative, because it presents that of lowering that of provisions. To these two objects, accordingly, of raising the value of money and lowering the remuneration of industry, the Reform parliament, the organ of the moneyed interest and consuming classes, has, through all the changes of party, been

perfectly steady. It is no wonder it has been so, for it was the first-born of those interests. Twenty years before the cry for reform convulsed the nation—in 1810—the Bullion Committee brought forward the principle of a metallic, and, consequently, a contracted currency; and they recommended its adoption in the very crisis of the war, when Wellington lay at Torres Vedras, and when the monetary crisis to which it must have led would have made us a province of France. Reform was the consequence of the change in the currency, not its cause. The whole time from 1819 to 1831, with the exception of 1824 and 1825, was one uninterrupted period of suffering. Such was the misery it produced that the minds of men were prepared for any change. A chaos of unanimity was produced by a chaos of suffering.

Thus, by a singular and most interesting chain of causes and effects, it was the triumph of Conservative and protective principles in the latter years of the war, and the entire demonstration thus afforded of their justice and expedience, which was the immediate cause of their subsequent abandonment, and all the misery which has thence arisen, and with which we are still everywhere surrounded. For it at once turned all the intellectual energies of the great liberal party to oppose, in every particular, the system by which their opponents had been glorified, and concentrated all the energies of the now powerful moneyed classes to swell, by a change of policy, the fortunes on which their consequence depended, and which had arisen from the long prevalence of the opposite system. For such is the tendency to action and reaction, in all vigorous and intellectual communities, that truth itself is for long no security against their occurrence. On the contrary, so vehement are the passions excited by a great and lasting triumph of one party, even though in the right, that the victory of truth, whether in politics or religion, is often the immediate cause of the subsequent triumph of error. The great Roman Catholic reaction against the Reformation, which Ranke has so clearly elucidated, and Macaulay has so powerfully illustrated, has its exact

counterpart in the great political reaction of the Whig party, of which Macaulay is himself the brightest ornament.

That this is the true explanation of the strange and tortuous policy, both in domestic and foreign affairs, under which the nation has so long suffered, is apparent on the slightest survey of political affairs in the last and present century.

The old principle of the English constitution, which had worked itself into existence, or grown up from the necessities of men, during a long course of years, was, that the whole *interests* of the state should be represented, and that the House of Commons was the assembly in which the representatives of all those varied interests were to be found. For the admission of these varied interests, a varied system of electoral qualifications, admitting all interests, noble, mercantile, industrial, popular, landed, and colonial, was indispensable. In the old House of Commons, all these classes found a place for their representatives, and thence the commercial protection it afforded to industry. According to the new system, a vast majority of seats was to be allotted to *one class only*, the householders and shopkeepers of towns. That class was the moneyed and consuming class; and thence the whole subsequent course of British policy, which has been to sacrifice everything to their interests.

The old maxim of government, alike with Whigs and Tories, was, that native industry of all sorts, and especially agricultural industry, was to be protected, and that foreign competition was to be admitted only in so far as was not inconsistent with this primary object. The new philosophy taught, and the modern liberals carried into execution, a different principle. They went on the maxim that the interests of the consumers alone were to be considered: that to cheapen everything was the great object; and that it mattered not how severely the producers of articles suffered, provided those who purchased them were enabled to do so at a reduced rate. This policy, long lauded in abstract writings and reviews, was at length carried into execution by Sir R. Peel, by the

tariff of 1842 and the free-trade measures of 1846.

To protect and extend our colonial dependencies was the great object of British policy, alike with Whigs and Tories, from the time of Cromwell to the fall of Napoleon. In them, it was thought our manufacturers would find a lasting and rapidly increasing market for their produce, which would, in the end, enable us equally to defy the hostility, and withstand the rivalry of foreign states. The new school held that this was an antiquated prejudice: that colonies were a burden rather than a blessing to the mother country: that the independence of America was the greatest blessing that ever befell Great Britain; and that, provided we could buy colonial produce a little cheaper, it signified nothing though our colonies perished by the want of remuneration for their industry, or were led to revolt from exasperation at the cruel and unnatural conduct of the mother country.

The navy was regarded by all our statesmen, without exception, from Cromwell to Pitt, as the main security of the British empire; its bulwark in war; the bridge which united its far-distant provinces during peace. To feed it with skilled seamen, the Navigation Laws were upheld even by Adam Smith and the first free-traders, as the wisest enactments which were to be found in the British statute-book. But here, too, it was discovered that our ancestors had been in error; the system under which had flourished for two centuries the greatest naval power that ever existed, was found to have been an entire mistake; and provided freights could be had ten per cent cheaper, it was of no consequence though the fleets of France and Russia blockaded the Thames and Mersey, and two-thirds of our trade was carried on in foreign bottoms.

To provide a CURRENCY equal to the wants of the nation, and capable of growth in proportion to the amount of their numbers and transactions, was one main object of the old policy of Great Britain. Thence the establishment of banks in such numbers in every part of the empire during the eighteenth century, and the introduction of the suspension of the obligation to pay in gold in 1797,

when the necessities of war had drained nearly all that part of the currency out of the country, and it was evident that, unless a substitute for it in sufficient quantities was provided, the nation itself, and all the individuals in it, would speedily become bankrupt. The marvels of British finance from that time till 1815, which excited the deserved astonishment of the whole world, had no effect in convincing the impassioned opponents of Mr Pitt, that this was the true system adapted for that or any similar crisis. On the contrary, it left no doubt in their minds that it was entirely wrong. The whole philosophers and liberal school of politicians discovered that the very opposite was the right principle; that gold, the most variable in price and evanescent, because the most desired and portable of earthly things, was the only safe foundation for a currency; that paper was worthless and perilous, unless in so far as it could be instantly converted into that incomparable metal; and that, consequently, the more the precious metals were withdrawn from the country, by the necessities of war or the effects of adverse exchanges, the more the paper circulation should be contracted. If the last sovereign went out, they held it clear the last note should be drawn in. The new system was brought into practice by Sir R. Peel, by the acts of 1844 and 1845, simultaneously with a vast importation of grain under the free-trade system—and we know the consequence. We were speedily near our last sovereign and last note also.

To establish a sinking fund, which should secure to the nation during peace the means of discharging the debt contracted amidst the necessities of war, was one of the greatest objects of the old English policy, which was supported with equal earnestness by Mr Pitt and Mr Fox, by Mr Addington and Lord Henry Potty. So steadily was this admirable system adhered to through all the dangers and necessities of the war, that we had a clear sinking fund of £15,000,000 a-year, when the contest terminated in 1815, which, if kept up at that amount, from the indirect taxes from which it was levied during peace,

would, beyond all question, as the loans had ceased, have discharged the whole debt by the year 1845. But the liberals soon discovered that this was the greatest of all errors: it was all a delusion; the mathematical demonstration, on which it was founded, was a fallacy; and the only wisdom was to repeal the indirect taxes, from which the sinking fund was maintained, and leave posterity to dispose of the debt as they best could, without any fund for its discharge. This system was gradually carried into effect by the successive repeal of the indirect taxes by different administrations; until at length, after thirty-three years of peace, we have, instead of the surplus of fifteen millions bequeathed to us by the war, an average *deficit* of fifteen hundred thousand pounds; and the debt, after the longest peace recorded in British history, has undergone scarcely any diminution.

Indirect taxation was the main basis of the British finance in old times—equally when directed by the Whigs as the Tories. Direct taxes were a last and painful resource, to be reserved for a period during war, when it had become absolutely unavoidable. So efficacious was this system proved to be by the event, when acting on a nation enjoying protected industry, and an adequate and irremovable currency, that, before the end of the war, £72,000,000 was, amidst universal prosperity, with ease raised from eighteen millions of people in Great Britain and Ireland. This astonishing result, unparalleled in the previous history of the world, had no influence in convincing the modern liberals that the system which produced it was right. On the contrary, it left no doubt in their minds that it was entirely wrong. They introduced the opposite system: in twenty-five years, they repealed £40,000,000 of indirect taxes; and they reintroduced the income tax as a permanent burden during peace. We see the result. The sinking fund has disappeared; the income tax is fixed about our necks; a deficit of from a million and a half to two millions annually incurred; and it is now more difficult to extract fifty-two millions annually from twenty-nine millions of souls,

than, at the close of the war, it was to raise seventy-two millions from eighteen millions of inhabitants.

To discourage revolution, both abroad and at home, and enable industry, in peace and tranquillity, to reap the fruits of its toil, was the grand object of the great contest which Pitt's wisdom bequeathed to his successors, and Wellington's arm brought to a glorious termination. This, however, was ere long discovered to be the greatest error of all. England, it was found out, had a decided interest in promoting the cause of revolution all over the world. So enamoured did we soon become of the propagandist mania, that we pursued it in direct opposition to our planned national interests, and with the entire abrogation of our whole previous policy, for which we had engaged in the greatest and most costly wars, alike under Whig and Tory administrations. We supported revolutions in the South American states, though thereby we reduced to a half of its former amount the supply of the precious metals throughout the globe; and, in consequence, increased immensely the embarrassment which a contracted paper currency had brought upon the nation: we supported revolution in Belgium, though thereby we brought the tricolor standard down to Antwerp, and surrendered to French influence the barrier fortresses won by the victories of Marlborough and Wellington: we supported it during four years of carnage and atrocity in Spain, though thereby we undid the work of our own hands, in the treaty of Utrecht, surrendered the whole objects gained by the War of the Succession, and placed the female line upon the throne, as if to invite the French princes to come and carry off the glittering prize: we supported revolutions in Sicily and Italy, though thereby we gave such a blow to our export trade, that it sank £1,400,000 in the single month of last May, and above £5,000,000 in the course of the year 1848.

To abolish the slave trade was one of the objects which Whigs and Tories had most at heart in the latter years of the old system; and in that great and glorious contest Mr Pitt, Mr Fox, and Mr Wilberforce stood side by side.

But this object, so important in its results, so interesting to humanity from its tendency to alleviate human suffering, ere long yielded to the enlightened views of modern liberals. It was discovered that it was much more important to cheapen sugar *for a time** than to rescue the African race from perdition. Free trade in sugar was introduced, although it was demonstrated, and, indeed, confessed, that the effect of it would be to ruin all the free-labour colonies, and throw the supply of the world into the hands of the slave states. Provided, for a few years, you succeeded in reducing the average retail price of sugar a penny a pound, it was deemed of no consequence though we extinguished the growth of free-labour sugar—destroyed colonies in which a hundred millions of British capital were invested, and doubled the slave trade in extent, and quadrupled it in horror, throughout the globe.

It had been the constant policy of the British government, under all administrations, for above a century and a half, to endeavour to reclaim the Irish population by introducing among them colonies of English who might teach them industry, and Protestant missionaries who might reclaim them from barbarism. The Irish landlords and boroughs were the outposts of civilisation among a race of savages; the Irish Church the station of Christianity amidst the darkness of Romish slavery. So effectual was this system, and so perfectly adapted to the character of the Celtic race—capable of great things when led by others, but utterly unfit for self-government, and incapable of improvement when left to itself,—that even in the ruthless hands of Cromwell, yet reeking with the slaughter of stormed cities, it soon

spread a degree of prosperity through the country then unknown, and rarely if ever since equalled in that ill-starred land.† But the experience of the utter futility of all attempts, during a century and a half, to leave the native Irish Celts to themselves or their own direction, had no effect whatever in convincing our modern liberals that they were incapable of self-direction, and would only be ruined by Saxon institutions. On the contrary, it left no doubt in their minds that the absence of self-government was the sole cause of the wretchedness of the country, and that nothing was wanting but an entire participation in the privileges of British subjects, to render them as industrious, prosperous, and loyal as the yeomen of Kent or Surrey. In pursuance of those principles, Catholic Emancipation was granted: the Whigs had effected one revolution in 1688, by coalescing with the whole Tories to exclude the Catholics from the government; they brought about another revolution, in 1829, by coalescing with a section of the Tories to bring them in. In furtherance of the new system, so plausible in theory, so dangerous in practice, of extending to all men, of all races, and in all stages of political advancement, the same privileges, the liberals successively gave the Irish the command of their boroughs, the abridgment of the Protestant Church, and the abolition of tithes as a burden on the tenant. They encouraged agitation, allowed treason to be openly spoken in every part of the country, and winked at monster meetings, till the community was wellnigh thrown into convulsions. Meanwhile, agriculture was neglected—industry disappeared—capital was scared away. The land was run out, and became unfit for anything but lazy-beds of

* Observe, *for a time!* We shall see anon what the price of sugar will be when the English colonies are destroyed and the slave plantations have the monopoly of the market in their hands.

† "Cromwell supplied the void made by his conquering sword, by pouring in numerous colonies of the Anglo-Saxon blood and of the Calvinistic faith. Strange to say, under that iron rule the conquered country began to wear an outward face of prosperity. Districts, which had recently been as wild as those where the first white settlers of Connecticut were contending with the Red Men, were in a few years transformed into the likeness of Kent and Norfolk. New buildings, roads, and plantations were everywhere begun. The rent of estates rose fast: and some of the English landowners began to complain that they were met in every market by the products of Ireland, and to clamour for protecting laws."—MACAULAY'S *History*, i., 180.

potatoes. The people became agitators, not cultivators: they were always running about to meetings—not frequenting fairs. The potato-blight fell on a country thus prepared for ruin, and the unparalleled misery of 1847, and the rebellion of 1848, were the consequence.

It would be easy to carry these illustrations farther, and to trace the working of the principles we have mentioned through the whole modern system of government in Great Britain. Enough has been said to show that the system is neither founded on the principles contended for by the old Whigs, nor on any appreciation of, or attention to, the national interests, or the dictates of experience in any respect. It has arisen entirely from a blind desire of change, and an opposition to the old system of government, whether of Whig or Tory origin, and a selfish thirst for aggrandisement on the part of the moneyed and commercial classes, whom that system had elevated to riches and power. Experience was not disregarded by this school of politicians; on the contrary, it was sedulously attended to, its lessons carefully marked. But it was considered as a beacon to be avoided, not a light to be followed. Against its conclusions the whole weight of declamation and shafts of irony were directed. It had been the *cri de guerre* of their enemies, the standard of Mr Pitt's policy; therefore the opposite system was to be inscribed on their banners. It was the ruling principle of their political opponents; and, worst of all, it was the system which, though it had raised the country to power and greatness, had for twenty years excluded themselves from power. Thence the modern system, under which the nation has suffered, and is suffering, such incalculable misfortunes. It has been said, by an enlightened Whig of the old school, that "this age appears to be one in which every conceivable folly must be believed and reduced to practice before it is abandoned." It is really so; and the reason is, it is an age in which the former system of government, founded on experience and brought about by necessity, has been supplanted by one based on a systematic and invariable determination to change the old system in every

particular. The liberals, whether factious or moneyed, of the new school, flattered themselves they were making great advances in political science, when they were merely yielding to the same spirit which made the Calvinists stand up when they prayed, because all the world before them had knelt down, and sit still during psalms, because the Roman Catholics had stood up.

But truth is great, and will prevail; experience is its test, and is perpetually contradicting the theories of man. The year 1848 has been no exception to the maxims of Tacitus and Burke. Dreadful indeed in suffering, appalling in form, are the lessons which it has read to mankind! Ten months have not elapsed, since, by a well-concerted urban tumult, seconded by the treachery of the national guard, the throne of the Barricades was overturned in France—and what do we already see on the continent of Europe? Vienna petitioning for a continuation of the state of siege, as the only security against the tyranny of democracy: Berlin hailing with rapture the dissolution of the Assembly, and reappearance of the king in the capital: Milan restored to the sway of the Austrians: France seeking, in the quasi imperial crown of Prince Louis Napoleon, with 90,000 soldiers in its capital, a refuge from the insupportable evils of a democratic republic. The year 1848 has added another to the numerous proofs which history affords, that popular convulsions, from whatever cause arising, can terminate only in the rule of the sword; but it has taught two other lessons of incalculable importance to the present and future tranquillity of mankind. These are, that soldiers who in civil convulsions fraternise with the insurgents, and violate their oaths, are the *worst enemies* of the people, for they inevitably induce a military despotism, which extinguishes all hopes of freedom. The other is, that the institution of a national guard is in troubled times of all others the most absurd; and that, to put arms into the hands of the people, when warmed by revolutionary passions, is only to light the torch of civil discord with your own hand, and hand over the country to anarchy, ruin, and slavery.

Nor has the year been less fruitful of civil premonitions or lessons of the last importance to the future tranquillity and prosperity of Great Britain. Numerous popular delusions have been dispelled during that period. The dreams of Irish independence have been broken; English Chartism has been crushed. The revolutionists see that the people of Great Britain are not disposed to yield their property to the spoiler, their throats to the murderer, their homes to the incendiary. Free trade and a fettered currency have brought forth their natural fruits—national embarrassment, general suffering, popular misery. One half of the wealth of our manufacturing towns has been destroyed since the new sys-

tem began. Two years of free trade and a contracted currency have undone nearly all that twenty years of protection and a sufficient currency had done. The great mercantile class have suffered so dreadfully under the effect of their own measures, that their power for good or for evil has been essentially abridged. The colossus which, for a quarter of a century, has bestrode the nation, has been shaken by the earthquake which itself had prepared. Abroad and at home, in peace and in war, delusion has brought forth suffering. The year of revolutions has been the NINTH OF THERMIDOR, OF LIBERAL PRINCIPLES, for it has brought them to the test of experience.

FRENCH CONQUERORS AND COLONISTS.

THE extraordinary deficiency recently exhibited by a great Continental nation in two qualities eminently prized by Englishmen—in common consistency, namely, and in common sense—has cast into the shade all previous shortcomings of the kind, making them appear remote and trivial. A people of serfs, ruled for centuries with an iron rod, pillaged for their masters' profit, and lashed at the slightest murmur, were excusable if, on sudden emancipation from such galling thralldom, their joyful gambols exceeded the limits prescribed by public decorum, and by a due regard to their own future prosperity. They might be forgiven for dancing round maypoles, and dreaming of social perfection. It would not be wonderful if they had difficulty in immediately replacing their expelled tyrants by a capable and stable government, and if their brief exhilaration were succeeded by a period of disorganisation and weakness. Such allowances cannot be made for the mad capers of republican France. The deliverance is inadequate to account for the ensuing delirium. The grievances swept away by the February revolution, and which patience, prudence, and moderation, could not have failed ultimately to remove—as thoroughly, if less rapidly—were not so terrible as to justify lunacy upon redress. Nevertheless, since then, the absurdities committed by France, or at least by Paris, are scarcely explicable save on the supposition of temporary aberration of intellect. Unimaginative persons have difficulty in realising the panorama of events, alternately sanguinary and grotesque, lamentable and ludicrous, spread over the last ten months. Europe—the portion of it, that is to say, which has not been bitten by the same rabid and mischievous demon—has looked on, in utter astonishment, at the painful spectacle of a leader of its civilisation galloping, with Folly on its crupper,

after mad theories and empty names, and riding down, in the furious chase, its own prosperity and respectability.

We repeat, then, that these great follies of to-day eclipse the minor ones of yesterday. When we see France destroying, in a few weeks, her commerce and her credit, and doing herself more harm than as many years will repair, we overlook the fact, that for upwards of fifteen years she has annually squandered from three to five millions sterling upon an unproductive colony in North Africa. France used not to be petty in her wars, or paltry in her enterprises. If she was sometimes quarrelsome and aggressive, she was wont at least to fasten on foes worthy of her power and resources. Since 1830 she has derogated in this particular. A complication of causes—the most prominent being the vanity characteristic of the nation, the crooked policy of the sovereign, and the morbid love of fighting bequeathed by the warlike period of the Empire—has kept France engaged in a costly and discreditable contest, whose most triumphant results could be but inglorious, and in which she has decimated her best troops, and deteriorated her ancient fame, whilst pursuing, with unworthy ferocity and ruthlessness, a feeble and inoffensive foe. This is no partial or malicious view of the character of the Algerine war. Deliberately, and after due reflection, we repeat, that France has gravely compromised in Africa her reputation as a chivalrous and clement nation, and that she no longer can claim—as once she was wont to do—to be as humane in victory as she is valiant in the fight. For proof of this we need seek no further than in the speeches and despatches of French generals, of men who themselves have served and commanded in Africa. We will judge France by the voices of her own sons, of those she has selected as worthiest

A Campaign in the Kabylic. By DAWSON BORRER, F.R.G.S., &c. London, 1848.
La Kabylic. Par un Colon. Paris, 1846.
La Captivité du Trompette Escotter. Par ERNEST ALBY. 2 vols. Brussels, 1848.

to govern her half-conquered colony, and to marshal her legions against a handful of Arabs. More than one of these officers testify, voluntarily or unwittingly, to the barbarity of the system pursued in Africa. What said General Castellane, in his well-known speech in the Chamber of Peers, on the 4th July 1845? "We have reduced the country by an arsenal of axes and phosphorus matches. The trees were cut down, the crops were burned, and soon the mastery was obtained of a population reduced to famine and despair." And elsewhere in the same speech: "Few soldiers perish by the hand of the enemy in this war—a sort of *man-hunt* on a large scale, in which the Arabs, ignorant of European tactics, having no cannon-balls to exchange against ours, do not fight with equal arms." Monsieur A. Desjobert, long a deputy for the department of the Lower Seine, is the author of a volume, and of several pamphlets, upon the Algerine question. In the most recent of these we find the following remarkable note:—"In February 1837, General Bugeaud said to the Arabs, 'You shall not plough, you shall not sow, nor lead your cattle to the pasture, without our permission.' Later, he gives the following definition of a *razzia*: 'A sudden irruption, having for its object to surprise the tribes, in order to kill the men, and to carry off the women, children, and cattle.' In 1844, he completes this theory, by saying to the Kabyles, 'I will penetrate into your mountains, I will burn your villages and your crops, I will cut down your fruit-trees.' (Proclamation of the 30th March.) In 1846, rendering an account of his operations against Abd-el-Kader, he says to the authorities of Algiers, 'The power of Abd-el-Kader consists in the resources of the tribes; hence, to ruin his power, we must first ruin the Arabs; therefore have we burned much, destroyed much.' (From the *Akhbar* newspaper of February 1846.)" These are significant passages in the mouth of a general-in-chief. Presently, when we come to details, we shall show they were not thrown away upon his subordinates. The extermination of the Arabs was always the real aim of Marshal Bugeaud;

he took little pains to cloak his system, and is too great a blunderer to have succeeded, had he taken more. A man of greater presumption than capacity, his audacity, obstinacy, and unscrupulousness knew no bounds. Before this African *man-hunt*, as M. Castellane calls it, he was unknown, except as the Duchess de Berry's jailer, as the slayer of poor Dulong, and as a turbulent debater, whose noisy declamation, and occasional offences against the French language, were a standing joke with the newspapers. A few years elapse, and we find him opposing his stubborn will to that of Soult, then minister at war, and successfully thwarting Napoleon's old lieutenant. This he was enabled to do mainly by the position he had made himself in Africa. He had ridden into power and importance on the shoulders of the persecuted Arabs, by a system of razzias and village-burning, of wholesale slaughter and relentless oppression. Brighter far were the laurels gathered by the lieutenant of the Empire, than those plucked by Louis Philippe's marshal amidst the ashes of Bedouin douars and the corpses of miserable Mussulmans, slain in defence of their scanty birchright, of their tents, their flocks, and the free range of the desert. Poor was the defence they could make against their skilful and disciplined invaders; slight the loss they could inflict in requital of the heavy one they suffered. Again we are obliged to M. Desjobert for statistics, gathered from reports to the Commission of Credits, and from Marshal Bugeaud's own bulletins. From these we learn that the loss in battle of the French armies, during the first ten years of the occupation of Algeria, was an average of one hundred and forty men per annum. In the four following years, eight hundred and eighty-five men perished. The capture of Constantine cost one hundred men, the much-vaunted affair of the Smala *nine*, the battle of Isly *twenty-seven*! We well remember, for we chanced to be in Paris at the time, the stir produced in that excitable capital by the battle of Isly. No one, unacquainted with the facts, would have doubted that the victory was over a most valiant and formidable foe. People's mouths

were filled with this revival of the military glories of Gaul. Newspapers and picture-shops, poets and painters, combined to celebrate the exploit and sound the victors' praise. One engraving *de circonstance*, we remember, represented a sturdy French foot-soldier, tramping, like Gulliver, a host of Lilliputian Moors, and carrying a score of them over his shoulder, spitted on his bayonet. "Out of my way!" was the inscription beneath the print—"Les Français seront toujours les Français." Horace Vernet, colourist, by special appointment, to the African campaign, pictorial chronicler of the heroic feats of the house militant of Orleans, prepared his best brushes, and stretched his broadest canvass, to immortalise the marshal and his men. After a few days, two dingy tents and an enormous umbrella were exhibited in the gardens of the Tuileries; these were trophies of the fight—the private property of Mohammed - Abderrhaman, the vanquished prince of Morocco, the real merit of whose conquerors was about as great as that of an active tiger who gloriously scatters a numerous flock of sheep. From one of several books relating to Algeria, now upon our table, we will take a French officer's account of the affair of Isly. The story of Escoffier, a trumpeter who generously resigned his horse to his dismounted captain, himself falling into the hands of the Arabs, whose prisoner he remained for about eighteen months, is told by M. Alby, an officer of the African army. Although a little vivid in the colouring, and comprising two or three very tough "yarns,"—due, we apprehend, to the imagination of trumpeter or author—its historical portion professes to be, and probably is, correct; and, at any rate, there can be no reason for suspecting the writer of depreciating his countrymen's achievements, and understating their merits. The account of the battle, or rather of the chase, for fighting there was none, is given by a deserter from the Spahis, who,

after the defeat of the Moors, joined Abd-el-Kader. The Emir and his Arabs took no part in the affair.

"I deserted, with several of my comrades, during the night-march stolen by the French upon the Moors. We sought the emperor's son in his camp, and informed him of the movement making by the French column. The emperor's son had our horses taken away, and gave orders not to lose sight of us. Then he said to us:—

"Let them come, those dogs of Christians; they are but thirteen thousand strong, and we a hundred and sixty thousand: we will receive them well."

"The day was well advanced before the Moors perceived the French. Then the emperor's son ordered his horsemen to mount and advance. The French marched in a square. They unmasked their artillery, and the guns sent their deadly charge of grape into the ranks of the Moors, who immediately took to flight, and the French had nothing to do but to sabre them."

"The Moors," says M. Alby, "had fine horses and good sabres; but their muskets were bad; and the men, softened by centuries of peace and prosperity, smoking keef* and eating copiously, might be expected to run, as they did, at the first cannon-shot."

It is hard to understand how the loss of the French should have amounted to even the twenty-seven men at which it is stated in their general's bulletin. Did M. Bugeaud, unwilling to admit the facility of his triumph, slay the score and seven with his goosequill? But if the victory was easily won, on the other hand, it was largely rewarded. For having driven before him, by the very first volley from his guns, a horde of overfed barbarians, enervated by sloth and narcotics, and total strangers to the tactics of civilised warfare, the marshal was created a duke! Shade of Napoleon! whether proudly lingering within the trophy-clad walls of the

* The Moors smoke the leaves of hemp instead of tobacco. This keef, as it is called, easily intoxicates, and renders the head giddy. Abd-el-Kader forbade the use of it, and if one of his soldiers was caught smoking keef, he received the bastinado. *Captivity of Escoffier*, vol. i. p. 221.

Invalides, or passing in spectral review the dead of Austerlitz and Borodino, suspend your lonely walk, curb your shadowy charger, and contemplate this pitiable spectacle! You, too, gave dukedoms, and lavished even crowns, but you gave them for services worth the naming. Ney and the Moekwa, Massena and Essling, Lannes and Montebello, are words that bear the coupling, and grace a coronet. The names of the places, although all three recall brilliant victories, are far less glorious in their associations than the names of the men. But Bugeaud and Isly! What can we say of them? Truly, thus much—they, too, are worthy of each other.

When reviewing, about two years ago, Captain Kennedy's narrative of travel and adventure in Algeria, we regretted he did not speak out about the mode of carrying on the war, and about the prospects of Algerine colonisation; and we hinted a suspicion that the amenities of French military hospitality, largely extended to a British fellow-soldier, had induced him, if not exactly to cloak, at least to shun laying bare, the errors and mishaps of his entertainers. We cannot make the same complaint of the very pretty book, rich in vignettes and cream-colour, entitled, *A Campaign in the Kabylie*. Mr Borrer, whom the Cockneys, contemptuous of terminations, will assuredly confound with his great gipsy contemporary, George Borrow of the Bible, has, like Captain Kennedy, dipped his spoon in French messes. He has ridden with their regiments, and sat at their board, and been quartered with their officers, and received kindness and good treatment on all hands; and therefore any thing that could be construed into malicious comment would come with an ill grace from his pen. But it were exaggerated delicacy to abstain from stating facts, and these he gives in all their nakedness; generally, however, allowing them to speak for themselves, and adding little in the way of remark or opinion. In pursuance of this system, he relates the most horrible instances of outrage and cruelty with a matter-of-fact coolness, and an absence alike of blame and sympathy, that may

give an unfavourable notion of his heart, to those who do not accept our lenient interpretation of his cold-blooded style. The traits he sets down, and which are no more than will be found in many French narratives, despatches, and bulletins, show how well the Franco-African army carry out the merciful maxims of Bugeaud.

Mr Borrer, a geographer and antiquary, passed seventeen months in Algeria; and during his residence there, in May 1846, a column of eight thousand French troops, commanded by the Duke of Isly in person, marched against the Kabyles, "that mysterious, bare-headed, leathern-aproned race, whose chief accomplishment was said to be that of being 'crack-shots,' their chief art that of neatly roasting their prisoners alive, and their chief virtue that of loving their homes." It may interest the reader to hear a rather more explicit account of this singular people, who dwell in the mountains that traverse Algeria from Tunis to Morocco—an irregular domain, whose limits it is difficult exactly to define in words. The Kabyles are, in fact, the highlanders of North Africa, and they hold themselves aloof from the Arabs and Europeans that surround them. Concerning them, we find some diversity in the statements of Mr Borrer, and of an anonymous Colonist, twelve years resident at Bougie, whose pamphlet is before us. Of the two, the Frenchman gives them the best character, but both agree as to their industry and intelligence, their frugality and skill in agriculture. They are not nomadic like the Arabs, but live in villages, till the land, and tend flocks. Dwelling in the mountains, they have few horses, and fight chiefly on foot. Divided into many tribes, they are constantly quarreling and fighting amongst themselves, but they forget their feuds and quickly unite to repel a foreign foe. "Predisposed by his character," says the Colonist, "to draw near to civilisation, the Kabyle attaches himself sincerely to the civilised man when circumstances establish a friendly connexion between them. He is still inclined to certain vices inherent in the savage; but of all the Africans, he is the best disposed to live in friendship and harmony with us, which he will do when he shall find

himself in permanent contact with the European population." This is not the general opinion, and it differs widely from that expressed by Mr Borrer. But the Colonist had his own views, perhaps his own interests, to further. He wrote some months previous to the expedition which Mr Borrer accompanied, and which was then not likely to take place, and he strongly advocated its propriety—admitting, however, that public opinion in France was greatly opposed to a military incursion into Kabylia. Himself established at Bougie, of course in some description of commerce, the necessity of roads connecting the coast and the interior was to him quite evident. A good many of his countrymen, whose personal benefit was not so likely to be promoted by causeway-cutting in Algeria, strongly deprecated any sort of road-making that was likely to bring on war with the Kabyles. France began to think she was paying too dear for her whistle. She looked back to the early days of the Orleans dynasty, when Marshal Clausel promised to found a rich and powerful colony with only 10,000 men. She glanced at the pages of the *Moniteur* of 1837, and there she found words uttered by the great Bugeaud in the Chamber of Deputies. "Forty-five thousand men and one good campaign," said the white-headed warrior, as the Arabs call him, "and in six months the country is pacified, and you may reduce the army to twenty thousand men, to be paid by imposts levied on the colony, consequently costing France nothing." Words, and nothing more—mere wind; the greatest *bosh* that ever was uttered, even by Bugeaud, who is proverbial for dealing largely in that flatulent commodity. Nine years passed away, and the Commission of the Budget "deplored a situation which compelled France to maintain an army of more than 100,000 men upon that African territory." (Report of M. Bignon of the 15th April 1846, p. 237.) Bugeaud himself had mightily changed his tone, and declared that, to keep Algiers, as large an army would be essential as had been required to conquer it. Lamoricière, a great authority in such matters, confirmed the opinion of his senior. Monsieur

Desjobert, and a variety of pamphleteers and newspaper writers, attacked, with argument, ridicule, and statistics, the party known as the *Algérophiles*, who made light of difficulties, scoffed at expense, and predicted the prosperity and splendour of French Africa. Algeria, according to them, was to become the brightest gem in the citizen-crown of France. These sanguine gentlemen were met with facts and figures. During 1846, said the anti-Algerines, your precious colony will have cost France 125,000,000 of francs. And they proved it in black and white. There was little chance of the expense being less in following years. Then came the loss of men. In 1840, said M. Desjobert, giving chapter and verse for his statements, 9567 men perished in the African hospitals, out of an effective army of 63,000. Add those invalids who died in French hospitals, or in their homes, from the results of African campaigning, and the total loss is moderately stated at 11,000 men, or more than one-sixth of the whole force employed. Out of these, only 227 died in action. The thing seemed hopeless and endless. What do we get for our money? was the cry. What is our compensation for the decimation of our young men? France can better employ her sons, than in sending them to perish by African fevers. What do we gain by all this expenditure of gold and blood?—The unreasonable mortals! Had they not gained a Duke of Isly and a Moorish pavilion? M. Desjobert surely forgets these inestimable acquisitions when he asks and answers the question—"What remains of all our victories? A thousand bulletins, and Horace Vernet's big pictures."

"How many times," says the same writer, "has not the subjection of the Arabs been proclaimed! In 1844, General Bugeaud gains the battle of Isly. Are the Arabs subdued?"

"When the Arabs appear before the judges who dispose of life and death, they confess their faith, and proclaim their hatred of us; and when we are simple enough to tell them that some of their race are devoted to us, they reply, 'Those lie to you, through fear, or for their own

interest; and as often as a scherrif shall come whom they believe able to conquer you, they will follow him, even into the streets of Algiers.' (Examination of Bou Maza's brother, 12th November 1845.) Thus spoke the chief. The common Arab had already said to the Christian, "If my head and thine were boiled in the same vessel, my broth would separate itself from thy broth."

This was discouraging to those who had dreamed of the taming of the Arab; and the more sanguinary mooted ideas of extermination. Such a project, clearly written down, and printed, and placed on Parisian breakfast tables, might be startling; in Algeria it had long been put in practice. What said General Duvivier in his *Solution de la Question d'Algérie*, p. 285? "For eleven years they have razed buildings, burned crops, destroyed trees, massacred men, women, and children, with a still-increasing fury." We have already shown that this work of extermination was not carried on with perfect impunity. Here is further confirmation of the fact. "Every Arab killed," says M. Leblanc de Prébois, another officer, who wrote on the Algerian war, and wrote from personal experience, "costs us the death of thirty-three men, and 150,000 francs." Supposing a vast deal of exaggeration in this statement, the balance still remains ugly against the French, for whom there is evidently very little difference between catching an Arab and catching a Tartar. Whilst upon the subject of extermination, Mr Borrer gives an opinion more decidedly unfavourable to his French friends than is expressed in any other part of his book. His estimate of Kabyle virtues differs considerably, it will be observed, from that of the Colonist, and of the two is much nearest the truth.

"The abominable vices and debaucheries of the Kabyle race, the inhuman barbarities they are continually guilty of towards such as may be cast by tempest, or other misfortune, upon their rugged shores; the atrocious cruelties and refined tortures they, in common with the Arab, delight in exercising upon any such enemies as may be so unhappy as to fall alive into their

hands, must render the hearts of those acquainted with this people perfectly callous as to what misfortunes may befall them or their country; and many may think that, as far as the advancement of civilisation is concerned, the wiping off of the Kabyle and Arab races of Northern Africa from the face of the earth, would be the greatest boon to humanity. Though, however, they may be fraught with all the vices of the Canaanitish tribes of old, yet the command, 'Go ye after him through the city and smite; let not your eye spare, neither have ye pity; slay utterly old and young, both maids, and little children, and women,' is not justifiably issued at the pleasure of man; and we can but lament to see a great and gallant nation engaged in a warfare exasperating both parties to indulge in sanguinary atrocities, — atrocities to be attributed on one side to the barbarous and savage state of those having recourse to them; but on the other, proceeding only from a thirst for retaliation and bloody revenge, unworthy of those enjoying a high position as a civilised people. War is, as we all know, ever productive of horrors: but such horrors may be greatly restrained and diminished by the exertions and example of those in command."

The hoary-headed hero of Isly is not the man to make the exertion, or set the example. At the beginning of 1847, rumours of a projected inroad amongst the Kabyles caused uneasiness and dissatisfaction in Algeria, when such a movement was highly unpopular, as likely to lead to a long and expensive war. The "Commission of Credits," a board appointed by the French Chamber for the particular investigation and regulation of Algerine affairs, applied to the minister of war to know if the rumours were well founded. The minister confessed they were; adding, however, that the expedition would be quite peaceable; but at the same time laying before the commission letters from Bugeaud, "expressing regret that force of arms was not to be resorted to more than was absolutely necessary, the submission of the aborigines being never certain until powder had spoken." The marshal evidently "felt like fighting." The Commission protested; the

minister rebuked them, bidding them mind their credits, and not meddle with the royal prerogative. Thus unjustly snubbed—for they certainly were minding their credits, by opposing increase of expenditure—the Commission were mute, one of the members merely observing, by way of a last shot, that it was easier to refuse to listen than to reply satisfactorily. In France, public opinion, the Chamber of Deputies, and Marshal Soult, had, on various occasions, declared against attacking the Kabyles. “Nevertheless, a proclamation was issued by Marshal Bugeaud to the inhabitants of the Kabylie, to warn them that the French army was upon the point of entering their territory, ‘to cleanse it of those adventurers who there preached the war against France.’ The proclamation then went on to state, that the marshal had no desire to fight with them, or to devastate their property; but that, if there were amongst them any who wished for war, they would find him ready to accept it.” If a hard-favoured stranger, armed with a horse-whip, walked uninvited into M. Bugeaud’s private residence, loudly proclaiming he would thrash nobody unless provoked, the marshal would be likely to resist the intrusion. The Kabyles, doubtless, thought his advance into their territory an equally unjustifiable proceeding. As to the pretext of “the adventurers who preached war,” it was unfounded and ridiculous. Such propagandists have never been listened to in Kabylia. “The voice of the Emir Abd-el-Kader himself,” says the Colonist, “would not obtain a hearing. Did he not go in person, in 1839, when preparing to break his treaty of peace with us, and preach the holy war? Did he not traverse the valley of the Souman, from one end to the other, to recruit combatants? And what did he obtain from the Kabyles? Hospitality for a few days, coupled with the formal invitation to evacuate the country as soon as possible. Did he succeed better when he lately again tried to raise Kabylia against us?” Mr Borrer confirms this. Marshal Bugeaud himself had said in the Chamber of Deputies, “The Kabyles are neither aggressive nor hostile; they defend themselves vigorously when intruded

upon, but they do not attack.” The marshal, whose whole public life has been full of contradictions, was the first to intrude upon them, although but a very few years had elapsed since he said in a pamphlet, “The Kabyles are numerous and very warlike; they have villages, and their agriculture is sedentary; already there is too little land to supply their wants; there is no room, therefore, for Europeans in the mountains of Kabylia, and they would cut a very poor figure there.” This last prophetic sentence was realised by M. Bugeaud himself, who certainly made no very brilliant appearance when, forgetting his former theory, he hazarded himself in May 1847, at the head of eight thousand men, and with Mr Borrer in his train, amongst the hardy mountaineers of Kabylia.

Hereabouts Mr Borrer quotes, in French, the statement of a member of the Commission already referred to. It is worth extracting, as fully confirming our conviction that the conduct of France in Algeria has been throughout characterised by an utter want of judgment and justice. “The native towns have been invaded, ruined, sacked, by our administration, more even than by our arms. In time of peace, a great number of private estates have been ravaged and destroyed. A multitude of title-deeds delivered to us for verification have never been restored. Even in the environs of Algiers, fertile lands have been taken from the Arabs and given to Europeans, who, unable or unwilling to cultivate their new possessions, have farmed them out to their former owners, who have thus become the mere stewards of the inheritance of their fathers. Elsewhere, tribes, or fractions of tribes, not hostile to us, but who, on the contrary, had fought for us, have been driven from their territory. Conditions have been accepted from them, and not kept—indemnities promised, and never paid—until we have compromised our honour even more than their interests.” Such a statement, proceeding from a Frenchman—from one, too, delegated by his government to examine the state of the colony—is quite conclusive as to administrative proceedings in Algeria. It would

be superfluous and impertinent to add another line of evidence. A comment may be appropriate. "Is it not Montesquieu," says Mr Borrer, "in his *Esprit des Loix*, who observes—'The right of conquest, though a necessary and legitimate right, is an unhappy one, bequeathing to the conqueror a heavy debt to humanity, only to be acquitted by repairing, as far as possible, those evils of which he has been the cause?'—and Montesquieu was a wise man, and a Frenchman!"

Dismissing this branch of the subject, let us see how the Duke of Isly made "the powder speak" in Kabylia, and try our hand at a rough sketch, taking the loan of Mr Borrer's colours. A strong body of French troops—the 8000 have been increased, since departure, by several battalions and some spahis—are encamped in a rich valley, cutting down the unripe wheat for the use of their horses, whilst, from the surrounding heights, the Kabyles gloomily watch the unscrupulous foragers. "Now 'soft-winged evening,'" as Mr Dawson Borrer poetically expresses himself, "hovers o'er the scene, chasing from woodlands and sand-rock heights the gilded tints of the setting sun." In other words, it gets dark—and shots are heard. The natives, vexed at the liberties taken with their crops, harass the outposts. Their bad powder and overloaded guns have no chance against French muskets. "In the name of the Prophet, HEADS!" Bugeaud the Merciful pays for them ten francs a-piece. Four are presented to him before breakfast. The premium is to make the soldiers alert against horse-stealers. Ten francs being a little fortune to a French soldier, whose pay in hard cash is two or three farthings a-day, Mr Borrer suspects the heads are sometimes taken from shoulders where they have a right to remain. An Arab is always an Arab, whether a horse-stealer or a mere idler. But no matter—a few more or less. Day returns; the column marches; the Kabyles show little of the intrepidity, in defence of their hearths and altars, attributed to them by M. Bugeaud and others. Their horsemen fly before a platoon of French cavalry; the infantry limit their offensive operations to cowardly

long shots at the rear-guard. Four venerable elders bring two yoked oxen in token of submission. In general, the inhabitants have disappeared. Their deserted towns appear, in the distance, by no means inferior to many French and Italian villages. The marshal will not permit exploring parties, for fear of ambushade. Night arrives, and passes without incident of note. At three in the morning, the camp is aroused by hideous yells. A sentinel has fired at a horse-thief and broken his leg, and now, mindful of the ten francs, tries to cut off the head of the wounded man, who objects and screams. A bayonet-thrust stops his mouth, and the *billow Bugeaud* is duly severed. The next day is passed in skirmishing with the Beni-Abbes, the most numerous tribe of the valley of the Souman, but not a very warlike one—so says the Colonist; and, indeed, they offer but slight resistance, although they, or some other tribes, make a firm and determined attack upon the French outposts in the course of that night. There is more smoke than bloodshed; but the Kabyles show considerable pluck, burn a prodigious number of cartridges, and make no doubt they have nearly "rubbed out" the Christians; in which particular they are rather mistaken—the French, not choosing to leave their camp, having quietly lain down, and allowed the Berber lead to fly over them. At last the assailants' ammunition runs low, and they retire, leaving a sprinkling of dead. Mr Borrer quotes the Koran. "Those of our brothers who fall in defence of the true faith, are not dead, but live invisible, receiving their nouriture from the hand of the Most High," says the Prophet." *Nouriture* is not quite English, at least with that orthography; but no matter for Mr Borrer's Gallicisms, which are many. We rush with him into the Kabyle fire. Here he sits, halted amongst the olive-trees, philosophically lighting his pipe, the bullets whistling about his ears, whilst he admires the *sang froid* of a pretty *vivandière*, seated astride upon her horse, and jesting at the danger. The column advances—the Kabyles retreat, fighting, pursued by the French shells, which they hold in particular horror,

and call the howitzer the *twice-firing cannon*. The object of the advance is to destroy the towns and villages of the Beni-Abbez, the night-attack upon his bivouac affording the marshal a pretext. The villages are surrounded with stiff walls of stones and mud, crowned with strong thorny fences, and having hedges of prickly pear growing at their base; and the gaunt burnoosed warriors make good fight through loop-holes and from the terraces of their houses. But resistance is soon overcome, and the narrow streets are crowded with Frenchmen, ravishing, massacring, plundering; no regard to sex or age; outrage for every woman—the edge of the sword for all.

“Upon the floor of one of the chambers lay a little girl of twelve or fourteen years of age, weltering in gore, and in the agonies of death: an accursed ruffian thrust his bayonet into her. God will requite him. . . . When the soldiers had ransacked the dwellings, and smashed to atoms all they could not carry off, or did not think worth seizing as spoil, they heaped the remnants and the matings together and fired them. As I was hastily traversing the streets to regain the outside of the village, disgusted with the horrors I witnessed, flames burst forth on all sides, and torrents of fire came swiftly gliding down the thoroughfares, for the flames had gained the oil. An instant I turned—the fearful doom of the poor concealed child and the decrepid mother flashing on my mind. It was too late. . . . The unfortunate Kabyle child was doubtless consumed with her aged parent. How many others may have shared her fate!”

At noon, the atmosphere is laden with smoke arising from the numerous burning villages. From one spot nine may be counted, wrapped in flames. There is merry-making in the French camp. Innumerable goatkins, full of milk, butter, figs, and flour, are produced and opened. Some are consumed; more are squandered and strewn upon the ground. Let the Kabyle dogs starve! Have they not audaciously levelled their long guns at the white-headed warrior and his followers, who asked nothing but submission, free passage through the country, corn-fields for their horses,

and the fat of the land for themselves? But stay—there is still a town to take, the last, the strongest, the refuge of the women and of the aged. Its defence is resolute, but at last it falls. “Ravished, murdered, burnt, hardly a child escaped to tell the tale. A few of the women fled to the ravines around the village; but troops swept the brushwood; and the stripped and mangled bodies of females might there be seen. . . . One vast sheet of flame crowned the height, which an hour or two before was ornamented with an extensive and opulent village, crowded with inhabitants. It seemed to have been the very emporium of commerce of the Beni-Abbez; fabrics of gunpowder, of arms, of haiks, burnooses, and different stuffs, were there. The streets boasted of numerous shops of workers in silver, workers in cord, venders of silk, &c.” All this the soldiers pillaged, or the fire devoured; then the insatiable flames gained the corn and olive trees, and converted a smiling and prosperous district into a black and barren waste. Bugeaud looked on and pronounced it good, and his men declared the country “well cleaned out,” and vaunted their deeds of rapine and violence. “I heard two ruffians relating, with great gusto, how many young girls had been burned in one house, after being abused by their brutal comrades and themselves.” Out of consideration for his readers, Mr Borrer says, he writes down but the least shocking of the crimes and atrocities he that day witnessed. We have no inclination to transcribe a tithe of the horrors he records, and at sight of which, he assures us, the blood of many a gallant French officer boiled in his veins. He mentions no attempt on the part of these compassionate officers to curb the ferocity of their men, who had not the excuse of previous severe sufferings, of a long and obstinate resistance, and of the loss of many of their comrades, to allege in extenuation of their savage violence. History teaches us that, in certain circumstances, as, for instance, after protracted sieges, great exposure, and a long and bloody fight, soldiers of all nations are liable to forget discipline, and, maddened by fury, by suffering and excitement, to despise

the admonitions and reprimands of the chiefs—nay, even to turn their weapons against those whom for years they have been accustomed to respect and implicitly obey. But there is no such excuse in the instance before us. A pleasant military promenade through a rich country, fine weather, abundant rations, and just enough skirmishing to give zest to the whole affair, whose fighting part was exceeding brief, as might be expected, when French bayonets and artillery were opposed to the clumsy guns and irregular tactics of the Beni-Abbez—we find nothing in this picture to extenuate the horrible cruelties enacted by the conquerors after their easily achieved victory. Their whole loss, according to their marshal's bulletin, amounted to fifty-seven killed and wounded. This included the loss in the night-attack on the camp. In fact, it was mere child's play for the disciplined French soldiery; and Mr Borrer virtually admits this, by applying to the affair General Castellane's expression of a *man-hunt*. He then, with no good grace, endeavours to find an excuse for his campaigning comrades. "The ranks of the French army in Africa are composed, in great measure, of the very scum of France." They have condemned regiments in Africa, certainly; the Foreign Legion are reckless and reprobate enough; we dare say the Zouaves, a mixed corps of wild Frenchmen and tamed Arabs, are neither tender nor scrupulous; but these form a very small portion of the hundred thousand French troops in Africa, and there is little picking and choosing amongst the line regiments, who take their turn of service pretty regularly, neither is there reason for considering the men who go to Algeria to be greater scamps than those who remain in France. So this will not do, Mr Borrer: try another tack. "The only sort of excuse for the horrors committed by the soldiery in Algeria, is their untamed passions, and the fire added to their natural ferocity by the atrocious cruelties so often committed by the Arabs upon their comrades in arms, who have been so unhappy as to fall into their power." This is more plausible, although it is a query who began the system of murderous reprisals. Arab

treatment of prisoners is not mild. On the evening of the 1st June, some men straggled from the French bivouac, and were captured. "It was said that from one of the outposts the Kabyles were seen busily engaged in roasting their victims before a large fire upon a neighbouring slope; but whether this was a fact or not, I never learned." It was possibly true. Escoffier tells us how one of his fellow-prisoners, a Jew named Wolf, who fell into the hands of Moorish shepherds, was thrown upon a blazing pile of faggots; and although we suspect the brave trumpeter, or his historian, of occasional exaggeration, there are grounds for crediting the authenticity of this statement. As Mr Borrer, he guarantees nothing but what he sees with his own eyes, the camp being, he says, full of *blagueurs*, or tellers of white lies. The inventions of these mendacious gentry are not always as innocent as he appears to think them. Imaginary cruelties, attributed to an enemy, are very apt to impose upon credulous soldiers, and to stimulate them to unnecessary bloodshed, and to acts of lawless revenge. Many a village has been burned, and many an inoffensive peasant sabred, on the strength of such lying fabrications. In Africa especially, where the *lex talionis* seems fully recognised, and its enforcement confided to the first straggler who chooses to fire a house or stick an Arab, the *blagueurs* should be handed over, in our opinion, to summary punishment. On the advance of the French column, a soldier or two, straying from the bivouac to bathe or fish, had here and there been shot by the lurking Kabyles. On its return, "I was somewhat surprised," Mr Borrer remarks, "to observe, in the wake of the column, flames bursting forth from the gourbies (villages) left in our rear. It was well known that the tribe upon whose territory we were riding had submitted, and that their sheikh was even riding at the head of the column." None could explain the firing of the villages. The sheikh, indignant at the treachery of the French, set spurs to his mare, and was off like the wind. The conflagration was traced to soldiers of the rear-guard, desirous to revenge their

comrades, picked off on the previous march. We are not told that the crime was brought home to the perpetrators, or visited upon them. If it was, Mr Borrer makes no mention of the fact, but passes on, as if the burning of a few villages were a trifle scarce worth notice. How were the Kabyles to distinguish between the acts of the private soldier and of the epauleted chief? Their submission had just been accepted, and friendly words spoken to them: their sheikh rode beside the gray-haired leader of the Christians, and marked the apparent subordination of the white-faced soldiery. Suddenly a gross violation occurred of the amicable understanding so recently come to. How persuade them that the submissive and disciplined soldiers they saw around them would venture such breach of faith without the sanction or connivance of their commander? The offence is that of an insignificant sentinel, but the dirt falls upon the beard of Bugeaud; and confidence in the promises of the lying European is thoroughly and for ever destroyed.

A colony, whose mode of acquisition and of government, up to the present time, reflects so little credit upon French arms and administrators, ought certainly to yield pecuniary results or advantages of some kind, which, in a mercenary point of view, might balance the account. France surely did not place her reputation for humanity and justice in the hands of Marshal Bugeaud and of others of his stamp, without anticipating some sort of compensation for its probable deterioration. Such expectations have hitherto been wholly unfulfilled; and we really see little chance of their probable or speedy realisation. The colony is as unpromising, as the colonists are inapt to improve it. The fact is, the work of colonisation has not begun. The French are utterly at a loss how to set about it. All kinds of systems have been proposed. Bugeaud has had his—that of military colonisation, which he maintained,

with characteristic stubbornness, in the teeth of public opinion, of the French government, of common sense, and even of possibility. He proposed to take, during ten years, one hundred and twenty thousand recruits from the conscription, and to settle them in Africa, with their wives. He estimated the expense of this scheme at twelve millions sterling. His opponents stated its probable cost at four times that sum. Whichever estimate was correct, it is not worth while examining the plan, which for a moment was entertained by a government commission, but has since been completely abandoned. It presupposes an extraordinary and arbitrary stretch of power on the part of the government that should adopt such a system of compulsory colonisation. We are surprised to find Mr Borrer inclined to favour the exploded plan. General Lamoricière (the terrible *Bour-à-bou* of the Arabs,*) proposed to give premiums to agriculturists settling in Algeria, at the rate of twenty-five per cent of their expenses of clearing, irrigation, construction, and plantation. But M. Lamoricière—a very practical man indeed, with his sabre in his fist, and at the head of his Zouaves—is a shallow theorist in matters of colonisation. The staff of surveyors, valuers, and referees essential to carry out his project, would alone have been a heavy additional charge on the unprofitable colony. "M. Lamoricière," says M. Desjobert, "was one of the warmest advocates of the occupation of Bougie," (a seaport of Kabylie,) "and partly directed, in 1833, that fatal expedition." (Fatal, M. Desjobert means, by reason of its subsequent cost in men and money. The town was taken by a small force on the 29th September 1833.) "The soldiers were then told that their mission was agricultural rather than military, that they would have to handle the pick and the spade more frequently than the musket. The unfortunates have certainly handled pick and spade; but

* "General Lamoricière habitually carries a stick. This has procured him, from the Arabs, the name of the *Père-au-bâton*, (the father with the stick;) *Bour-à-bou*. One of his orderly officers, my friend and comrade Captain Bentman, gives *Araouâ* as the proper orthography of *Bour-à-bou*. We have followed Escoffier's pronunciation."—*Captivité d'Escoffier*, vol. i. p. 80.

it was to dig in that immense cemetery which, each day, swallows up their comrades. Already, in 1836, General d'Erion, ex-governor of Algiers, demanded the evacuation of Bougie, which had devoured, in three years, three thousand men and seven millions of francs." The demand was not complied with, and Bougie has continued to consume more than its quota of the six thousand men at which M. Desjobert estimates the average annual loss, by disease alone, of the African army. Bougie has not flourished under the tricolor. In former times a city of great riches and importance, it still contained several thousand inhabitants when taken by the French. At the period of Mr Borrer's visit, it reckoned a population of five hundred, exclusive of the garrison of twelve hundred men. To return, however, to the systems of colonisation. When the generals had had their say, it was the turn of the commissions; the commission of Africa, that of the Chamber of Deputies, &c. There was no lack of projects; but none of them answered. The colonial policy of the Orleans government was eminently shortsighted. This is strikingly shown in Mr Borrer's 14th chapter, "A Word upon the Colony." Of the fertile plain of the Metidja, containing about a million and a half acres of arable and pasture land, a very small portion is cultivated. The French found a garden; they have made a desert. "Before the French occupation, vast tracts which now lie waste, sacrificed to palmetta and squills, were cultivated by the Arabs, who grew far more corn than was required for their own consumption; whereas now, they grow barely sufficient: the consequence of which is, that the price of corn is enormous in Algeria at present." Land is cheap enough, but labour is dear, because the necessaries of life are so. Instead of making Algiers a free port, protection to French manufactures is the order of the day, and this has driven Arab commerce to Tunis and Morocco. Rivalry with England—the feverish desire for colonies and for the supremacy of the seas—must unquestionably be ranked amongst the motives of the tenacious retention of such an expensive possession as

Algeria. And now the odious English cottons are an obstacle to the prosperity of the colony. To sell a few more bales of French calicoes and crates of French hardware, the wise men at Paris put an effectual check upon the progress of African agriculture. Here, if anywhere, free-trade might be introduced with advantage; in common necessaries, at any rate, and for a few years, till the country became peopled, and the colonists had overcome the first difficulties of their position. It would make very little difference to Rouen and Lyons, whilst to the settlers it would practically work more good than would have been done them by M. Lamoricière's *subvention*, supposing this to have been adopted, and that the heavily-taxed agriculturist of France—in many parts of which country land pays but two and a half or three per cent—had consented to pay additional imposts for the benefit of the agriculturist of Algeria. In the beginning, the notion of the French government was, that its new conquest would colonise itself unassisted; that there would be a natural and steady flow of emigrants from the mother country. In any case this expectation would probably have proved fallacious—at least it would never have been realised to the extent anticipated; but the small encouragement given to such emigration, rendered it utterly abortive. The "stream" of settlers proved a mere dribble. Security and justice, Mr Thiers said, were all that France owed her colony. Even these two things were not obtained, in the full sense of the words. The centralisation system weighed upon Algeria. Everything was referred to Paris. Hence interminable correspondence, and delays innumerable. In the year 1846, Mr Borrer says, twenty-four thousand despatches were received by the civil administration from the chief *bureau* in the French capital, in exchange for twenty-eight thousand sent. Instead of imparting all possible celerity to the administrative forms requisite to the establishment of emigrants, these must often wait a year or more before they are put in possession of the land granted. Meanwhile they expend their resources, and are enervated by idleness and disease. The climate of

North Africa is ill-adapted to French constitutions. M. Desjobert has already told us the average loss of the army, and General Duvivier, in his *Solution de la Question d'Algérie*, fully corroborated his statements. "A man," said the general, "whose constitution is not in harmony with the climate of Africa, never adapts himself to it; he suffers, wastes away, and dies. The expression, that a mass of men who have been for some time in Africa have become inured to the climate, is inexact. They have not become inured to it; they have been decimated by death. The climate is a great sieve, which allows a rapid passage to everything that is not of a certain force." Supposing 100,000 men sent from France to Algeria for six years' service. At the end of that time, their loss by disease alone, at the rate of six per cent—proved by M. Desjobert to be the annual average—would amount to upwards of 30,000, or to more than three-tenths of the whole. The emigrants fare no better. "They look for milk and honey," says Borrer: "they find palmetta and disease. The villages scattered about the Sahel or Massif of Algiers (a high ground at the back of the city, forming a rampart between the Metidja and the Mediterranean) are, with one or two exceptions, a type of desolation. Perched upon the most arid spots, distant from water, the poor tenants lie sweltering between sun and sirocco." A Mississippi swamp must be as eligible "squatting" ground as this—Arabs instead of alligators, and the Algerine fever in place of Yellow Jack. "At the gates of Algiers, in the villages of the Sahel," said the "*Algérie*" newspaper of the 22d December 1845, "the colonists desert, driven away by hunger. If any remain, it is because they have no strength to move. In the plain of the Metidja, the misery and desolation are greater still. At Fondouck, in the last five months, 120 persons have died, out of a population of 280." The reporter to the Commission of the French budget of 1837 (Monsieur Bignon) admitted that "the results of the colonisation are almost negative." He could not obtain, he said, an estimate of the agricultural population. At the same

period, an Algiers newspaper (*La France Algérienne*) estimated the European agriculturists at 7000, two-thirds of whom were mere market-gardeners.

It is unnecessary to multiply proofs; and we will here conclude this imperfect sketch of Franco-African colonisation, of its crimes, its errors, and its cost, by extracting a rather remarkable passage from a writer we have more than once referred to, and who, although perhaps disposed to view things in Algeria upon the black side, is yet deserving of credit, as well by his position as by reason of his painstaking research and, so far as we have verified them, accurate statistics.

"The colonists cannot deny," says Monsieur Desjobert in his *Algérie en 1846*, "and they admit:

"1°. That Europe alone maintains the 200,000 Europeans in Algeria. In 1846 we are compelled to repeat what General Bernard, minister of war, said in 1838: 'Algeria resembles a naked rock, which it is necessary to supply with everything, except air and water.'

"2°. That so long as we remain in this precarious situation, a naval war, by interrupting the communications, would compromise the safety of our army. In 1846 we repeat M. Thiers' words, uttered in 1837: 'If war surprises you in the state of indecision in which you are, I say that the disgraceful evacuation of Africa will be inevitable.'

"M. Thiers did not speak the whole truth when he talked of evacuation. In such an extremity, evacuation would be impossible. Our army would perish of misery, and its remnant would fall into the hands of the enemy."

Another enemy than the Arabs is here evidently pointed at; that possible foe is now a friend to France, and we trust will long remain so. But on many accounts the sentences we have just quoted are significant, as proceeding from the pen of a French deputy. They need no comment, and we shall offer none. We wait with interest to see if France's African colony prospers better under the Republic of 1848 than it did under the Monarchy of 1830.

THE CAXTONS.

PART IX.—CHAPTER XXXIX.

AND my father pushed aside his books.

O young reader, whoever thou art,—or reader, at least, who hast been young,—canst thou not remember some time when, with thy wild troubles and sorrows as yet borne in secret, thou hast come back from that hard, stern world which opens on thee when thou putteth thy foot out of the threshold of home—come back to the four quiet walls, wherein thine elders sit in peace—and seen, with a sort of sad amaze, how calm and undisturbed all is there? That generation which has gone before thee in the path of the passions—the generation of thy parents—(not so many years, perchance, remote from thine own)—how immovably far off, in its still repose, it seems from thy turbulent youth! It has in it a stillness as of a classic age, antique as the statues of the Greeks. That tranquil monotony of routine into which those lives that preceded thee have merged—the occupations that they have found sufficing for their happiness, by the fireside—in the arm-chair and corner appropriated to each—how strangely they contrast thine own feverish excitement! And they make room for thee, and bid thee welcome, and then resettle to their hushed pursuits, as if nothing had happened! Nothing had happened! while in thy heart, perhaps, the whole world seems to have shot from its axis, all the elements to be at war! And you sit down, crushed by that quiet happiness which you can share no more, and smile mechanically, and look into the fire; and, ten to one, you say nothing till the time comes for bed, and you take up your candle, and creep miserably to your lonely room.

Now, if in a stage coach in the depth of winter, when three passengers are warm and snug, a fourth, all besnowed and frozen, descends from the outside and takes place amongst them, straightway all the three passengers shift their places, uneasily pull up their cloak collars, re-arrange their "comforters," feel indignantly a sensible loss of caloric—the intruder has

at least made a sensation. But if you had all the snows of the Grampians in your heart, you might enter unnoticed: take care not to tread on the toes of your opposite neighbour, and not a soul is disturbed, not a "comforter" stirs an inch! I had not slept a wink, I had not even laid down all that night—the night in which I had said farewell to Fanny Trevanion—and the next morning, when the sun rose, I wandered out—where I know not. I have a dim recollection of long, gray, solitary streets—of the river, that seemed flowing in dull silence, away, far away, into some invisible eternity—trees and turf, and the gay voices of children. I must have gone from one end of the great Babel to the other: but my memory only became clear and distinct when I knocked, somewhere before noon, at the door of my father's house, and, passing heavily up the stairs, came into the drawing-room, which was the rendezvous of the little family; for, since we had been in London, my father had ceased to have his study apart, and contented himself with what he called "a corner"—a corner wide enough to contain two tables and a dumb waiter, with chairs à discretion all littered with books. On the opposite side of this capacious corner sat my uncle, now nearly convalescent, and he was jotting down, in his stiff military hand, certain figures in a little red account-book—for you know already that my uncle Roland was, in his expenses, the most methodical of men.

My father's face was more benign than usual, for, before him lay a proof—the first proof of his first work—his one work—the Great Book! Yes! it had positively found a press. And the first proof of your first work—ask any author what *that is!* My mother was out, with the faithful Mrs Primmins, shopping or marketing no doubt; so, while the brothers were thus engaged, it was natural that my entrance should not make as much noise as if it had been a bomb, or a singer, or a clap of thunder, or the last "great novel of

the season," or anything else that made a noise in those days. For what makes a noise now? Now, when the most astonishing thing of all is in our easy familiarity with things astounding—when we say, listlessly, "Another revolution at Paris," or, "By the bye, there is the denoué to do at Vienna!"—when De Joinville is catching fish in the ponds at Claremont, and you hardly turn back to look at Metternich on the pier at Brighton!

My uncle nodded, and growled indistinctly; my father—

"Put aside his books; you have told us that already."

Sir, you are very much mistaken, he did not put aside his books, for he was not engaged in them—he was reading his proof. And he smiled, and pointed to it (the proof I mean) pathetically, and with a kind of humour, as much as to say—"What can you expect, Plisistratus?—my new baby! in short clothes—or long primer, which is all the same thing!"

I took a chair between the two, and looked first at one, then at the other, and—heaven forgive me!—I felt a rebellious, ungrateful spite against both. The bitterness of my soul must have been deep indeed to have overflowed in that direction, but it did. The grief of youth is an abominable egotist, and that is the truth. I got up from the chair, and walked towards the window; it was open, and outside the window was Mrs Primmings' canary, in its cage. London air had agreed

with it, and it was singing lustily. Now, when the canary saw me standing opposite to its cage, and regarding it seriously, and, I have no doubt, with a very sombre aspect, the creature stopped short, and hung its head on one side, looking at me obliquely and suspiciously. Finding that I did it no harm, it began to hazard a few broken notes, timidly and interrogatively, as it were, pausing between each; and at length, as I made no reply, it evidently thought it had solved the doubt, and ascertained that I was more to be pitied than feared—for it stole gradually into so soft and silvery a strain that, I verily believe, it did it on purpose to comfort me!—me, its old friend, whom it had unjustly suspected. Never did any music touch me so home as did that long, plaintive cadence. And when the bird ceased, it perched itself close to the bars of the cage, and looked at me steadily with its bright intelligent eyes. I felt mine water, and I turned back and stood in the centre of the room, irresolute what to do, where to go. My father had done with the proof, and was deep in his folios. Roland had clasped his red account book, restored it to his pocket, wiped his pen carefully, and now watched me from under his great beetle brows. Suddenly he rose, and, stamping on the hearth with his cork leg, exclaimed, "Look up from those cursed books, brother Austin! What is there in that lad's face? Construe *that*, if you can!"

CHAPTER XL.

And my father pushed aside his books, and rose hastily. He took off his spectacles, and rubbed them mechanically, but he said nothing; and my uncle, staring at him for a moment, in surprise at his silence, burst out,—

"Oh! I see—he has been getting into some scrape, and you are angry! Fie! young blood will have its way, Austin—it will. I don't blame that—it is only when—come here, Sisty! Zounds! man, come here."

My father gently brushed off the captain's hand, and, advancing towards me, opened his arms. The next moment I was sobbing on his breast.

"But what is the matter?" cried

Captain Roland, "will nobody say what is the matter? Money, I suppose—money, you confounded extravagant young dog. Luckily you have got an uncle who has more than he knows what to do with. How much?—fifty?—a hundred? two hundred? How can I write the cheque, if you'll not speak?"

"Hush, brother! it is no money you can give that will set this right. My poor boy! have I guessed truly? Did I guess truly the other evening, when—"

"Yes, sir, yes! I have been so wretched. But I am better now—I can tell you all."

My uncle moved slowly towards

the door: his fine sense of delicacy made him think that even he was out of place in the confidence between son and father.

"No, uncle," I said, holding out my hand to him, "stay; you too can advise me—strengthen me. I have kept my honour yet—help me to keep it still."

At the sound of the word honour Captain Roland stood mute, and raised his head quickly.

So I told all—incoherently enough at first, but clearly and manfully as I went on. Now I know that it is not the custom of lovers to confide in fathers and uncles. Judging by those mirrors of life, plays and novels, they choose better;—valets and chambermaids, and friends whom they have picked up in the street, as I had picked up poor Francis Vivian—to these they make clean breasts of their troubles. But fathers and uncles—to them they are close, impregnable, "buttoned to the chin." The Caxtons were an eccentric family, and never did anything like other people. When I had ended, I lifted my eyes, and said pleadingly, "Now, tell me, is there no hope—none?"

"Why should there be none?" cried Captain Roland hastily—"the De Caxtons are as good a family as the Trevanions; and as for yourself, all I will say is, that the young lady might choose worse for her own happiness."

I wrung my uncle's hand, and turned to my father in anxious fear—for I knew that, in spite of his secluded habits, few men ever formed a sounder judgment on worldly matters, when he was fairly drawn to look at them. A thing wonderful is that plain wisdom which scholars and poets often have for others, though they rarely deign to use it for themselves. And how on earth do they get at it? I looked at my father, and the vague hope Roland had excited fell as I looked.

"Brother," said he slowly, and shaking his head, "the world, which gives codes and laws to those who live in it, does not care much for a pedigree, unless it goes with a title-deed to estates."

"Trevanion was not richer than Pisistratus when he married Lady Elliner," said my uncle.

"True; but Lady Elliner was not then an heiress, and her father viewed these matters as no other peer in England perhaps would. As for Trevanion himself, I dare say he has no prejudices about station, but he is strong in common sense. He values himself on being a practical man. It would be folly to talk to him of love, and the affections of youth. He would see in the son of Austin Caxton, living on the interest of some fifteen or sixteen thousand pounds, such a match for his daughter as no prudent man in his position could approve. And as for Lady Elliner"—

"She owes us much, Austin!" exclaimed Roland, his face darkening.

"Lady Elliner is now what, if we had known her better, she promised always to be—the ambitious, brilliant, scheming woman of the world. Is it not so, Pisistratus?"

I said nothing. I felt too much.

"And does the girl like you?—but I think it is clear she does!" exclaimed Roland. "Fate—fate; it has been a fatal family to us! Zounds, Austin, it was your fault. Why did you let him go there?"

"My son is now a man—at least in heart, if not in years—can man be shut from danger and trial? They found me in the old parsonage, brother!" said my father mildly.

My uncle walked, or rather stumped, three times up and down the room; and he then stopped short, folded his arms, and came to a decision—

"If the girl likes you, your duty is doubly clear—you can't take advantage of it. You have done right to leave the house, for the temptation might be too strong."

"But what excuse shall I make to Mr Trevanion?" said I feebly—"what story can I invent? So careless as he is while he trusts, so penetrating if he once suspects, he will see through all my subterfuges, and—and—"

"It is as plain as a pike-staff," said my uncle abruptly—"and there need be no subterfuge in the matter. 'I must leave you, Mr Trevanion.' 'Why?' says he. 'Don't ask me.' He insists. 'Well then, sir, if you must know, I love your daughter. I have nothing—she is a great heiress. You will not approve of that love, and therefore I leave you!' That is the

course that becomes an English gentleman—eh, Austin?"

"You are never wrong when your instincts speak, Roland," said my father. "Can you say this, Pisistratus, or shall I say it for you?"

"Let him say it himself," said Roland; "and let him judge himself of the answer. He is young, he is clever, he may make a figure in the world. Trevanion *may* answer, 'Win the lady after you have won the laurel, like the knights of old.' At all events, you will hear the worst."

"I will go," said I, firmly; and I took my hat, and left the room. As I was passing the landing-place, a light step stole-down the upper flight of stairs, and a little hand seized my own. I turned quickly, and met the full, dark, seriously sweet eyes of my cousin Blanche.

"Don't go away yet, Sisty," said she coaxingly. "I have been waiting for you, for I heard your voice, and did not like to come in and disturb you."

"And why did you wait for me, my little Blanche?"

"Why! only to see you. But your eyes are red. Oh, cousin!"—and, before I was aware of her childish impulse, she had sprung to my neck and kissed me. Now Blanche was not like most children, and was very sparing of her caresses. So it was out of the deeps of a kind heart that that kiss came. I returned it without a word; and, putting her down gently, ran down the stairs, and was in the

streets. But I had not got far before I heard my father's voice; and he came up, and, hooking his arm into mine, said, "Are there not two of us that suffer?—let us be together!" I pressed his arm, and we walked on in silence. But when we were near Trevanion's house, I said hesitatingly, "Would it not be better, sir, that I went in alone. If there is to be an explanation between Mr Trevanion and myself, would it not seem as if your presence implied either a request to him that would lower us both, or a doubt of me that—"

"You will go in alone, of course: I will wait for you—"

"Not in the streets—oh no, father," cried I, touched inexpressibly. For all this was so unlike my father's habits, that I felt remorse to have so communicated my young griefs to the calm dignity of his serene life.

"My son, you do not know how I love you. I have only known it myself lately. Look you, I am living in you now, my first-born; not in my other son—the great book: I must have my way. Go in; that is the door, is it not?"

I pressed my father's hand, and I felt then, that, while that hand could reply to mine, even the loss of Fanny Trevanion could not leave the world a blank. How much we have before us in life, while we retain our parents! How much to strive and to hope for! What a motive in the conquest of our sorrow—that they may not sorrow with us!

CHAPTER XLII.

I entered Trevanion's study. It was an hour in which he was rarely at home, but I had not thought of that; and I saw without surprise that, contrary to his custom, he was in his arm-chair, reading one of his favourite classic authors, instead of being in some committee room of the House of Commons.

"A pretty fellow you are," said he, looking up, "to leave me all the morning, without rhyme or reason. And my committee is postponed—chairman ill—people who get ill should not go into the House of Com-

mons. So here I am, looking into Propertius: Parr is right; not so elegant a writer as Tibullus. But what the deuce are you about?—why don't you sit down? Humph! you look grave—you have something to say,—say it!"

And, putting down Propertius, the acute, sharp face of Trevanion instantly became earnest and attentive.

"My dear Mr Trevanion," said I, with as much steadiness as I could assume, "you have been most kind to me; and, out of my own family, there is no man I love and respect more."

TREVANION.—Humph! What's all this! (*In an under tone*)—Am I going to be taken in?

PISISTRATUS.—Do not think me ungrateful, then, when I say I come to resign my office—to leave the house where I have been so happy.

TREVANION.—Leave the house!—Pooh!—I have overtaken you. I will be more merciful in future. You must forgive a political economist—it is the fault of my sect to look upon men as machines.

PISISTRATUS—(*smiling faintly*).—No, indeed—that is not it! I have nothing to complain of—nothing I could wish altered—could I stay.

TREVANION (*examining me thoughtfully*).—And does your father approve of your leaving me thus?

PISISTRATUS.—Yes, fully.

TREVANION (*musings a moment*).—I see, he would send you to the University, make you a book-worm like himself: pooh! that will not do—you will never become wholly a man of books,—it is not in you. Young man, though I may seem careless, I read characters, when I please it, pretty quickly. You do wrong to leave me; you are made for the great world—I can open to you a high career. I wish to do so! Lady Ellinor wishes it—nay, insists on it—for your father's sake as well as yours. I never ask a favour from ministers, and I never will. But (here Trevanion rose suddenly, and, with an erect mien and a quick gesture of his arm, he added)—but a minister himself can dispose as he pleases of his patronage. Look you, it is a secret yet, and I trust to your honour. But, before the year is out, I must be in the cabinet. Stay with me, I guarantee your fortunes—three months ago I would not have said that. By-and-by I will open parliament for you—you are not of age yet—work till then. And now sit down and write my letters—a sad arrear!”

“My dear, dear Mr Trevanion!” said I, so affected that I could scarcely speak, and seizing his hand, which I pressed between both mine—“I dare not thank you—I cannot! But you don't know my heart—it is not ambition. No! if I could but stay here on the same terms for ever—*here*—(looking ruefully on that spot where Fanny had stood the night before,) but it is

impossible! If you knew all, you would be the first to bid me go!”

“You are in debt,” said the man of the world, coldly. “Bad, very bad—still—”

“No, sir; no! worse—”

“Hardly possible to be worse, young man—hardly! But, just as you will; you leave me, and will not say why. Good-by. Why do you linger? shake hands, and go!”

“I cannot leave you thus: I—I—sir, the truth shall out. I am rash and mad enough not to see Miss Trevanion without forgetting that I am poor, and—”

“Ha!” interrupted Trevanion softly, and growing pale, “this is a misfortune indeed! And I, who talked of reading characters! Truly, truly, we would-be practical men are fools—fools! And you have made love to my daughter!”

“Sir! Mr Trevanion!—no—never, never so base! In your house, trusted by you,—how could you think it? I dared, it may be, to love—at all events, to feel that I could not be insensible to a temptation too strong for me. But to say it to your daughter—to ask love in return—I would as soon have broken open your desk! Frankly I tell you my folly: it is a folly, not a disgrace.”

Trevanion came up to me abruptly, as I leant against the book-case, and, grasping my hand with a cordial kindness, said,—“Pardon me! You have behaved as your father's son should—I envy him such a son! Now, listen to me—I cannot give you my daughter—”

“Believe me, sir, I never—”

“Tut, listen! I cannot give you my daughter. I say nothing of inequality—all gentlemen are equal; and if not, all impertinent affectation of superiority, in such a case, would come ill from one who owes his own fortune to his wife! But, as it is, I have a stake in the world, won not by fortune only, but the labour of a life, the suppression of half my nature—the drudging, squaring, taming down—all that made the glory and joy of my youth—to be that hard matter-of-fact thing which the English world expect in a—*statesman*! This station has gradually opened into its natural result—power! I tell you—”

shall soon have high office in the administration: I hope to render great services to England—for we English politicians, whatever the mob and the press say of us, are not selfish place-hunters. I refused office, as high as I look for now, ten years ago. We believe in our opinions, and we hail the power that may carry them into effect. In this cabinet I shall have enemies. Oh, don't think we leave jealousy behind us, at the doors of Downing Street! I shall be one of a minority. I know well what must happen: like all men in power, I must strengthen myself by other heads and hands than my own. My daughter should bring to me the alliance of that house in England which is most necessary to me. My life falls to the ground, like a hoase of cards, if I waste—I do not say on you, but on men of ten times your fortune (whatever that be,)—the means of strength which are at my disposal in the hand of Fanny Trevanion. To this end I have looked; but to this end her mother has schemed—for these household matters are within a man's hopes, but belong to a woman's policy. So much for us. But for you, my dear, and frank, and high-souled young friend—for you, if I were not Fanny's father—if I were your nearest relation, and Fanny could be had for the asking, with all her princely dower, (for it is princely,)—for you I should say, fly from a load upon the heart, on the genius, the energy, the pride, and the spirit, which not one man in ten thousand can bear; fly from the curse of owing every thing to a wife!—it is a reversal of all natural position, it is a blow to all the manhood within us. You know not what it is: I do! My wife's fortune came not till after marriage—so far, so well; it saved my reputation from the charge of fortune-hunting. But, I tell you fairly, that if it had never come at all, I should be a prouder, and a greater, and a happier man than I have ever been, or ever can be, with all its advantages; it has been a millstone round my neck. And yet Ellinor has never breathed a word that could wound my pride. Would her daughter be as forbearing? Much as I love Fanny, I doubt if she

has the great heart of her mother. You look incredulous;—naturally. Oh, you think I shall sacrifice my child's happiness to a politician's ambition! Folly of youth! Fanny would be wretched with you. She might not think so now; she would five years hence! Fanny will make an admirable duchess, countess, great lady; but wife to a man who owes all to her!—no, no, don't dream it! I shall not sacrifice her happiness, depend on it. I speak plainly, as man to man—man of the world to a man just entering it—but still man to man! What say you?"

"I will think over all you tell me. I know that you are speaking to me most generously—as a father would. Now let me go, and may God keep you and yours!"

"Go—I return your blessing—go! I don't insult you now with offers of service; but, remember, you have a right to command them—in all ways, in all times. Stop!—take this comfort away with you—a sorry comfort now, a great one hereafter. In a position that might have moved anger, scorn, pity, you have made a barren-hearted man honour and admire you. You, a boy, have made me, with my gray hairs, think better of the whole world: tell your father that."

I closed the door, and stole out softly—softly. But when I got into the hall, Fanny suddenly opened the door of the breakfast parlour, and seemed, by her look, her gesture, to invite me in. Her face was very pale, and there were traces of tears on the heavy lids.

I stood still a moment, and my heart beat violently. I then muttered something inarticulately, and, bowing low, hastened to the door.

I thought, but my ears might deceive me, that I heard my name pronounced; but fortunately the tall porter started from his newspaper and his leather chair, and the entrance stood open. I joined my father.

"It is all over," said I, with a resolute smile. "And now, my dear father, I feel how grateful I should be for all that your lessons—your life—have taught me;—for, believe me, I am not unhappy."

CHAPTER XLII.

We came back to my father's house, and on the stairs we met my mother, whom Roland's grave looks, and her Austin's strange absence, had alarmed. My father quietly led the way to a little room, which my mother had appropriated to Blanche and herself; and then, placing my hand in that which had helped his own steps from the stony path, down the quiet vales of life, he said to me,—“Nature gives you here the soother;”—and, so saying, he left the room.

And it was true, O my mother! that in thy simple loving breast nature did place the deep wells of comfort! We come to men for philosophy—to women for consolation. And the thousand weaknesses and regrets—the sharp sands of the minutiae that make up *sorrow*—all these, which I could have betrayed to no *man*—not even to him, the dearest and tenderest of all men—I showed without shame to thee! And thy tears, that fell on my cheek, had the balm of Araby; and my heart, at length, lay lulled and soothed under thy moist gentle eyes.

I made an effort, and joined the little circle at dinner; and I felt grateful that no violent attempt was made to raise my spirits—nothing but affection, more subdued, and soft, and tranquil. Even little Blanche, as if by the intuition of sympathy, ceased her babble, and seemed to hush her footstep as she crept to my side. But after dinner, when we had reassembled in the drawing-room, and the lights shone bright, and the curtains were let down—and only the quick roll of some passing wheels reminded us that there was a world without—my father began to talk. He had laid aside all his work; the younger, but less perishable child was forgotten,—and my father began to talk.

“It is,” said he musingly, “a well-known thing, that particular drugs or herbs suit the body according to its particular diseases. When we are ill, we don't open our medicine-chest at random, and take out any

powder or phial that comes to hand. The skilful doctor is he who adjusts the dose to the malady.”

“Of that there can be no doubt,” quoth Captain Roland. “I remember a notable instance of the justice of what you say. When I was in Spain, both my horse and I fell ill at the same time; a dose was sent for each; and, by some infernal mistake, I swallowed the horse's physic, and the horse, poor thing, swallowed mine!”

“And what was the result?” asked my father.

“The horse died!” answered Roland mournfully—“a valuable beast—bright bay, with a star!”

“And you?”

“Why, the doctor said it ought to have killed me; but it took a great deal more than a paltry bottle of physic to kill a man in my regiment.”

“Nevertheless, we arrive at the same conclusion,” pursued my father,—“I with my theory, you with your experience,—that the physic we take must not be chosen hap-hazard; and that a mistake in the bottle may kill a horse. But when we come to the medicine for the mind, how little do we think of the golden rule which common-sense applies to the body.”

“Anon,” said the Captain, “what medicine is there for the mind? Shakspeare has said something on that subject, which, if I recollect right, implies that there is no ministering to a mind diseased.”

“I think not, brother; he only said physic (meaning boluses and black draughts) would not do it. And Shakspeare was the last man to find fault with his own art; for, verily, he has been a great physician to the mind.”

“Ah! I take you now, brother,—books again! So you think that, when a man breaks his heart, or loses his fortune, or his daughter—(Blanche, child, come here)—that you have only to clap a plaster of print on the sore place, and all is well. I wish you would find me such a cure.”

“Will you try it?”

“If it is not Greek,” said my uncle.

CHAPTER XLIII.

MY FATHER'S CROTCHET ON THE HYGIENIC CHEMISTRY OF BOOKS.

"If," said my father—and here his hand was deep in his waistcoat—"if we accept the authority of Diodorus, as to the inscription on the great Egyptian library—and I don't see why Diodorus should not be as near the mark as any one else?" added my father interrogatively, turning round.

My mother thought herself the person addressed, and nodded her gracious assent to the authority of Diodorus. His opinion thus fortified, my father continued,—“If, I say, we accept the authority of Diodorus, the inscription on the Egyptian library was—‘The Medicine of the Mind.’ Now, that phrase has become notoriously trite and hackneyed, and people repeat vaguely that books are the medicine of the mind. Yes; but to apply the medicine is the thing!”

“So you have told us at least twice before, brother,” quoth the Captain, bluffly. “And what Diodorus has to do with it, I know no more than the man of the moon.”

“I shall never get on at this rate,” said my father, in a tone between reproach and entreaty.

“Be good children, Roland and Blanche both,” said my mother, stopping from her work, and holding up her needle threateningly—and indeed inflicting a slight puncture upon the Captain's shoulder.

“*Rem acu tetigisti*, my dear,” said my father, borrowing Cicero's pun on the occasion.* “And now we shall go upon velvet. I say, then, that books, taken indiscriminately, are no cure to the diseases and afflictions of the mind. There is a world of science necessary in the taking them. I have known some people in great sorrow fly to a novel, or the last light book in fashion. One might as well take a rose-draught for the plague! Light reading does not do when the heart is really heavy. I am told that Goethe, when he lost his son, took to study a science that was new to him. Ah! Goethe was a physician who knew what he was

about. In a great grief like that, you cannot tickle and divert the mind; you must wrench it away, abstract, absorb—bury it in an abyss, hurry it into a labyrinth. Therefore, for the irremediable sorrows of middle life and old age, I recommend a strict chronic course of science and hard reasoning—Counter-irritation. Bring the brain to act upon the heart! If science is too much against the grain, (for we have not all got mathematical heads,) something in the reach of the humblest understanding, but sufficiently searching to the highest—a new language—Greek, Arabic, Scandinavian, Chinese, or Welch! For the loss of fortune, the dose should be applied less directly to the understanding.—I would administer something elegant and cordial. For as the heart is crushed and lacerated by a loss in the affections, so it is rather the head that aches and suffers by the loss of money. Here we find the higher class of poets a very valuable remedy. For observe that poets of the grander and more comprehensive kind of genius have in them two separate men, quite distinct from each other—the imaginative man, and the practical, circumstantial man; and it is the happy mixture of these that suits diseases of the mind, half imaginative and half practical. There is Homer, now lost with the gods, now at home with the homeliest, the very ‘poet of circumstance,’ as Gray has finely called him; and yet with imagination enough to seduce and coax the dullest into forgetting, for a while, that little spot on his desk which his banker's book can cover. There is Virgil, far below him, indeed

—‘Virgil the wise,

Whose verse walks highest, but not flies.’

as Cowley expresses it. But Virgil still has genius enough to be two men—to lead you into the fields, not only to listen to the pastoral reed, and to hear the bees hum, but to note how you can make the most of the glebe and the vineyard. There is Horace, charming man of the

* Cicero's joke on a senator who was the son of a tailor—“Thou hast touched the thing sharply,” (or with a needle—*acu*.)

world, who will condole with you feelingly on the loss of your fortune, and by no means undervalue the good things of this life; but who will yet show you that a man may be happy with a *vile modicum*, or *parva parva*. There is Shakspeare, who, above all poets, is the mysterious dual of hard sense and empyreal fancy—and a great many more, whom I need not name; but who, if you take to them gently and quietly, will not, like your mere philosopher, your unreasonable stoic, tell you that you have lost nothing; but who will insensibly steal you out of this world, with its losses and crosses, and slip you into another world, before you know where you are!—a world where you are just as welcome, though you carry no more earth of your lost acres with you than covers the sole of your shoe. Then, for hypochondria and satiety, what is better than a brisk alterative course of travels—especially early, out of the way, marvellous, legendary travels! How they freshen up the spirits! How they take you out of the humdrum yawning state you are in. See, with Herodotus, young Greece spring up into life; or note with him how already the wondrous old Orient world is crumbling into giant decay; or go with Carpinus and Rubruquis to Tartary, meet ‘the carts of Zagathai laden with houses, and think that a great city is travelling towards you.’* Gaze on that vast wild empire of the Tartar, where the descendants of Jenghis ‘multiply and disperse over the immense waste desert, which is as boundless as the ocean.’ Sail with the early northern discoverers, and penetrate to the heart of winter, among sea-serpents and bears, and tasked morses, with the faces of men. Then, what think you of Columbus, and the stern soul of Cortes, and the kingdom of Mexico, and the strange gold city of the Peruvians, with that audacious brute Pizarro? and the Polynesians, just for all the world like the ancient Britons? and the American Indians, and the South-Sea Islanders? how petulant, and young, and adventurous, and frisky your hypochondriac must get upon a regimen like that!

Then, for that vice of the mind which I call sectarianism—not in the religious sense of the word, but little, narrow prejudices, that make you hate your next-door neighbour, because he has his eggs roasted when you have yours boiled; and gossiping and prying into people’s affairs, and back-biting, and thinking heaven and earth are coming together, if some broom touch a cobweb that you have let grow over the window-sill of your brains—what like a large and generous, mildly aperient (I beg your pardon, my dear) course of history! How it clears away all the fumes of the head!—better than the hellebore with which the old leeches of the middle ages purged the cerebellum. There, amidst all that great whirl and *sturm*bad (storm-bath), as the Germans say, of kingdoms and empires, and races and ages, how your mind enlarges beyond that little, feverish animosity to John Styles; or that unfortunate prepossession of yours, that all the world is interested in your grievances against Tom Stokes and his wife!

“I can only touch, you see, on a few ingredients in this magnificent pharmacy—its resources are boundless, but require the nicest discretion. I remember to have cured a disconsolate widower, who obstinately refused every other medicament, by a strict course of geology. I dipped him deep into gneiss and mica schist. Amidst the first strata, I suffered the watery action to expend itself upon cooling crystallised masses; and, by the time I had got him into the tertiary period, amongst the transition chalks of Maestricht, and the conchiferous marls of Gosau, he was ready for a new wife. Kitty, my dear! it is no laughing matter. I made no less notable a cure of a young scholar at Cambridge, who was meant for the church, when he suddenly caught a cold fit of freethinking, with great shiverings, from wading over his depth in Spinosa. None of the divines, whom I first tried, did him the least good in that state; so I turned over a new leaf, and doctored him gently upon the chapters of faith in Abraham Tucker’s book, (you should

* RUBRUQUIS, sect. xii.

read it, Sixty;) then I threw in strong doses of Fichté; after that I put him on the Scotch metaphysicians, with plunge baths into certain German transcendentalists; and having convinced him that faith is not an unphilosophical state of mind, and that he might believe without compromising his understanding—for he was mightily conceited on that score—I threw in my divines, which he was now fit to digest; and his theological constitution, since then, has become so robust, that he has eaten up two livings and a deanery! In fact, I have a plan for a library that, instead of heading its compartments, 'Philology, Natural Science, Poetry,' &c., one shall head them according to the diseases for which they are severally good, bodily and mental—up from a dire calamity, or the pangs of the gout, down to a fit of the spleen, or a slight catarrh; for which last your light reading comes in with a whey posset and barley-water. But," continued my father more gravely, "when some one sorrow, that is yet reparable, gets hold of your mind like a monomania—when you think, because heaven has denied you this or that, on which you had set your heart, that all your life must be a blank—oh, then diet yourself well on biography—the biography of good and great men. See how little a space one sorrow really makes in life. See scarce a page, perhaps, given to some grief similar to your own; and how triumphantly the life sails on beyond it! You thought the wing was broken!—Tut—tut—it was but a bruised feather! See what life leaves behind it, when all is done!—a summary of positive facts

far out of the region of sorrow and suffering, linking themselves with the being of the world. Yes, biography is the medicine here! Roland, you said you would try my prescription—here it is,"—and my father took up a book, and reached it to the Captain.

My uncle looked over it—*Life of the Reverend Robert Hall*. "Brother, he was a Dissenter, and, thank heaven, I am a church-and-state man, back and bone!"

"Robert Hall was a brave man, and a true soldier under the great commander," said my father artfully.

The Captain mechanically carried his forefinger to his forehead in military fashion, and saluted the book respectfully.

"I have another copy for you, Pisistratus—that is mine which I have lent Roland. This, which I bought for you to-day, you will keep."

"Thank you, sir," said I listlessly, not seeing what great good the *Life of Robert Hall* could do me, or why the same medicine should suit the old weatherbeaten uncle, and the nephew yet in his teens.

"I have said nothing," resumed my father, slightly bowing his broad temples, "of the Book of Books, for that is the *lignum vite*, the cardinal medicine for all. These are but the subsidiaries: for, as you may remember, my dear Kitty, that I have said before—we can never keep the system quite right unless we place just in the centre of the great ganglionic system, whence the nerves carry its influence gently and smoothly through the whole frame—THE SAFFRON BAG!"

CHAPTER XLIV.

After breakfast the next morning, I took my hat to go out, when my father, looking at me, and seeing by my countenance that I had not slept, said gently—

"My dear Pisistratus, you have not tried my medicine yet."

"What medicine, sir?"

"Robert Hall."

"No, indeed, not yet," said I, smiling.

"Do so, my son, before you go out; depend on it, you will enjoy your walk more."

I confess that it was with some reluctance I obeyed. I went back to my own room, and sate resolutely down to my task. Are there any of you, my readers, who have not read the *Life of Robert Hall*? If so, in the words of the great Captain Outtie, "When found, make a note of it." Never mind what your theological opinion is—Episcopalian, Presbyterian, Baptist, Pædebaptist, Independent, Quaker, Unitarian, Philosopher, Freethinker—send for Robert Hall! Yea, if there exist yet

on earth descendants of the arch-heresies, which made such a noise in their day—men who believe with Saturninus that the world was made by seven angels; or with Basilides, that there are as many heavens as there are days in the year; or with the Nicolaitanes, that men ought to have their wives in common, (plenty of that sect still, especially in the Red Republic;) or with their successors, the Gnostics, who believed in Jaldabaoth; or with the Carapetrans, that the world was made by the devil; or with the Cerinthians, and Ebionites, and Nazarites, (which last discovered that the name of Noah's wife was Ouria, and that she set the ark on fire;) or with the Valentinians, who taught that there were thirty Æones, ages, or worlds, born out of Profundity, (Bathos,) male, and Silence, female; or with the Marcites, Colarbasii, and Heracleonites, (who still kept up that bother about Æones, Mr Profundity, and Mrs Silence;) or with the Ophites, who are said to have worshipped the serpent; or the Cainites, who ingeniously found out a reason for honouring Judas, because he foresaw what good would come to men by betraying our Saviour; or with the Sethites, who made Seth a part of the Divine substance; or with the Archonticks, Ascothypatæ, Cerdonians, Marcionites, the disciples of Apelles, and Severus, (the last was a teetotaller, and said wine was begot by Satan!) or of Tatian, who thought all the descendants of Adam were irretrievably damned except themselves, (some of those Tattiani are certainly extant!) or the Cataphrygians, who were also called Tascodragitæ, because they thrust their forefingers up their nostrils to show their devotion; or the Pepuzians, Quintilians, and Artotyrites; or—but no matter. If I go through all the follies of men in search of the truth, I shall never get to the end of my chapter, or back to Robert Hall: whatever, then, thou art, orthodox or heterodox, send for the *Life of Robert Hall*. It is the life of a man that it does good to manhood itself to contemplate.

I had finished the biography, which is not long, and was musing over it, when I heard the Captain's cork-leg upon the stairs. I opened the door

for him, and he entered, book in hand, as I, also book in hand, stood ready to receive him.

"Well, sir," said Roland, seating himself, "has the prescription done you any good?"

"Yes, uncle—great."

"And me too. By Jupiter, Sixty, that same Hall was a fine fellow! I wonder if the medicine has gone through the same channels in both? Tell me, first, how it has affected you."

"*Imprimis*, then, my dear uncle, I fancy that a book like this must do good to all who live in the world in the ordinary manner, by admitting us into a circle of life of which I suspect we think but little. Here is a man connecting himself directly with a heavenly purpose, and cultivating considerable faculties to that one end; seeking to accomplish his soul as far as he can, that he may do most good on earth, and take a higher existence up to heaven; a man intent upon a sublime and spiritual duty: in short, living as it were in it, and so filled with the consciousness of immortality, and so strong in the link between God and man, that, without any affected stoicism, without being insensible to pain—rather, perhaps, from a nervous temperament, acutely feeling it—he yet has a happiness wholly independent of it. It is impossible not to be thrilled with an admiration that elevates while it awes you, in reading that solemn 'Dedication of himself to God.' This offering of 'soul and body, time, health, reputation, talents,' to the divine and invisible Principle of Good, calls us suddenly to contemplate the selfishness of our own views and hopes, and awakens us from the egotism that exacts all and resigns nothing.

"But this book has mostly struck upon the chord in my own heart, in that characteristic which my father indicated as belonging to all biography. Here is a life of remarkable *fullness*, great study, great thought, and great action; and yet," said I, colouring, "how small a place those feelings, which have tyrannised over me, and made all else seem blank and void, hold in that life. It is not as if the man were a cold and hard ascetic; it is easy to see in him not only remarkable tenderness and warm

affections, but strong self-will, and the passion of all vigorous natures. Yes, I understand better now what existence in a true man should be."

"All that is very well said," quoth the Captain, "but it did not strike me. What I have seen in this book is courage. Here is a poor creature rolling 'on the carpet with agony; from childhood to death tortured by a mysterious incurable malady—a malady that is described as 'an internal apparatus of torture;' and who does, by his heroism, more than *bear* it—he puts it out of power to affect him; and though (here is the passage) 'his appointment by day and by night was incessant pain, yet high enjoyment was, notwithstanding, the law of his existence.' Robert Hall reads me a lesson—me, an old soldier, who thought myself above taking lessons—in courage, at least. And, as I came to that passage when, in the sharp paroxysms before death, he says, 'I have not complained, have I, sir?—and I won't complain,'—when I came to that passage I started up,

and cried, 'Roland de Caxton, thou hast been a coward! and, an thou hadst had thy deserts, thou hadst been cashiered, broken, and drummed out of the regiment long ago!'"

"After all, then, my father was not so wrong—he placed his guns right, and fired a good shot."

"He must have been from 6° to 9° above the crest of the parapet," said my uncle, thoughtfully—"which, I take it, is the best elevation, both for shot and shells, in enfilading a work."

"What say you, then, Captain? up with our knapsacks, and on with the march!"

"Right about—face!" cried my uncle, as erect as a column.

"No looking back, if we can help it."

"Full in the front of the enemy.—'Up, guards, and at 'em!'"

"'England expects every man to do his duty!'"

"Cypress or laurel!" cried my uncle, waving the book over his head.

CHAPTER XLV.

I went out—and to see Francis Vivian; for, on leaving Mr Treva-
nion, I was not without anxiety for my new friend's future provision. But Vivian was from home, and I strolled from his lodgings, into the suburbs on the other side of the river, and began to meditate seriously on the best course now to pursue. In quitting my present occupations, I resigned prospects far more brilliant, and fortunes far more rapid than I could ever hope to realise in any other entrance into life. But I felt the necessity, if I desired to keep steadfast to that more healthful frame of mind I had obtained, of some manly and continuous labour—some earnest employment. My thoughts flew back to the university; and the quiet of its cloisters— which, until I had been blinded by the glare of the London world, and grief had somewhat dulled the edge of my quick desires and hopes, had seemed to me cheerless and unaltering—took an inviting aspect. They presented what I needed most—a new scene, a new arena, a partial

return into boyhood; repose for passions prematurely raised; activity for the reasoning powers in fresh directions. I had not lost my time in London: I had kept up, if not studies purely classical, at least the habits of application; I had sharpened my general comprehension, and augmented my resources. Accordingly, when I returned home, I resolved to speak to my father. But I found he had forestalled me; and, on entering, my mother drew me up stairs into her room, with a smile kindled by my smile, and told me that she and her Austin had been thinking that it was best that I should leave London as soon as possible; that my father found he could now dispense with the library of the Museum for some months; that the time for which they had taken their lodgings would be up in a few days; that the summer was far advanced, town odious, the country beautiful—in a word, we were to go home. There I could prepare myself for Cambridge, till the long vacation was over; and, my mother added

hesitatingly, and with a prefatory caution to spare my health, that my father, whose income could ill afford the requisite allowance to me, counted on my soon lightening his burden, by getting a scholarship. I felt how much provident kindness there was in all this—even in that hint of a scholarship, which was meant to rouse my faculties, and spur me, by affectionate incentives, to a new ambition. I was not less delighted than grateful.

“But poor Roland,” said I, “and little Blanche—will they come with us?”

“I fear not,” said my mother, “for Roland is anxious to get back to his tower; and, in a day or two, he will be well enough to move.”

“Do you not think, my dear mother, that, somehow or other, this lost son of his had something to do with his illness,—that the illness was as much mental as physical?”

“I have no doubt of it, Slaty. What a sad, bad heart that young man must have!”

“My uncle seems to have abandoned all hope of finding him in London; otherwise, ill as he has been, I am sure we could not have kept him at home. So he goes back to the old tower. Poor man, he must be dull enough there!—we must contrive to pay him a visit. Does Blanche ever speak of her brother?”

“No, for it seems they were not brought up much together—at all events, she does not remember him. How lovely she is! Her mother must surely have been very handsome.”

“She is a pretty child, certainly, though in a strange style of beauty—such immense eyes!—and affectionate, and loves Roland as she ought.”

And here the conversation dropped.

Our plans being thus decided, it was necessary that I should lose no time in seeing Vivian, and making some arrangement for the future. His manner had lost so much of its abruptness, that I thought I could venture to recommend him personally to Trevanion; and I knew, after what had passed, that Trevanion would make a point to oblige me. I resolved to consult my father about it. As yet I had either never forced, or never made the opportunity to talk to

my father on the subject, he had been so occupied; and, if he had proposed to see my new friend, what answer could I have made, in the teeth of Vivian's cynic objections? However, as we were now going away, that last consideration ceased to be of importance; and, for the first, the student had not yet entirely settled back to his books. I therefore watched the time when my father walked down to the Museum, and, slipping my arm in his, I told him, briefly and rapidly, as we went along, how I had formed this strange acquaintance, and how I was now situated. The story did not interest my father quite as much as I expected, and he did not understand all the complexities of Vivian's character—how could he?—for he answered briefly, “I should think that, for a young man, apparently without a sixpence, and whose education seems so imperfect, any resource in Trevanion must be most temporary and uncertain. Speak to your uncle Jack—he can find him some place, I have no doubt—perhaps a readership in a printer's office, or a reporter's place on some journal, if he is fit for it. But if you want to steady him, let it be something regular.”

Therewith my father dismissed the matter, and vanished through the gates of the Museum.—Readership to a printer, reportership on a journal, for a young gentleman with the high notions and arrogant vanity of Francis Vivian—his ambition already soaring far beyond kid gloves and a cabriolet! The idea was hopeless; and, perplexed and doubtful, I took my way to Vivian's lodgings. I found him at home, and unemployed, standing by his window, with folded arms, and in a state of such reverie that he was not aware of my entrance till I had touched him on the shoulder.

“Ha!” said he then, with one of his short, quick, impatient sighs, “I thought you had given me up, and forgotten me—but you look pale and harassed. I could almost think you had grown thinner within the last few days.”

“Oh! never mind me, Vivian: I have come to speak of yourself. I have left Trevanion; it is settled that I should go to the university—and we all quit town in a few days.”

"In a few days!—all!—who are all?"

"My family—father, mother, uncle, cousin, and myself. But, my dear fellow, now let us think seriously what is best to be done for you? I can present you to Trevanion."

"Ha!"

"But Trevanion is a hard, though an excellent man; and, moreover, as he is always changing the subjects that engross him, in a month or so, he may have nothing to give you. You said you would work—will you consent not to complain if the work cannot be done in kid gloves? Young men who have risen high in the world have begun, it is well known, as reporters to the press. It is a situation of respectability, and in request, and not easy to obtain, I fancy; but still—"

Vivian interrupted me hastily—

"Thank you a thousand times! but what you say confirms a resolution I had taken before you came. I shall make it up with my family, and return home."

"Oh! I am so really glad. How wise in you!"

Vivian turned away his head abruptly—

"Your pictures of family life and domestic peace, you see," he said, "seduced me more than you thought. When do you leave town?"

"Why, I believe, early next week."

"So soon!" said Vivian, thoughtfully. "Well, perhaps I may ask you yet to introduce me to Mr Trevanion; for—who knows?—my family and I may fall out again. But I will consider. I think I have heard you say that this Trevanion is a very old friend of your father's, or uncle's?"

"He, or rather Lady Ellinor, is an old friend of both."

"And therefore would listen to your recommendations of me. But perhaps I may not need them. So you have left—left of your own accord—a situation that seemed more enjoyable, I should think, than rooms in a college;—left—why did you leave?"

And Vivian fixed his bright eyes, full and piercingly, on mine.

"It was only for a time, for a trial, that I was there," said I, evasively: "out at nurse, as it were, till the Alma Mater opened her arms—*alms*

indeed she ought to be to my father's son."

Vivian looked unsatisfied with my explanation, but did not question me farther. He himself was the first to turn the conversation, and he did this with more affectionate cordiality than was common to him. He inquired into our general plans, into the probabilities of our return to town, and drew from me a description of our rural Tusculum. He was quiet and subdued; and once or twice I thought there was a moisture in those luminous eyes. We parted with more of the unreserve and fondness of youthful friendship—at least on my part, and seemingly on his—than had yet endeared our singular intimacy; for the cement of cordial attachment had been wanting to an intercourse in which one party refused all confidence, and the other mingled distrust and fear with keen interest and compassionate admiration.

That evening, before lights were brought in, my father, turning to me, abruptly asked if I had seen my friend, and what he was about to do?

"He thinks of returning to his family," said I.

Roland, who had seemed dozing, winced uneasily.

"Who returns to his family?" asked the Captain.

"Why, you must know," said my father, "that Sisty has fished up a friend of whom he can give no account that would satisfy a policeman, and whose fortunes he thinks himself under the necessity of protecting. You are very lucky that he has not picked your pockets, Sisty; but I daresay he has? What's his name?"

"Vivian," said I—"Francis Vivian."

"A good name, and a Cornish," said my father. "Some derive it from the Romans—Vivianus; others from a Celtic word, which means"—

"Vivian!" interrupted Roland—"Vivian!—I wonder if it be the son of Colonel Vivian?"

"He is certainly a gentleman's son," said I; "but he never told me what his family and connexions were."

"Vivian," repeated my uncle—"poor Colonel Vivian. So the young man is going to his father. I have no doubt it is the same. Ah!"—

"What do you know of Colonel Vivian, or his son?" said I. "Pray, tell me, I am so interested in this young man."

"I know nothing of either, except by gossip," said my uncle, moodily. "I did hear that Colonel Vivian, an excellent officer, and honourable man, had been in—in—(Roland's voice faltered)—in great grief about his son, whom, a mere boy, he had prevented from some improper marriage, and who had run away and left him—it was supposed for America. The story affected me at the time," added my uncle, trying to speak calmly.

We were all silent, for we felt why

Roland was so disturbed, and why Colonel Vivian's grief should have touched him home. Similarity in affliction makes us brothers even to the unknown.

"You say he is going home to his family—I am heartily glad of it!" said the envying old soldier, gallantly.

The lights came in then, and, two minutes after, uncle Roland and I were nestled close to each other, side by side; and I was reading over his shoulder, and his finger was silently resting on that passage that had so struck him—"I have not complained—have I, sir?—and I won't complain!"

THE WHITE NILE.

FIFTY years since, the book before us would have earned for its author the sneers of critics and the reputation of a Munchausen: at the present more tolerant and more enlightened day, it not only obtains credit, but excites well-merited admiration of the writer's enterprise, energy, and perseverance. "The rich contents and great originality of the following work," says Professor Carl Ritter, in his preface to Mr Werne's narrative, "will escape no one who bestows a glance, however hasty, upon its pages. It gives vivid and life-like pictures of tribes and territories previously unvisited, and is welcome as a most acceptable addition to our literature of travel, often so monotonous." We quite coincide with the learned professor, whose laudatory and long-winded sentences we have thus freely rendered. His friend, Mr Ferdinand Werne, has made good use of his opportunities, and has produced a very interesting and praiseworthy book.

It is, perhaps, hardly necessary to remind the reader, that the river Nile is formed of two confluent streams, the Blue and the White, whose junction is in South Nubia, between 15° and 16° of North Latitude. The source of the Blue Nile was ascertained by Bruce, and by subsequent

travellers, to be in the mountains of Abyssinia; but the course of the other branch, which is by far the longest, had been followed, until very lately, only as far south as 10° or 11° N. L. Even now the river has not been traced to its origin, although Mr Werne and his companions penetrated to 4° N. L. Further they could not go, owing to the rapid subsidence of the waters. The expedition had been delayed six weeks by the culpable dilatoriness of one of its members; and this was fatal to the realisation of its object.

We can conceive few things more exciting than such a voyage as Mr Werne has accomplished and recorded. Starting from the outposts of civilisation, he sailed into the very heart of Africa, up a stream whose upper waters were then for the first time furrowed by vessels larger than a savage's canoe—a stream of such gigantic proportions, that its width, at a thousand miles from the sea, gave it the aspect of a lake rather than of a river. The brute creation were in proportion with the magnitude of the water-course. The hippopotamus reared his huge snout above the surface, and wallowed in the gullies that on either hand run down to the stream; enormous crocodiles gaped along the shore; elephants played in herds upon

the pastures; the tall giraffe stalked amongst the lofty palms; snakes thick as trees lay coiled in the slimy swamps; and ant-hills, ten feet high, towered above the rushes. Along the thickly-peopled banks hordes of savages showed themselves, gazing in wonder at the strange ships, and making ambiguous gestures, variously construed by the adventurers as signs of friendship or hostility. Alternately sailing and towing, as the wind served or not; constantly in sight of natives, but rarely communicating with them; often cut off for days from land by interminable fields of tangled weeds,—the expedition pursued its course through innumerable perils, guaranteed from most of them by the liquid rampart on which it floated. Lions looked hungry, and savages shook their spears, but neither showed a disposition to swim off and board the flotilla.

The cause of science has countless obligations to the cupidity of potentates and adventurers. May it not be part of the scheme of Providence, that gold is placed in the most remote and barbarous regions, as a magnet to draw thither the children of civilisation? The expedition shared in by Mr Werne is an argument in favour of the hypothesis. It originated in appetite for lucre, not in thirst for knowledge. Mehemet Ali, viceroy of Egypt, finding the lands within his control unable to meet his lavish expenditure and constant cry for gold, projected working mines supposed to exist in the districts of Kordovan and Fazogl. At heavy cost he procured Austrian miners from Trieste, a portion of whom proceeded in 1836 to the land of promise, to open those veins of gold whence it was reported the old Venetian ducats had been extracted. Already, in imagination, the viceroy beheld an ingot-laden fleet sailing merrily down the Nile. He was disappointed in his glowing expectations. Russegger, the German chief of the expedition, pocketed the pay of a Bey, ate and drank in conformity with his rank, rambled about the country, and wrote a book for the amusement and information of his countrymen. Then he demanded thirty thousand dollars to begin the works. An Italian, who had accompanied him, offered to do it for less; mistrust and disputes arose,

and at last their employer would rely on neither of them, but resolved to go and see for himself. This was in the autumn of 1838; and it might well be that the old fox was not sorry to get out of the way of certain diplomatic personages at Alexandria, and thus to postpone for a while his reply to troublesome inquiries and demands.

"It was on the 15th October 1838," Mr Werne says, "that I—for some time past an anchorite in the wilderness by Tura, and just returned from a hunt in the ruins of Memphis—saw, from the left shore of the Nile, the Abu Dagn, (Father of the Beard,) as Mohammed Ali was designated to me by a Fellah standing by, steam past in his yacht, in the direction of those regions to which I would then so gladly have proceeded. Already in Alexandria I had gathered, over a glass of wine, from frigate-captain Achmet, (a Swiss, named Baumgärtner,) the secret plan of the expedition to the White Stream, (Bach'r el Abiat,) and I had made every effort to obtain leave to join it, but in vain, because, as a Christian, my discretion was not to be depended upon."

The Swiss, whom some odd caprice of fate, here unexplained, had converted into an Egyptian naval captain, and to whom the scientific duties of the expedition were confided, died in the following spring, and his place was taken by Captain Selim. Mr Werne and his brother, who had long ardently desired to accompany one of these expeditions up the Nile, were greatly discouraged at this change, which they looked upon as destructive to their hopes. At the town of Chartum, at the confluence of the White and Blue streams, they witnessed, in the month of November 1839, the departure of the first flotilla; and, although sick and weak, from the effects of the climate, their hearts were wrung with regret at being left behind. This expedition got no further than 6° 35' N. L.; although, either from mistakes in their astronomical reckoning or wishing to give themselves more importance, and not anticipating that others would soon follow to check their statements, they pretended to have gone three degrees further south. But Mehemet Ali, not satisfied with the result of

their voyage, immediately ordered a second expedition to be fitted out. Mr Werne, who is a most adventurous person, had been for several months in the Taka country, in a district previously untrodden by Europeans, with an army commanded by Achmet Bascha, governor-general of Sudan, who was operating against some rebellious tribes. Here news reached him of the projected expedition; and, to his great joy, he obtained from Achmet permission to accompany it in the quality of passenger. His brother, then body-physician to the Bascha, could not be spared, by reason of the great mortality in the camp.

At Chartum the waters were high, the wind was favourable, and all was ready for a start early in October, but for the non-appearance of two French engineers, who lingered six weeks in Korusko, under one pretext or other, but in reality, Mr Werne affirms, because one of them, Arnaud by name, who has since written an account of the expedition, was desirous to prolong the receipt of his pay as *bimbaschi*, or major, which rank he temporarily held in the Egyptian service. At last he and his companion, Sabatier, arrived: on the 23d November 1840 a start was made; and, on that day Mr Werne began a journal, regularly kept, and most minute in its details, which he continued till the 22d April 1841, the date of his return to Chartum. He commences by stating the composition of the expedition. "It consists of four dahabes from Kahira, (vessels with two masts and with cabins, about a hundred feet long, and twelve to fifteen broad,) each with two cannon; three dahabes from Chartum, one of which has also two guns; then two kaïas, one-masted vessels, to carry goods, and a sandal, or skiff, for intercommunication; the crews are composed of two hundred and fifty soldiers, (Negroes, Egyptians, and Surians,) and a hundred and twenty sailors and boatmen from Alexandria, Nubia, and the land of Sudan." Soliman Kaschef (a Circassian of considerable energy and courage, who, like Mr Werne himself, was protected by Achmet Bascha) commanded the troops. Captain Selim had charge of the ships, and a

sort of general direction of the expedition, of which, however, Soliman was the virtual chief; the second captain was Feizulla Effendi of Constantinople; the other officers were two Kurds, a Russian, an Albanian, and a Persian. Of Europeans, there were the two Frenchmen, already mentioned, as engineers; a third, named Thibaut, as collector; and Mr Werne, as an independent passenger at his own charges. The ships were to follow each other in two lines, one led by Soliman, the other by Selim; but this order of sailing was abandoned the very first day; and so, indeed, was nearly all order of every kind. Each man sailed his bark as he pleased, without nautical skill or unity of movement; and, as to one general and energetic supervision of the whole flotilla and its progress, no one dreamed of such a thing. Mr Werne indulged in gloomy reflections as to the probable results of an enterprise, at whose very outset such want of zeal and discipline was displayed. It does not appear to have struck him that not the least of his dangers upon the strange voyage he had so eagerly undertaken, was from his shipmates, many of them bigoted Mahometans and reckless, ferocious fellows, ready with the knife, and who would have thought little of burthening their conscience with so small a matter as a Christian's blood. He is evidently a cool, courageous man, prompt in action; and his knowledge of the slavish, treacherous character of the people he had to deal with, doubtless taught him the best line of conduct to pursue with them. This, as appears from various passages of his journal, was the rough and ready style—a blow for the slightest impertinence, and his arms, which he well knew how to use, always at hand. He did not scruple to interfere when he saw cruelty or oppression practised, and soon he made himself respected, if not feared, by all on board; so much so, that Feizulla, the captain of the vessel in which he sailed, a drunken old Turk, who passed his time in drinking spirits and mending his own clothes, appointed him his *locum tenens* during his occasional absences on shore. During his five months' voyage, Mr

Werne had a fine opportunity of studying the peculiarities of the different nations with individuals of which he sailed; and, although his long residence in Africa and the East had made him regard such matters with comparative indifference, the occasional glimpses he gives of Turkish and Egyptian habits are amongst the most interesting passages in his book. Already, on the third day of the voyage, the expiration of the Rhamadan, or fasting month, and the setting in of the little feast of Bairam, gave rise to a singular scene. The flotilla was passing through the country governed by Achmet Bascha, in which Soliman was a man of great importance. By his desire, a herd of oxen and a large flock of sheep were driven down to the shore, for the use of the expedition. The preference was for the mutton, the beef in those regions being usually tough and coarse, and consequently despised by the Turks. "This quality of the meat is owing to the nature of the fodder, the tender grass and herbs of our marshlands and pastures being here unknown—and to the climate, which hardens the animal texture, a fact perceived by the surgeon when operating upon the human body. Our Arabs, who, like the Greeks and Jews, born butchers and slayers, know no mercy with beasts or men, fell upon the unfortunate animals, hamstringed them in all haste, to obviate any chance of resumption of the gift, and the hecatomb sank upon the ground, pitiful to behold. During the flaying and quartering, every man tried to secrete a sippet of meat, cutting it off by stealth, or stealing it from the back of the bearers. These coveted morsels were stuck upon skewers, broiled at the nearest watch-fire, and ravenously devoured, to prepare the stomach for the approaching banquet. Although they know how to cook the liver excellently well, upon this occasion they preferred eating it raw, cut up in a wooden dish, and with the gall of the slaughtered beast poured over it. Thus prepared, and eaten with salt and pepper, it has much the flavour of a good raw beef-steak." The celebration of the Bairam was a scene of gluttony and gross revelry. Arrack was served out in-

stead of the customary ration of coffee; and many a Mussulman drank more than did him good, or than the Prophet's law allows. In the night, Captain Feizulla tumbled out of bed; and, having spoiled his subordinates by over-indulgence, not one of them stirred to his assistance. Mr Werne picked him up, found him in an epileptic fit, and learned, with no great pleasure, Feizulla being his cabin-mate, that the thirsty skipper was subject to such attacks. He foresaw a comfortless voyage on board the narrow bark, and with such queer companions; but the daily increasing interest of the scenery and surrounding objects again distracted his thoughts from considerations of personal ease. He had greater difficulty in reconciling himself to the negligence and indolence of his associates. So long as food was abundant and work scanty, all went well enough; but when liquor ran low, and the flesh-pots of Egypt were empty, grumbling began, and the thoughts of the majority were fixed upon a speedy return. Their chiefs set them a poor example. Soliman Kaschef lay in bed till an hour after sunrise, and the signal to sail could not be given till he awoke; and Feizulla, when his and Mr Werne's stock of brandy was out, passed one half his time in distilling spirits from stale dates, and the other moiety in getting intoxicated on the turbid extract thus obtained. Then the officers had female slaves on board; and there was a licensed jester, Abu Haschis, who supplied the expedition with buffoonery and ribaldry; and the most odious practices prevailed amongst the crews; for further details concerning all which matters we refer the curious to Mr Werne himself. A more singularly composed expedition was perhaps never fitted out, nor one less adapted effectually to perform the services required of it. Cleanliness and sobriety, so incumbent upon men cooped up in small craft, in a climate teeming with pestilence and vermin, were little regarded; and subordination and vigilance, essential to safety amidst the perils of an unknown navigation, and in the close vicinity of hostile savages, were utterly neglected,—at first to the great uneasiness of Mr Werne. But

after a while, seeing no chance of amendment, and having no power to rebuke or correct deficiencies, he repeated the eternal *Allah Kerim!* (God is merciful) of his fatalist shipmates, and slept soundly, when the musquitos permitted, under the good guard of Providence.

On the 29th November, the expedition passed the limit of Turco-Egyptian domination. The land it had now reached paid no tribute. "All slaves," was the reply of Turks and Arabs to Mr Werne's inquiry who the inhabitants were. "I could not help laughing, and proving to them, to their great vexation, that these men were free, and much less slaves than themselves; that before making slaves of them, they must first make them prisoners, a process for which they had no particular fancy,—admitting, with much *naweté*, that the 'slaves' hereabout were both numerous and brave. This contemptuously spoken *Kuto Abit*, (All slaves,) is about equivalent to the 'barbarian' of the ancients—the same classical word the modern Greeks have learned out of foreign school-books."

"The trees and branches preventing our vessels from lying alongside the bank, I had myself carried through the water, to examine the country and get some shooting. But I could not make up my mind to use my gun, the only animals to aim at being large, long-tailed, silver-gray apes. I had shot one on a former occasion, and the brute had greatly excited my compassion by his resemblance to a human being, and by his piteous gestures. M. Armand, on the contrary, took particular pleasure in making the repeated observation that, on the approach of death, the gums of these beasts turn white, like those of a dying man. They live in families of several hundreds together, and their territory is very circumscribed, even in the forest, as I myself subsequently ascertained. Although fearful of water, and swimming unwillingly, they always fled to the branches overhanging the river, and not unfrequently fell in. When this occurred, their first care on emerging was to wipe the water from their faces and ears. However imminent their danger, only when this operation was completed did they

again climb the trees. Such a monkey republic is really a droll enough sight; its members alternately fighting and caressing each other, combing and vermin-hunting, stealing and boxing each other's ears, and, in the midst of all these important occupations, running down every moment to drink, but contenting themselves with a single draught, for fear of becoming a mouthful for the watchful crocodile. The tame monkeys on board our vessels turned restless at sight of the joyous vagabond life of their brethren in the bush. First-lieutenant Hussein Aga, of Kurdistan, lay alongside us, and was in raptures with his monkey, shouting over to me: '*Schuf! el nauiti taib!*' (See! the clever sailor!)—meaning his pet ape, which ran about the rigging like mad, hanging on by the ropes, and looking over the bulwarks into the water; until at last he jumped on the back of a sailor who was wading on shore with dirty linen to wash, and thence made a spring upon land to visit his relations, compared to whom, however, he was a mere dwarf. Overboard went the long Kurd, with his gun, to shoot the deserter; but doubtless the little seaman, in his capacity of Turkish slave, and on account of his diminutive figure, met a bad reception, for Hussein was no sooner under the trees than his monkey dropped upon his head. He came to visit me afterwards, brought his 'nauiti taib' with him, and told me, what I had often heard before, how apes were formerly men, whom God had cursed. It really is written in the Koran that God and the prophet David had turned into monkeys the Jews who did not keep the Sabbath holy. Therefore a good Moslem will seldom kill or injure a monkey. Emin Bey of Fazogl was an exception to this rule. Sitting at table with an Italian, and about to thrust into his mouth a fragment of roast meat, his monkey snatched it from between his thumb and fingers. Whereupon the Bey quietly ordered the robber's hand to be cut off, which was instantly done. The poor monkey came to his cruel master and showed him, with his peculiarly doleful whine, the stamp of his fore-paw. The Bey gave orders to kill him, but the Italian begged him

as a gift. Soon afterwards the foolish brute came into my possession, and, on my journey back to Egypt, contributed almost as much to cheer me, as did the filial attentions of my freed man Hagar, whom my brother had received as a present, and had bequeathed to me. My servants would not believe but that the monkey was a transformed *gabit*, or caravan guide, since even in the desert he was always in front and upon the right road, availing himself of every rock and hillock to look about him, until the birds of prey again drove him under the camels, to complain to me with his 'Oehm-oehm;' which was also his custom when he had been beaten in my absence by the servants, whose merissa (a sort of spirit) he would steal and drink till he could neither go nor stand."

During this halt, and whilst rambling along the bank, picking up river-oysters and tracing the monstrous footsteps of hippopotami, Mr Werne nearly walked into the jaws of the largest crocodile he had ever seen. His Turkish servant, Sale, who attended him on such occasions and carried his rifle, was not at hand, and he was glad to beat a retreat, discharging one of his barrels, both of which were laden with shot only, in the monster's face. On being scolded for his absence, Sale very coolly replied, that it was not safe so near shore; for that several times it had occurred to him, whilst gazing up in the trees at the birds and monkeys, to find himself, on a sudden, face to face with a crocodile, which stared at him like a ghost, (Scheitan, Satan,) and which he dared not shoot, lest he should slay his own father. Amongst the numerous Mahommedan superstitions, there is a common belief in the transformation, by witches and sorcerers, of men into beasts, especially into crocodiles and hippopotami.

"Towards evening, cartridges were served out and muskets loaded, for we were now in a hostile country. The powder-magazine stood open, and lighted pipes passed to and fro over the hatchway. *Allah Kerim!* I do my best to rouse my captain from his indolence, by drawing constant comparisons with the English sea-service; then I fall asleep myself whilst the

powder is being distributed, and, waking early in the morning, find the magazine still open, and the sentry, whose duty it is to give an alarm should the water in the hold increase overmuch, fast asleep, with his tobacco-pipe in his hand and his musket in his lap. Feizulla Capitan begged me not to report the poor devil." This being a fair specimen of the prudence and discipline observed during the whole voyage, it is really surprising that Mr Werne ever returned to write its history, and that his corpse—drowned, blown up, or with a knife between the ribs—has not long since been resolved into the elements through the medium of a Nile crocodile. The next day the merciful Feizulla, whose kindness must have sprung from a fellow-feeling, got mad-drunk at a merry-making on an island, and had to be brought by force on board his ship. He seemed disposed to "run amuck;" grasped at sabre and pistols, and put his people in fear of their lives, until Mr Werne seized him neck and heels, threw him on his bed, and held him there whilst he struggled himself weary and fell asleep. The ship's company were loud in praise and admiration of Mr Werne, who, however, was not quite easy as to the possible results of his bold interference. "Only yesterday, I incurred the hatred of the roughest of our Egyptian sailors, as he sat with another at the hand-mill, and repeatedly applied to his companion the word *Nasrani*, (Christian,) using it as a term of insult, until the whole crew came and looked down into the cabin where I sat, and laughed—the captain not being on board at the time. At last I lost my patience, jumped up, and dealt the fellow a severe blow with my fist. In his fanatical horror at being struck by a Christian, he tried to throw himself overboard, and vowed revenge, which my servants told me. Now, whilst Feizulla Capitan lies senseless, I see from my bed this tall sailor leave the fore-part of the ship and approach our cabin, his comrades following him with their eyes. From a fanatic, who might put his own construction upon my recent friendly constraint of Captain Feizulla, and might convert it into a pretext, I had everything to apprehend. But

he paused at the door, apologised, and thanked me for not having reported him to his commander. He then kissed my right hand, whilst in my left I held a pistol concealed under the blanket."

Dangers, annoyances, and squabbles did not prevent Mr Werne from writing up his log, and making minute observations of the surrounding scenery. This was of ever-varying character. Thickly-wooded banks were succeeded by a sea of grass, its monotony unvaried by a single bush. Then came a crowd of islands, composed of water-plants, knit together by creepers and parasites, and alternately anchored to the shore, or floating slowly down the stream, whose sluggish current was often imperceptible. The extraordinary freshness and luxuriance of the vegetable creation in that region of combined heat and moisture, excited Mr Werne's enthusiastic admiration. At times he saw himself surrounded by a vast tapestry of flowers, waving for miles in every direction, and of countless varieties of tint and form. Upon land were bowers and hills of blossom, groves of dark mimosa and gold-gleaming tamarind; upon the water and swamps, interminable carpets of lilac convolvulus, water-lilies, flowering-reeds, and red, blue, and white lotus. The ambak tree, with its large yellow flowers and acacia-like leaf, rose fifteen feet and more above the surface of the water out of which it grew. This singular plant, a sort of link between the forest-tree and the reed of the marshes, has its root in the bed of the Nile, with which it each year rises, surpassing it in swiftness of growth. Its stem is of a soft spongy nature, more like the pith of a tree than like wood, but having, nevertheless, a pith of its own. The lotus was one of the most striking features in these scenes of floral magnificence; its brilliant white flower, which opens as the sun rises, and closes when it sets, beaming, like a double lily, in the shade it prefers. Mr Werne made the interesting observation, that this beautiful flower, where it had not some kind of shelter, closed when the sun approached the zenith, as though unable to endure the too ardent rays of the luminary

that called it into life. Details of this kind, and fragments of eloquent description of the gorgeous scenery of the Nile banks, occur frequently in the earlier part of the "Expedition," during which there was little intercourse with the natives, who were either hostile, uninteresting, or concealed. Amongst other reasons for not remaining long near shore, and especially for not anchoring there at night, was the torture the voyagers experienced from gnats, camel-flies, and small wasps, which not only forbade sleep, but rendered it almost impossible to eat and drink. To escape this worse than Egyptian plague, the vessels lay in the middle of the river, which, for some time after their departure, was often three or four miles across. When the breeze was fresh, there was some relief from insect persecution, but a lull made the attacks insupportable. Doubtless a European complexion encouraged these. Our German lifts up his voice in agony and malediction.

"The 10th December.—A dead calm all night. Gnats!!! No use creeping under the bed-clothes, at risk of stifling with heat, compelled as one is by their penetrating sting to go to bed dressed. Leave only a little hole to breathe at, and in they pour, attacking lips, nose, and ears, and forcing themselves into the throat—thus provoking a cough which is torture, since, at each inspiration, a fresh swarm finds its way into the gullet. They penetrate to the most sensitive parts of the body, creeping in, like ants, at the smallest aperture. In the morning my bed contained thousands of the small demons which I had crushed and smothered by the perpetual rolling about of my martyred body. As I had forgotten to bring a musquito net from Chartum, there was nothing for it but submission. Neither had I thought of providing myself with leather gloves, unbearable in that hot climate, but which here, upon the Nile, would have been by far the lesser evil, since I was compelled to have a servant opposite to me at supper-time, waving a huge fan so close under my nose, that it was necessary to watch my opportunity to get the food to my mouth. One could not smoke one's pipe in peace, even

though keeping one's hands wrapped in a woollen burnous, for the vermin stung through this, and crept up under it from the ground. The black and coloured men on board were equally ill-treated; and all night long the word '*Baida*' resounded through the ship, with an accompaniment of curses and flapping of cloths. The *baida* resemble our long-legged gnats, but have a longer proboscis, with which they bore through a triple fold of strong linen. Their head is blue, their back tawny, and their legs are covered with white specks like small pearls. Another sort has short, strong legs, a thick brown body, a red head, and posteriors of varying hues." These parti-coloured and persevering blood-suckers caused boils by the severity of their sting, and so exhausted the sailors by depriving them of sleep, that the ships could hardly be worked. Bitterly and frequently does Mr Werne recur to his sufferings from their ruthless attacks. At last a strange auxiliary came to his relief. On Christmas-day he writes:—"For the last two nights we have been greatly disturbed by the gnats, but a small cat, which I have not yet seen by daylight, seems to find particular pleasure in licking my face, pulling my beard, and purring continually, thus keeping off the insects. Generally the cats in Bellet-Sudan are of a very wild and fierce nature, which seems the result of their indifferent treatment by the inhabitants. They walk into the poultry-houses and carry off the strongest fowls, but care little for rats and mice. The Barabras, especially those of Dongola, often eat them; not so the Arabs, who spare them persecution—the cat having been one of Mahomet's favourite animals—but who, at the same time, hold them unclean."

There is assuredly no river in the world whose banks, for so great a distance, are so thickly peopled as those of the Nile. Day after day the expedition passed an unbroken succession of populous villages, until Mr Werne wondered whence the inhabitants drew their nourishment, and a sapient officer from Kurdistan opined the Schilluks to be a greater nation than the French. But what people, and what habitations! The former scarce a degree above the brute, the

latter resembling dog-kennels, or more frequently thatched bee-hives, with a round hole in the side, through which the inmates creep. Stark-naked, these savages lay in the high grass, whose seed forms part of their food, and gibbered and beckoned to the passing Turks, who, for the most part, disregarded their gestures of amity and invitation, shrewdly suspecting that their intentions were treacherous and their lances hidden in the herbage.

Wild rice, fruits, and seeds, are eaten by these tribes, (the Schilluks, Dinkas, and others,) who have also herds of cattle—oxen, sheep, and goats, and who do not despise a hippopotamus chop or a crocodile cutlet. Where the land is unproductive, fish is the chief article of food. They have no horses or camels, and when they steal one of these animals from the Turks, they do not kill it, probably not liking its flesh, but they put out its eyes as a punishment for having brought the enemy into their country. In one hour Mr Werne counted seventeen villages, large or small; and Soliman Kaschef assured him the Schilluks numbered two millions of souls, although it is hard to say how he obtained the census. The *Bando* or king, although dwelling only two or three leagues from the river, did not show himself. He mistrusted the Turks, and all night the great war-drum was heard to beat. His savage majesty was quite right to be on his guard. "I am well persuaded," says Mr Werne, "that if Soliman Kaschef had once got the dreaded *Bando* of the Schilluks on board, he would have sailed away with him. I read that in his face when he was told the *Bando* would not appear. And gladly as I would have seen this negro sovereign, I rejoiced that his caution frustrated the projected shameful treachery. He had no particular grounds for welcoming the Musselmans, those sworn foes of his people. Shortly before our departure, he had sent three ambassadors to Chartum, to put him on a friendly footing with the Turks, and so to check the marauding expeditions of his Arab neighbours, of Soliman Kaschef amongst the rest. The three Schilluks, who could not speak Arabic, were treated in the Divan with customary contempt as *Abû*, (slaves) and

were handed over like common men to the care of Sheikh el Ballet of Chartum. The Sheikh, who receives no pay, and performs the duties of his office out of fear rather than for the sake of the honour, showed them such excellent hospitality, that they came to us Franks and begged a few piastres to buy bread and spirits." On Mr Werne's representations to the Effendi, or chief man at Chartum, dresses of honour (the customary presents) were prepared for them, but they departed stealthily by night; and their master, the Bando, was very indignant on learning the treatment they had received.

A vast green meadow, a sort of elephant pasture, separates the Schilluks from their neighbours the Jengáhs, concerning whom Mr Werne obtained some particulars from a Tschauas or sergeant, named Marian of Mount Habila, the son of the Mak or King of the mountains of Nuba. His father had been vanquished and murdered by the Turks, and he had been made a slave. This sergeant-prince was of middle height, with a black tattooed countenance, and with ten holes in each ear, out of which his captors had taken the gold rings. He was a sensible, well-behaved man, and had been thirteen years in the service, but was hopeless of promotion, having none to recommend him. Besides this man, there were two Dinkas and a Jengáh on board; but from them it was impossible to extract information with respect to the manners and usages of their countrymen. They held it treachery to divulge such particulars. Many of the soldiers and sailors composing the expedition being natives of the countries through which it sailed, apprehensions of desertion were entertained, and partially realised. On the 30th December, whilst passing through the friendly land of the Kekas, everybody slept on shore, and in the night sixteen men on guard deserted. They were from the distant country of Nuba, (a district of Nubia,) which it seemed scarcely possible they should ever reach, with their scanty store of ammunition, and exposed to the assaults of hunger, thirst, and hostile tribes. Hussein Aga went after them with fifty ferocious Egyptians, likely to show little mercy to the runaways,

with whom, however, they could not come up. And suddenly the drums beat to call all hands on board, for there was a report that all the negroes were planning escape. During this halt Mr Werne made ornithological observations, ascertaining, amongst other things, the species of certain white birds, which he had observed sitting impudently upon the backs of the elephants, picking the vermin from their thick hides, as crows do in Europe from the backs of pigs. The elephants evidently disapproved the operation, and lashed with their trunks at their tormentors, who then flew away, but instantly returned to recommence what Mr Werne calls their "dry fishing." These birds proved to be small herons. Shortly before this, a large pelican had been shot, and its crop was found to contain twenty-four fresh fish, the size of herrings. Its gluttony had caused its death, the weight it carried impeding its flight. Prodigious swarms of birds and water-fowl find their nourishment in the White Stream, and upon its swampy banks. In some places the trees were white with their excrements, whose accumulation destroyed vegetable life. There is no lack of nourishment for the feathered tribes—water and earth are prolific of vermin. Millions of glow-worms glimmer in the rushes, the air resounds with the shrill cry of myriads of grasshoppers, and with the croaking of countless frogs. But for the birds, which act as scavengers and vermin-destroyers, those shores would be uninhabitable. The scorching sun fecundates the sluggish waters and rank fat marsh, causing a never-ceasing birth of reptiles and insects. Monstrous fish and snakes of all sizes abound. Concerning the latter, the Arabs have strange superstitions. They consider them in some sort supernatural beings, having a king, Shach Maran by name, who is supposed to dwell in Turkish Kurdistan, not far from Adana, where two villages are exempted from tribute on condition of supplying the snakes with milk. Abdul-Elliab, a Kurd officer of the expedition, had himself offered the milk-sacrifice to the snakes; and he swore that he had seen their king, or at any rate one of his *Wohils*, or vicegerents, of whom his serpentine ma-

jesty has many. He had no sooner poured his milky offering into one of the marble basins nature has there hollowed out, than a great snake, with long hair upon its head, stepped out of a hole in the rocks and drank. It then retired, without, as in some other instances, speaking to the sacrificer, a taciturnity contritely attributed by the latter to his not having yet entirely abjured strong drinks. Two other Kurds vouched for the truth of this statement, adding, that the *Maran* had a human face, for that otherwise he could not speak, and that he never showed himself except to a sultan or to a very holy man. To the latter character the said Abdul-Elliab had great pretensions, and his bigotry, hypocrisy, and constant quotations from the Koran procured him from his irreverent shipmates, from Mr Werne amongst the number, the nickname of the *Paradise-Stormer*, it being manifest that he reckoned on taking by assault the blessed abode promised by Mahomet to the faithful. Pending his admission to the society of the houris, he solaced himself with that of a young female slave, who often experienced cruel treatment at the hands of her saintly master. Having one day committed the heinous offence of preparing *merissa*, a strong drink made from corn, for part of the crew, the Kurd, formerly, according to his own admission, a staunch toper, beat her with a thong as she knelt half-naked upon the deck. "As he did not attend to my calls from the cabin," says Mr Werne, "but continued striking her so furiously as to cut the skin and draw streams of blood, I jumped out, and pulled him backwards, so that his legs flew up in the air. He sprang to his feet, retreated to the bulwark of the ship, drew his sabre, and shouted, with a menacing countenance, 'Effendi!' instead of calling me *Kawagi*, which signifies a merchant, and is the usual title for a Frank. I had no sooner returned to the cabin than he seized his slave to throw her overboard, whereupon I caught up my double-barrel and levelled at him, calling out, '*Ana oedrup!*' (I fire.) Thereupon he let the girl go, and with a pallid countenance protested she was his property, and he could do as he liked with her. Subsequently he

complained of me to the commandant, who, knowing his malicious and hypocritical character, sent him on board the skiff, to the great delight of the whole flotilla. On our return to Chartum, he was cringing enough to ask my pardon, and to want to kiss my hand, (although he was then a captain) because he saw that the Bascha distinguished me. A few days previously to this squabble, I had gained the affection and confidence of our black soldiers, one of whom, a Tokruri or pilgrim from Darfur, had quarrelled with an Arab, and wounded him with his knife. He jumped overboard to drown himself, and, being unable to swim, had nearly accomplished his object, when he drifted to our ship and was lifted on board. They wanted to make him stand on his head, but I had him laid horizontally upon his side, and began to rub him with a woollen cloth, but at first could get no one to help me because he was an *Abit*, a slave, until I threatened the captain he should be made to pay the Bascha for the loss of his soldier. After long-continued rubbing, the Tokruri gave signs of life, and they raised him into a sitting posture, whilst his head still hung down. One of the soldiers, who, as a Faki, pretended to be a sort of awaker of the dead, seized him from behind under the arms, lifted him, and let him fall thrice violently upon his hinder end, shouting in his ear at the same time passages from the Koran, to which the Tokruri at last replied by similar quotations. The superstition of these people is so gross, that they believe such a pilgrim may be completely and thoroughly drowned, and yet retain power to float to any part of the shore he pleases, and, once on dry land, to resume his vitality."

A credulous traveller would have been misled by some of the strange fables put forward, with great plausibility, by these Arabs and other semi-savages, who have, moreover, a strong tendency to exaggerate, and who, perceiving the avidity with which Mr Werne investigated the animal and vegetable world around him, and his desire for rare and curious specimens, occasionally got up a lie for his benefit. Although kept awake many nights by the merciless midges, his zeal for science would not suffer him to sleep

in the day, because he had no one he could trust to note the windings of the river. One sultry noon, however, when the Arab rowers were lazily impelling the craft against unfavourable breezes, and the stream was straight for a long distance ahead, he indulged in a siesta, during which visions of a happy German home hovered above his pillow. On awaking, bathed in perspiration, to the dismal realities of the pestilential Bach'r el Abiat, of incessant gnats and barbarian society, his Arab companions had a yarn cut and dried for him. During my sleep they had seen a swimming-bird as large as a young camel, with a straight beak like a pelican, but without a crop; they had not shot it for fear of awaking me, and because they had no doubt of meeting with some more of these unknown birds. No others appeared, and Mr Werne noted the camel-bird as an Egyptian lie, not as a natural curiosity.

A month's sail carried the expedition into the land of the Keks, a numerous, but not a very prosperous tribe. Their *tobaks* or huts were entirely of straw, walls as well as roof. The men were quite naked, and of a bluish-gray colour, from the slime of the Nile, with which they smear themselves as a protection against the gnats. "There was something melancholy in the way in which those poor creatures raised their hands above their heads, and let them slowly fall, by manner of greeting. They had ivory rings upon their arms, and one of them turned towards his hut, as if inviting us in. Another stood apart, lifted his arms, and danced round in a circle. A Dinka on board, who is acquainted with their language, said they wanted us to give them durra, (a sort of corn,) and that their cows were far away and would not return till evening. This Dinka positively asserted, as did also Marian, that the Keks kill no animal, but live entirely on grain and milk. I could not ascertain, with certainty, whether this respect for brute life extended itself to game and fish, but it is universally affirmed that they eat cattle that die a natural death. This is done to some extent in the land of Sudan, although not by the genuine Arabs: it is against

the Koran to eat a beast even that has been slain by a bullet, unless its throat has been cut whilst it yet lived, to let the prohibited blood escape. At Chartum I saw, one morning early, two dead camels lying on a public square; men cut off great pieces to roast, and the dogs looked on longingly. I myself, with Dr Fischer and Pruner, helped to consume, in Kahira, a roasted fragment of Clot Bey's beautiful giraffe, which had eaten too much white clover. The meat was very tender, and of tolerably fine grain. The tongue was quite a delicacy. On the other hand, I never could stomach the coarse-grained flesh of camels, even of the young ones." Africa is the land of strong stomachs. The Arabs, when on short rations, eat locusts; and some of the negro tribes devour the fruit of the elephant-tree, an abominable species of pumpkin, coveted by elephants, but rejected even by Arabs, and which Mr Werne found wholly impracticable, although his general rule was to try all the productions of the country. His gastronomical experiments are often connected with curious details of the animals upon which he tried his teeth. On the 12th January, whilst suffering from an attack of Nile-fever, which left him scarcely strength enough to post up his journal, he heard a shot, and was informed that Soliman Kaschef had killed with a single bullet a large crocodile, as it lay basking on a sandy promontory of the bank. The Circassian made a present of the skin to M. Arnaud, an excellent excuse for an hour's pause, that the Frenchman might get possession of the scaly trophy. Upon such trifling prettexts was the valuable time of the expedition frittered away. "Having enough of other meat at that moment, the people neglected cutting off the tail for food. My servants, however, who knew that I had already tasted that sort of meat at Chartum, and that at Taka I had eaten part of a snake, prepared for me by a dervish, brought me a slice of the crocodile. Even had I been in health, I could not have touched it, on account of the strong smell of musk it exhaled; but, ill as I was, they were obliged to throw it overboard immediately. When first I was in crocodile countries, it was

incomprehensible to me how the boatmen scented from afar the presence of these creatures; but on my journey from Kahira to Sennaar, when they offered me in Korusako a young one for sale, I found my own olfactories had become very sensitive to the peculiar odour. When we entered the Blue Stream, I could smell the crocodiles six hundred paces off, before I had seen them. The glands, containing a secretion resembling musk, are situated in the hinder part of the animal, as in the civet cats of Bellet Sudan, which are kept in cages for the collection of the perfume."

As the travellers ascended the river, their intercourse with the natives became much more frequent, inasmuch as these, more remote from Egyptian aggression, had less ground for mistrustful and hostile feelings. Captain Selim had a stock of coloured shirts, and an immense bale of beads, with which he might have purchased the cattle, villages, goods and chattels, and even the bodies, of an entire tribe, had he been so disposed. The value attached by the savages of the White Stream to the most worthless objects of European manufacture, enabled Mr Werne to obtain, in exchange for a few glass beads, a large collection of their arms, ornaments, household utensils, &c., now to be seen in the Royal Museum at Berlin. The stolid simplicity of the natives of those regions exceeds belief. One can hardly make up one's mind to consider them as men. Even as the *ambak* seems the link between useful timber and worthless rushes, so does the Kek appear to partake as much of brute as of human nature. He has at least as much affinity with the big gray ape, whose dying agonies excited Mr Werne's compassion at the commencement of his voyage, as with the civilised and intellectual man who describes their strange appearance and manners. A Kek, who had been sleeping in the ashes of a fire, a common practice with that tribe, was found standing upon the shore by some of the crew, who brought him on board Selim's vessel. "Bending his body forward in an awkward ape-like manner, intended perhaps to express submission, he approached the cabin, and, on finding himself near it, dropped

upon his knees and crept forward upon them, uttering, in his gibberish, repeated exclamations of greeting and wonderment. He had numerous holes through the rims of his ears, which contained, however, no other ornament than one little bar. They threw strings of beads over his neck, and there was no end to his joy; he jumped and rolled upon the deck, kissed the planks, doubled himself up, extended his hands over all our heads, as if blessing us, and then began to sing. He was an angular, high-shouldered figure, about thirty years of age. His attitude and gestures were very constrained, which arose, perhaps, from the novelty of his situation; his back was bent, his head hung forward, his long legs, almost calf-less, were as if broken at the knees; in his whole person, in short, he resembled an orang-outang. He was perfectly naked, and his sole ornaments consisted of leathern rings upon the right arm. How low a grade of humanity is this! The poor natural touches one with his childish joy, in which he is assuredly happier than any of us. By the help of the Dinka interpreter, he is instructed to tell his countrymen they have no reason to retreat before such *honest* people as those who man the flotilla. Kneeling, jumping, creeping, kissing the ground, he is then led away by the hand like a child, and would assuredly take all he has seen for a dream, but for the beads he bears with him." Many of these tribes are composed of men of gigantic stature. On the 7th January, Mr Werne being on shore, would have measured some of the taller savages, but they objected. He then gave his servants long reeds and bade them stand beside the natives, thus ascertaining their average height to be from six to seven Rhenish feet. The Egyptians and Europeans looked like pigmies beside them. The women were in proportion with the men. Mr Werne tells of one lady who looked clear away over his head, although he describes himself as above the middle height.

At this date, (7th January) the flotilla reached a large lake, or inlet of the river, near to which a host of elephants grazed, and a multitude of light-brown antelopes stood still and stared at the intruders. The sight of

the antelopes, which were of a species called *oriel*, whose flesh is particularly well-flavoured, was too much for Soliman Kaschef to resist. There was no wind; he gave orders to cease towing, and went on shore to shoot his supper. The antelopes retreated when the ships grated against the bank; and as the rush-jungle was by no means safe, beasts of prey being wont to hide there to catch the antelopes as they go to water at sunset, a few soldiers were sent forward to clear the way. Nevertheless, "on our return from the chase, during which not a single shot was fired, we lost two *bâtaschi*, (carpenters or sappers,) and all our signals were insufficient to bring them back. They were Egyptians, steady fellows, and most unlikely to desert; but their comrades did not trouble themselves to look for them, shrugged their shoulders, and supposed they had been devoured by the *casad* or the *nisar*—the lion or tiger. The word *nisar* is here improperly applied, there being no tigers in Africa, but it is the general term for panthers and leopards." Here, at four-and-twenty degrees of latitude south of Alexandria, this extraordinary river was nearly four hundred paces wide. Mr Werne speculates on the origin of this astonishing water-course, and doubts the possibility that the springs of the White Stream supply the innumerable lakes and creeks, and the immense tracts of marsh contiguous to it; that, too, under an African sun, which acts as a powerful and constant pump upon the immense liquid surface. When he started on his voyage, the annual rains had long terminated. What tremendous springs those must be, that could keep this vast watery territory full and overflowing! Then the sluggishness of the current is another puzzle. Were the Nile *one* stream, Mr Werne observes—referring, of course, to the White Nile—it must flow faster than it does. And he concludes it to have tributaries, which, owing to the level nature of the ground, and to the resistance of the main stream, stagnate to a certain extent, rising and falling with the river, and contributing powerfully to its nourishment. But the notion of exploring all these watery intricacies with a flotilla of heavy-sailing barges,

manned by lazy Turks and Arabs, and commanded by men who care more for getting drunk on arrack and going a-birding, than for the great results activity and intelligence might obtain, is essentially absurd. The proper squadron to explore the Bach'r el Abiat, through the continued windings, and up the numerous inlets depicted in Mr Mahlmann's map, is one consisting of three small steamers, drawing very little water, with steady well-disciplined English crews, accustomed to hot climates, and commanded by experienced and scientific officers. With the strongest interest should we watch the departure and anticipate the return of such an expedition as this. "Much might be done by a steam-boat," says Mr Werne; who then enumerates the obstacles to its employment. To bring it over the cataracts of the Nile, (below the junction of the Blue and White Streams,) it would be necessary to take the paddles entirely out, that it might be dragged up with ropes, like a sailing vessel. Or else it might be built at Chartum, but for the want of proper wood; the sun-tree timber, although very strong, being exceedingly brittle and ill-adapted for ship-building. The greatest difficulty would be the fuel—the establishment and guard of coal stores; and as to burning charcoal, although the lower portion of the White Stream has forests enough, they are wanting on its middle and upper banks; to say nothing of the loss of time in felling and preparing the wood, of the danger of attacks from natives, &c., &c. If some of these difficulties are really formidable, others, on the contrary, might easily be overcome, and none are insuperable. Mr Werne hardly makes sufficient allowance for the difference between Soliman Kaschef and a European naval officer, who would turn to profit the hours and days the gallant Circassian spent in antelope-shooting, in laughing at Abu Haschia the jester, and in a sort of travelling seraglio he had arranged in his inner cabin, a dark nook with closely-shut jalousies, that served as prison to an unfortunate slave-girl, who lay all day upon a carpet, with scarcely space to turn herself, guarded by a eunuch. Not a glimpse of the country did the poor thing obtain

during the whole of the voyage; and, even veiled, she was forbidden to go on deck. Besides these oriental relaxations, an occasional practical joke beguiled for the commodore the tedium of the voyage. Feizulla, the tailor-captain, whose strange passion for thimble and thread made him frequently neglect his nautical duties, chanced one day to bring to before his superior gave the signal. "Soliman Kaschef had no sooner observed this than he fired a couple of shots at Feizulla Capitan, so that I myself, standing before the cabin door, heard the bullets whistle. Feizulla did not stir, although both he and the sailors in the rigging afterwards affirmed that the balls went within a hand's-breadth of his head: he merely said, '*Malesch—hue billab*,' (It is nothing—he jests;) and he shot twice in return, pointing the gun in the opposite direction, that Soliman might understand he took the friendly greeting as a Turkish joke, and that he, as a bad shot, dared not level at him." Soliman, on the other hand, was far too good a shot for such a sharp jest to be pleasant. The Turks account themselves the best marksmen and horsemen in the world, and are never weary of vaunting their prowess. Mr Werne says he saw an Arnauf of Soliman's shoot a running hare with a single ball, which entered in the animal's rear, and came out in front. And it was a common practice, during the voyage, to bring down the fruit from lofty trees by cutting the twigs with bullets. All these pastimes, however, retarded the progress of the expedition. The wind was frequently light or unfavourable, and the lazy Africans made little way with the towing rope. Then a convenient place would often tempt to a premature halt; and, notwithstanding Soliman's sharp practice with poor Feizulla, if a leading member of the party felt lazily disposed, inclined for a hunting-party, or for a visit to a negro village, he seldom had much difficulty in bringing the flotilla to an anchor. In a straight line from north to south, the expedition traversed, between its departure from Chartum and its return thither, about sixteen hundred miles. It is difficult to calculate the distance gone over; and probably Mr Werne himself

would be puzzled exactly to estimate it; but adding 20 per cent for windings, obliquities, and digressions, (a very liberal allowance,) we get a total of nearly two thousand miles, accomplished in five months, including stoppages, being at the very moderate rate of about 13 miles a day. And this, we must remember, was on no rapid stream, but up a river, whose current, rarely faster than one mile in an hour, was more frequently only half a mile, and sometimes was so feeble that it could not be ascertained. The result is not surprising, bearing in mind the quality of ships, crews, and commanders: but write "British" for "Egyptians," and the tale would be rather different.

The upshot of this ill-conducted expedition was its arrival in the kingdom of Bari, whose capital city, Pelenja, is situated in 4° N. L., and which is inhabited by an exceedingly numerous nation of tall and powerful build; the men six and a-half to seven French feet in height—equal to seven and seven and a-half English feet—athletic, well-proportioned, and, although black, with nothing of the usual negro character in their features. The men go naked, with the exception of sandals and ornaments; the woman wear leathern aprons. They cultivate tobacco and different kinds of grain: from the iron found in their mountains they manufacture weapons and other implements, and barter them with other tribes. They breed cattle and poultry, and are addicted to the chase. About fifteen hundred of these blacks came down to the shore, armed to the teeth—a sight that inspired the Turks with some uneasiness, although they had several of their chiefs on board the flotilla, besides which, the frank cordiality and good-humoured intelligent countenances of the men of Bari forbade the idea of hostile aggression. "It had been a fine opportunity for a painter or sculptor to delineate these colossal figures, admirably proportioned, no fat, all muscle, and magnificently limbed. None of them have beards, and it would seem they use a cosmetic to extirpate them. Captain Selim, whose chin was smooth-shaven, pleased them far better than the long-bearded Soliman Kaschef; and when the

latter showed them his breast, covered with a fell of hair, they exhibited a sort of disgust, as at something more appropriate to a beast than to a man." Like most of the tribes on the banks of the White Nile, they extract the four lower incisors, a custom for which Mr Werne is greatly puzzled to account, and concerning which he hazards many ingenious conjectures. Amongst the ape-like Keks and Dinkas, he fancied it to originate in a desire to distinguish themselves from the beasts of the field—to which they in so many respects assimilate; but he was shaken in this opinion, on finding the practice to prevail amongst the intelligent Bari, who need no such mark to establish their difference from the brute creation. The Dinkas on board confirmed his first hypothesis, saying that the teeth are taken out that they may not resemble the jackass—which in many other respects they certainly do. The Turks take it to be a rite equivalent to Mahomedan circumcision, or to Christian baptism. The Arabs have a much more extravagant supposition, which we refrain from stating, the more so as Mr Werne discredits it. He suggests the possibility of its being an act of incorporation in a great Ethiopian nation, divided into many tribes. The operation is performed at the age of puberty; it is unaccompanied by any particular ceremonies, and women as well as men undergo it. Its motive still remains a matter of doubt to Mr Werne.

Before Lakono, sultan of the Bari, and his favourite sultana Ischok, an ordinary-looking lady with two leathern aprons and a shaven head, came on board Selim's vessel, the Turks made repeated attempts to obtain information from some of the Sheiks concerning the gold mines, whose discovery was the main object of the expedition. A sensible sort of negro, one Lombé, replied to their questions, and extinguished their hopes. There was not even copper, he said, in the land of the Bari, although it was brought thither from a remoter country, and Lakono had several specimens of it in his treasury. On a gold bar being shown to him, he took it for copper, whence it was inferred that the two metals were

blended in the specimens possessed by the sultan, and that the mountains of the copper country also yielded the more precious ore. This country, however, lay many days' journey distant from the Nile, and, had it even bordered on the river, there would have been no possibility of reaching it. At a very short distance above Palenja, the expedition encountered a bar of rocks thrown across the stream. And although Mr Werne hints the possibility of having tried the passage, the Turks were sick of the voyage and were heartily glad to turn back. At the period of the floods the river rises eighteen feet; and there then could be no difficulty in surmounting the barrier. Now the waters were falling fast. The six weeks lost by Arnaud's fault were again bitterly deplored by the adventurous German—the only one of the party who really desired to proceed. Twenty days sooner, and the rocks could neither have hindered an advance nor afforded pretext for a retreat. To Mr Werne's proposal, that they should wait two months where they were, when the setting in of the rains would obviate the difficulty, a deaf ear was turned—an insufficient stock of provisions was objected; and although the flotilla had been stored for a ten months' voyage, and had then been little more than two months absent from Char-tum, the wastefulness that had prevailed gave some validity to the objection. One-and-twenty guns were fired, as a farewell salute to the beautiful country Mr Werne would so gladly have explored, and which, he is fully convinced, contains so much of interest; and the sluggish Egyptian barks retraced their course down stream.

It is proper here to note a shrewd conjecture of Mr Werne's, that above the point reached by himself and his companions, the difficulties of ascending the river would greatly and rapidly increase. The bed becomes rocky, and the Bach'r el Abiat, assuming in some measure the character of a mountain stream, augments the rapidity of its current: so much so, that Mr Werne insists on the necessity of a strong north wind, believing that towing, however willingly and vigorously attempted, would be found un-

availing. This is another strong argument in favour of employing steamboats.

Although the narrative of the homeward voyage is by no means uninteresting, and contains details of the river's course valuable to the geographer and to the future explorer, it has not the attraction of the up-stream narrative. The freshness is worn off; the waters sink, and the writer's spirits seem disposed to follow their example; there is all the difference between attack and retreat—between a cheerful and hopeful advance, and a retrograde movement before the work is half done. But, vexed as an enthusiastic and intrepid man might naturally feel at seeing his hopes frustrated by the indolent indifference of his companions, Mr Werne could hardly deem his five months thrown away. We are quite sure those who read his book will be of opinion that the time was most industriously and profitably employed.

A sorrowful welcome awaited our traveller, after his painful and fatiguing voyage. There dwelt at Chartum a renegade physician, a Palermitan named Pasquali, whose Turkish name was Soliman Effendi, and who was notorious as a poisoner, and for the unscrupulous promptness with which he removed persons in the slightest

degree displeasing to himself or to his patron Achmet Bascha. In Arabia, it was currently believed, he had once poisoned thirty-three soldiers, with the sole view of bringing odium upon the physician and apothecary, two Frenchmen, who attended them. In Chartum he was well known to have committed various murders.

"Although this man," says Mr Werne, "was most friendly and sociable with me, I had everything to fear from him on account of my brother, by whom the Bascha had declared his intention of replacing him in the post of medical inspector of Ballet-Sudàn. It was therefore in the most solemn earnest that I threatened him with death, if upon my return I found my brother dead, and learned that they had come at all in contact. '*Dio guardate, che affronto!*' was his reply; and he quietly drank off his glass of rum, the same affront having already been offered him in the Bascha's divan; the reference being naturally to the poisonings laid to his charge in Arabia and here."

At Chartum Mr Werne found his brother alive, but on the eleventh day after his return he died in his arms. The renegade had had no occasion to employ his venomous drugs; the work had been done as surely by the fatal influence of the noxious climate.

ART AND ARTISTS IN SPAIN.

THE accomplishments brought back by our grandfathers from the Continent to grace the drawing-rooms of May Fair, or enliven the solitudes of Yorkshire, were a favourite subject for satirists, some "sixty years since." Admitting the descriptions to be correct, it must be remembered that the grand tour had become at once monotonous and deleterious,—from Calais to Paris, from Paris to Geneva, from Geneva to Milan, from Milan to Florence, thence to Rome, and thence to Naples, the English "my lord," with his bear-leader, was conducted with regularity, if not with speed; and the same course of sights and society was prescribed for, and taken by, generation after generation of Oxonians and Cantabs. Then, again, the Middle Ages, with their countless graceful vestiges, their magnificent architecture, which even archaic Evelyn thought and called "barbarous," their chivalrous customs, religious observances, rude yet picturesque arts, and fanciful literature, were literally blotted out from the note-book of the English tourist. Whatever was classical or modern, that was worthy of regard; but whatever belonged to "Europe's middle night," that the descendants of Saxon thanes or Norman knights disdained even to look at. Even had there been no Pyrenees to cross, or no Bay of Biscay to encounter, so Gothic a country as Spain was not likely to attract to its dusky sierras, frequent monasteries, and mediæval towns, the fine gentlemen and Mohawks of those enlightened days; nor need we be surprised that the natural beauties of that romantic land—its weird mountains, primeval forests, and fertile plains, fragrant with orange groves, and bright with flowers of every hue, unknown to English gardens—remained unexplored by the countrymen of Gray and Goldsmith, who have put on record their marked disapprobation of Nature in her wildest and most sublime mood. Thus, then, it was that, with rare

exceptions, the pleasant land of Spain was a sealed book to Englishmen, until the Great Captain rivalled and eclipsed the feats and triumphs of the Black Prince in every province of the Peninsula, and enabled guardsmen and hussars to admire the treasures of Spanish art in many a church and convent unspoiled by French rapacity. Nor may we deny our obligations to Gallic plunderers. Many a noble picture that now delights the eyes of thousands, exalts and purifies the taste of youthful painters, and sends, on the purple wings of European fame, the name of its Castilian, or Valencian, or Andalusian creator down the stream of time, but for Soult or Sebastiani, might still have continued to waste its sweetness on desert air. Thenceforward, in spite of brigands and captain-generals, rival constitutions and contending princes, have adventurous Englishmen been found to delight in rambling, like Inglis, in the footsteps of Don Quixote,—emulating the deeds of Peterborough, like Ranelagh and Henningsen, or throwing themselves into the actual life, and studying the historic manners of Spain, like Carnarvon and Ford. Still, though soldier and statesman, philosopher and littérateur, had put forth their best powers in writing of the country that so worthily interested them, a void was ever left for some new comer to fill; and right well, in his three handsome, elaborate, and most agreeable volumes, has Mr Stirling filled that void. Not one of the goodly band of Spanish painters now lacks a "sacred poet" to inscribe his name in the temple of fame. With indefatigable research, most discriminating taste, and happiest success, has Mr Stirling pursued and completed his pleasant labour of love, and presented to the world "*Annals of the Artists of Spain*" worthy—can we say more?—of recording the triumphs of El Mudo and El Greco, Murillo and Velasquez.

At least a century and a half

* *Annals of the Artists of Spain*. By WILLIAM STIRLING, M.A. 3 vols. London: Ollivier.

before Holbein was limning the burly frame and gorgeous dress of bluff King Hal, and creating at once a school and an appreciation of art in England, were the early painters of Spain enriching their magnificent cathedrals, and religious houses, with pictures displaying as correct a knowledge of art, and as rich a tone of colour, as the works of that great master. There is something singular and mysterious in the contrast afforded by the early history of painting in the two countries. While in poetry, in painting on glass, in science, in manufactures, in architecture, England appears to have kept pace with other countries, in painting and in sculpture she appears always to have lagged far behind. Gower, Chaucer, Friar Bacon, William of Wyckham, Waynflete, the unknown builders of ten thousand churches and convents, the manufacturers of the glass that still charms our eyes, and baffles the rivalry of our Willelms and Wales, at York and elsewhere—the illuminators of the missals and religious books, whose delicate fancy and lustrous tints are even now teaching our highborn ladies that long-forgotten art—yielded the palm to none of their brethren in Europe; but where and who were our contemporaneous painters and sculptors? In the luxurious and graceful court of Edward IV., who represented that art which Dello and Juan de Castro, under royal and ecclesiastical patronage, had carried to such perfection in Spain? That no English painters of any note flourished at that time, is evident from the silence of all historical documents; nor does it appear that foreign artists were induced, by the hope of gain or fame, to instruct our countrymen in the art to which the discoveries of the Van Eycks had imparted such a lustre. It is true that the desolating Wars of the Roses left scant time and means to the sovereigns and nobility of England for fostering the arts of peace; but still great progress was being made in nearly all those arts, save those of which we speak; and, if we remember rightly, Mr Pugin assigns the triumph of English architecture to this troublous epoch. Nor, although Juan I., Pedro the Cruel, and Juan II.,

were admirers and patrons of painting, was it to royal or noble favour that Spanish art owed its chiefest obligations. The church—which, after the great iconoclastic struggle of the eighth century, had steadily acted on the Horatian maxim,

“*Segnius irritant animos demissa per aures,
Quam quæ sunt oculis subjecta fidelibus*”—in Spain embraced the young and diffident art with an ardour and a munificence which, in its palmiest and most prosperous days, that art never forgot, and was never wearied of requiting. Was it so in England? and do we owe our lack of ancient English pictures to the reforming zeal of our iconoclastic reformers? Did the religious pictures of our Rincons, our Nuñez, and our Borgofias, share the fate of the libraries that were ruthlessly destroyed by the ignorant myrmidons of royal rapacity? If so, it is almost certain that the records which bewail and denounce the fate of books and manuscripts, would not pass over the destruction of pictures; while it is still more certain that the monarch and his courtiers would have appropriated to themselves the pictured saints, no less than the holy vessels, of monastery and convent. It cannot, therefore, be said that the English Reformation deprived our national school of painting of its most munificent patrons, and most ennobling and purest subjects, in the destruction of the monasteries, and the spoliation of churches. That the Church of England, had she remained unreformed, might, in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, have emulated her Spanish or Italian sister in her patronage of, and beneficial influence upon, the arts of painting and sculpture, it is needless either to deny or assert; we fear there is no room for contending that, since the Reformation, she has in any way fostered, guided, or exalted either of those religious arts.

In Spain, on the contrary, as Mr Stirling well points out, it was under the august shadow of the church that painting first raised her head, gained her first triumphs, executed her most glorious works, and is even now prolonging her miserable existence.

The venerable cathedral of Toledo was, in effect, the cradle of Spanish

painting. Founded in 1226 by St Ferdinand, it remained, to quote Mr Stirling's words, "for four hundred years a nucleus and gathering-place for genius, where artists swarmed and laboured like bees, and where splendid prelates—the popes of the Peninsula—lavished their princely revenues to make fair and glorious the temple of God intrusted to their care." Here Dolfin introduced, in 1418, painting on glass; here the brothers Rodriguea displayed their forceful skill as sculptors, in figures which still surmount the great portal of that magnificent cathedral; and here Rincon, the first Spanish painter who quitted the stiff mediæval style, loved best to execute his graceful works. Nor when, with the house of Austria, the genius of Spanish art quitted the Bourbon-governed land, did the custodians of this august temple forget to stimulate and reward the detestable conceits, and burlesque sublimities, of such artists as the depraved taste of the eighteenth century delighted to honour. Thus, in 1721, Narciso Tome erected at the back of the choir an immense marble altarpiece, called the *Trasparente*, by order of Archbishop Diego de Astorgo, for which he received two hundred thousand ducats; and thus, fifty years later, Bayeu and Maella were employed to paint in fresco the cloisters that had once gloried in the venerable paintings of Juan de Borgoña. At Toledo, then, under the auspices of the great Castilian queen, Isabella, may be said to have risen the Castilian school of art. The other great schools of Spanish painting were those of Andalusia, of Valencia, and that of Arragon and Catalonia; but, for the mass of English readers, the main interest lies in the two first, the schools that produced or acquired El Mudo and El Greco, Velasquez and Murillo. The works of the two last-mentioned artists are now so well known, and so highly appreciated in England, that we are tempted to postpone to the next any notice of that most de-

part of Mr Stirling's book reats of them, and invite our to trace the course of art in a old city to which we have referred, Toledo.

the grave had closed upon remains of Rincon, Juan de

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Borgoña had proved himself worthy of wielding the Castilian pencil, and, under the patronage of the great Toledan archbishop, Ximenes de Cisneros, produced works which still adorn the winter chapter-room of that cathedral. These are interesting not only as specimens of art, but as manifestations of the religious *ídeas* of Spain at the commencement of the sixteenth century: let Mr Stirling describe one of the most remarkable of these early paintings:—"The lower end of the finely-proportioned, but badly-lighted room, is occupied by the 'Last Judgment,' a large and remarkable composition. Immediately beneath the figure of our Lord, a hideous fiend, in the shape of a boar, roots a fair and reluctant woman out of her grave with his snout, as if she were a truffle, twining his tusks in her long amber locks. To the left are drawn up in a line a party of the wicked, each figure being the incarnation of a sin, of which the name is written on a label above in Gothic letters, as '*Sobervbia*,' and the like. On their shoulders sit little malicious imps, in the likeness of monkeys, and round their lower limbs, flames climb and curl. The forms of the good and faithful, on the right, display far less vigour of fancy." So the good characters in modern works of fiction are more feebly drawn, and excite less interest, than the Rob Roys and Dirk Hattericks, the Conrads and the Manfreds. Nor was Toledo at this time wanting in the sister art of sculpture: while the Rincons, and Berruguete, and Borgoña, were enriching the cathedral with their pictures and their frescoes, Vigarny was elaborating the famous high altar of marble, and the stalls on the epistle side. In concluding his notice of Vigarny, "the first great Castilian sculptor," Mr Stirling gives a sketch of the style of sculpture popular in Spain. Like nearly all the "*Cosas d' Espana*," it is peculiar, and owes its peculiarity to the same cause that has impressed so marked a character on Spanish painting and Spanish pharmacopeia—religion.

Let not the English lover of the fine arts, invited to view the masterpieces of Spanish sculpture, imagine that his eyes are to be feasted on the

nude, though hardly indecent forms of Venuses and Apollos, Ganymedes and Andromedas.

Beautiful, and breathing, and full of imagination, indeed, those Spanish statues are—"idols," as our author generally terms them; but the idolatry they represent or evoke is heavenly, not earthly—spiritual, not sensuous. Chiselled out of a block of cedar or lime-wood, with the most reverential care, the image of the Queen of Heaven enjoyed the most exquisite and delicate services of the rival sister arts, and, "copied from the loveliest models, was presented to her adorers sweetly smiling, and gloriously appared in clothing of wrought gold." But we doubt whether any Englishman who has not seen can understand the marvellous beauty of these painted wooden images. Thus Berruguete, who combined both arts in perfection, executed in 1539 the archbishop's throne at Toledo, "over which hovers an airy and graceful figure, carved in dark walnut, representing our Lord on the Mount of Transfiguration, and remarkable for its fine and floating drapery."

Continuing our list of Toledan artists, "whose whole lives and labours lay within the shadow of that great Toledan church, whose genius was spent in its service, and whose names were hardly known beyond its walls," (vol. i. p. 150,) we come to T. Comontes, who, among other works for that munificent Alma Mater, executed from the designs of Vigarny the retablo (reredos) for the chapel "de los Reyes Nuevos," in 1533. It was at Toledo that El Mudo, the Spanish Titian, died, and at Toledo that Blas del Prado was born. When in 1593 the Emperor of Morocco asked that the best painter of Spain might be sent to his court, Phillip II. appointed Blas del Prado to fulfil the Mussulman's artistic desires: previous to this, the chapter of Toledo had named him their second painter, and he had painted a large altar-piece, and other pictures, for their cathedral. But perhaps the Toledan annals of art contain no loftier name than that of El Greco. Domenis Theotocopuli, who, born, it is surmised, at Venice in 1548, is found in 1577 painting at Toledo, for the cathedral, his famous picture of

The Parting of our Lord's Garment, on which he bestowed the labour of a decade, and of which we give Mr Stirling's picturesque description.

"The august figure of the Saviour, arrayed in a red robe, occupies the centre of the canvass; the head, with its long dark locks, is superb; and the noble and beautiful countenance seems to mourn for the madness of them who 'knew not what they did;' his right arm is folded on his bosom, seemingly unconscious of the rope which encircles his wrist, and is violently dragged downwards by two executioners in front. Around and behind him appears a throng of priests and warriors, amongst whom the Greek himself figures as the centurion, in black armour. In drawing and composition, this picture is truly admirable, and the colouring is, on the whole, rich and effective—although it is here and there laid on in that spotted streaky manner, which afterwards became the great and prominent defect of El Greco's style."

Summoned from the cathedral to the court, El Greco painted, by royal command, a large altar-piece, for the church at the Escorial, on the martyrdom of St Maurice; "little less extravagant and atrocious," says our lively author, "than the massacre it recorded." Neither king nor court painters could praise this performance, and the effect of his failure at the Escorial appears to have been his return to Toledo. Here, in 1584, he painted, by order of the Archbishop Quiroga, "The Burial of the Count of Orgaz," a picture then and now esteemed as his master-piece, and still to be seen in the church of Santo Tomé. Warm is the encomium, and eloquently expressed, which Mr Stirling bestows upon this gem of Toledan art. "The artist, or lover of art, who has once beheld it, will never, as he rambles among the winding streets of the ancient city, pass the pretty brick belfry of that church—full of horse-shoe niches and Moorish reticulations,—without turning aside to gaze upon its superb picture once more. It hangs to your left, on the wall opposite to the high altar. Gonzalo Ruiz, Count of Orgaz, head of a house famous in romance, rebuilt the fabric of the church, and was in all respects so religious and gracious a grandee, that,

when he was buried in 1828, within these very walls, St Stephen and St Augustine came down from heaven, and laid his body in the tomb with their own holy hands—an incident which forms the subject of the picture. St Stephen, a dark-haired youth of noble countenance, and St Augustine, a hoary old man wearing a mitre, both of them arrayed in rich pontifical vestments of golden tissue, support the dead Count in their arms, and gently lower him into the grave, shrouded like a banner of Roelin 'in his iron panoply.' Nothing can be finer than the execution and the contrast of these three heads; never was the image of the peaceful death of 'the just man' more happily conveyed, than in the placid face and powerless form of the warrior: nor did Giorgione or Titian ever excel the splendid colouring of his black armour, rich with gold damascening. To the right of the picture, behind St Stephen, kneels a fair boy in a dark dress, perhaps the son of the Count; beyond rises the stately form of a gray friar; to the left, near St Augustine, stand two priests in gorgeous vestments, holding, the one a book, and the other a taper. Behind this principal group appear the noble company of mourners, hidalgos and old Christians all, with olive faces and beards of formal cut, looking on with true Castilian gravity and phlegm, as if the transaction were an every-day occurrence. As they are mostly portraits, perhaps some of the originals did actually stand, a few years later, with the like awe in their hearts and calm on their cheeks, in the royal presence-chamber, when the mews came to court that the proud Armada of Spain had been vanquished by the galleys of Howard, and cast away on the rocks of the Hebrides." We make no apology for thus freely quoting from Mr Stirling's pages his description of this picture; the extract brings vividly before our readers at once the merits of the old Toledan painter, and his accomplished biographer and critic. After embellishing his adopted city, not only with pictures such as this, but with works of sculpture and architecture, and vindicating his graceful profession from the unsparing exactions of the tax-gatherers—a class who appear to

have waged an unrelenting though intermittent war against the fine arts in Spain—he died there at a green old age in 1625, and was buried in the church of St Bartolomé. Even the painters most employed at the munificent and art-loving court of the second and third Philips, found time to paint for the venerable cathedral. Thus, in 1615, Vincencio Carducho, the Florentine, painted, with Eugenio Caxea, a series of frescoes in the chapel of the Sagrario; and thus Eugenio Caxea, leaving the works at the Pardo and Madrid, painted for the cathedral of Toledo the Adoration of the Magi, and other independent pictures.

Meanwhile the school of El Greco was producing worthy fruit; from it, in the infancy of the seventeenth century, came forth Luis Tristan, an artist even now almost unknown in London and Edinburgh, but whose style Velasquez did not disdain to imitate, and whose praises he was never tired of sounding. "Born, bred, and bred" in Toledo, or its neighbourhood, as Morales was emphatically the painter of Badajoz, so may Tristan be termed the painter of Toledo. No foreign graces, no classical models, adorned or vitiated his stern Spanish style; yet, in his portrait of Archbishop Samdoval, he is said by Mr Stirling to have united the elaborate execution of Sanchez Coelle with much of the spirit of Titian. And of him is the pleasant story recorded, that having, while yet a stripling, painted for the Jeronymite convent at Toledo a Last Supper, for which he asked two hundred ducats, and being denied payment by the frugal friars, he appealed with them to the arbitration of his old master, El Greco, who, having viewed the picture, called the young painter a rogue and a novice, for asking only two for a painting worth five hundred ducats. In the same Toledan church that contains the ashes of his great master, lies the Marcian Pedro Orrente, called by our author "the Bassano, or the Boos—the great sheep and cattle master of Spain:" he too was employed by the art-encouraging chapter, and the cathedral possessed several of his finest pictures. But with Tristan and Orrente the glories of Toledan art paled and waned; and, trusting that our

readers have not been uninterested in following our brief sketch of the remarkable men who for four hundred years rendered this quaint old Gothic city famous for its artistic splendours, we retrace our steps, halting and perplexed among so many pleasant ways, blooming flowers, and brilliant bowers, to the magnificent, albeit gloomy Escorial, where Philip II. lavished the wealth of his mighty empire in calling forth the most vigorous energies of Spanish and of foreign art.

For more than thirty years did the astonished shepherds of the Guadaramas watch the mysterious pile growing under scaffolding alive with armies of workmen; and often, while the cares of the Old World and the New—to say nothing of that other World, which was seldom out of Philip's thoughts, and to which his cruel fanaticism hurried so many wretches before their time—might be supposed to demand his attention at Madrid, were they privileged to see their mighty monarch perched on a lofty ledge of rock, for hours, intently gazing upon the rising walls and towers which were to redeem his vow to St Laurence at the battle of Saint Quentin, and to hand down, through all Spanish time, the name and fame of the royal and religious founder. On the 23d of April 1563, the first stone of this Cyclopean palace was laid, under the direction of Bautiste di Toledo, at whose death, in 1567, the work was continued by Juan de Herrera, and finally perfected by Leoni (as to the interior decorations) in 1597. Built in the quaint unshapely form of St Laurence's gridiron, the Escorial is doubtless open to much severe criticism; but the marvellous grandeur, the stern beauty, and the characteristic effect of the gigantic pile, must for ever enchant the eyes of all beholders, who are not doomed by perverse fate to look through the green spectacles of gentle dulness. But it is not our purpose to describe the Escorial; we only wish to bring before our readers the names and merits of a few of the Spanish artists, who found among its gloomy corridors or sumptuous halls

niches in the temple of fame, and in its saturnine funder the most gracious and munificent of patrons. Suffice it, then, to say of the palace-convent, in Mr Stirling's graceful words, that "Italy was ransacked for pictures and statues, models and designs; the mountains of Sicily and Sardinia for jaspers and agates; and every sierra of Spain furnished its contribution of marble. Madrid, Florence, and Milan supplied the sculptures of the altars; Guadalajara and Cuenca, gratings and balconies; Saragossa the gates of brass; Toledo and the Low Countries, lamps, candelabra, and bells; the New World, the finer woods; and the Indies, both East and West, the gold and gems of the custodia, and the five hundred reliquaries. The tapestries were wrought in Flemish looms; and, for the sacerdotal vestments, there was scarce a nunnery in the empire, from the rich and noble orders of Brabant and Lombardy to the poor sisterhoods of the Apulian highlands, but sent an offering of needlework to the honoured fathers of the Escorial."

We could wish to exclude from our paper all notice of the foreign artists, whose genius assisted in decorating the new wonder of the world; but how omit from any Escorialian or Philippian catalogue the names of Titian and Cellini, Cambiaso and Tibaldi? For seven long years did the great Venetian labour at his famous Last Supper, painted for, and placed in the refectory; and countless portraits by his fame-dealing pencil graced the halls and galleries of the Palatian convents. In addition to these, the Pardo boasted eleven of his portraits; among them, one of the hero Duke Emmanuel Philibert of Savoy, who has received a second grant of renown—let us hope a more lasting one*—from the poetic chisel of Marochetti, and stands now in the great square of Turin, the very impersonation of chivalry, horse and hero alike—*κυδοῖ γαῖαν*.

The magnificent Florentine contributed "the matchless marble crucifix behind the prior's seat in the choir," of which Mr Stirling says—

* All these portraits were destroyed by fire in the reign of Philip III.

"Never was marble shaped into a sublimer image of the great sacrifice for man's atonement." Luca Cambiaso, the Genoese, painted the Martyrdom of St Laurence for the high altar of the church—a picture that must have been regarded, from its subject and position, as the first of all the Escorial's religious pictures,—besides the vault of the choir, and two great frescoes for the grand staircase.

Pellegrino Tibaldi, a native of the Milanese, came at Philip's request to the Escorial in 1586. He, too, painted a Martyrdom of Saint Laurence for the high altar, but apparently with no better success than his immediate predecessor, Zuccaro, whose work his was to replace. But the ceiling of the library was Tibaldi's field of fame; on it he painted a fresco 194 feet long by 30 wide, which still speaks to his skill in composition and brilliancy in colouring. Philip rewarded him with a Milanese marquisate and one hundred thousand crowns.

Morales, the first great devotional painter of Castile, on whom his admiring countrymen bestowed the sobriquet of "divine"—with more propriety, it must be confessed, than their descendants have shown in conferring it upon Arguelles—contributed but one picture to the court, and none to the Escorial; but in Alonzo Sanchez Coello, born at Benifayr6, in Valencia, we find a famous native artist decorating the superb walls of the new palace. While at Madrid he was lodged in the Treasury, a building which communicated with the palace by a door, of which the King kept a key; and often would the royal Mæcenas slip thus, unobserved by the artist, into his studio. Emperors and popes, kings and queens, princes and princesses, were alike his friends and subjects; but we are now only concerned to relate that, in 1582, he painted "five altar-pieces for the Escorial, each containing a pair of saints." Far more of interest, however, attaches itself to the name and memory of Juan Fernandez Navarrete, "whose genius was no less remarkable than his infirmities, and whose name—El Mudo, the dumb painter—is as familiar to Europe as

his works are unknown," (vol. i. p. 250.) Born at Logroño in 1526, he went in his youth to Italy. Here he attracted the notice of Don Luis Manrique, grand-almoner to Philip, who procured him an invitation to Madrid. He was immediately set to work for the Escorial; and in 1571 four pictures, the Assumption of the Virgin, the Martyrdom of St James the Great, St Philip, and a Repenting St Jerome, were hung in the sacristy of the convent, and brought him five hundred ducats. In 1576 he painted, for the reception-hall of the convent, a large picture representing Abraham receiving the three Angels. "This picture," says Father Andres Ximenes, quoted by Mr Stirling, (vol. i. p. 255,) "so appropriate to the place it fills, though the first of the master's works that usually meets the eye, might, for its excellence, be viewed the last, and is well worth coming many a league to see." An agreement, bearing date the same year, between the painter and the prior, by which the former covenanted to paint thirty-two large pictures for the side altars, is preserved by Ceán Bermudez; but El Mudo unfortunately died when only eight of the series had been painted. On the 28th of March 1579 this excellent and remarkable painter died in the 53d year of his age. A few years later, Juan Gomez painted from a design of Tibaldi a large picture of St Ursula, which replaced one of Cambiaso's least satisfactory Escorialian performances.

While acres of wall and ceiling were being thus painted in fresco, or covered by large and fine pictures, the Escorial gave a ready home to the most minute of the fine arts: illuminators of missals, and painters of miniatures, embroiderers of vestments, and designers of altar-cloths, found their labours appreciated, and their genius called forth, no less than their more aspiring compeers. Fray Andres de Leon, and Fray Martin de Palencia, enriched the Escorial with exquisite specimens of their skill in the arts of miniature-painting and illuminating; and under the direction of Fray Lorenzo di Monserrate, and Diego Rutiñer, the conventual school of embroidery produced frontals and dalmatics,

opes, chasubles, and altar-cloths, of rarest beauty and happiest designs. The goldsmiths and silversmiths, too, lacked not encouragement in this greatest of temples. Curious was the skill, and cunning the hand, which fashioned the tower of gold and jasper to contain the Escorial's holiest relique, — a muscle, singed and charred, of St Laurence — and no doubt that skill was nobly rewarded.

In 1598, clasping to his breast the veil of Our Lady of Monserrat, in a little alcove hard by the church of the Escorial, died its grim, magnificent founder. He had witnessed the completion of his gigantic designs: palace and convent, there it stood — a monument alike of his piety and his pride, and a proof of the grandeur and resources of the mighty empire over which he ruled. But he appears to have thought with the poet —

“ Weighed in the balance, hero-dust
Is vile as mortal clay ;”

for he built no stately mausoleum, merely a common vault, to receive the imperial dead. This omission, in 1617, Philip III. undertook to supply; and Giovanni Battista Crescenzi, an Italian, was selected as the architect. For thirty-four years did he and his successors labour at this royal necropolis, which when finished “ became, under the name of the Pantheon, the most splendid chamber of the Escorial.” — (Vol. i. p. 412.)

Mr Stirling's second volume opens with a graphic account of the decay of Spanish power under Philip IV., and an equally graphic description of this, the chief architectural triumph of his long inglorious reign. The Pantheon was “ an octagonal chamber 113 feet in circumference, and 38 feet in height, from the pavement to the centre of the domed vault. Each of its eight sides, excepting the two which are occupied by its entrance, and the altar, contain four niches and four marble urns; the walls, Corinthian pilasters, cornices and dome, are formed of the finest marbles of Toledo and Biscay, Tortosa and Genoa; and the bases, capitals, scrolls, and other ornaments, are of gilt bronze. Placed beneath the presbytery of the church, and approached by the long descent of a stately marble staircase,

this hall of royal tombs, gleaming with gold and polished jasper, seems a creation of Eastern romance. . . . Hither Philip IV. would come, when melancholy — the fatal taint of his blood was strong upon him — to bear mace, and meditate on death, sitting in the niche which was shortly to receive his bones.” Yet this was the monarch whose quick eye detected the early genius of Velasquez, and who bore the palm as a patron from all the princes of his house, and all the sovereigns of Europe. Well did the great painter repay the discriminating friendship of the king, and so long as Spanish art endures, will the features of Philip IV. be known in every European country; and his fair hair, melancholy mien, impassive countenance and cold eyes, reveal to all time the hereditary characteristics of the plegmatic house of Austria.

Diego Rodriguez de Silva y Velasquez was born at Seville in 1599. Here he entered the school of Herrera the Elder, a dashing painter, and a violent man, who was for ever losing alike his temper and his scholars. Velasquez soon left his turbulent tutor for the gentler instruction of Francisco Pacheco. In his studio the young artist worked diligently, while he took lessons at the same time of a yet more finished artist — nature; the nature of bright, sunny, graceful Andalusia. Thus, while Velasquez cannot be called a self-taught painter, he retained to the last that freedom from mannerism, and that gay fidelity to nature, which so often — not in his case — compensate for a departure from the highest rules and requirements of art.

While he was thus studying and painting the flowers and the fruits, the damsels and the beggars, of sunny Seville, there arrived in that beautiful city a collection of Italian and Spanish pictures. These exercised no small influence on the taste and style of the young artist; but, true to his country, and with the happy inspiration of genius, it was to Luis Tristan of Toledo, rather than to any foreign master, that he directed his chief attention; and hence the future chief of the Castilian school was enabled to combine with its merits the excellencies of both the other great divisions of Spanish art.

At the end of five years spent in this manner, he married Pacheco's daughter, who witnessed all his forty years' labours and successes, and closed his dying eyes. At the age of twenty-three, Velasquez, anxious to enlarge his acquaintance with the masterpieces of other schools, went to Madrid; but after spending a few months there, and at the Escorial, he returned to Seville—soon, however, to be recalled at the bidding of the great minister and Mæcenas, Olivarez. Now, in 1623, set in the tide of favour and of fame, which henceforward was not to flag or ebb till the great painter lay stretched, out of its reach, on the cold bank of death. During this summer he painted the noble portrait of the king on horseback, which was exhibited by royal order in front of the church of San Felipe, and which caused the all-powerful Count-duke to exclaim, that until now his majesty had never been painted. Charmed and delighted with the picture and the painter, Philip declared no other artist should in future paint his royal face; and Mr Stirling maliciously adds that "this resolution he kept far more religiously than his marriage vows, for he appears to have departed from it during the life-time of his chosen artist, in favour only of Rubens and Crayer." (Vol. ii. p. 592.) On the 31st of October 1623, Velasquez was formally appointed painter in ordinary to the king, and in 1626 was provided with apartments in the Treasury. To this period Mr Stirling assigns his best likeness of the equestrian monarch, of which he says—"Far more pleasing than any other representation of the man, it is also one of the finest portraits in the world. The king is in the glow of youth and health, and in the full enjoyment of his fine horse, and the breeze blowing freshly from the distant hills; he wears dark armour, over which flutters a crimson scarf; a hat with black plumes covers his head, and his right hand grasps a truncheon."—(P. 595.)

In 1628, Velasquez had the pleasure of showing Rubens, who had come to Madrid as envoy from the Low Countries, the galleries of that city, and the wonders of the Escorial; and, following the advice of that mighty

master, he visited Italy the next year. On that painter-producing soil, his steps were first turned to the city of Titian; but the sun of art was going down over the quays and palaces of once glorious Venice, and, hurrying through Ferrara and Bologna, the eager pilgrim soon reached Rome. In this metropolis of religion, learning, and art, the young Spaniard spent many a pleasant and profitable month: nor, while feasting his eyes and storing his memory with "its thousand forms of beauty and delight," did he allow his pencil a perfect holiday. The Forge of Vulcan and Joseph's Coat were painted in the Eternal City. After a few weeks at Naples, he returned to Madrid in the spring of 1631. Portrait-painting for his royal patron, who would visit his studio every day, and sit there long hours, seems to have been now his main occupation; and now was he able to requite the friendly aid he had received from the Count-duke of Olivarez, whose image remains reflected on the stream of time, not after the hideous caricature of Le Sage, but as limned by the truthful—albeit grace-conferring—pencil of Velasquez.

In 1639, leaving king and courtiers, lords and ladies, and soaring above the earth on which he had made his step so sure, Velasquez aspired to the grandest theme of poet, moralist, or painter, and nobly did his genius justify the flight. His Crucifixion is one of the sublimest representations conceived by the intellect, and portrayed by the hand of man, of that stupendous event. "Unrelieved by the usual dim landscape, or lowering clouds, the cross in this picture has no footing upon earth, but is placed on a plain dark ground, like an ivory carving on its velvet pall. Never was that great agony more powerfully depicted. The head of our Lord drops on his right shoulder, over which falls a mass of dark hair, while drops of blood trickle from his thorn-pierced brows. The anatomy of the naked body and limbs is executed with as much precision as in Cellini's marble, which may have served Velasquez as a model; and the linen cloth wrapped about the loins, and even the fir-wood of the cross, display his accurate attention to the smallest details of a

great subject.”—(Vol. ii. p. 619.) This masterpiece now hangs in the Royal Gallery of Spain at Madrid.

The all-powerful Olivarez underwent, in 1643, the fate of most favourites, and experienced the doom denounced by the great English satirist on “power too great to keep, or to resign.” He had declared his intention of making one Julianillo, an illegitimate child of no one exactly knew who, his heir; had married him to the daughter of the Constable of Castile, decked him with titles and honours, and proposed to make him governor of the heir-apparent. The pencil of Velasquez was employed to hand down to posterity the features of this low-born cause of his great patron’s downfall, and the portrait of the ex-ballad singer in the streets of Madrid now graces the collection of Bridgewater House. The disgrace of Olivarez served to test the fine character of Velasquez, who not only sorrowed over his patron’s misfortunes, but had the courage to visit the disgraced statesman in his retirement.

The triumphal entrance of Philip IV. into Lerida, the surrender of Breda, and portraits of the royal family, exercised the invention and pencil of Velasquez till the year 1648, when he was sent by the king on a roving mission into Italy—not to teach the puzzled sovereigns the mysterious privileges of self-government, but to collect such works of art as his fine taste might think worthy of transportation to Madrid. Landing at Genoa, he found himself in presence of a troop of Vandyck’s gallant nobles: hence he went to Milan, Padua, and Venice. At the latter city he purchased for his royal master two or three pictures of Tintoret’s, and the Venus and Adonis of Paul Veronese. But Rome, as in his previous visit, was the chief object of his pilgrimage. Innocent X. welcomed him gladly, and commanded him to paint, not only his own coarse features, but the more delicate ones of Donna Olympia, his “sister-in-law and mistress.” So, at least, says our author; for the sake of religion and human nature, we hope he is mistaken. For more than a year did Velasquez sojourn in Rome, purchasing works of art, and enjoying the society of Bernini and Nicolas Poussin,

Pietro da Cortona and Algardi. “It would be pleasing, were it possible, to draw aside the dark curtain of centuries, and follow him into the palaces and studios—to see him standing by while Claude painted, or Algardi modelled, (enjoying the hospitalities of Bentivoglio, perhaps in that fair hall glorious with Guido’s recent fresco of Aurora)—or mingling in the group that accompanied Poussin in his evening walks on the terrace of Trinità de Monte.”—(Vol. ii. p. 643.) Meanwhile the king was impatiently waiting his return, and at last insisted upon its being no further delayed; so in 1651 the soil of Spain was once more trod by her greatest painter. Five years later, Velasquez produced his extraordinary picture, *Las Meninas*—the Maids of Honour, extraordinary alike in the composition, and in the skill displayed by the painter in overcoming its many difficulties. Dwarfs and maids of honour, hounds and children, lords and ladies, pictures and furniture, are all introduced into this remarkable picture, with such success as to make many judges pronounce it to be Velasquez’s masterpiece, and Luca Giordano to christen it “the theology of painting.”

The Escorial, from whose galleries and cloisters we have been thus lured by the greater glory of Velasquez, in 1656 demanded his presence to arrange a large collection of pictures, forty-one of which came from the dispersed and abused collection of the only real lover of the fine arts who has sat on England’s throne—that martyr-monarch whom the pencil of Vandyck, and the pens of Lovelace, Montrose, and Clarendon have immortalised, though their swords and counsels failed to preserve his life and crown. In 1659, the cross of Santiago was formally conferred on this “king of painters, and painter of kings;” and on St Prosper’s day, in the Church of the Carbonera, he was installed knight of that illustrious order, the noblest grandees of Spain assisting at the solemn ceremonial. The famous meeting on the Isle of Pheasants, so full of historic interest, between the crowns and courts of Spain and France, to celebrate the nuptials of Louis XIV. and Maria Theresa, was destined to acquire an additional though melancholy

fame, as the last appearance of the great painter in public, and the possible proximate cause of his death. To him, as *apostentador-mayor*, were confided all the decorations and arrangements of this costly and fatiguing pageant: he was also to find lodging on the road for the king and the court; and some idea of the magnitude of his official cares may be derived from the fact, that three thousand five hundred mules, eighty-two horses, seventy coaches, and seventy baggage-waggons, formed the train that followed the monarch out of Madrid. On the 28th of June the court returned to Madrid, and on the 6th of August its inimitable painter expired.

The merits of Velasquez are now generally appreciated in England; and the popular voice would, we think, ratify the enthusiastic yet sober dictum of Wilkie, "In painting an intelligent portrait he is nearly unrivalled." Yet we have seen how he could rise to the highest subject of mortal imagination in the Crucifixion; and the one solitary naked Venus, which Spanish art in four hundred years produced, is his. Mr Stirling, though he mentions this picture in the body of his book, assigns it no place in his valuable and laboriously-compiled catalogue, probably because he was unable to trace its later adventures. Brought to England in 1814, and sold for £500 to Mr Morritt, it still remains the gem of the library at Rokeby. Long may the Spanish queen of love preside over the beautiful bowers of that now classic retreat! We sum up our notice of Velasquez in Mr Stirling's words:—"No artist ever followed nature with more catholic fidelity; his cavaliers are as natural as his boors; he neither refined the vulgar, nor vulgarised the refined. . . . We know the persons of Philip IV. and Olivarez as familiarly as if we had paced the avenues of the Pardo with Digby and Howell, and perhaps we think more favourably of their characters. In the portraits of the monarch and the minister,

"The bounding steeds they pompously bestride,
Share with their lords the pleasure and the pride,"

and enable us to judge of the Cordovese horse of that day, as accurately

as if we had lived with the horse-breeding Carthusians of the Betis. And this painter of kings and horses has been compared, as a painter of landscapes, to Claude; as a painter of low life, to Teniers: his fruit-pieces equal those of Sanchez Cotan or Van Kessel; his poultry might contest the prize with the fowls of Hondekooter on their own dunghill; and his dogs might do battle with the dogs of Sneyders."—(Vol. ii. p. 686.)

While Velasquez, at the height of his glory, was painting his magnificent Crucifixion, a young lad was displaying hasty sketches and immature daubs to the venders of old clothes, pots, and vegetables, the gipsies and mendicant friars that frequented the Feria, or weekly fair held in the market-place of All Saints, in the beautiful and religious city of Seville. This was Bartolemè Estevan Murillo, who, having studied for some time under Juan del Castillo, on that master's removal to Cadiz in 1640, betook himself to this popular resource of all needy Sevillian painters. Struck, however, by the great improvement which travel had wrought in the style of Pedro de Moya, who revisited Seville in 1642, the young painter scraped up money sufficient to carry him to Madrid, and, as he hoped, to Rome. But the kindness of Velasquez provided him a lodging in his own house, and opened the galleries of the Alcazar and the Escorial to his view. Here he pursued his studies unremittingly, and, as he thought, with a success that excused the trouble and expense of an Italian pilgrimage. Returning, therefore, in 1645 to Seville, he commenced that career which led him, among the painters of Spain, to European renown, second only to that of Velasquez. The Franciscans of his native city have the credit of first employing his young genius, and the eleven large pictures with which he adorned their convent-walls at once established his reputation and success. These were painted in what is technically called his first or cold style; this was changed before 1650 into his second, or warm style, which in its turn yielded to his last, or vapoury style. So warm, indeed, had his colouring become, that a Spanish critic, in the nervous phrase-

ology of Spain, declared his flesh-tints were now painted with blood and milk. In this style did he paint for the chapter The Nativity of the Blessed Virgin, in which the ladies of Seville admired and envied the roundness of a ministering maiden's naked arm; and a large picture of St Anthony of Padua, which still adorns the walls of the cathedral baptistery. Of this famous gem some curious stories are told: Don Fernando Farfan, for instance, relates that birds had been seen attempting to perch upon some lilies in a vase by the side of the kneeling saint; and Monsieur Viardot (*Musées d'Espagne*, p. 146) informs us that a reverend canon, who showed him the picture, recounted how that, in 1813, the Duke of Wellington offered to purchase it for as many gold onzas as would cover its surface; while, in 1843, Captain Widdrington was assured that a lord had expressed his readiness to give £40,000 for the bird-deluding picture. The belief in the gullibility of travellers is truly remarkable and wide-spread; thus, at Genoa, in 1839, our excellent cicerone gratified us with the information, that, sixteen years before, the English Duke Balfour had in vain offered £1600 for Canova's beautiful basso-relievo of the Virgin Claspings the Corpse of our Saviour, which graces the ugly church of the poor-house in that superb city. In 1658, Murillo laboured to establish a public academy of art; and, in spite of the jealousies and contentions of rival artists, on the 1st of January 1660, he witnessed its inauguration. The rules were few and simple; but the declaration to be signed by each member on admission would rather astonish the directors of the Royal Academy in London. We would recommend it to the consideration of those Protestant divines who are so anxious to devise a new test of heresy in the Church of England: thus it ran—"Praised be the most holy sacrament, and the pure conception of Our Lady." Nothing, perhaps, can show more strongly the immense influence religion exercised on art in Spain than the second clause of this declaration. It was the favourite dogma of Seville: for hundreds of years sermons were preached, books were written, pictures

painted, legends recorded in honour of Our Lady's spotless conception; and round many a picture by Cano, or Vargas, or Joanes, is yet to be read the magic words that had power to electrify a populace,—“*San Pecado Concebida*.” The institution thus commenced flourished for many years, and answered the generous expectations of its illustrious founder.

The attention of the pious Don Miguel Mañara de Leca, the “benevolent Howard” of Seville, was attracted about 1661 to the pitiable state of the brotherhood of the holy charity, and its hospital of San Jorge: he resolved to restore it to its pristine glory and usefulness; and, persevering against all discouragements and difficulties, in less than twenty years, at an expense of half-a-million of ducats, he accomplished his pious design. For the restored church Murillo painted eleven pictures, of which eight, according to Mr Stirling, are the finest works of the master. Five of these were carried off by plundering Sould, but “the two colossal compositions of Moses, and the Loaves and Fishes, still hang beneath the cornices whence springs the dome of the church, “like ripe oranges on the bough where they originally budded.” Long may they cover their native “walls, and enrich, as well as adorn, the institution of Mañara! In the picture of the great miracle of the Jewish dispensation, the Hebrew prophet stands beside the rock in Horeb, with hands pressed together, and uplifted eyes, thanking the Almighty for the stream which has just gushed forth at the stroke of his mysterious rod. . . . As a composition, this wonderful picture can hardly be surpassed. The rock, a huge, isolated, brown crag, much resembles in form, size, and colour, that which is still pointed out as the rock of Moses, by the Greek monks of the convent of St Catherine, in the real wilderness of Horeb. It forms the central object, rising to the top of the canvass, and dividing it into two unequal portions. In front of the rock, the eye at once singles out the erect figure of the prophet standing forward from the throng; and the lofty emotion of that great leader, looking with gratitude to heaven, is finely contrasted with the downward regards

of the multitude, forgetful of the Giver in the anticipation or the enjoyment of the gift. Each head and figure is an elaborate study; each countenance has a distinctive character; and even of the sixteen vessels brought to the spring, no two are alike in form."—(Vol. ii. p. 859.) But Ceán Bermúdez, who enjoyed the privilege of seeing all these eight masterpieces hanging together in their own sacred home, preferred The Prodigal's Return, and St Elizabeth of Hungary—with whose teaching history the eloquent pens of the Count Montalembert and Mr A. Phillips have made us familiar—to all the rest.

The Franciscan convent, without the city walls, was yet more fortunate than the hospital of Malvera, for it possessed upwards of twenty of this religious painter's works. Now, not one remains to dignify the ruined halls and deserted cloisters of that once magnificent convent: but seventeen of these pictures are preserved in the Seville Museum; among them Murillo's own favourite—that which he used to call "his own picture"—the charity of St Thomas of Villanueva. In 1678, Murillo painted three pictures for the Hospital de los Venerables, two of which, the Mystery of the Immaculate Conception, and St Peter Weeping, were placed in the chapel. "The third adorned the refectory, and presented to the gaze of the Venerables, during their repasts, the blessed Virgin enthroned on clouds, with her divine Babe, who, from a basket borne by angels, bestowed bread on three aged priests." These were nearly his last works; for the art he so loved was now about to destroy her favourite son: he was mounting a scaffolding to paint the higher parts of a great altar-piece for the Capuchin church at Cadix, representing the espousals of St Catherine, when he stumbled, and ruptured himself so severely, as to die of the injury. On the 3d of April 1682, he expired in the arms of his old and faithful friend, Don Justino Neve, and was buried in the parish church of St Cruz, a stone slab with his name, a skeleton and "Vive moriturus," marking the

spot—until the "Vandal" French destroyed the last resting-place of that great painter, whose works they so unscrupulously appropriated. Was the last Lord of Petworth aware of this short epitaph, when he caused to be inscribed on the beautiful memorial to his ancestors which adorns St Thomas's Chapel in Petworth Church, the prophetic,* solemn words—"Mortuus moriturus?"

We have ranked Murillo next to Velasquez: doubtless there are many in England who would demur to this classification; and we own there are charms in the style of the great religious painter, which it would be vain to look for in any other master. In tenderness of devotion, and a certain soft sublimity, his religious pictures are unmatched; while in colouring, Ceán Bermúdez most justly says—"All the peculiar beauties of the school of Andalusia—its happy use of red and brown tints, the local colours of the region, its skill in the management of drapery, its distant prospects of bare sierras and smiling vales, its clouds, light and diaphanous as in nature, its flowers and transparent waters, and its harmonious depth and richness of tone—are to be found in full perfection in the works of Murillo."—(Vol. ii. p. 908.) Mr Stirling draws a distinction, and we think with reason, between the favourite Virgin of the Immaculate Conception and the other Virgins of Murillo: the *ñña* of the former is far more elevated and spiritualised than that of any of the latter class; but, even in his most ordinary and mundane delineation of the sinless Mary, how sweet, and pure, and holy, as well as beautiful, does our Lord's mother appear! But perhaps it is as a painter of children that Murillo is most appreciated in England; nor can we wonder that such should be the case, when we remember what the pictures are which have thus impressed Murillo on the English mind. The St John Baptist with the Lamb, in the National Gallery; Lord Westminster's picture of the same subject; the Baroness de Rothschild's gem at Gunnersbury, Our Lord, the Good Shepherd, as a Child; Lord Wemyss's hardly inferior repetition of

* He died the year following.

it; the picture of our Lord as a child, holding in his hands the crown of thorns, in the College at Glasgow; with the other pictures, in private collections, of our Lord and St John as children, have naturally made Murillo to be regarded in England as emphatically the painter of children: and how exquisite is his conception of the Divine Babe and His saintly precursor! what a sublime consciousness of power, what an expression of boundless love, are seen in the face of Him who was yet

“ a little child,
Taught by degrees to pray;
By father dear, and mother mild,
Instructed day by day.”

The religious school of Spanish painting reached its acmé in Murillo; and, at the risk of being accounted heterodox, we must, in summing up his merits, express our difference from Mr Stirling in one respect, and decline to rank the great Sevillian after any of the Italian masters. Few of Murillo's drawings are known to be in existence. Mr Stirling gives a list of such as he has been able to discover, nearly all of which are at the Louvre. We believe, in addition to those possessed by the British Museum and Mr Ford, there are two in the collection at Belvoir Castle: one, a Virgin and Child; the other, an old man—possibly St Francis—receiving a flower from a naked child.

After Velasquez and Murillo, it may seem almost impertinent to talk of the merits of other Spanish painters; yet Zurbaran and Cano, Ribera and Coello, demand at least a passing notice. Francisco de Zurbaran, often called the Caravaggio of Spain, was born in Estremadura in 1598. His father, observing his turn for painting, sent him to the school of Roelas, at Seville. Here, for nearly a quarter of a century, he continued painting for the magnificent cathedral, and the churches and religious houses of that fair city. About 1625, he painted, for the college of St Thomas Aquinas, an altar-piece, regarded by all judges as the finest of all his works. It represents the angelic doctor ascending into the heavens, where, on clouds of glory, the blessed Trinity and the Virgin wait to receive him; below, in mid air, sit the four doctors of the

Church; and on the ground are kneeling the Emperor Charles V., with the founder of the college, Archbishop Diego de Deza, and a train of ecclesiastics. Mr Stirling says of this singular picture, “The colouring throughout is rich and effective, and worthy the school of Roelas; the heads are all of them admirable studies; the draperies of the doctors and ecclesiastics are magnificent in breadth and amplitude of fold; the imperial mantle is painted with Venetian splendour; and the street view, receding in the centre of the canvass, is admirable for its atmospheric depth and distance.”—(Vol. ii. p. 770.) In 1650, Philip IV. invited him to Madrid, and commanded him to paint ten pictures, representing the labours of Hercules, for a room at Buen-retiro. Almost numberless were the productions of his facile pencil, which, however, chiefly delighted to represent the legends of the Carthusian cloister, and portray the gloomy features and sombre vestments of monks and friars; yet those who have seen his picture of the Virgin with the Infant Saviour and St John, at Stafford House, will agree with Mr Stirling that, “unrivalled in such subjects of dark fanaticism, Zurbaran could also do ample justice to the purest and most lovely of sacred themes.”—(Vol. ii. p. 775.)

Alonzo Cano, born at Grenada in 1601, was, like Mrs Malaprop's Cernubs, “three gentlemen in one;” that is, he was a great painter, a great sculptor, and a great architect. As a painter, his powers are shown in his full-length picture of the Blessed Virgin, with the infant Saviour asleep on her knees, now in the Queen of Spain's gallery; in six large works, representing passages in the life of Mary Magdalene, which still adorn the great brick church of Getafe, a small village near Madrid; and in his famous picture of Our Lady of Belom, in the cathedral of Seville. Mr Stirling gives a beautifully-executed print of this last Madonna, which, “in serene, celestial beauty, is excelled by no image of the Blessed Virgin ever devised in Spain.”—(P. 803.)

Cano was, perhaps, even greater in sculpture than in painting; and so fond of the former art, that, when wearied of pencil and brush, he would

call for his chisel, and work at a statue by way of rest to his hands. On one of these occasions, a pupil venturing to remark, that to substitute a mallet for a pencil was an odd sort of repose, was silenced by Cano's philosophical reply, — "Blockhead, don't you perceive that to create form and relief on a flat surface is a greater labour than to fashion one shape into another?" An image of the Blessed Virgin in the parish church at Lebrija, and another in the sacristy of the Grenada cathedral, are said to be triumphs of Spanish painted statuary.—(Vol. iii., p. 805.) After a life of strange vicissitudes, in the course of which, on suspicion of having murdered his wife, he underwent the examination by torture, he died, honoured and beloved for his magnificent charities, and religious hatred of the Jews, in his native city, on the 3d of October 1667.

The old Valencian town of Xativa claims the honour of producing José de Ribera, el Spagnoletto; but though Spain gave him birth, Italy gave him instruction, wealth, fame; and although in style he is thoroughly Spanish, we feel some difficulty in writing of him as belonging wholly to the Spanish school of art, so completely Italian was he by nurture, long residence, and in his death.

Bred up in squalid penury, he appears to have looked upon the world as not his friend, and in his subsequent good fortunes to have revelled in describing with ghastly minuteness, and repulsive force, all "the worst ills that flesh is heir to." We well recollect the horror with which we gazed spell-bound on a series of his horrors in the Louvre—*faugh!* At Gosford House are a series of Franciscan monks, such as only a Spanish cloister could contain, painted with an evident fidelity to nature, and the minutest details of dress that is almost offensive—even the black dirt under the unwashed thumb nail is carefully represented by his odiously-accurate and powerful pencil.

"Non ragioniam di lor
Ma guarda e passa."

Had the bold buccaneers of the seventeenth century required the services of a painter to perpetuate the memory of their inventive brutality,

and inconceivable atrocities, they would have found in El Spagnoletto an artist capable of delineating the agonies of their victims, and by taste and disposition not indisposed to their way of life. Yet in his own peculiar line he was unequalled, and his merits as a painter will always be recognised by every judge of art. He died at Naples, the scene of his triumphs, in 1656.

The name of Claudio Coello is associated with the Escorial, and should have been introduced into the sketch we were giving of its artists, when the mighty reputation of Velasquez and Murillo broke in upon our order. He was born at Madrid about the middle of the seventeenth century, and studied in the school of the younger Rigi. In 1686 he succeeded Herrera as painter in ordinary to Charles II. This monarch had erected an altar in the great sacristy of the Escorial, to the miraculous bleeding wafer known as the Santa Forma; and on the death of its designer, Rigi, Coello was called upon to paint a picture that should serve as a veil for the host. On a canvass six yards high, by three wide, he executed an excellent work, representing the king and his court adoring the miraculous wafer, which is held aloft by the prior. This picture established his reputation, and in 1691 the chapter of Toledo, still the great patrons of art, appointed him painter to their cathedral. Coello was a most careful and painstaking painter, and his pictures, says our author, (vol. iii., p. 1018,) "with much of Cano's grace of drawing, have also somewhat of the rich tones of Murillo, and the magical effect of Velasquez." He died, it is said, of disappointment at the success of his foreign rival, Luca Giordano, in 1693.

With Charles II. passed away the Spanish sceptre from the house of Austria, nor, according to Mr Stirling, would the Genius of Painting remain to welcome the intrusive Bourbons:—

Old times were changed, old manners gone,
A stranger filled the Philips' throne;
And art, neglected and oppressed,
Wished to be with them, and at rest.

But we must say that Mr Stirling, in his honest indignation against

France and Frenchmen, has exaggerated the demerits of the Bourbon kings. Spanish art had been steadily declining for years before they, with ill-omened feet, crossed the Pyrenees. It was no Bourbon prince that brought Luca da Presto from Naples to teach the painters of Spain "how to be content with their faults, and get rid of their scruples;" and if the schools of Castile and Andalusia had ceased to produce such artists as those whose praises Mr Stirling has so worthily recorded, it appears scant justice to lay the blame on the new royal family. *Pictor nascitur, non fit*—no, not even by the wielders of the Spanish sceptre. In a desire to patronise art, and in munificence towards its possessors, Philip V., Ferdinand VI., and Charles III., fell little short of their Hapsburg predecessors, but they had no longer the same material to work upon. The post which Titian had filled could find no worthier holder under Charles III., than Rafael Mengs, whom not only ignorant Bourbons, but the *conoscanti* of Europe regarded as the mighty Venetian's equal; and Philip V. not only invited Hovasse, Vanloo, Procaocini, and other foreign artists to his court, but added the famous collection of marbles belonging to Christina of Sweden to those acquired by Velasquez, at an expense of twelve thousand doubloons. To him, also, is due the completion of the palace of Aranjuez, and the design of La Granja; nor, when fire destroyed the Alcazar, did Philip V. spare his diminished treasures, in raising up on its time-hallowed site a palace which, in Mr Stirling's own words, "in spite of its narrowed proportions, is still one of the largest and most imposing in Europe."—(Vol. iii., p. 1163.)

Ferdinand VI. built, at the enormous expense of nineteen millions of reals, the convent of nuns of the order of St Vincent de Sales, and employed in its decoration all the artistic talent that Spain then could boast of. Nor can he be blamed if that was but little; for if royal patronage can produce painters of merit, this monarch, by endowing the Academy of St Ferdinand with large revenues, and housing it in a palace, would have revived the glories of Spanish art.

His successor, Charles III., an artist of some repute himself, sincerely loved and generously fostered the arts. While King of the Two Sicilies, he had dragged into the light of day the long-lost wonders of Herculaneum and Pompeii; and when called to the throne of Spain and the Indies, he manifested his sense of the obligations due from royalty to art, by conferring fresh privileges on the Academy of St Ferdinand, and founding two new academies, one in Valencia, the other in Mexico. If Mengs and Tiepolo, and other mediocrities, were the best living painters his patronage could discover, it is evident from his ultra-protectionist decree against the exportation of Murillo's pictures, that he fully appreciated the works of the mighty dead; and, had his spirit animated Spanish officials, many a masterpiece that now mournfully, and without meaning, graces the Hermitage at St Petersburg, or the Louvre at Paris, would still be hanging over the altar, or adorning the refectory for which it was painted, at Seville or Toledo. Even Charles IV., "the drivelling tool of Godoy," was a collector of pictures, and founder of an academy. In his disastrous reign flourished Francisco Goya y Lucientes, the last Spanish painter who has obtained a niche in the Temple of Fame. Though portraits and caricatures were his forte, in that venerable museum of all that is beautiful in Spanish Art—the cathedral at Toledo—is to be seen a fine religious production of his pencil, representing the Betrayal of our Lord. But he loved painting at, better than for the church; and those who have examined and wondered at the grotesque satirical carvings of the stalls in the cathedral at Manchester, will be able to form some idea of Goya's anti-monkish caricatures. Not Lord Mark Kerr, when giving the rein to his exuberant fancy, ever devised more ludicrous or repulsive "monsters" than this strange successor to the religious painters of orthodox Spain. But when the vice, and intrigues, and imbecility of the royal knaves and fools, whom his ready graver had exposed to popular ridicule, had yielded to the unsupportable tyranny of French invaders, the same indignant spirit that hurried the water-carriers of Madrid into unavailing con-

sict with the troops of Murat, guided his caustic hand against the fierce oppressors of his country; and, while Gilray was exciting the angry contempt of all true John Bulls at the impudence of the little Corsican upstart, Goya was appealing to his countrymen's bitter experience of the tender mercies of the French invaders. He died at Bordeaux in 1828. Mr Stirling closes his labours with a graceful tribute to those of Ceán Bermúdez, "the able and indefatigable historian of Spanish art, to whose rich harvest of valuable materials I have ventured to add the fruit of my own humble gleanings—" a deserved tribute, and most handsomely rendered. But, before we dismiss this pleasant theme of Spanish art, we would add one artist more to the catalogue of Spanish painters—albeit, that artist is a Bourbon!

Near the little town of Azpeitia, in Biscay, stands the magnificent college of the Jesuits, built on the birth-place of Ignatius Loyola. Here, in a low room at the top of the building, are shown a piece of the bed in which he died, and his autograph; and here among its cool corridors and ever-playing fountains, in 1839, was living the royal painter—the Infante Don Sebastian. A strange spectacle, truly, did that religious house present in the summer of 1839: wild Biscayan soldiers and dejected Jesuits, red boys and black cowls, muskets and crucifixes, oaths and benedictions, crossed and mingled with each other in picturesque, though profane disorder; and here, released from the cares of his military command, and free to follow the bent of his disposition, the ex-commander-in-chief of the Carlist forces was quietly painting altar-pieces, and dashing off caricatures. In the circular church which, of exquisite proportions, forms the centre of the vast pile, and is beautiful with fawn-coloured marble and gold, hung a large and well-painted picture of his production; and those who are curious in such matters may see a worse specimen of his royal highness's skill in Pietro di Cortona's Church of St Luke at Rome. On one side of the altar is Canova's beautiful statue of Religion preaching; on the other the Spanish prince's large picture of the Crucifixion; but, alas! it

must be owned that the inspiration which guided Velasquez to his conception of that sublime subject was deeded to the royal amateur. In the academy of St Luke, adjoining the church, is a well-executed bust of Canova, by the Spanish sculptor Alvarez. We suspect that, like Goya, the Infante would do better to stick to caricature, in which branch of art many a pleasant story is told of his proficiency. Seated on a rocky plateau, which, if commanding a view of Bilbao and its defenders, was also exposed to their fire, 'tis said the royal artist would amuse himself and his staff with drawing the uneasy movements, and disturbed countenances, of some unfortunate London reporters, who, attached to the Carlist headquarters, were invited by the commander-in-chief to attend his person, and enjoy the perilous honour of his company. Be this, however, as it may, we think we have vindicated the claim of one living Bourbon prince to be admitted into the roll of Spanish painters in the next edition of the *Annals*.

In these tumultuous days, when "Royal heads are haunted like a maukin," over half the Continent, and even in steady England grave merchants and wealthy tradesmen are counselling together on how little their sovereign can be clothed and fed, and all things are being brought to the vulgar test of *L. s. d.*, it is pleasant to turn to the artistic annals of a once mighty empire like Spain, and see how uniformly, for more than five hundred years, its monarchs have been the patrons, always munificent, generally discriminating, of the fine arts—how, from the days of Isabella the Catholic, to those of Isabella the Innocent, the Spanish sceptre has courted, not disdained, the companionship of the pencil and the chisel. Mr Stirling has enriched his pages with many an amusing anecdote illustrative of this royal love of art, and suggestive, alas! of the painful reflection, that the future annalist of the artists of England will find great difficulty in scraping together half-a-dozen stories of a similar kind. With the one striking exception of Charles I., we know not who among our sovereigns can be compared, as a patron of art, to any of

the Spanish sovereigns, from Charles V. of the Austrian to Charles III. of the Bourbon race. Lord Hervey has made notorious George II.'s ignorance and dislike of art. Among the many noble and kingly qualities of his grandson, we fear a love and appreciation of art may not be reckoned; and although, in his intercourse with men of genius, George IV. was gracious and generous, what can be said in favour of his taste and discernment? The previous life of William IV., the mature age at which he ascended the throne, and the troublous character of his reign, explain why art received but slight countenance from the court of the frank and noble-hearted Sailor Prince; but we turn with hope to the future. The recent proceedings in the Court of Chancery have made public a fact, already known to many, that her Majesty wields with skilful hand a graceful graver, and the Christmas plays acted at Windsor are a satisfactory proof that English art and genius are not exiled from England's palaces. The professors, then, of that art which Velasquez and Rubens, Murillo and Vandyck practised, shall yet see that the Crown of England is not only in ancient legal phrase, "the Fountain of Honour," but that it loves to direct its grateful streams in their honoured direction. Free was the intercourse, unfettered the conversation, independent the relations, between Titian and Charles V., Velasquez and Philip IV.; let us hope that Buckingham Palace and Windsor Castle, will yet witness a revival of those palmy days of English art, when Inigo Jones, and Vandyck, and Cowley, Waller, and Ben Jonson, shed a lustre on the art-loving court of England!

The extracts we have given from Mr Stirling's work will have sufficiently shown the scope of the *Annals*, and the spirit and style in which they are written. There is no tedious, inflexible, though often unmanageable leading idea, or theory of art, running through these lively volumes. In the introduction, whatever is to be said on the philosophy of Spanish art is carefully collected, and the reader is thenceforward left at liberty to carry on the conclusions of the introduction with him in his per-

usal of the *Annals*, or to drop them at the threshold. We would, however, strongly recommend all who desire to appreciate Spanish art, never to forget that she owes all her beauty and inspiration to Spanish nature and Spanish religion. Remember this, O holyday tourist along the Andalusian coast, or more adventurous explorer of Castile and Estremadura, and you will not be disappointed with her productions. Mr Stirling has not contented himself with doing ample justice to the great painters, and slurring over the comparatively unknown artists, whose merits are in advance of their fame, but has embraced in his careful view the long line of Spanish artists who have flourished or faded in the course of nearly eight hundred years; and he has accomplished this difficult task, not in the plodding spirit of a Dryasdust, or with the curt dulness of a catalogue-monger, but with the discriminating good taste of an accomplished English gentleman, and in a style at once racy and rhetorical. There are whole pages in the *Annals* as full of picturesque beauty as the scenes or events they describe, and of melody, as an Andalusian summer's eve; indeed, the vigorous fancy and genial humour of the author have, on some few occasions, led him to stray from those strict rules of *adós*, which we are old-fashioned enough to wish always observed. But where the charms and merits are so great, and so many, and the defects so few and so small, we may safely leave the discovery of the latter to the critical reader, and satisfy our conscience by expressing a hope that, when Mr Stirling next appears in the character of author—a period not remote, we sincerely trust—he will have discarded those few scentless flowers from his literary garden, and present us with a bouquet—

" Full of sweet buds and roses,
A box where sweets compacted lie."

But if he never again put pen to paper, in these annals of the artists of Spain he has given to the reading public a work which, for utility of design, patience of research, and grace of language, merits and has won the highest honours of authorship.

THE DODO AND ITS KINDRED.

WHAT was the Dodo? When was the Dodo? Where is the Dodo? are all questions, the first more especially, which it is fully more easy to ask than answer. Whoever has looked through books on natural history—for example, that noted but now scarce instructor of our early youth, the *Three Hundred Animals*—must have observed a somewhat ungainly creature, with a huge curved bill, a shortish neck, scarcely any wings, a plummy tuft upon the back—considerably on the off-side, though pretending to be a tail,—and a very shapeless body, extraordinarily large and round about the hinder end. This anomalous animal being covered with feathers, and having, in addition to the other attributes above referred to, only two legs, has been, we think justly, regarded as a bird, and has accordingly been named the Dodo. But why it should be so named is another of the many mysterious questions, which require to be considered in the history of this unaccountable creature. No one alleges, nor can we conceive it possible, that it claims kindred with either of the only two human beings we ever heard of who bore the name: “And after him (Adino the Eznite) was Eleazar the son of Dodo, the Ahohite, one of the three mighty men with David, when they defied the Philistines that were there gathered together to battle, and the men of Israel were gone away.” Our only other human Dodo belonged to the fair sex, and was the mother of the famous Zoroaster, who flourished in the days of Darins Hystaspes, and brought back the Persians to their ancient fire-worship, from the adoration of the twinkling stars. The name appears to have been dropped by both families, as if they were somewhat ashamed of it; and we feel

assured that of such of our readers as admit that Zoroaster must have had a mother of some sort, very few really remember now-a-days that her name was Dodo. There were no baptismal registers in those times; or, if such existed, they were doubtless consumed in the “great fire”—a sort of periodical, it may be providential, mode of shortening the record, which seems to occur from time to time in all civilised countries.

But while the creature in question,—we mean the feathered biped—has been continuously presented to view in those “vain repetitions” which unfortunately form the mass of our information in all would-be popular works on natural history, we had actually long been at a stand-still in relation to its essential attributes—the few competent authorities who had given out their opinion upon this, as many thought, stereotyped absurdity, being so disagreed among themselves as to make confusion worse confounded. The case, indeed, seemed desperate; and had it not been that we always entertained a particular regard for old Clusius, (of whom by-and-by,) and could not get over the fact that a Dodo’s head existed in the Ashmolean Museum, Oxford, and a Dodo’s foot in the British Museum, London, we would willingly have indulged the thought that the entire Dodo was itself a dream. But, shaking off the cowardly indolence which would seek to shirk the investigation of so great a question, let us now inquire into a piece of ornithological biography, which seemed so singularly to combine the familiar with the fabulous. Thanks to an accomplished and persevering naturalist of our own day—one of the most successful and assiduous inquirers of the younger generation—we have now all the facts, and most of the fancies, laid before us

The Dodo and its Kindred; or, the History, Affinities, and Osteology of the Dodo, Solitaire, and other Extinct Birds of the Islands Mauritius, Rodriguez, and Bourbon. By H. E. STRICKLAND, M.A. F.G.S., F.R.G.S., President of the Ashmolean Society, &c., and A. G. MELVILLE, M.D., Edinburgh, M.R.C.S. One vol., royal quarto: London, 1848.

in a splendid royal quarto volume, just published, with numerous plates, devoted to the history and illustration of the "Dodo and its Kindred." It was, in truth, the latter term that cheered our heart, and led us again towards a subject which had previously produced the greatest despondency; for we had always, though most erroneously, fancied that the great misformed lout of our *Three Hundred Animals* was all alone in the wide world, unable to provide for himself, (and so, fortunately, without a family,) and had never, in truth, had either predecessors or posterity. Mr Strickland, however, has brought together the *disjecta membra* of a family group, showing not only fathers and mothers, sisters and brothers, but cousins, and kindred of all degrees. Their sedate and somewhat sedentary mode of life is probably to be accounted for, not so much by their early habits as their latter end. Their legs are short, their wings scarcely existent, but they are prodigiously large and heavy in the hinder-quarters; and organs of flight would have been but a vain thing for safety, as they could not, in such wooded countries as these creatures inhabited, have been made commensurate with the uplifting of such solid bulk, placed so far behind that centre of gravity where other wings are worked. We can now sit down in Mr Strickland's company, to discuss the subject, not only tranquilly, but with a degree of cheerfulness which we have not felt for many a day: thanks to his kindly consideration of the Dodo and "its kindred."

The geographical reader will remember that to the eastward of the great, and to ourselves nearly unknown, island of Madagascar, there lies a small group of islands of volcanic origin, which, though not exactly contiguous among themselves, are yet nearer to each other than to the greater island just named, and which is interposed between them and the coast of Southern Africa. They are named Rodriguez, Bourbon, and Mauritius, or the Isle of France. There is proof that not fewer than four distinct species of large-bodied, short-winged birds, of the Dodo type, were their inhabitants in comparatively recent times, and have now become utterly

extinct. We say utterly, because neither proof nor vestige of their existence elsewhere has been at any time afforded; and the comparatively small extent, and now peopled state of the islands in question, (where they are no longer known,) make the continuous and unobserved existence of these birds, so conspicuous in size and slow of foot, impossible.

Now, it is this recent and total extinction which renders the subject one of more than ordinary interest. Death is an admitted law of nature, in respect to the *individuals* of all species. Geology, "dragging at each remove a lengthened chain," has shown how, at different and distant eras, innumerable tribes have perished and been supplanted, or at least replaced, by other groups of species, entire races, better fitted for the great climatic and other physical changes, which our earth's surface has undergone from time to time. How these changes were brought about, many, with more or less success, (generally less,) have tried to say. Organic remains—that is, the fossilised remnants of ancient species—sometimes indicate a long continuance of existence, generation after generation living in tranquillity, and finally sinking in a quiet grave; while other examples show a sudden and violent death, in tortuous and excited action, as if they had been almost instantaneously overwhelmed and destroyed by some great catastrophe.

Several local extinctions of elsewhere existing species are known to naturalists—such as those of the beaver, the bear, and the wolf, which no longer occur in Great Britain, though historically known, as well as organically proved by recent remains, to have lived and died among us. Their extinction was slow and gradual, and resulted entirely from the inroads which the human race—that is, the increase of population, and the progress of agriculture and commerce—necessarily made upon their numbers, which thus became "few by degrees, and beautifully less." The beaver might have carried on business well enough, in his own quiet way, although frequently incommoded by the love of peltry on the part of a hat-wearing people; but it is clear that no man with a small family, and

a few respectable farm-servants, could either permit a large and hungry wolf to be continually peeping at midnight through the key-hole of the nursery, or allow a brawny bruiser to snuff too frequently under the kitchen door, (after having hugged the watch-dog to death,) when the serving-maids were at supper. The extirpation, then, of at least two of those quondam British species became a work of necessity and mercy, and might have been tolerated even on a Sunday between sermons—especially as naturalists have it still in their power to study the habits of similar wild beasts, by no means yet extinct, in the neighbouring countries of France and Germany.

But the death of the Dodo and its kindred is a more affecting fact, as involving the extinction of an entire race, root and branch, and proving that death is a law of the *species*, as well as of the individuals which compose it,—although the life of the one is so much more prolonged than that of the other that we can seldom obtain any positive proof of its extinction, except by the observance of geological eras. Certain other still existing species, well known to naturalists, may be said to be, as it were, just hovering on the brink of destruction. One of the largest and most remarkable of herbivorous animals—a species of wild cattle, the aurochs or European bison (*B. priscus*)—exists now only in the forest of Bialowicka, from whence the Emperor of Russia has recently transmitted a living pair to the Zoological Society of London. Several kinds of birds are also evidently on their last legs. For example, a singular species of parrot, (*Nestor productus*), with the termination of the upper mandible much attenuated, peculiar to Phippe's Island, near Norfolk Island, has recently ceased to exist there in the wild state, and is now known as a living species only from a few surviving specimens kept in cages, and which refuse to breed. The burrowing parrot from New Zealand is already on the road to ruin; and more than one species of that singular and wingless bird, called *Apteryx*, also from the last-named island, may be placed in the same category. Even in our own country, if the landed pro-

prietors were to yield to the clamour of the Anti-Game-Law League, the red grouse or moor-game might cease to be, as they occur nowhere else on the known earth save in Britain and the Emerald Isle.

The geographical distribution of animals, in general, has been made conformable to laws which we cannot fathom. A mysterious relationship exists between certain organic structures and those districts of the earth's surface which they inhabit. Certain extensive groups, in both the animal and vegetable kingdom, are found to be restricted to particular continents, and their neighbouring islands. Of some the distribution is very extensive, while others are totally unknown except within a limited space, such as some solitary isle, "Placed far amid the melancholy main."

"In the present state of science," says Mr Strickland, "we must be content to admit the existence of this law, without being able to enunciate its preamble. It does not imply that organic distribution depends on soil and climate; for we often find a perfect identity of these conditions in opposite hemispheres, and in remote continents, whose fauna and flora are almost wholly diverse. It does not imply that allied but distinct organisms have been adduced, by generation or spontaneous development, from the same original stock; for (to pass over other objections) we find detached volcanic islets, which have been ejected from beneath the ocean, (such as the Galapagos, for instance,) inhabited by terrestrial forms allied to those of the nearest continent, though hundreds of miles distant, and evidently never connected with them. But this fact may indicate that the Creator, in forming new organisms to discharge the functions required from time to time by the ever vacillating balance of nature, has thought fit to preserve the regularity of the system by modifying the types of structure already established in the adjacent localities, rather than to proceed *per saltum* by introducing forms of more foreign aspect."

In conformity with this relation between geographical distribution and organic structure, it has been ascertained that a small portion of the indigenous animals and plants of the islands of Rodriguez, Bourbon, and the Isle of France, are either allied to or identical with the productions of

continental Africa, a larger portion with those of Madagascar, while certain species are altogether peculiar to the insular group above named.

"And as these three islands form a detached cluster, as compared to other lands, so do we find in them a peculiar group of birds, specifically different in each island, yet allied together in their general characters, and remarkably isolated from any known forms in other parts of the world. These birds were of large size and grotesque proportions, the wings too short and feeble for flight, the plumage loose and decomposed, and the general aspect suggestive of gigantic immaturity. Their history is as remarkable as their origin. About two centuries ago, their native isles were first colonised by man, by whom these strange creatures were speedily exterminated. So rapid and so complete was their extinction, that the vague descriptions given of them by early navigators were long regarded as fabulous or exaggerated; and these birds, almost contemporaries of our great-grandfathers, became associated in the minds of many persons with the griffin and the phoenix of mythological antiquity."

The aim and object of Mr Strickland's work is to vindicate the honesty of the rude voyagers of the seventeenth century; to collect together the scattered evidence regarding the Dodo and its kindred; to describe and depict the few anatomical fragments which are still extant of those lost species; to invite scientific travellers to further and more minute research; and to infer, from the authentic data now in hand, the probable rank and position of these creatures in the scale of nature. We think he has achieved his object very admirably, and has produced one of the best and most interesting monographs with which it is our fortune to be acquainted.

So far as we can see, the extension of man's more immediate influence and agency is the sole cause of the disappearance of species in modern times—at least we have no proof that any of these species have perished by what can be called a catastrophe: this is well exemplified by what we now know of the Dodo and its kindred.

The islands of Mauritius and Bourbon were discovered in the sixteenth century, (authorities differ as to the precise period, which they vary from 1502 to 1545,) by Pedro Mascaregnas,

a Portuguese, who named the latter after himself; while he called the former Cerne, a term applied by Pliny to an island in another quarter. Of this Cerne nothing definite was ascertained till the year 1598, when the Dutch, under Jacob Cornelius Neck, finding it uninhabited, took possession, and changed its name to Mauritius. In the narrative of the voyage, of which there are several accounts in different tongues, we find the following notice:—

"This island, besides being very fertile in terrestrial products, feeds vast numbers of birds, such as turtle-doves, which occur in such plenty that three of our men sometimes captured one hundred and fifty in half a day, and might easily have taken more by hand, or killed them with sticks, if we had not been overloaded with the burden of them. Grey parrots are also common there, and other birds, besides a large kind bigger than our swans, with large heads, half of which is covered with skin like a hood. These birds want wings, in place of which are three or four thickish feathers. The tail consists of a few slender curved feathers of a gray colour. We called them *Walckvogel*, for this reason, that, the longer they were boiled, the tougher and more uneatable they became. Their stomachs, however, and breasts, were easy to masticate. Another reason for the name was that we had an abundance of turtle-doves, of a much sweeter and more agreeable flavour."—*De Bry's India Orientalis*, (1601,) pars v. p. 7.

These walckvogel were the birds soon afterwards called Dodos. The description given by Clusius, in his *Exotica*, (1605,) is chiefly taken from one of the published accounts of Van Neck's voyage; but he adds the following notice, as from personal observation:—

"After I had written down the history of this bird as well as I could, I happened to see in the house of Peter Pauwius, Professor of Medicine in the University of Leyden, a leg cut off at the knee, and recently brought from the Mauritius. It was not very long, but rather exceeded four inches from the knee to the bend of the foot. Its thickness, however, was great, being nearly four inches in circumference; and it was covered with numerous scales, which in front were wider and yellow, but smaller and dusky behind. The upper part of the toes was also furnished with single broad scales, while the

lower part was wholly callous. The toes were rather short for so thick a leg: the claws were all thick, hard, black, less than an inch long; but the claw of the hind toe was longer than the rest, and exceeded an inch."

A Dutch navigator, Heemskerck, remained nearly three months in the Mauritius, on his homeward voyage in 1602; and in a published journal kept by Reyer Cornelisz, we read of *Wallichvogels*, and a variety of other game. One of Heemskerck's captains, Willem van West-Zanen by name, also left a journal—apparently not published until 1648—at which time it was edited in an enlarged form by H. Soeteboom. We there find repeated mention of *Dod-aarsen* or *Dodos*; and the sailors seem to have actually revelled in these birds, without suffering from surfeit or nausea like Van Neck's crew. As this tract is very rare, and has never appeared in an English form, we shall avail ourselves of Mr Strickland's translation of a few passages bearing on the subject in question:—

"The sailors went out every day to hunt for birds and other game, such as they could find on land, while they became less active with their nets, hooks, and other fishing-tackle. No quadrupeds occur there except cats, though our countrymen have subsequently introduced goats and swine. The herons were less tame than the other birds, and were difficult to procure, owing to their flying amongst the thick branches of the trees. They also caught birds which some name *Dod-aarsen*, others *Dronten*. When Jacob Van Neck was here, these birds were called *Wallich-vogels*, because even a long boiling would scarcely make them tender, but they remained tough and hard, with the exception of the breast and belly, which were very good; and also because, from the abundance of turtle-doves which the men procured, they became disgusted with dodos. The figure of these birds is given in the accompanying plate: they have great heads, with hoods thereon; they are without wings or tail, and have only little winglets on their sides, and four or five feathers behind, more elevated than the rest; they have beaks and feet, and commonly, in the stomach, a stone the size of a fist.

"The dodos, with their round sterns, (for they were well fattened,) were also obliged to turn tail; everything that could move was in a bustle; and the fish, which had lived in peace for many a year,

were pursued into the deepest water-pools.

"On the 25th July, William and his sailors brought some dodos, which were very fat; the whole crew made an ample meal from three or four of them, and a portion remained over. . . . They sent on board smoked fish, salted dodos, land-tortoises, and other game, which supply was very acceptable. They were busy for some days bringing provisions to the ship. On the 4th of August, William's men brought fifty large birds on board the *Brugyn-Vis*; among them were twenty-four or twenty-five dodos, so large and heavy, that they could not eat any two of them for dinner, and all that remained over was salted.

"Another day, Hooegeven (William's supercargo) set out from the tent with four seamen, provided with sticks, nets, muskets, and other necessaries for hunting. They climbed up mountain and hill, roamed through forest and valley, and, during the three days that they were out, they captured another half-hundred of birds, including a matter of twenty dodos, all which they brought on board and salted. Thus were they, and the other crews in the fleet, occupied in fowling and fishing."

In regard to the appellations of these birds, it is not altogether easy to determine the precise date at which the synonymous term *Dodars*, from which our name of Dodo is by some derived, was introduced. It seems first to occur in the journal of Willem van West-Zanen; but that journal, though written in 1603, appears to have remained unpublished till 1648, and the name may have been an interpolation by his editor, Soeteboom. Matelief's Journal, also, which makes mention of *Dodaersen*, otherwise *Dronten*, was written in 1606, and Van der Hagen's in 1607; but Mr Strickland has been unable to find an edition of either work of earlier date than 1646, and so the occurrence of these words may be likewise due to the officiousness of editors. Perhaps the earliest use of the word *Dodars* may date from the publication of Verhuffen's voyage, (1613,) where, however, it occurs under the corrupt form of *Totersten*. There seems little doubt that the name of Dodo is derived from the Dutch root, *Dodoor*, which signifies *shuggard*, and is appropriate to the leisurely gait and heavy aspect of the creatures in ques-

tion. Dodars is probably a homely or familiar phrase among Dutch sailors, and may be regarded as more expressive than elegant. Our own Sir Thomas Herbert was the first to use the name of Dodo in its modern form, and he tells us that it is a Portuguese word. *Doudo*, in that language, certainly signifies "foolish," or "simple," and might have been well applied to the unwary habits and defenceless condition of these almost wingless and totally inexperienced species; but, as none of the Portuguese voyagers seem to have mentioned the Dodo by any name whatever, nor even to have visited the Mauritius, after their first discovery of the island by Pedro Mascaregnas already named, it appears far more probable that Dodars is a genuine Dutch term, altered, and it may be amended, by Sir Thomas Herbert, to suit his own philological fancies.

The Dutch, indeed, seem to have been inspired with a genuine love of Dodos, and never allowed even the cooing of the delicately tender turtle-doves to prevent their laying in an ample store of the more solid, if less sentimental species. Thus, Van der Hagen, who commanded two ships which remained for some weeks at the Mauritius in 1607, not only feasted his crews on great abundance of "tortoise, *dodars*, gray parrots, and other game," but salted large quantities, for consumption during the voyage. Verhuffen touched at the same island in 1611, and it is in his narrative (published at Frankfort in 1613) that Dodos are called *Totersten*. He describes them as having—

"A skin like a monk's cowl on the head, and no wings; but, in place of them, about five or six yellow feathers: likewise, in place of a tail, are four or five crested feathers. In colour they are gray; men call them *Totersten* or *Walckvögel*; they occur there in great plenty, insomuch that the Dutch daily caught and ate many of them. For not only these, but in general all the birds there, are so tame that they killed the turtle-doves, as well as the other wild pigeons and parrots, with sticks, and caught them by the hand. They also captured the *totersten* or *walckvögel* with their hands; but were obliged to take good care that these birds did not bite them on the arms

or legs with their beaks, which are very strong, thick, and hooked; for they are wont to bite desperately hard."

We are glad to be informed, by the above, of this attempt at independence, or something at least approaching to the defensive system. It forms an additional title, on the part of the Dodo, to be regarded, at all events by the Dutch *cuisiniers*, as "*une pièce de resistance*."

Sir Thomas Herbert, already named, visited the Mauritius in 1627, and found it still uninhabited by man. In his *Relation of some yeares Travaille*, which, for the amusement of his later years, he seems to have repeatedly rewritten for various editions, extending from 1634 to 1677, he both figures and describes our fat friend. His narration is as follows:—

"The dodo, a bird the Dutch call *walckvögel* or *dod-eersen*: her body is round and fat, which occasions the slow pace, or that her corpulencie; and so great as few of them weigh less than fifty pound; meat it is with some, but better to the eye than stomach, such as only a strong appetite can vanquish; but otherwise, through its oyliness, it cannot chase but quickly cloy and nauseate the stomach, being indeed more pleasurable to look than feed upon. It is of a melancholy visage, as sensible of nature's injury in framing so massive a body to be directed by complimentary wings, such indeed as are unable to heise her from the ground, serving only to rank her amongst birds. Her head is variously drest; for one half is hooded with down of a dark colour, the other half naked, and of a white hue, as if lawn were drawn over it; her bill hooks and bends downwards; the thrill or breathing-place is in the midst, from which part to the end the colour is of a light green, mixt with pale yellow; her eyes are round and bright, and instead of feathers has a most fine down; her train (like to a China beard) is no more than three or four short feathers; her legs are thick and black; her talons great; her stomach fiery, so that as she can easily digest stones; in that and shape not a little resembling the ostrich."—(P. 283.)

François Cauche, an account of whose voyage, made in 1633, is published in the *Relations Véritables et Curieuses de l'Isle de Madagascar*, (Paris, 1651) states that he saw in the Mauritius birds called *Oiseaux de Nasaret*, larger than a swan, covered

with black down, with crested feathers on the rump, "as many in number as the bird is years old." In place of wings there are some black curved feathers, without webs. The cry is like that of a gosling.

"They only lay one egg, which is white, the size of a halfpenny roll; by the side of which they place a white stone, of the dimensions of a hen's egg. They lay on grass, which they collect, and make their nests in the forests; if one kills the young one, a gray stone is found in the gizzard. We call them Oiseaux de Nazaret. The fat is excellent to give ease to the muscles and nerves."

Here let us pause a moment, to consider what was the probable size of a halfpenny roll in the year 1638. How many vast and various elements must be taken to account in calculating the dimensions of that "*pain d'un sol*!" Macculloch, Cobden, Joseph Hume, come over and help us in this our hour of *knead*! Was corn high or low? were wages up or down? were bakers honest or dishonest? was there a fixed measure of quantity for these our matutinal baps? Did town-councils regulate their weight and quality, or was conscience left controller, from the quatern loaf downwards to the smallest form assumed by yeast and flour?

"Tell me where was fancy bread?"

Does no one know precisely what was the size of a halfpenny roll in the year 1638? In that case, we shall not mention the dimensions of the Dodo's egg.

There is no doubt that the bird recorded by Cauche was the true Dodo, although it is probable that he either described it from memory, or confused it with the descriptions then current of the cassowary. Thus he adds that the legs were of considerable length, that it had only three toes, and no tongue—characters (with the exception of the last, inapplicable, of course, to either kind) which truly indicate the latter species. This name of "bird of Nazareth" has, moreover, given rise to a false or phantom species, called *Dichus Nazarensis* in systematic works, and is supposed to have been derived from the small island or sandbank of Nazareth, to the north-east of Madagascar. Now

Dr Hamel has recently rendered it probable that no such island or sandbank is in existence, and so we need not seek for its inhabitants: at all events, there is no such bird as the Nazarene Dodo—*Dichus Nazarensis*.

The next piece of evidence regarding the Dodo is highly interesting and important, as it shows that, at least in one instance, this extraordinary bird was transported alive to Europe, and exhibited in our own country. In a manuscript preserved in the British Museum, Sir Hamon LeStrange, the father of the more celebrated Sir Roger, in a commentary on Brown's *Vulgar Errors*, and *apropos* of the ostrich, records as follows:—

"About 1638, as I walked London streets, I saw the picture of a strange fowle hung out upon a cloth, and myselfe, with one or two more then in company, went in to see it. It was kept in a chamber, and was a great fowle somewhat bigger than the largest turkey-cock, and so legged and footed, but stouter and thicker, and of a more erect shape; coloured before like the breast of a young cock fesan, and, on the back, of dunn or deare coulour. The keeper called it a Dodo; and in the end of a chimney in the chamber there lay a heape of large pebble stones, whereof hee gave it many in our sight, some as bigg as nutmegs, and the keeper told us shee eats them, (conducing to digestion); and though I remember not how farr the keeper was questioned therein, yet I am confident that afterwards shee cast them all againe."

It is curious that no confirmation can be obtained of this exhibition from contemporary authorities. The period was prolific in pamphlets and broadsides, but political excitement probably engrossed the minds of the majority, and rendered them careless of the wonders of nature. Yet the individual in question may in all likelihood be traced down to the present day, and portions of it seen and handled by the existing generation. In Tradescant's catalogue of his "*Collection of Rarities preserved at South Lambeth, near London*," 1656, we find an entry—"Dodar from the island Mauritius; it is not able to flie, being so big." It is enumerated under the head of "Whole birds;" and Willughby, whose *Ornithologia* appeared in 1676, says of the Dodo, "*Exuvias hujusce avis vidimus in museo Tra-*

descantiano." The same specimen is alluded to by Lhwyd in 1684, and by Hyde in 1700,—having passed, meanwhile, into the Ashmolean Museum, at Oxford, with the rest of the Tradescantian collection. As Tradescant was the most noted collector of things natural in his day, and there were few, if any, to enter into competition with him, it may be well supposed that such a *rara avis* as a living Dodo would attract his close attention, and that it would, in all probability, find its way into his cabinet on its decease. It may, therefore, be inferred that the same individual which was exhibited in London, and described by LeStrange in 1638, is that recorded as a stuffed specimen in the catalogue of Tradescant's Museum, (1656,) and bequeathed by him, with his other curiosities, to Elias Ashmole, the munificent founder of the still existing museum at Oxford.

The considerate reader will not unnaturally ask, Where is now that last of Dodos? and echo answers, Where? Alas! it was destroyed, "by order of the Visitors," in 1755. The following is the evidence of that destruction, as given by Mr J. S. Duncan in the 3d volume of the *Zoological Journal*, p. 559:—

"In the Ashmolean Catalogue, made by Ed. Lhwyd, *musci procustos*, 1684, (Plott being then keeper,) the entry of the bird is 'No. 29, *Gallus gallinaceus peregrinus Clusii*,' &c. In a catalogue made subsequently to 1755, it is stated, 'The numbers from 5 to 46, being decayed, were ordered to be removed at a meeting of the majority of the Visitors, Jan. 8, 1755.' Among these, of course, was included the Dodo, its number being 29. This is further shown by a new catalogue, completed in 1756, in which the order of the Visitors is recorded as follows:—'*His quibus nullus in margine assignatur numerus, a Museo subducta sunt cimelia, annuentibus Vice-Cancellario aliisque Curatoribus ad ea lustranda convocatis, die*

Januarii 8vo, A. D. 1755.' The Dodo is one of those which are here without the number."

By some lucky accident, however, a small portion of "this last descendant of an ancient race," as Mr Strickland terms it, escaped the clutches of the destroyers. "The head and one of the feet were saved from the flames, and are still preserved in the Ashmolean Museum."*

Let us now retrace our steps, for the sake of taking up, very briefly, the history of the other known remnants of this now extinct species. Among the printed books of the Ashmolean Museum, there is a small tract, of which the second edition (the first is without date) is entitled, "A Catalogue of many natural rarities, with great industry, cost, and thirty years' travel in foreign countries, collected by Robert Hubert, *alias* Forges, gent. and sworn servant to his majesty; and daily to be seen at the place formerly called the Music House, near the west end of St Paul's Church," 12mo, London, 1665. At page 11 is the following entry:—"A legge of a Dodo, a great heavy bird that cannot fly: it is a bird of the Maurcius island." This specimen is supposed to be that which afterwards passed into the possession of the Royal Society, is recorded in their catalogue of *Natural and Artificial Curiosities*, published by Grew in 1681, and is now in the British Museum. It is somewhat larger than the Ashmolean foot, and, from its excellent state of preservation, finely exhibits the external characters of the toes and tarsus.

In Olearus's catalogue of the museum at Gottorf, (the seat of the Dukes of Schleswig, and recently a less easy one than we have known it,) of which the first edition was published in 1666, there is the following notice of a Dodo's head:—

* The scientific value of these remnants, Mr Strickland informs us, has been lately much increased by skillful dissection. Dr Acland, the lecturer in anatomy, has divided the skin of the cranium down the mesial line, and, by removing it from the left side, the entire osteological structure of this extraordinary skull is exposed to view, while on the other side the external covering remains undisturbed. The solitary foot was formerly covered by decomposed integuments, and presented few external characters. These have been removed by Dr Kidd, the professor of medicine, who has made an interesting preparation of both the osseous and tendinous structures. —See *The Dodo and its Kindred*, p. 33.

"No. 5 is the head of a foreign bird, which Clusius names *Gallus peregrinus*, Mirenbeg *Cygnus cucullatus*, and the Dutch walghvögel, from the disgust which they are said to have taken to its hard flesh. The Dutch seem to have first discovered this bird in the island of Mauritius; and it is stated to have no wings, but in place of them two winglets, like the emeu and the penguins."—(P. 25.)

This specimen, after having been disregarded, if not forgotten, for nearly two centuries, was lately re-discovered, by Professor C. Reinhardt, amongst a mass of ancient rubbish, and is now in the public museum of Copenhagen, where it was examined by Mr Strickland two years ago.* The integumentary portions have been all removed, but it exhibits the same osteological characters as the Oxford head, though less perfect, the base of the occiput being absent. It is of somewhat smaller size.

The remnants now noticed—three heads and two feet—are the only ascertained existing portions of the famous Dodo; a bird which, as we have seen in the preceding extracts, might have been well enough known to such of our great great-grandfathers as were in the sea-faring line.

But when did the last Dodo die? We cannot answer that question articulately, as to the very year, still less as to the season, or time of day—and we believe that no intimations of the event were sent to the kindred; but we do not hesitate to state our belief that that affecting occurrence or bereavement took place some time subsequent to the summer of 1681, and prior to 1693. The latest evidence of the existence of Dodos in the Maurities is contained in a manuscript of the British Museum, entitled "A copy of Mr Benj. Harry's Journall when he was chief mate of the Shippe Berkley Castle, Captn. Wm. Talbot commander, on voyage to the Coste and Bay, 1679, which voyage they wintered at the Maurisshes." On the return from India, being unable to weather the Cape of Good Hope, they determined to make for "the Marushes," the 4th June 1681. They

saw the land on the 3d July, and on the 11th they began to build huts, and with much labour spread out their cargo to dry:—

"Now, having a little respitt, I will make a little description of the island, first of its products, then of its parts; first, of winged and feathered fowle, the less passant are *Dodos*, whose flesh is very hard, a small sort of Gees, reasonably good Teele, Cuckoes, Pasca flemingos, Turtle Doves, large Batts, many small birds which are good. . . . Heer are many wild hoggs and land-turtle which are very good, other small creators on the Land, as Scorpions and Musketoes, these in small numbers, Batts and fleays a multitude, Munkeys of various sorts."

After this all historical evidence of the existence of the Dodo ceases, although we cannot doubt that they continued for yet a few years. The Dutch first colonised the Mauritius in 1644. The island is not above forty miles in length; and although, when first discovered, it was found clothed with dense forests of palms, and various other trees—among whose columnar stems and leafy umbrage the native creatures might find a safe abode, with food and shelter—how speedily would not the improvident rapacity of hungry colonists, or of reckless fresh-flesh-bereaved mariners, diminish the numbers of a large and heavy-bodied bird, of powerless wing and slow of foot, and useful, moreover, in the way of culinary consumption. Mr Strickland is of opinion that their destruction would be further hastened, or might be mainly caused, by the dogs, cats, and swine which accompany man in his migrations, and become themselves emancipated in the forests. All these creatures are more or less carnivorous, and are fond of eggs and young birds; and as the Dodo is said to have hatched only one egg at a time, a single savage mouthful, might suffice to destroy the hope of a family for many a day.

That the destruction of Dodos was completed by 1693, Mr Strickland thinks may be inferred from the narrative of Leguat, who, in that year, remained several months in the Mauritius, and, while enumerating its ani-

* The collection of the Dukes of Schleswig was removed about the year 1720, by Frederic IV., from Gottorf to Copenhagen, where it is now incorporated with the Royal "Kunstammer" of that northern capital.

mal productions at considerable length, makes no mention whatever of the bird in question. He adds,—“L'isle étoit autrefois toute remplie d'oyes et de canards sauvages ; de poules d'eau, de gelinottes, de tortues de mer et de terre, *mais tout cela est devenue fort rare.*” And, while referring to the “hogs of the China kind,” he states that these beasts do a great deal of damage, by devouring all the young animals they can catch. It is thus sufficiently evident that civilisation was making aggressive inroads on the natural state of the Mauritius even in 1693.

The Dutch evacuated the island in 1712, and were succeeded by the French, who colonised it under the name of Isle de France ; and this change in the population no doubt accounts for the almost entire absence of any traditional knowledge of this remarkable bird among the later inhabitants. Baron Grant lived in the Mauritius for twenty years from 1740 ; and his son, who compiled his papers into a history of the island, states that no trace of such a bird was to be found at that time. In the *Observations sur la Physique* for the year 1778, there is a negative notice, by M. Morel, of the Dodo and its kindred. “Ces oiseaux, si bien décrits dans le tome 2 de l'Histoire des Oiseaux de M. le Comte de Buffon, n'ont jamais été vus aux Isles de France, &c., depuis plus de 60 ans que ces parages sont habités et visités par des colonies Françaises. Les plus anciens habitans assurent tous que ces oiseaux monstrueux leur ont toujours été inconnus.” M. Bory St Vincent, who visited the Mauritius and Bourbon in 1801, and has given us an account of the physical features of those islands in his “Voyage,” assures us (vol. ii. p. 306) that he instituted all possible inquiries regarding the Dodo (or Dronte) and its kindred, without being able to pick up the slightest information on the subject ; and although he advertised “une grande recompense a qui pourrait lui donner la moindre indice de l'ancienne existence de cet oiseau, un silence universel a prouvé que le souvenir même du Dronte étoit perdu parmi les peuples.” De Blainville informs us, (*Ann. Mus.* iv. 31.) that the subject was discussed at a public

dinner at the Mauritius in 1816, where were present several persons from seventy to ninety years of age, none of whom had any knowledge of any Dodo, either from recollection or tradition. Finally, Mr J. V. Thompson, who resided for some years in Mauritius prior to 1816, states, (*Mag. of Nat. Hist.*, ii. 443,) that no more traces could then be found of the Dodo than of the truth of the tale of Paul and Virginia.

But the historical evidence already adduced, as to the former existence of this bird, is confirmed in a very interesting manner by what may be called the pictorial proof. Besides the rude delineations given by the earlier voyagers, there are several old oil-paintings of the Dodo still extant, by skilful artists, who had no other object in view than to represent with accuracy the forms before them. These paintings are five in number, whereof one is anonymous ; three bear the name of Roland Savery, an eminent Dutch animal-painter of the early portion of the seventeenth century, and one is by John Savery, Roland's nephew.

The first of these is the best known, and is that from which the figure of the Dodo, in all modern compilations of ornithology, has been copied. It once belonged to George Edwards, who, in his work on birds, (vi. 294.) tells us, that “the original picture was drawn in Holland from the living bird, brought from St Maurice's island in the East Indies, in the early times of the discovery of the Indies by the way of the Cape of Good Hope. It was the property of the late Sir H. Sloane to the time of his death, and afterwards becoming my property, I deposited it in the British Museum as a great curiosity. The above history of the picture I had from Sir H. Sloane, and the late Dr Mortimer, secretary to the Royal Society.” It is still preserved in the place to which Edwards had consigned it, and may be seen in the bird gallery, along with the actual foot already mentioned. Although without name or date, the similarity both of design and execution, leads to the conclusion that it was by one or other of the Saverys. It may be seen engraved in the *Penny Cyclopædia*, in illustration of Mr Broderip's article *Dodo* in that work.

The second painting, one of Roland Savery's, is in the royal collection at the Hague, and may be regarded as a *chef-d'œuvre*. It represents Orpheus charming the creation, and we there behold the Dodo spell-bound with his other mute companions. All the ordinary creatures there shown are depicted with the greatest truthfulness; and why should the artist, delighting, as he seems to have done, in tracing the most delicate features of familiar nature, have marred the beautiful consistency of his design by introducing a feigned, or even an exaggerated representation? We may here adduce the invaluable evidence of Professor Owen.

"While at the Hague, in the summer of 1838, I was much struck with the minuteness and accuracy with which the exotic species of animals had been painted by Savery and Breughel, in such subjects as Orpheus charming the Beasts, &c., in which scope was allowed for grouping together a great variety of animals. Understanding that the celebrated menagerie of Prince Maurice had afforded the living models to these artists, I sat down one day before Savery's Orpheus and the Beasts, to make a list of the species, which the picture sufficiently evinced that the artist had had the opportunity to study alive. Judge of my surprise and pleasure in detecting, in a dark corner of the picture, (which is badly hung between two windows,) the *Dodo*, beautifully finished, showing for example, though but three inches long, the auricular circle of feathers, the scutiation of the tarsi, and the loose structure of the anal plumæ. In the number and proportions of the toes, and in general form, it accords with Edwards' oil-painting in the British Museum; and I conclude that the miniature must have been copied from the study of a living bird, which, it is most probable, formed part of the Mauritian menagerie. The bird is standing in profile with a lizard at its feet."—*Penny Cyclopædia*, xxiii. p. 143.

Mr Strickland, in 1845, made a search through the Royal Gallery of Berlin, which was known to contain several of Savery's pictures. Among them, we are happy to say that he found one representing the Dodo, with numerous other animals, "in Paradise!" It was very conformable with the figure last mentioned; but what renders this, our third portrait,

of peculiar interest, is, that it affords a date—the words "Roelandt Savery fe. 1626," being inscribed on one corner. As the artist was born in 1576, he must have been twenty-three years old when Van Neck's expedition returned to Holland; and as we are told by De Bry, in reference to the Mauritius, that "*alia ibidem aves visæ sunt, quas walkvögel Batavi nominarunt, et unam secum in Hollandiam importarunt,*" it is quite possible that the portrait of this individual may have been taken at the time, and afterwards recopied, both by himself and his nephew, in their later pictures. Professor Owen leans to the belief that Prince Maurice's collection afforded the living prototype, —an opinion so far strengthened by Edwards's tradition, that the painting in the British Museum was drawn in Holland from a "living bird." Either view is preferable to Dr Hamel's suggestion, that Savery's representation was taken from the Dodo exhibited in London, as that individual was seen alive by Sir Hamon Lestrange in 1638, and must therefore (by no means a likely occurrence) have lived, in the event supposed, at least twelve years in captivity.

Very recently Dr J. J. de Tchudi, the well-known Peruvian traveller, transmitted to Mr Strickland an exact copy of another figure of the Dodo, which forms part of a picture in the imperial collection of the Belvedere at Vienna—by no means a safe location, in these tempestuous times, for the treasures of either art or nature. But we trust that Prince Windischgratz and the hanging committee will now see that all is right, and that General Bem has not been allowed to carry off this drawing of the Dodo in his carpet-bag. It is dated 1628.

"There are two circumstances," says Mr Strickland, "which give an especial interest to this painting. First, the novelty of attitude in the Dodo, exhibiting an activity of character which corroborates the supposition that the artist had a living model before him, and contrasting strongly with the aspect of passive stolidity in the other pictures. And, secondly, the Dodo is represented as watching, apparently with hungry looks, the merry wriggings of an eel in the water! Are we hence to infer that the

Dodo fed upon eels ! The advocates of the Raptorial affinities of the Dodo, of whom we shall soon speak, will doubtless reply in the affirmative ; but, as I hope shortly to demonstrate that it belongs to a family of birds all the other members of which are frugivorous, I can only regard the introduction of the eel as a pictorial license. In this, as in all his other paintings, Savery brought into juxtaposition animals from all countries, without regarding geographical distribution. His delineations of birds and beasts were wonderfully exact, but his knowledge of natural history probably went no further ; and although the Dodo is certainly *looking at the eel*, yet we have no proof that he is going to *eat it*. The mere collocation of animals in an artistic composition, cannot be accepted as evidence against the positive truths revealed by comparative anatomy.”—(P. 30.)

The fifth and last old painting of the Dodo, is that now in the Ashmolean Museum at Oxford, and presented to it by Mr Darby in 1813. Nothing is known of its previous history. It is the work of John Savery, the nephew of Roland, and is dated 1651. Its most peculiar character is the colossal scale on which it has been designed,—the Dodo of this canvass standing about three feet and a half in height.

“It is difficult,” observes our author, “to assign a motive to the artist for thus magnifying an object already sufficiently uncouth in appearance. Were it not for the discrepancy of dates, I should have conjectured that this was the identical “picture of a strange fowle hong out upon a cloth,” which attracted the notice of Sir Hamon Lestrange and his friends, as they “walked London streets” in 1638 ; the delineations used by showmen being in general more remarkable for attractiveness than veracity.”—(P. 31.)

We have now exhibited the leading facts which establish both the existence and extinction of this extraordinary bird : the existence, proved by the recorded testimony of the earlier navigators, the few but peculiar portions of structure which still remain among us, and the *vera effigies* handed down by artists coeval with the period in which the Dodo lived : the non-existence, deduced from the general progress of events, and the absence of all knowledge of the species since the close of the

seventeenth century, although the natural productions of the Mauritius are, in other respects, much better known to us now than then. Why any particular creature should have been so formed as to be unable to resist the progress of *humanity*, and should in consequence have died, it is not for us to say. “There are more things in heaven and earth than are dreamt of in our philosophy ;” and of this we may feel assured, that if, as we doubt not, the Dodo is extinct, then it has served its end, whatever that might be.

There is nothing imperfect in the productions of nature, although there are many organisms in which certain forms and faculties are less developed than in others. There are certainly, in particular groups, such things as rudimentary organs, which belong, as it were, not so much to the individual species, as to the general system which prevails in the larger and more comprehensive class to which such species belong ; and in the majority of which these organs fulfil a frequent and obvious function, and so are very properly regarded as indispensable to the wellbeing of such as use them. But there are many examples in animal life which indicate that particular parts of structure remain, in certain species, for ever in an undeveloped state. In respect to teeth, for instance, the Greenland whale may be regarded as a *permanent suckling* ; for that huge creature having no occasion for these organs, they never pierce the gums, although in early life they are distinctly traceable in the dental groove of the jaws. So the Dodo was a kind of *permanent nestling*, covered with down instead of feathers, and with wings and tail (the oars and rudder of all aerial voyagers) so short and feeble as to be altogether inefficient for the purposes of flight. Why should such things be ? We cannot say. Can any one say why they should not be ? The question is both wide and deep, and they are most likely to plunge into it who can neither dive nor swim. We agree with Mr Strickland, that these apparently anomalous facts are, in reality, indications of laws which the great Creator has been pleased to form and follow in the construction of organised

beings,—inscriptions in an unknown hieroglyphic, which we may rest assured must have a meaning, but of which we have as yet scarcely learned the alphabet. "There appear, however, reasonable grounds for believing that the Creator has assigned to each class of animals a definite type or structure, from which He has never departed, even in the most exceptional or eccentric modifications of form."

As to the true position of the Dodo in systematic ornithology, various opinions have been emitted by various men. The majority seem to have placed it in the great Rasorial or Gallinaceous order, as a component part of the family *Struthionidæ*, or ostrich tribe.

"The bird in question," says Mr Vigors, "from every account which we have of its economy, and from the appearance of its head and foot, is decidedly gallinaceous; and, from the insufficiency of its wings for the purposes of flight, it may with equal certainty be pronounced to be of the *Struthious* structure. But the foot has a strong hind-toe, and, with the exception of its being more robust, in which character it still adheres to the *Struthionidæ*, it corresponds to the Linnæan genus *Crax*, that commences the succeeding family. The bird thus becomes oculant, and forms a strong point of junction between those two contiguous groups."—*Linn. Trans.* xiv. 484.

M. de Blainville (in *Now. Ann. du Mus.* iv. 24,) contests this opinion by various arguments, which we cannot here report, and concludes that the Dodo is a raptorial bird, allied to the vultures. Mr Broderip, in his article before referred to, sums up the discussion as follows:—

"If the picture in the British Museum, and the cut in Bontius, be faithful representations of a creature then living, to make such a bird of prey—a vulture, in the ordinary acceptation of the term—would be to set all the usual laws of adaptation at defiance. A vulture without wings! How was it to be fed! And not only without wings, but necessarily slow and heavy in progression on its clumsy feet. The *Vulturidæ* are, as we know, among the most active agents for removing the decomposing animal remains in tropical and inter-tropical climates, and they are provided with a prodigal development of wing, to waft them

speedily to the spot tainted by the corrupt incumbrance. But no such powers of wing would be required by a bird appointed to clear away the decaying and decomposing masses of a luxuriant tropical vegetation—a kind of vulture for vegetable impurities, so to speak—and such an office would not be by any means inconsistent with comparative slowness of pedestrian motion."

Professor Owen, doubtless one of our greatest authorities, inclines towards an affinity with the vultures, and considers the Dodo as an extremely modified form of the raptorial order.

"Devoid of the power of flight, it could have had small chance of obtaining food by preying upon the members of its own class; and, if it did not exclusively subsist on dead and decaying organised matter, it most probably restricted its attacks to the class of reptiles, and to the littoral fishes, *Crustacea*, &c., which its well-developed back-toe and claw would enable it to seize, and hold with a firm gripe."—*Transactions of the Zoological Society*, iii. p. 331.

We confess that, setting aside various other unbecoming features in the structure of the Dodo, the fact, testified by various authorities, of its swallowing stones, and having stones in its gizzard, for the mechanical trituration of its food, (a peculiarity unknown among the raptorial order,) is sufficient to bar the above view, supported though it be by the opinion of our most distinguished living anatomist.

In a recent memoir by Professor J. F. Brandt (of which an abstract is given in the *Bulletin de la Class. Phys. de l'Acad. Imp. de St Petersburg*, vol. viii. No. 3) we have the following statement:—

"The Dodo, a bird provided with divided toes and cursorial feet, is best classed in the order of the Waders, among which it appears, from its many peculiarities, (most of which, however, are quite referable to forms in this order,) to be an anomalous link connecting several groups,—a link which, for the reasons above given, inclines towards the ostriches, and especially also towards the pigeons."

We doubt the direct affinity to any species of the gallatorial order, an order which contains the cursorial or swift-running birds, very dissimilar in their prevailing habits to anything we know of the sluggish and sedentary

Dodo. Professor Brandt may be regarded as having mistaken analogy for affinity; and, in Mr Strickland's opinion, he has in this instance wandered from the true method of investigation, in his anxiety to discover a link connecting dissevered groups.

What then is, or rather was, the Dodo? The majority of inquirers have no doubt been influenced, though unconsciously, by its colossal size, and have consequently sought its actual analogies only among such huge species as the ostrich, the vulture, and the albatross. But the range in each order is often enormous, as, for example, between the *Falco caruleoscens*, or finch falcon of Bengal, an accipitrine bird not bigger than a sparrow, and an eagle of the largest size; or between the swallow-like stormy petrel and the gigantic pelican of the wilderness. It appears that Professor J. T. Reinhardt of Copenhagen, who rediscovered the cranium of the Gottorf Museum, was the first to indicate the direct relationship of the Dodo to the pigeons. He has recently been engaged in a voyage round the world, but it is known that, before he left Copenhagen in 1845, he had called the attention of his correspondents, both in Sweden and Denmark, to "the striking affinity which exists between this extinct bird and the pigeons, especially the Trerons." The Columbine view is that taken up, and so admirably illustrated, by Mr Strickland, the most recent as well as the best biographer of the Dodo. He refers to the great strength and curvature of bill exhibited by several groups of the tropical fruit-eating pigeons, and adds:

"If we now regard the Dodo as an extreme modification, not of the vulture, but of those vulture-like frugivorous pigeons, we shall, I think, class it in a group whose characters are far more consistent with what we know of its structure and habits. There is no *a priori* reason why a pigeon should not be so modified, in conformity with external circumstances, as to be incapable of flight, just as we see a gallatorial bird modified into an ostrich, and a diver into a penguin.

Now we are told that Mauritius, an island forty miles in length, and about one hundred miles from the nearest land, was, when discovered, clothed with dense forests of palms and various other trees. A bird adapted to feed on the fruits produced by these forests would, in that equable climate, have no occasion to migrate to distant lands; it would revel in the perpetual luxuries of tropical vegetation, and would have but little need of locomotion. Why then should it have the means of flying! Such a bird might wander from tree to tree, tearing with its powerful beak the fruits which strewed the ground, and digesting their stony kernels with its powerful gizzard, enjoying tranquillity and abundance, until the arrival of man destroyed the balance of animal life, and put a term to its existence. Such, in my opinion, was the Dodo,—a colossal, brevipeonate, frugivorous pigeon."—(P. 40.)

For the various osteological and other details by which the Columbine character of the Dodo is maintained, and as we think established, we must refer our readers to Mr Strickland's volume,* where those parts of the subject are very skillfully worked out by his able coadjutor, Dr Melville.

We shall now proceed to notice certain other extinct species which form the dead relations of the Dodo, just as the pigeons continue to represent the tribe from which they have departed. The island Rodriguez, placed about three hundred miles eastward of the Mauritius, though not more than fifteen miles long by six broad, possessed in modern times a peculiar bird, also without effective wings, and in several other respects resembling the Dodo. It was named *Solitaire* by the early voyagers, and forms the species *Didus solitarius* of systematic writers. The small island in question seems to have remained in a desert and unpeopled state until 1691, when a party of French Protestant refugees settled upon it, and remained for a couple of years. The *Solitaire* is thus described by their commander, Francois Leguat, who (in his *Voyage et Aventures*, 1708) has given us an interesting account both

* In regard to the figures by which it is illustrated, we beg to call attention very specially to Plates VIII. and IX., as the most beautiful examples of the lithographic art, applied to natural history, which we have yet seen executed in this country.

of his own doings in general, and of this species in particular.

"Of all the birds in the island, the most remarkable is that which goes by the name of the *Solitary*, because it is very seldom seen in company, though there are abundance of them. The feathers of the male are of a brown-gray colour, the feet and beak are like a turkey's, but a little more crooked. They have scarce any tail, but their hind part, covered with feathers, is roundish like the crupper of a horse: they are taller than turkeys; their neck is straight, and a little longer in proportion than a turkey's, when it lifts up its head. Its eye is black and lively, and its head without comb or cap. They never fly; their wings are too little to support the weight of their bodies; they serve only to beat themselves, and to flutter when they call one another. They will whirl about for twenty or thirty times together on the same side, during the space of four or five minutes. The motion of their wings makes them a noise very much like that of a rattle, and one may hear it two hundred paces off. The bone of their wing grows greater towards the extremity, and forms a little round mass under the feathers, as big as a musket-ball. That and its beak are the chief defence of this bird. 'Tis very hard to catch it in the woods, but easier in open places, because we run faster than they, and sometimes we approach them without much trouble. From March to September they are extremely fat, and taste admirably well, especially while they are young; some of the males weigh forty-five pounds.

"The females" continues our enamoured author, "are wonderfully beautiful, some fair, some brown,—I call them fair, because they are of the colour of fair hair. They have a sort of peak like a widow's upon their beak, which is of a dun colour. No one feather is straggling from the other all over their bodies, they being very careful to adjust themselves, and make them all even with their beaks. The feathers on their thighs are round like shells at the end, and, being there very thick, have an agreeable effect. They have two risings on their crops, and the feathers are whiter there than the rest, which lively represents the fair neck of a beautiful woman. They walk with so much stateliness and good grace, that one cannot help admiring and loving them; by which means their fine mien often saves their lives. Though these birds will sometimes very familiarly come up near enough to one, when we do not run after them, yet they will never grow tame. As soon as they are caught, they

shed tears without crying, and refuse all manner of meat till they die."—(P. 71.)

Their natural food is the fruit of a species of plantain. When these birds are about to build, they select a clean place, and then gather together a quantity of palm-leaves, which they heap up about a foot and a half high, and there they sit. They never lay but one egg, which greatly exceeds that of a goose. Some days after the young one has left the nest, a company of thirty or forty grown-up birds brings another young one to it; and the new-fledged bird, with its father and mother, joining with the band, they all march away to some by-place.

"We frequently followed them," says Leguat, "and found that afterwards the old ones went each their way alone, or in couples, and left the two young ones together, and this we called a *wedding*. This particularity has something in it which looks a little fabulous; nevertheless what I say is sincere truth, and what I have more than once observed with care and pleasure."

Leguat gives a figure of this singular bird, which in his plate has somewhat of the air and aspect of a Christmas goose, although, of course, it wants the web-feet. Its neck and legs are proportionally longer than those parts of the Dodo, and give it more of a *struthious* appearance; but the existing osteological evidence is sufficient to show that it was closely allied to that bird, and shared with it in some peculiar affinities to the pigeon tribe. It is curious that, although Rodriguez is a British settlement, we have scarcely any information regarding it beyond what is to be found in the work last quoted, and all that we have since learned of the *Solitary* is that it has become extinct. Of late years Mr Telfair made inquiries of one of the colonists, who assured him that no such bird now existed on the island; and the same negative result was obtained by Mr Higgins, a Liverpool gentleman, who, after suffering shipwreck on Rodriguez, resided there for a couple of months. As far back as 1789, some bones incrustated by a stalagmite, and erroneously supposed to belong to the Dodo, were found in a cave in Rodriguez by a M. Labistour. They after-

wards found their way to Paris, where they may still be seen. We are informed (*Proceedings of the Zoological Society*, Part I. p. 31) that Col. Dawkins recently visited these caverns, and dug without finding any thing but a small bone. But M. Endes succeeded in disinterring various bones, among others those of a large species of bird no longer found alive upon the island. He adds that the Dutch, who first landed at Rodriguez, left cats there to destroy the rats, which annoyed them. These cats are now so numerous as to prove very destructive to the poultry, and he thinks it probable that these feline wanderers may have extirpated the bird in question, by devouring the young ones as soon as they were hatched,—a destruction which may have been effected even before the island became inhabited by the human race. Be that as it may, Mr Telfair sent collections of the bones to this country, one of which may be seen in the museum of the Andersonian Institution, Glasgow. Mr Strickland mourns over the loss or disappearance of those transmitted to the Zoological Society of London. We have been informed within these few days that, like the head of the Danish Dodo, they have been rediscovered, lying in a stable or other outhouse, in the vicinity of the museum of that Society. Both the Glasgow specimens, and those in Paris, have been carefully examined and compared by Mr Strickland, and their Columbine characters are minutely described by his skilful and accurate coadjutor, Dr Melville, in the second portion of his work. Mr S. very properly regards certain peculiarities, alluded to by Leguat, such as the feeding on dates or plantains, as confirmatory of his view of the natural affinities already mentioned.

So much for the Solitaire of Rodriguez and its affinities.* A singular fact, however, remains to be yet attended to in this insular group. The volcanic island of Bourbon seems also to have contained *brevi-pennate* birds, whose inability to fly has likewise led to their extinction. This island, which lies about a hundred miles south-west of Mauritius, was discovered contemporaneously by Pedro de Mascaregnas, in the sixteenth century. The earliest notice which concerns our present inquiry, is by Captain Castleton, who visited Bourbon in 1613. In the narrative, as given by Purchas, we read as follows :—

“There is store of land-fowl, both small and great, plentie of doves, great parrats, and suchlike, and a great fowl of the bignesse of a turkie, very fat, and so short-winged that they cannot flie, beeing white, and in a manner tame; and so are all other fowles, as having not been troubled nor feared with shot. Our men did beat them down with sticks and stones.”—(Ed. 1625, vol. i. p. 331.)

Bontekoe van Hoorn, a Dutch voyager, spent twenty-one days in Bourbon in 1618, and found the island to abound in pigeons, parrots, and other species, among which “there were also *Dod-eersen*, which have small wings; and so far from being able to fly, they were so fat that they could scarcely walk, and when they tried to run, they dragged their under side along the ground.” There is no reason to suppose that these birds were actual Dodos, of the existence of which in Bourbon there is not the slightest proof. That Bontekoe’s account was compiled from recollection rather than from any journal written at the time, is almost certain from this tragical fact, that his ship was afterwards blown up, and he himself was

* The companions of Vasco de Gama had, at an earlier period, applied the name of *Solitaires* to certain birds found in an island near the Cape of Good Hope; but these must not be confounded with those of the Didine group above referred to. They were, in fact, penguins, and their wings were somewhat vaguely compared to those of bats, by reason of the peculiar scaly or undeveloped state of the feathers in these birds. Dr Hamel has shown that the term *Solitaires*, as employed by the Portuguese sailors, was a corruption of *sotilicairros*, an alleged Hottentot word, of which we do not profess to know the meaning, being rather rusted in that tongue. We know, however, that penguins are particularly gregarious, and, therefore, by no means solitary, although they may be extremely *sotilicairros* for anything we can say to the contrary.

the sole survivor. There is no likelihood that he preserved his papers any more than his portmanteau, and he no doubt wrote from remembrance of a large *brevipennate* bird, whose indolent and unfearing tameness rendered it an easy prey. Knowing that a bird of a somewhat similar nature inhabited the neighbouring island, he took it for the same, and called it Dodo, by a corresponding term.

A Frenchman of the name of Carré visited Bourbon in 1668, and in his *Voyages des Indes Orientales*, he states as follows:—

“I have seen a kind of bird which I have not found elsewhere; it is that which the inhabitants call the *oiseau solitaire*, for in fact it loves solitude, and only frequents the most secluded places. One never sees two or more of them together, they are always alone. It is not unlike a turkey, were it not that its legs are longer. The beauty of its plumage is delightful to behold. The flesh is exquisite; it forms one of the best dishes in this country, and might form a dainty at our tables. We wished to keep two of these birds to send to France and present them to his Majesty, but, as soon as they were on board ship, they died of melancholy, having refused to eat or drink.”—(Vol. i. p. 12.)

Almost immediately after M. Carré's visit, a French colony was sent from Madagascar to Bourbon, under the superintendence of M. de la Haye. A certain Sieur D. B. (for this is all that is known of his name or designation) was one of the party, and has left a narrative of the expedition in an unpublished journal, acquired by Mr Telfair, and presented by him to the Zoological Society of London. Besides confirming the accounts given by preceding writers, this unknown author affords a conclusive proof that a second species of the same group inhabited the Island of Bourbon. We are indebted to Mr Strickland for the original passages and the following translation:—

1. “*Solitaires*.—These birds are so called because they always go alone. They are the size of a large goose, and are white, with the tips of the wings and the tail black. The tail-feathers resemble those of an ostrich; the neck is long, and the beak is like that of a woodcock, but larger; the legs and feet like those of turkeys.”

2. “*Oiseaux bleus*, the size of *Solitaires*, have the plumage wholly blue, the beak and feet red, resembling the feet of a hen. They do not fly, but they run extremely fast, so that a dog can hardly overtake them; they are very good eating.”

There is proof that one or other of these singular and now unknown birds existed in Bourbon, at least till toward the middle of the last century. M. Billiard, who resided there between 1817 and 1820, states (in his *Voyages aux Colonies Orientales*) that, at the time of the first colonisation of the island, “the woods were filled with birds which were not alarmed at the approach of man. Among them was the *Dodo* or *Solitaire*, which was pursued on foot: they were still to be seen in the time of M. de la Bourdonnaye, who sent a specimen, as a curiosity, to one of the directors of the company.” As the gentleman last named was governor of the Isles of France and Bourbon from 1735 to 1746, these birds, Mr Strickland observes, *must* have survived to the former, and *may* have continued to the latter date at least. But when M. Bory St Vincent made a careful survey of the island in 1801, no such species were to be found. The description of the bill and plumage shows that they were not genuine Dodos, but merely entitled to be classed among their kindred. Not a vestige of their remains is in the hands of naturalists, either in this or any other country.

We have now finished, under Mr Strickland's guidance, our exposition of this curious group. The restriction, at any time, of such large birds to islands of so small a size, is certainly singular. We cannot, however, say what peculiar and unknown geological changes these islands may have undergone, by which their extent has been diminished, or their inter-connexion destroyed. Volcanic groups, such as those in question, are no doubt generally of less ancient origin than most others; but it is by no means unlikely that these islands of Rodriguez, Bourbon, and Mauritius, may once have formed a united group, or much more expanded mass of terra firma than they now exhibit; and that, by their partial submergence

and separation, the dominions of the Dodo and its kindred have, like those of many other heavy chieftains of high degree, been greatly diminished and laid low. But into this question of ancient boundaries we cannot now enter.

How pleasant, on some resplendent summer evening, in such a delicious clime as that of the Mauritius, the sun slowly sinking amid a gorgeous blaze of light, and gilding in green and gold the spreading summits of the towering palms,—the murmuring sea sending its refreshing vesper-breathings through all the “pillared shades” which stretch along that glittering shore,—how pleasant, we say, for wearied man to sit in leafy umbrage, and sup on Dodos and their kindred! Alas! we shall never see such days again.

Dr Hamel, as native of a northern country, is fond of animal food, and has his senses, naturally sharp enough, so whetted thereby, that he becomes “sagacious of his quarry from afar.” He judiciously observes, in his recent memoir, (*Der Dodo, &c.*) that in Leguat’s map the place is accurately indicated where the common kitchen of

the settlers stood, and where the great tree grew under which they used to sit, on a bench, to take their meals. Both tree and bench are marked upon the map. “At these two spots,” says Dr Hamel, “it is probable that the bones of a complete skeleton of Leguat’s solitaire might be collected; those of the head and feet on the site of the kitchen, and the sternum and other bones on that of the tree.”

“I feel confident,” says Mr Strickland, “that if active naturalists would make a series of excavations in the alluvial deposits, in the beds of streams, and amid the ruins of old institutions in Mauritius, Bourbon, and Rodriguez, he would speedily discover the remains of the dodo, the two ‘solitaires,’ or the ‘oiseau bleu.’” But I would especially direct attention to the caves with which these volcanic islands abound. The chief agents in the destruction of the brevipennate birds were probably the runaway negroes, who for many years infested the primeval forests of these islands, and inhabited the caverns, where they would doubtless leave the scattered bones of the animals on which they fed. Here, then, may we more especially hope to find the osseous remains of these remarkable animals.” —(P. 61.)

THE SWORD OF HONOUR.

A TALE OF 1787.

ANY old directory of the latter half of the last century will still show, to the curious in such matters, the address of Messrs. Hope and Bullion, merchants and general dealers at No. 4, in a certain high and narrow street in the city of London. Not that this, in itself, is a very valuable part of history; but to those who look up at the dirty windows of the house as it now stands, and compare the narrow pavement and cit-like appearance of the whole locality with the splendours of Oxford Square or Stanhope Place, where the business occupant of the premises has now his residence, it will be a subject of doubt, if not of unbelief, that Mr Bullion—who dwelt in the upper portions of the building—was as happy, and nearly as proud, as his successor at the present time. Yet so it is; and, without making invidious comparisons

lady who does the honours of the mansion in Oxford Square—her father was a sugar baker, and lived in a magnificent country house at Mussel hill. I will venture to state, that Mr Bullion had great reason to be satisfied with the manners and appearance of the young person who presided at his festive board. Such a rich laugh, and such a sweet voice, were heard in no other house in the town. And as to her face and figure, the only dispute among painters and sculptors was, whether the ever-varying expression of her features did not constitute her the true property of the Reynoldses and Romneys,—or the ever-exquisite moulding of her shape did not bring her within the province of the severer art. At the same time it must be confessed, that the subject of these disputes took no interest either in brush or chisel. A bright, happy, clever creature—but

“distinguished-looking

no judge of sciences and arts—was Louise Ballion. Books she had read a few, and music she had studied a little; yet, with her slender knowledge of the circulating library, she talked more pleasantly than Madame de Staël, and sang so sweetly, so naturally, and so truly, that Mrs Billington was a fool to her. She was a parlour Jenny Lind. But Mrs Billington was not the only person who was a fool to her. Oh no!—that sort of insanity was epidemic, and seized on all that came near her. Even Mr Cocker the book-keeper—a little man of upwards of fifty, who was so simple, and knew so little of anything but arithmetic, that he always considered himself, and was considered by the people, a boy just getting on in his teens—even Mr Cocker was a fool to her too. For when he was invited to tea, and had his cups sweetened by her hand, and his whole heart turned, by some of her pathetic ballads, into something so soft and oily that it must have been just like one of the muffins she laid on his plate, he used to go away with a very confused idea of cube roots, and get into the most extraordinary puzzles in the rule of three. Miss Louise, he said, would never go out of his head; whereas she had never once got into it, having established her quarters very comfortably in another place a little lower down, just inside of the brass buttons on his left breast; and yet the poor old fellow went down to his grave without the remotest suspicion that he had ever been in love. The people used to say that his perplexities, on those occasions, were principally remarkable after supper—for an invitation to tea, in those hospitable times, included an afterpiece in the shape of some roaring hot dishes, and various bowls of a stout and jovial beverage, whose place, I beg to say, is poorly supplied by any conceivable quantity of negus and jellies! Yes, the people used to say that Cocker's difficulties in calculation arose from other causes than his admiration of Miss Louise and her songs; but this was a calumny—and, in fact, any few extra glasses he took were for the express purpose of clearing his head, after it had got bewildered by her smiles and music; and therefore how could they possibly

be the cause of his bewilderment? I repeat that Mr Cocker was afflicted by the universal disease, and would have died with the greatest happiness to give her a moment's satisfaction. And so would all the clerks, except one, who was very short-sighted and remarkably deaf, and who was afterwards tried on suspicion of having poisoned his wife; and so would her aunt, Miss Lucretia Smith, though her kindness was so wonderfully disguised that the whole world would have been justified in considering it harshness and ill-nature. It was only her way of bestowing it—as if you were to pour out sugar from a vinegar casket; and a good old, fussy, scolding, grumbling, advising, tormenting, and very loving lady was Miss Lucretia Smith—very loving, I say, not only of her niece, and her brother-in-law, but of anybody that would agree to be loved. Traditions existed that, in her youth, she had been a tremendous creature for enthusiasms and romances; that she had flirted with all the officers of the city militia, from the colonel downwards, and with all the Lord Mayors' chaplains for an infinite series of years; and that, though nothing came of all her praiseworthy efforts, time had had a strengthening instead of a weakening effect on all these passages—till now, in her fifty-third year, she actually believed she had been in love with them all, and on the point of marriage with more than half.

And this constituted the whole of Mr Ballion's establishment—at least all his establishment which was regularly on the books; but there was a young man so constantly in the house—so much at home there—so welcome when he came, so wondered at when he staid away—in short, so much one of the family, that I will only say, if he was not considered a member of it, he ought to have been. For what, I pray you, constitutes membership, if intimacy, kindness, perpetual presence, and filial and fraternal affection—filial to the old man, fraternal to the young lady—do not constitute it? You might have sworn till doomsday, but Mr Cecil Hope would never have believed that his home was anywhere but at No. 4. Nay, when, by some accident, he found himself for a day in a very pretty, very tasteful, and very

spacious house he had in Hertfordshire, with a ring-fence of fourteen hundred acres round it, he felt quite disconsolate, and as if he were in a strange place. The estate had been bought, the house had been built—as the money had been acquired, by his father, who was no less a person than the senior partner in the firm of Hope and Bullion, but had withdrawn his capital from the trade, laid it out in land, superintended the erection of his mansion, pined for his mercantile activities, and died in three years of having nothing to do. So Cecil was rich and unencumbered; he was also as handsome as the Apollo, who, they say, would be a very vulgar-looking fellow if he dressed like a Christian; and he (not the Apollo, but Cecil Hope) was four-and-twenty years of age, five feet eleven in height, and as pleasant a fellow as it is possible to conceive. So you may guess whether or not he was in love with Louise. Of course he was,—haven't I said he was a young man of some sense, and for whom I have a regard? He adored her. And now you will, perhaps, be asking if the admiration was returned—and that is one of the occasions on which an impertinent reader has a great advantage over the best and cunningest of authors. They can ask such impudent questions,—which they would not dare to do unless under the protection and in the sanctuary, as it were, of print, and look so amazingly knowing while pausing for a reply, that I have no patience with the fellows at all; and, in answer to their demand whether Louise returned the love of Cecil Hope, I will only say this—I will see them hanged first, before I gratify their curiosity. Indeed, how could I hold up my head in any decent society again, if I were to commit such a breach of confidence as that? Imagine me confessing that she looked always fifty times happier in his presence than when he was away—imagine me confessing that her heart beat many thumps quicker when anybody mentioned his name—imagine me, I say, confessing all this, and fifty things more, and then calling myself a man of honour and discretion! No: I say again I will see them hanged first, before I will

answer his insolent question; so let that be an understood thing between us, that I will never reveal any secret with which a young lady is kind enough to intrust me.

And this, I think, is a catalogue of all the household above the good old warehouse. Ah! no,—there is the excellent Mr Bullion himself. He is now sixty; he has white hair, a noble, even a *distingué* figure: look into any page of any fashionable novel of any year, for an explanation of what that means. On the present occasion, you would perhaps conclude that the long-backed, wide-tailed blue coat, the low-flapped waistcoat, tight-fitting knee-br—ch—s, white cotton stockings in-doors, long gaiters out, with bright-buckled square-toed shoes, may be a little inconsistent with the epithet *distingué*. But this is a vulgar error, and would argue that nobody could look *distingué* without lace and brocade. Now, only imagine Mr Bullion in a court-dress, with a silk bag floating over his shoulder, to tie up long tresses which have disappeared from his head for many years; a diamond-hilted rapier that probably has no blade, and all the other portions of that graceful and easy style of habiliment,—dress him in this way, and look at him bowing gracefully by means of his three-cornered hat, and you will surely grant he would be a *distingué* figure then,—and why not in his blue coat and smalls?

But *distingué*-looking men, even in court-dresses, may be great rascals, and even considerable fools. Then was Mr Bullion a rascal?—no. A fool?—no. In short, he was one of the best of men, and could have been recognised during his life, if any one had described him in the words of his epitaph.

Well,—we must get on. Day after day, for several months before the date we have got to, a sort of mystery seemed to grow deeper and deeper on the benevolent features of the father of Louise. Something—nobody could tell what—had lifted him out of his ordinary self. He dropt dark hints of some great change that was shortly to take place in the position of the family: he even took many opportunities of lecturing Cecil Hope on the miseries of ill-assorted marriages,

particularly where the lady was of a family immeasurably superior to the man's. Miss Smith thought he was going to be made Lord Mayor; Cecil Hope supposed he was about to be appointed Chancellor of the Exchequer; and Louise thought he was growing silly, and took no notice of all the airs he put on, and the depreciatory observations he made on the rank of a country squire. As to Mr Cocker, he was already fully persuaded that his master was the greatest man in the world, and, if he had started for king, would have voted him to the throne without a moment's hesitation. At last the origin of all these proceedings on the part of Mr Bullion began to be suspected. A little dark man, with the brightest possible eyes, shrouded in a great cloak, with a broad-brimmed hat carefully drawn over his brows, and just showing to the affrighted maid who opened the door the aforesaid eyes, fixed on her with such an expression of inquiry that they fully supplied the difficulty he experienced in asking for Mr Bullion in words,—for he was a foreigner, not much gifted with the graces of English pronunciation. This little dark and inquisitive man came to the house two or three times a week, and spent several hours in close consultation with Mr Bullion. On emerging from these councils, it was easy to see, by that gentleman's countenance, whether the affair, whatever it was, was in a prosperous condition or not. Sometimes he came into the supper-room gloomy and silent, sometimes tripping in like a sexagenarian Tagioni, and humming a French song,—for his knowledge of that language was extraordinary,—and his whole idea of a daughter's education seemed to be, to make her acquire the true Parisian accent, and to read Molière and Corneille. So Louise, to gratify the whim of her father, had made herself perfect in the language, and could have entered into a correspondence with Madame de Sevigné without a single false concord, or a mistake in spelling. Who could this little man be, who had such influence on her father's spirits? They watched him, but could see nothing but the dark cloak and slouched hat, which disappeared down some side street,

and would have puzzled one of the detective police to keep them in view. Her thoughts rested almost constantly on this subject. Even at church—for they were regular church-goers, and very decided Protestants, as far as their religious feelings could be shown in hating the devil and the Pope—she used to watch her father's face, but could read nothing there but a quiet devotion during the prayers, and an amiable condescension while listening to the sermon. Rustlings of papers as the little visitor slipt along the passage, revealed the fact that there were various documents required in their consultations; and on one particular occasion, after an interview of unusual duration, Mr Bullion accompanied his mysterious guest to the door, and was overheard, by the conclave who were assembled in the little parlour for supper, very warm in his protestations of obligation for the trouble he had taken, and concluding with these remarkable words—"Assure his Excellency of my highest consideration, and that I shall not lose a moment in throwing myself at the feet of the King." Louise looked at Cecil on hearing these words; and as Cecil would probably have been looking at Louise, whether he had heard these words or not, their eyes met with an expression of great bewilderment and surprise,—the said bewilderment being by no means diminished when his visitor replied—"His Excellency kisses your hands, and I leave your Lordship in the holy keeping of the saints."

"Papa is rather flighty—don't you think so, Cecil?" said Louise.

"Both mad," answered that gentleman with a shake of the head.

"Mr Bullion is going to be Lord Mayor," said Miss Lucretia, with a vivid remembrance of the flirtations and grandeurs of the Mansion-house.

Mr Cocker said nothing aloud, and was sorely puzzled for a long time, but ended with a confused notion, derived principally from the protection of the saints, that his patron was likely to be Pope. All, however, sank into a gaping silence of anticipation, when Mr Bullion, after shutting the door, as soon as his visitor had departed, began to whistle Malbrook, and came into the supper-room.

CHAPTER II.

"Enjoy yourselves, *mes enfants*," said the old gentleman; "I have not kept you waiting, I hope. Miss Smith, I kiss your hand—*ma fille embrasse moi*."

"What's the matter with you, papa?" replied the young lady, and not complying with the request; "you speak as if you were a foreigner. Have you forgotten your mother-tongue?"

And certainly it was not difficult to perceive that there was an unusual tone assumed by Mr Bullion, with the slightest possible broken English admitted into his language.

"My mother-tongue?" said the senior. "Bah! 'tis not the time yet—I have not forgot it—not quite—but kiss me, Louise."

"Well, since you speak like a Christian, I won't refuse; but do be a good, kind, communicative old man, and tell us what has kept you so long. Do tell us who that hideous man is."

"Hideous, my dear!—'tis plain you never saw him."

"He's like the bravo of Venice," said Louise; "isn't he, Cecil?"

"He's more like Guy Faux," said the gentleman appealed to.

"He's like a gipsy fortune-teller," continued Miss Smith.

"Uncommon like a 'ousebreaker," chimed in Mr Cocker: "I never see such a rascally-looking countenance."

"Are you aware, all this time, that you are giving these descriptions of a friend of mine.—a most learned, lofty, reverend—but, pahaw! what nonsense it is, getting angry with folks like you. Eagles should fight with eagles."

But the lofty assumptions of Mr Bullion made no impression on his audience. One word, however, had stuck in the tympanum of Miss Smith's ear, and was beating a tremendous tattoo in her heart—

"Reverend, did you say, brother-in-law. If that little man is reverend, mark my words. I know very well what he's after. If we're not all spirited off to the Disquisition in Spain, I wish I may never be marr—I mean—saved."

"Nonsense, aunt," said Louise. "You're not going to turn Dissenter, father?"

"Better that than be a Papist, anyhow," snaked out Lucretia.

"Miss Smith," said Mr Bullion, "have the kindness, madam, to make no observation on what I do, or what friends I visit or receive in this house. If the gentleman who has now left me were a Mahomedan, he should be sacred from your impertinent remarks. Give me another potato, and hold your tongue."

"To you, Mr Hope," continued the senior, "and to you, Mr Cocker, and to you, Miss Lucretia, who are unmixed plebeians from your remotest known ancestry, it may appear surprising that a man so willingly undertakes the onerous duties entailed on him by his lofty extraction, as to surrender the peace and contentment which he feels to be the fitter accompaniments of your humble yet comfortable position. For my daughter and me far other things are in store—we sit on the mountain-top exposed to the tempest, though glorified by the sunshine, and look without regret to the contemptible safety and inglorious ease of the inhabitants of the vale. Take a glass of wine, Mr Cocker. I shall always look on you with favour."

Mr Cocker took the glass as ordered, and supposed his patron was repeating a passage out of Esfield's *Speaker*. "Fine language, sir, very fine language, indeed! particular that about sunshine on the mountains. A remarkable clever man, Mr Esfield; and I can say Ossian's Address to the Sun myself."

But in the mean time Louise walked round the table, and laid hold of her father's hand, and putting her finger on his pulse, looked with a face full of wisdom, while she counted the beats; and giving a satisfied shake of the head, resumed her seat.

"A day or two's quiet will do, without a strait waistcoat," she said; "but I will certainly tell the porter never to admit that slouch-faced muffled-up impostor, who puts such nonsense into his head."

But at this moment a violent pull at the bell startled them all. When the door was opened a voice was heard in the hall which said, "Pour un

instant, *Monsieur*;" whereupon Mr Bullion started up, and replying, "Oui, mon père," hurried out of the room, and left his party in more blank amazement than before.

The surmises, the exclamations, the whispers and suspicions that passed from one to the other, it is needless to record; it will suffice to say that, after

an animated conversation with the mysterious visitor, Mr Bullion once more joined the circle and said, "You will be ready, all of you, to start for France to-morrow. I have business of importance that calls for my presence in Tours. Say not a word, but obey."

CHAPTER III.

So, in a week, they were all comfortably settled in a hotel at Tours.

Mr Bullion was sitting in the parlour, apparently in deep and pleasant contemplation; for the corners of his mouth were involuntarily turned up, and he inspected the calf of his leg with self-satisfied admiration. Mr Cocker was on a chair in the corner, probably multiplying the squares in the table-cover by the flowers in the paper.

"How do you like France, Mr Cocker?" said Mr Bullion.

"Not at all, sir; the folks has no sense; and no wonder we always wallop them by sea or land."

"Heem! Must I remind you, sir, that this is *my* country; that the French are my countrymen; and that you by no means wallop them either by sea or land."

"You French! you Frenchman!" replied Mr Cocker; "that is a joke! Bullion ain't altogether a French name, I think? No, no; it smelts of the bank; it does. You ain't one of the *parlous*—you ain't, that's certain."

"How often have I to order you, sir, not to doubt my word?" said Mr Bullion; and emphasised his speech with a form of expression that is generally considered a clencher.

"There! there!" cried Cocker, triumphant; "I told you so. Is there ever a Frenchman could swear like that? They ain't Christians enough to give such a jolly hearty curse as yours; so you see, sir, it's no go to pass yourself off for a *Mounseer*."

"Leave the room, sir, and send Mr Hope to me at once!"

Cocker obeyed, puzzled more and more at the fancy his master was possessed with to deny his country.

"It would, perhaps, have been wiser,"

thought Mr Bullion, "to have left the plebeian fools at home till everything was formally completed; but still, nothing, I suppose, would have satisfied them but the evidence of their own eyes."

"Mr Hope," he said, as that young gentleman entered the room, "sit down beside me; nay, no ceremony, I shall always treat you with condescension and regard."

"You are very good, sir."

"I am, sir; and I trust your conduct will continue such as to justify me in remaining so. You may have observed, Mr Hope, a change in my manner for some time past. You can't have been fool enough, like Miss Smith and Mr Cocker, to doubt the reality of the fact I stated, namely, that I am French by birth,—did you doubt it, sir?"

"Why, sir,—in fact—since you insist on an answer—"

"I see you did. Well, sir, I pity and pardon you. I will tell you the whole tale, and then you will see that some alteration must take place in our respective positions. In the neighbourhood of this good city of Tours I was born. My father was chief of the younger branch of one of the noblest houses in France,—the De Bouillons of Chateau d'Or. He was wild, gay, thoughtless, and fell into disgrace at court. He was imprisoned in the Bastille; his estates confiscated; his name expunged from the book of nobility; and he died poor, forgotten, and blackened in name and fame. I was fifteen at the time. I took my father's sword into the Town Hall; I gave it in solemn charge to the authorities, and vowed that when I had succeeded in wiping off the blot from my father's name, and getting it restored to its former rank, I would reclaim it at their hands, and assume

the state and dignity to which my birth entitled me. I went to England; your father, my good Cecil, took me by the hand: porter, clerk, partner, friend,—I rose through all the gradations of the office; and when he died, he left me the highest trust he could repose in any one,—the guardianship of his son.”

“I know sir,—and if I have never sufficiently thanked you for your care—”

“Not that—no, no—I’m satisfied, my dear boy—and Louise—the Lady Louise I must now call her—change of rank—duties of lofty sphere—former friends—ill arranged engagements—” continued the new-formed magnate in confusion, blurting out unconnected words, that showed the train of his thoughts without expressing them distinctly; while Mr Hope sat in amazement at what he had heard, but no longer doubting the reality of what was said.

“Well, sir?” he inquired.

“I changed my name with my country, though retaining as much of the sound of it as I could; and Louis Bullion was a complete disguise for the expatriated Marquis de Bouillon de Chateau d’Or. I married Miss Smith, and lost her shortly after Louise’s birth. For years I have been in treaty with the French ambassador through his almoner, the Abbé, whose visits you thought so mysterious. At last I succeeded, and to-morrow I claim my father’s sword, resume the hereditary titles of my house, and take my honoured place among the peers and paladins of France.”

“And have you informed Louise?”—inquired Cecil.

“Lady Louise,” interrupted Mr Bullion.

“Of this change in her position?”

“Why, my dear Cecil, to tell you the truth—it’s not an easy matter to get her to understand my meaning. Yesterday I attempted to explain the thing, exactly as I have done to you; but instead of taking it seriously, she began with one of her provoking chuckles, and chuckled me under the chin, and called me Marquy-darky. In fact, I wish the explanation to come from you.”

“I feel myself very unfit for the task,” said the young man, who

foresaw that this altered situation might interfere with certain plans of his own. “I hope you will excuse me; you can tell her the whole affair yourself, for here she comes.”

And the young lady accordingly made her appearance. After looking at them for some time—

“What are you all so doleful about?” she began. “Has papa bitten you too, Cecil? Pray don’t be a duke—it makes people so very ridiculous.”

“Miss Louise—mademoiselle, I ought to say,” said Mr Bullion, “I have communicated certain facts to Cecil Hope.”

“Which he doesn’t believe—do you, Cecil?” interposed the daughter.

“He does believe them, and I beg you will believe them too. They are simply, that I am a nobleman of the highest rank, and you are my right honourable daughter.”

“Oh, indeed! and how was our cousin Spain when you heard from Madrid?—our uncle Austria, was he quite well?—was George of England recovered of the gout?—and above all, how was uncle Smith, the ship-owner of Wapping?”

“Girl! you will drive me mad,” replied the Marquis, “with your Smiths and Wappings. I tell you, what I have said is really the case, and to-morrow you will see the inauguration with your own eyes. Meantime, I must dress, to receive a deputation of the nobility of the province, who come to congratulate me on my arrival.”

“Oh, what’s this I hear,” exclaimed Miss Smith, rushing into the room, “are you a real marquis, Mr Bullion?”

“Yes, madam, I have that honour.”

“And does the marriage with my sister stand good?”

“To be sure, madam.”

“Then, I’m very glad of it. Oh how delightful!—to be my Lord this, my Lady that. I am always devoted to the aristockicy; and now, only to think I am one of them myself.”

“How can you be so foolish, aunt?—I’m ashamed of you,” said Louise; “what terrible things you were telling me, an hour ago, of the wickedness of the nobility?”

“Miss Smith, though she does not

express herself in very correct language, has more sensible ideas on this subject than you," said the marquis, looking severely at his daughter, who was looking, from time to time, with a malicious smile at the woe-begone countenance of Cecil Hope. "Remember, madam, who it is you are," continued the senior.

"La, papa! don't talk such nonsense," replied the irreverent daughter. "Do you think I am eighteen years of age, and don't know perfectly well who and what I am?"

"Three of your ancestors, madam, were Constables of France."

"That's nothing to boast of," returned Louise; "no, not if they had been inspectors of police."

"You are incorrigible, girl, and have not sense enough to have a proper feeling of family pride."

"Haven't I? Am I not proud of all the stories uncle David tells us of his courage, when he was mate of an Indiaman? and aunt Jenkison—don't you remember, sir, how she dined with us at Christmas, and had to walk in pattens through the snow, and tumbled in Cheapside?"

A laugh began to form itself round the eyes of the French magnate, which made his countenance uncommonly like what it used to be when it was that of an English merchant. Louise saw her success, and proceeded.

"And how you said, when the poor old lady was brought home in a chair, that it was the punch that did it?"

"He, he! and so it was. Didn't I caution her, all the time, that it was old Jamaica rum?" broke out the father; but checked himself, as if he were guilty of some indecorum.

"And don't you remember how we all attended the launch of uncle Peter's ship, the Hope's Return? Ah, they were happy days, father! weren't they?"

"No, madam; no—vulgar, miserable days: forget them as quick as you can. I tell you, when you resume your proper sphere, every eye will be turned to your beauty: nobles will be dying at your feet."

"I trust not, sir," hurriedly burst in Mr Hope. "I don't see what right any nobles will have to be dying at Louise's feet."

"Don't you, sir?" said Louise. "Indeed! I beg to tell you, that as many as choose shall die at my feet. I'll trouble you, Mr Hope, not to interfere with the taste of any nobleman who has a fancy to so queer a place for his death-bed." But while she said this, she tapped him so playfully with her little white hand, and looked at him so kindly with her beautiful blue eyes, that the young gentleman seemed greatly reassured; and in a few minutes, as if tired of the conversation, betook himself to the other room.

CHAPTER IV.

Suddenly a great noise was heard in the street, and interrupted the lectures of father and aunt on the dignity of position and the pride of birth. Miss Lucretia and Louise ran to the window, and saw a cavalcade of carriages, with outriders, and footmen on the rumble, and all the stately accompaniments of the old-fashioned family coach, which, after a slow progress along the causeway, stopped at the hotel door.

"My friends! my noble friends!" exclaimed the marquis; "and I in this miserable dress!"

"The noble men! the salts of the earth!" equally exclaimed Miss Smith; "and I in my morning gown!"

Saying this, she hastily fled into her bed-room, which, according to the fashion of French houses, opened on

the sitting-room, and left the father and Louise alone.

The father certainly was in no fitting costume for the dignity of his new character. He was dressed according to the fashion of the respectable London trader of his time—a very fitting figure for 'Change, but not appropriate to the Marquis de Bouillon de Chateau d'Or. Nor, in fact, was his disposition much more fitted for his exalted position than his clothes. To all intents and purposes, he was a true John Bull: proud of his efforts to attain wealth—proud of his success—proud of the freedom of his adopted land—and, in his secret heart, thinking an English merchant several hundred degrees superior in usefulness and worth to all the marquises that ever lived on the smiles of

the Grand Monarque. The struggle, therefore, that went on within him was the most ludicrous possible. To his family and friends he presented that phase of his individuality that set his nobility in front; to the French nobles, on the other hand, he was inclined to show only so much of himself as presented the man of bills and invoices; and in both conditions, by a wonderful process of reasoning, in which we are all adepts, considered himself raised above the individuals he addressed.

"Did they see you at the window?" he said, in some trepidation, while the visitors were descending from their coaches.

"To be sure," replied Louise; "and impudent-looking men they were."

"Ah! that's a pity. Do, for heaven's sake, my dear, just slip in beside your aunt. They are a very gay polite people, the nobles of France—"

"Well; and what then?"

"And they might take ways of showing it, we are not used to in England. Do hide yourself, my dear—there, that's a good girl." And just as he had succeeded in pushing her into the bedroom, and begged her to lock herself in, the landlord of the hotel ushered four or five noblemen into the apartment, as visitors to the Marquis de Bouillon. The eldest of the strangers—about forty years old—bespangled with jewels, and ornamented with two or three stars and ribbons, looked with some surprise on the plainly drest and citizen-mannered man, who came forward to welcome them.

"We came to pay our compliments to my lord the Marquis de Bouillon de Chateau d'Or."

"And very glad he is to see you, gentlemen," said their host.

"You?—impossible! He speaks with an English accent."

"An impostor!" replied another of the nobles, to whom the last sentence had been addressed in a whisper.

"I am, indeed,—and truly glad to make your acquaintance, I assure you."

"Well," resumed the Frenchman, "let me present to you the Viscount de Lanoy—the Baron Beauvilliers—the Marquis de Croissy—for myself, I'm the Viscount de Chateau."

"Sit down, gentlemen—I beg," said De Bouillon, after bowing to the personages named. "A charming place this Tours, and I'm very glad to see you—fine weather, gentlemen."

"I trust you have come with the intention of residing among us. Your estates, I conclude, are restored along with your titles."

"No, gentlemen, they're not. But we may manage to buy some of them back again. How's land here?"

"Land?" inquired the duke, rather bewildered with the question.

"Yes—how is it, as to rent? How much an acre?"

"Pon my word, I don't know. When I want money I tell the steward, and the people—the—serfs, I suppose, they are—who hold the plough and manage the land—give him some, and he brings it to me."

"Oh! but you don't know how many years' purchase it's worth?"

"To this there was no answer—statistics, at that time, not being a favourite study in France.

"But, marquis," inquired another, "hasn't the King restored you your manorial rights—your *droits de seigneurie*?"

"No, sir."

"Then what's the use of land without them?" was the very pertinent rejoinder.

"What are they, sir?" inquired the marquis.

"Why, if a tenant of yours has a pretty daughter," said one.

"Or a wife," said another.

"Or even a niece," said a third.

"Well, sir, what then? I don't take."

"Oh, you're a wag, marquis!" replied the duke. "Didn't I see, as we stopt before your window, a countenance radiant with beauty?"

"Eyes like stars," chimed in another.

"Checks like roses. Aha! Monsieur le Marquis—who was it?—come!"

"Why, that,—oh, that,—that's a young lady under my protection, gentlemen; and I must beg you to change the conversation."

"Indeed! you're a lucky fellow! The old fool mustn't be allowed to keep such beauty to himself."

"Certainly not," returned the vicomte, also in a whisper.

"Lucky?" said De Bouillon—"yes, gentlemen, I am lucky. If you knew all, you would think so, I'm sure."

"She loves you, then, old simpleton?"

"I think she does—I know she does—"

"May we not ask the honour of being presented?"

"Some other time, gentlemen—not now—she's not here—she's gone out for a walk."

"Impossible, my dear lord; we must have met her as we came up stairs."

"She has a headache—she's gone to lie down for a few minutes," said the marquis, getting more and more anxious to keep Louise from the intrusion of his visitors.

"I have an excellent cure for headaches of all kinds," exclaimed the baron, and proceeded towards the bed-room door. The Marquis de Bouillon, however, put himself between; but the duke and vicomte pulled him aside, and the baron began to rat-tat on the door.

"Come forth, madam!" he began, "we are dying for a sight of your angelic charms. De Bouillon begs you to honour us with your presence. Hark, she's coming!" he added, and drew back as he heard the bolt withdrawn on the other side.

"Stay where you are! don't come out!" shouted De Bouillon, still in the

hands of his friends. "I charge you, don't move a step!" But his injunctions were vain; the door opened, and, sailing majestically into the room, drest out in hoop and furbelow, and waving her fan affectedly before her face, appeared Miss Lucretia Smith—

"Did you visit to see me, gentlemen? I'm always delighted to see any one as is civil enough to give us a forenoon call."

The French nobles, however, felt their ardour damped to an extraordinary degree, and replied by a series of the most respectful salaams.

"Profound veneration," "deepest reverence," and other expressions of the same kind, were muttered by each of the visitors; and in a short time they succeeded, in spite of Miss Lucretia's reiterated invitations, in bowing themselves out of the room. They were accompanied by the marquis to their carriages, while Miss Smith was gazing after them, astonished, more than pleased, at the wonderful politeness of their manner. Louise slipped out of the bed-room, and slapt her astonished aunt upon the shoulder—

"You've done it, aunt!—you've done it now! A word from you recalls these foreigners to their senses."

"It gives me a high opinion," replied Miss Smith, "of them French. They stand in perfect awe of dignity and virtue."

CHAPTER V.

Great were the discussions, all that day, among the English party in the hotel—the father concealing his disappointment at the behaviour of his fellow nobles, under an exaggerated admiration of rank, and all its attributes; Louise professing to chime in with her father's ideas, for the pleasant purpose of vexing Cecil Hope; Mr Cocker still persuading himself the Frenchmanship of his old master was a little bit of acting, that would end as soon as the curtain fell; and Miss Lucretia devising means of making up for her failures with so many curates, by catching a veritable duke. With the next morning new occupations began. The marquis, dressed in the fantastic apparel of a French courtier, exchanged compliments with his daughter, who was also magnifi-

cently attired, to do honour to the occasion. Mr Hope tried in vain to get her to sink from the lofty style she assumed, and had strong thoughts of setting off for Hertfordshire, and marrying a farmer's daughter out of revenge. The father was so carried away by family pride, and the daughter enjoyed the change in her rank so heartily, that there seemed no room in the heart of either for so prosaic a being as a plain English squire. And yet, every now and then, there gleamed from the corner of Louise's eye, or stole out in a merry tone of her voice, the old familiar feeling, so that he could not altogether give way to despair, but waited in patience what the chapter of accidents might bring. At one o'clock the marquis set off for the town-hall, where he was to go

through the ceremony of reclaiming his father's sword, and have the blot on the scutcheon formally removed; after which he was to entertain the town authorities, and the neighbouring nobility, at dinner; the evening to conclude with a ball, in the preparation for which the ladies were to be left at home. Mr Hope accompanied him to the door of the town-hall,—but there he professed to find his feelings overpowered, and declined to witness the ceremony that, he said, broke the connexion which had existed so long between the names of Hope and Bullion; but, ere he could return to the hotel, several things had occurred that had a material influence on his prospects, and these we must now proceed to relate. Miss Lucretia Smith continued her oratory in the ears of her devoted niece after the gentlemen had gone, the burden thereof consisting, principally, in a comparison between the nobles of France and the shopocracy of London,—till that young lady betook herself to the bedroom window already mentioned, to watch for Cecil's return. She had not been long at her watch-post, when a carriage, with the blinds drawn up, and escorted by seven or eight armed men, with masks on their faces, pulled up at the door. Of this she took no particular notice, but kept looking attentively down the street. But, a minute or two after the closed carriage drove under the *porte cochère*, a young gentleman was ushered into the presence of Miss Smith, and was, by that young lady, received with the highest *empressement* possible. She had only had time to improve her toilette by putting on Louise's shawl and bonnet, which happened to be lying on a chair; and, in spite of the shortness of the view she had had of him the day before, she immediately recognised him as one of her brother's visitors, the Baron Beauvillers.

"Permit me, madam," he said, in very good English, "to apologise for my intrusion, but I have the authority of my friend De Bouillon to consider myself here at home."

"Oh, sir, you are certainly the politest nation on the face of the earth, you French—that I must say; but I may trust, I hope, to the honour of a

gent like you? You won't be rude to an unoffended female? for there ain't a soul in the 'ouse that could give me the least assistance."

The baron bowed in a very assuring manner, and, taking a seat beside her, "May I make bold, madam, to ask who the tawdry silly-looking young person is who resides under De Bouillon's protection?"

"Sir—under Mr Bull—I mean, under the marquee's protection? I don't understand you."

"Exactly as I suspected. I guessed, from the dignity of your appearance, that such an infamous proceeding was entirely unknown to you. Command my services, madam, in any way you can make them available. Let me deliver you from the scandal of being in the same house with a person of that description."

"Oh, sir!" replied Miss Smith, "you are certainly most obliging. When we are a little better acquainted perhaps—in a few days, or even in one—I shall be happy to accept your offer; but, la! what will my brother-in-law say if I accept a gentleman's offer at minute's notice?"

Miss Smith accompanied this speech with various blushes and pauses, betokening the extent of her modest reluctance; but the baron either did not perceive the mistake she had made, or did not think it worth while to notice it.

"I will convey the destroyer of your peace away from your sight. Show me only the room she is in. And consider, madam, that you will make me the proudest of men by allowing me to be your knight and champion on this occasion."

"Really, sir, I can't say at present where the gipsy can be. Brother-in-law has been very sly; but if I can possibly ferret her out, won't I send her on her travels? Wait but a minute, sir: I'll come to you the moment she can be found."

But the baron determined to accompany her in her search, and together they left the room, two active members of the Society for the Suppression of Vice. Louise had heard the noise of voices, without distinguishing or attending to what was said, but a low and hurried tap at the door now attracted her notice.

"Miss Louise—ma'am—for heaven's sake, come out!" said the voice of Mr Cocker through the key-hole; "for here's a whole regiment of them French, and they wants to run away with you."

"With me, Cocker!" exclaimed Louise, coming into the parlour. "What is it you mean?"

"What I say, miss—and your aunt is as bad as any on 'em. She's searching the house, at this moment, to give you up into their hands. She can't refuse nothing to them noblesse, as she calls 'em. The gentleman has gone down to the courtyard to see that nobody escapes, and here we are, like mice in a trap."

"Go for Cecil, Cocker; leave me to myself," said Louise—her features dilating into tiger-like beauty, with rage and self-confidence. "Go, I tell you—you'll find him returning from the town-hall—and bid him lose not a moment in coming to my help." She waved Mr Cocker impatiently from her, and returned for a moment into the bed-room.

"Madam, hist! I beg you will be quick!" exclaimed the baron, entering the parlour; "I can't wait much longer. What a detestable old fool it is!" he went on, in a lower voice; "she might have found the girl long ere this. Well, well, have you found her?" he continued, addressing Louise, who issued from the bed-room in some of the apparel of her aunt, and assuming as nearly as she could the airs and graces of that individual. "Tell me, madam, where she is."

"La! sir, how is one to find out these things in a moment—besides, they ain't quite proper subjects for a young lady to be concerned with," replied Louise, keeping her bashful cheek from the sight of the baron with her enormous fan.

"Then, madam, point with that lovely finger of yours, and I shall make the discovery myself."

Louise pointed, as required, to the gallery, along which, at that moment, her quick eye caught the step of Miss Lucretia; and the baron, going to the door, gave directions to his attendants to seize the lady, and carry her without loss of time to the *Parc d'Amour*, a hotel on the outskirts of Tours. He then closed the door, and listened—no

less than did Louise—to the execution of his commands.

"There, madam," he said, as the scuffle of seizure and a very faint scream were heard, "they've got her! Your pure presence shall never more be polluted by her society. A naughty man old De Bouillon, and unaccustomed to the strict morality of France. Adieu!"

"Adieu, sir!" said Louise; but there was a tone in her voice, or something in her manner, that called the attention of her visitor. He went up to her, laid his hand upon the fan, and revealed before him, beautiful from alarm and indignation, was the face of Louise de Bouillon! "So, madam! this was an excellent device, but I have more assistance at hand. Ho! Pierre! François!" he began to call. "I have another carriage in the yard—you sha'n't escape me so."

"Stop, sir!" exclaimed Louise, and placed herself between him and the door. "These are not the arts of wooing we are used to in England. I expected more softness and persuasion."

"Alas, madam, 'tis only the shortness of the opportunity that prevents me from making a thousand protestations. But, after all, what is the use of them? Ho! François!"

As he said this, he approached nearer to Louise, and even laid his hand upon her arm. But with the quickness of lightning, she made a dart at the diamond-covered hilt of her assailant's sword, and pulling it from the sheath, stood with the glittering point within an inch of the Frenchman's eyes.

"Back, back!" she cried, "or you are a dead man—or frog—or monkey—or whatever you are!"

Each of these names was accompanied with a step in advance; and there was too savage a lustre in her look to allow the unfortunate baron to doubt for a moment that his life was in the highest peril.

"Madam," he expostulated, "do be careful—'tis sharp as a needle."

"Back, back!" she continued, advancing with each word upon his retreating steps—"you thread-paper—you doll-at-a-fair—you stuffed cock-atoo—back, back!" And on arriving at the bed-room door, she gave a prodigiously powerful lunge in

advance, and drove her victim fairly into the room, and, with an exclamation of pride and triumph, locked him in. But, exhausted with the excitement, she had only time to lay

the sword on the table, wave the key three times round her head in sign of victory, and fall fainting into the arms of Cecil Hope, who at that moment rushed into the room.

CHAPTER VI.

The ceremony in the town-hall passed off with the greatest *éclat*; and the dinner was probably thought the finest part of the day's entertainment by all but the newly re-established noble himself. Flushed with the glories of the proceeding, and also with the wine he had swallowed to his own health and happiness, he sallied forth with his friends of the preceding day—except, of course, the Baron Beauvilliers—and, as he himself expressed it, was awake for anything, up to any lark.

"A lark, says my lord?" inquired the Duke de Vieuxchateau.

"Ay," replied the marquis, "if it's as big as a turkey, all the better. That champaign is excellent tippie, and would be cheap at eighty-four shillings per dozen."

The French nobles did not quite understand their companion's phraseology, but were quite willing to join him in any extravagance.

"What shall we do?" cried one; "shall we break open the jail?"

"No," said De Bouillon: "hang it! that's a serious matter. But I'll tell you what, I've no objection to knock down a charley."

"No, no! let's go to *Rouge et Noir*."

"Boys, boys!" at last exclaimed the Vicomte de Lanoy, "I'll tell you what we shall do,—Beauvilliers told me that, while we were all engaged at the dinner, he was going to seize a beautiful creature, and carry her off to the Parc d'Amour."

"Wrong, decidedly wrong!" said De Bouillon at this proposition. "Who is she?"

"Why, the companion, you understand, of an old twaddling fool, who has no right to so much beauty. Beauvilliers did not tell me his name, but 'tis only one of the *bourgeoisie*, and we surely have a right to do as we like with *them*."

"Ah yes! of course," replied De

"I did not think of that."

"Why, sir, we shall play as good a trick on Beauvilliers as he designed for the ancient gentleman. Let's get there before him, and carry her from him!"

"Agreed, agreed!"

"No, no, I must declare off," said the marquis. "'Tis a bad business altogether, and this would make it worse."

"But who is to carry the lady?" inquired the duke, without attending to the scruples of his friend.

"Toss for it," suggested the vicomte. A louis was thrown into the air. "Heads! heads!" cried the nobleman. "Tails!" said De Bouillon.

"'Tis tails!" exclaimed the vicomte. "Marquis, the chance is yours—you've won."

"Oh! have I?" replied the unwilling favourite of fortune; "I've won, have I?"

"You don't seem overpleased with your good luck," said the duke; "give me your chance, and I shall know how to make better use of it."

"No, gentlemen, I'll manage this affair myself."

"Come on, then!—*vive la joie!*"—and with great joviality they pursued their way to the Parc d'Amour.

But they had been preceded in their journey to that hostelry by Louise, attended by Cecil Hope and Mr Cocker. By the administration of a *douceur* to the waiter, they obtained an *entrée* to the apartment designed for the baron and his prey, and had scarcely time to ensconce themselves behind the window-curtain, when Miss Lucretia was escorted into the room. There were no symptoms of any violent resistance to her captors having been offered, and she took her seat on the sofa without any perceptible alarm.

"Well, them's curious people, them French!" she soliloquised when the men had left her. "If that 'ere baron fell in love with a body, couldn't he say so without all that rigmarete

about Mr Bullion's behaviour, and pulling a body nearly to pieces? I'm sure if he had axed me in a civil way, I wouldn't have said no. But, hawkins! here he comes."

So saying, she enveloped herself in Louise's shawl, and pulled Louise's bonnet farther on her face, and prepared to enact the part of an offended, yet not altogether unforgiving beauty. But the door, on being slowly opened, presented, not the countenance of the baron, but the anxious face of Mr Bullion himself. The three French nobles pushed him forward. "Go on," they said; "make the best use of your eloquence. We will watch here, and guard the door against Beauvilliers himself."

The marquis, now thoroughly sobered, slowly advanced: "If I can save this poor creature from the insolence of those *romés*, it will be well worth the suffering it has cost. Trust to me, madam," he said, in a very gentle voice, to the lady: "I will not suffer you to be insulted while I live. Come with me, madam, and you shall not be interrupted by ever a French profligate alive." On looking closely at the still silent lady on the sofa, he was startled at recognising a dress with which he was well acquainted.

"In the name of heaven!" he said, "I adjure you to tell me who you are. Are you—is it possible—can you be my Louise!"

"No, Mr Bullion," replied Miss Laetitia, lifting up the veil, and turning round to the trembling old man. "And I must say I'm considerably surprised to find you in a situation like this."

"And you, madam—yourself—how came you here?"

"A young gentleman—nobleman, I should say—ran off with me here, and I expected him every minute when you came in."

"And Louise?" inquired the father, in an agitated voice—"when did you leave her? Oh! my folly to let her a moment out of my sight!—to reject Cecil Hope!—to bedizen myself in this ridiculous fashion! Where, oh where is Louise?"

"Here, sir," exclaimed that lady, coming forward from behind the window-curtain.

"And safe? Ah! but I need not ask. I see two honest Englishmen by your side."

"And one of them, sir, says he'll never leave it," said Louise.

"Stop a moment," replied the marquis. "Ho! gentlemen, come in."

At his request his companions entered the room.

"Gentlemen," said the marquis, "when I determined to reclaim my father's sword, I expected to find it bright as Bayard's, and unstained with infamy or dishonour. When I wished to resume my title, I hoped to find it a sign of the heroic virtues of my ancestors, but not a cloak for falsehood and vice. I warn you, sirs, your proceedings will be fatal to your order, and to your country. For myself, I care not for this sword,"—he threw it on the ground—"this filagree I despise,"—he took off his star and ribbon—"and I advise you to leave this chamber as fast as you can find it convenient."

The French nobles obeyed.

"Here, Cocker! off with all this silk and satin; get me my gaiters and flaxen wig; and, please Heaven, one week will see us in the little room above the warehouse."

"Preparing, sir, to move into Hertfordshire?" inquired Louise, leaning on Cecil's arm.

"Ay, my child; and, in remembrance of this adventure, we shall hang up among the pictures in the hall,

THE SWORD OF HONOUR."

MEMOIRS OF KIRKALDY OF GRANGE.

It must be allowed that a perusal of Scottish history betrays more anomalies than are to be found in the character of almost any other people. It is not without reason that our southern neighbours complain of the difficulty of thoroughly understanding our national idiosyncrasy. At one time we appear to be the most peaceable race upon the surface of the earth—quiet, patient, and enduring; stubborn, perhaps, if interfered with, but, if let alone, in no way anxious to pick a quarrel. Take us in another mood, and gunpowder is not more inflammable. We are ready to go to the death, for a cause about which an Englishman would not trouble himself; and amongst ourselves, we divide into factions, debate, squabble, and fight with an inveteracy far more than commensurate with the importance of the quarrel. Sometimes we seem to have no romance; at other times we are perfect Quixotes. The amalgamated blood of the Saxon and the Celt seems, even in its union, to display the characteristics of either race. We rush into extremes: one day we appear over-cautious, and on the next, the *perfervidum ingenium Scotorum* prevails.

If these remarks be true as applied to the present times, they become still more conspicuous when we regard the troublous days of our ancestors. At one era, as in the reign of David I., we find the Scottish nation engaged, heart and soul, in one peculiar phase of religious excitement. Cathedrals and abbeys are starting up in every town. All that infant art can do—and yet, why call it infant, since, in architecture at least, it has never reached a higher maturity?—is lavished upon the structure of our fanes. Melrose, and Jedburgh, and Holyrood, and a hundred more magnificent edifices, rise up like exhalations throughout a poor and barren country; the people are proud in their faith, and perhaps even prouder in the actual splendour of their altars. A few centuries roll by,

and we find the same nation deliberately undoing and demolishing the works of their forefathers. Hewn stone and carved cornices, tracery, mullions, and buttresses, have now become abominations in their sight. Not only must the relics of the saints be scattered to the winds of heaven, and their images ground into dust, but every church in which these were deposited or displayed, must be dismantled as the receptacle of pollution. The hammer swings again, but not with the same pious purpose as of yore. Once it was used to build; now it is heaved to destroy. Aisle and archway echo to the thunder of its strokes, and, amidst a roar of iconoclastic wrath, the venerable edifice goes down. Another short lapse of time, and we are lamenting the violence of the past, and striving to prop, patch up, and rebuild what little remnant has been spared of the older works of devotion.

The same anomalies will be found if we turn from the ecclesiastical to the political picture. Sometimes there is a spirit of loyalty manifested, for which it would be difficult to find a parallel. The whole nation gathers round the person of James IV.; and earl and yeoman, lord and peasant, chief and vassal, lay down their lives at Flodden for their king. His successor James V., in no respect unworthy of his crown, dies of a broken heart, deserted by his peers and their retainers. The unfortunate Mary, welcomed to her country with acclamation, is made the victim of the basest intrigues, and forced to seek shelter, and find death in the dominions of her treacherous enemy. The divine right, in its widest meaning and acceptation, is formally recognised by the Scottish estates as the attribute of James VII.; three years afterwards, a new convention is prompt to recognise an alien. Half a century further on, we are found offering the gage of battle to England in support of the exiled family.

This singular variety of mood, of

which the foregoing are a few instances, is no doubt partly attributable to the peculiar relationship which existed between the crown and the principal nobility. The latter were not consins by courtesy only—they were intimately connected with the royal family, and some of them were near the succession. Hence arose jealousy amongst themselves, a system of feud and intrigue, which was perpetuated for centuries, and a constant effort, on the part of one or other of the conflicting magnates, to gain possession and keep custody of the royal person, whenever minority or weakness appeared to favour the attempt. But we cannot help thinking, that the disposition of the people ought also to be taken into account. Fierce when thwarted, and with a memory keenly retentive of injury, the Scotsman is in reality a much more impulsive being than his southern neighbour. His sense of justice and order is not so strongly developed, but his passion glows with a fire all the more intense because to outward appearance it is smothered. His ideas of social duty are different from those of the Englishman. Kindred is a closer tie—identity of name and family is a bond of singular union. Clanship, in the broad acceptation of the word, has died out for all practical purposes; chieftainship is still a recognised and a living principle. The feudal times, though gone, have left their traces on the national character. Little as baronial sway, too often tantamount to sheer oppression, can have contributed towards the happiness of the people, we still recur to the history of these troublous days with a relish and fondness which can hardly be explained, save through some undefined and subtle sympathy of inheritance. Though the objects for which they contended are now mere phantoms of speculation we yet continue to feel and to speak as if we were partisans of the cause of our ancestors, and to contest old points with as much ardour as though they were new ones of living interest to ourselves.

We have been led into this strain of thought by the perusal of a work, strictly authentic as a history, and yet as absorbing in interest as the most coloured and glowing romance. Sir

William Kirkaldy of Grange, the subject of these Memoirs, played a most conspicuous part in the long and intricate struggles which convulsed Scotland, from the death of James V. until the latter part of the reign of Queen Mary. Foremost in battle and in council, we find his name prominently connected with every leading event of the period, and his influence and example held in higher estimation than those of noblemen who were greatly his superiors in rank, following, and fortune. In fact, Kirkaldy achieved, by his own talent and indomitable valour, a higher reputation, and exercised, for a time, a greater influence over the destinies of the nation, than was ever before possessed by a private Scottish gentleman, with the glorious exception of Wallace. In an age when the sword was the sole arbiter of public contest and of private quarrel, it was a proud distinction to be reputed, not only at home but abroad—not only by the voice of Scotland, but by that of England and France—the best and bravest soldier, and the most accomplished cavalier of his time. Mixed up in the pages of general history, too often turbidly and incoherently written, the Knight of Grange may not be estimated, in the scale of importance, at the level of such personages as the subtle Moray, or the vindictive and treacherous Morton: viewed as an individual, through the medium of these truthful and most fascinating memoirs, he will be found at least their equal as a leader and a politician, and far their superior as a generous and heroic man.

His father, Sir James Kirkaldy, was a person of no mean family or reputation. He occupied, for a considerable time, the office of Lord High Treasurer of Scotland, and, according to our author—

“Enjoyed, in a very high degree, the favour and confidence of King James V.; and though innumerable efforts were made by his mortal foe Cardinal Beaton, and others, to bring him into disgrace as a promoter of the Reformation, they all proved ineffectual, and the wary old baron maintained his influence to the last.”

Old Sir James seems to have been one of those individuals with whom it is neither safe nor pleasant to differ in opinion. According to his brother-

in-law, Sir James Melville of Halhill, he was "a stout man, who always offered, by single combat, and at point of the sword, to maintain whatever he said;" a testimonial which, we observe, has been most fitly selected as the motto of this book, the son having been quite as much addicted to the wager of battle as the father; nor, though a strenuous supporter of the Reformation, does he appear to have imbibed much of that meekness which is inculcated by holy writ. He was not the sort of man whom John Bright would have selected to second a motion at a Peace Congress; indeed, the mere sight of him would have caused the voice of Elihu Burritt to subside into a quaver of dismay. Cardinal Beaton, that proud and licentious prelate, to whose tragical end we shall presently have occasion to advert, was the personal and bitter enemy of the Treasurer, as he was of every other independent Scotsman who would not truckle to his power. But James V., though at times too facile, would not allow himself to be persuaded into so dangerous an act as countenancing prosecutions for heresy against any of his martial subjects; and, so long as he lived, the overweening bigotry and arrogance of the priesthood were held in check. But other troubles brought the good king to an untimely end. James had mortally offended some of his turbulent nobles, by causing the authority of the law to be vindicated without respect to rank or person. He had deservedly won for himself the title of King of the Commons; and was, in fact, even in that early age, bent upon a thorough reform of the abuses of the feudal system. But he had proud, jealous, and stubborn men to deal with. They saw, not without apprehension for their own fate, that title and birth were no longer accepted as palliatives of sedition and crime; that the inroads, disturbances, and harryings which they and their fathers had practised, were now regarded with detestation by the crown, and threatened with merited punishment. Some strong but necessary examples made them quail for their future supremacy, and discontent soon ripened into something like absolute treason. Add to this, that for a long time the

nobility of Scotland had fixed a covetous eye upon the great possessions of the church. In no country of Europe, considering its extent and comparative wealth, was the church better endowed than in Scotland; and the endeavours of the monks, who, with all their faults, were not blind to the advantages derivable from the arts of peace, had greatly raised their property in point of value. The confiscations which had taken place in Protestantised England, whereof Woburn Abbey may be cited as a notable example, had aroused to the fullest extent the cupidity of the rapacious nobles. They longed to see the day when, unsupported by the regal power, the church lands in Scotland could be annexed by each iron-handed baron to his own domain; when, at the head of their armed and dissolute jackmen, they could oust the feeble possessors of the soil from the heritages they had so long enjoyed as a corporation, and enrich themselves by plundering the consecrated stores of the abbeys. These were the feelings and desires which led most of them to lend a willing ear to the preaching of the fathers of the Reformation. They were desirous, not only of lessening the royal authority, but of transferring the whole property of the clergy to themselves; and this double object led to a combination which resulted in the passive defeat of the Scottish army at Solway Moss.

Poor King James could not bear up against the shock of this shameful desertion. Mr Tytler thus describes his latter moments:—

"When in this state, intelligence was brought him that his queen had given birth to a daughter. At another time it would have been happy news; but now, it seemed to the poor monarch the last drop of bitterness which was reserved for him. Both his sons were dead. Had this child been a boy, a ray of hope, he seemed to feel, might yet have visited his heart; he received the messenger and was informed of the event without welcome or almost recognition; but wandering back in his thoughts to the time when the daughter of Bruce brought to his ancestor the dowry of the kingdom, observed with melancholy emphasis, 'It came with a lass, and it will pass with a lass.' A few of his most favoured friends and counsellors stood around his

couch; the monarch stretched out his hand for them to kiss; and regarding them for some moments with a look of great sweetness and placidity, turned himself upon the pillow and expired. He died 13th December 1542, in the thirty-first year of his age, and the twenty-ninth of his reign; leaving an only daughter, Mary, an infant of six days old, who succeeded to the crown."

Amongst those who stood around that memorable deathbed were the Lord High Treasurer, young William Kirkaldy his son, and Cardinal Beatoun. There was peace for a moment over the body of the anointed dead!

But even the death of a king makes a light impression on this busy and intriguing world. The struggle for mastery now commenced in right earnest—for the only wall which had hitherto separated the contending factions of the nobility and the clergy had given way. Beatoun and Arran were both candidates for the regency, which the latter succeeded in gaining; and, after a temporary alienation, these two combined against an influence which began to show itself in a threatening form. Henry VIII. of England considered this an excellent opportunity for carrying out those designs against the independence of the northern country, which had been entertained by several of his predecessors; and for that purpose he proposed to negotiate a marriage between his son Edward and the Princess Mary. Such an alliance was of course decidedly opposed to the views of the Catholic party in Scotland, and, moreover, was calculated to excite the utmost jealousy of the Scottish people, who well understood the true but recondite motive of the proposal. So long as Beatoun, whose interest was identified with that of France, existed, Henry was fully aware that his scheme never could be carried into execution; and accordingly, with that entire want of principle which he exhibited on every occasion, he took advantage of their position to tamper with the Scottish barons who had been made prisoners at Solway Moss. In this he so far succeeded, that a regular conspiracy was entered into for the destruction of the cardinal, and only defeated by his extreme sagacity and caution. It will be seen hereafter that the cardinal did not fall a victim to this das-

tardly English plot, but to private revenge, no doubt augmented and inflamed by the consideration of his arrogance and cruelty.

Beatoun, one of the most able and also dissolute men of his day, was a younger son of the Laird of Balfour—yet had, notwithstanding every disadvantage, contrived very early to attain his high position. He was hated, not only by the nobility, but by the lesser barons, from whose own ranks he had risen, on account of his intolerable pride, his rapacity, and the unscrupulous manner in which he chose to exercise his power. Among the barons of Fife, always a disunited and wrangling county, he had few adherents: and with the Kirkaldys, and their relatives, the Melvilles, he had an especial quarrel. Shortly after the death of James, the Treasurer was dismissed from his office, an affront which the "stout man" was not likely to forget; and his son, then a mere youth, seems to have participated in his feelings. But the cruelty of Beatoun was at least the nominal cause which led to his destruction. Wishart, the famous Reforming preacher, had fallen into the hands of the cardinal, and was confined in his castle of St Andrews, of which our author gives us the following faithful sketch:—

"On the rocky shore, to the northward of the venerable city of St Andrews, stand the ruins of the ancient Episcopal palace, in other years the residence of the primates of Scotland. Those weather-beaten remains, now pointed out to visitors by the ciceroni of the place, present only the fragments of an edifice erected by Archbishop Hamilton, the successor of Cardinal Beatoun, and are somewhat in the style of an antique Scottish manor-house; but very different was the aspect of that vast bastille which had the proud cardinal for lord, and contained within its massive walls all the appurtenances requisite for ecclesiastical tyranny, epicurean luxury, lordly grandeur, and military defence—at once a fortress, a monastery, an inquisition, and a palace.

"The sea-mews and cormorants screaming among the wave-beaten rocks and bare walls now crumbling on that bleak promontory, and echoing only to droning surf, as it rolls up the rough shelving shore, impart a peculiarly desolate effect to the grassy ruins, worn with the blasts of the German Ocean, gray with the storms of winter, and the damp mists of

March and April—an effect that is greatly increased by the venerable aspect of the dark and old ecclesiastical city to the southward, decaying, deserted, isolated, and forgotten, with its magnificent cathedral, once one of the finest gothic structures in the world, but now, shattered by the hands of man and time, passing rapidly away. Of the grand spire which arose from the cross, and of its five lofty towers, little more than the foundations can now be traced, while a wilderness of ruins on every hand attest the departed splendours of St Andrews.”

George Wishart, the unhappy preacher, was burned before the Castle on the 28th March 1545, under circumstances of peculiar barbarity. We refer to the book for a proper description of the death-scene of the Martyr, whose sufferings were calmly witnessed by the ruthless and implacable Cardinal. But the avenger of blood was at hand, in the person of Norman Leslie, Master of Rothes. This young man, who was of a most fiery and intractable spirit, had some personal dispute with the cardinal, whom he accused of having attempted to defraud him of an estate. High words followed, and Norman rode off in wrath to the house of his uncle, John Leslie of Parkhill, a moody and determined Reformer, who had already vowed bloody vengeance for the execution of the unfortunate Wishart. Finding him apt for any enterprise, Norman instantly despatched messengers to the Kirkaldys of Grange, the Melvilles of Raith and Carnbee, and to Carmichael of Kilmadie, desiring them to meet for an enterprise of great weight and importance; and the summons having been responded to, these few men determined to rid the country of one whom they considered a murderer and an oppressor.

The manner in which this act of terrible retribution was executed is too well known to the student of history to require repetition. Suffice it to say that, by a *coup-de-main*, sixteen armed men made themselves masters of the castle of St Andrews, overpowered and dispersed the retainers of the cardinal, and quenched the existence of that haughty prelate in his blood. William Kirkaldy was not the slayer, but, as an accomplice, he must bear whatever load of odium is

cast upon the perpetrators of the deed. We cannot help thinking that our author exhibits an unnecessary degree of horror in this instance. Far be it from us to palliate bloodshed, in any age or under any provocation: neither do we agree with John Knox, that the extermination of Beatoun was a “godly fact.” But we doubt whether it can be called a murder. In the first place, old Kirkaldy knew, on the authority of James V., that a list of three hundred and sixty names, including his own and those of his most immediate friends, had been made out by the cardinal, as a catalogue of victims who were to be burned for heresy. This contemplated atrocity, far worse than the massacre of St Bartholomew, might not, indeed, have been carried into effect, even on account of its magnitude; but the mere knowledge that it had been planned, was enough to justify the Kirkaldys, and those marked out for impeachment, in considering Beatoun as their mortal foe. That the cardinal never departed from his bloody design, is apparent from the fact, that, after his death, a paper was found in his repositories, ordaining that “Norman Lealie, sheriff of Fife, John Leslie, father’s brother to Norman, the Lairds of Grange, elder and younger, Sir James Learmonth of Dairsie, and the Laird of Raith, should either have been slain or else taken.” The law at that period could afford no security against such a design, so that Beatoun’s assassination may have been an act of necessary self-defence, which it would be extremely difficult to blame. As to the sacrilege, we cannot regard that as an aggravation. If a prelate of the Roman Church, like Beatoun, chose to make himself notorious to the world by the number and scandal of his profligacies; if, with a carnality and disregard of appearances not often exhibited by laymen, he turned his palace into a seraglio; and if his mistress was actually surprised, at the time of the attack, in the act of escaping from his bedchamber,—great allowance must be made for the obtuseness of the men who could not understand the relevancy of the plea of priesthood which he offered, in order that his holy calling might shield him from secular consequences. But further, is

the fate of Wishart to go for nothing? Setting the natural influences of bigotry aside, and with every consideration for the zeal which could hurry even so good a man as Sir Thomas More to express, in words at least, a desire to see the faggot and the stake in full operation—what shall we say to the individual who could calmly issue his infernal orders, and, in the full pomp of ecclesiastical vanity, become a pleased spectator of the sufferings of a human being, undergoing the most hideous of all imaginable deaths? Truly this, that the brute deserved to die in return; and that we, at all events, shall not stigmatise those who killed him as guilty of murder. Poor old Sharpe was murdered, if ever man was, in a hideous and atrocious manner; but as for Beaton, he deserved to die, and his death was invested with a sort of judicial sanction, having been perpetrated in presence of the sheriff of the bounds.

The tidings of this act of vengeance spread, not only through Scotland; but through Europe, like wildfire. According as men differed in religious faith, they spoke of it either with horror or exultation. Even the most moderate of the reforming party were slow to blame the deed which freed them from a bloody persecutor; and Sir David Lindsay of the Mount, the witty and satirical scholar, did not characterise it more severely than as expressed in the following verses:—

“As for the cardinal, I grant
He was the man we well might want;
God will forgive it soon.
But of a truth, the sooth to say,
Although the loon be well away,
The deed was *foolly done*.”

Meanwhile the conspirators had conceived the daring scheme of holding the castle of St Andrews against all comers, and of setting the authority of the regent at defiance. They calculated upon receiving support from England, in case France thought fit to interfere; and perhaps they imagined that a steady resistance on their part might excite a general insurrection in Scotland. Besides this, they had retained in custody the son and heir of the Regent Arran, whom they had found in the castle, and who was a valuable hostage in their hands.

The force they could command was not great. Amongst others, John Knox joined them with his three pupils; several Fifeshire barons espoused their cause; and altogether they mustered about one hundred and fifty armed men. This was a small body, but the defences of the place were more than usually complete, and they were well munimented with artillery. Accordingly, though formally summoned, they peremptorily refused to surrender.

John Knox, when he entered the castle, was probably under the impression that he was joining a company of men, serious in their deportment, rigid in their conversation, and self-denying in their habits. If so, he must very soon have discovered his mistake. The young Reforming gentry were not one whit more scrupulous than their Catholic coevals: Norman Leslie, though brave as steel, was a thorough-paced desperado; and, from the account given by our author of the doings at St Andrews, it may easily be understood how uncongenial such quarters must have been to the stern and ascetic Reformer.

Arran had probably no intention of pushing matters to extremity, though compelled, for appearance' sake, to invest the fortress. After a siege of three weeks it remained unreduced; and a pestilence which broke out in the town of St Andrews, afforded the regent a pretext for agreeing to an armistice. Hitherto the conspirators had received the countenance and support of Henry VIII., who remitted them large sums from time to time, and promised even more active assistance. But this never arrived. Death at last put a stop to the bereavements of this unconscionable widower; and thereupon the French court despatched a fleet of one-and-twenty vessels of war, under the command of Leon Strozio—a famous Florentine noble, who had risen in the Order of the Hospital to the rank of Prior of Capua—for the purpose of reducing the stubborn stronghold of heresy. Strozio's name was so well known as that of a most skillful commander and tactician, and the weight of the ordnance he brought with him was so great, that the besieged had no hope of escaping this time; yet, on being

summoned, they replied, with the most undaunted bravery, that they would defend the castle against the united powers of Scotland, England, and France. With such resolute characters as these, it was no use to parley further; and the Prior accordingly set about his task with a dexterity which put to shame the feeble tactics of Arras.

"By sea and land the siege was pressed with great fury. From the ramparts of the Abbey Church, from the college, and other places in the adjoining streets, the French and Scottish cannoners maintained a perpetual cannonade upon the castle. Those soldiers who manned the steeples and St Salvador's tower occupied such an elevation, that, by depressing their cannon, they shot down into the inner quadrangle of the castle, the pavement of which could be seen dabbled with the blood of the garrison; and, to aggravate the increasing distress of the latter, the pestilence found its way among them—many died, and all were dismayed. Walter Melville, one of their bravest leaders, fell deadly sick; while watching, warding, and scanty fare, were rapidly wearing out the rest; and John Knox dined continually in their ears, that their present perils were the just reward of their former corrupt lives and licentiousness, and reliance on England rather than Heaven.

"For the first twenty days of this siege," said he, 'ye prospered bravely: but when ye triumphed at your victory, I lamented, and ever said that ye saw not what I saw. When ye boasted of the thickness of your walls, I said they would be but as egg-shells: when ye vaunted, England will rescue us—I said, ye shall not see it; but ye shall be delivered into your enemies' hands, and carried afar off into a strange country.'

"This gloomy prophesying was but cold comfort for those whom his precepts and exhortations had urged to rebellion, to outlawry, and to bloodshed; but their affairs were fast approaching a crisis."

If John Knox showed little judgment in adopting this tone of vaticination, he is, at all events, entitled to some credit for his courage—since Norman Leslie possessed a temper which it was rather dangerous to aggravate, and must sometimes have been sorely tempted to toes the querulous Reformer into the sea.

"The garrison finally surrendered to the French, but not until battle-

ment and wall had been breached, and an escalade rendered practicable.

The prisoners, including William Kirkaldy, were conveyed to France, and there subjected to treatment which varied according to their station. Those of knightly rank were incarcerated in separate fortresses; the remainder were chained to oars in the galleys on the Loire. John Knox was one of those who were forced to undergo this ignominious punishment; and we quite agree with our author in holding that, "it is not probable, that the lash of the tax-master increased his goodwill towards popery."

William Kirkaldy was shut up in the great castle of Mont Saint Michel, along with Norman Leslie, his uncle of Parkhill, and Peter Carmichael of Kilmadie. But, however strong the fortress, it was imprudent in their gaolers to lodge four such fiery spirits together. They resolved to break prison; and did so, having, by an ingenious ruse, succeeded in overpowering the garrison, and, after some vicissitudes and wanderings, made good their escape to England.

After this event there is a blank of some years, during which we hear little of Kirkaldy. It is, however, an important period in northern history, for it includes the battle of Pinkie, the removal of the child, Queen Mary, to France, and her betrothment to the Dauphin. Kirkaldy seems not to have arrived in England until the death of Edward VI., when the Romanist party attained a temporary ascendancy. We next find him in the service of Henry II. of France, engaged in the wars between that monarch and the Emperor Charles V. In these campaigns, says our author, by his bravery and conduct, he soon attained that eminent distinction and reputation, as a skilful and gallant soldier, which ceased only with his life.

Kirkaldy was not the only member of the stout garrison of St Andrews who found employment in the French service. Singularly enough, Norman Leslie, the head of the conspirators, had also a command, and was in high favour with the famous Constable Anne de Montmorency. His death, which occurred the day before the battle of Reuti, is thus graphically

recounted in the Memoirs, and is a picture worth preserving:—

“The day before the battle, the constable, perceiving by the manoeuvres of the Spanish troops that Charles meant to take possession of certain heights, which sloped abruptly down to the camp or bivouac of the French, sent up Leslie's Scottish lances and other horsemen to skirmish with these Imperialists, and drive them back. Melville, his fellow-soldier, thus describes him:—In view of the whole French army, the Master of Rothes, ‘with thirty Scotsmen, rode up the hill upon a fair gray gelding. He had, above his coat of black velvet, his coat of armour, with two broad white crosses, one before and the other behind, with sleeves of mail, and a red bonnet upon his head, whereby he was seen and known afar off by the constable, the Duke d'Enghien, and the Prince of Condé.’ His party was diminished to seven by the time he came within lance-length of the Imperialists, who were sixty in number; but he burst upon them with the force of a thunderbolt, escaping the fire of their hand-calivers, which they discharged incessantly against him. He struck five from their saddles with his long lance, before it broke into splinters; then, drawing his sword, he rushed again and again among them, with the heedless bravery for which he had ever been distinguished. At the critical moment of this unequal contest, of seven Scottish knights against sixty Spaniards, a troop of Imperial spearmen were hastily riding along the hill to join in the encounter. By this time Leslie had received several bullets in his person; and, finding himself unable to continue the conflict longer, he dashed spurs into his horse, galloped back to the constable, and fell, faint and exhausted, from his saddle, with the blood pouring through his burnished armour on the turf.

“By the king's desire he was immediately borne to the royal tent, where the Duke d'Enghien and Prince Louis of Condé remarked to Henry, that ‘Hector of Troy had not behaved more valiantly than Norman Leslie.’

“So highly did that brave prince value Norman Leslie, and so greatly did he deplore his death, that all the survivors of his Scottish troop of lances were, under Crichton of Brunstane, sent back to their own country, laden with rewards and honours; and, by his influence, such as were exiles were restored by the regent to their estates and possessions, as a recompense for their valour on the frontiers of Flanders.”

Kirkaldy seems to have remained

in France until the unfortunate death of Henry II., who was accidentally killed in a tournament. The estimation in which he was held, after his achievements in the wars of Picardy, may be learned from the following contemporary testimony:—

“I heard Henry II.,” Melville states, “point unto him and say—‘Yonder is one of the most valiant men of our age.’” And the same writer mentions “that the proud old Montmorencie, the great constable of France, treated the exiled Kirkaldy with such deference that he never addressed him with his head covered.” This was high tribute, when paid to a soldier then under thirty years of age.

Ten years after he had been conveyed a prisoner from St Andrews on board the French galley, Kirkaldy returned to Scotland, but not to repose under the laurels he had already won. Soon after this we find him married, in possession, through the death of his father, of his ancestral estates, the intimate friend of Maitland of Lethington and of Lord James, afterwards the Regent Moray, and a staunch supporter of the Lords of the Congregation. This period furnishes to us one of the most melancholy chapters of Scottish history. Mary of Guise, the queen-regent, on the one hand, was resolute to put down the growing heresy; on the other, the landed nobility were determined to overthrow the Catholic church. Knox, who had by this time returned from France, and other Reformed preachers, did their utmost to fan the flame; and the result was that melancholy work of incendiarism and ruin, which men of all parties must bitterly deplore. Then came the French auxiliaries under D'Oysel, wasting the land, ravaging the estates of the Protestants, and burning their houses and villages; a savage mode of warfare, from which Kirkaldy suffered much—Fife having been pillaged from one end to the other—but for which he exacted an ample vengeance. The details of this partisan warfare are given with much minuteness, but great spirit, by the chronicler; and it did not cease until the death of Mary of Guise.

A new victim was now to be offered

to the distempered spirit of the age : on the 19th August 1561, the young Queen Mary arrived at Leith. She was then in the nineteenth year of her age, and endowed with all that surpassing loveliness which was at once her dower and her misfortune. Her arrival was dreaded by the preachers, who detested the school in which she had been educated, and the influence she might be enabled to exercise ; but the great mass of the people hailed her coming with acclamations of unfeigned delight :—

“Despite the efforts of these dark-browed Reformers, agitated by the memory of her good and gallant father,—the king of the poor—by that of her thirteen years’ absence from them, and stirred by that inborn spirit of loyalty which the Scots possessed in so intense a degree, the people received their beautiful queen with the utmost enthusiasm, and outvied each other in her praise.

“Her mother’s dying advice to secure the support of the Protestants, and to cultivate the friendship of their leaders, particularly Maitland of Lethington and Kirkaldy of Grange, whom the Constable de Montmorencie had named the first soldier in Europe, had been faithfully conveyed to Mary in France by the handsome young Count de Martigues, the Sieur de la Brosse, the Bishop of Amiens, and others, who had witnessed the last moments of that dearly-loved mother in the castle of Edinburgh ; and Mary treasured that advice in her heart—but it availed her not.”

Hurried on by her evil destiny, and persecuted by intrigues which had their origin in the fertile brain of Elizabeth, Mary determined to bestow her hand upon Darnley, a weak, dissolute, and foolish boy, whose only recommendations were his birth and his personal beauty. Such a marriage never could, under any circumstances, have proved a happy one. At that juncture it was peculiarly unfortunate, as it roused the jealousy of the house of Hamilton against that of Lennox ; and was further bitterly opposed by Moray, a cold, calculating, selfish man, who concealed, under an appearance of zeal for the Protestant faith, the most restless, unnatural, and insatiable ambition. Talents he did possess, and of no ordinary kind : above all, he was gifted with the faculty of imposing upon men more

open and honourable than himself. Knox was a mere tool in his hands : Kirkaldy of Grange regarded him as a pattern of wisdom. For years, this straightforward soldier surrendered his judgment to the hypocrite, and, unfortunately, did not detect his mistake until the Queen was involved in a mesh from which extrication was impossible. Moray’s first attempt at rebellion proved an arrant failure : the people refused to join his standard, and he, with the other leading insurgents, was compelled to seek refuge in England.

All might have gone well but for the folly of the idiot Darnley. No long period of domestic intercourse was requisite to convince the unfortunate Queen that she had thrown away her affections, and bestowed her hand upon an individual totally incapable of appreciating the one, and utterly unworthy of the other. Darnley was a low-minded, fickle, and imperious fool—vicious as a colt, capricious as a monkey, and stubborn as an Andalusian mule. Instead of showing the slightest gratitude to his wife and mistress, for the preference which had raised him from obscurity to a position for which kings were suitors, he repaid the vast boon by a series of petty and unmanly persecutions. He aimed to be not only prince-consort, but master ; and because this was denied him, he threw himself precipitately into the counsels of the enemies of Mary. It was not difficult to sow the seeds of jealousy in a mind so well prepared to receive them ; and Riccio, the Italian secretary, was marked out by Ruthven and Morton, the secret adherents of Moray, as the victim. Even this scheme, though backed by Darnley, might have miscarried, had not Mary been driven into an act which roused, while it almost justified, the worst fears of the Protestant party in Scotland. This was her adhesion to the celebrated Roman Catholic League, arising from a coalition which had been concluded between France, Spain, and the Emperor, for the destruction of the Protestant cause in Europe. “It was,” says Tytler, “a design worthy of the dark and unscrupulous politicians by whom it had been planned—Catherine of Medicia

and the Duke of Alva. In the summer of the preceding year, the queen-dowager of France and Alva had met at Bayonne, during a progress in which she conducted her youthful son and sovereign, Charles IX., through the southern provinces of his kingdom; and there, whilst the court was dissolved in pleasure, those secret conferences were held which issued in the resolution that toleration must be at an end, and that the only safety for the Roman Catholic faith was the extermination of its enemies." To this document, Mary, at the instigation of Riccio, who was in the interest of Rome, and who really possessed considerable influence with his mistress, affixed her signature. The bond was abortive for its ostensible purposes, but it was the death-warrant of the Italian secretary, and ultimately of the Queen.

It is not our province to usurp the functions of the historian, and therefore we pass willingly over that intricate portion of history which ends with the murder of Darnley. It was notoriously the work of Bothwell, but not his alone, for Lethington, Huntly, and Argyle, were also deeply implicated. Bothwell now stands forward as a prominent character of the age. He was a bold, reckless, desperate adventurer, with little to recommend him save personal daring, and a fidelity to his mistress which hitherto had remained unshaken. Lethington, in all probability, merely regarded him as an instrument, but Bothwell had a higher aim. With daring ambition, he aimed at the possession of the person of Mary, and actually achieved his purpose.

This unhappy and most unequal union roused the ire of the Scottish nobles. Even such of them as, intimidated by the reckless character of Bothwell, had sworn to defend him if impeached for the slaughter, and had recommended him as a fitting match for Mary, now took up arms, under the pretext that he had violently abducted their sovereign. We fear it cannot be asserted with truth that much violence was used. Poor Queen Mary had found, by bitter experience, that she could hardly depend upon one of her principal subjects. Darnley, Moray, Morton, Lethington, and Arran, each

had betrayed her in turn; everywhere her steps were surrounded by a net of the blackest treachery: not one true heart seemed left to beat with loyalty for its Queen. Elizabeth, with fiendish malice, was goading on her subjects to rebellion. The Queen of England had determined to ruin the power of her sister monarch; the elderly withered spinster detested the young and blooming mother. Why, then, should it be matter of great marvel to those who know the acuteness of female sensibility, if, in the hour of desertion and desolation, Mary should have allowed the weakness of the woman to overcome the pride of the sovereign, and should have opposed but feeble resistance to the advances of the only man who hitherto had remained stanch to her cause, and whose arm seemed strong enough to insure her personal protection? It is not the first time that a daring villain has been taken for a hero by a distressed and persecuted woman.

But Bothwell had no friends. The whole of the nobles were against him; and the Commons, studiously taught to believe that Mary was a consenting party to Darnley's death, were hostile to their Queen. Kirkaldy, at the instance of Moray, came over from his patrimonial estates to join the confederates, and his first feat in arms was an attack on Borthwick Castle, from which Bothwell and the Queen escaped with the utmost difficulty. Then came the action, if such it can be called, of Carberry Hill, when Bothwell challenged his accusers to single combat—a defiance which was accepted by Lord Lindesay of the Byres, but prevented from being brought to the test of combat by the voluntary submission of the Queen. Seeing that her forces were utterly inadequate to oppose those of the assembled nobles, she sent for Sir William Kirkaldy of Grange, as a knight in whose honour she could thoroughly confide, and, after a long interview, agreed to pass over to the troops of the confederates, provided they would again acknowledge and obey her as their sovereign. This being promised, she took her last leave of Bothwell, and her first step on the road which ultimately brought her to Lochleven.

We must refer our readers to the

volume for the spirited account of these events, and of the expedition undertaken by Kirkaldy in pursuit of Bothwell, his narrow escapes, and sea-fights among the shores of Shetland, and the capture of the fugitive's vessel on the coast of Norway. Neither will our space permit us to dwell upon the particulars of the battle of Langside, that last action hazarded and lost by the adherents of Queen Mary, just after her escape from Lochleven, and before she quitted the Scottish soil for ever. But for the tactics of Kirkaldy, the issue of that fight might have been different; and deeply is it to be regretted that, before that time, the eyes of the Knight of Grange had not been opened to the peridy of Moray, whom he loved too trustingly, and served far too well. It was only after Mary was in the power of Elizabeth that he knew how much she had been betrayed.

Under the regency of Moray, Kirkaldy held the post of governor of the castle of Edinburgh, and retained it until the fortress went down before the battery of the English cannon.

He was also elected Lord Provost of Edinburgh—a dignity which, before that time, had been held by the highest nobles of the land, but which has since deteriorated under the influence of the Union, and bungled acts of corporation. He was in this position when he seems first to have perceived that the queen had been made the victim of a deep-laid plot of treachery—that Moray was the arch-conspirator—and that he, along with other men, who wished well both to their country and their sovereign, had been used as instruments for his own advancement by the false and unscrupulous statesman. The arrest of Chatelherault and of Lord Herries, both of them declared partisans of Mary, and their commitment to the castle of Edinburgh, a measure against which Kirkaldy remonstrated, was the earliest act which aroused his suspicions:—

“Upon this, Mr John Wood, a pious friend of the regent's, observed to Kirkaldy, in the true spirit of his party,—

“I marvel, sir, that you are offended at these two being committed to ward; for how shall we, who are the defenders of my lord regent, get rewards but by the ruin of such men?”

“Ha!” rejoined Kirkaldy sternly, “is that your holiness? I see naught among ye but envy, greed, and ambition, whereby ye will wreck a good regent and ruin the realm!”—a retort which made him many enemies among the train of Moray.”

But another event, which occurred soon afterwards, left no doubt in the mind of Kirkaldy as to the nature of Moray's policy. Maitland of Lethington, unquestionably the ablest Scottish diplomatist of his time, but unstable and shifting, as diplomatists often are, had seen cause to adopt very different views from those which he formerly professed. Whilst Mary was in power, he had too often thrown the weight of his influence and council against her: no sooner was she a fugitive and prisoner, than his loyalty appeared to revive. It is impossible now to say whether he was touched with remorse; whether, on reflection, he became convinced that he had not acted the part of a patriotic Scotsman; or whether he was merely led, through excitement, to launch himself into a new sea of political intrigue. This, at least, is certain, that he applied himself, heart and soul, to baffle the machinations of Elizabeth, and to deliver the unhappy Mary from the toils in which she was involved. It was Lethington who conceived the project of restoring Mary to liberty, by bringing about a marriage between her and the Duke of Norfolk; and the knowledge of his zeal on that occasion incensed Elizabeth to the utmost. That vindictive queen, who had always found Moray most ready to obey her wishes, opened a negotiation with him for the destruction of his former friend; and the regent, not daring to thwart her, took measures to have Maitland charged, through a third party, of direct participation in the death of Darnley, whereupon his arrest followed.

Kirkaldy, who loved Maitland, would not allow this manœuvre to pass unnoticed. He remonstrated with the regent for taking such a step; but Moray coldly informed him, that it was out of his power to save Lethington from prison. The blunt soldier, on receiving this reply, sent back a message, demanding that the same charge should be preferred against the Earl

of Morton and Archibald Douglas; and he did more—for, Maitland having been detained a prisoner in the town of Edinburgh, under custody of Lord Home, Kirkaldy despatched at night a party of the garrison, and, by means of a counterfeited order, got possession of the statesman's person, and brought him to the castle, where Chatelberrault and Herries were already residing as guests. Next morning, to the consternation of Moray, a trumpeter appeared at the cross, demanding, in name of Kirkaldy, that process for regicide should instantly be commenced against Morton and Douglas; and, says our author,—

“Remembering the precepts of the stout old knight his father, who always offered ‘the single combat’ in maintenance of his assertions, he offered himself, body for body, to fight Douglas on foot or horseback; while his prisoner, the Lord Herries, sent, as a peer of the realm, a similar cartel to the Earl of Morton. The challenges bore, ‘that they were in the council, and consequently art and part in the king’s murder.’”

In vain did Moray try to wheedle Kirkaldy from his stronghold—in vain did the revengeful Morton lay plots and bribe assassins. The castle of Edinburgh had become the rallying point for those who loved their queen. An attempt was made to oust Kirkaldy from the provostship; but the stout burghers, proud of their martial head, turned a deaf ear to the insidious suggestions of the regent. Yet still the banner of King James floated upon the walls of the castle, nor was the authority of Mary again proclaimed by sound of trumpet until after the shot of the injured Bothwellhaugh struck down the false and dangerous Moray in the street of Linlithgow. Then the whole faction of Chatelberrault, the whole race of Hamilton, rose in arms, and prepared to place themselves under the guidance of Sir William Kirkaldy. The following is, we think, a noble trait in the character of the man:—

“The latter mourned deeply the untimely fate of Moray: they had been old comrades in the field, staunch friends in many a rough political broil; and though they had quarrelled of late, he had too much of the frankness of his profession to maintain hostility to the dead, and so

came to see him laid in his last resting-place. Eight lords bore the body up St Anthony’s lofty aisle, in the great cathedral of St Giles; Kirkaldy preceded it, bearing the paternal banner of Moray with the royal arms; the Laird of Cleish, who bore the coat of armour, walked beside him. Knox prayed solemnly and earnestly as the body was lowered into the dust; a splendid tomb was erected over his remains, and long marked the spot where they lay.”

Lennox succeeded Moray as regent of Scotland, but no salute from the guns of the grim old fortress of Edinburgh greeted his inauguration. Henceforward Kirkaldy had no common cause with the confederates. Maitland had revealed to him the whole hidden machinery of treason, the scandalous complexity of intrigues, by which he had been made a dupe. He now saw that neither religion nor patriotism, but simply selfishness and ambition, had actuated the nobles in rebelling against their lawful sovereign, and that those very acts which they fixed upon as apologies for their treason, were in fact the direct consequences of their own deliberate guilt. If any further corroboration of their baseness had been required in order to satisfy the mind of Kirkaldy, it was afforded by Morton, who, notwithstanding the defiance so lately hurled at him from the castle, solicited, with a meanness and audacity almost incredible, the assistance of the governor to drive Lennox out of the kingdom, and procure his own acknowledgement as regent instead. It is needless to say that his application was refused with scorn. Kirkaldy now began to doubt the sincerity of Knox, who, although with no selfish motive, had been deeply implicated in the cruel plots of the time; some sharp correspondence took place, and the veteran Reformer was pleased to denounce his former pupil from the pulpit.

Edinburgh now was made to suffer the inconveniences to which every city threatened with a siege is exposed. The burghers began to grumble against their provost, who, on one occasion, sent a party to rescue a prisoner from the Tolbooth, and who always preferred the character of military governor to that of civil

magistrate. Knox thundered at him every Sabbath, and doubtless contributed largely to increase the differences between him and the uneasy citizens. The later might well be pardoned for their apprehensions. Not only were they commanded by the castle guns, but Kirkaldy, as if to show them what they might expect in case of difference of political sentiment,—

“Hoisted cannon to the summit of St Giles's lofty spire, which rises in the middle of the central hill on which the city stands, and commands a view of it in every direction. He placed the artillery on the stone bartizan beneath the flying arches of the imperial crown that surmounts the tower, and thus turned the cathedral into a garrison, to the great annoyance of Knox and the citizens. The latter were also compelled, at their own expense, to maintain the hundred arquebussiers of Captain Melville, who were billeted in the Castlehill Street, for the queen's service; and thus, amid preparations for war, closed the year 1570.”

We may fairly suppose, that the cannon of the governor were more obnoxious than a modern annuity-tax can possibly be; yet no citizen seemed desirous of coming forward as a candidate for the crown of martyrdom. The bailies very quietly and very properly succumbed to the provost.

It must be acknowledged that Edinburgh was, in those days, no pleasant place of residence.

Next, to the alarm of the citizens, came a mock fight and the roar of cannon, intended to accustom the garrison to siege and war, which latter calamity speedily commenced in earnest. No possible precaution was omitted by Kirkaldy, whose situation was eminently critical; and he had received a terrible warning. On the last day of truce, the strong castle of Dumbarton was taken by surprise by a party under Captain Crawford of Jordanhill. Lord Fleming was fortunate enough to effect his escape, but Hamilton, archbishop of St Andrews, was made prisoner, and immediately hanged by Lennox over Stirling bridge. An archbishopric never was a comfortable tenure in Scotland.

Lennox and Morton now drew together. The former from Linlith-

gow, and the latter from Dalkeith, advanced against the city, then occupied by the Hamiltons: skirmishes went on under the walls and on the Boroughmuir, and the unfortunate citizens were nearly driven to distraction. The following dispositions of Provost Kirkaldy were by no means calculated to restore a feeling of confidence, or to better the prospects of trade:—

“He loop-holed the spacious vaults of the great cathedral, for the purpose of sweeping with musketry its steep churchyard to the south, the broad Lawnmarket to the west, and High Street to the eastward; while his cannon from the spire commanded the long line of street called the Canongate—even to the battlements of the palace porch. He seized the ports of the city, placed guards of his soldiers upon them, and retained the keys in his own hands. He ordered a rampart and ditch to be formed at the Butter Tron, for the additional defence of the castle; and another for the same purpose at the head of the West Bow, a steep and winding street of most picturesque aspect. His soldiers pillaged the house of the regent, whose movables and valuables they carried off; he broke into the Tolbooth and council-chamber, drove forth the scribes and councillors, and finally deposed the whole bench of magistrates, installing in the civic chair the daring chief of Fernihirst, (who had now become the husband of his daughter Janet, a young girl barely sixteen;) while a council composed of his mostrooping vassals, clad in their iron jacks, steel caps, calivers, and two-handed whingers, officiated as bailies, in lieu of the douce, paunchy, and well-fed burgeses of the Craims and Luckenbooths.”

The Blue Blanket of Edinburgh—that banner which, according to tradition, waved victoriously on the ramparts of Acre—had fallen into singular custody! John Knox again fled, for in truth his life was in danger. Kirkaldy, notwithstanding their differences, exerted his authority to the utmost to protect him, but the Hamiltons detested his very name; and one night a bullet fired through his window, was taken as a significant hint that his absence from the metropolis would be convenient. Scandal, even in those times, was rife in Edinburgh; for we are told that—

“John Low, a carrier of letters to St Andrews, being in the ‘Castell of Edin-

burgh, the Ladie Home would neids threip in his face, that John Knox was banist the toune, because in his yard he had raisit some *sanctis*, amangis whome their came up the devill with hornes, which when his servant Richart saw he ran wud, and so deid."

It is hardly credible, but it is a fact, that a meeting of the Estates of Scotland, called by Lennox, was held in Edinburgh at this very juncture. Kirkaldy occupied the upper part of the town, whilst the lower was in the hands of the regent, protected, or rather covered, by a battery which Morton had erected upon the "Doo Craig," that bluff black precipice to the south of the Calton Hill. The meeting, however, was a short one. "Mons Meg" and her marrows belched forth fire and shot upon the town, and the scared representatives fled, in terror of the falling ruins. A sortie from the castle was made, and the place of assembly burned.

Kirkaldy now summoned and actually held a parliament, in name of Queen Mary, in Edinburgh. The possession of the Regalia gave this assembly a show of legality at least equivalent to that pertaining to its rival, the *Black Parliament*, which was then sitting at Stirling.

We must refer to the work itself for the details of the martial exploits which followed. So very vividly and picturesquely are the scenes described, that, in reading of them, the images arise to our mind with that distinctness which constitutes the principal charm of the splendid romances of Scott. We accompany, with the deepest personal interest, the gallant Captain Melville and his harquebussiers, on his expedition to dislodge grim Morton from his Lion's Den at Dalkeith—we follow fiery Claud Hamilton in his attack upon the Black Parliament at Stirling, when Lennox met his death, and Morton, driven by the flames from his burning mansion, surrendered his sword to Buccleugh—and, amidst the din and uproar of the Douglas wars, we hear the cannon on the bastion of Edinburgh castle battering to ruin the gray towers of Merchiston.

The career of Kirkaldy was rapidly drawing towards its close. During the life of Mar, who succeeded Len-

nox in the regency, the brave governor succeeded in maintaining possession not only of the castle, but of the city of Edinburgh, in spite of all opposition. But Morton, the next regent, was a still more formidable foe. The hatred between this man and Kirkaldy was mutual, and it was of the most deadly kind. And no wonder. Morton, as profligate as cruel, had seduced the fair and false Helen Leslie, wife of Sir James Kirkaldy, the gallant brother of the governor, and thereby inflicted the worst wound on the honour of an ancient family. A more awful story than the betrayal of her husband, and the seizure of his castle of Blackness, through the treachery of this wretched woman, is not to be found in modern history. Tarpeia alone is her rival in infamy, and the end of both was the same. The virulence of hereditary feud is a marked feature in our Scottish annals; but no sentiment of the kind could have kindled such a flame of enmity as burned between Morton and Kirkaldy. From the hour when the former obtained the regency, the war became one of extermination.

Morton, it must be owned, showed much diplomatic skill in his arrangements. His first step was to negotiate separately with the country party of the loyalists, so as to detach them from Kirkaldy; and in this he perfectly succeeded. The leading nobles, Huntley and Argyre, were wearied with the war; Chatelherault, whom we have already known as Arran, was broken down by age and infirmities; and even those who had been the keenest partisans of the queen, Herries and Seton, were not disinclined to transfer their allegiance to her son. The treaty of Perth left Kirkaldy with no other adherents save Lord Home, the Melvilles, Maitland, and his garrison. The city had revolted, and was now under the provostship of fierce old Lord Lindesay of the Byres, who was determined to humble his predecessor. Save the castle rock of Edinburgh, and the hardy band that held it, all Scotland had submitted to Morton.

Killigrew, the English ambassador, advised him to yield. "No!" replied Kirkaldy. "Though my friends have

forsaken me, and the city of Edinburgh hath done so too, yet I will defend this castle to the last!" The man whom Moray thought a fool, had expanded to the bulk of a hero.

Meantime, English engineers were occupied in estimating the capabilities of the castle as a place of defence. They reported that, with sufficient artillery, it might be reduced in twenty days; and, accordingly, Morton determined to besiege it so soon as the period of truce agreed on by the treaty of Perth should expire. Kirkaldy was not less resolute to maintain it.

At six o'clock, on the morning of 1st January 1573, a warning gun from the castle announced that the treaty had expired, and the standard of the Queen was unfurled on the highest tower, amidst the acclamations of the garrison. Four-and-twenty hours previously, Kirkaldy had issued a proclamation, warning all loyal subjects of the Queen to depart forthwith from the city; and terrible indeed was the situation of those who neglected that reasonable warning. Morton began the attack; and it was answered by an incessant discharge from the batteries upon the town.

Civil war had assumed its worst form. By day the cannon thundered; at night the garrison made sorties, and fired the city: all was wrack and ruin. Morton, bursting with fury, found that, unassisted, he could not conquer Grange.

English aid was asked from, and given by, the unscrupulous Elizabeth. Drury, who had helped Morton in his dishonourable treason at Restalrig, marched into Scotland with the English standard displayed, bringing with him fifteen hundred harquebassiers, one hundred and fifty pikemen, and a numerous troop of gentlemen volunteers; while the train of cannon and baggage came round by sea to Leith, where a fleet of English ships cruised, to cut off all succour from the Continent.

The English summons to surrender was treated by Kirkaldy with scorn. Up went a scarlet banner, significant of death and defiance, on the great tower of King David. Indomitable, as in the days of his early youth, when the confederates of St Andrews

defied the universe in arms, the Scottish champion looked calmly from his rock on the preparations for the terrible assault.

Five batteries were erected around the castle, but not with impunity. The cannon of Kirkaldy mowed down the pioneers when engaged in their trenching operations; and it was not until Trinity Sunday, the 17th of May, that the besiegers opened their fire.

"At two o'clock in the afternoon, the five batteries opened a simultaneous discharge upon the walls of the castle. Bravely and briskly its cannoniers replied to them, and deep-mouthed Mons Meg, with her vast bullets of black whin, the thundering carthouss, basilisks, serpents, and culverins, amid fire and smoke, belched their missiles from the old gray towers, showering balls of iron, lead, and stone at the batteries; while the incessant ringing of several thousand harquebusses, calivers, and wheel-lock petronels, added to the din of the double cannonade. From the calibre of the great Mons Meg, which yet frowns *en barbe* over the ramparts, one may easily imagine the dismay her enormous bullets must have caused in the trenches so far below her.

"For ten days the furious cannonade continued, on both sides, without a moment's cessation. On the 19th, three towers were demolished, and enormous gaps appeared in the curtain walls; many of the castle guns were dismounted, and destroyed by the falling of the ancient masonry: a shot struck one of the largest culverins fairly on the muzzle, shattering it to pieces, and scattering the splinters around those who stood near. A very heavy battery was discharged against King David's Tower, a great square bastel-house, the walls of which were dark with the lapse of four centuries. On the 23d, a great gap had been beaten in its northern side, revealing the arched hall within; and as the vast old tower, with its cannon, its steel-clad defenders, and the red flag of defiance still waving above its machicolated bartizan, sank with a mighty crash to shapeless ruin, the wild shriek raised by the females in the castle, and the roar of the masonry rolling like thunder down the perpendicular rocks, were distinctly heard at the distant English camp."

One hundred and fifty men constituted the whole force which Kirkaldy could muster when he commenced his desperate defence. Ten times that number would scarcely have sufficed to maintain an adequate resistance; but high heroic valour in the face of death

is insensible to any odds. After a vigorous resistance, the besiegers succeeded in gaining possession of the Spar or blockhouse—an outer work which was constructed between the fortress and the town; but an attempt to scale the rock on the west side utterly failed.

The blockade had for some time been so strict, that the garrison began to suffer from want of provisions; but their sorest privation was the loss of water. Although there are large and deep wells in the Castle of Edinburgh, a remarkable peculiarity renders them useless in the time of siege. To this day, whenever the cannon are fired, the water deserts the wells, oozing out of some fissures at the bottom of the rock. There is, however, a lower spring on the north side, called St Margaret's Well, and from this the garrison for a time obtained a scanty supply. Under cloud of night a soldier was let down by a rope from the fortifications, and in this manner the wholesome element was drawn. This circumstance became known to the besiegers; and they, with diabolical cruelty, had recourse to the expedient of poisoning the well, and permitted the nocturnal visitor to draw the deadly liquid without molestation. The consequences, of course, were fearful. Many expired in great agony; and those whose strength enabled them to throw off the more active effects of the poison, were so enfeebled that they could hardly work the heavy cannon, or support the fatigue of watching day and night upon the battlements.

“Maddened by the miseries they underwent, and rendered desperate by all hopes of escape from torture and death being utterly cut off, a frenzy seized the soldiers; they broke into a dangerous mutiny, and threatened to hang Lethington over the walls, as being the primary cause of all these dangers, from the great influence he exercised over Kirkaldy, their governor. But even now, when amid the sick, the dying, and the dead, and the mutinous—surrounded by crumbling ramparts and dismounted cannon, among which the shot of the besiegers were rebounding every instant—with the lives, honour, and safety of his wife, his brother, and numerous brave and faithful friends depending on his efforts and example, the heart of the brave governor

appears never to have quailed even for an instant!”

At length, as further resistance was useless, and as certain movements on the part of the enemy indicated their intention of proceeding to storm the castle by the breach which had been effected on the eastern side, Kirkaldy requested an interview with his old fellow-soldier Drury, the Marshal of Berwick. This being acceded to, the governor and his uncle, “Sir Robert Melville of Murdocairnie, were lowered over the ruins by cords, as there was no other mode of egress, the flight of forty steps being completely buried in the same ruin which had choked up the archways, and hidden both gates and portcullis. The Castlehill, at that time, says Melville of Kilrenny, in his Diary, was covered with stones, ‘rinning like a sandie bray;’ but behind the breaches were the men-at-arms drawn up in firm array, with their pikes and helmets gleaming in the setting sun.”

Kirkaldy's requests were not unreasonable. He asked to have security for the lives and property of those in the garrison, to have leave for Lord Home and Maitland of Lethington to retire to England, and, for himself, permission to live unmolested at the estate in Fife. Drury might have consented, but Morton was obdurate. The thought of having his enemy unconditionally in his hands, and the prospect of a revenge delicious to his savage and unrelenting nature, made him deaf to all applications; and the only terms he would grant were these,—

“That if the soldiers marched forth without their armour, and submitted to his clemency, he would grant them their lives; but there were *ten* persons who must yield *unconditionally* to him, and whose fate he would leave to the decision of their umpire, Elizabeth. The unfortunate exceptions were—the governor, Sir James Kirkaldy, Lethington, Alexander Lord Home, the Bishop of Dunkeld, Sir Robert Melville of Murdocairnie, Logan of Restalrig, Alexander Orichton of Drylaw, Pitarrow the constable, and Patrick Wishart.

Kirkaldy returned to the castle, resolved to die in the breach, but by this time the mutiny had begun. The soldiers insisted upon a surrender

even more clamorously than before, and several of them took the opportunity of clambering over the ruins and deserting. It would have been madness under such circumstances to hold out; yet still Kirkaldy, jealous of his country's honour, could not brook the idea of handing over the citadel of Scotland's metropolis to the English.

"Therefore, when compelled to adopt the expedient (which is supposed to have originated in Lethington's fertile brain) of admitting a party of the besiegers within the outworks, or at least close to the walls, he sent privately in the night a message to Hume and Jordanhill, to march their Scottish companies between the English batteries and the fortress, lest the old bands of Drury should have the honour of entering first."

Next morning he came forth, and surrendered his sword to Drury, who gave him the most solemn assurances that he should be restored to his estates and liberty at the intercession of the Queen of England, and that all his adherents should be pardoned.

Drury, probably, was in earnest, but he had either overstepped his commission, or misinterpreted the mind of his mistress. Morton had most basely handed over to Elizabeth the person of the fugitive Earl of Northumberland, whom she hurried to the block, nor could she well refuse to the Scottish regent a similar favour in return. Morton asked for the disposal of the prisoners, and the gift was readily granted.

Three of them were to die: for these there was no mercy. One, William Maitland of Lethington, disappointed the executioner by swallowing poison, a draught more potent than that drawn from the well of St Margaret. The vengeance of Morton long kept his body from the decencies of the grave. Of the two Kirkaldys, one was the rival of the regent, who had foully wronged the other, and, therefore, their doom was sealed.

One hundred barons and gentlemen of rank and fortune, kinsmen to the gallant Kirkaldy, offered, in exchange for his life, to bind themselves by bond of manrent, as vassals to the house of Morton for ever: money,

jewels, lands, were tendered to the regent; but all in vain. Nothing could induce him to depart from his revenge. Nor were others wanting to urge on the execution. The Reformed preachers, remembering the dying message of Knox, were clamorous for the realisation of the prophecy through his death; the burghers, who had suffered so much from his obstinate defence, shouted for his execution; only stout old Lord Lindesay, fierce as he was, had the magnanimity to plead on behalf of the unfortunate soldier.

Then came the scaffold and the doom. Those who are conversant with Scottish history cannot but be impressed with the remarkable resemblance between the last closing scene of Kirkaldy, as related in this work, and that of Montrose, which was exhibited on the same spot, in another and a later age.

So died this remarkable man, the last of Queen Mary's adherents. If, in the course of his career, we can trace out some inconsistencies, it is but fair to his memory to reflect how early he was thrown upon the troubled ocean of politics, and how difficult it must have been, in such an age of conflicting opinions and desperate intrigue, to maintain a tangible principle. Kirkaldy seems to have selected Moray as his guide—not penetrating certainly, at the time, the selfish disposition of the man. But the instant he perceived that his own aggrandisement, and not the welfare of Scotland, was the object of the designing Earl, Grange drew off from his side, and valorously upheld the cause of his injured and exiled sovereign.

We now take leave of a work which, we are convinced, will prove of deep and thrilling interest to every Scotsman. It is seldom indeed that we find history so written—in a style at once vigorous, perspicuous, and picturesque. The author's heart is thoroughly with his subject; and he exhibits, ever and anon, flashes of the old Scottish spirit, which we are glad to believe has not decayed from the land.

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CAUCASUS AND THE COSSACKS.

A HANDFUL of men, frugal, hardy, and valiant, successfully defending their barren mountains and dearly-won independence against the reiterated assaults of a mighty neighbour, offer, apart from political considerations, a deeply interesting spectacle. When, upon a map of the world's eastern hemisphere, we behold, not far from its centre, on the confines of barbarism and civilisation, a spot, black with mountains, and marked "Circassia;" when we contrast this petty nook with the vast territory stretching from the Black Sea to the Northern Ocean, from the Baltic to Behring's Straits, we admire and wonder at the inflexible resolution and determined gallantry that have so long borne up against the aggressive ambition, iron will, and immense resources of a czar. Sixty millions against six hundred thousand—a hundred to one, a whole squadron against a single cavalier, a colossus opposed to a pigmy—these are the odds at issue. It seems impossible that such a contest can long endure. Yet it has lasted twenty years, and still the dwarf resists subjugation, and contrives, at intervals, to inflict severe punishment upon his gigantic adversary. There is something strangely exciting in the contemplation of so brave a struggle. Its interest is far superior to that of any of the "little

wars" in which Europe, since 1815, has evaporated her superabundant pugnacity. African raids and Spanish skirmishes are pale affairs contrasted with the dashing onslaughts of the intrepid Circassians. And, in other respects than its heroism, this contest merits attention. As an important section of the huge mountain-dyke, opposed by nature to the south-eastern extension of the Russian empire, Circassia is not to be overlooked. On the rugged peaks and in the deep valleys of the Caucasus, her fearless warriors stand, the vedettes of southern Asia, a living barrier to the forward flight of the double eagle.

Matters of pressing interest, nearer home, have diverted public attention from the warlike Circassians, whose independent spirit and unflinching bravery deserves better than even temporary oblivion. Not in our day only have they distinguished themselves in freedom's fight. Surrounded by powerful and encroaching potentates, their history, for the last five hundred years, records constant struggles against oppression. Often conquered, they never were fully subdued. Their obscure chronicles are illumined by flashes of patriotism and heroic courage. Early in the fifteenth century, they conquered their freedom from the Georgian yoke. Then came long wars with the Tartars, who could

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hardly, perhaps, be considered the aggressors, the Circassians having overstepped their mountain limits, and spread over the plains adjacent to the Sea of Azov. In 1555, the Russian grand-duke, Ivan Vasilivitch, pressed forward to Tarki upon the Caspian, where he placed a garrison. A Circassian tribe submitted to him; he married the daughter of one of their princes, and assisted them against the Tartars. But after a while the Russians withdrew their succour; and the Circassians, driven back to the river Kuban, their natural boundary to the north-west, paid tribute to the Tartars, till the commencement of the eighteenth century, when a decisive victory liberated them. Meanwhile Russia strode steadily southwards, reached the Kuban in the west, whilst, in the east, Tarki and Derbent fell, in 1722, into the hands of Peter the Great. The fort of Swiatoi-Krest, built by the conqueror, was soon afterwards retaken by a swarm of fanatical mountaineers from the eastern Caucasus. It is now about seventy years since Russian and Circassian first crossed swords in serious warfare. A fanatic dervise, who called himself Sheikh Mansour, preached a religious war against the Muscovites; but, although followed with enthusiasm, his success was not great, and at last he was captured and sent prisoner into the interior of Russia. With his fall the furious zeal of the Caucasians subsided for a while. But the Turks, who viewed Circassia as their main bulwark against the rapidly increasing power of their dangerous northern neighbour, made friends of the mountain-

eers, and stirred them up against Russia. The fortified town of Anapa, on the north-west coast of Circassia, became the focus of the intercourse between the Porte and its new allies. The creed of Mahomet was actively propagated amongst the Circassians, whose relations with Turkey grew more and more intimate, and in the year 1824 several tribes took oath of allegiance to the sultan. In 1829, during the war between Russia and Turkey, Anapa, which had more than once changed hands in the course of previous contests, was taken by the former power, to whom, by the treaty of Adrianople, its possession, and that of the other Turkish posts on the same coast, was finally conceded. Hence the chief claim of Russia upon Circassia—although Circassia had never belonged to the Turks, nor been occupied by them; and from that period dates the war that has elicited from Russia so great a display of force against an apparently feeble, but in reality formidable antagonist—an antagonist who has hitherto baffled her best generals, and picked troops, and most skilful strategists.

The tribes of the Caucasus may be comprehended, for the sake of simplicity, under two denominations: the Tcherkesses or Circassians, in the west, and the Tshetshens in the east. In loose newspaper statements, and in the garbled reports of the war which remote position, Russian jealousy, and the peculiarly inaccessible character of the Caucasians, suffer to reach us, even this broad distinction is frequently disregarded.* It is nevertheless important, at least in a physiological point of view;

* "Amongst the Caucasian tribes, the interest of Europe has attached itself especially to the Circassians, because they are regarded (in Urquhart's words) 'as the only people, from the Atlantic to the Indian Ocean, ever ready to revenge an injury and retort a menace proceeding from the Czar of the Muscovites.' Urquhart's opinion, which is shared by the great majority of the European public, is not quite correct, the Circassians not being the only combatants against Russia. Indeed it so happens that, for the last four years, they have kept tolerably quiet in their mountains, contenting themselves with small forays into the Cossack country on the Kuban; whilst the warlike Tshetshens in the eastern Caucasus, their chief, Chamyl, at their head, have given the Russian army much more to do. But, in the absence of official intelligence, and of regular newspaper information concerning the events of the war, people in Europe have got accustomed to admire and praise the Circassians as the only defenders of Caucasian freedom against Russian aggression; and even in St Petersburg the intelligent public hold the famous Chamyl to be chief of the Circassians, with whom he has nothing whatever to do."—*Der Kaukasus*, &c., vol. ii. p. 223.

and, even as regards the resistance offered to Russia, there are differences between the Eastern and the Western Caucasians. The military tactics of both are much alike, but the character of the war varies. On the banks of the Kuban, and on the Euxine shores, the strife has never been so desperate, and so dangerous for the Russians, as in Daghestan, Lesghistan, and the land of the Tshetshens. The Abchasians, Mingrelians, and other Circassian tribes, dwelling on the southern slopes of Caucasus, and on the margin of the Black Sea, are of more peaceable and passive character than their brethren to the North and East. The Tshetshens, by far the most warlike and enterprising of the Caucasians, have had the ablest leaders, and have at all times been stimulated by fierce religious zeal. As far back as 1745, Russian missionaries were sent to the tribe of the Osseti, who had relapsed from Christianity to the heathen creed of their forefathers. Every Osset who presented himself at the baptismal font received a silver cross and a new shirt. The bait brought thousands of the mountaineers to the Russian priests, who contacted themselves with the outward and visible sign of conversion. These propagandist attempts enraged the Mahomedan tribes, and then it was that they thronged around Sheikh Mansour, as they have done in our day (in 1880) around that strange fanatic Chasi-Mollah, when in his turn he preached a holy war against the Russian. In the latter year, General Paskewitch had just been called away to Poland, and his successor, Baron Rosen, found all Daghestan in an uproar. He immediately opened the campaign, but met a strenuous resistance, and suffered heavy loss. The defence of the village of Hermentchuk, held against him, in the year 1832, by 3000 Tshetshens, was an extraordinary example of heroism. When the Russian infantry forced their way into the place with the bayonet, a portion of the garrison

shut themselves up in a fortified house, and made it good against overwhelming numbers, singing passages from the Koran amidst a storm of bombs and grapeshot. At last the building took fire, and its undaunted defenders, the sacred verses still upon their lips, found death in the flames. In an equally desperate defence of the fortified village of Himri, Chasi-Mollah met his death, falling in the very breach, bleeding from many wounds. The chief who succeeded him was less venerated and less energetic, and for a few years the Tshetshens remained tolerably quiet, but without a thought of submission. Nevertheless the Russians flattered themselves that the worst was past; that the death of the mad dervish was an irreparable loss to the mountaineers. They were mistaken. Out of his most ardent adherents Chasi-Mollah had formed a sort of sacred band, whom he called Murides, gloomy fanatics, half warriors, half priests. They composed his body-guard, were unwearied in preaching up the fight for the Prophet's faith, and in battle devoted themselves to death with a heroism that has never been surpassed. From these, within a short time of their first leader's death, Chamyl, the present renowned chief of the Tshetshens, soon stood forth pre-eminent, and the Murides followed him to the field with the same enthusiasm and valour they had shown under his predecessor. He did not prove less worthy of guiding them; and the Russians were compelled to confess, that it was easier for the Tshetshens to find an able leader than for them to find a general able to beat him. And victories over the restless and enterprising Caucasians were of little profit, even when obtained. For the most part, they only served to fill the Russian hospitals, and to procure the officers those ribbons and distinctions they so greedily covet, and which, in that service, are so liberally bestowed.* Thus, in 1845, Count Woronzoff made a most daring expedition

* * It must be admitted that Russian officers are second to those of no other nation in thirst for distinction, and in honourable ambition, to awaken and stimulate which, innumerable means are employed. In no other army are the rewards for those officers who distinguish themselves in the field of so many kinds, and so lavishly dealt out. There are all manner of medals and marks for good service—crosses and stars of Saints George, Stanislaus, Vladimir, Andrew, Anna, and other holy personages; some

into the heart of Daghestan. He found the villages empty and in flames, lost three thousand men, amongst them many brave and valuable officers, and marched back again, strewing the path with wounded, for whom the means of transport (the horses of the Cossack cavalry) were quite insufficient. With great difficulty, and protected by a column that went out to meet them, the Russians regained their lines, harassed to the last by the fierce Caucasians. This affair was called a victory, and Count Woronzoff was made a prince. Two more such victories would have reduced his expeditionary column to a single battalion. Chamyl, who had cannonaded the Russians with their own artillery, captured in former actions, possibly considered himself equally entitled to triumph, as he slowly retreated, after following up the foe nearly to the gates of their fortresses, into the recesses of his native valleys.

The interior of Circassia is still an unknown land. The investigations of Messrs Bell, Longworth, Stewart, and others, who of late years have visited and written about the country, were confined to small districts, and cramped by the jealousy of the natives. Mr Bell, who made the longest residence, was treated more like a prisoner than a guest. Other foreigners find a worse reception still. Even the Poles, who desert from the Russian army, are made slaves of by the Circassians, and so severely treated that they are often glad to return to their colours, and endure the flogging that there awaits them. The only European who, having penetrated into the interior, has again seen his own country, is the

Russian Baron Turnau, an aide-de-camp of General Gurko; but the circumstances of his abode in Circassia were too painful and peculiar to allow opportunity for observation. They are well told by Dr Wagner.

"By the Emperor's command, Russian officers acquainted with the language are sent, from time to time, as spies into Circassia,"—partly to make topographical surveys of districts previously unknown; partly to ascertain the numbers, mode of life, and disposition of those tribes with whom no intercourse is kept up. These missions are extremely dangerous, and seldom succeed. Shortly before my arrival at Terek, four Russian staff-officers were sent as spies to various parts of Lesghistan. They assumed the Caucasian garb, and were attended by natives in Russian pay. Only one of them ever returned; the three others were recognised and murdered. Baron Turnau prepared himself long beforehand for his dangerous mission. He gave his complexion a brownish tint, and to his beard the form affected by the aborigines. He also tried to learn the language of the Ubiches, but, finding the harsh pronunciation of certain words quite unattainable, he agreed with his guide to pass for deaf and dumb during his stay in the country. In this guise he set out upon his perilous journey, and for several days wandered undetected from tribe to tribe. But one of the *works* (nobles) under whose roof he passed a night, conceived suspicions, and threatened the guide, who betrayed his employer's secret. The baron was kept prisoner, and the Ubiches demanded a cap-full of silver for his ransom from the Russian commandant of Fort Ardler. When this officer declared himself ready to pay, they increased their demand to a bushel of silver rubles. The commandant referred the matter to Baron Rosen, then com-

with crowns, some with diamonds, peculiar distinctions on the epaulets and uniforms, &c. &c. I was once in a distinguished society, composed almost entirely of officers of the army of the Caucasus. Not finding very much amusement, I had the patience to count all the orders and decorations in the room, and found that upon the breasts of the thirty-five military guests, there glittered more than two hundred stars, crosses, and medals; on some of the generals' coats were more orders than buttons. As it usually happens, the desire for these distinctions increases with their possession. The Russian who has obtained a medal leaves no stone unturned to get a knight's cross, and when the cross is at his button-hole, he is ravenous for the glittering star, and ready to make any sacrifice to obtain it."—*Der Kaukasus, &c.*, vol. ii. p. 98.

* The reference in this instance is more particularly to the land of the Ubiches and Tchigetes, two tribes that abide south of Circassia Proper, and whose language differs from those of the Circassians and Abchasians, their neighbours to the north and south. The general medium of conversation amongst the various Caucasian tribes is the Turkish-Tartar dialect, current amongst most of the dwellers on the shores of the Black and Caspian Seas.

mander-in-chief of the army of the Caucasus; the baron reported it to St Petersburg, and the Emperor consented to pay the heavy ransom. But Rosen represented it to him as more for the Russian interest to leave Turnau for a while in the hands of the Ubiches; for, in the first place, the payment of so large a sum was a bad precedent, likely to encourage the mountaineers to renew the extortion, instead of contenting themselves, as they previously had done, with a few hundred rubles; and, secondly, as a prisoner, Baron Turnau would perhaps have opportunities of gathering valuable information concerning a country and people of whom little or nothing was known. The unfortunate young officer was cruelly sacrificed to these considerations, and passed a long winter in terrible captivity, tortured by frost and hunger, compelled, as a slave, to the severest labour, and often greatly ill-treated. Several attempts at flight failed; and at last the chief, in whose hands he was, confined him in a cage half-buried in the ground, and withal so narrow that its inmate could neither stand upright nor lie at length."

Thus immured, a prey to painful maladies, his clothes rotting on his emaciated limbs, the unhappy man moaned through his long and sleepless nights, and gave up hope of rescue. No tender-hearted Circassian maiden brought to him, as to the hero of Pushkin's well-known Caucasian poem, deliverance and love. Such luck had been that of more than one Russian captive; but poor Turnau, in his state of filth and squalor, was no very seductive object. He might have pined away his life in his cage, before Baron Rosen, or his paternal majesty the Czar, had recalled his fate to mind, but for an injury done by his merciless master to one of his domestics, who vowed revenge. Watching his opportunity, this servant, one day that the rest of the household were absent, murdered his lord, released the prisoner, tied him with thongs upon his saddle, upon which the baron, covered with sores and exhausted by illness, was unable to support himself, and galloped with him towards the frontier. In one day they rode eighty *versets*, (about fifty-four English miles,) outstripped pursuers, and reached Fort Ardler. The accounts given by Baron Turnau of the land of his captivity could be but slight: he had seen little beyond his place of confine-

ment. What he did relate was not very encouraging to Russian invasion. He depicted the country as one mass of rock and precipice, partially clothed with vast tracts of aboriginal forest, broken by deep ravines and mountain torrents, and surmounted by the huge ice-clad pinnacles of the loftiest Caucasian ridge. The villages, some of which nestle in the deep recesses of the woods, whilst others are perched upon steep crags and on the brink of giddy precipices, are universally of most difficult access.

Dr Wagner, whose extremely amusing book forms the text of this article, has never been in Circassia, although he gives us more information about it, of the sort we want, than any traveller in that singular land whose writings have come under our notice. His wanderings were under Russian guidance and escort. During them, he skirted the hostile territory on more than one side; occasionally setting a foot across the border, to the alarm of his Cossacks, whose dread by day and dreams by night were of Circassian ambuscades; he has lingered at the base of Caucasus, and has traversed its ranges—without, however, deeming it necessary to penetrate into those remote valleys, where foreigners find dubious welcome, and whence they are not always sure of exit. He has mixed much with Circassians, if he has not actually dwelt in their villages. It were tedious and unnecessary to detail his exact itinerary. He has not printed his entire journal—according to the lazy and egotistical practice of many travellers—but has taken the trouble to condense it. The essence is full of variety, anecdote and adventure, and gives a clear insight into the nature of the war. Professedly a man of science, an antiquary and a naturalist, Dr Wagner has evidently a secret hankering after matters military. He loves the sound of the drum, and willingly directs his scientific researches to countries where he is likely to smell powder. We had heard of him in the Atlas mountains, and at the siege of Constantina, before we met him risking his neck along the banks of the Kuban, and across the wild steppes of the Caucasus. He has travelled much in the

East, and prepared himself for his Caucasian trip by a long stay in Turkey and in Southern Russia. Well introduced, he derived from distinguished Russian generals, intelligent civilians, and Circassian chiefs, particulars of the war more authentic than are to be obtained either from St Petersburg bulletins, or from the ordinary trans-Caucasian correspondents of German and other newspapers, many of whom are in the pay of Russia. His African reminiscences proved of great value. The officers of the army of Caucasus take the strongest interest in the contest between French and Arabs, finding in it, doubtless, points of similitude with the war in which they themselves are engaged. Amongst these officers he met, besides Russians and Germans, several naturalised Poles and Frenchmen, Flemings and Spaniards, who gave in exchange for his tales of razzias and Bedouins, details of Circassian warfare which he highly prized, as likely to be more impartial than the accounts afforded by the native Russians. His own journey to the Caucasus took place in 1843; but a subsequent correspondence with well-informed friends, on both sides the Caucasian range, enabled him to bring down his sketch of the struggle to the year 1846.

Many English writers on Circassia have been accused of an undue preference for the mountaineers, of exaggerating their good qualities, and of elevating them by invidious contrasts with the Russians. There is no ground for suspecting a German of such partiality; and Dr Wagner, whilst lauding the heroic valour and independent spirit of the Circassians—qualities which Russian authors have themselves admitted and extolled—does not forget to do justice to his Muscovite and Cossack friends, to whom he devotes a considerable portion of his book, many of his details concerning them being extremely novel and curious. He carefully studied both Cossacks and Circassians, living amongst the former and meeting thousands of the latter, who go and come freely upon Russian territory. At Ekaterinodar, the capital of the Tchernomortey Cossacks, the Friday's market swarmed with

Circassians. In Turkey, and elsewhere, Dr Wagner had met many individuals of that nation, but this was the first time he beheld them in crowds. He describes them as very handsome men, with black beards, aquiline noses, and flashing black eyes. He was struck with their lofty mien, and attributes it to their mental energy, and to a consciousness of physical strength and beauty.

"This superiority of the pure Circassian blood does not belie itself under Russian discipline, any more than it does in Mahometan lands, where, as Mamelukes in Cairo, and as pashas in Stamboul, the sons of Caucasus have ever played a prominent and distinguished part. The Turk, who by certain imposing qualities awes all other Orientals, tacitly recognises the superiority of the Circassian *owden*, or noble. The Emperor Nicholas, who preserves so rigid a discipline in the various corps of his vast army, shows himself extraordinarily considerate towards the Circassian squadrons of his guard. Persons well versed in the military chronicles of St Petersburg relate many a characteristic trait, proving the bold stubborn spirit of these Caucasian men to be still unbroken, and showing how it more than once has so imposed upon the emperor, and even upon the grand-duke Michael, reputed the strictest disciplinarian in Russia, that they have shut their eyes even to open mutiny. At a review, where the Caucasian cavalry formally refused obedience, the emperor contented himself with sending a courteous reproof by General Benkendorf. Beside the coarse common Russians, the Circassian looks like an eagle amidst a flock of bustards. Even capital crimes are not visited upon Circassians with the same severity as upon the other subjects of the emperor. A Circassian who had struck his dagger into the heart of a hackney-coachman at St Petersburg, in requital of an insolent overcharge, was merely sent back to the Caucasus. For a like offence, a Russian might reckon upon the knot, and upon banishment for life to the Siberian mines.

"Amongst the Circassians at Ekaterinodar, a *work*, or noble, of the Shapsookian tribe, was particularly remarkable for his beauty and dignity. None of the picturesque figures of Arabs and Moors furnished me by my African recollections, could bear comparison with this Caucasian eagle. I afterwards saw, in Mingrelia, a more ideal mould of feature, resembling the antique Apollo type: but there the expression was too effeminate.

nate; the heroic head of the dweller on the Kuban pleased me better. I stood a good while before the Shapsookian, as if fettered to the ground, so extraordinary was the effect of his striking beauty. What a study, I thought, for a German painter, who would in vain seek such models in Rome; or for a Vernet, whose Arabian groups prove the great power of his pencil! The Arabs, rather priestly than knightly in their aspect, produce far less effect upon the large Algerine pictures at Versailles than the Circassian warrior would do in a battle-piece by such masters as Vernet or Peter Hess. The Shapsook chief at Ekaterinodar seemed conscious of his magnificent appearance. With proud mien, and that light half-gliding gait observable in most Caucasians, he sauntered amongst the groups of Cossacks upon the marketplace, casting glances of profoundest scorn upon their clumsy sheepskin-wrapped figures. His slender form and small foot, the grace and elegance of his person and carriage, the richness of his costume and beauty of his weapons, contrasted most advantageously with the muscular but somewhat thickset figures, and with the ugly woolly winter dress of the Tohernamortsies. By help of a Cossack I made his acquaintance, and got into conversation. His name was Chora-Beg, and he dwelt at a hamlet thirty versts south of Ekaterinodar."

Chora-Beg wondered greatly that his new acquaintance was neither Russian nor English. He had heard vaguely that there was a third Christian nation, which, under Sultan Bunapart, had made war upon the Padisha of the Russians, but he had no notion of such a people as the Germans. He greatly admired Dr Wagner's rifle, but rather doubted its carrying farther than a smooth bore, and allowed free inspection of his own arms, consisting of pistols and dagger, and of the famous *shaska*—a long heavy cavalry sabre, slightly curved, with hilt of silver and ivory. At the doctor's request he drew this weapon from the scabbard, and cut twice or thrice at the empty air, his dark eyes flashing as he did so. "How many Russians has that sabre sent to their account?" asked the inquisitive Doctor. The Circassian's intelligent countenance assumed an expression hard to interpret, but in which his interlocutor thought he distinguished a gleam of scorn, and a shade of sus-

picion. "It was long," he replied, "since his tribe had taken the field against the Russians. Since the deaf general (Sass) had left the land of the Cossacks, peace had reigned between Muscovite and Shapsookian. Individuals of his tribe had certainly been known to join bands from the mountains, and to cross the Kuban with arms in hand." And as Chora-Beg spoke, the expression of his proud eye belied his pacific pretensions.

The general Sass above-named commanded for several years on the line of the Kuban, and is the only Russian general who has understood the mountain warfare, and proved himself a match for the Circassians at their own game of ambuscades and surprises. His tactics were those of the Spanish guerilla leaders. Lavish in his payment of spies, he was always accurately informed of the musters and projects of the Circassians; whilst he kept his own plans so secret, that his personal staff often knew nothing of an intended expedition until the call to "boot and saddle" sounded. His raids were accomplished, under guidance of his well-paid scouts, with such rapidity and local knowledge that the mountaineers rarely had time to assemble in force, pursue the retiring column, and revenge their burnt villages and ravished cattle. But one day the report spread on the lines of the Kuban that the general was dangerously ill; shortly afterwards it became known that the physicians had given him up; and finally his death was announced, and bewailed by the whole army of the Caucasus. The consternation of the Cossacks, accustomed, under his command, to victory and rich booty, was as great as the exultation of the mountaineers. Hundreds of these visited the Russian territory, to witness the interment of their dreaded foe. A magnificent coffin, with the general's cocked hat and decorations laid upon it, was deposited in the earth amidst the mournful sounds of minute guns and muffled drums. With joyful hearts the Circassians returned to their mountains, to tell what they had seen, and to congratulate each other at the prospect of tranquillity for themselves, and safety to their flocks and herds. But upon the second night after Sass's funeral,

a strong Russian column crossed the Kuban, and the dead general suddenly appeared at the head of his trusty lancers, who greeted with wild hurrahs their leader's resurrection. Several large *auls* (villages) whose inhabitants were sound asleep, unsuspecting of surprise, were destroyed, vast droves of cattle were carried off, and a host of prisoners made. This ingenious and successful stratagem is still cited with admiration on the banks of the Kuban. Notwithstanding his able generalship, Sass was removed from his command when in full career of success. All his military services could not shield him from the consequences of St Petersburg intrigues and trumped-up accusations. None of his successors have equalled him. General Willaminoff was a man of big words rather than of great deeds. In his bombastic and blasphemous proclamation of the 28th May 1837, he informed the Circassians that "If the heavens should fall, Russia could prop them with her bayonets;" following up this startling assertion with the declaration that "there are but two powers in existence—God in heaven, and the emperor upon earth!"* The Circassians laughed at this rhodomontade, and returned a firm and becoming answer. There were but few of them, they said—but, with God's blessing, they would hold their own, and fight to the very last man: and to prove themselves as good as their word, they soon afterwards made fierce assaults upon the line of forts built by the Russians upon the shores of the Black Sea. In 1840 four of these were taken, but the triumph cost the victors so much blood as to disgust them for some time with attacking stone walls, behind which the Russians, perhaps the best defensive combatants in the world, fight like lions. Indeed, the Circassians would hardly have proved victorious, had not the garrisons been enfeebled by disease. During the five winter months, the rations of the troops employed upon this service are usually salt, and the consequences are scurvy and fever. Informed by Polish deserters of the bad condition of the garrisons, the Cir-

cassians held a great council in the mountains, and it was decided to take the forts with the sabre, without firing a shot. It is an old Caucasian custom, that, upon suchlike perilous undertakings, a chosen band of enthusiastic warriors devote themselves to death, binding themselves by a solemn oath not to turn their backs upon the enemy. Ever in the van, their example gives courage to the timid; and their friends are bound in honour to revenge their death. With these fanatics have the Circassian and Tshetshen chiefs achieved their greatest victories over the Russians.

When it was decided to attack the forts, several hundred Shapsookians, including gray-haired old men and youths of tender age, swore to conquer or to die. They kept their word. At the fort of Michailoff, which made the most obstinate defence, the ditch was filled with their corpses. The conduct of the garrison was truly heroic. Of five hundred men, only one third were fit for duty; the others were in hospital, or on the sick-list. But no sooner did the Circassian war-cry rend the air than the sufferers forgot their pains; the fever-stricken left their beds, and crawled to the walls. Their commandant called upon them to shed their last drop of blood for their emperor; their old *papa* exhorted them, as Christians, to fight to the death against the unbelieving horde. But numbers prevailed: after a valiant defence, the Russians retreated, fighting, to the innermost enclosures of the fortress. Their chief demanded a volunteer to blow up the fort when farther resistance should become impossible. A soldier stepped forward, took a lighted match, and entered the powder magazine. The last defences were stormed, the Circassians shouted victory. Then came the explosion. Most of the buildings were overthrown, and hundreds of maimed carcasses scattered in all directions. Eleven Russians escaped with life, were dragged off to the mountains, and subsequently ransomed, and from them the details of this bloody fight were obtained.

The capture of these forts spread

* Longworth's *Circassia*, vol. i. p. 1589.

discouragement and consternation in the ranks of the Russian army. The emperor was furious, and General Rajewski, then commander-in-chief on the Circassian frontier, was superseded. This officer, who at the tender age of twelve was present with his father at the battle of Borodino, and who has since distinguished himself in the Turkish and Persian wars, was reputed an able general, but was reproached with sleeping too much, and with being too fond of botany. His enemies went so far as to accuse him of making military expeditions into the mountains, with the sole view of adding rare Caucasian plants to his *herbarium*, and of procuring seeds for his garden. General Aurep, who succeeded him, undertook little beyond reconnaissances, always attended with very heavy loss; and the Circassians remained upon the defensive until the year 1843, when the example of the Tshetshens, who about that time obtained signal advantages over the Russians, roused the martial ardour of the chivalrous Circassians, and spurred them to fresh hostilities. But the war at the western extremity of Caucasus never assumed the importance of that in Daghestan and the country of the Tshetshens.

From the straits of Zabache to the frontier of Guria, the Russians possess seventeen *Kreposts*, or fortified posts, only a few of which deserve the name of regular fortresses, or could resist a regular army provided with artillery. To mountaineers, however, whose sole weapons are shaska and musket, even earthen parapets and shallow ditches are serious obstacles when well manned and resolutely defended. The object of erecting this line of forts was to cut off the communication by sea between Turkey and the Caucasian tribes. It was thought that, when the import of arms and munitions of war from Turkey was thus checked, the independent mountain tribes would soon be subjugated. The hope was not realised, and the expensive maintenance of 15,000 to 20,000 men in the fortresses of the Black Sea has but little improved the position of the Russians in the Caucasus. The Caucasians have never lacked arms, and with money they can always get powder, even from the Cossacks of the

Kuban. In another respect, however, these forts have done them much harm, and thence it arises that, since their erection, and the cession of Anapa to Russia, the war has assumed so bitter a character. So long as Anapa was Turkish, the export of slaves, and the import of powder, found no hindrance. The needy Circassian noble, whose rude mountains supply him but sparingly with daily bread, obtained, by the sale of slaves, means of satisfying his warlike and ostentatious tastes—of procuring rich clothes, costly weapons, and ammunition for war and for the chase. In a moral point of view, all slave traffic is of course odious and reprehensible, but that of Circassia differed from other commerce of the kind, in so far that all parties were benefited by, and consenting to, the contract. The Turks obtained from Caucasus handsomer and healthier wives than those born in the harem; and the Circassian beauties were delighted to exchange the poverty and toil of their father's mountain huts for the luxurious *forniente* of the seraglio, of whose wonders and delights their ears were regaled, from childhood upwards, with the most glowing descriptions. The trade, although greatly impeded and very hazardous, still goes on. Small Turkish craft creep up to the coast, cautiously evading the Russian cruisers, enter creeks and inlets, and are dragged by the Circassians high and dry upon the beach, there to remain till the negotiation for their live cargo is completed, an operation that generally takes a few weeks. The women sold are the daughters of serfs and freedmen: rarely does a *work* consent to dispose of his sister or daughter, although the case does sometimes occur. But, whilst the sale goes on, the slave-ships are anything but secure. It is a small matter to have escaped the Russian frigates and steamers. Each of the *Kreposts* possesses a little squadron of row-boats, manned with Cossacks, who pull along the coast in search of Turkish vessels. If they detect one, they land in the night, and endeavour to set fire to it, before the mountaineers can come to the assistance of the crew. The Turks, who live in profound terror of these Cossack coast-guards, resort to every

possible expedient to escape their observation; often covering their vessels with dry leaves and boughs, and tying fir branches to the masts, that the scouts may take them for trees. If they are captured at sea by the cruisers, the crew are sent to hard labour in Siberia, and the Circassian girls are married to Cossacks, or divided as handmaidens amongst the Russian staff officers. From thirty to forty slaves compose the usual cargo of each of these vessels, which are so small that the poor creatures are packed almost like herrings in a barrel. But they patiently endure the misery of the voyage, in anticipation of the honeyed existence of the harem. It is calculated that one vessel out of six is taken or lost. In the winter of 1843-4, eight-and-twenty ships left the coast of Asia Minor for that of Caucasia. Twenty-three safely returned, three were burned by the Russians, and two swallowed by the waves.

A Turkish captain at Sinope told Dr Wagner the following interesting anecdote, illustrating Circassian hatred of the Russians:—"A few years ago a slave-ship sprang a leak out at sea, just as a Russian steamer passed in the distance. The Turkish slave-dealer, who preferred even the chill blasts of Siberia to a grave in deep water, made signals of distress, and the steamer came up in time to rescue the ship and its living cargo from destruction. But so deeply is hatred of Russia implanted in every Circassian heart, that the spirit of the girls revolted at the thought of becoming the helpmates of gray-coated soldiers, instead of sharing the sumptuous couch of a Turkish pasha. They had bid adieu to their native mountains with little emotion, but as the Russian ship approached they set up terrible and despairing screams. Some sprang headlong into the sea; others drove their knives into their hearts:—to these heroines death was preferable to the bridal-bed of a detested Muscovite. The survivors were taken to Anapa, and married to Cossacks, or given to officers as servants." Nearly every Austrian or Turkish steamer that makes, in the winter months, the voyage from Trebizond to Constantinople, has a number of Circassian girls on

board. Dr Wagner made the passage in an Austrian steamer with several dozens of these willing slaves, chiefly mere children, twelve or thirteen years old, with interesting countenances and dark wild eyes, but very pale and thin—with the exception of two, who were some years older, far better dressed, and carefully veiled. To this favoured pair the slave-dealer paid particular attention, and frequently brought them coffee. Dr Wagner got into conversation with this man, who was richly dressed in furs and silks, and who, despite his vile profession, had the manners of a gentleman. The two coffee-drinkers were daughters of noblemen, he said, with fine rosy cheeks, and in better condition than the others, consequently worth more money at Constantinople. For the handsomest he hoped to obtain 30,000 piastres, and for the other 20,000—about £250 and £170. The herd of young creatures he spoke of with contempt, and should think himself lucky to get 2000 piastres for them all round. He further informed the doctor that, although the slave-trade was more dangerous and difficult since the Russian occupation of the Caucasian coast, it was also far more profitable. Formerly, when Greek and Armenian women were brought in crowds to the Constantinople market, the most beautiful Circassians were not worth more than 10,000 piastres; but now a rosy, well-fed, fifteen-year-old slave is hardly to be had under 40,000 piastres.

The Tshetshen successes, already referred to as having at the close of 1842 stirred into flame and action, by the force of example, the smouldering but still ardent embers of Circassian hatred to Russia, are described with remarkable spirit by Dr Wagner, in the chapter entitled "*Caucasian War-Scenes*,"—episodes taken down by him from the lips of eye-witnesses, and of sharers in the sanguinary conflicts described. This graphic chapter at once familiarises the reader with the Caucasian war, with which he thenceforward feels as well acquainted as with our wars in India, the French contest in Africa, or with any other series of combats, of whose nature and progress minute information has been regularly received. The first

event described is the storming of Aculcho, in the summer of 1839. It is always a great point with guerilla generals, and with leaders of mountain warfare, to have a centre of operations—a strong post, whither they can retreat after a reverse, with the confidence that the enemy will hesitate before attacking them there. In Spain, Cabrera had Morella, the Count d'Espagne had Berga, the Navarrese viewed Estella as their citadel. In the eastern Caucasus, Chasi-Mollah had Himri, and preferred falling in its defence to abandoning his stronghold; his successor, Chamyl, who surpasses him in talent for war and organisation, established his headquarters at Aculcho, a sort of eagle's nest on the river Keisu, whither his escorts brought him intelligence of each movement of Russian troops, and whence he swooped, like the bird whose eyrie he occupied, upon the convoys traversing the steppe of the Terek. Here he planned expeditions and surprises, and kept a store of arms and ammunition; and this fort General Grabbe, who commanded in 1839 the Russian forces in eastern Caucasus, and who was always a strong advocate of the offensive system, obtained permission from St Petersburg to attack. General Golowin, commander-in-chief of the whole army of the Caucasus, and then resident at Teflis, approved the enterprise, whose ultimate results cost both generals their command. The taking of Aculcho itself was of little moment; there was no intention of placing a Russian garrison there; but the double end to be obtained was to capture Chamyl, and to intimidate the Tshetshens, by proving to them that no part of their mountains, however difficult of access and bravely defended, was beyond the reach of Russian valour and resources. Their submission, at least nominal and temporary, was the result hoped for.

Nature has done much for the fortification of Aculcho. Imagine a hill of sand-stone, nearly surrounded by a loop of the river Keisu—a miniature peninsula, in short, connected with the continent by a narrow neck of land—provided with three natural terraces, accessible only by a small rocky path, whose entrance is forti-

fied and defended by 500 resolute Tshetshen warriors. A few artificial parapets and intrenchments, some stone huts, and several excavations in the sand rock, where the besieged found shelter from shot and shell, complete the picture of the place before which Grabbe and his column sat down. At first they hoped to reduce it by artillery, and bombs and congreve rockets were poured upon the fortress, destroying huts and parapets, but doing little harm to the Tshetshens, who lay close as conies in their burrows, and watched their opportunity to send well-aimed bullets into the Russian camp. From time to time, one of the fanatical Muridea, of whom the garrison was chiefly composed, impatient that the foe delayed an assault, rushed headlong down from the rock, his shaska in his right hand, his pistol in his left, his dagger between his teeth; causing a momentary panic among the Cossacks, who were prepared for the whistling of bullets, but not for the sudden appearance of a foaming demon armed *cap-à-pie*, who generally, before they could use their bayonets, avenged in advance his own certain death by the slaughter of several of his foes, whilst his comrades on the rock applauded and rejoiced at the heroic self-sacrifice. The first attempt to storm was costly to the besiegers. Of fifteen hundred men who ascended the narrow path, only a hundred and fifty survived. The Tshetshens maintained such a well-directed platoon fire, that not a Russian set foot on the second terrace. The foremost men, mown down by the bullets of the besieged, fell back upon their comrades, and precipitated them from the rock. General Grabbe, undismayed by his heavy loss, ordered a second and a third assault; the three cost two thousand men, but the lower and middle terraces were taken. The defence of the upper one was desperate, and the Russians might have been compelled to turn the siege into a blockade, but for the imprudence of some of the garrison, who, anxious to ascertain the proceedings of the enemy's engineers—then hard at work at a mine under the hill—ventured too far from their defences, and were attacked by a Russian battalion.

The Tshetshens fled; but, swift of foot though they were, the most active of the Russians attained the topmost terrace with them. A hand-to-hand fight ensued, more battalions came up, and Aculcho was taken. The victors, furious at their losses, and at the long resistance opposed to them, (this was the 22d August,) raged like tigers amongst the unfortunate little band of mountaineers; some Tshetshen women, who took up arms at this last extremity, were slaughtered with their husbands. At last the bloody work was apparently at an end, and search ensued amongst the dead for the body of Chamyl. It was nowhere to be found. At last the discovery was made that a few of the garrison had taken refuge in holes in the side of the rock, looking over the river. No path led to these cavities; the only way to get at them was to lower men by ropes from the crag above. In this manner the surviving Tshetshens were attacked; quarter was neither asked nor given. The hole in which Chamyl himself was hidden held out the longest. Escape seemed, however, impossible; the rock was surrounded; the banks of the river were lined with soldiers; Grabbe's main object was the capture of Chamyl. At this critical moment the handful of Tshetshens still alive gave an example of heroic devotion. They knew that their leader's death would be a heavy loss to their country, and they resolved to sacrifice themselves to save him. With a few beams and planks, that chanced to be in the cave, they constructed a sort of raft. This they launched upon the Koisu, and floated with it down the stream, amidst a storm of Russian lead. The Russian general doubted not that Chamyl was on the raft, and ordered every exertion to kill or take him. Whilst the Cossacks spurred their horses into the river, and the infantry hurried along the bank, following the raft, a man sprang out of the hole into the Koisu, swam vigorously across the stream, landed at an unguarded spot, and gained the mountains unhurt. This man was Chamyl, who alone escaped with life from the bloody rock of Aculcho. His deliverance passed for miraculous amongst the enthusiastic mountaineers,

with whom his influence, from that day forward, increased tenfold. Grabbe was furious; Chamyl's head was worth more than the heads of all the garrison: three thousand Russians had been sacrificed for the possession of a crag not worth the keeping.

After the fall of Aculcho, Chamyl's head-quarters were at the village of Dargo, in the mountain region south of the Russian fort of Girselaui, and thence he carried on the war with great vigour, surprising fortified posts, cutting off convoys, and sweeping the plain with his horsemen. Generals Grabbe and Golowin could not agree about the mode of operations. The former was for taking the offensive; the latter advocated the defensive and blockade system. Grabbe went to St Petersburg to plead in person for his plan, obtained a favourable hearing, and the emperor sent Prince Tchernicheff, the minister at war, to visit both flanks of the Caucasus. Before the prince reached the left wing of the line of operations, Grabbe resolved to surprise him with a brilliant achievement; and on the 29th May 1842, he marched from Girselaui with thirteen battalions, a small escort of mounted Cossacks, and a train of mountain artillery, to attack Dargo. The route was through forests, and along paths tangled with wild flowers and creeping plants, through which the heavy Russian infantry, encumbered with eight days' rations and sixty rounds of ball-cartridge, made but slow and painful progress. The first day's march was accomplished without fighting; only here and there the slender active form of a mountaineer was descried, as he peered between the trees at the long column of bayonets, and vanished as soon as he was observed. After midnight the dance began. The troops had eaten their rations, and were comfortably bivouacked, when they were assailed by a sharp fire from an invisible foe, to which they replied in the direction of the flashes. This skirmishing lasted all night; few were killed on either side, but the whole Russian division were deprived of sleep, and wearied for the next day's march. At daybreak the enemy retired; but at noon, when passing

through a forest defile, the column was again assailed, and soon the horses, and a few light carts [accompanying it, were insufficient to convey the wounded. The staff urged the general to retrace his steps, but Grabbe was bent on welcoming Tchernicheff with a triumphant bulletin. Another sleepless bivouac—another fagging day, more skirmishing. At last, when within sight of the fortified village of Dargo, the loss of the column was so heavy, and its situation so critical, that a retreat was ordered. The daring and fury of the Tshetshens now knew no bounds; they assailed the troops sabre in hand, captured baggage and wounded, and at night prowled round the camp, like wolves round a dying soldier. On the 1st June, the fight recommenced. The valour displayed by the mountaineers was admitted by the Russians to be extraordinary, as was also their skill in wielding the terrible shaska. They made a fierce attack on the centre of the column—cut down the artillerymen and captured six guns. The Russians, who throughout the whole of this trying expedition did their duty as good and brave soldiers, were furious at the loss of their artillery, and by a desperate charge retook five pieces, the sixth being relinquished only because its carriage was broken. Upon the last day of the retreat, Chamyl came up with his horsemen, Had he been able to get these together two days sooner, it is doubtful whether any portion of the column would have escaped. As it was, the Russians lost nearly two thousand men; the weary and dispirited survivors re-entering Girselaul with downcast mien. Preparations had been made to celebrate their triumph, and, to add to their general's mortification, Tchernicheff was awaiting their arrival. On the prince's return to St Petersburg, both Grabbe and Golowin were removed from their commands.

Against this same Tshetshen fortress of Dargo, Count Woronzoff's expedition (already referred to) was made, in July 1845. A capital account of the affair is given in a letter from a Russian officer engaged, printed in Dr Wagner's book. Dargo had become an important place. Chamyl

had established large stores there, and had built a mosque, to which came pilgrims from the remotest villages of Daghestan and Leaghistan, partly to pray, partly to see the dreaded chief—equally renowned as warrior and priest—and to give him information concerning the state of the country, and the movements of the Russians. Less vigorously opposed than Grabbe, and his measures better taken, Woronzoff reached Dargo with moderate loss. "The village," says the Russian officer: "was situated on the slope of a mountain, at the brink of a ravine, and consisted of sixty to seventy small stone-houses, and of a few larger buildings, where the stones were joined with mortar, instead of being merely superimposed, as is usually the case in Caucasian dwellings. One of these buildings had several irregular towers, of some apparent antiquity. When we approached, a thick smoke burst from them. Chamyl had ordered everything to be set on fire that could not be carried away. One must confess that, in this fierce determination of the enemy to refuse submission—to defend, foot by foot, the territory of his forefathers, and to leave to the Russians no other trophies than ashes and smoking ruins—there is a certain wild grandeur which extorts admiration, even though the hostile chief be no better than a fanatical barbarian." This reminds us of the words of the Circassian chief Mansour:—"When Turkey and England abandon us," he said, to Bell of the 'Vixen,'—"when all our powers of resistance are exhausted, we will burn our houses and our goods, strangle our wives and our children, and retreat to our highest rocks, there to die, fighting to the very last man." "The greatest difficulty," said General Neidhardt to Dr Wagner, who was a frequent visitor at the house of that distinguished officer, "with which we have to contend, is the unappeasable, deep-rooted, ineradicable hatred cherished by all the mountaineers against the Russians. For this we know no cure; every form of severity and of kindness has been tried in turn, with equal ill-success." Valour and patriotism are nearly the only good qualities the Caucasians can boast. They are cruel, and for the most part

faithless, especially the Tshetshens, and Dr Wagner warns us against crediting the exaggerated accounts frequently given of their many virtues. The Circassians are said to respect their plighted word, but there are many exceptions. General Neidhardt told Dr Wagner an anecdote of a Circassian, who presented himself before the commandant of one of the Black Sea fortresses, and offered to communicate most important intelligence, on condition of a certain reward. The reward was promised. Then said the Circassian,—“To-morrow after sunset, your fort will be assailed by thousands of my countrymen.” The informer was retained, whilst Cossacks and riflemen were sent out, and it proved that he had spoken the truth. The enemy, finding the garrison on their guard, retired after a short skirmish. The Circassian received his recompense, which he took without a word of thanks, and left the fortress. Without the walls, he met an unarmed soldier; hatred of the Russians, and thirst of blood, again got the ascendancy: he shot the soldier dead, and scampered off to the mountains.

Chamyl did not long remain indebted to the Russians for their visit to Dargo. His reputation of sanctity and valour enabled him to unite under his orders many tribes habitually hostile to each other, and which previously had fought each “on its own hook.” Of these tribes he formed a powerful league; and in May 1846 he burst into Cabardia at the head of twenty thousand mountaineers, four thousand of whom were horsemen. Formidable though this force was, the venture was one of extreme temerity. He left behind him a double line of Russian camps and forts, and two rivers, then at the flood, and difficult to pass. With an undisciplined and heterogeneous army, without artillery or regular commissariat, this daring chief threw himself into a flat country, unfavourable to guerilla warfare; slipping through the Russian posts, marching more than four hundred miles, and utterly disregarding the danger he was in from a well-equipped army of upwards of seventy thousand men, to say nothing of the numerous military population of the Cossack settlements

on the Terek and Sundecha, and of the fact that the Cabardians, long submissive to Russia, were more likely to arm in defence of their rulers than to favour the mountaineers. Shepherds and dwellers in the plain, and far less warlike than the other Circassian tribes, they never were able to make head against the Russians; and had remained indifferent to all the incentives of Tshetshen fanatics and propagandists. For years past, Chamyl had threatened them with a visit; but nevertheless, his sudden appearance greatly surprised and confounded both them and the Russian general, who had just concentrated all his movable columns, with a view to an expedition, relying overmuch upon his lines of forts and blockhouses. The Tshetshen raid was more daring, and at least as successful, as Abd-el-Kader's celebrated foray in the Medidja, in the year 1839. Chamyl addressed to the Cabardians a thundering proclamation, full of quotations from the Koran, and denouncing vengeance on them if they did not flock to the banner of the Prophet. The unlucky keepers of sheep found themselves between the devil and the deep sea. From terror rather than sympathy, a large number of villages declared for Chamyl, whose wild hordes burned and plundered the property of all who adhered to the Russians; leaving, like a swarm of locusts, desolation in their track. When the Cossacks began to gather, and the Russian generals to manoeuvre, Chamyl, who knew he could not contend in the plain with disciplined and superior forces, and whose retreat by the road he came was already cut off, traversed Great and Little Cabardia, burning and destroying as he went; dashed through the Cossack colonies to the south of Ekaterinograd, and regained his mountains in safety—dragging with him booty, prisoners, and Cabardian recruits. These latter, who had joined through fear of Chamyl, remained with him through fear of the Russians. By this foray, whose apparent great rashness was justified by its complete success, Chamyl enriched his people, strengthened his army, and greatly weakened the confidence of the tribes of the plain in the efficacy of Russian protection. As usual, in cases of dis-

aster, the Russians kept the affair as quiet as they could; but the truth could not be concealed from those most concerned, and murmurs of dismay ran along the exposed line fringing the Muscovite and Circassian territories.

The Russian army of the Caucasus reckoned, in 1846, about eighty thousand men, exclusive of thirty-five thousand who had little to do with the war, but were more especially employed in watching the extensive line of Turkish and Persian frontier, and in endeavouring to exclude contraband goods and Asiatic epidemics. But the severe fighting that occurred in 1842 and 1843, showed the necessity of an increase of force. Subsequent events have not admitted of a reduction in the Caucasian establishment; and we are probably very near the mark, in estimating the troops occupying the various forts and camps on the Black Sea, and the lines of the rivers, (Terek, Kuban, Koisu, &c.) at about one hundred thousand men.—not at all too many to guard so extensive a line, against so active and enterprising a foe. The Russian ranks are constantly thinned by destructive fevers, which, in bad years, have been known to carry off as much as a sixth of the Caucasian army. At a review at Vladikavkaz, Dr Wagner was struck by the powerful build of the Russian foot-soldiers—broad-shouldered, broad-faced Slavonians, with enormous mustaches, drilled to anatomical perfection. In point of bone and limb, every man of them was a grenadier. In a bayonet charge, such infantry are formidable opponents. Ségur mentions that, on the battlefield of Borodino, the nation of the stripped bodies was easily known—the muscle and size of the Russians contrasting with the slighter frames of French and Germans. "You may kill the Russians, but you will hardly make them run," was a saying of Frederick the Great; and certainly Seidlitz, who scattered the French so briskly at Rossbach, had to sweat blood before he overcame the Russians at Zorndorf. Those survivors of Napoleon's famous Guard who fought in the drawn battle of Eylau, will bear witness to the stubborn resistance and bull-dog qualities of the Muscovite.

But the grenadier stature, and the immobility under fire—admirable qualities on a plain, and against regular troops—avail little in the Caucasus. The burly Russian pants and perspires up the hills, which the light-footed chamois-like Circassians and Tshetshens ascend at a run. The mountaineers understand their advantages, and decline standing still in the plain to be charged by a line of bayonets. They dance round the heavy Russian, who, with his well-stuffed knapsack and long greatcoat, can barely turn on his heel fast enough to face them. They catch him out skirmishing, and slaughter him in detail. "One might suppose," said a foreigner in the Russian service to Dr Wagner, "that the musket and bayonet of the Russian soldier would be too much, in single combat, for the sabre and dagger of the Tshetshen. The contrary is the case. Amongst the dead, slain in hand-to-hand encounter, there are usually a third more Russians than Caucasians. Strange to say, too, the Russian soldier, who in the serried ranks of his battalion meets death with wonderful firmness, and who has shown the utmost valour in contests with European, Turkish, and Persian armies, often betrays timidity in the Caucasian war, and retreats from the outposts to the column, in spite of the heavy punishment he thereby incurs. I myself was exposed, during the murderous fight near Isekeri (Dargo,) in 1842, to considerable danger; because, having gone to the assistance of a skirmisher, who was sharply engaged with a Tshetshen, the skirmisher ran, leaving me to fight it out alone." This shyness of Russian soldiers in single fight and irregular warfare, is not inexplicable. They have no chance of promotion, no honourable stimulus: food and brandy, discipline and dread of the lash, convert them from serfs into soldiers. As bits of a machine, they are admirable when united, but asunder they are mere screws and bolts. Fanatic zeal, bitter hatred, and thirst of blood, animate the Caucasian, who, trained to arms from his boyhood, and ignorant of drill, relies only upon his keen shaska, and upon the Prophet's protection.

Presuming Dr Wagner's statement

of Russian rations to be correct, it is a puzzle how the soldier preserves the condition of his thews and sinews. The daily allowance consists of three pounds of bread, black as a coal; a water-soup, in which three pounds of bacon are cut up for every two hundred and fifty men; a ration of *wodka*, or bad brandy, and once a-week a small piece of meat. The pay is nine rubles a-year, (about one-third of a penny *per diem*,) out of which the unfortunate private has to purchase his stock, cap, soap, blacking, salt, &c., &c. Any surplus he is allowed to expend upon his amusement. "Our soldiers are obliged to steal a little," said a German officer in the Russian service to Dr Wagner; "their pay will not purchase soap and blacking; and if their shirts are not clean, and their shoes polished, the stick is their portion." "Stealing a little," in one way or other, is no uncommon practice in Russia, even amongst more highly placed personages than the soldiers. Officials of all kinds, both civil and military, particularly those of the middle and lower ranks, are prone to peculation. Dr Wagner was deafened with the complaints that from all sides met his ear. "Ah! if the emperor knew it!" was the usual cry. The subjects of Nicholas have strong faith in his justice. It is well remembered in the Caucasus, especially by the army, how one day, at Teflis, the emperor, upon parade, in full view of mob and soldiers, tore, with his own hand, the golden insignia of a general's rank from the coat of Prince Dadian, denounced to him as enriching himself at his men's expense. For several years afterwards, the prince carried the musket, and wore the coarse gray coat of a private sentinel. The officers pitied him, although his condemnation was just. "*Il faut profiter d'une bonne place*," is their current maxim. The soldiers rejoiced; but in secret; for such rejoicings are not always safe. A sentence often recoils unpleasantly upon the accuser. Dr Wagner gives sundry examples. A major in Sewastopol fell in love with a sergeant's wife; and as she disregarded his addresses, he persecuted her and her husband at every opportunity. In despair, the sergeant at last complained to the general commanding.

He was listened to; an investigation ensued; the major was superseded; and from his successor the sergeant received five hundred lashes, under pretence of his having left his regiment without permission when he went to lodge his charge. Corporal punishment, of frequent application, at the mere caprice of their superiors, to Russian serfs and soldiers, is inflicted with sticks or rods, the knout being reserved for very grave offences, such as murder, rebellion, &c., and preceding banishment to Siberia, should the sufferer survive. Dr Wagner's description of this dreadful punishment is horribly vivid. Few criminals are sentenced to more than twenty-five lashes, and less than twenty often kill. Running the gauntlet through three thousand men is the usual punishment of deserters; and this would usually be a sentence of death but for the compassion of the officers, who hint to their companies to strike lightly. If the sufferer faints, and is declared by the surgeon unable to receive all his punishment, he gets the remainder at some future time. "Take him down" is a phrase unknown in the Russian service, until the offender has received the last lash of his sentence.

Severity is doubtless necessary in an army composed like that of Russia. Two-thirds of the soldiers are serfs, whose masters, being allowed to send what men they please—so long as they make up their quota—naturally contribute the greatest scamps and idlers upon their estates. The army in Russia is what the galleys are in France, and the hulks in England—a punishment for an infinity of offences. An official embezzles funds—to the army with him; a Jew is caught smuggling—off with him to the ranks; a Tartar cattle-stealer, a vagrant gipsy, an Armenian trader convicted of fraud, a Petersburg coachman who has run over a pedestrian—all food for powder—gray coats and bayonets for them all. Jews abound in the Russian army, being subjected to a severe conscription in Poland and southern Russia. They submit with exemplary patience to the hardships of the service, and to the taunts of their Russian comrades. Poles are of course numerous in the ranks, but

they are less enduring than the Israelite, and often desert to the Circassians, who make them work as servants, or sell them as slaves to the Turks. No race are too unmilitary in their nature to be ground into soldiers by the mill of Russian discipline. Besides Jews, gipsies and Armenians figure on the muster-roll. It must have been a queer day for the ragged Zingaro, when the Russian sergeant first stepped into his smoky tent, bade him clip his elf locks, wash his grimy countenance, and follow to the field. For him the pomp of war had no seductions; he would far rather have stuck to his den and vermin, and to his meal of roast rats and hedgehogs. But military discipline works miracles. The slouching filthy vagabond of yesterday now stands erect as if he had swallowed his ramrod, his shoes a brilliant jet, his buttons sparkling in the sun—a soldier from toe to top-knot.

The right bank of the Kuban, from the Sea of Azov to the mouth of the Laba, (a tributary of the former stream,) is peopled with Tchernamortsy Cossacks, who furnish ten regiments, each of a thousand horsemen, for the defence of their lands and families. These cavalry carry a musket, slung on the back, and a long red lance: their dress is a sheepskin jacket, except on state occasions, when they sport uniform. They are much less feared by the Circassians than are the Cossacks of the Line, who wear the Circassian dress, carry sabres instead of lances, and are more valiant, active and skilful, than their Tchernamortsy neighbours. The Cossacks of the Caucasian Line dwell on the banks of the Kuban and Terek, form a military colony of about fifty thousand souls, and keep six thousand horsemen ready for the field. There is a mixture of Circassian blood in their veins, and they are first-rate fighting men. Their villages are exposed to frequent attacks from the mountaineers; but when these are not exceedingly rapid in collecting their booty, and effecting their retreat, the Cossacks assemble, and a desperate fight ensues. When the combatants are numerically matched, the equality of arms, horses, and skill renders the issue very doubtful. The Tchernamortsy

mortsy and Don Cossacks are less able to cope with the Circassians. In a *mêlée* their lances are inferior to the shaska. The rival claims of lance and sabre have often been discussed; many trials of their respective merits have been made in English, French, and German riding-schools; and much ink has been shed on the subject. Unquestionably the lance has done good service, and in certain circumstances is a terrible arm. "At the battle of Dresden," Marshal Marmont tells us, "the Austrian infantry were repeatedly assailed by the French cuirassiers, whom they as often beat back, although the rain prevented their firing, and the bayonet was their sole defence. But fifty lancers of Latour-Maubourg's escort at once broke their ranks." Had the cuirassiers had lances, their first charge, Marmont plausibly enough asserts, would have sufficed. This leads to another question, often mooted—whether the lance be properly a light or a heavy cavalry weapon. When used to break infantry, weight of man and horse might be an advantage; but in pursuit, where—especially in rugged and mountainous countries—the lance is found particularly useful, the preference is obviously for the swift steed and light cavalier. In the irregular cavalry combats on the Caucasian line, the sabre carries the day. Unless the Don Cossack's first lance-thrust settles his adversary, (which is rarely the case,) the next instant the adroit Circassian is within his guard, and then the betting is ten to one on Caucasus. Moreover, the Don Cossacks, brought from afar to wage a perilous and profitless war, are unwilling combatants. They find blows more plentiful than booty, and approve themselves arrant thieves and shy fighters. Relieved every two or three years, they have scarcely time to get broken in to the peculiar mode of warfare. The Cossacks of the Line are the flower of the hundred thousand wild warriors scattered over the steppes of Southern Russia, and ready, at one man's word, to vault into the saddle. Their gallant feats are numerous. In 1843, during Dr Wagner's visit, three thousand Circassians dashed across the Kuban, near the fortified village of Ustlaba.

A dense fog hid them from the Russian vedettes. Suddenly fifty Cossacks of the Line, the escort of a gun, found themselves face to face with the mountaineers. The mist was so thick that the horses' heads almost touched before either party perceived the other. Flight was impossible, but the Cossacks fought like fiends. Forty-seven met a soldier's death; only three were captured, and accompanied the cannon across the river, by which road the Circassians at once retreated, having taken the brave detachment for the advanced guard of a strong force.

The word Kasak, Kosak, or Kossack, variously interpreted by Klapproth and other etymologists as robber, volunteer, daredevil, &c., conveys to civilised ears rude and inelegant associations. Paris has not yet forgotten the uncouth hordes, wrapped in sheepskins and overrun with vermin, who, in the hour of her humiliation, startled her streets, and made her dandies shriek for their smelling-bottles. Not that Paris saw the worst of them. Some of the Uralian bears, centaurs of the steppes, Calibans on horseback, were never allowed to pass the Russian frontier. Their emperor appreciated their good qualities, but left them at home. Since then, a change has occurred. Civilisation has made huge strides north-eastward. Near Fanagoria, Dr Wagner passed a pleasant evening with a Cossack officer, a prime fellow, with an unquenchable thirst for toddy, and an inexhaustible store of information. He had made the campaigns against the French; had evidently been bred a savage, or little better; but had acquired, during his long military career, knowledge of the world and a certain degree of polish. Amongst

other interesting matters, he gave a sketch of his grandfather, a blood-thirsty old warrior and image-worshipper, the scourge of his Nogay neighbours, and a great slayer of the Turk; who in 1812, at the mature age of ninety, had responded to Czar Alexander's summons to fight for "faith and fatherland," and had taken the field under Platoff, at the head of thirteen sons and three-score grandsons. Whilst the Cossack major told the history of the "Demon of the Steppes," as his ferocious ancestor was called, his son, a gay lieutenant in the Cossacks of the Guard, entered the apartment. This young gentleman, slender, handsome, with well-cut uniform, graceful manners, and well-waxed mustaches, declined the punch, "having got used at St Petersburg to tea and champagne." He brought intelligence of promotions and decorations, of high play at Tcherkask, (the capital of the Don-Cossacks' country,) and of the establishment at Toganrog of a French *restaurateur*, who retailed *Veuve Clicquot's* genuine champagne at four silver rubles a bottle. He was fascinated by the French actresses at St Petersburg, and enthusiastic in praise of Taglioni, then displaying her legs and graces in the Russian metropolis. Dr Wagner left the symposium with a vivid impression of the contrast between the bearded barbarian of 1812 and the dapper guardsman of thirty years later; and with the full conviction that the next Russian emperor who makes an inroad into civilised Europe, will have no occasion to be ashamed of his Cossacks, even though his route should lead him to the polite capital of the French republic.

THE CAXTONS.—PART X.

CHAPTER XLVI.

My uncle's conjecture as to the parentage of Francis Vivian seemed to me a positive discovery. Nothing more likely than that this wilful boy had formed some headstrong attachment which no father would sanction, and so, thwarted and irritated, thrown himself on the world. Such an explanation was the more agreeable to me, as it cleared up all that had appeared more discreditable in the mystery that surrounded Vivian. I could never bear to think that he had done anything mean and criminal, however I might believe he had been rash and faulty. It was natural that the unfriended wanderer should have been thrown into a society, the equivocal character of which had failed to revolt the audacity of an inquisitive mind and adventurous temper; but it was natural, also, that the habits of gentle birth, and that silent education which English gentlemen commonly receive from their very cradle, should have preserved his honour, at least, intact through all. Certainly the pride, the notions, the very faults of the wellborn had remained in full force—why not the better qualities, however smothered for the time? I felt thankful for the thought that Vivian was returning to an element in which he might repurify his mind,—refit himself for that sphere to which he belonged,—thankful that we might yet meet, and our present half intimacy mature, perhaps, into healthful friendship.

It was with such thoughts that I took up my hat the next morning to seek Vivian, and judge if we had gained the right time, when we were startled by what was a rare sound at our door—the postman's knock. My father was at the Museum; my mother in high conference, or close preparation for our approaching departure, with Mrs. Frimmins; Roland, I, and Blanche had the room to ourselves.

"The letter is not for me," said Phinistrata.

"Ner for me, I am sure," said the Captain, when the servant entered and confuted him—for the letter was

for him. He took it up wonderingly and suspiciously, as Glmdalclitch took up Gulliver, or as (if naturalists) we take up an unknown creature, that we are not quite sure will not bite and sting us. Ah! it has stung or bit you, Captain Roland! for you start and change colour—you suppress a cry as you break the seal—you breathe hard as you read—and the letter seems short—but it takes time in the reading, for you go over it again and again. Then you fold it up—crumple it—thrust it into your breast pocket—and look round like a man waking from a dream. Is it a dream of pain, or of pleasure? Verily, I cannot guess, for nothing is on that eagle face either of pain or pleasure, but rather of fear, agitation, bewilderment. Yet the eyes are bright, too, and there is a smile on that iron lip.

My uncle looked round, I say, and called hastily for his cane and his hat, and then began buttoning his coat across his broad breast, though the day was hot enough to have unbuttoned every breast in the tropics.

"You are not going out, uncle?"

"Yes, yes."

"But are you strong enough yet? Let me go with you?"

"No, sir; no. Blanche, come here."

He took the child in his arms, surveyed her wistfully, and kissed her. "You have never given me pain, Blanche: say, 'God bless and prosper you, father!'"

"God bless and prosper my dear, dear papa!" said Blanche, putting her little hands together, as if in prayer.

"There—that should bring me luck, Blanche," said the Captain, gaily, and setting her down. Then seizing his cane from the servant, and putting on his hat with a determined air, he walked stontly forth; and I saw him, from the window, march along the streets as cheerfully as if he had been besieging Badajoz.

"God prosper thee, too!" said I, involuntarily.

And Blanche took hold of my hand, and said in her prettiest way, (and her pretty ways were many), "I wish you

would come with us, cousin Sisty, and help me to love papa. Poor papa! he wants us both—he wants all the love we can give him!”

“That he does, my dear Blanche; and I think it a great mistake that we don't all live together. Your papa ought not to go to that tower of his, at the world's end, but come to our snug, pretty house, with a garden full of flowers, for you to be Queen of the May—from May to November;—to say nothing of a duck that is more sagacious than any creature in the Fables I gave you the other day.”

Blanche laughed and clapped her hands—“Oh, that would be so nice! but,”—and she stopped gravely, and added, “but then, you see, there would not be the tower to love papa; and I am sure that the tower must love him very much, for he loves it dearly.”

It was my turn to laugh now. “I see how it is, you little witch,” said I; “you would coax us to come and live with you and the owls! With all my heart, so far as I am concerned.”

“Sisty,” said Blanche, with an appalling solemnity on her face, “do you know what I've been thinking?”

“Not I, miss—what?—something very deep, I can see—very horrible, indeed, I fear, you look so serious.”

“Why, I've been thinking,” continued Blanche, not relaxing a muscle, and without the least bit of a blush—“I've been thinking that I'll be your little wife; and then, of course, we shall all live together.”

Blanche did not blush, but I did. “Ask me that ten years hence, if you dare, you impudent little thing; and now, run away to Mrs Primmins, and tell her to keep you out of mischief, for I must say good-morning.”

But Blanche did not run away, and her dignity seemed exceedingly hurt at my mode of taking her alarming proposition, for she retired into a corner pouting, and sate down with great majesty. So there I left her, and went my way to Vivian. He was out; but, seeing books on his table, and having nothing to do, I resolved to wait for his return. I had enough of my father in me to turn at once to the books for company; and, by the side of some graver works which I had recommended, I found certain novels in French, that Vivian had got from a

circulating library. I had a curiosity to read these—for, except the old classic novels of France, this mighty branch of its popular literature was then new to me. I soon got interested, but what an interest!—the interest that a nightmare might excite, if one caught it out of one's sleep, and set to work to examine it. By the side of what dazzling shrewdness, what deep knowledge of those holes and corners in the human system, of which Goethe must have spoken when he said somewhere—(if I recollect right, and don't misquote him, which I'll not answer for)—“There is something in every man's heart which, if we could know, would make us hate him,”—by the side of all this, and of much more that showed prodigious boldness and energy of intellect, what strange exaggeration—what mock nobility of sentiment—what inconceivable perversion of reasoning—what damnable demoralisation! I hate the cant of charging works of fiction with the accusation—often unjust and shallow—that they interest us in vice, or palliate crime, because the author truly shows what virtues may entangle themselves with vices; or commands our compassion, and awes our pride, by teaching us how men deceive and bewitch themselves into guilt. Such painting belongs to the dark truth of all tragedy, from Sophocles to Shakspeare. No; this is not what shocked me in those books—it was not the interesting me in vice, for I felt no interest in it at all; it was the insisting that vice is something uncommonly noble—it was the portrait of some coldblooded adulteress, whom the author or authoress chooses to call *pauvre Ange!* (poor angel!);—it was some scoundrel who dupes, cheats, and murders under cover of a duel, in which he is a second St George; who does not instruct us by showing through what metaphysical process he became a scoundrel, but who is continually forced upon us as a very favourable specimen of mankind;—it was the view of society altogether, painted in colours so hideous that, if true, instead of a revolution, it would draw down a deluge;—it was the hatred, carefully instilled, of the poor against the rich—it was the war breathed between class and class—it was that envy of all superiorities, which loves to show itself

by allowing virtue only to a blouse, and asserting that a man must be a rogue if he belong to that rank of society in which, from the very gifts of education, from the necessary associations of circumstances, roguery is the last thing probable or natural. It was all this, and things a thousand times worse, that set my head in a whirl, as hour after hour slipped on, and I still gazed, spell-bound, on these Chimeras and Typhons—these symbols of the Destroying Principle. "Poor Vivian!" said I, as I rose at last, "if thou readeest these books with pleasure, or from habit, no wonder that thou seemest to me so obtuse about right and wrong, and to have a great cavity where thy brain should have the bump of 'conscientiousness' in full salience!"

Nevertheless, to do those demoniacs justice, I had got through time imperceptibly by their pestilent help; and I was startled to see, by my watch, how late it was. I had just resolved to leave a line, fixing an appointment for the morrow, and so depart, when I heard Vivian's knock—a knock that had great character in it—haughty, impatient, irregular; not a neat, symmetrical, harmonious, unpretending knock, but a knock that seemed to set the whole house and street at defiance: it was a knock bullying—a knock ostentatious—a knock irritating and offensive—"impiger" and "iracundus."

But the step that came up the stairs did not suit the knock: it was a step light, yet firm—slow, yet elastic.

The maid-servant who had opened the door had, no doubt, informed Vivian of my visit, for he did not seem surprised to see me; but he cast that hurried, suspicious look round the room which a man is apt to cast when he has left his papers about, and finds some idler, on whose trustworthiness he by no means depends, seated in the midst of the unguarded secrets. The look was not flattering; but my conscience was so unreprouchful that I laid all the blame upon the general suspiciousness of Vivian's character.

"Three hours, at least, have I been here!" said I, maliciously.

"Three hours!"—again the look.

"And this is the worst secret I have

discovered,"—and I pointed to those literary Manicheans.

"Oh!" said he carelessly, "French novels!—I don't wonder you stayed so long. I can't read your English novels—flat and insipid: there are truth and life here."

"Truth and life!" cried I, every hair on my head erect with astonishment—"then hurrah for falsehood and death!"

"They don't please you; no accounting for tastes."

"I beg your pardon—I account for yours, if you really take for truth and life monsters so nefast and flagitious. For heaven's sake, my dear fellow, don't suppose that any man could get on in England—get anywhere but to the Old Bailey or Norfolk Island, if he squared his conduct to such topsyturvy notions of the world as I find here."

"How many years are you my senior," asked Vivian sneeringly, "that you should play the mentor, and correct my ignorance of the world?"

"Vivian, it is not age and experience that speak here, it is something far wiser than they—the instinct of a man's heart, and a gentleman's honour."

"Well, well," said Vivian, rather discomposed, "let the poor books alone; you know my creed—that books influence us little one way or the other."

"By the great Egyptian library, and the soul of Diodorus, I wish you could hear my father upon that point! Come," added I, with sublime compassion—"come, it is not too late—do let me introduce you to my father. I will consent to read French novels all my life, if a single chat with Austin Caxton does not send you home with a happier face and a lighter heart. Come, let me take you back to dine with us to-day."

"I cannot," said Vivian with some confusion—"I cannot, for this day I leave London. Some other time perhaps—for," he added, but not heartily, "we may meet again."

"I hope so," said I, wringing his hand, "and that is likely,—since, in spite of yourself, I have guessed your secret—your birth and parentage."

"How!" cried Vivian, turning pale,

and gnawing his lip—"what do you mean?—speak."

"Well, then, are you not the lost, runaway son of Colonel Vivian? Come, say the truth; let us be confidants."

Vivian threw off a succession of his abrupt sighs; and then, seating himself, leant his face on the table, confused, no doubt, to find himself discovered.

"You are near the mark," said he at last, "but do not ask me farther yet. Some day," he cried impetuously, and springing suddenly to his feet—"some day you shall know all: yes; some day, if I live, when that name shall be high in the world; yes, when the world is at my feet!" He stretched his right hand as if to grasp the space, and his whole face was lighted with a fierce enthusiasm. The glow died away, and with a slight return of his scornful smile, he said—"Dreams yet; dreams! And now, look at this paper." And he drew out a memorandum, scrawled over with figures.

"This, I think, is my pecuniary debt to you; in a few days, I shall discharge it. Give me your address."

"Oh!" said I, pained, "can you speak to me of money, Vivian?"

"It is one of those instincts of honour you cite so often," answered he, colouring. "Pardon me."

"That is my address," said I, stooping to write, to conceal my wounded feelings. "You will avail yourself of it, I hope, often, and tell me that you are well and happy."

"When I am happy, you shall know."

CHAPTER XLVII.

When I got back, just in time for dinner, Roland had not returned, nor did he return till late in the evening. All our eyes were directed towards him, as we rose with one accord to give him welcome; but his face was like a mask—it was locked, and rigid, and unreadable.

Shutting the door carefully after him, he came to the hearth, stood on it, upright and calm, for a few moments, and then asked—

"Has Blanche gone to bed?"

"Yes," said my mother, "but not

"You do not require any introduction to Trevanion?"

Vivian hesitated: "No, I think not. If ever I do, I will write for it."

I took up my hat, and was about to go—for I was still chilled and mortified—when, as if by an irresistible impulse, Vivian came to me hastily, flung his arms round my neck, and kissed me as a boy kisses his brother.

"Bear with me!" he cried in a faltering voice: "I did not think to love any one as you have made me love you, though sadly against the grain. If you are not my good angel, it is that nature and habit are too strong for you. Certainly, some day we shall meet again. I shall have time, in the meanwhile, to see if the world can be indeed 'mine oyster, which I with sword can open.' I would be *aut Caesar aut nullus*! Very little other Latin know I to quote from! If Caesar, men will forgive me all the means to the end; if *nullus*, London has a river, and in every street one may buy a cord!"

"Vivian! Vivian!"

"Now go, my dear friend, while my heart is softened—go, before I shock you with some return of the native Adam. Go—go!"

And taking me gently by the arm, Francis Vivian drew me from the room, and, re-entering, locked his door.

Ah! if I could have left him Robert Hall, instead of those execrable Typhons! But would that medicine have suited his case, or must grim Experience write sterner recipes with her iron hand?

to sleep, I am sure; she made me promise to tell her when you came back."

Roland's brow relaxed.

"To-morrow, sister," said he slowly, "will you see that she has the proper mourning made for her? My son is dead."

"Dead!" we cried with one voice, and surrounding him with one impulse.

"Dead! impossible—you could not say it so calmly. Dead!—how do you know? You may be deceived.

Who told you?—why do you think so?"

"I have seen his remains," said my uncle, with the same gloomy calm. "We will all mourn for him. Pisistratus, you are heir to my name now, as to your father's. Good-night; excuse me, all—all your dear and kind ones; I am worn out."

Roland lighted his candle and went away, leaving us thunderstruck; but he came back again—looked round—took up his book, open in the favourite passage—nodded again, and again vanished. We looked at each other, as if we had seen a ghost. Then my father rose and went out of the room, and remained in Roland's till the night was wellnigh gone. We sat up—my mother and I—till he returned. His benign face looked profoundly sad.

"How is it, sir? Can you tell us more?"

My father shook his head.

"Roland prays that you may preserve the same forbearance you have shown hitherto, and never mention his son's name to him. Peace be to the living, as to the dead. Kitty, this changes our plans; we must all go to Cumberland—we cannot leave Roland thus!"

"Poor, poor Roland!" said my mother, through her tears. "And to think that father and son were not reconciled. But Roland forgives him now—oh, yes! *now!*"

"It is not Roland we can censure," said my father, almost fiercely; "it is—but enough. We must hurry out of town as soon as we can: Roland will recover in the native air of his old ruins."

We went up to bed mournfully. "And so," thought I, "ends one grand object of my life!—I had hoped to have brought those two together. But, alas! what peacemaker like the grave!"

CHAPTER XLVIII.

My uncle did not leave his room for three days, but he was much closeted with a lawyer; and my father dropped some words which seemed to imply that the deceased had incurred debts, and that the poor Captain was making some charge on his small property. As Roland had said that he had seen the remains of his son, I took it at first for granted that we should attend a funeral, but no word of this was said. On the fourth day, Roland, in deep mourning, entered a hackney coach with the lawyer, and was absent about two hours. I did not doubt that he had thus quietly fulfilled the last mournful offices. On his return, he shut himself up again for the rest of the day, and would not see even my father. But the next morning he made his appearance as usual, and I even thought that he seemed more cheerful than I had yet known him—whether he played a part, or whether the worst was now over, and the grave was less cruel than uncertainty. On the following day, we all set out for Cumberland.

In the interval, Uncle Jack had been almost constantly at the house, and, to do him justice, he had seemed

unaffectedly shocked at the calamity that had befallen Roland. There was, indeed, no want of heart in Uncle Jack, whenever you went straight at it; but it was hard to find if you took a circuitous route towards it through the pockets. The worthy speculator had indeed much business to transact with my father before we left town. The *Anti-Publisher Society* had been set up, and it was through the obstetric aid of that fraternity that the Great Book was to be ushered into the world. The new journal, the *Literary Times*, was also far advanced—not yet out, but my father was fairly in for it. There were preparations for its debut on a vast scale, and two or three gentlemen in black—one of whom looked like a lawyer, and another like a printer, and a third uncommonly like a Jew—called twice, with papers of a very formidable aspect. All these preliminaries settled, the last thing I heard Uncle Jack say, with a slap on my father's back, was, "Fame and fortune both made now!—you may go to sleep in safety, for you leave me wide awake. Jack Tibbets never sleeps!"

I had thought it strange that, since

my abrupt exodus from Trevanion's house, no notice had been taken of any of us by himself or Lady Ellinor. But on the very eve of our departure, came a kind note from Trevanion to me, dated from his favourite country seat, (accompanied by a present of some rare books to my father,) in which he said briefly that there had been illness in his family, which had obliged him to leave town for a change of air, but that Lady Ellinor expected to call on my mother the next week. He had found amongst his books some curious works of the Middle Ages, amongst others a complete set of Cardan, which he knew my father would like to have, and so sent them. There was no allusion to what had passed between us.

In reply to this note, after due thanks on my father's part, who seized upon the Cardan (Lyons edition, 1663, ten volumes folio) as a silk-worm does upon a mulberry leaf, I expressed our joint regrets that there was no hope of our seeing Lady Ellinor, as we were just leaving town. I should have added something on the loss my uncle had sustained, but my father thought that, since Roland shrank from any mention of his son, even by his nearest kindred, it would be his obvious wish not to parade his affliction beyond that circle.

And there had been illness in Trevanion's family! On whom had it fallen? I could not rest satisfied with that general expression, and I took my answer myself to Trevanion's house, instead of sending it by the post. In reply to my inquiries, the porter said that all the family were expected at the end of the week; that he had heard both Lady Ellinor and Miss Trevanion had been rather poorly, but that they were now better. I left my note, with orders to forward it; and my wounds bled afresh as I came away.

We had the whole coach to ourselves in our journey, and a silent journey it was, till we arrived at a little town about eight miles from my uncle's residence, to which we could only get through a cross-road. My uncle insisted on preceding us that night, and, though he had written, before we started, to announce our coming, he was fidgety lest the poor tower should not make

the best figure it could;—so he went alone, and we took our ease at our inn.

Betimes the next day we hired a fly-coach—for a chaise could never have held us and my father's books—and jogged through a labyrinth of villainous lanes, which no Marshal Wade had ever reformed from their primal chaos. But poor Mrs Primmins and the canary-bird alone seemed sensible of the jolts; the former, who sate opposite to us, wedged amidst a medley of packages, all marked "care, to be kept top uppermost," (why I know not, for they were but books, and whether they lay top or bottom it could not materially affect their value,)—the former, I say, contrived to extend her arms over those *disjecta membra*, and, gripping a window-sill with the right hand, and a window-sill with the left, kept her seat rampant, like the split eagle of the Austrian Empire—in fact it would be well, now-a-days, if the split eagle were as firm as Mrs Primmins! As for the canary, it never failed to respond, by an astonished chirp, to every "Gracious me!" and "Lord save us!" which the delve into a rut, or the bump out of it, sent forth from Mrs Primmins's lips, with all the emphatic dolor of the "Af, af!" in a Greek chorus.

But my father, with his broad hat over his brows, was in deep thought. The scenes of his youth were rising before him, and his memory went, smooth as a spirit's wing, over delve and bump. And my mother, who sat next him, had her arm on his shoulder, and was watching his face jealously. Did she think that, in that thoughtful face, there was regret for the old love? Blanche, who had been very sad, and had wept much and quietly since they put on her the mourning, and told her that she had no brother, (though she had no remembrance of the lost), began now to evince infantine curiosity and eagerness to catch the first peep of her father's beloved tower. And Blanche sat on my knee, and I shared her impatience. At last there came in view a church spire—a church—a plain square building near it, the parsonage, (my father's old home)—a long straggling street of cottages and rude shops, with a better kind of house here

and there—and in the hinder ground, a gray deformed mass of wall and ruin, placed on one of those eminences on which the Danes loved to pitch camp or build fort, with one high, rude, Anglo-Norman tower rising from the midst. Few trees were round it, and those either poplars or firs, save, as we approached, one mighty oak—integral and unscathed. The road now wound behind the parsonage, and up a steep ascent. Such a road—the whole parish ought to have been flogged for it! If I had sent up a road like that, even on a map, to Dr Herman, I should not have sat down in comfort for a week to come!

The fly-coach came to a full stop.

“Let us get out,” cried I, opening the door and springing to the ground to set the example.

Blanche followed, and my respected parents came next. But when Mrs Primmins was about to heave herself into movement,

“*Pape!*” said my father. “I think, Mrs Primmins, you must remain in, to keep the books steady.”

“Lord love you!” cried Mrs Primmins, aghast.

“The subtraction of such a mass, or *moles*—supple and elastic as all flesh is, and fitting into the hard corners of the inert matter—such a subtraction, Mrs Primmins, would leave a vacuum which no natural system, certainly no artificial organisation, could sustain. There would be a regular dance of atoms, Mrs Primmins; my books would fly here, there, on the floor, out of the window!

“*Corporis officium est quoniam omnis deorum.*”

The business of a body like yours, Mrs Primmins, is to press all things down—to keep them tight, as you will know one of these days—that is, if you will do me the favour to read Lucretius, and master that material philosophy, of which I may say, without flattery, my dear Mrs Primmins, that you are a living illustration.”

These, the first words my father had spoken since we set out from the inn, seemed to assure my mother that she need have no apprehension as to

the character of his thoughts, for her brow cleared, and she said, laughing,

“Only look at poor Primmins, and then at that hill!”

“You may subtract Primmins, if you will be answerable for the remnant, Kitty. Only, I warn you that it is against all the laws of physics.”

So saying, he sprang lightly forward, and, taking hold of my arm, paused and looked round, and drew the loud free breath with which we draw native air.

“And yet,” said my father, after that grateful and affectionate inspiration—“and yet, it must be owned, that a more ugly country one cannot see out of Cambridgeshire.”*

“Nay,” said I, “it is bold and large, it has a beauty of its own. Those immense, undulating, uncultivated, treeless tracks have surely their charm of wildness and solitude! And how they suit the character of the ruin! All is feudal there: I understand Roland better now.”

“I hope in heaven Cardan will come to no harm!” cried my father; “he is very handsomely bound; and he fitted beautifully just into the fleshiest part of that fidgety Primmins.”

Blanche, meanwhile, had run far before us, and I followed fast. There were still the remains of that deep trench (surrounding the ruins on three sides, leaving a ragged hill-top at the fourth) which made the favourite fortification of all the Teutonic tribes. A causeway, raised on brick arches, now, however, supplied the place of the drawbridge, and the outer gate was but a mass of picturesque ruin. Entering into the courtyard or bailey, the old castle mound, from which justice had been dispensed, was in full view, rising higher than the broken walls around it, and partially overgrown with brambles. And there stood, comparatively whole, the tower or keep, and from its portals emerged the veteran owner.

His ancestors might have received us in more state, but certainly they could not have given us a warmer greeting. In fact, in his own domain, Roland appeared another man. His stiffness, which was a little repulsive to those

* This certainly cannot be said of Cumberland generally, one of the most beautiful counties in Great Britain. But the immediate district to which Mr Caxton's exclamation refers, if not ugly, is at least savage, bare, and rude.

who did not understand it, was all gone. He seemed less proud, precisely because he and his pride, on that ground, were on good terms with each other. How gallantly he extended—not his arm, in our modern Jack-and-Jill sort of fashion—but his right hand, to my mother; how carefully he led her over “brake, bush, and scaur,” through the low vaulted door, where a tall servant, who, it was easy to see, had been a soldier—in the precise livery, no doubt, warranted by the heraldic colours, (his stockings were red!)—stood upright as a sentry. And, coming into the hall, it looked absolutely cheerful—it took us by surprise. There was a great fire-place, and, though it was still summer, a great fire! It did not seem a bit too much, for the walls were stone, the lofty roof open to the rafters, while the windows were small and narrow, and so high and so deep sunk that one seemed in a vault. Nevertheless, I say the room looked sociable and cheerful—thanks principally to the fire, and partly to a very ingenious medley of old tapestry at one end, and matting at the other, fastened to the lower part of the walls, seconded by an arrangement of furniture which did credit to my uncle’s taste for the Picturesque. After we had looked about and admired to our hearts’ content, Roland took us—not up one of those noble staircases you see in the later manorial residences—but a little winding stone stair, into the rooms he had appropriated to his guests. There was first a small chamber, which he called my father’s study—in truth, it would have done for any philosopher or saint who wished to shut out the world—and might have passed for the interior of such a column as Stylites inhabited; for you must have climbed a ladder to have looked out of the window, and then the vision of no short-sighted man could have got over the interval in the wall made by the narrow casement, which, after all, gave no other prospect than a Cumberland sky, with an occasional rock in it. But my father, I think I have said before, did not much care for scenery, and he looked round with great satisfaction upon the retreat assigned him.

“We can knock up shelves for your

books in no time,” said my uncle, rubbing his hands.

“It would be a charity,” quoth my father, “for they have been very long in a recumbent position, and would like to stretch themselves, poor things. My dear Roland, this room is made for books—so round and so deep. I shall sit here like Truth in a well.”

“And there is a room for you, sister, just out of it,” said my uncle, opening a little low prison-like door into a charming room, for its window was low, and it had an iron balcony; “and out of that is the bed-room. For you, Pisistratus, my boy, I am afraid that it is soldier’s quarters, indeed, with which you will have to put up. But never mind; in a day or two we shall make all worthy a general of your illustrious name—for he was a great general, Pisistratus the First—was he not, brother?”

“All tyrants are,” said my father: “the knack of soldiering is indispensable to them.”

“Oh, you may say what you please here!” said Roland, in high good humour, as he drew me down stairs, still apologising for my quarters, and so earnestly that I made up my mind that I was to be put into an *oubliette*. Nor were my suspicions much dispelled on seeing that we had to leave the keep, and pick our way into what seemed to me a mere heap of rubbish, on the dexter side of the court. But I was agreeably surprised to find, amidst these wrecks, a room with a noble casement commanding the whole country, and placed immediately over a plot of ground cultivated as a garden. The furniture was ample, though homely; the floors and walls well matted; and, altogether, despite the inconvenience of having to cross the courtyard to get to the rest of the house, and being wholly without the modern luxury of a bell, I thought that I could not be better lodged.

“But this is a perfect bower, my dear uncle! Depend on it, it was the bower-chamber of the Dames de Caxton—heaven rest them!”

“No,” said my uncle, gravely; “I suspect it must have been the chaplain’s room, for the chapel was to the right of you. An earlier chapel, indeed, formerly existed in the keep tower—for, indeed, it is scarcely a

true keep without chapel, well, and hall. I can show you part of the roof of the first, and the two last are entire; the well is very curious, formed in the substance of the wall at one angle of the hall. In Charles the First's time, our ancestor lowered his only son down in a bucket, and kept him there six hours, while a Malignant mob was storming the tower. I need not say that our ancestor himself scorned to hide from such a rabble, for he was a grown man. The boy lived to be a sad spendthrift, and used the well for cooling his wine. He drank up a great many good acres."

"I should scratch him out of the pedigree, if I were you. But, pray, have you not discovered the proper chamber of that great Sir William, about whom my father is so shamefully sceptical?"

"To tell you a secret," answered the Captain, giving me a sly poke in the ribs, "I have put your father into it! There are the initial letters W. C. let into the cusp of the York rose, and the date, three years before the battle of Bosworth, over the chimney-piece."

I could not help joining my uncle's grim low laugh at this characteristic pleasantry; and after I had complimented him on so judicious a mode of proving his point, I asked him how he could possibly have contrived to fit up the ruin so well, especially as he had scarcely visited it since his purchase.

"Why," said he, "about twelve years ago, that poor fellow you now see as my servant, and who is gardener, bailiff, seneschal, butler, and anything else you can put him to, was sent out of the army on the invalid list. So I placed him here; and as he is a capital carpenter, and has had a very fair education, I told him what I wanted, and put by a small sum every year for repairs and furnishing. It is astonishing how little it cost me, for Bolt, poor fellow, (that is his name,) caught the right spirit of the thing, and most of the furniture, (which you see is ancient and suitable,) he picked up at different cottages and farmhouses in the neighbourhood. As it is, however, we have plenty more rooms here and there—only, of late," continued my uncle, slightly changing colour, "I had no money to spare. But come," he resumed, with

an evident effort—"come and see my barrack: it is on the other side of the hall, and made out of what no doubt were the butteries."

We reached the yard, and found the fly-coach had just crawled to the door. My father's head was buried deep in the vehicle,—he was gathering up his packages, and sending out, oracle-like, various muttered objurgations and anathemas upon Mrs Primmins and her vacuum; which Mrs Primmins, standing by, and making a lap with her apron to receive the packages and anathemas simultaneously, bore with the mildness of an angel, lifting up her eyes to heaven and murmuring something about "poor old bones." Though, as for Mrs Primmins's bones, they had been myths these twenty years, and you might as soon have found a Plesiosaurus in the fat hands of Romney Marsh as a bone amidst these layers of flesh in which my poor father thought he had so carefully cottoned up his Cardan.

Leaving these parties to adjust matters between them, we stepped under the low doorway, and entered Rowland's room. Oh, certainly Bolt had caught the spirit of the thing!—certainly he had penetrated down even to the very pathos that lay within the depths of Roland's character. Buffon says "the style is the man;" there, the room was the man. That nameless, inexpressible, soldier-like, methodical neatness which belonged to Roland—that was the first thing that struck one—that was the general character of the whole. Then, in details, there, in stout oak shelves, were the books on which my father loved to jest his more imaginative brother,—there they were, Froissart, Barante, Joinville, the *Mort d'Arthur*, *Amadis of Gaul*, *Spenser's Fairy Queen*, a noble copy of *Strutt's Horda*, *Mallet's Northern Antiquities*, *Percy's Reliques*, *Pope's Homer*, books on gunnery, archery, hawking, fortification—old chivalry and modern war together cheek by jowl.

Old chivalry and modern war!—look to that tilting helmet with the tall Caxton crest, and look to that trophy near it, a French cuirass—and that old banner (a knight's pennon) surmounting those crossed bayonets. And over the chimney-piece there

—bright, clean, and, I warrant you, dusted daily — are Roland's own sword, his holsters and pistols, yea, the saddle, pierced and lacerated, from which he had reeled when that leg — I gasped — I felt it all at a glance, and I stole softly to the spot, and, had Roland not been there, I could have kissed that sword as

reverently as if it had been a Bayard's or a Sidney's.

My uncle was too modest to guess my emotion; he rather thought I had turned my face to conceal a smile at his vanity, and said, in a deprecating tone of apology—"It was all Bolt's doing, foolish fellow."

CHAPTER XLIX.

Our host regaled us with a hospitality that notably contrasted his economical thrifty habits in London. To be sure, Bolt had caught the great pike which headed the feast; and Bolt, no doubt, had helped to rear those fine chickens *ab ovo*; Bolt, I have no doubt, made that excellent Spanish omelette; and for the rest, the products of the sheepwalk and the garden came in as volunteer auxiliaries—very different from the mercenary recruits by which those metropolitan *Condottieri*, the butcher and green-grocer, hasten the ruin of that melancholy commonwealth called "genteel poverty."

Our evening passed cheerfully; and Roland, contrary to his custom, was talker in chief. It was eleven o'clock before Bolt appeared with a lantern to conduct me through the court-yard to my dormitory, among the ruins—a ceremony which, every night, shine or dark, he insisted upon punctiliously performing.

It was long before I could sleep—before I could believe that but so few days had elapsed since Roland heard of his son's death—that son whose fate had so long tortured him; and yet, never had Roland appeared so free from sorrow! Was it natural—was it effort? Several days passed before I could answer that question, and then not wholly to my satisfaction. Effort there was, or rather resolute systematic determination. At moments Roland's head drooped, his brows met, and the whole man seemed to sink. Yet these were only moments; he would rouse himself up like a dozing charger at the sound of a trumpet, and shake off the creeping weight. But, whether from the vigor of his determination, or from some aid in other trains of reflection,

I could not but perceive that Roland's sadness really was less grave and bitter than it had been, or than it was natural to suppose. He seemed to transfer, daily more and more, his affections from the dead to those around him, especially to Blanche and myself. He let it be seen that he looked on me now as his lawful successor—as the future supporter of his name—he was fond of confiding to me all his little plans, and consulting me on them. He would walk with me around his domains, (of which I shall say more hereafter,)—point out, from every eminence we climbed, where the broad lands which his forefathers owned stretched away to the horizon; unfold with tender hand the mouldering pedigree, and rest lingeringly on those of his ancestors who had held martial post, or had died on the field. There was a crusader who had followed Richard to Ascalon; there was a knight who had fought at Agincourt; there was a cavalier (whose picture was still extant, with fair lovelocks) who had fallen at Worcester—no doubt the same who had cooled his son in that well which the son devoted to more agreeable associations. But of all these worthies there was none whom my uncle, perhaps from the spirit of contradiction, valued like that apocryphal Sir William: and why?—because, when the apostate Stanley turned the fortunes of the field at Bosworth, and when that cry of despair—"Treason, treason!" burst from the lips of the last Plantagenet, "amongst the faithless," this true soldier "faithful found!" had fallen in that lion-rush which Richard made at his foe. "Your father tells me that Richard was a murderer and usurper," quoth my uncle. "Sir, that might be true or not;

but it was not on the field of battle that his followers were to reason on the character of the master who trusted them, especially when a legion of foreign hirelings stood opposed to them. I would not have descended from that turncoat Stanley to be lord of all the lands the Earls of Derby can boast of. Sir, in loyalty, men fight and die for a grand principle, and a lofty passion; and this brave Sir William was paying back to the last Plantagenet the benefits he had received from the first!"

"And yet it may be doubted," said I maliciously, "whether William Caxton the printer did not—"

"Plague, pestilence, and fire seize William Caxton the printer, and his invention too!" cried my uncle barbarously. "When there were only a few books, at least they were good ones; and now they are so plentiful, all they do is to confound the judgment, unsettle the reason, drive the good books out of cultivation, and draw a ploughshare of innovation over every ancient landmark; seduce the women, womanize the men, upset states, thrones, and churches; rear a race of chattering, conceited, coxcombs, who can always find books in plenty to excuse them from doing their duty; make the poor discontented, the rich crotchety and whimsical, refine away the stout old virtues into quibbles and sentiments! All imagination formerly was expended in noble action, adventure, enterprise, high deeds and aspirations; now a man can but be imaginative by feeding on the false excitement of passions he never felt, dangers he never shared; and he fritters away all there is of life to spare in him upon the fictitious love-sorrows of Bond Street and St James's. Sir, chivalry ceased when the press rose! And to fasten upon me, as a forefather, out of all men who have ever lived and sinned, the very man who has most destroyed what I most valued—who, by the Lord! with his cursed invention has wellnigh got rid of respect for forefathers altogether—is a cruelty of which my brother had never been capable, if that printer's devil had not got hold of him!"

That a man in this blessed nineteenth century should be such a

Vandal! and that my uncle Roland should talk in a strain that Totilla would have been ashamed of, within so short a time after my father's scientific and erudite oration on the Hygeiana of Books, was enough to make one despair of the progress of intellect and the perfectibility of our species. And I have no manner of doubt that, all the while, my uncle had a brace of books in his pockets, Robert Hall one of them! In truth, he had talked himself into a passion, and did not know what nonsense he was saying, poor man. But this explosion of Captain Roland's has shattered the thread of my matter. Pouff! I must take breath and begin again!

Yes, in spite of my sauciness, the old soldier evidently took to me more and more. And, besides our critical examination of the property and the pedigree, he carried me with him on long excursions to distant villages, where some memorial of a defunct Caxton, a coat of arms, or an epitaph on a tombstone, might be still seen. And he made me pore over topographical works and county histories, (forgetful, Goth that he was, that for those very authorities he was indebted to the repudiated printer!) to find some anecdote of his beloved dead! In truth, the county for miles round bore the *vestigia* of those old Caxtons; their handwriting was on many a broken wall. And, obscure as they all were, compared to that great operative of the Sanctuary at Westminster, whom my father clung to—still, that the yesterdays that had lighted them the way to dusty death had cast no glare on dishonoured scutcheons seemed clear, from the popular respect and traditional affection in which I found that the name was still held in hamlet and homestead. It was pleasant to see the veneration with which this small Hidalgo of some three hundred a-year was held, and the patriarchal affection with which he returned it. Roland was a man who would walk into a cottage, rest his cork leg on the hearth, and talk for the hour together upon all that lay nearest to the hearts of the owners. There is a peculiar spirit of aristocracy amongst

agricultural peasants: they like old names and families; they identify themselves with the honours of a house, as if of its clan. They do not care so much for wealth as town-folk and the middle class do; they have a pity, but a respectful one, for well-born poverty. And then this Roland, too—who would go and dine in a cook shop, and receive change for a shilling, and shun the ruinous luxury of a hack cabriolet—could be positively extravagant in his liberality to those around him. He was altogether another being in his paternal acres. The shabby-genteel, half-pay captain, lost in the whirl of London, here luxuriated into a dignified ease of manner that Chesterfield might have admired. And, if to please is the true sign of politeness, I wish you could have seen the faces that smiled upon Captain Roland, as he walked down the village, nodding from side to side.

One day a frank, hearty, old woman, who had known Roland as a boy, seeing him lean on my arm, stopped us, as she said blantly, to take a "gend laik" at me.

Fortunately I was stalwart enough to pass muster, even in the eyes of a Cumberland matron; and, after a compliment at which Roland seemed much pleased, she said to me, but pointing to the Captain—

"Heh, sir, now you ha the bra time before you; you maaa een try and be as gend as Ae. And if life last, ye wull too—for there never

wear a bad sne of that stock. Wi' heads kindly stup'd to the least, and lifted manfu' oop to the haighest—that ye all war' sin ye came from the Ark. Blessins on the oald name—though little pelf goes with it—it sounds on the peur man's ear like a bit o' gould!"

"Do you not see now," said Roland, as we turned away, "what we owe to a name, and what to our forefathers?—do you not see why the remotest ancestor has a right to our respect and consideration—for he was a parent? 'Honour your parents'—the law does not say, 'Honour your children!' If a child disgrace us, and the dead, and the sanctity of this great heritage of their virtues—the name;—if he does—" Roland stopped short, and added fervently, "But you are my heir now—I have no fear! What matters one foolish old man's sorrow?—the name, that property of generations, is saved, thank Heaven—the name!"

Now the riddle was solved, and I understood why, amidst all his natural grief for a son's loss, that proud father was consoled. For he was less himself a father than a son—son to the long dead. From every grave, where a progenitor slept, he had heard a parent's voice. He could bear to be bereaved, if the forefathers were not dishonoured. Roland was more than half a Roman—the son might still cling to his household affections, but the *lares* were a part of his religion.

CHAPTER L.

But I ought to be hard at work, preparing myself for Cambridge. The deuce!—how can I? The point in academical education on which I require most preparation is Greek composition. I come to my father, who, one might think, was at home enough in this. But rare indeed is it to find a great scholar who is a good teacher.

My dear father! if one is content to take you in your own way, there never was a more admirable instructor for the heart, the head, the principles, or the tastes—in your own way, when you have discovered that there is some one sore to be healed—some defect to

be repaired; and you have rubbed your spectacles, and got your hand fairly into that recess between your frill and your waistcoat. But to go to you, cut and dry, monotonously, regularly—buck and exercise in hand—to see the mournful patience with which you tear yourself from that great volume of Cardan in the very honeymoon of possession—and then to note those mild eyebrows gradually distend themselves into perplexed diagonals, ever some false quantity or some barbarous collocation—till there stand forth that horrible "Paper!" which means more on your lips than

I am sure it ever did when Latin was a live language, and "Pape!" a natural and unpedantic ejaculation!—no, I would sooner blunder through the dark by myself a thousand times, than light my rush-light at the lamp of that Phlegethonian "Pape!"

And then my father would wisely and kindly, but wondrous slowly, erase three-fourths of one's pet verses, and intercalate others that one saw were exquisite, but could not exactly see why. And then one asked why; and my father shook his head in despair, and said—"But you ought to feel why!"

In short, scholarship to him was like poetry: he could no more teach it you than Pindar could have taught you how to make an ode. You breathed the aroma, but you could no more seize and analyse it, than, with the opening of your naked hand, you could carry off the scent of a rose. I soon left my father in peace to Cardan, and to the Great Book, which last, by the way, advanced but slowly. For Uncle Jack had now insisted on its being published in quarto, with illustrative plates; and those plates took an immense time, and were to cost an immense sum—but that cost was the affair of the Anti-Publisher Society. But how can I settle to work by myself? No sooner have I got into my room—*penitus ab orbe divisus*, as I rashly think—than there is a tap at the door. Now, it is my mother, who is benevolently engaged upon making curtains to all the windows, (a trifling superfluity that Bolt had forgotten or disdained,) and who wants to know how the draperies are fashioned at Mr Trevanion's: a pretence to have me near her, and see with her own eyes that I am not fretting;—the moment she hears I have shut myself up in my room, she is sure that it is for sorrow. Now it is Bolt, who is making bookshelves for my father, and desires to consult me at every turn, especially as I have given him a Gothic design, which pleases him hugely. Now it is Blanche, whom, in an evil hour, I undertook to teach to draw, and who comes in on tiptoe, vowing she'll not disturb me, and sits so quiet that she fidgets me out of all patience. Now, and much more often, it is the Cap-

tain, who wants me to walk, to ride, to fish. And, by St Hubert! (saint of the chase,) bright August comes—and there is moor-game on those barren wolds—and my uncle has given me the gun he shot with at my age—single-barrelled, flint lock—but you would not have laughed at it if you had seen the strange feats it did in Roland's hands—while in mine, I could always lay the blame on the flint lock! Time, in short, passed rapidly; and if Roland and I had our dark hours, we chased them away before they could settle—shot them on the wing as they got up.

Then, too, though the immediate scenery around my uncle's was so bleak and desolate, the country within a few miles was so full of objects of interest—of landscapes so poetically grand or lovely; and occasionally we coaxed my father from the Cardan, and spent whole days by the margin of some glorious lake.

Amongst these excursions, I made one by myself to that house in which my father had known the bliss and the pangs of that stern first love that still left its scars fresh on my own memory. The house, large and imposing, was shut up—the Trevanions had not been there for years—the pleasure-grounds had been contracted into the smallest possible space. There was no positive decay or ruin—that Trevanion would never have allowed; but there was the dreary look of absence everywhere. I penetrated into the house with the help of my card and half-a-crown. I saw that memorable boudoir—I could fancy the very spot in which my father had heard the sentence that had changed the current of his life. And when I returned home, I looked with new tenderness on my father's placid brow—and blessed anew that tender helpmate, who, in her patient love, had chased from it every shadow.

I had received one letter from Vivian a few days after our arrival. It had been redirected from my father's house, at which I had given him my address. It was short, but seemed cheerful. He said, that he believed he had at last hit on the right way, and should keep to it—that he and the world were better friends than they had been—and that the only way

to keep friends with the world was to treat it as a tamed tiger, and have one hand on a crow-bar while one fondled the beast with the other. He enclosed me a bank-note which somewhat more than covered his debt to me, and bade me pay him the surplus when he should claim it as a millionaire. He gave me no address in his letter, but it bore the post-mark of Godalming. I had the impertinent curiosity to look into an old topographical work upon Surrey, and in a supplemental itinerary I found this passage, "To the left of the beechwood, three miles from Godalming, you catch a glimpse of the elegant seat of Francis Vivian, Esq." To judge by the date of the work, the said Francis Vivian might be the grandfather of my friend, his namesake. There could no longer be any doubt as to the parentage of this prodigal son.

The long vacation was now nearly over, and all his guests were to leave the poor Captain. In fact, we had made a long trespass on his hospitality. It was settled that I was to accompany my father and mother to their long-neglected *penates*, and start thence for Cambridge.

Our parting was sorrowful—even Mrs Primmins wept as she shook hands with Bolt. But Bolt, an old soldier, was of course a lady's man. The brothers did not shake hands only—they fondly embraced, as brothers of that time of life rarely do now-a-days, except on the stage. And Blanche, with one arm round my mother's neck, and one round mine, sobbed in my ear,—“But I will be your little wife, I will.” Finally, the fly-coach once more received us all—all but poor Blanche, and we looked round and missed her.

CHAPTER LI.

Alma Mater! Alma Mater! New-fashioned folks, with their large theories of education, may find fault with thee. But a true Spartan mother thou art—hard and stern as the old matron who bricked up her son Pausanias, bringing the first stone to immure him; hard and stern, I say, to the worthless, but full of majestic tenderness to the worthy.

For a young man to go up to Cambridge (I say nothing of Oxford, knowing nothing thereof) merely as routine work, to lounge through three years to a degree among the *ἄ πολλοι*—for such an one, Oxford Street herself, whom the immortal Opium-eater hath so direly apostrophised, is not a more careless and stony-hearted mother. But for him who will read, who will work, who will seize the rare advantages proffered, who will select his friends judiciously—yea, out of that vast ferment of young idea in its lusty vigour, choose the good and reject the bad—there is plenty to make those three years rich with fruit imperishable—three years nobly spent, even though one must pass over the Ass's Bridge to get into the Temple of Honour.

Important changes in the Academic system have been recently announced, and honours are henceforth to be accorded to the successful disciples in moral and natural sciences. By the side of the old throne of Mathesis, they have placed two very useful *fauteuils à la Voltaire*. I have no objection; but, in those three years of life, it is not so much the thing learned, as the steady perseverance in learning something that is excellent.

It was fortunate, in one respect, for me that I had seen a little of the real world—the metropolitan, before I came to that mimic one—the cloistral. For what were called pleasures in the last, and which might have allured me, had I come fresh from school, had no charm for me now. Hard drinking and high play, a certain mixture of coarseness and extravagance, made the fashion among the idle when I was at the university *sub consule Planco*—when Wordsworth was master of Trinity: it may be altered now.

But I had already outlived such temptations, and so, naturally, I was thrown out of the society of the idle, and somewhat into that of the laborious.

Still, to speak frankly, I had no longer the old pleasure in books. If my acquaintance with the great world had destroyed the temptation to pu-erile excesses, it had also increased my constitutional tendency to practical action. And, alas! in spite of all the benefit I had derived from Robert Hall, there were times when memory was so poignant that I had no choice but to rush from the lonely room, haunted by tempting phantoms too dangerously fair, and sober down the fever of the heart by some violent bodily fatigue. The ardour which belongs to early youth, and which it best dedicates to knowledge, had been charmed prematurely to shrines less severely sacred. Therefore, though I laboured, it was with that full *sense of labour* which (as I found at a much later period of life) the truly triumphant student never knows. Learning—that marble image—warms into life, not at the toil of the chisel, but the worship of the sculptor. The mechanical workman finds but the voiceless stone.

At my uncle's, such a thing as a newspaper rarely made its appearance. At Cambridge, even among reading men, the newspapers had their due importance. Politics ran high; and I had not been three days at Cambridge before I heard Trevanion's name. Newspapers, therefore, had their charms for me. Trevanion's prophecy about himself seemed about to be fulfilled. There were rumours of changes in the cabinet. Trevanion's name was bandied to and fro, struck from praise to blame, high and low, as a shuttlecock. Still the changes were not made, and the cabinet held firm. Not a word in the *Morning Post*, under the head of *fashionable intelligence*, as to rumours that would have agitated me more than the rise and fall of governments—no hint of “the speedy nuptials of the daughter and sole heiress of a distinguished and wealthy commoner:” only now and then, in enumerating the circle of brilliant guests at the house of some party chief, I gulped back the heart that rushed to my lips, when I saw the names of Lady Ellinor and Miss Trevanion.

But amongst all that prolific

progeny of the periodical press—remote offspring of my great namesake and ancestor, (for I hold the faith of my father,)—where was the *Literary Times*?—what had so long retarded its promised blossoms? Not a leaf in the shape of advertisements had yet emerged from its mother earth. I hoped from my heart that the whole thing was abandoned, and would not mention it in my letters home, lest I should revive the mere idea of it. But, in default of the *Literary Times*, there did appear a new journal, a daily journal too; a tall, slender, and meagre strippling, with a vast head, by way of prospectus, which protruded itself for three weeks successively at the top of the leading article;—with a fine and subtle body of paragraphs;—and the smallest legs, in the way of advertisements, that any poor newspaper ever stood upon! And yet this attenuated journal had a plump and plethoric title, a title that smacked of turtle and venison; an aldermanic, portly, grandiose, Falstaffian title—it was called **THE CAPITALIST**. And all those fine subtle paragraphs were larded out with receipts how to make money. There was an El Dorado in every sentence. To believe that paper, you would think no man had ever yet found a proper return for his pounds, shillings, and pence. You would have turned up your nose at twenty per cent. There was a great deal about Ireland—not her wrongs, thank Heaven! but her fisheries: a long inquiry what had become of the pearls for which Britain was once so famous: a learned disquisition upon certain lost gold mines now happily rediscovered: a very ingenious proposition to turn London smoke into manure, by a new chemical process: recommendations to the poor to hatch chickens in ovens like the ancient Egyptians: agricultural schemes for sowing the waste lands in England with onions, upon the system adopted near Bedford, net produce one hundred pounds an acre. In short, according to that paper, every rood of ground might well maintain its man, and every shilling be like Hobson's money-bag, “the fruitful parent of a hundred more.” For three days, at the newspaper room of the Union Club, men talked

of this journal: some pished, some sneered, some wondered; till an ill-natured mathematician, who had just taken his degree, and had spare time on his hands, sent a long letter to the *Morning Chronicle*, showing up more blunders, in some article to which the editor of *The Capitalist* had specially invited attention, (unlucky dog!) than would have paved the whole island of Laputa. After that time, not a soul read *The Capitalist*. How long it dragged on its existence I know not; but it certainly did not die of a *mala-die de langueur*.

Little thought I, when I joined in the laugh against *The Capitalist*, that I ought rather to have followed it to its grave, in black crape and weepers,—unfeeling wretch that I was!

But, like a post, O *Capitalist*! thou wert not discovered, and appreciated, and prized, and mourned, till thou wert dead and buried, and the bill came in for thy monument!

The first term of my college life was just expiring, when I received a letter from my mother, so agitated, so alarming, at first reading so unintelligible, that I could only see that some great misfortune had befallen us; and I stopped short and dropped on my knees, to pray for the life and health of those whom that misfortune more specially seemed to menace; and then—and then, towards the end of the last blurred sentence—read twice, thrice, over—I could cry, “Thank Heaven, thank Heaven! it is only, then, money after all!”

STATISTICAL ACCOUNTS OF SCOTLAND.

It is a term of very wide application, this of statistics—extending to everything in the state of a country subject to variation either from the energies and fancies of men, or from the operations of nature, in so far as these, or the knowledge of them, has any tendency to occasion change in the condition of the country. Its elements must be either changeable in themselves, or the cause of change; because the use of the whole matter is to direct men what to do for their advantage, moral or physical—by legislation, when the case is of sufficient magnitude—or otherwise by the wisdom and enterprise of individuals.

Governments, it is plain, must have the greatest interest in possessing knowledge of this sort; but they have not been the first to engage very earnestly in obtaining it. It would seem that, in all countries, the first very noticeable efforts in this way have been made by individuals.

In this country we have now from government more and better statistics than from any other source; for besides the decennial census, there is the yearly produce in this way of Crown Commissions and of Parliamentary Committees; and, moreover,

there is the late institution of a statistical department in connexion with the Board of Trade, for arranging, digesting, and rendering more accessible all matter of this kind collected, from time to time, by the different branches of the administration. But before statistical knowledge became the object of much care to the government of this country, it had been well cultivated by individuals. So in Germany statistics first took a scientific form in the works of an individual about the middle of the last century: and in France, the unfinished *Mémoires des Intendants*, prepared on the order of the king, were scarcely an exception, since meant for the private instruction of the young prince. But without attaching undue importance to the fact of mere precedence, it may be said that, considering the chief uses of this kind of knowledge, it has received more contributions from individuals than could have been expected.

This admits of being easily explained. It has been well said that, while history is a sort of current statistics, statistics are a sort of stationary history. The one has therefore much the same invitations to mere literary taste as the other; and if the subject

be not so generally engaging, the fancy may be as strong, and produce as pure a devotion to statistics as there ever is to history. More than this, the statist may care far less for his subject than its uses,—that is, he may choose to undergo the toil of researches only recommended by the chance of their ministering to the better guidance of some part of public policy, and therefore to the public good. The impulse is then not literary; nor is it legislative, for the power is wanting; it is simply patriotic, for so it must be considered, even when, in the words of Mr M'Culloch, the object is only “to bring under the public view the deficiencies in statistical information, and so to contribute to the advancement of the science.”

This public nature of the aim of statistical works, and the unlikelihood of their authors choosing that medium to set forth anything supposed worthy of notice in the figure of their own genius, seem to have been recognised, except in rare instances, as giving to works of this kind a title to be well received, and to have their faults very gently remarked.

Again, it might be expected that the statistics of individuals should have a more limited range than those of governments; that they should refer to districts of less extent; and to the state of the country in fewer of its aspects. But the case is somewhat different. The statistics of individuals are often more national than local, and generally consist of many branches presented in some connexion; while those of governments are commonly confined to the single department on which some question of policy may chance for the time to have fixed attention.

On the occasion mentioned, the inquiries instituted in France were not so confined, but embraced all the points of chief interest in the state of the country. In England, nothing similar has been attempted; although, some years ago, it is known that a proposal to institute a general survey of Ireland—on the plan, we believe, of the Ordnance Survey of the parish of Templemore—was for some time under consideration of the government.

On the other hand, the instances of

individual enterprise in this way to a national extent are numerous, both at home and abroad. Among the latter, Aucherwall gives the first example, and Peuchet probably the best; both treating of the country not in parts but as a whole,—not in one respect but in many. Of the same sort are the excellent statistical works of Colquhoun, M'Culloch, Porter, and others, relating to the British empire, and directed to many aspects of its condition. To these we add the *Statistical Account of Scotland*,—occupied with as many or more matters of inquiry, but not so properly national, since viewing not the country collectively, but its parochial divisions in succession.

One advantage belongs to the collection of statistics upon many points, which is not found in those that are limited to one. It is remarked by Schlozer in his *Theorie der Statistik*, that “there are many facts seemingly of no value, but which become important as soon as you combine them with other facts, it may be of quite another class. The affinities subsisting among these facts are discovered by the talent and genius of the statist; and the more various the knowledge he possesses, with so much the more success he will perform this last and crowning part of his task.” The observation need not be confined to facts apparently unimportant: for even those, whose importance is at once perceived, may acquire a new value from a skilful collation. In either case, there seems a necessity for remitting the detached statistics collected by government to some such department as that in connexion with the Board of Trade; otherwise, the works of individual statisticians must continue to afford the only opportunity of tracing the latent relations of one branch of statistics to another.

The individual, however, who attempts so much, is in hazard of attempting more than any individual can well perform. For, besides this, he has to make another effort quite distinct—in the investigation of facts. All the needed scientific knowledge he may possess; but the same sufficiency of local or topographical knowledge is not supposable. The work so pro-

duced, therefore, cannot easily avoid the defects, either of error in the details of some branch, of unequal development of the parts, or of a superficial treatment of the whole. Against these dangers some writers have had recourse to assistance, inviting contributions from others favoured with better means of information than themselves; and to them attributing, in so far as they assisted, the entire merit and responsibility of the work.

This transference of responsibility is warranted by the necessity of the case—but it is unusual; and as it scarcely occurs except in works of the kind in question, it may happen that even a professing judge of such works, if the habit of attention be not good, may entirely overlook the circumstance.

In the *Statistical Account of Scotland*, the obligation to individual contributions has been carried to the greatest extent; indeed, it is simply a collection of such contributions, and nothing more. This part of the plan was necessitated by another, in which the work is equally peculiar—namely, the distinct treatment of smaller divisions of the country, than have been taken up in any other work of the kind, having an entire country for its object. To obtain a body of parochial statistics, it was necessary to have recourse to persons well acquainted with the bounds, and intelligent, at the same time, upon the various subjects of inquiry. But to find such in nine hundred parishes would, of itself, have required much of that local knowledge, the want of which was the occasion of the search—had there not been a class or order of men among whom the desired qualification, in many points, might be supposed to be pretty generally diffused; and from whose favour to a project of public usefulness much aid might be expected. It was in this manner that the co-operation of the parochial clergy came to be suggested.

The *Statistical Account of Scotland* was originated, promoted, and superintended by the late Sir John Sinclair. The authors of such works, as one of the best of them remarks, should be careful to explain their motives in undertaking it—we presume, because

undertakings of the kind are felt to be scarcely an affair of individuals. In this instance, a desire to promote the public good was at once professed and accredited by many other acts apparently inspired by the same sentiment. The devotion of Sir John Sinclair's life in that direction was complete, and the example uncommon. In this a late reviewer perceives nothing more than a restless pursuit of plans of no further interest to himself than as they bore the inscription of his own name. But whenever public spirit is professed, and by anything like useful acts attested, our faith, we think, should be more generous. On such occasions, if on any, it is right to waive all speculation upon private motives, and to presume the best—for reasons so well understood in general that they do not need to be explained. But if genius, with a bent to that sort of penetration, must have its freedom, we do demand that some token should appear of a belief in the possibility of the virtue which is denied.

It does not improve the grace of any such judgments that they are passed fifty years after the occasion; for, in the meantime, the work may have acquired merits which could not belong to it at first:—and so it has happened with the *Statistical Account* of Sir John Sinclair. Results may be fairly ascribed to that performance which were not intended nor foreseen, and which seem to have come from its very defects, as well as from the defects which it revealed in the condition of the country, and in the means of ascertaining what the condition of the country was. Its population-statistics were extremely imperfect; the census followed in a very few years. Its scanty and unequal notices of agriculture suggested the project of the County Reports; and to these succeeded the *General Report of Scotland*—a work still useful, and of the first authority in much that relates to the agriculture and other industry of the country. To take advantage of those capabilities which the statistical accounts had shown his country to possess, Sir John Sinclair originated the *Agricultural Society*. All of those things, and more, appear to have resulted from the *Statistical*

Account. They are honours that have arisen to it in the course of time, and may be fairly permitted to mitigate the notice and recollection of its faults.

After the lapse of fifty years, Scotland had ceased to be the country represented in the old *Statistical Account*; for the greater part of what is proper to such a work is, as we have said, changeable and changing. It contained not a little, however, which remained as true and as interesting as at first: the topography, the physical characters, the civil divisions of the country were the same; all that had been said of its history, whether local or general, might be said again as seasonably as before. It occurred, then, to those to whom the author had presented the right of this work, to attempt to restore it in those parts which time had rendered useless, preserving those which were under no disadvantage from that cause. This, as we learn, was the plain, unambitious intention of the *New Statistical Account of Scotland*. It was projected and carried on during ten years by a Society, whose object it is to afford aid, where aid is needed, in the education of the children of the clergy of the Church of Scotland. Nothing could be more foreign to that object than to engage in a work of national statistics; nothing more natural than that, in their relation to the clergy, and with their interest in the first work, they should propose to renew it in the manner mentioned. A society expressly formed for statistical purposes, and not restrained like the Society for the Sons and Daughters of the Clergy, would probably have proposed something different—something more new; it might have been expected to produce something more excellent—though, even in that case, the demand of excellence would have been limited by the consideration, that the means of completely investigating the statistics of a country are not at the command of any statistical society that exists. A modernisation, so to speak, of the first work appears to have been the idea of the second.

It has been executed, however, in the freest style, and scarcely admitted, indeed, of being accomplished at all in any other manner. In such

cases, it is seldom that the adaptation is effected by mere numerical changes; the whole statement, in form, manner, and substance, behoves to be remodelled. Then, certain parts of the original may have been deficient, and become more evidently so by the changes that have since ensued in the state of the object: here the task is less one of correction than of supplement. For example, the very interesting and full accounts of mining and manufacturing industry which abound in the new work are nearly peculiar to it, and have scarcely an example in the old. One entire section of the latter, that of natural history, has been developed to an extent not attempted in the former, nor indeed in any other statistical work. These are rather noticeable licenses, on the supposition of the aim being as moderate as professed, and they go far to form a new and independent work—having nothing in common with the first, except the parochial divisions and the obligation to the clergy, as respects the plan; and as respects the matter, only the small part of it which is historical, and therefore not obsolete.

We observe, accordingly, that the society who promoted the new work have put it forward as taking some things from the old, for which they are not responsible, but as containing far more which must form a new and separate character for itself. In both respects, we think they have viewed the work with a proper reference to the conditions under which it was produced.

In other points, the new Account has improved upon the old, and might be expected to do so. It has more matter, by a third part, neither less suited to the place, nor more diffuse in the statement; and, as befits a work of reference, the arrangement is more orderly and more uniform. It is, on the whole, more carefully and better written, and shows, on the part of the reverend contributors, a remarkable advance in the many sorts of knowledge requisite to the task. If the comparison were pursued further, it might be said that some contributions to the first are not surpassed in the value of what they contain; while, from the greater novelty of the task at that time, as well as from the

greater freedom of the method, they are somewhat fresher and more genial in manner. The later work, if fuller, more exact, more statistical throughout, possesses that advantage at the cost of appearing sometimes more like a collection of returns in answer to submitted points of inquiry,—a character, however, by no means unsuitable to a compilation of the kind. In all other points a decided superiority must be attributed to the new Account.

Our remarks at this time shall be confined to the plan of the new Account, and to the general description of its contents.*

The chief feature of the plan is the distinct treatment of each parish—producing a body neither of county nor of national, but merely of parochial statistics. This was the design, and there is much to recommend it. It is the last thing that can take the aspect of a fault in statistics, to view the matter in very minute portions; for thus, and thus only, it is possible to arrive at an accurate knowledge of the whole. There can be no good county statistics which do not suppose inquiries limited, at first, to lesser divisions of the country, and which do not express the sum of particulars taken from subdivisions that can hardly proceed too far. If such minor surveys do not come before the public, they are presumptively carried on in private. But, in the latter case, they are the more apt to be superficial, as they can be so with the less chance of being noticed; they are apt to take aid from mere computation of averages; they are apt, also, to result in that vague description which is the master-vice of statistics. "In this town, there are manufactures which employ *many* hands; in this district, *vast* quantities of silk are produced. These," says Schlozer, "are pet phrases of tourists, who would say something, when they know nothing; but they are not the language of statistics." The parochial method stands, then, on two good grounds: it is inevitable either in an open or a latent form; and it favours the collection of sufficient data for those specific enumerations which are the true

worth and the characteristic grace of this branch of knowledge.

This plan, however, has some disadvantages; in referring to which we shall find occasion to bring to view some of the proper merits of the work.

In the first place, a work on this plan is inevitably voluminous. The territorial divisions submitted to distinct treatment are about nine hundred in number, and the matter is still further augmented by the occasional assignment to different hands of different parts of the survey of a single parish. In proportion to the descent of the details, is the bulk of the production; which we suppose to be an evil in the same measure in which it exceeds the necessity of the case. Now the *New Statistical Account* is at once seen to contain not a little matter of merely local interest, and of the smallest value considered as pertaining to a body of national statistics; and here, if anywhere, it is apt to be regarded as at fault. It is right, however, to recollect the privilege of every work to be judged according to the conditions of the species to which it belongs. The present is not set forth as a statistical account of Scotland, but as a collection of the statistical accounts of all the parishes in Scotland; for this, we perceive, is not merely implied in the plan of the work, but is declared in the prospectus, where the hope is expressed that, by exhibiting the actual state of the parishes, with whatever is therein amiss, it may lead to parochial improvements. It does not appear, therefore, to have been from any miscalculation of their worth, that matters of merely local interest have been so liberally admitted; and, all things considered, more of that nature might have been expected. Let us quote again from the best theory of statistics that has ever been produced. "An object may be deserving of remark in the description of some particular portion of a country, and at the same time have no claim to notice in any general account of that country at large. In the former case, the rivulet is not to be omitted; in the latter, any allusion to it would be a defect, for it would be matter of unneces-

* *The New Statistical Account of Scotland.* In 15 vols. Edinburgh, 1846.

sary and trifling detail."* It is recorded, in the *New Statistical Account*, that "Will-o'-wisp had never appeared in the parish of South Uist previous to the year 1812." Nothing, in a national point of view, can be conceived more insignificant than this fact; but, taken in connexion with a notable superstition in that district, its local importance appears.† To the credit of this method, it may be noticed, that the accounts which are most parochial are, at the same time, among those which have been drawn up with the most general intelligence; and, this being the case, it is not a strange wish that the accounts, in general, had been somewhat more parochial than they are.

On this plan, it is certain there is a risk of much repetition, many parishes having some common characteristics which, in place of being recounted for each, might be stated once for all. How far does the *Statistical Account* offend in this manner? It is true that, where the same facts occur in many parishes, a single statement might suffice; though this might be at the cost of violating the plan which for the whole it might be fittest to adopt, upon consideration that the like resemblance is not found among the greater number of the parishes. But it is remarkable, how seldom different parishes have all the similarity requisite for such a common description; for, in statistics, a difference in mere number or quantity is a vital difference, and expresses essentially different facts. Many parishes have the same articles of produce; while no two produce exactly the same quantities. A very short distance often brings to view considerable varieties in climate, soil, and other physical qualities of a country. Now, considering that the object of this work is to present the parishes in their

distinguishing, as well as in their common features, we do not see much sameness in the substance of the details which could have been avoided. A sameness there is; but more in form than in substance—each account delivering its matter under the same general heads, recurring in all cases in exactly the same order. This is convenient when the book is used for reference; it may be wearisome to one who reads only for amusement: it is monotonous; but who looks for any "soul of harmony" in such a quarter? We repeat, it is not attended, on the whole, with much importunate re-appearance of the same facts, and cannot seem to be so, except to a very careless or distempered eye. But if, perchance, there may be some facts much alike in several parishes, this itself is an unusual fact, and we should not object to its coming out in the usual way of each parish speaking for itself; in which case, there is always a chance of some variety in the description, from the same thing presenting itself to different persons under different aspects. But, on the whole, we think there is less repetition in these accounts, and indeed less occasion for it, than might at first sight be supposed.

There is another obvious tendency to imperfection in the plan of parochial accounts. Their first, but not their sole object, is to describe the parishes; it is certainly meant that they should furnish, at the same time, the grounds of statistical computation for the whole country. This is the natural complement and the proper conclusion to a work of parish statistics. It is, however, a part of the plan which, not being quite necessary, and requiring a fresh effort at the last, is apt to be omitted. It was not till twenty-five years after the publication of the old Account that

* Schlozer.

† "It is said that a woman in Benbecula went at night to the Sandbanks, to dig for some roe used for dyeing a red colour, against her husband's will; that, when she left her house, she said with an oath she would bring some of it home, though she knew there was a regulation by the factor and magistrates, prohibiting people to use it or dig for it, by reason that the sandbanks, upon being excavated, would be blown away with the wind. The woman never returned home, nor was her body ever found. It was shortly thereafter that the meteor was first seen; and it is said that it is the ghost of the unfortunate and profane woman that appears in this shape."—*New Statistical Account*, "Inverness," p. 184.

Sir John Sinclair at length produced his *Analysis of the Statistical Account of Scotland considered as one District*. It came too late. A similar analysis or summary appears to have been at first intended for the new Account: and we regret that this part of the design was, by force of circumstances, not carried into effect. One use of it would have been to evince that parochial statistics do not assume the character of national; while yet, for even national statistics, they furnish the most proper foundation. To pass at once, however, from parochial to national statistics would have been too great a step; there is an intermediate stage, at which the new Account would certainly have paused, though it had designed to proceed farther; and at which, without that design, it has here rested; presenting the statistics of each county in a summary of the more important particulars concerning the included parishes; but making no nearer approach to any general computations for the country at large.

The method of proceeding from parishes to counties suggests that other plan for the entire work, which would have followed the opposite course—the plan that would have begun with counties, and given County, not Parochial reports. Somewhat in this fashion has been formed the *Géographie Départementale* of France, now in course of publication, in which the whole matter is rigorously subjected to as skilful an arrangement as has ever been devised for matters of the kind. It is plain, however, that greater difficulty and more expense would have attended the construction of the Scotch work on that scheme, than private parties could have undertaken; and even the example of the French work does not show that, for the compacter method thus obtained, there might not have been a sacrifice of much that is valuable in detail.

It may be added, that when parishes are well described, and a county or more general summary succeeds, we ask no more; a work like this has then accomplished its object, and what remains must be sought for elsewhere. What remains is this—to interpret the statistics thus laid down, for they are often very far from interpreting

themselves; to ascertain, by analysis or combination of their different parts, what they signify in regard to the condition of the country. Thus, betwixt the rate of wages and the habits of a people—the prevailing occupations and the rate of mortality—the description of industry and the amount of pauperism—there are relations which it is exceedingly important to remark. But if a statistical account simply notes the kind, number, or quantity of each of these particulars, it performs its part,—no matter how blindly, how unconsciously of the relation that subsists betwixt them, this may be done. The rest is so different a work, that it must be left to other hands. It is not to be forgotten, that, for bringing out the more latent truths of statistics in the manner mentioned, a work like this is merely *pour servir*; and, keeping that in view, our prepossessions are all in favour of abundance and minuteness of detail.

Lastly, a work made up of contributions from nine hundred individuals must be of unequal merit, according to the different measures of intelligence or care, and according to the feeling with which a task of that nature may happen to have been undertaken. A slight inspection, accordingly, discovers that it is the character of the writer, more than of the parish, that determines the length and interest of any one of these reports. This is an imperfection, and something more—for it makes one part of the book, by implication, reveal the defects of another. A few years ago, when a Crown commission considered a project for a general survey and statistical report of Ireland, their attention was much attracted to the *New Statistical Account of Scotland*; and, in their report, they notice, in the course of a very fair estimate, this inequality as the main disadvantage of the plan. It is, however, inevitable, except upon a scheme which, from the expense attending it, would have hindered the existence of the Scottish work, and which appears to have prevented or postponed the Irish. From a single author, something like proportion might be expected in the parts of such a compilation; but to that perfection a work like the *Statistical Account of Scotland*, with its hundreds of avowed responsible,

and therefore uncontrolled authors, could not pretend. For this reason, it is the more proper to follow a rule of judgment which, in any case, is a good one:—to estimate the general character of the work with a lively recollection of its merits; and to be much upon our guard against the mean instinct of looking only to the weaker and more peccant parts of it.

Passing from the plan to the matter of the work, we now ask, whether all that it contains is properly statistical, and whether it contains all of any consequence that falls under that description.

Nothing, we suppose, is alien to this branch of knowledge that tends, in however little, to show the state of a country—social, political, moral—or even physical.

But this last, comprising somewhat of geography and natural history, some writers would remove entirely from the sphere of statistics. Among these is Peuchet, in his work before mentioned—who gives as the reason of the exclusion, that, in any analysis of the wealth or power of a state, neither its geography nor natural history ever come into view: a fact rather hastily assumed. The parallel work for this country, by Mr M'Culloch, while it follows Peuchet's method in much, leaves it in this instance, admitting various branches of natural history to ample consideration. It is true that trespass on the proper ground of statistics has been so common an offence, that writers have been careful to mark those cases in which no title exists. Thus Schlozer, looking to the intrusions that come from the quarter we refer to, is averse to all imaginative descriptions of the physical aspect of a country, but does not prohibit natural history. Hogel, who also writes well upon the theory of statistics,* is more explicit—admitting that natural history may encroach too far, but asserting that its several branches may be received to a certain extent. "Whatever, in the physical nature of a country, has any influence upon the life, occupations, or manners of the people, pertains to statistics; by all means, therefore, in any body of statistics, let

us have as much of mineralogy, hydrology, botany, geology, meteorology, as has any bearing upon the condition of the people." All of these subjects have been allowed to enter largely into the *New Statistical Account*.

They form a feature of that work which scarcely belonged to the old Account, and which is new, indeed, to parochial statistics. Investigations of natural history have usually been carried on with reference to other bounds than those of parishes; but, when confined to parishes, it is remarkable how much this has been at once for the advantage of the science, and for the enhancement of any interest in these territorial divisions by the picturesque mixture of natural objects with the works and pursuits of men. More of this parochial treatment of natural history we may possibly have hereafter, upon the suggestion of the *Statistical Account*.

For the abundant favour which the work has shown to the whole subject of natural history, reasons are not wanting. One portion of that matter has obviously the quality that designates for statistical treatment,—comprising, for example, mines, whether wrought or unwrought; animals, profitable or destructive; plants, in all their variety of uses: the connexion of which with the wealth and industry of the country is at once apparent. The same connexion exists for another class of objects; but not so obviously. For example, there is a detailed account of the flowering periods of a variety of plants in one parish; the pertinence of which is not perceived, until it is mentioned that, in the same neighbourhood, there are two populous and well-frequented watering-places, which owe their prosperity to the qualities of the climate: there the trade of the locality connects itself with the early honours of the hepaticas. A third class of facts, and not the least in amount, is not qualified by any relation they are known to possess to the social condition of the country; but then they belong to a body of facts, some of which have that relation; and the same may be established for them hereafter. Still, it may be said that the matter, if appro-

* HOGEL, *Entwurf zur Theorie der Statistik*.

priate, behoves to be presented in a statistical, not in a scientific form. But this, perhaps, is to interpret too strictly the laws of statistical writing, which do not seem to forbid the predominance of a scientific interest in the description, when the matter fairly belongs to the province of statistics. And if any license at all may be allowed in works of so severe a character, it is precisely here where that is least unbecoming. It is not among the faults of the *New Statistical Account*, but rather among its most interesting features, that the mineral resources of the country are so often described with all the skill and passion of the mineralogist, forgetting for the moment everything but the phenomena of nature.

Under the head of Natural History, we have many instances of the landscape painting proscribed by Schlozer. But it is remarked, that the same authority, when adverting to another matter, lays down a principle of admission which is equally applicable here. "Antiquities," he observes, "become a proper subject of statistics in such a case as that of Rome, where a large amount of money was at one time annually expended by the strangers who came to form their taste, or to indulge their curiosity, upon the remains of ancient art." In like manner, if there are places in Scotland that profit economically by the attractions of their natural beauty, we do not see that there is any obligation to be silent upon the cause, by reason merely of the seeming dissonance betwixt an imaginative description and the austere account of statistics. Other and better apologies might be offered; and, on the whole, we are not satisfied that, in this respect, any less indulgence of the gentler vein would have been attended with advantage to the work.

On these grounds it appears to have been, that so much scope is allowed to the whole subject of natural history. But if too much, the fault has been redeemed by the frequent excellence of what is put forth on that head. Here the *New Statistical Account* passes expectation; and to it we may attribute much of the increased interest that has lately attached to that branch of knowledge in Scotland.

thing of questionable con-

nexion with statistics is history, which imports a reference to the past; whereas, as the name declares, statistics contemplates but the present, and can look neither backward nor forward, without trenching upon other provinces. Many excellent statistical works, accordingly, have allowed no place to history at all; and the writers before cited, on the theory of the subject, concur in excluding it. Hogel is most explicit. "Statistics never go beyond the circle of the present in their representations of the condition of a country: they are like painting—they fix upon a single point of time; and the facts which they select are those which come last in the series, though the series they belong to may extend backwards for ages. All that went before rests on testimony, and is therefore beyond the sphere of statistics, whose grounds are in actual observation. There is no limit to the number of facts with which statistics have to do, provided they are co-existing facts, and do not present themselves in succession: facts, and not their causes, are the proper matter of statistics; and they must be facts of the present time." This doctrine, in which there seems nothing in the main amiss, if strictly applied to the work under consideration, cancels a large part of it. But against that consequence we can suppose it to be pleaded—First, that for relief from a continuity of details somewhat arid to many readers, the work borrows something from a neighbouring branch of knowledge, and so far, of purpose, drops its statistical character—the more allowably, as in this way no harm ensues to the statistical character of the rest. And next—that all the history of a place has not equally little to do with its present state; for past events are often, casually or otherwise, related to the present, and so become a fair subject of retrospect, unless restraints are to be imposed on this branch of knowledge which are unknown to any other. The fault, in this instance, is at least not so great, as where no discoverable relation exists. It may be worth while, then, to observe how far the historical matter of the *Statistical Account* does show any connexion of the sort in question.

It includes, under the head of his-

tory, various classes of particulars. 1. The parish has been the scene of some event remarkable in the history of the country. Of this, perhaps, distinct traces remain, not in memory alone, but in some local custom or institution. But the most common case is, that, as the range extends to the remotest periods, all influence or effect of the event has ceased, and the interest of its recital is purely historical. Here the *Statistical Account* transgresses one rule of such a work by the admission of such matter, and asks, as we perceive it does ask in the prospectus, liberty to do so on one of the grounds above suggested.

2. The same apology is required for the antiquities, that form a large section under this head. These have sometimes perceptibly the connexion that gives the title we desire; a connexion, perhaps, no more than perceptible. Thus, in reference to the round hill in the parish of Tarbolton, on which the god Thor was anciently worshipped, we are told that, "on the evening before the June fair, a piece of fuel is still demanded at each house, and invariably given, even by the poorest inhabitant," in order to celebrate the form of the same superstitious rite which has been annually performed on that hill for many centuries. The famous Pictish tower at Abernethy is said to be used "for civil purposes connected with the burgh." In these cases it is seen how very slight is the qualifying circumstance; but it is still more so for much the greater number of particulars of this kind which the book contains—such as ancient coins, ancient armour, barrows, standing-stones, camps, or moat hills: all of which particularly belong to archæology, and obtain a place here simply by favour. Indeed, no part of the work adheres to it so loosely as this of antiquities. Their objects live as curiosities; but, to all intents that can recommend them to the notice of statistics, they are dead, "and to be so extant is but a fallacy in duration."

If this portion of the matter be the least appropriate, it is, at the same time, not the least difficult to handle; for uncertainty besets a very great part of it, and nothing more tries the reach of knowledge than conjecture. Besides, the knowledge here requisite

implies both taste and opportunities for its cultivation,—which may belong to individuals, but which cannot be attributed to an entire profession, spread over all parts of the country, and designated to very different studies. If antiquities could be considered as a main part of statistics, it is, assuredly, not to the clergy we should look for a statistical account; nor indeed to any other body, however learned, if it be not the Society of Antiquaries. The clergyman who honours his profession with the greatest amount of appropriate learning, may in this particular know but little; and if we do not, on that account, the less value him, it is assuredly not from undervaluing in the slightest degree a very interesting branch of knowledge.

In these circumstances, the reasons for allowing to antiquities so much of this compilation appear to have been,—the compelling example of the old Account, the occasional aptness of the matter, and the effect of such a *mélange* upon the mass of details that form the body of the work. But a better apology remains; and it may be extended to what is said of the remarkable events of history. We are warranted in saying, that the *New Statistical Account* has contributed much to the history and antiquities of Scotland,—evincing on these subjects a frequent novelty and fullness of knowledge far surpassing what either the design or the apparatus of the undertaking gave any title to expect.

Of one fault, in particular, there is no appearance in the archæology of this work. Nowhere is there any sign of an idiosyncrasy which is not without example—that of professing to speak of statistics, and yet speaking of nothing but antiquities; as if these, which are saved with so much difficulty from the charge of being wholly out of place, were the pith and marrow, the most vital part of any body of statistics. This is a small merit, but it is allied to a greater. Throughout these volumes, there is no tendency to discuss such futile questions as have sometimes lowered the credit of antiquarian pursuits. We have seen it solemnly inquired, whether Æneas, upon landing in Italy, touched the soil with the right or with the left

foot foremost; whether Karl Haco was in person present at the sacrifice of his son; whether a faded inscription upon the walls of an old church be of this import or that—in either case the interest having so little to support it in the significance of the record that it can scarce be imagined to exist at all, except as it may centre in the mere truth of the deciphering. Nothing of this dotting, degenerate character, repudiated by all antiquaries, occurs in the *Statistical Account*: if it did, the sum of all the errors in names, dates, and other things, inevitably incident to so vast a variety of details, would not have been an equal blemish.

It is probable that neither history nor antiquities will find a place in any future statistics of Scotland. Not that they have been enough examined either in that connexion, or elsewhere; but it is now common to make them the subject of separate, independent essays—the most proper form for the delivery of anything that pertains to such matters. The good service done in this department, by both of these Accounts, now falls to be performed by such works as the "*Baronial and Ecclesiastical Antiquities of Scotland*,"* which have this for their single object; and the presumption is only fair, that some further light on such matters may be contributed by the "*Parochiale Scotticanum*," lately announced as in the course of preparation†—though our expectations would not have been at all lessened by a somewhat less magnificent promise than that "every man in Scotland may be enabled to ascertain, with some precision, the first footing and *gradual progress of Christianity* in his own district and neighbourhood."

It is not to be supposed, however, that some other topics which regularly appear in this New Account, under the head of history, will ever drop from any work of parochial statistics. We refer to what may be termed Parish History, as distinct from what belongs to the history of the country,—notices of distinguished individuals and of ancient families, changes of property, territorial improvements, variations in

the social state of the people. No part of a book is more novel, or, to a proper curiosity, more interesting; and no indication is needed of the fair incidence of such matters to a work of this description.

If the *New Statistical Account* contains, then, some particulars not quite proper to the professed object, the excess appears to be on the whole venial. But it may still be asked, whether any important and proper matters appear to have been omitted.

Now, considering how many things of nature, art, institution, and industry pertain to statistics, we do not expect any compilation to embrace all, or to treat completely of all such things as it does embrace,—we expect imperfection in the details.

Accordingly, it is seen that some subjects well described in some accounts, are either not at all, or not so fully, taken up in others; while yet the occasion may be much the same. The climate of some districts, for instance, is well illustrated by careful observations from the rain-gage and thermometer; in some parishes we are informed of the size of the agricultural possessions, the number of ploughs, the rent of land; in some, manufactories, mines, and other kinds of industry, are viewed in all their aspects. But, for other districts or parishes, reports on these subjects are wanting; and the disadvantage is, not merely that such desirable information is not given for such places, but that the means are not furnished of making any general computations for the whole country. It is plain there have been special reasons for the less satisfactory representation of particular parishes in these respects: but for all such faults, both of omission and imperfection, we understand the *New Statistical Account* to have one general apology; which is this.

Two distinct efforts are requisite to the preparation of a comprehensive work of statistics. There is first, the investigation of facts; and next, the task of arranging and presenting them in the report. One of the theorists before-mentioned, views it as a neces-

* *The Baronial and Ecclesiastical Antiquities of Scotland*. Illustrated by R. W. BILLINGS, and WILLIAM BURN.

† *Parochiale Scotticanum*, now editing by COSMO INNES, Esq., Advocate.

sary division of labour, that both things should not be attempted by one and the same party,—especially as the first, when the subjects are numerous, is not to be accomplished but by the assistance of many hands—all of which, as he observes, must be at once skilful and suitably rewarded. Now, here, the task of inquiring and reporting was not divided; the whole of it was placed, by the necessities of the case, in the hands of the reverend contributors. But, as no private society had the means or authority to investigate the facts completely, it is urged that the defects to which we have alluded, were for the most part inevitable.

We believe it; and, recognising how much the clergy had thus to do, which could only be done completely by the government, we only advert to the sources of information to which they could have recourse.

Public documents seem to have been consulted, when information of a later date could not be had,—and chiefly the parliamentary reports on population, crime, education, and municipal affairs, from which the parish accounts appear to have been supplemented with whatever was necessary to the completion of the county summaries. Much has also been derived from the reports of Societies, Boards, and mercantile companies; of this there is evidence in the account of every considerable town.

Public records appear also to have been examined, and chiefly the parish registers. Every parish has a record of the transactions of its kirk-session,—sometimes extending to distant periods. Extracts from these occasionally show, in a clear light, the state and manners of the country in former times; more of which authentic illustration we could have wished, and more the same sources might possibly have supplied. Most parishes have also records of births or baptisms, marriages and deaths. From these, and these only, this work could derive the elements of its important section of vital statistics; but how far were they fitted to serve that purpose? It is certain that they nowhere form a complete register of these occurrences, and that for the most part they are

very defective. Baptisms appear to have been entered, in the parish register, regularly till the year 1783, when the imposition of a small tax first broke the custom of registration; and, when that tax was removed, dissenting bodies were unwilling to resume the practice. The proportion of registered baptisms to births, for instance, is at the present time not more than one fourth in Edinburgh, and one third in Glasgow. The marriage register is also unavailable to statistical purposes, by reason of the practice of double enrolment—in the parish of each party. In many parishes no record of burials exists: in others, those of paupers are omitted. In short, there is scarcely a country in Europe that does not, by proper arrangements, furnish better information on these important points; and no industry of individuals can remedy that defect. It is therefore among the postulates of a work like this, for Scotland, that its vital statistics should be imperfect.

Books relating to the history, civil or natural, the institutions or manners of the country, have in many instances been well consulted; in some, not at all; but probably as much from want of opportunity as from any other cause.

Still much occasion for inquiry remained after all the use that could be made of reports, registers, and books. Much of what related to the institutions of Religion, education, and the poor, might be supposed to come readily to hand, the clergy themselves being most conversant with such matters. But they appear to have charged themselves with the toil of very different investigations. Some have been at the pains to ascertain the amount and occupations of the population, betwixt the decennial terms of the parliamentary census. Few have omitted to state, in connexion with the agriculture of the parish, the quantities of land under tillage or under wood, in pasture or in moor, and the amount respectively of the different kinds of produce—facts that imply not a little correspondence with land-owners and land-occupiers, and much industry in the collation of returns. They have had recourse, frequently, to mineralogists, botanists,

overseers of mining and manufacturing works, whose contributions are of as much value as the fullest and ripest knowledge can give. Picture-galleries are sometimes described by their owners; family papers occasionally disclose facts of some interest in the history of the country. Throughout the work there are signs not to be mistaken, of much private and unwonted inquiry on the part of the reverend authors, to do, in a creditable way, a work that, from the nature of it, ought to have been apportioned to at least two different parties.

The defects which remain only suggest to us the hope which was thus expressed in similar circumstances, that "the circulation of this work, by bringing the deficiencies in the means of statistical information under the public view, and drawing attention to them, may, in this respect, also contribute to the advancement of the science." It is implied, of course, that the work, to be useful in this indirect way, must have merits of another kind. On these the *New Statistical Account* may stand. No other book affords the same insight into the various natural resources of the country; none describes so well, and so skilfully, the most considerable branches of industry, and the methods of conducting them; none has brought together the same variety of statistics, with the same ample means of speculating upon

their mutual relations. It is still more remarkable, that such a work, embracing, as it does, so much beyond the usual sphere of their observation, should proceed from the clergy; but the explanation is, that the position and character of that body open to them the best means of information on many subjects with which they are themselves not at all conversant. They have produced here a work, which, as a collection of parochial statistics, stands alone, without either rival or resemblance in any other country, representing the state of Scotland, at the period to which it refers, in all its aspects, and so affording the means of a definite comparison between the past and the present, such as, in all cases, it is at once natural and profitable to make. A peculiar interest arises from the unusual diversity of the matter, and the familiarity of the writers with the bounds which they describe. It is a useful work, and will continue long to be so, in as many ways as it throws light upon the condition of the country—and, not least, in the local improvements to which its suggestions may give rise. But, if its uses were less than they are, it would still leave an impression of respect for the general intelligence and the readiness to employ their opportunities for the public good, which its authors have known to unite with exemplary devotion to the duties of their calling.

THE POETRY OF SACRED AND LEGENDARY ART.

WE are of the belief that art without poetry is worthless—dead, and deadening; or, if it have vitality, there is no music in its speech—no command in its beauty. We treat it with a kind of contempt, and make apology for the pleasure it has afforded. *Sacred and Legendary Art!* How different—how precious—how life-bestowing! The material and immaterial world linked, as it were, together by a new sympathy, working out a tissue of beautiful ideas from the golden threads of a Divine revelation! By *Sacred and Legendary Art* is meant the treatment of religious subjects, commencing with the Old Testament, and terminating in traditional tales and legends. It is from the latter that the old painters have, for the most part, taken that rich poetry, which, glowing on the canvass, shows, even amidst the wild errors of fable, a truth of sentiment belonging to a purer faith.

By the Protestant mind, nursed, perhaps, in an undue contempt of histories of saints and martyrs of the Romish Church, the treasures of art of the best period are rarely understood, and still more rarely felt, in the spirit in which they were conceived. Those for whom they were painted needed no cold inquiry into the subjects. They accepted them as things universally known and religiously to be received, with a veneration which we but little comprehend. With them pictures and statues were among their sacred things, and, together with architecture, spoke and taught with an authority that books, which then were rare in the people's hands, have since scarcely ever obtained. Men of genius felt this respect paid to their works, if denied too often to themselves; and thus to their own devotion was added a kind of ministerial importance. Their work became a duty, and was very frequently prosecuted as such by the inmates of monasteries. Besides their works on a

large scale, upon the walls and in their cloisters, the ornamenting and illustrating missals embodied a religious feeling, if in some degree peculiar to the condition of the workers, of a vital form and beauty. Treasures of this kind there are beyond number; but they have been hidden treasures for ages. A Protestant contempt for their legends has persecuted, with long hatred, and subsequent long indifference, the art which glorified them. And now that we awake from this dull state, and begin to estimate the poetry of religious art, we stand before the noblest productions amazed and ignorant, and looking for interpreters, and lose the opportunity of enjoyment in the inquiry. Art is too valuable for all it gives, to allow this entire ignorance of the subjects of its favourite treatment. If, for the better understanding of heathen art, an acquaintance with classical literature is thought to be a worthy attainment, the excellence of what we may term Christian art surely renders it of importance that we should know something about the subjects of which it treats. The inquiry will repay us also in other respects, as well as with regard to taste. If we would know ourselves, it is well to see the workings of the human mind, under its every phase, its every condition. And in such a study we shall be gratified, perhaps unexpectedly, to find the good and the beautiful still shining through the obscurity of many errors, predominant and influential upon our own hearts, and scarcely wish the fabulous altogether removed from the minds of those who receive it in devotion, lest great truth in feeling be removed also. Indeed, the legends themselves are mostly harmless, and, even as they become discredited, may be interpreted as not unprofitable allegories. Had we not, in a Puritanic zeal, discarded art with an iconoclast persecution, *The Pilgrim's Progress* had long ere this been a "golden legend" for the people, and spoken to them in worthy

illustration; nor would they have been religiously or morally the worse had they been imbued with a thorough taste for the graceful, the beautiful, and the sublime, which it is in the power of well cultivated art to convey to every willing recipient. It is a great mistake of a portion of the religious world to look upon ornament as a sin or a superstition. Religion is not a bare and unadorned thing, nor can it be so received without debasing, without making too low and mean the worshipper for the worship. The "wedding garment" was not the every-day wear. The poorest must not, of a choice, appear in rags before the throne of Him who is clothed in glory, nor with less respect of their own person than they would use in the presence of their betters. It was originally of God's doing, command, and dictation, to sanctify the beautiful in art, by making his worship a subject for all embellishment. For such a purport were the minute directions for the building of His temple. And yet how many "religious" of our day contradict this feeling, which seems to come to us, not only by a natural instinct, but with the authority of a command! It is a deteriorated worship that prefers four bare, unadorned, whitened walls of a mean conventicle to the lofty and arched majesty and profuse enrichment of a Gothic minster. We want every aid to lift every sense above our daily grovelling cares, and ought to feel that we are acceptable and invited guests in a house far too great, spacious, and magnificent for ourselves alone. Even our humility should be sublime, as all true worship is, for we would fain lift it up as an offering to the Heaven of heavens. It has its aspect towards Him who deigns to receive, together with consciousness of the lowliness of him that offers. It is good that the eye and the ear should see and hear other sounds and sights than concern things, not only of time, but of that poor portion of it which hems in our daily wants and businesses. Beauty and music are of and for eternity, and will never die; and in our perception of them we make ourselves a part of all that is undying. These are senses that the spiritualised body will not lose. Their cultivation is a thing for ever; we

are now even here the greater for their possession in their human perfection. The wondrous pile so elaborately finished; the choral service, the pealing organ, and the low voice of prayer, and, it may be, angel forms and beatified saints in richly-painted windows:—we do not believe all this to be solely of man's invention, but of inspiration; how given we ask not, seeing what is, and acknowledging a greatness around us far greater than ourselves, and lifting up the full mind to a magnitude emulous of angelic stature. Yes—poetic genius is a high gift, by which the gifted make discoveries, and show high and great truths, and present them, palpable and visible, before the world—by architecture, by painting, by sculpture, by music—rendering religion itself more holy by the inspiration of its service. Take a man out of his common, so to speak, irreverent habit, and place him here to live for a few moments in this religious atmosphere—how unlike is he to himself, and how conscious of this self-unlikeness! Would that our cathedrals were open at all times! Even when there is no service, though that might be more frequent, there would be much good communing with a man's own heart, when, turning away for a while from worldly troubles and speculations, in midst of that great solemn monument, erected to his Maker's praise, and with the dead under his feet—the dead who as busily walked the streets and ways he has just left—he would weigh the character of his doings, and in a sanctified place breathe a prayer for direction. Nor would it be amiss that he should be led to contemplate the "storied pane" and religious emblems which abound; he will not fail, in the end, to sympathise with the sentiment even where he bows not to the legend. He may know the fact that there have been saints and martyrs—that faith, hope, and charity are realities—that patience and love may be here best learnt to be practised in the world without.

It is curious that the saints, those *Dii minores*, to whom so many of our churches are dedicated, still retain their holding. Beyond the evangelists and the apostles, little do the people know of the other many saints

while they enter the churches that bear their names. Few of a congregation, we suspect, could give much account of St Pancras, St Margaret, St Werburgh, St Dunstan, St Clement, nor even of St George, but that he is pictured slaying a dragon, and is the patron saint of England. Yet were they once "household gods" in the land. It is a curious speculation this of patron saints, and how every family and person had his own. There is a great fondness in this old personal attachment of his own angel to every man. That notion preceded Christianity, and was easily engrafted upon it: and the angel that attended from the birth was but supplanted by some holy dead whom the Church canonised. And a corrupt church humoured the superstition, and attached miracles to relics; and thus, as of old, these came, in latter times, to be "gods many." And what were these but over again the thirty thousand deities who, Hesiod said, inhabited the earth, and were guardians of men? Yet, it must be confessed, there has been a popular purification of them. They are not the panders to vice that infested the morals of the heathen world.

But how came the heathen world by them? Did they invent, or where find them? And how came their characteristics to be so universal, in all countries differing rather in name than personality? The most intellectually-gifted people under the sun, the ancient Greeks, give nowhere any rational account how they came by the gods they worshipped. They take them as personifications from their poets. There is the theogony of Hesiod, and the gods as Homer paints them. They have called forth the glory of art; and wonderful were the periods that stamped on earth their statues, as if all men's intellect had been tasked to the work, that they should leave a mark and memorial of beauty than which no age hereafter should show a greater. We acknowledge the perfection in the remains that are left to us. Greek art still sways the mind of every country—all the world mistrusts every attempt in a contrary direction. The excellence of Greek sculpture is reflected back again upon Greek fable, the heathen mythology from which it was taken; and perhaps

a greater partiality is bestowed upon that than it deserves,—at least, we may say so in comparison with any other. We must be cautious how we take the excellence of art for the excellence of its subject. The Greeks were formed for art beyond every other people; had their creed been hideous—and indeed it was obscene—they would have adorned it with every beauty of ideal form. And this is worthy of note here, that their poetry in art was infinitely more beautiful than their written poetry. Their sculptors, and perhaps their painters, of whom we are not entitled to speak but by conjecture, and from the opinions formed by no bad judges of their day, did aim at the portraying a kind of divine humanity. If their sculptured deities have not a holy repose, they are singularly freed from display of human passions; whereas, in their poetry, it is rarely that even decent repose is allowed them; they are generally too active, without dignity, and without respect to the moral code of a not very scrupulous age. Yet have these very heathen gods, even as their historians the poets paint them—for it would disgrace them to speak of their biographers—a trace of a better origin than we can gather out of the whimsical theogony. There are some particulars in the heathen mythology that point to a visible track in the strange road of history. Much we know was had from Egypt; more, probably, came with the Cadmean letters from Phœnicia—a name including Palestine itself. Inventions went only to corruptions—the original of all creeds of divinity is from revelation. We may not be required to point out the direct road nor the resting-places of this "*santa casa*," holding all the gods of Greece, so beautiful in their personal portraiture, that we love to gaze with the feeling of Schiller, though their histories will not bear the scrutiny: but it will suffice to note some similitudes that cannot be accidental. Somehow or other, both the historic and prophetic writings of the Bible, or narratives from them, had reached Greece as well as other distant lands. The Greeks had, at a very early period, embodied in their myths even the personal characters as shown in those writings. Let us, for example, with-

out referring to their Zeus in a particular manner, find in the Hermes or Mercury of the Greeks the identity with Moses. What are the characteristics of both? If Moses descended from the Mount with the commands of God, and was emphatically God's messenger, so was Hermes the messenger from Olympus: his chief office was that of a messenger. If Moses is known as the slayer of the Egyptian, so is Hermes, (and so is he more frequently called in Homer.) *Αργεσφόρος*, the slayer of Argus, the overseer of a hundred eyes. Moses conducted through the wilderness to the Jordan those who died and reached not the promised land; nor did he pass the Jordan. So was Hermes the conductor of the dead, delivering them over to Charon, (and here note the resemblance of name with Aaron, the associate of Moses); nor was he to pass to the Elysian fields.

Then the rod, the serpents,—the Caduceus of Hermes, with the serpents twining round the rod. The appearance of Moses, and the shining from his head, as it is commonly figured, is again represented in the winged cap of Hermes. There are other minute circumstances, especially some noted in the hymn of Hermes, ascribed to Homer, which we forbear to enumerate, thinking the coincidences already mentioned are sufficiently striking.

Then, again, the idea of the serpent of the Greek mythology, whence did it come, and the slaying of it by the son of Zeus—and its very name, the Python, the serpent of corruption? And in that sense it has been carried down to this day as an emblem in Christian art. But, to go back a moment, this departure of the Israelites from Egypt, is there no notice of it in Homer? We think there is a hint which indicates a knowledge of at least a part of that history—the previous slavery, the being put to work, and the after-readiness of the Egyptians to be “spoiled.” Ulysses, giving a false account of himself, if we remember rightly, to Eumæus, says he came from Egypt, where he had been a merchant, that the king of that country seized him and all his men, whom he put to work, but that at length he found favour, and was allowed to depart with his people;

adding that he collected much property from the people of Egypt, “for all of them gave.”

“Πολλὰ σπασα,
Κρήμα' ἀπ' Αἰγυπτίου ἄνθρωπος, διδοσαν
γὰρ ἄνθρωποις.”

We do not mean to lay any great stress upon this quotation, and but think at least that it shows a characteristic of the Egyptians as narrated by Moses; and never having met with any allusion to it, nor indeed to our parallel between Moses and Hermes, which it may seem to support, we have thought it worthy this brief notice.

We fancy we trace the history of the cause of the fall of man, in the eating of the pomegranate seed which doomed Proserpine to half an existence in the infernal regions. Can there be anything more striking than the Prometheus Bound of Æschylus? Whence could such a notion come, that a man-god would, for his love to mankind, (for bringing down fire from heaven,) suffer agonies, nailed not upon a cross indeed, but on a rock, and, in the description, crucified? “It is, after a manner,” says Mr Swayne, who has with great power translated this strange play of Æschylus, “a Christian poem by a pagan author, foreshadowing the opposition and reconciliation of Divine justice and Divine love. Whence the sublime conception of the subject of this drama could have been obtained, it is useless to speculate. Some even suppose that its author must have been acquainted with the old Hebrew prophets.”

Even the introduction of Io in the tale is suggestive—the virgin-mother who was so strangely to conceive (and this too given in a prophecy) miraculously.

“Jove at length shall give thee back thy mind,
With one light touch of his unquailing hand,
And, from that fertilising touch, a son
Shall call thee mother.”

Her whom Prometheus thus addresses,—

“In that the son shall overmatch the sire.”
—“Of thine own stem the strong one shall be born.”

Then again Sampson passes into the Egyptian or Tyrian Hercules, to lose his life by another Dallah in Dejanaira. Whence the prophetic Sybils, whence and what the Eleusinian mysteries? and that strange glimpse of them in

the significant passage of the Alcestis, where she restored from the dead must abstain from speech till the third day—the duration of her consecration to Hades!

“Ὀὐκ ἴδμεν σοὶ τῆσδε προσφαστημάτων,
Κλύειν, πρὶν ἂν θεοὶσι τοῖσι κερτέροισι
Διφαρίσθῃται, καὶ τρίτῃν μῶλῃ φάσῃ.”

We might enter largely into the mysteries of heathen mythology, and discover strange coincidences and resemblances, but it would take us too wide from our present subject. Our present purpose is to show that we are apt to attribute too much to the Grecian fable, when we ascribe to it all the beauty which Grecian art has elaborated from it. For, in fact, the origin of that fabulous poetry is beyond them in far-off time; and by them how corrupted, shorn of its real grandeur, and at once magnificent and lovely beauty! How much more, then, is it ours than theirs, as it is deducible from that high revelation which is part of the Christian religion. We overlook, in the excellence of Grecian art, the far better materials for all art, which we in our religion possess, and have ever possessed. With the Greeks it was an instinct to love the beautiful, sensual and intellectual: it was a part of their nature to discover it or to create it. They would have fabricated it out of any materials; and deteriorated, indeed, were those which came to their hands. And even this excess of their love, at least in their poets, made the sensuous to overcome the intellectual; but the far higher than intellectual—the celestial, the spiritual—they had not: their highest reach in the moral sense was a sublime pride: they had no conception of a sublime humility. Their highest divinity was how much lower than the lowest order of angels that wait around the heavenly throne and adore,—low as is their Olympus, where they placed their Zeus and all his band, to the Christian “heaven of heavens,” which yet cannot contain the universal Maker. It is bad taste, indeed, in us, as some do, to give them the palm of the possession of a better field—poetic field for the exercise of art. “Christian and Legendary art” has a principle which no other art could have, and which theirs certainly had not; they were sensuous from a

necessity of their nature, lacking this principle. We ought to ascribe all which they have left us to their skill, their genius: wonderful it was, and wonderful things did it perform; but, after all, we admire more than we love. Their divine was but a grand and stern repose; their loveliness, but the perfection of the human form. And so great were they in this their genius, that the monuments of heathen art are beyond the heathen creed; for in those the unsensuous prevailed.

Let us suppose the gift of their genius to have been delayed to the Christian era—as poetical subjects, their whole mythology would have been set aside for a far better adoption; and we should be now universally acknowledging how lovely and how great, how full and bountiful, for poetry and for art, are the ever-flowing fountains, gushing in life, giving exuberance from that high source, to the sight of which Pindus cannot lift its head, nor show its poor Castalian rills. The “gods of Greece,” the far-famed “gods of Greece,” what are they to the hierarchy of heaven—angels and archangels, and all the host—powers, dominions, hailing the admission to the blissful regions of saints spiritualised, and after death to die no more—glorified? What loveliness is like that of throned chastity? Graces and Muses in their perfectness of marbled beauty—what are they to faith, hope, and charity, and the veiled virtues that like our angels shroud themselves? When these became subjects for our Christian art, then was true expression first invented in drapery. “Christian and legendary art” is not denied the nude; but no other has so made drapery a living, speaking poetry. There is a dignity, a grace, a sweetness, in the drapery of mediæval sculpture, that equally commands our admiration, and more our reverence and our love, than ancient statues, draped or nude. And this is the expression of Scripture poetry—the represented language, the “clothing with power,” the “garment of righteousness.” We often loiter about our old cathedrals, and look up with wonder at the mutilated remains as a new type of beauty, beaming through the obscurity of the so-called dark ages. Lovers of art, as we profess to be, in all its forms, we profess with-

out hesitation that we would not exchange these—that is, lose them as never to have existed—for all that Grecian art has left us. Even now, what power have we to restore these specimens of expressive workmanship, broken and mutilated as they have been by a low and misbegotten zeal? We maintain further, generally, that the works of “Christian and legendary art,” in painting, sculpture, and architecture, are as infinitely superior to the works of all Grecian antiquity, as is the source of their inspiration higher and purer: we are, too, astonished at the perfect agreement of the one with the other, showing one mind, one spirit—devotion. We strongly insist upon this, that there has been a far higher character and equal power in Christian art compared with heathen. It ought to be so, and it is so. It has been too long set aside in the world’s opinion (often temporary and ill-formed) to establish the inferior. This country, in particular, has yielded a cold neglect of these beautiful things, in shameful and indolent compliance with the mean, tasteless, degrading Puritanism, that mutilated and would have destroyed them utterly if it could, as it would have treated every and all the beautiful.

Even at the first rise of this Christian art, the superiority of the principle which moved the artists was visible through their defect of knowledge of art, as art. The devotional spirit is evident; a sense of purity, that spiritualised humanity with its heavenly brightness, dims the imperfections of style, casting out of observation minor and uncouth parts. Often, in the incongruous presence of things vulgar in detail of habit and manners, an angelic sentiment stands embodied, pure and untouched, as if the artist, when he came to that, felt holy ground, and took his shoes from off his feet. It was not long before the art was equal to the whole work. There are productions of even an early time that are yet unequalled, and, for power over the heart and the judgment, are much above comparison with any preceding works of boasted antiquity.

Take only the full embodying of an angelic nature: what is there like to it out of Christian art? How unlike the cold personifications of “Victories” winged,—though even these

were borrowed,—are the ministering and adoring angels of our art—now bringing celestial paradise down to saints on earth, and now accompanying them, and worshipping with them, in their upward way, amid the receding and glorious clouds of heaven! Look at the sepulchral monuments of Grecian art—the frigid mysteries, the abhorrent ghost, yet too corporeal, shrinking from Lethé; and the dismal boat—the unpromising, unpitiful aspect of Charon: then turn to some of the sublime Christian monuments of art, that speak so differently of that death—the Coronation of the Virgin, the Ascension of Saints. The dismal and the doleful earth has vanished—choirs of angels rush to welcome and to support the beatified, the released: death is no more, but life breathing no atmosphere of earth, but all freshness, and all joy, and all music; the now changed body glowing, like an increasing light, into its spirituality of form and beauty, and thrilling with

“That undisturbed song of pure consent,
Aye sung before the sapphire-colour’d throne
To Him that sits thereon;
With saintly shout and solemn jubilee,
Where the bright seraphim, in burning row,
Their loud uplifted angel-trumpets blow;
And the cherubic host, in thousand choirs,
Touch their immortal harps of golden wires,
With those just spirits that wear victorious
palms,
Hymns devout and holy psalms
Singing everlastingly.”

Then shall we doubt, and not dare to pronounce the superior capabilities of Christian art, arising out of its subject—poetry? We prefer, as a great poetic conception, Raffaele’s Archangel, Michael, with his victorious foot upon his prostrate adversary, to the far-famed Apollo Belvidere, who has slain his Python; and his St Margaret, in her sweet, her innocent, and clothed grace, to that perfect model of woman’s form, the Venus de Medici. Not that we venture a careless or misgiving thought of the perfectness of those great antique works: their perfectness was according to their purpose. Higher purposes make a higher perfectness. Nor would we have them viewed irreverently; for even in them, and the genius that produced them, the Creator, as in “times past, left not Himself without witness.” In showing forth

the glory of the human form, they show forth the glory of Him who made it—who is thus glorified in the witnesses; and so we accept and love them. But to a certain degree they must stand dethroned—their influence faded. Lowly unassuming virtues—virtues of the soul, far greater in their humility, in the sacred poetry of our Christian faith, shine like stars, even in their smallness, on the dark night of our humanity; and they are to take their places in the celestial of art; and we feel that it is His will, who, as the hymn of the blessed Virgin—that type of all these united virtues—declares, “hath put down the mighty from their seat, and hath exalted the humble and meek.”

We trust yet to see sacred art resumed; for the more we consider its poetry, the more inexhaustible appears the mine. Nor do we require to search and gather in the field of fabulous legends; though in a poetic view, and for their intention, and resumed merely as a fabulous allegory, they are not to be set aside. But sure we are that, whatever can move the heart, can excite to the greatest degree our pity, our love, or convey the greatest delight through scenes for which the term beautiful is but a poor describer, and personages for whose magnificence languages have no name—all is within the volume and the history of our suffering and triumphant religion.

Would that we could stir but one of our painters to this, which should be his great business! Genius is bestowed for no selfish gratification, but for service, and for a “witness,” to bear which let the gifted offer only a willing heart, and his lamp will not be suffered to go out for lack of oil. Why is the tenderness of Mr Eastlake’s pencil in abeyance? That portion of the sacred history which commences with his “Christ weeping over Jerusalem,” might well be continued in a series. Even still more power has he shown in the creative and symbolic, as exemplified in his poetic conception of Virtue from Milton—

“She can teach you how to climb
Higher than the spheræ chime;
Or if Virtue feeble were,
Heaven itself would stoop to her.”

If we believe genius to be an in-

spiring spirit, we may contemplate it hereafter as an accusing angel. With such a paradise of subjects before them, why do so many of our painters run to the kennel and the stable, or plunge their pencils into the gaudy hues of meretricious enticement? We do verily believe that the world is waiting for better things. It is taking a greater interest in higher subjects, and those of a pure sentiment. It is that our artists are behind the feeling, and not, as they should be, in the advance. It is a great fact that there is such a growing feeling. The resumption of sacred art in Germany is not without its effect, and is making its way here in prints. Most of these are from the Aller Heiligen Kapelle at Munich, the result of the taste of at least one crowned head in Europe, who, with more limited means and power, has set an example of a better patronage, which would have well become Courts of greater splendour, and more imperial influence. Must it be asked what our own artists—the Academy, with all its staff—are doing?

We must stay our hand; for we took up the pen to notice the two volumes just published of Mrs Jameson’s *Sacred and Legendary Art*. They have excited, in the reading, an enthusiastic pleasure, and led the fancy wandering in the delightful fields sanctified by heavenly sunshine, and trod by sainted feet; and, like a traveller in a desert, having found an oasis, we feel loath to leave it, and would fain linger and drink again of its refreshing springs. These volumes have reached us most seasonably, at a period of the year when the mind is more especially directed to contemplate the main subjects of which they treat, and to anticipate only by days the vision of joy and glory which will be scripturally put before us—to see the Virgin Mother and the Holy Babe—

“And all about the courtly stable,
Bright harness’d angels sit in order serviceable.”

Mrs Jameson disclaims in this work any other object than the poetry of Sacred and Legendary Art; and to enable those who are, or wish to be, conversant with the innumerable productions of Italian and other schools, in an artistic view, likewise

at once to know the subjects upon which they treat. Even as a handbook, therefore, these volumes are valuable. Much of the early painting was symbolical. Ignorance of the symbols rejects the sentiment, or at least the intention, and at the same time makes what is only quaint appear absurd.

"The first volume contains the legends of the Scripture personages, and the primitive fathers. The second volume contains those sainted personages who lived, or are supposed to have lived, in the first ages of Christianity, and whose real history, founded on fact or tradition, has been so disguised by poetical embroidery, that they have in some sort the air of ideal beings." Possibly this poetical disguise is favourable upon the whole to art, but it renders a key necessary, and that Mrs Jameson has supplied—not pretending, however, to more than a selection of the most interesting; and, what is extremely valuable, there are marginal references to pictures, and in what places they are to be met with, and by whom painted, of the subjects given in the text, and of the view the artists had in so painting them. The emblems are amply noted with their meanings; and even the significance of colours, which has been so commonly overlooked, and is yet so important for the comprehension of the full subject of a picture, is clearly laid down. It is well said:

"All the productions of art, from the time it has been directed and developed by the Christian influences, may be regarded under three different aspects:—1st, The purely religious aspect, which belongs to one mode of faith; 2d, The poetical aspect, which belongs to all; 3d, The artistic, which is the individual point of view, and has reference only to the action of the intellect on the means and material employed. There is a pleasure, an intense pleasure, merely in the consideration of art, as art; in the facilities of comparison and nice discrimination brought to bear on objects of beauty; in the exercise of a cultivated and refined taste on the productions of mind in any form whatever. But a thousandfold, or rather a thousandfold, pleasure is theirs, who to a sense of the poetical unite a sympathy with the spiritual in art, and who combine with a delicacy of perceptual knowledge, more elements of pleasure, more variety of habits of more excursive

thought. Let none imagine, however, that in placing before the uninitiated these unpretending volumes, I assume any such superiority as is here implied. Like a child that has sprang on a little way before its playmates, and caught a glimpse through an opening portal of some varied Eden within, all gay with flowers, and musical with birds, and haunted by divine shapes which beckon forward, and, after one rapturous survey, runs back and catches its companions by the hand, and hurries them forwards to share the new-found pleasure, the yet unexplored region of delight: even so it is with me: I am on the outside, not the inside, of the door I open."

This is a happy introduction to that which immediately follows of angels and archangels.

Mrs Jameson has so managed to open the door as to frame in her subject to the best advantage; and the reader is willing to stand for a moment with her to gaze upon the inward brightness of the garden, ere he ventures in to see what is around and what is above. It is on the first downward step that we stand breathless with Aladdin, and feel the influence of the first—the partial and framed-in picture—glowing in the un-earthly illumination of its magical creation.

There is nothing more interesting than these few pages upon angels. The information we receive is very curious. It is beautiful poetry to see orders, and degrees, and ministrations various, types of an embodied, a ministering church here, and ordained, together with the saints of earth, to make one glorified triumphant church hereafter. Without entering upon the theological question, as to the extension and mystification of the ideas of angels after the Captivity, (yet we think it might be shown that there was originally no Chaldaic belief on the subject not taken, first or last, from the Jews themselves,) it may not be unworthy of remark, that the word "angel," signifying messenger, could scarcely with propriety have been at the first applied to Satan, the deceiving serpent, until, in the after-development of the history of the human race, the ministering offices gave the general title, which, when established, included all who had not "kept their first estate." Nor do we think, with Mrs Jameson, that Chaldaea

had anything to do with the introduction of the worship of angels into the Christian church. The "gods many" of the heathen countries in which Christianity established itself, will sufficiently account for the readiness of the people to transfer the multifarious worship to which they had been accustomed to names more suitable to the new religion. It is with the poetical development we have here to do; and what ground is there for that full development in the New Testament, wherein they are represented as "countless—as superior to all human wants and weaknesses—as deputed messengers of God? They rejoice over the repentant sinner; they take deep interest in the mission of Christ; they are present with those who pray; they bear the souls of the just to heaven; they minister to Christ on earth, and will be present at his second coming." From such authority, from such a sacred theatre of scenes and celestial personages, arose the beautiful, the magnificent visions of the workers of sacred art. Heresy, however, reached it, as might have been expected; and the agency of angels, in the creation of the world and of man, has been represented, to the deterioration of its great poetry. From the beginning of the fourteenth century, a great change seems to have taken place in the representation of the angel with reference to the Virgin: the feeling is changed; "the veneration paid to the Virgin demanded another treatment. She becomes not merely the principal person, but the superior being; she is the 'regina angelorum,' and the angel bows to her, or kneels before her, as to a queen. Thus, in the famous altarpiece at Cologne, the angel kneels; he bears the sceptre, and also a sealed roll, as if he were a celestial ambassador delivering his credentials. About the same period we sometimes see the angel merely with his hands folded over his breast, and his head inclined, delivering his message as if to a superior being."

It is a great merit in this work of Mrs Jameson's, that we are not only referred to the most curious and to the best specimens of art, but have likewise beautiful woodcuts, and some etchings admirably executed by Mrs Jameson's own hand in illustra-

tion. There is a greatness in the simplicity of Blake's angels: "The morning stars sang together, and all the sons of God shouted for joy." Poor Blake! Yet why say poor? he was happy in his visions—a little before his time, and one of whom the world (of art) in his day were not worthy: though, with a wild extravagance of fancy, his creations were his faith, often great, and always gentle. Exquisitely beautiful are the "angels of the planets" from Raffaello, and copied by Mrs Jameson from Gruner's engravings of the frescoes of the Capella Chigiana. That great painter of mystery, Rembrandt, whom the mere lovers of form would have mistakenly thought it a profanation to commission with an angelic subject, is justly appreciated. A perfect master of light, and of darkness, and of colour, it mattered not what were the forms, so that they were unearthly, that plunged into or broke through his luminous or opaque. Of the picture in the Louvre it is thus remarked: "Miraculous for true and spirited expression, and for the action of the soaring angel, who parts the clouds and strikes through the air like a strong swimmer through the waves of the sea." Strange—but so it is—we cannot conceive an alteration of his pictures, all parts so agree. Attention to the more beautiful in form would have appeared to him a mistrust in his great gift of colour and chiaroscuro; and, stranger still, that without, and seemingly in a marked defiance of mere beauty, he is, we would almost say never, vulgar, never misses the intended sentiment, nor fails where it is of tenderness, even of feminine tenderness, for which, if he does not give beauty, he gives its equivalent in the fulness of the feeling. We instance his Salutation—Elizabeth and the Virgin Mary. There is something terrifically grand in the crouching angel in the Campo Santo,—not in the form, nor in the face, which is mostly hid, but in the conception of the attitude of horror with which he beholds the awful scene. It is from the Last Judgment of Orcagna in the Campo Santo. We must not speak of Rubens as a painter of angels; and, for real angelic expression, perhaps the earlier painters are the best. It is surprising that Mrs Jame-

son, from whose refined taste, and from whose sense of the beautiful and the graceful in their highest qualities, we should have expected another judgment, could have ventured to name together Raffaele and Murillo as angel painters. It is true, in speaking of the Visit to Abraham, she admits that the painter has set aside the angelic and mystic character, and merely represented three young men travellers; but she generally, throughout these volumes, speaks of that favourite Spaniard in terms of the highest admiration,—terms, as we think, little merited. The angels in the Sutherland Collection are as vulgar figures as can well be, and quite antagonistic in feeling to a heavenly mission. We confess that we dislike almost all the pictures by this so much esteemed master: their artistic manner is to us uncertain and unpleasing,—disagreeable in colour, deficient in grace. We often wonder at the excess of present admiration. We look upon his vulgarity in scriptural subjects as quite profane. His highest power was in a peasant gentleness; he could not embody a sacred feeling: yet thus is he praised for a performance beyond his power:—"St Andrew is suspended on the high cross, formed not of planks, but of the trunks of trees laid transversely. He is bound with cords, undraped, except by a linen cloth, his silver hair and beard loosely streaming on the air, his aged countenance illuminated by a heavenly transport, as he looks up to the opening skies, whence two angels, of really celestial beauty, like almost all Murillo's angels, descend with the crown and palm." The angels of Correggio are certainly peculiar: they are not quite celestial, but perhaps are sympathetically more lovely from their touch of humanity; they are ever pure. Those in the Ascension of the Virgin, in the Cupola at Parma, seem to be rather adopted angels than of the "first estate;" for they are of several ages, and, if we mistake not, many of them are feminine, and, we suspect, are meant really to represent the loveliest of earth beatified, adopted into the heavenly choir. Those who have seen Signor Toschi's fine drawings of the Parma frescoes, (now in progress of engraving), will readily give assent to this impression.

We remember this feeling crossing our mind, and as it were lightly touching the heart with angelic wings—if we have lost a daughter of that sweet age, let us fondly see her there. We cannot forbear quoting the passage upon the angels of Titian:—"And Titian's angels impress me in a similar manner: I mean those in the glorious Assumption at Venice, with their childish forms and features, but an expression caught from beholding the face of 'our Father which is in heaven:' it is glorified infancy. I remember standing before this picture, contemplating those lovely spirits one after another, until a thrill came over me, like that which I felt when Mendelssohn played the organ: I became music while I listened. The face of one of those angels is to the face of a child, just what that of the Virgin, in the same picture, is, compared with the fairest daughter of earth. It is not here superiority of beauty, but mind, and music, and love, kneaded together, as it were, into form and colour." This is very eloquent, but it was not *the thought* which supplied that ill word "kneaded."

It is remarked by Mrs Jameson, as a singular fact, that neither Leonardo da Vinci, nor Michael Angelo, nor Raffaele, have given representations of the Four Evangelists. In very early art they are mostly symbolised, and sometimes oddly and uncouthly; and even so by Angelico da Fiesole. In Greek art, the Tetramorph, or union of the four attributes in one figure, is seen winged. "The Tetramorph, in Western art, in some instances became monstrous, instead of mystic and poetical." The animal symbols of the Evangelists, however familiarised in the eyes of the people, and therefore sanctioned to their feeling, required the greatest judgment to bring within the poetic of art. We must look also to the most mysterious subjects for the elucidation, such as Raffaele's Vision of Ezekiel. There we view in the symbols a great prophetic, subservient to the creating and redeeming power, set forth and coming out of that blaze of the clouds of heaven that surround the sublime Majesty.

The earlier painters were fond of representing everything symbolically: hence the twelve apostles are so

treated. In the descending scale, to the naturalists, the mystic poetry was reduced to its lowest element. The set of the apostles by Agostino Caracci, though, as Mrs Jameson observes, famous as works of art, are condemned as absolutely vulgar. "St John is drinking out of a cup, an idea which might strike some people as picturesque, but it is in vile taste. It is about the eighth century that the keys first appear in the hand of St Peter. In the old churches at Ravenna, it is remarked, St Peter and St Paul do not often appear." Ravenna, in the fifth century, did not look to Rome for her saints.

After his martyrdom, St Paul was, it is said, buried in the spot where was erected the magnificent church known as *St Paolo fuori-le mura*. "I saw the church a few months before it was consumed by fire in 1823. I saw it again in 1847, when the restoration was far advanced. Its cold magnificence, compared with the impressions left by the former structure, rich with inestimable remains of ancient art, and venerable from a thousand associations, saddened and chilled me." We well remember visiting this noble church in 1816. A singular coincidence of fact and prophecy has imprinted this visit on our memory. Those who have seen it before it was burnt down, must remember the series of portraits of popes, and that there was room but for one more. We looked to the vacant place, as directed by our cicerone, whilst he told us that there was a prophecy concerning it to this effect, that when that space was filled up there would be no more popes. The prophecy was fulfilled, at least with regard to that church, for it was burnt down after that vacant space had been occupied by the papal portrait.

The subject of the Last Supper is treated of in a separate chapter. There has been a fresco lately discovered at Florence, in the refectory of Saint Onofrio, said to have been painted by Raffaele in his twenty-third year. Some have thought it to be the work of Neri de Bicci. Mrs Jameson, without hesitation, pronounces it to be by Raffaele, "full of sentiment and grace, but deficient, it appears to me, in that depth and discrimination of character displayed

in his later works. It is evident that he had studied Giotto's fresco in the neighbouring Santa Croce. The arrangement is nearly the same." All the apostles have glories, but that round the head of Judas is smaller than the others. Does the prejudice against thirteen at table arise from this betrayal by Judas, or from the legend of St Gregory, who, when a monk in the monastery of St Andrew, was so charitable, that at length, having nothing else to bestow, he gave to an old beggar a silver porringer which had belonged to his mother? When pope, it was his custom to entertain twelve poor men. On one occasion he observed thirteen, and remonstrated with his steward, who, counting the guests, could see no more than twelve. After removal from the table, St Gregory called the unbidden guest, thus visible, like the ghost of Banquo, to the master of the feast only. The old man, on being questioned, declared himself to be the old beggar to whom the silver porringer had been given, adding, "But my name is Wonderful, and through me thou shalt obtain whatever thou shalt ask of God." There is a famous fresco on this subject by Paul Veronese, in which the stranger is represented to be our Saviour. To entertain even angels unknowingly, and at convivial entertainments, and visible perhaps but to one, as a messenger of good or of evil, would be little congenial with the purport of such meetings.

Mrs Jameson objects to the introduction of dogs in such a subject as the Last Supper, but remarks that it is supposed to show that the supper is over, and the paschal lamb eaten. It is so common that we should rather refer it to a more evident and more important signification, to show that this institution was not for the Jews only, and alluding to the passage showing that "dogs eat of the crumbs which fell from their masters' table." The large dogs, however, of Paul Veronese, gnawing bones, do not with propriety represent the passage; for there is reason to believe that the word "crumbs" describes the small pet dogs, which it was the fashion for the rich to carry about with them. The early painters introduced Satan in person tempting Judas. When Baroccio, with little

taste, adopted the same treatment, the pope, Clément VIII., ordered the figure to be obliterated—"Che non gli piaceva il demonio sì domesticasse tanto con Gesu Christo." We know not where Mrs Jameson has found the anecdote which relates that Andrea del Castagno, called the Infamous, after he had assassinated Dominico his friend, who had intrusted him with Van Eyck's secret, painted his own portrait in the character of Judas, from remorse of conscience. We are not sure of the story at all respecting Andrea del Castagno: there may be other grounds for doubting it, but this anecdote, if true to the fact, would rather indicate insanity than guilt. The farther we advance in the history and practice of art, the more we find it suffering in sentiment from the infusion of the classical. In the Pitti Palace is a picture by Vasari of St Jerome as a penitent, in which he has introduced Venus and cupids, one of whom is taking aim at the saint. It is true that, as we proceed, legends crowd in upon us, and the painters find rather scope for fancy than subjects for faith and resting-places for devotion. Art, ever fond of female forms, readily seized upon the legends of Mary Magdalene. Her penitence has ever been a favourite subject, and has given opportunity for the introduction of grand landscape backgrounds in the lonely solitudes and wildernesses of a rocky desert. The individuality of the characters of Mary and Martha in Scripture history was too striking not to be taken advantage of by painters. There is a legend of an Egyptian penitent Mary, anterior to that of Mary Magdalene, which is curious. Whether this was another Mary or not, she is represented as a female anchoress; and we are reminded thereby of the double story of Helen of Troy, whom a real or fabulous history has deposited in Egypt, while the great poet of the *Iliad* has introduced her as so visible and palpable an agent in the Trojan war, and not without a touch of penitence, not quite characteristic of that age. Accounts say that it was her double, or eidolon, which figured at Troy.

Mrs Jameson makes a good comment with regard to the famous Leonardo da Vinci, known

as Modesty and Vanity, and that it is Mary Magdalene rebuked by her sister Martha for vanity and luxury, which exactly corresponds with the legend respecting her. We cannot forbear quoting the following eloquent passage:—

"On reviewing generally the infinite variety which has been given to these favourite subjects, the life and penance of the Magdalene, I must end where I began. In how few instances has the result been satisfactory to mind, or heart, or soul, or sense! Many have well represented the particular situation, the appropriate sentiment, the sorrow, the hope, the devotion; but who has given us the character? A noble creature, with strong sympathies and a strong will, with powerful faculties of every kind, working for good or evil. Such a woman Mary Magdalene must have been, even in her humiliation; and the feeble, girlish, commonplace, and even vulgar women, who appear to have been usually selected as models by the artists, turned into Magdalenes by throwing up their eyes and letting down their hair, ill represent the enthusiastic convert, or the majestic patroness!"

The second volume commences with the patron saints of Christendom. These were delightful fables in the credulous age of first youth, when feeling was a greater truth than fact; and we confess that we read these legends now with some regret at our abated faith, which we would not even "now have shaken in the chivalric characters of the seven champions of Christendom."

The Remish Church (we say not the Catholic, as Mrs Jameson so frequently improperly terms *her*) readily acted that part, to the people at large, which nurses assume for the amusement of their children; and in both cases, the more improbable the story the greater the fascination; and the people, like children, are more credulous than critical. Had we not known in our own times, and nearly at the present day, stories as absurd as any in these legends, gravely asserted, circulated, and credited, and maintained by men of responsible station and education—to instance only the garment of Treves—we should have pronounced the *œuvres légendaires* to have been a creation of the fancy, arising, not without their illumination, from the fogs and fens of the Middle Ages, adapted solely for

minds of that period. But the sanction of them by the Church of Rome leads us to view them as *ignis fatui* of another character, meant to amuse and to bewilder. We must even think it possible now for people to be brought to believe such a story as this:—"It is related that a certain man, who was afflicted with a cancer in his leg, went to perform his devotions in the church of St Cosmo and St Damian at Rome, and he prayed most earnestly that these beneficent saints would be pleased to aid him. When he had prayed, a deep sleep fell upon him. Then he beheld St Cosmo and St Damian, who stood beside him; and one carried a box of ointment, the other a sharp knife. And one said, 'What shall we do to replace this diseased leg, when we have cut it off?' And the other replied, 'There is a Moor who has been buried just now in San Pietro in Vincolo; let us take his leg for the purpose!' Then they brought the leg of the dead man, and with it they replaced the leg of the sick man—anointing it with celestial ointment, so that he remained whole. When he awoke, he almost doubted whether it could be himself; but his neighbours, seeing that he was healed, looked into the tomb of the Moor, and found that there had been an exchange of legs; and thus the truth of this great miracle was proved to all beholders." It is, however, rather a hazardous demand upon credulity to serve up again the feast of Thyestes, cooked in a caldron of even more miraculous efficacy than Medea's. Such is the stupendous power of St Nicholas:—"As he was travelling through his diocese, to visit and comfort his people, he lodged in the house of a certain host, who was a son of Satan. This man, in the scarcity of provisions, was accustomed to steal little children, whom he murdered, and served up their limbs as meat to his guests. On the arrival of the Bishop and his retinue, he had the audacity to serve up the dismembered limbs of these unhappy children before the man of God, who had no sooner cast his eyes on them than he was aware of the fraud. He reproached the host with his abominable crime; and, going to the tub where their remains were salted down, he made over them the sign of

the cross, and they rose up whole and well. The people who witnessed this great wonder were struck with astonishment; and the three children, who were the sons of a poor widow, were restored to their weeping mother."

But what shall we say to an entire new saint of a modern day, who has already found his way to Venice, Bologna, and Lombardy,—even to Tuscany and Paris, not only in pictures and statues, but even in chapels dedicated to her? The reader may be curious to know something of a saint of this century. In the year 1802 the skeleton of a young female was discovered in some excavations in the catacomb of Priscilla at Rome; the remains of an inscription were, "Lumena Pax Te Cum Tri." A priest in the train of a Neapolitan prelate, who was sent to congratulate Pius VII. on his return from France, begged some relics. The newly-discovered treasure was given to him, and the inscription thus translated—"Filomena, rest in peace." "Another priest, whose name is suppressed because of his great humility, was favoured by a vision in the broad noon-day, in which he beheld the glorious virgin Filomena, who was pleased to reveal to him that she had suffered death for preferring the Christian faith, and her vow of chastity, to the addresses of the emperor, who wished to make her his wife. This vision leaving much of her history obscure, a certain young artist, whose name is also suppressed—perhaps because of his great humility—was informed in a vision that the emperor alluded to was Diocletian; and at the same time the torments and persecutions suffered by the Christian virgin Filomena, as well as her wonderful constancy, were also revealed to him. There were some difficulties in the way of the Emperor Diocletian, which inclines the writer of the *historical* account to adopt the opinion that the young artist in his vision may have made a mistake, and that the emperor may have been his colleague, Maximian. The facts, however, now admitted of no doubt; and the relics were carried by the priest Francesco da Lucia to Naples; they were inclosed in a case of wood, resembling in form the human body.

This figure was habited in a petticoat of white satin, and over it a crimson tunic, after the Greek fashion; the face was painted to represent nature; a garland of flowers was placed on the head, and in the hands a lily and a javelin—with the point reversed, to express her purity and her martyrdom; then she was laid in a half sitting posture in a sarcophagus, of which the sides were glass; and after lying for some time in state, in the chapel of the Torres family in the Church of Saint Angiolo, she was carried in procession to Magnano, a little town about twenty miles from Naples, amid the acclamations of the people, working many and surprising miracles by the way. Such is the legend of St. Filomena, and such the authority on which she has become, within the last twenty years, one of the most fashionable saints in Italy. Jewels to the value of many thousand crowns have been offered at her shrine, and solemnly placed round the neck of her image, or suspended to her girdle."

We dare not in candour charge the Romanists with being the only fabricators or receivers of such goods, remembering our own Saint Joanna, and Huntingdon's Autobiography. There are *aurea legenda* in a certain class of our sectarian literature, presenting a large list of claimants of very high pretensions to saintship, only waiting for power and an established authority to be canonised.

It is not surprising, as the world is—working often in the dark places of ignorance—if a few glossy threads of a coarser material, and deteriorating quality, be taken up by no wilful mistake, and be interwoven into the true golden tissue. Nevertheless the mantle may be still beautiful, and fit a Christian to wear and walk in not unbecomingly. There are worse things than religious superstition, whose badness is of degrees. In the minds of all nations and people there is a vacuum for the craving appetite of credulity to fill. The great interests of life lie in politics and religion. There are bigots in both: but we look upon a little superstition on the one point as far safer than upon the other, especially in modern times; whereas political bigotry, however often duped, is credulous still, and becomes hating

and ferocious. We fear even the legends are losing their authority in the Roman States, whose history may yet have to be filled with far worse tales. A generous, though we deem it a mistaken feeling, has induced Mrs Jameson to make what we would almost venture to call the only mistake in her volumes: the following passage is certainly not in good taste, quite out of the intention of her book, and very unfortunately timed—"But Peter is certainly the demeritocratical apostle *par excellence*, and his representative in our time seems to have awakened to a consciousness of this truth, and to have thrown himself—as St Peter would most certainly have done, were he living—on the side of the people and of freedom." A demeritocratical successor to St Peter! He is, then, the first of that character. With him the "side of freedom" seems to have been the inside of his prison, and his "side of the people" a precipitate flight from contact with them in their liberty—and for his tiara the disguise of a valet. We more than pardon Mrs Jameson—we love the virtue that gives rise to her error; for it is peculiarly the nature of woman to be credulous, and to be deceived. We admire, and more than admire, women equally well, whether they are right or wrong in politics: these are the business of men, for they have to do with the sword, and are out of the tenderer impulses of woman. But we are amused when we find grave strong men in the same predicament of ill conjectures. We smile as we remember a certain dedication "To Pio Nono," which by its simple grandeur and magnificent beauty will live *splendide mendax* to excuse its prophetic inaccuracy. It is not wise to foretell events to happen whilst we live. Take a "long range," or a studied ambiguity that will fit either way. The example of Dr Primrose may be followed with advantage, who in every case of domestic doubt and difficulty concluded the matter thus—"I wish it may turn out well this day six months;" by which, in his simple family, he attained the character of a true prophet.

We fear we are losing sight of the "Poetry of Sacred and Legendary Art," and gladly turn from the thought

of what is to be, to those beautiful personified ideas of the past, whether fabulous or historical, in which we are ready to take Mrs Jameson as our willing and sure guide. The four virgin patronesses and the female martyrs are favourite subjects, which she enters into with more than her usual spirit and feeling. These two have chiefly engaged and fascinated the genius of the painters of the best period, and will ever interest the world of taste by their sentiment, as well as by their grace of form and beauty, and why not say improved them too? The really beautiful is always true. It is not amiss that we should be continually reminded, or, as Mrs Jameson better expresses it—"It is not a thing to be set aside or forgotten, that generous men and meek women, strong in the strength, and elevated by the sacrifice of a Redeemer, did suffer, did endure, did triumph for the truth's sake; did leave us an example which ought to make our hearts glow within us." The memory of Christian heroism should never be lost sight of in a Christian country, and we earnestly recommend this part of Mrs Jameson's volumes to the attention of our painters: they will find not unfrequent instances of fine subjects yet untouched, which may sanctify art, and dignify the profession by making it the teacher of a purer taste—not that true genius will ever lack materials, for materials are but suggestive to an innate inventive power. It is curious that the authoress should not yet have satisfied our expectation with regard to the legends of the Virgin. Whatever the motive of her forbearance, we hope this subject will take the lead in the promised third volume, which is to treat of the legends of the monastic orders, considered, as she cautiously observes, "merely in their connexion with the development of the fine arts in the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries."

The numerous pictures in Italy which represent parts of the legends of the Virgin render this work incomplete without a full development of the subject. If her forbearance arises from a fear that at this particular time, when mariolatry is dreaded by a large portion of the religious world, we would remind her that the Virgin

Mother is still "the blessed" of our own church.

It is a question if the list of sainted martyrs in repute has not been left to the arbitrament of the painters; for we find many deposed, and the adopted favourites of art not found in the early list, as represented in their processions. We find a Saint Reparata, after having been the patroness saint of Florence for six hundred years, deposed, and the city placed under the tutelage of the Virgin and St John the Baptist.

Yet these were early times for the influence of art; but, at a period when pictures were thought to have a kind of miraculous power, it is not improbable that some potent work of art representing the Virgin and St John may have caused the new devotional dedication—as was the case in modern times, when the imaged Madonna de los Dolores was appointed general-in-chief of the Carlist army. Painters were what the poets had been—*Vates sacri*. Events and the memory of saints may have perished, *Carent quia vate sacro*. We wish our own painters were more fully sensible of the power of art to perpetuate, and that it is its province to teach. With us it has been too long disconnected with our religion. It will be a glorious day for art, and for the people that shall witness the reunion.

In taking leave of these two fascinating volumes, we do so with the less regret, knowing that they will be often in our hands, as most valuable for instant reference. No one who wishes to know the subjects and feel the sentiment of the finest works in the world, will think of going abroad without Mrs Jameson's book. We must again thank her for the beautiful woodcuts and etchings; the latter, in particular, are lightly and gracefully executed, we presume mostly (to speak technically) in dry point. Mrs Jameson writes as an enthusiast, her feeling flows from her pen. Her style is fascinating to a degree, forcible and graceful; but there is no mistaking its character—feminine. We know no other hand that could so happily have set forth the *Poetry of Sacred and Legendary Art*.

AMERICAN THOUGHTS ON EUROPEAN REVOLUTIONS.

BOSTON, December 1848.

THE YEAR OF CONSTITUTIONS is drawing to its end, to be succeeded, I doubt not, by the Year of Substitutions. I am sorry, my Basil, that you do not quite agree with me as to the issue of all this in France; but I am sure you will not dispute my opinion that this year's work is good for nothing, so far as it has attempted construction, instead of fulfilling its mission by overthrow. Its great folly has been the constitution-fever, which has amounted to a pestilence. When mushrooms grow to be oaks, then shall such constitutions as this year has bred, stand a chance of outliving their authors. Will men learn nothing from the past? How can they act over such rotten farces,—make themselves such fools!

You admit the difference, which I endeavoured to show you, between the American constitution and that of any conceivable constitution which may be cooked up for an old European state. I am glad if I have directed your attention, accordingly, to the great mistake of France. She supposes that a feeble and debauched old gentleman can boil himself in the revolutionary kettle, and emerge in all the tender and enviable freshness of the babe just severed from the maternal mould. Politicians have committed a blunder in not allowing the natural, and hence legitimate, origin of the American constitution in that of its British parent. They have thus favoured the theory that a tolerably permanent constitution can be drafted *a priori*, and imposed upon a state. This is the absurdity that makes revolutions. If the silly French, instead of reading De Tocqueville, would study each for himself the history of our constitution, and see how gradually it grew to be our constitution, before pen was put to paper to draft it, they might perhaps stop their abortive nonsense in time, to save what they can of their national character from the eternal contempt of mankind.

But you cannot think the French will find so fair a destiny as a Resto-

ration! Tell me, in what French party, at present existing, there is any inherent strength, save in that of the legitimists? Other parties are mere factions; but the legitimists have got a seminal principle among them, which dies very hard, and of which the nature is to sprout and make roots, and then show itself. I am no admirer of the Bourbons: their intrigues with Jesuitism have been their curse, and are the worst obstacle to their regaining a hold on the sympathies of freemen. The reactionary party have in vain endeavoured to overcome it for fifty years. Yet there is such tenacity of life in legitimacy, that it seems to me destined to outlive all opposition, and to succeed by necessity. The rapid developments of this memorable year strengthen the probability of my prediction. Revolutionism is spasmodic, but not so long in dying as it used to be. I cannot but think this year has done more for a permanent restoration of the Bourbons than any year since Louis XVI. ascended the scaffold. In this respect the Barricades of 1848 may tell more impressively on history than the Allies of 1814, or even the carnage of Waterloo.

Why should I be ashamed of my theory, when everything, so far, has gone as I supposed it would, only a hundred times more rapidly than any body could have thought possible? What must be the residue of a series which thus far has tended but one way?—what say you of the Bartholomew-butchery in June?—what of Lamartine's fall?—what of the dictatorship of Cavaignac? If things have gone as seems probable, Louis Napoleon is president of the republic. If so, what is the instinct which has thus called him into power? The hereditary principle is abolished on paper, and instantly recognised by the first popular act done under the new constitution! But, for all we can tell in America, things may have taken another turn. Is Cavaignac elected? Then a military master is put over the republic, who can *Cromwellise* the

Assembly, and *Monk* the state, as soon as he chooses. The republic has given itself the form of a dictatorship, and demonstrated that it does not exist, except on paper. Has there been an insurrection? Then the republic is dead already. But I shall assume that Louis has succeeded: then it is virtually an hereditary empire. To be sure, instant has for once failed to know "the true prince,"—has accorded, to the mere shadow of a usurper, what, in a more substantial form, is due to the heir of France; but long-suspended animation must make a mistake or two in coming to life again. The events of the year have been all favourable to a restoration, because they have crushed a thousand other plans and plottings for the sovereignty, and because they must have forced upon at least as many theorists the grand practical conclusion, that there is to be no rational liberty in France until she returns to first principles, and finds the repose which old nations can only know under their legitimate kings.

I am ashamed of you for more than hinting that legitimacy must be given up, as far as kings are concerned. Alas! Diogenes must light his lantern, and hunt through England for a Tory! You are bewhigged, indeed, if you give it up that George III. was a legitimate king, and that his grand-daughter is to you what no other person alive can possibly be,—your true and hereditary sovereign lady! Must I, a republican, say this to an English monarchist, who votes himself a conservative, and who is the son of a sturdy old English Tory? Is there no virtue extant, that even you allow yourself to be flippant about "the divinity that hedges kings," and to trifle with suggestions which your immortal ancestor, who fell at Prestonpans, would have drummed out of doors with poker and tongs? Why, even I, who have a right to be whatever I choose, by way of amateur allegiance, and who have always found myself a Jacobite whenever the talk has been against the White Rose—even I, in sober earnest, yield the point, that George I. was a legitimate sovereign, and that Charlie was a bit of a rebel.

Those stupid Dutchmen! it makes me mad to say as much for them; but I love Old England too well to own that she bere with such sovereigns on any lower grounds than that of their right to reign.

I am sorry you give in to the silly cant of revolutionists, and confess yourself posed with their challenge. What if they do insist upon a definition? Are you bound to keep your heart from beating till you can tell why it throbs over a page of Shakspeare's Richard II., and bounces, in precisely an opposite manner, over Carlyle's Cromwell? Am I going to let a Whig choke me with a dictionary, because it contains no explanation of my good old-fashioned word? Let him, with his "Useful Knowledge Society" information, give me an explanation of the magnetic needle, or tell me why it turns to the pole, and not to the antipodes? The fellow will recollect some twopenny picture of the compass, and retail me half a column of the Penny Magazine about the mysteries of nature. And what if I talk as sensibly from nature in my own heart, and tell the stereotype philosopher that I am conscious of an ennobling affection, which honest men never lack, and which God Almighty has made a faculty of the human soul to dignify subordination; and that loyalty has no lode-star but legitimacy? At least, my dear Whigo-Tory, you must allow, I should succeed in answering a fool according to his folly. But I claim more: I have defined legitimacy when I say it is the home of loyalty.

I have amused myself during the summer with some study of the history of reaction in France, and flatter myself that I have discovered the secret of its failure, and the great distinction between its spirit and that of English Conservatism. But this by the way; for I was going to say that I have found, in the writings of one of the chief of the reactionary party, some very sensible hints upon the subject I am discussing with you. Though in many respects a dangerous teacher, and, I fear, a little jesuitical in practice as well as in theory, I have been surprised to find the Count de Maistre willing "to be as *his master*"—on this point, and to

rest legitimacy very nearly on the sober principles of Burke. He is far from the extravagances of Sir Robert Filmer, though he often expresses, in a startling form, the temperate views of English Anti-Jacobins. Thus he says, with evident relish of its smart severity, *the people will always accept their masters, and will never choose them.* Strongly and unpalatably put, but most coincident with history, and not to be disputed by any admirer of the glorious Revolution of 1688! I suspect the Frenchman made his aphorism without stopping to ask whether it suited any other case. But Burke has virtually said the same thing in his reply to the Old Jewry doctrine of 1789, in which he so forcibly urges the fact, that the settlement of the crown upon William and the Georges "was not properly a choice, . . . but an act of necessity, in the strictest moral sense in which necessity can be taken." Mary and the Hanoverians, then, were acknowledged by the nation, in spite of itself, as legitimate sovereigns; and even William was smuggled into the acknowledgment as *quasi-legitimate*. It is the clear, reasonable, and truly English doctrine of Burke, that *the constitution of a country makes its legitimate kings*; and that the princes of the House of Brunswick, coming to the crown according to constitutional law, at the date of their respective accessions, were as legitimate as King James before he broke his coronation oaths, and abdicated, *ipso facto*, his crown and hereditary rights. But De Maistre talks more like the schoolmen, though he comes to the same practical results. Constitutions, the native growth of their respective countries, he would argue, are the ordinance of God; and kings, though not the subjects of their people, are bound to do homage to them, as, in a sense, divine. Legitimacy, therefore, is the resultant of hereditary majesty and constitutional designation; it being always understood that constitutional laws are never written till after they become such by national necessities, which are divine providences. Apply this to 1688. The Bill of Rights was an unwritten part of the constitution even when James was crowned; and so was the principle, that the king

must not be a Papist, at least in the government of his realms. Such, if I may so speak, was the Salic law of England, by which his public and political Popery stripped him of his right to the throne. It was the same principle that invested the House of Brunswick with a legitimacy which the heart of the nation did not hesitate to recognise, in spite of unfeigned disgust with the prince in whom the succession was established. To throw the proposition into the abstract—there can be no legitimacy without hereditary majesty, but that member of a royal line is the legitimate king in whom concur all the elements of *constitutional designation*. If the phrase be new, the idea is as old as empire. I mean that constitutional power which, without reference to national choice or personal popularity, selects the true heir of the throne, among the descendants of its ancient possessors, on fixed principles of national law. Thus, in Portugal, the constitution sets aside an idiot heir-apparent for a cadet of the same family, or, if need be, for a collateral relative; while, in France, it proclaims the line of a king extinct in his female heir, and ascends, perhaps, to a remote ancestor for a trace of his rightful successor. It is a principle essentially the same which, in England, pronounces a Popish prince as devoid of hereditary right to the crown, as a bastard, or the child of a private marriage; and by which the hereditary blood, shut off from its natural course, immediately opens some auxiliary channel, and widens it into the main artery of succession, with all the precision of similar resources in physical nature. With such an argument, if I understand him, the Count de Maistre would put you to the blush for sneering *sub rosa* at the legitimacy of your Sovereign. I wish his principles were always as capable of being put to the proof, without any absurdity in the reduction. Hereditary majesty is the only material of which constitutions make sovereigns; and that, too, deserves a word in the light which this sage Piedmontese Mentor of France has endeavoured to throw on the subject. It is interesting in the present dilemma of France, which stands like the ass between two hay-

stacks—rejecting one dynasty, but not yet choosing another. I am a republican, you know, holding that my loyalty is due to the constitution of my own country; and yet I subscribe to the doctrine that this idea of *majesty* is a reality, and that, confess it or not, even republicans feel its reality. *The king's name is a tower of strength*; and inspiration has said to sovereign princes, with a pregnant and monitory meaning—*ye are gods*. This is not the fawning of courts, but the admonition of Him who invests them with His sword of avenging justice, and gives them, age after age, the natural homage of their fellow-men. Not that I would flatter monarchs: I see that they *die like men*, and, what is worse, live, very often, like fools, if not like beasts. Yet I am sure that they have something about them which is personally theirs, and cannot be given to others, and which is as real a thing as any other possession. God has endowed them with history, and they are the living links which connect nations with their origin, and the men of the passing age with bygone generations. Reason about it as we may, it is impossible not to look with natural reverence on the breathing monuments of venerable antiquity. For a Guelph, indeed, I cannot get up any false or romantic enthusiasm; and yet I find it quite as impossible not to feel that the house of Guelph entitles its royal members to a degree of consideration which is the ordinance of Heaven. For how many ages has that house been a great reality, casting its shadow over Europe, and stretching it over the world, and as absolutely affecting the destinies of men as the geographical barriers and highways of nations! The Alps and the Oceans are morally, as well as naturally, majestic; and a moral majesty like theirs attaches to a line of princes which has stood the storms of centuries like them, and like them has been always a bulwark or a bond between races and generations. Like the solemnity of mountains is the hereditary majesty of a family, of which the origin is veiled in the twilight of history, but which is always seen above the surface of cotemporary events, a crowned and sceptred thing that never dies, but perpetuates, from

generation to generation, a still increasing emotion of sublimity and awe, which all men feel, and none can fully understand. There are many women in England who, for personal qualities and graces, would as well become the throne as she whom you so loyally entitle "Our Sovereign Lady." Why is it that no election, nor any imaginable possession of her place, could commend the proudest or the best of them to the homage of the nation's heart? Such a one might wear the robes, and glitter like a star, outshining the regalia, and might walk like Juno; but not a voice would cry *God save her!*—while there is a glory, not to be mistaken, which invests the daughter of ancient sovereigns, even when she is recognised, against her will, in the costume of travel, or when she shows herself among her people, and treads the heather in a trim little bonnet and a Highland plaid. Why is it that ten thousand feel a thrill when her figure is seen descending from the wooden walls of her empire, and alighting upon some long unvisited portion of its soil? It is not the same emotion which would be inspired by the landing of Wellington. Then the roaring of cannon and the waving of ensigns would appear to be a tribute rendered to the hero by a grateful country; but when her Majesty touches the shore, she seems herself to wake the thunders and to bow the banners which announce her coming. The pomp is all her own, and differs from the tributary pageant, as the nod of Jove is different from the acclamation of Stentor. Even I, who "owe her no subscription," can well conceive what a true Briton cannot help but feel, when, with an ennobling loyalty, he beholds in her the concentrated blood of famous kings, and the propagated soul of mighty monarchs; and when he calls to mind, at the same moment, the thousand strange events and glorious histories which have their august and venerable issue in Victoria, his queen.

But you will bring me back to my main business, by asking—who, then, was the legitimate king of France at the beginning of this year? The King of the Barricades was not lacking in hereditary majesty, and you will make

out a case of *constitutional designation*, by a parallel between England in 1688, and France in 1830. If you do so, you will greatly wrong your country. The loyalty of England settled in the house of Brunswick, and would have been even less tried if there had been a continuance of the house of Orange; but no French loyalist could ever be reconciled to the dynasty of Orleans. And why? It was not the natural constitution of France, but the mere blunder of a mob, that selected Louis Philippe as the king of the French. It was an election, as the accession of William and Mary was not: it was a choice, and not a necessity—the mere caprice of the hour, and in no sense the rational designation of law. Did ever his Barricade Majesty himself, in all his dreams of a dynasty, pretend that any unalterable principle, or fundamental law of France, had turned the tide of succession from the heir-presumptive of Charles X., and forced heralds upon the backward trail of genealogy, till they could again descend, and so find the hereditary king of the French in the son of *Egalité*? Louis Philippe was not legitimate, in any reasonable sense of the word; and, could he have made such men as Chateaubriand regard him as other than a usurper, he would not be at Claremont now. That splendid Frenchman uttered the voice of a smothered, but not extinguished, constitution, when he closed his political life in 1830, by saying to the Duchesse de Berry—“*Madame, votre fils est mon roi.*” He lived to see the secret heart of thousands of his countrymen repeating his memorable words, and died not till Providence itself had overturned the rival throne, and directed every eye in hope, or in alarm, to the only prince in Europe who could claim to be their king.

I care very little what may be the personal qualifications of Henry of Bordeaux; it seems to me that he is destined to reign upon the throne of his ancestors—and God grant he may do it in such wise as shall make amends for all that France has suffered, by reason of his ancestors, since France had a Henry for her king before! The prestige of sovereignty is his; and while he lives, no republic

can be lasting; no government, save his, can insure the peace which the state of Europe so imperatively demands. If “experience has taught England that in no other course or method than that of an hereditary crown her liberties can be regularly perpetuated and preserved sacred,”*—why should not an experience, a thousandfold severer, teach France the same lesson? It has already been taught them by a genius which France cannot despise, and to whose oracular voice she is now forced to listen, because it issues from his fresh grave! “Legitimacy is the very life of France. Invent, calculate, combine all sorts of illegitimate governments, you will find nothing else possible as the result, nothing which gives any promise of duration, of tolerable existence during a course of years, or even through several months. Legitimacy is, in Europe, the sanctuary in which alone reposes that sovereignty by which states subsist.” So I endeavour to render the eloquent sentence of Chateaubriand;† and though, since he wrote it, a score of years have passed, it is stronger now than ever—for what was then his prophecy is already the deplorable history of his country. Had ever a country such a history, without learning more in a year than France has gained from a miserable half-century?

Just so long as France has been busy with experiments, in the insane effort to separate her future from her past, just so long have all her labours to lay a new foundation been miserable failures, covering her, in the eyes of the world, with shame and infamy. What has been wanting all the time? I grant that the first want has been a national conscience—a sense of religion and of duty. But I mean, what has been wanting to the successive administrations and governments? Certainly not splendour and personal dignity, for the Imperial government had both; and the King of the Barricades made himself to be acknowledged and feared as one who bore not the sword in vain. But the prestige of legitimacy was wanting; and that want has been the downfall of everything that has been tried. You will ask, what was the downfall of Charles

* BURKE.

† *Memoires sur le Duc de Berry.*

X? The answer is, that it was not a downfall further than concerned himself; for everybody feels that the Bourbon claim survives, while every other has been forced to yield to destiny and retribution. How is it that legitimacy makes itself felt after years of exile and obscurity? Is it not that instinct of loyalty which cannot be duped or diverted, and which detects and detests all shams? Is it not the instinct which constitution-makers have endeavoured to appease by pageants and by names, but which has continually revolted against the emptiness of both? The existence of that instinct has been perpetually exposed by miserable attempts to satisfy its demands with outside show and splendid impositions. The French cannot even go to work, under their present republic, as we do in America. The common-sense of our people teaches them that a republican government is a mere matter of business, which must make no pretences to splendour; and hence, the constitution once settled, the president is elected and sworn-in with no nonsense or parade; and Mr Cincinnatus Polk sits down in the White House, and sends every man about his business. A young country has as yet but the instincts of infancy; there is as yet nothing to satisfy but the craving for nourishment, and the demand for large room. But it is not so where nations are full-grown. *Can a maid forget her ornaments, or a bride her attire?* Can France forget that she had once a court and a throne that dazzled the world? No! says every craftsman of the revolution; and therefore our republic, too, must be splendid and imperial! So, instead of going to work as if their new constitution were a reality, there must be a fête of inauguration. In the same conviction, Napoleon is nominated for the presidency, because he has a name; and he immediately withdraws from vulgar eyes, to keep his "presence like a robe pontifical," against the investiture. Oh, for some Yankee farmer to look on and laugh! It would not take him long to calculate the end of such a republic. Jonathan can understand a queen, and would stare at a coronation in sober earnest, convinced that it had a meaning—at least, in England! But a republic of kettle-

drums and trumpets will never do with him; and if he were favoured with an interview with the pompous aspirant to the French presidency, it would probably end in his telling Louis Napoleon the homely truth—that he has nothing to be proud of, and had better eat and drink like other folk, and "define his position" as a candidate, if he don't want to find himself *used-up*, and sent on a long voyage up Salt River; which, you may not know, my Basil, is a Stygian stream, and the ancients called it Lethe. So much, then, for the *ultima ratio* of illegitimate governments—the attempt to satisfy the demand for national dignity by pageants and by names, and to drown the outcries of natural discontent by the sounding of brass and the tinkling of cymbals.

In vain did the sage Piedmontese foretell it all, like a Cassandra. "Man is prohibited," said that admirable Mentor, "from giving great names to things of which he is the author, and which he thinks great; but if he has proceeded legitimately, the vulgar names of things will be rendered illustrious, and become grand." How specially does England answer to the latter half of this maxim! and who can read the former without seeing France, in her fool's-cap, before his mental eye? De Maistre himself has instanced the revolutionary follies of Paris, and lashed them with unsparring severity. Whatever is national in England seems to have grown up, like her oaks, from deep and strong roots, and to stand, like them, immovable. They make their own associations, and dignify their own names. Everything is home-born, natural, and real. The Garter, the Wool-sack, Hyde Park, Epsom and Ascot—these things in France would be the *Legion of Honour*, the *Curule-chair*, the *Elysian fields*, the *Olympic games*! The veritable attempt was made to reinstitute, in the Champ-de-Mars, the sports of antiquity; and they received the pompous name of *Les jeux Olympiques*. De Maistre ridicules their nothingness, and adds that, when he saw a building erected and called the *Odéon*, he was sure that music was in its decline, and that the place would shortly be to let. In like manner, he says of the motto of Rousseau, with intense *satire*, "Does any man dare to write

under his own portrait, *vixam impendere vero?* You may wager, without further information, fearlessly, that it is the likeness of a liar." How quick the human heart perceives what is thus put into words by a philosopher! It is in vain for France to think of covering her nakedness with a showy veil. The Empire was a glittering gauze, but how transparent! They saw one called Emperor and a second Charlemagne; and the Pope himself was there to give him a crown. But it was a meagre cheat. Poor Josephine never looked ridiculous before, but then she acted nonsense. The imperial robes were gorgeous, but they meant nothing on the Citizen Buonaparte. Everybody saw behind the scenes. They detected Talma in the strut of Napoleon; they pointed at the wires that moved the hands and eyes of the Pope. All stage-effect, machinery, and pasteboard. The imperial court was all what children call *make-believe*: it vanished like the sport of children.

The great feast of fraternity, last spring, was, on de Maistre's principles, the natural harbinger of that fraternal massacre in June; and the ineffectual attempt to be festive over the late inauguration of the constitution, has but one redeeming feature to prevent a corresponding augury of disaster. Its miserable failure makes it possible that the constitution will survive its anniversary. Then there will be a demonstration, at any rate, and then the thing will be superannuated. Since 1790, there has been no end to such glorifications; each chased and huzza'd, in turn, by a nation of full-grown children, and all hollow and transient as bubbles. Perpetual beginnings, every one warranted to be *no failure this time*, and each going out in a stench. What continual *Champs-de-Mars* and *Champs-de-Mai*! what wavings of new flags, and scattering of fresh flowers! and all ending in confessed failure, and beginning the same thing over again! "Nothing great has great beginnings"—says Mentor again. "History shows no exception to this rule. *Crescit occulto velut arbor ævo*,—this is the immortal device of every great institution."

Legitimacy never makes such mistakes, except when permitted by God, to accomplish its own temporary

abasement. It needs not to support itself by tricks and shams. It has a creative power which dignifies everything it touches; which often turns its own occasions into festivals, but makes no festivals on purpose to dignify itself. When Henry V. is crowned at Rheims, or at Notre-Dame, he will not send over the Alps for *Pio Nono*, nor consult *Savans* to learn how Cæsar should be attired that day. That youth may safely dispense with all superfluous pageantry, for he is not *new Charlemagne*, but *old Charlemagne*. The blood of the Carolingians has come down to him from Isabella of Hainault, through St Louis and Henry IV. Chateaubriand should not have forgotten this, when (speaking of this prince's unfortunate father, the Duke de Berry) he enthusiastically sketched a thousand years of Capetian glory, and cried—" *He bien! la revolution a livré tout cela au couteau de Louvel.*" Another revolution has thus far relegated the same substantial dignity to exile and obscurity, as if France could afford to lose its past, and begin again, as an infant of days. But besides the evident tendency of things to reaction, there is something about the legitimate king of France which looks like destiny. He was announced to the kingdom by the dying lips of his murdered sire, while yet unborn, as if the fate of empire depended on his birth. "*Ménagez-vous, pour l'enfant que vous portez dans votre sein,*" said the unhappy man to his duchess, and the group of bystanders was startled! It was the first that France heard of Henry the Fifth, and it seemed to inspire Chateaubriand with the spirit of prophecy, and he eloquently remarks upon it as a *dernière espérance*. "The dying prince," he says, "seemed to bear with him a whole monarchy, and at the same moment to announce another. Oh God! and is our salvation to spring out of our ruin? Has the cruel death of a son of France been ordained in anger, or in mercy? is it a *final restoration of the legitimate throne, or the downfall of the empire of Clovis?*" This grand question now hangs in suspense: but, as I said, Chateaubriand must have taken courage before he died, and inwardly answered it favourably. That great writer seems to have felt beforehand,

for his countrymen, the loyalty to which they will probably return. To the prince he stood as a sort of sponsor for the future. When the royal babe was baptised, he presented water from the Jordan, in which the last hope of legitimacy received the name of *Dieu-donné*: when Charles the Tenth was dethroned, he stood up for the young king, and consented to fall with his exclusion; and the last years of France's greatest genius were a consistent confessorship for that legitimacy with which he believed the prosperity of his country indissolubly bound. Now, I should like to ask a French republican—if I could find a sane one,—what would you wish to do with Henry of Bordeaux? Would you wish this heir of your old histories to renounce his birth-right, declare legitimacy an imposition, and undertake to settle down in Paris as one of the people? Why not, if you are all republicans, and see no more in a prince than in a *gamin*? Why should not this Henry Capet throw up his cap for the constitution, and stick up a tradesman's sign in the Place de la Revolution, as "Henry Capet, *parfumeur*?" Why not let him hire a shop in the lower stories of the Palais Royal and teach the Parisians better manners than to cut off his head, by devoting himself to shaving their beards? Everybody knows the reason why not; and that reason shows the reality of legitimacy. Night and day such a shop would be mobbed by friends and foes alike. Go where he might, the *parfumeur* would be pointed at by fingers, and aimed at by *lorgnettes*, and bored to death by a rabble of starers, who would insist upon it that he was the hereditary lord of France. Mankind cannot free themselves from such impressions, and, what is more conclusive, princes cannot free themselves from the impressions of mankind, or undertake to live like other men, as if history and genealogy were not facts. For weal or for woe, they are as unchangeable as the leopard with his spots. Let Henry Capet come to America, and try to be a republican with us. Our very wild-cats would assert their inalienable right to "look at a king," and he would certainly be torn to pieces by good-natured curiosity.

It is curious to see the natural

instinct amusing itself, for the present, with such a mere *nomini umbra* as Louis Napoleon. In some way or other the hereditary *prestige* must be created; nothing less is satisfactory, and the "imperial fetishism" will answer very well till something more substantial is found necessary. Richard Cromwell was necessary to Charles II., and so is Louis Napoleon to Henry V. Napoleon still seems capable of giving France a dynasty; this possibility will be soon extinguished by the incapability of his representative. Louis will reign long enough to exhibit that recompense to Josephine, in the person of her grandson, which heaven delights to allot to a repudiated wife; and then, for his own sake, he will be called *coquin* and *poltron*. Napoleon will take his historical position as an individual, having no remaining hold on France; and the imperial fetishism will be ignominiously extinguished. Richard Cromwell made a very decent old English gentleman, and Louis Napoleon may perhaps end his days as respectably, in some out-of-the-way corner of Corsica. Let me again quote the French Mentor. He says, "There never has existed a royal family to whom a plebeian origin could be assigned. Men may say, if Richard Cromwell had possessed the genius of his father, he would have fixed the protectorate in his family; which is precisely the same thing as to say—if this family had not ceased to reign, it would reign still." Here is the formula that will suit the case of Louis Napoleon; but future historians will moralise upon the manner in which Napoleon himself worked out his own destruction. For the sake of a dynasty, he puts away poor Josephine. The King of Rome is born to him, but his throne is taken. The royal youth perishes in early manhood, and men find Napoleon's only representative in the issue of the repudiated wife. Her grandson comes to power, and holds it long enough to make men say—how much better it might have been with Napoleon had he kept his faith to Josephine, and contentedly taken as his heir the child in whom Providence has revealed at last his only chance of continuing his family on a throne! It makes one thing of Scripture, "Yet ye say wherefore?"

because the Lord hath been witness between thee and the wife of thy youth, against whom thou hast dealt treacherously; . . . therefore take heed to your spirit, and let none deal treacherously against the wife of his youth, for the Lord, the God of Israel, saith that he hateth putting away.'

A traveller from the south of France says that he saw everywhere the portrait of Henry V. Besides the mysterious hold which legitimacy keeps upon the vulgar and the polite alike, there are associations with it which operate on all classes of men. Tradesmen and manufacturers are for legitimacy, because they love peace, and want to make money. The *roturiers* sooner or later learn the misery of mobs, and the love of change makes them willing to welcome home the king, especially as they mistake their own hearts, and flatter themselves that their sudden loyalty is proof of remaining virtue. Then the profligate and abandoned, they want a monarchy, in hopes of another riot in the palace. It may be doubted whether the *blouses* can be permanently contented without a king to curse. The national anthem cannot be sung with any spirit, unless there be a monarch who can be imagined to hear all its imprecations against tyrants: in fact, the king must come back, if only to make sense of the Marseilles Hymn.

Que veut cette horde d'esclaves,
De traîtres, de rois conjurés ?
Pour qui ces ignobles entraves,
Ces fers, dès long-tems préparés ?

What imaginable sense is there in singing these red-hot verses at a feast of fraternity, and in honour of the full possession of absolute liberty? Then, where is the sport of clubs, and the excitement of conspiracies, if there's no king to execrate within locked doors? Is Paris to have no more of those nice little *émeutes*? What's to be done with the genius that delights in infernal machines? Who's to be fired at in a glass coach? Everybody knows that Cavaignac and Lamartine are small game for such sport. Your true assassin must have, at least, a duke of the blood. These are considerations which must have their weight in deciding upon probabilities; though, for one, I am not sure but France is doomed, by retributive justice, to be thus the Tantalus of

nations, steeped to the neck in liberty, but forbidden to drink, with kings hanging over them to provoke the eye, and yet escaping the hand.

In 1796 de Maistre published his *Considérations sur la France*. They deserve to be reproduced for the present age. Nothing can surpass the cool contempt of the philosophical *réactionnaire*, or the confidence with which, from his knowledge of the past, he pronounces oracles for the future. Do you ask how Henry V. is to recover his rights? In ten thousand imaginable ways. See what Cavaignac might have done last July, had the time been ripe for another Monk! There's but one way to keep legitimacy out; it comes in as water enters a leaky ship, oozing through seams, and gushing through cracks, where nobody dreamed of such a thing. As long as even a tolerable pretender survives, a popular government must be kept in perpetual alarm. But you shall hear the Count, my Basil! Let me give you a free translation.

"In speculating about counter-revolutions, we often fall into the mistake of taking it for granted that such reactions can only be the result of popular deliberation. *The people won't allow it*, it is said; *they will never consent*; it is *against the popular feeling*. Ah! is it possible? The people just go for nothing in such affairs; at most they are a passive instrument. Four or five persons may give France a king. It shall be announced to the provinces that the king is restored: up go their hats, and *vive le roi!* Even in Paris, the inhabitants, save a score or so, shall know nothing of it till they wake up some morning and learn that they have a king. '*Est-il possible?*' will be the cry: '*how very singular!* *What street will he pass through?* *Let's engage a window in good time, there'll be such a horrid crowd!*' I tell you the people will have nothing more to do with re-establishing the monarchy, than they have had in establishing the revolutionary government! . . . At the first blush one would say, undoubtedly, that the previous consent of the French is necessary to the restoration; but nothing is more absurd. Come, we'll crop theory, and imagine certain facts.

"A courier passes through Bor-

deaux, Nantes, Lyons, and so *en route*, telling everybody that the king is proclaimed at Paris; that a certain party has seized the reins, and has declared that it holds the government only in the king's name, having despatched an express for his majesty, who is expected every minute, and that every one mounts the white cockade. Rumour catches up the story, and adds a thousand imposing details. What next? To give the republic the fairest chance, let us suppose it to have the favour of a majority, and to be defended by republican troops. At first these troops shall bluster very loudly; but dinner-time will come; the fellows must eat, and away goes their fidelity to a cause that no longer promises rations, to say nothing of pay. Then your discontented captains and lieutenants, knowing that they have nothing to lose, begin to consider how easily they can make something of themselves, by being the first to set up *Vive-le-roi!* Each one begins to draw his own portrait, most bewitchingly coloured; looking down in scorn on the republican officers who so lately knocked him about with contempt; his breast blazing with decorations, and his name displayed as that of an officer of His Most Christian Majesty! Ideas so single and natural will work in the brains of such a class of persons: they all think them over; every one knows what his neighbour thinks, and they all eye one another suspiciously. Fear and distrust follow first, and then jealousy and coolness. The common soldier, no longer inspired by his commander, is still more discouraged; and, as if by witchcraft, the bonds of discipline all at once receive an incomprehensible blow, and are instantly dissolved. One begins to hope for the speedy arrival of his majesty's paymaster; another takes the favourable opportunity to desert and see his wife. There's no head, no tail, and no more any such thing as trying to hold together.

"The affair takes another turn with the populace. They push about hither and thither, knocking one another out of breath, and asking all sorts of questions; no one knows what he wants; hours are wasted in hesitation, and every minute does the business. Daring is everywhere confronted by

caution; the old man lacks decision; the lad spoils all by indiscretion; and the case stands thus,—one may get into trouble by resisting, but he that keeps quiet may be rewarded, and will certainly get off without damage. As for making a demonstration—where is the means? Who are the leaders? Whom can ye trust? There's no danger in keeping still; the least motion may get one into trouble. Next day comes news—*such a town has opened its gates*. Another inducement to hold back! Soon this news turns out to be a lie; but it has been believed long enough to determine two other towns, who, supposing that they only follow such example, present themselves at the gates of the first town to offer their submission. This town had never dreamed of such a thing; but, seeing such an example, resolves to fall in with it. Soon it flies about that *Monsieur the mayor* has presented to his majesty the keys of his good city of *Quequechose*, and was the first officer who had the honour to receive him within a garrison of his kingdom. His Majesty—of course—made him a marshal of France on the spot. Oh! enviable brevet! an immortal name, and a scutcheon everlastingly blooming with *fleurs-de-lis!* The royalist tide fills up every moment, and soon carries all before it. *Vive-le-roi!* shouts out long-smothered loyalty, overwhelmed with transports: *Vive-le-roi!* chokes out hypocritical democracy, frantic with terror. No matter! there's but one cry; and his Majesty is crowned, and *has all the royal makings of a king*. This is the way counter-revolutions come about. God having reserved to himself the formation of sovereignties, lets us learn the fact, from observing that He never commits to the multitude the choice of its masters. He only employs them, in those grand movements which decide the fate of empires, as passive instruments. Never do they get what they want: they always take; they never choose. There is, if one may so speak, an *artifice* of Providence, by which the means which a people take to gain a certain object, are precisely those which Providence employs to put it from them. Thus, thinking to abase the aristocracy by hurrahing for Cæsar, the Romans got themselves masters. It is just so with all popu-

lar insurrections. In the French revolution the people have been perpetually handcuffed, outraged, betrayed, and torn to pieces by factions; and factions themselves, at the mercy of each other, have only risen to take their turn in being dashed to atoms. To know in what the revolution will probably end, find first in what points all the revolutionary factions are agreed. Do they unite in hating Christianity and monarchy? Very well! The end will be, that both will be the more firmly established in the earth."

Cool, certainly; is it not, my Basil? The legitimists are the only Frenchmen who can keep cool, and bide their time. Chateaubriand has observed, in the same spirit, that there is a hidden power which often makes war with powers that are visible, and that a secret government was always following close upon the heels of the public governments that succeeded each other between the murder of Louis XVI. and the restoration of the Bourbons. This hidden power he calls the eternal reason of things; the justice of God, which interferes in human affairs just in proportion as men endeavour to banish and drive it from them. It is evident that the whole force of de Maistre's prophecy was owing to his religious confidence in this divine interference. He wrote in 1796. That year the career of Napoleon began at Montecotte; and, for eighteen years succeeding, every day seemed to make it less and less probable that his predictions could be verified. The Bourbon star was lost in the sun of Austerlitz. The Republic itself was forgotten; the Pope inaugurated the Empire; Austria gave him a princess, to be the mould of a dynasty, and the source of a new legitimacy. France was peopled with a generation that never knew the Bourbons, and which was dazzled with the genius of Napoleon, and the splendour of his imperial government. But the time came for this *puissance occulte, cette justice du ciel!* When the Allies entered Paris in 1814, it was suggested to Napoleon that the Bourbons would be restored; and, with all his sagacity, he made the very mistake which de

Maistre had foreshown, and said, in almost his very words—"Never! nine-tenths of the people are irreconcilably against it!" One can almost hear what might have been the Count's reply—"Quelle pitié! le peuple n'est pour rien dans les révolutions. Quatre ou cinq personnes, peut-être, donneront un roi à la France." What could Talleyrand tell about that? The facts were, that in four days the Bourbons were all in the rage! The Place Vendôme could hardly hold the mob that raved about Napoleon's statue; and, with ropes and pulleys, they were straining every sinew to drag it to the ground, when it was taken under the protection of Alexander!* What next? In terror for his very life, this Napoleon flies to Frejus, now sneaking out of a back-window, and now riding post, as a common courier, actually saving himself by wearing the white cockade over his raging breast, and all the time cursing his dear French to Tartarus! A British vessel gives him his only asylum, and the salute he receives from a generous enemy is all that reminds him what he once had been in France. Meantime these detested Bourbons are welcomed home again, with De Maistre's own varieties of *Vive-le-roi!* The Duke d'Angouleme, advancing to the capital, sees the silver lilies dancing above the spires of Bordeaux: the Count d'Artois hails the same tokens at Nancy: not captains and lieutenants, but generals and marshals, rush to receive His Most Christian Majesty; and the successor of the butchered Louis XVI. comes to his palace, after an exile of twenty years, with the title of Louis the Desired! Nor are subsequent events anything more than the swinging of a pendulum, which must eventually subside into a plummet. If the first disaster of Napoleon, in the fulness of his strength, could make France welcome her legitimacy in 1814, why should not the imbecility of the mere shadow of his name produce a stronger revulsion before this century gains its meridian? There is a residuary fulfilment of de Maistre's augury, which remains to the Bourbons, when all of Napoleon that survives has found its ignomi-

* ALISON.

nious extinction. Then will the ripe fruit fall into the lap of one who, if he is wise, will make the French forget his kindred with the fourteenth and fifteenth Louises, and remember only that Henry of Bordeaux has before him the example of Henry of Navarre.

There is, indeed, another conceivable end. *C'est l'arrêt que le ciel prononce enfin contre les peuples sans jugement, et rebelles à l'expérience.** If France does not soon come back to reason, we shall be forced to think her given up of God, to become such a country as Germany, or perhaps as miserable as Spain. But we must not be too hasty in coming to conclusions so deplorable. Let the republic have its day. It will work its own cure; for the chastisement of France must be the curse of ancient Judah. "The people shall be oppressed, every one by another, and every one by his neighbour; the child shall behave himself proudly against the ancient, and the base against the honourable." For the mob of Paris, who got drunk with riot, and must grow sober with headache; for the blousemen and the boys who have pulled a house upon their head, and now maul each other in painful efforts to get from under the ruins; and for the miserable *philosophes* who see, in the charming state of their country, the fruit of their own atheistic theories; for all these it is but retribution. They needed government; they resolved on license: God has sent them despotism in its worst form. One pities Paris, but feels that it is just. My emotions are very different when I think of what were once "the pleasant villages of France." Miserable *campagnards!* There are thousands of them, besides the poor souls starving in provincial towns, who curse the republic in their hearts; and, from Normandy to Provence and Languedoc, there are millions of such Frenchmen, who care nothing for dynasties, or fraternities, or democracy, but only pray the good Lord to give peace in their time, that they may sit under their own vine, and earn and eat their daily bread. For them—may God pity them!—what a life Dame Paris leads them! If, with

the simplicity of rustics, they were for a moment disposed to be merry last February—when they heard that thereafter loaves and fishes were to fling themselves upon every table, for the mere pleasure of being devoured—how bitterly the simpletons are undeceived! Their present notions of fraternity and equality they get from hunger and from rags. It is not now in France as in the days of Henry IV., when every peasant had a pullet in the pot for his Sunday dinner. That was despotism. It is liberty now—liberty to starve. There is no more oppression, for the very looms refuse to work, and water-wheels stand still; and the vines go gadding and unpruned, and the grape disdains to be trampled in the wine-vat. Yes—and the old *paysan* and his sprightly dame, who used to drive dull care away in the sunshine—she, with her shaking foot and head, and he with his fiddle and his bow, they have liberty to the full; for their seven sons, who were earning food for them in the sweat of their brow, have come home to the old cabin, ragged and unpaid; and they lounge about in hungry idleness, longing for war, but only because war would provide them with a biscuit or a bullet. What care they for glory, or for constitutions? They ask for bread, and their teeth are ground with gravel-stones. Let England look and learn. If she has troubles, let her see how easily troubles may be invested at compound interest, with the certainty of dividends for years to come. Is hard thrift in a kingdom so bad as starvation in a democracy? And whether is it better to wear out honestly, in this work-day world, as good and quiet subjects; or to be thrust out of it, kicking and cursing, behind a barricade of cabs and paving-stones, in the name of equality? These are the common-sense questions, that every English labourer should be made to feel and answer.

It provokes me, Basil, that my letter may be superannuated while it is travelling in the steamer! The changes of democracy are more frequent than the revolutions of a paddle-wheel. Adieu. Yours,

ERNEST.

* CHATEAUBRIAND.

DALMATIA AND MONTENEGRO.

It is really astonishing that our want of information respecting Dalmatia, and its neighbourhood, has not long ago been supplied. It is by no means easy, now-a-days, to hit upon a line of country that may afford subject-matter for acceptable illustration. Travellers are so numerous, and authorship is so generally affected, that the best part of Europe has been described over and over again. You may get from Mr Murray a handbook for almost any place you will. Manners and customs, roads, inns, things to be suffered, and notabilities to be visited—in short, all the probable contingencies of travel between this and the Vistula, are already noted and set down. We take it upon ourselves to say, that it is one of the most difficult things in life to realise the sense of desolation and unwontedness that are poetic characteristics of the traveller. How can a man feel himself strange to any place where he is so thoroughly up to usages that no *locandière* can cheat him to the amount of a *zwanziger*? And, thanks to the books written, it is a man's own fault if he wend almost anywhere except thus *μύστος γυρίμενος*.

In truth, European travelling is pretty nearly reduced to the work of verification. Events are according to prescription; and there remains very little room for the play of an exploring spirit. The grand thing to be explored is a matter pysical rather than material; it is to prove experimentally what are the emotions that a generous mind experiences, when vividly acted upon by association with the world of past existences. Beyond doubt, this is the highest range of intellectual enjoyment; and to its province may be referred much that at first sight would appear to be heterogeneous, as, for instance, delights purely scientific. But at any rate, we must all agree that the main privilege of a traveller is, that he is enabled to test the force of this power of association. It is an enjoyment to be known only by experiment. No power of description can give a man to understand what is the

sensation of gazing on the Acropolis, or of standing within 'Αγία Σοφία. It is as another sense, called into existence by the occasion of exercise.

To any but the uncommonly well read, there has hitherto been meagre entertainment in travelling among the Slavonian borderers on the Adriatic. It has been impossible to realise on their subject these high pleasures of association, because so little has been known of the facts of their history; rather should we perhaps say, that, of what has been known, so little has been generally accessible. But we are happy to find that the right sort o' "chiel has been among them, takin' notes." The way is now open; and henceforth it will be easy to follow with profit. The book which Sir Gardner Wilkinson has given us seems to be exactly the thing which was wanted; and certainly the use of it will enable a man to travel in Dalmatia as a rational creature should. No mere dotter down of events could have passed through the course of this country without producing a document of considerable value. The widespread family of which its inhabitants are a branch have been intimately mixed up with the history of the Empire and of Christendom; and now again we behold them playing a conspicuous part in European politics. Modern Panslavism deepens the interest to be felt in this family, and quickens the anxiety to know what they are doing and thinking now, as well as what they have done in days of old. In the present volumes we have, besides the memoranda of things existing, a compendium of Slavonian history and antiquities, and an exhibition of the degree in which the race have been mixed up with European history. Besides this, an account is given of their more domestic traditions, of which monuments survive; and it must be a man's own fault if, having this book with him, he miss extracting the utmost of profit from a visit to the country.

In one way, we can surely prophesy that this book will prove the means of bringing to us increase of lore from out of that land of which it treats.

It will naturally be taken on board every yacht that, when next summer shall open skies and seas, may find its way into the Mediterranean. Among these birds of passage, it can scarcely be but that some one will shape its course for this land of adventure, thus, as it were, newly laid open. It is a little, a very little out of the direct track, in which these summer craft are apt to be found, plentiful as butterflies. They may rest assured that in no place, from the Pillars of Hercules to the Pharos of Alexandria, can they hope to find such provision of entertainment. The stories they may thence bring will really be worth something—a value much higher than we can vote ascribable to much that we hear of the well-frequented shores of the French lake.

We prophesy, also, that an inspiring effect will be produced on men better qualified even than the yachtsmen for the work of travel—we mean on the gallant officers who garrison the island of Corfu. They occupy a station so exactly calculated to facilitate excursions in the desirable direction, that it will be too bad if some of them do not start this very next spring. We do not recommend the Adriatic in winter time, and so give them a few months' grace, just to keep clear of the Bora. Let them, as soon as possible after the equinox, avail themselves of one of those gaps which will be occurring in the best-regulated garrison life. Times will come round when duty makes no exaction, and when the indigenous resources of the island afford no amusement. Should such occasion have place out of the shooting months—or when, haply, some row with the Albanians has placed Butrinto under interdict—woful are the straits to which our ardent young fellow-countrymen are reduced. A ride to the Garoona pass, or a lounge into Carabots; or, to come to the worst, an hour or two's *flamé* round old Schulenberg's statue, are well in their way, but cannot please for ever. All these things considered, it is, we say, but likely that we shall reap some substantial benefit from the leisure of our military friends, so soon as their literary researches shall have carried them into the enjoyment

of this book. Dalmatia is almost before their very eyes. If hitherto they have not drifted thither, under the combined influences of a long leave and an uncertain purpose, it is because they have not been in a condition to prosecute researches. We must not blame them for their past neglect, any more than we blame the idleness of him who lacks the implements of work. Give a man tools, and then, if he work not, *monstrare digito*. Henceforth they must be regarded as thoroughly equipped, and without excuse. Let us hope that some two or three may be roused to action on the very next opportunity—that is to say, on the very next occasion of leave. Let us hope that, instead of sloping away to Paxo, or Santa Maura, they may shape their course through the North Channel, and begin, if they please, by exploring the Bocca di Cattaro.

Sir Gardner speaks of difficulties and vexatious delays interposed between the traveller and his purpose by the Austrian authorities. These scrutineers of passports seem to grow worse; and with them bad has long been the best. We used to think that the palm of pettifogging was fairly due to the officials of his Hellenic majesty. It was bad enough, we always thought, to be kept waiting and watching for a license to move from the Piræus to Lutraki, by steam; but we confess that Sir Gardner makes out a case, or rather several cases, that beat our experience hollow. We should like to commit the passport system to the verdict to be pronounced by common-sense after perusal of the two or three pages he has written on this subject. But common-sense must be far from us, or the mob would not be raving for liberty while still tolerant of passports.

There is another point in respect of which a change for the worse appears to have taken place, and that is in the important point of *bienveillance* towards English travellers. We learn that, at present, Austrian officers are shy of English companionship; and that it is even enjoined on them authoritatively that they avoid intimacy with stragglers from Corfu. The reason assignable is found in the late sad and absurd conspiracy hatched in

that island—a conspiracy which would have been utterly ridiculous, had it not in the event proved so melancholy. It will freely be admitted that the English would deserve to be sent, as they are, to Coventry, were it fact that the insane project of the young Bandieras had found English partisans, and that such partisanship had been winked at by the authorities. But the real state of the case is exactly contrary to this supposition. Humanity must needs have mourned over the cutting off of the young men, and the sorrow of their father, the gallant old admiral. But common-sense must have condemned the undertaking as utterly absurd and mischievous. It is a pity that any misunderstanding should be permitted to qualify the good feeling towards us, for which the Austrians have been remarkable. This good feeling has been observable eminently among their naval officers, who have got up a strong fellowship with us, ever since they were associated with our fleet in the operations on the coast of Syria. That particular service has done much towards the exalting of them in their own estimation; and, of course, the increase of friendship for us has been in the direct proportion of the lift given to them. The Austrian *militaires*, also, used to be a very good set of fellows, and only too happy to be civil to an Englishman. At their dull stations an arrival is an event, and any considerable accession of visitors occasions quite a jubilee. These gentlemen, however, cannot have among them much of the spirit of enterprise, or they would take more trouble than they do to learn something of the condition of their neighbours. They will complain freely of the dulness of the place of their location, but at the same time will evince little interest in the condition of the world beyond their immediate ken. Many of them who live almost within hail of the Montenegrini, have never been at the trouble of ascending the mountains. Nothing seems to astonish them more than the erratic disposition which leads men in quest of adventure; they cannot conceive such an idea as that of volunteering for a cruise. Yachts puzzle them: the owners must be

sailors. Of any military officers who may chance to visit them in yachts, they cannot conceive otherwise than that they belong to the marine. Nevertheless they are, or used to be, kind and hospitable; and would treat you well, although they could not quite make you out.

That this country is a neglected portion of the Austrian empire is very evident. The officials sigh under the very endearments of office. The *sanià* man, who comes off to greet your arrival, will tell you how insufferably dull it is living in the Bocca,—and how he longs to be removed anywhere. Place, people, climate, all will be condemned. Yet, to a stranger, many of the localities seem exquisitely beautiful. The same cause seems to mar enjoyment here that spoils the beauty of our own Norfolk Island. The Austrian residents regard themselves as being in a state of banishment, and take up their abode only by constraint: the constraint, that is to say, of mammon. By the government, its possessions in this quarter have been neglected in a manner most impolitic. The value of this strip of coast to an empire almost entirely inland, yet wishing to foster trade, and to possess a navy, is obvious. Yet even the plainest use of it they seem, till lately, to have missed. Promiscuous conscriptions were the order of the day, and men born sailors were enrolled in the levies for the army. Of course they were miserable and discontented, and the public service suffered by the use of these unfit instruments. Recently it seems that a change has been made in this respect, and we doubt not that the navy has consequently been greatly improved. But many glaring instances of neglect in the administration of the affairs of the country continue to astonish beholders, and to prove that the paternal government is not awake to its own interests.

But of all objections to be made to the wisdom of the government, the strongest may be grounded on the condition of the agricultural population in various parts of Dalmatia. Nothing is done to improve their knowledge of the primary art of civilisation. Their implements of husbandry are described as being on a par with

those used by the unenlightened inhabitants of Asia Minor. The waggon to be encountered in the neighbourhood of Knin are referable to the same date in the progress of invention, as are the conveniences in vogue in the plains about Mount Ida. The mode of tillage is like that followed in the remote provinces of Turkey; the ploughs of the rustic population are often inferior to those to be seen in the neighbouring Turkish provinces. Lastly—most incredible of all!—we learn that there is not to be found in the whole district of the Narents such a thing as a mill, wherein to grind their corn. Will it be believed that the rustics have to send all the corn they grow into the neighbouring province of Herzegovina to be ground? The inconvenience of such an arrangement may easily be conceived. Their best of the bargain—i. e. the being obliged to seek from across the frontier all the flour they want—is bad enough, and must be sufficiently expensive; but their predicament is apt to be much worse than this. In that part of the world, people are subject to stoppages of intercommunication. The plague may break out in the Turkish province, and thus a strict quarantine be established, to the interdiction even of provisions that generally pass unsuspected; or the country may be flooded, and the ways impassable. What are the poor people to do then for flour? Why, the only thing they can do is, to send their corn to their nearest neighbours possessed of mills—that is to say, to Salona, or to Imoschi. As these places are distant, the one about thirty-five miles, and the other about seventy miles, we may fancy how serious must be the pressure of this necessity. The ordinary expense of grinding their corn is stated to be about 13 per cent. What it must be when the seventy miles' carriage of their produce is an item in the calculation, we are left to conjecture. Now these poor folks are not to be blamed—they have no funds to enable them to build mills; but that they are left to themselves in this inability is a reproach to the government under which they

live. This inconvenience so intimately affects their social wellbeing, that we cannot put faith in the benevolence of the rulers who allow them to remain so destitute.

Despite, however, of the disadvantages under which the people of Dalmatia labour, it will be seen that pictures chiefly pleasurable are to be met by him who shall travel amongst them. Their honest nature seems to comprise within itself some compensating principle, which makes amends for the damage of circumstances. The Morlacci, especially, seem to be a simple, hardy set, of whom one cannot read without pleasure. These are the rustic inhabitants of the agricultural districts, who eschew the great towns. They made their entry into the roll of the peasantry of Dalmatia at a comparatively late date. The first notice of them, we are told, is about the middle of the fourteenth century. After that time they began to retire with their families from Bosnia, as the Turks made advances into the country. They are of the same Slavonic family as the Croats; though their hardy manner of life, and the purity of the air in which they have dwelt, on the mountains, have co-operated to confer on them superiority of personal appearance, and of physical condition. On a general estimate of the people of the land, and of their mode of receiving strangers, we are disposed to rank highly their claims to the title of hospitable and honest.

Sir Gardner Wilkinson certainly travelled amongst them most effectually. North, south, east, and west, he intersected the country. One part of his travels possesses especial interest, because, so far as we know, no denizen of civilised Christendom has ever before been so completely over the ground. We refer to his expedition into, and through the territory of the Montenegrini. Others—some few only, but still some others—have been far enough to get a peep at these wild children of the mountains; and more than once of late years, Maga has given notices concerning them: * but only scanty knowledge of their domestic condition has been attainable.

* See *Blackwood's Magazine*, for January 1845, and for October 1846.

Sir Gardner went right through their country to the Turkish border, and tarried amongst them long enough to form pretty accurate notions of their state.

In the account of our author's first journey, no serious stop is made till we come alongside of the island of Veglia: apropos to the passage by which, we have given to us, at some length, an interesting extract from the report of a Venetian commissioner sent to the island, in 1481, to inquire into its state. Of this document we will say no more than that it is exceedingly curious, and will well reward the pains of reading. A passing notice is given to Segna, situated on the mainland, near Veglia, for the memory's sake of those desperate villains the Uscoos, to whom it belonged of old. A good deal of their history is given in the last chapter of the second volume, which serves as a documentary appendix to the work. Everything necessary to beget interest in the islands scattered hereaway is told; but we pass them by, and are brought to Zara. What of antiquities is here discoverable is rooted out for our benefit, but not much remains. The most interesting relic in the place, to our mind, is the inscription recording the victory of Lepanto. As Zara is the capital of Dalmatia, occasion is taken, while speaking of the city, to give some account of the government of the province, and of the general condition of the people.

An incident mentioned by Sir Gardner displays, in a painful light, the kind of feeling entertained by the Austrian government towards these its subjects, and permitted by its officials to find expression before the natives. We cannot take it as a case of isolated insolence: because men in responsible situations, especially where the social system comprises an indefinite supply of spies, do not ostentatiously commit themselves, unless they have a foregone conviction, that what they say is according to the authorised tone. Men under inspection of the higher powers do not put themselves out of their way to make a display of bitterness, unless they think thereby to conciliate the good-will of their superiors. This is the incident in question: On a certain occasion, the conversation

happened to turn on the subject of a then recent disturbance in a Dalmatian town. The soldiery and the people had quarrelled, and in the *émeute* two of the soldiers had been killed. On these data forth spake a Jack in office. He knew not, nor did he care to know, how many of the peasants had fallen, nor does he appear to have entered at all curiously into the question of the *casus belli*. He simply recommended, as the disturbance had taken place, and as the actual perpetrators of the violence were not forthcoming, that the whole population of the town should be "decimated and shot." "The butchery of any number of Dalmatians," says our author, "was thought a fit way of remedying the incapacity of the police." One would hardly imagine that this counsel could have been met by the applauses of persons holding official situations; but so, we are assured, it was in fact received. This manifestation of feeling is a sort of thing which, when emanating from a group of merely private individuals, may be disregarded. Idle people will talk, and their hard words will break no bones. But the hard words of the ministers of government do break bones; and such words must be accepted as serious indications of subsistent evil. Such receipts for keeping people in peace and quietness are consistent enough with the genius of their neighbours the Turks. Retrenchment of heads, and of causes of complaint, are to their apprehension one and the same thing—*παλλών ὀνομάτων, μορφή μία*. We know this, and expect it. It is not so very long ago since the Capitan Pasha gave the word to heave the officer of the watch overboard, because his ship missed stays in going about in the Black Sea. But the Austrians are civilised and Christian; we expect better things of them, and can but mourn over their misapprehension of the true principles of polity. The Englishman who stood by rebuked the promoters of these atrocious sentiments; and for this act of championship he was subsequently thanked by the Dalmatians who were present. They could not have ventured to undertake their own defence, but must have listened in silence to this outrageous language.

Our author doubts not that this exhibition of simple humanity on his part, had the effect of causing him to be forthwith placed under the surveillance of the police; and that such a consequence should be so very likely to follow the honest expression of a common-sense opinion in society is a fact that shows clearly enough how ~~assured~~ that state of things must be. Assuredly one of the best effects of intercourse with civilised nations is, that we thereby become enabled to institute a comparison between their social condition and our own. Even those unhappy Chartist, who lately have acquired the habit of addressing one another as "brother slaves," would learn to value British freedom, if they knew something of the social condition of their European brethren: they would see some difference between the security of their own hours of relaxation, and the degree in which a man's freedom in Austria is invaded by the espionage of the police.

From Zara the course of the narrative takes us to Sebenico, a town situated on the inner side of the lake or bay into which the waters of the Kerka debouch. It is one of the coaling stations of the steamer; and, when the time of arrival will allow such concession, the passengers are permitted to take a trip in a four-oared boat, to visit the falls of the Kerka. Here the costume of the women is noticed as being singularly graceful. In coasting along from Sebenico to Spalato, the headland of la Planca is remarkable. Near it is a little church which is famous in local chronicle for having once upon a time served as a trap, wherein an ass caught a wolf. How this marvellous feat was accomplished, we will not just now stop to tell, but must refer the curious to the book itself. This point is also remarkable, because here begins abruptly a change in the climate. Some plants unknown to the northward begin to appear; and henceforward, to one proceeding southward, the dreaded Scirocco will be a more frequent infliction. To the southward of la Planca, this objectionable wind is constantly blowing; and at Spalato, we are told, it assumes for its allowance 100 days out of the 365. Apropos to the Scir-

occo, we have an episode on *anemology*, and are taught how the old Greeks and Romans used to box the compass—at least how they would have done so, had they had compasses to box. In the distance, to the south of the promontory of la Planca, is the island of Lissa, famous in modern history for Sir William Hoste's action in 1811. "Such an action," says James, "stands unrivalled in the annals of the naval history of Great Britain, or that of any other country, from the great disproportion in numerical force, as well as the beauty and address of its manœuvres; it stands surpassed by none in the spirit and enterprise with which it was encountered, and carried through to a successful issue." There is not much risk in making this assertion, when we consider that on that occasion the French squadron consisted of four forty-gun frigates, two of a smaller class, a sixteen-gun corvette, a ten-gun schooner, one six-gun xebec, and two gunboats; and that the English squadron was of three frigates, and one twenty-two gunship. Lissa was also famous in the time of the Romans, being then called Issa. We have a notice of its history, and then pass on to Bua, and so to Spalato.

Concerning Spalato details are given, as might be expected, at some length. Much is told us of its past and present condition; in fact, there is presented to us a very sufficient assemblage of *indicia* concerning it. We recommend any one who wishes to enjoy a visit to Spalato to take with him this book, and chapter 13th of Gibbon. The extract from Porphyrogenitus, given by Gibbon, tells us what the palace of Diocletian was; and Sir Gardner Wilkinson tells us what it is now, and what has been its history. Besides verbal description, his pencil affords some apt illustrations of the actual condition of the buildings. We see by these, and by his account, that the treasures of Spalatine architecture have been obscured by the building up of modern edifices on their sites. "The stranger," he says, "is shocked to see windows of houses through the arches of the court, intercolumniations filled up with petty shops, and the peristyle of the great temple masked

by modern houses." Doubtless, many a precious relic has been appropriated by modern barbarians to common uses, and so perished out of sight. But with joy we learn that the government has taken measures to prevent the continuance of such destruction, and that the remaining monuments are safe, however they may be mixed up with the houses and shops of the present generation. We are told that, under the care of the present director of antiquarian researches, there is good reason to hope that the collection at Spalato may become truly valuable. The high character of Professor Carrara is a sure warrant that all will be done which is within scope of the means afforded. But as the government allowance for excavations at Salona is only £80 yearly, we cannot think that the work is likely to proceed rapidly. While we condemn as barbarous this carelessness on the part of the Austrians, we must bear in mind that we are open to a retort of the censure. We neglect altogether the remains of Samos in Cephalonia, and nothing at all is allowed for the expense of operations there; yet these remains are very extensive, and there is every reason to believe that their actual condition would amply repay a diligent search.

We must stop here a moment to congratulate Sir Gardner, on his rencontre with the sphinx.

"A captive when he gazes on the light,

A sailor when the prize has struck in fight,"

and so forth, are the only people who may venture to talk of Sir Gardner's delight at the sight of a sphinx, or a mummy. With great gusto he gives the description of the black granite sphinx, in the court of the palace, near the vestibule; and in the drawing which he has made of the same court, the sphinx is conspicuous.

From Spalato to Salona, is a distance of some three miles and a half, by a good carriage-road. This road crosses the Jader, or Il Giadro—a stream so famous for its trout, that it has been thought necessary seriously to prove that it was *not* for the sake of these—not in order that of them he might eat his *soufflé* in peace and quietness—that Diocletian retired from the command of the world.

Salona is rich in antiquarian remains, though nothing is extant to redeem from improbability the testimony of Porphyrogenitus, that Salona was half the size of Constantinople. Of its origin no record exists, nor is much known of its history till the time of Julius Cæsar. Subsequently to that era it was subject to various fortunes, and bore various titles. At last, in Christian times it became a Bishop's see, and was occupied by 61 bishops in succession. Diocletian was its great embellisher and almost rebuilders. Later in the day, we find that it was from Salona that Belsarius set out in 544, when recalled to the command of the army of Justinian, and intrusted with the conduct of the war against Totila. The town remained populous and fortified, till destroyed by the Avars in 639. These ferocious barbarians having established themselves in Clissa, the terror of their propinquity scared away the Salonitans. The terrified inhabitants, after a short and ineffectual resistance, fled to the islands. The town was pillaged and burnt, and from that time Salona has been deserted and in ruins.

¶ With these historical facts before us, it is interesting to observe the present state of the place, which affords many illustrations of past events. The positions of its defences, repaired at various times, may be traced: an inscription lately discovered by Professor Carrara, shows that its walls and towers were repaired by Valentinian II., and Theodosius; and the ditch of Constantianus is distinctly seen on the north side. Here and there, it has been filled up with earth and cultivated; but its position cannot be mistaken, and in places its original breadth may be ascertained. A very small portion of the wall remains on the east side, and nearly all traces of it are lost towards the river: but the northern portion is well preserved, and the triangular front, or salient angle of many of its towers, may be traced."

"In the western part of the town are the theatre, and what is called the amphitheatre. Of the former, some portion of the proscenium remains, as well as the solid tiers of arches, built of square stone, with bevelled edges, about 6½ feet diameter, and 10 feet apart.

We have a good description of the annual fair of Salona. The description will be suggestive of picturesque

recollections to those who have seen the open air festivities celebrated by the orthodox—i. e. by the children of the Greek Church, about Easter time. We can take it upon ourselves to recommend highly the lambs, wont to be roasted whole on these occasions. The culinary apparatus is rude—consisting merely of a few sticks for a fire, and another stick to be used as a spit—but the result of their operations is most satisfactory.

“All Spalato is of course at the fair; and the road to Salona is thronged with carriages of every description, horsemen, and pedestrians. The mixture of the men's hats, red caps, and turbans, and the bonnets and Frank dresses of the Spalatine ladies, contrasted with the costume of the country women, presents one of the most singular sights to be seen in Europe, and to a stranger, the language adds in no small degree to the novelty. Some business is done as well as pleasure; and a great number of cattle, sheep, and pigs are bought and sold—as well as various stuffs, trinkets, and the usual goods exhibited at fairs. Long before mid-day, the groups of peasants have thronged the road, not to say street, of Salona; some attend the small church, picturesquely placed upon a green, surrounded by the small streams of the Giadro, and shaded with trees; while others rove about, seeking their friends, looking at, and looked at by strangers, as they pass; and all are intent on the amusements of the day, and the prospect of a feast.

“Eating and drinking soon begin. On all sides sheep are seen roasting whole on wooden spits, in the open air; and an entire flock is speedily converted into mutton. Small knots of hungry friends are formed in every direction: some seated on a bank beneath the trees, others in as many houses as will hold them; some on grass by the road-side, regardless of sun and dust—and a few quiet families have boats prepared for their reception.

“In the mean time, the hat-wearing townspeople from Spalato and other places, as they pace up and down, bowing to an occasional acquaintance, view with complacent pity the primitive recreations of the simple peasantry; and arm-in-arm, civilisation, with its propriety and affection, is here strangely contrasted with the hearty laugh of the unrefined Morlacchi.”

We do not know the country where men will meet together and eat with-

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out drinking also: at the al-fresco entertainments of this kind which we have seen, the kegs of wine have ever been in goodly proportion to the spitted lambs. And wherever a mob of men set to drinking together, they will most assuredly take to fighting. The rows at this fair used to be considerable; and, considering that more wine is said to be consumed here on this one day than during the whole of the rest of the year, we cannot be surprised that fights should come off worthy of Donnybrook. At present, better order is preserved than of old, because these rows have been so excessive that they have enforced the attendance of the police.

At this fair is to be seen the picturesque *collo* dance of the Morlacchi, of which our author affords a capital pencil-sketch, as well as the following description:—

“It sometimes begins before dinner, but is kept up with greater spirit afterwards. They call it *collo*, from being, like most of their national dances, in a circle. A man generally has one partner, sometimes two, but always at his right side. In dancing, he takes her right hand with his, while she supports herself by holding his girdle with her left; and when he has two partners, the one nearest him holds in her right hand that of her companion, who, with her left, takes the right hand of the man; and each set dances forward in a line round the circle. The step is rude, as in most of the Slavonic dances, including the polka and the *radovatechka*; and the music, which is primitive, is confined to a three-stringed violin.”

Dancing for dancing's sake, is what enters into no Englishman's category of the enjoyable, nor into many an Englishwoman's either, we should think, after the passage out of her teens; but that it is, in sober earnest, an enjoyment to many people under the sun, there is no doubt. Surely there is something wonderful in the faculty of finding pleasure in the elephantine manœuvres of the *romatika*, or in the still more clumsy gyrations of a *palicari's* performance. The *collo* we readily believe to be a picturesque dance: but such qualification is not the general condition on which the people of a nation accept dances as national. Most of these exhibitions in Greece and Eastern Europe m^r

condemned as graceless and unmeaning: as an exhibition of earnest tomfoolery, they may be accepted as wonderful; and, at all events, may safely be pronounced co-excellent with the music that inspires them.

In passing from Salona to Traù, a distance of about thirteen miles and a half to the westward, the traveller passes by several of the villages called *Castelli*. The name has been given them from the circumstance of their having been built near to, and under the protection of, the castles which, in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, were constructed here by some of the nobles.

2. "The land was granted to them by the Venetians, on condition of their erecting places of refuge for the peasants during the wars with the Turks. A body of armed men lived within them, and, on the approach of danger, the flocks and herds were protected beneath the walls; and, at harvest time, the peasantry had a place of security for their crops within range of the castle guns."

The rights of lordship over the villages, which used to be exercised by the nobles in virtue of the protection afforded, have nearly all fallen into disuse. The only relic of feudalism that seems to survive is found at *Castel Cambio*, over which two nobles still possess certain rights. One of these was the hospitable host of Sir Gardner, and his friend Professor Carrara, on their passage to and from Traù.

A fact connected with the peculiarity of the position of this town is, we think, well worthy of notice, and deservedly recorded by our author. The town stands partly on a peninsula, and partly on the island of *Bua*. A fosse, cut across the narrow neck of the peninsula, has completed its isolation. This ditch has proved, on occasion, the most effectual of fortifications to the *Traùrines*. They were, in 1241, besieged by the Tartars in pursuit of King *Bela IV.*, who had fled hither before them. These impetuous assailants were unable to pass the ditch; and, having waited on the other side till food and forage were exhausted, they were obliged to retire. One cannot read this story without thinking of the account that Sir Francis Head gives of the *La Plata* Indians, whose habits

of warfare are in many respects so exactly akin to those of the Tartars. These terrific horsemen would be scarcely resistible by their less robust enemies, save for their inability to cross anything in the shape of a ditch. Out of the saddle they can do nothing, and their horses will not leap; so that, if you wish to be safe from their inroads, you have but to surround your dwellings with a moderate trench. And very striking is the story that Sir Francis Head tells of the handful of men who, under such protection, held out successfully against a host of Indians. Traù, however, has been elaborately fortified in European fashion, though now the works are neglected, as being a useless precaution against dangers no longer existent. It has also a fine old cathedral, and some pictures of pretension.

After a brief notice of the islands of *Brazza* and *Solta*—a notice, however, sufficient for all useful purposes—we pass on to the picturesque neighbourhood of the falls of the *Kerka*. Sir Gardner speaks of the delay to which the passage by boat from *Sebenico* to *Scardona* is subject, but does not exactly complain of it. In fact, we can easily understand that, for the sake of the passenger, it is expedient that some authoritative note should be taken of his departure under charge of the particular boatmen who undertake his convoy. We never did ascend to *Kerka*, but from what we have seen of the class of men under whose guidance the expedition has to be performed, we are disposed to vote the caution of the police to be anything but superfluous. Every now and then one hears dreadful stories of the atrocities of boatmen in convenient parts of the Mediterranean; and there is good reason to be thankful that the Austrians think it worth while to be so careful of strangers.

The people about *Sebenico*, through whose lands the course of the lake leads, are spoken of as not paying much attention to agriculture or to their fisheries; but it seems that they are sedulously bent on raising grapes, and neglect no patch of ground at all likely to be available for this purpose. The lake of *Scardona* is considerably larger than that of *Sebenico*. On the shore here the Romans had a settle-

ment, of which scarcely any remains are perceptible. They are, however, remarkable as affording a manifest proof of the rise of the level of the lake, for some of them are under water.

Scardona, we are told, does not occupy the site of the old Scardon, which was a place of considerable importance under the empire. Some have even imagined that the old city stood on the opposite bank of the river. The town at present is small, but well furnished for the convenience of strangers. It boasts an inn, at which Sir Gardner put up for one night. He then proceeded to the falls, which are distant from the inn a three-quarters-of-an-hour journey. As he intended to ascend the river above the falls, he had to send to the monks of Vissovaz to ask for a boat, and they readily complied with his request. The falls do not not seem to have been full on the occasion of this visit—but, when full, the effect must be striking. They are divided into two parts, and their picturesque effect is greatly enhanced by the surrounding scenery.

At a distance of a few minutes' walk up the river, above the falls, the boat was waiting to transport Sir Gardner to the convent of Vissovaz. It is to this fraternity that we have before alluded, as being the sole mill-owners on the Kerka. Their convent must indeed be beautifully situated, and we can quite enter into the eulogium bestowed on it. The fathers are of the Franciscan order. The name of Vissovaz is of curious allusion; and as probably few of our courteous readers will be the worse for a little help in the matter of Slavonian etymology, we may as well tell them that its import is "the place of hanging." Not a very complimentary or well-omened name, certainly, we would think at first sight; but we see that it is so when we learn that the allusion is to the martyrdom of two priests, who were hanged here by the Turkish governor of Scardona. By the record left of the event, we cannot see that the death of these unfortunate victims was in any sense martyrdom: they were cruelly and unjustly put to death, but for a cause entirely worldly. However, they were Christians, and their murderers

were Turks; and this has been enough to constitute a claim to canonisation in more places than at Vissovaz.

Sir Gardner arrived at the picturesque, red-tiled convent in time for dinner; but as the day happened to be a fast, the fare provided was not sufficiently tempting to induce a wish to stay. He therefore was preparing, with many thanks, to take his leave of the good fathers, and proceed on his journey, when he found himself brought up by an unexpected difficulty. He was informed that he could not proceed except by favour of the monks of the Greek convent of St Archangelo, another religious house still farther up the stream. His hospitable entertainers readily volunteered to send in quest of the requisite assistance. These are the conditions of travelling, because there are no carriages for hire hereaway, nor any boats to let. The Franciscans had volunteered to do what, when it came to the point, was found to be rather an awkward thing. No great cordiality subsists generally between the Latins and the orthodox. Each charges the other with destructive heresy; and doubtless both of these great branches of the church esteem a Protestant safe, by comparison with the arch-heretics that they each see the other to be. Thus, though dwelling on the confines of Christendom, and in a solitude that might have rendered them neighbourly, we find that very little intercourse takes place between the two religious establishments. Accordingly, the writing of the letter was found to be no easy affair; and their guest saw them lay their heads together in consultation, after a fashion that boded ill for the prospects of his journey. They confessed themselves to be in a fix; and were afraid of exposing themselves to some affront if, contrary to their wont, they should open a communication with the Greeks, asking of them a favour.

"Did you ever go as far as the convent?" said an old father to a more restless and locomotive Franciscan, and a negative answer seemed to put an end to the incipient letter; when one of the party suggested that those Greeks had shown themselves very civil on some occasion, and the writer of the epistle once

more resumed his spectacles and his pen. 'They are,' he observed, 'after all, like ourselves, and must be glad to see a stranger who comes from afar; and besides, our letter may have the effect of commencing a friendly intercourse with them, which we may have no reason to regret.'

This very sensible hint of the Franciscan philosopher was happily acted out. The letter was sent, and in due course of time—i. e. in time for a start next morning—an answer arrived from the Archimandrite. It was to welcome the stranger to their hospitality, and to inform him that a boat awaited him at the falls. As the issue on the first intention was so favourable, let us hope that the other good results anticipated from the sending of the letter will have been by this time realised. At all events, Sir Gardner may congratulate himself on having afforded occasion for the opening of personal as well as epistolary communication between the convents, as one of the Franciscans accompanied him in the expedition to St Archangelo.

Much praise is bestowed on the beauty of the Kerka, and the view of the Falls of Roncislap is especially distinguished. Sir Gardner praises it in artistic language; and we may be allowed to regret that he has not added a sketch of this scene to the views with which his book is embellished. The waters of the Kerka possess a petrifying quality that is common in Dalmatia. Much of the rock has been formed under the water, and must present a singular appearance.

Near the Falls of Roncislap a dépôt for coal has been established, that, by all accounts, would seem to be anything but a good speculation. We mention it merely for the sake of a good story that hangs by it. It seems that the Austrian Lloyds' Company patronise this coal because it is cheap. It is one reason, certainly, for buying it; but, as the coal will not burn, we may doubt their wisdom. We do not wish to spoil the market of the Company of Darnis, but we agree with Sir Gardner, that there are reasonable objections to the using of food for the furnaces that will get up no steam, and must be taken on board in such quantities, as to lumber up the decks. Besides this, hear how it goes on when it does burn:—

"It has also the effect of causing much smoke, and the large flakes of soot that fall from the chimney upon the awning actually burn holes in it, till it looks like a sail riddled with grape-shot; and I remember one day seeing the awning on fire from one of these showers of soot; when the captain calmly ordered it to be put out, as if it had been a common occurrence."

"A Russian consul,"—this is the story:—

"A Russian consul, who happened to be on board, and who was not much accustomed to the smoky doings of steamers, seemed to be deeply impressed with the inconvenience of the falling flakes of soot. His voice had rarely been heard during the voyage, and he appeared to shun communication with his fellow-passengers; when one afternoon, the awning not being up, he burst forth with these startling remarks, uttered with a broad Slavonian accent,—*Que ces bateaux à vapeur sont sales! Par suite de mauxadie, il y a dix ans que je ne me suis pas lavé, mais maintenant j'ai senti le besoin de me laver, et je me suis lavé!!*"

This must have been a Russian of the old school.

Arrived at the convent of St Archangelo, they had every reason to be content with their hospitable reception. The Archimandrite is praised as being gentlemanlike, and of mien as though educated in a European capital. This is a very unusual characteristic of any Greek ecclesiastic, and what we could predicate of but one or two out of the numbers that we have seen. Greek priests of any kind are bad enough, but those living in convents seem generally to go on the principle of the Russian consul just mentioned, and might fitly be invited to associate with him. All honour, then, to Stefano Knezovich, and may his example be abundantly followed among his brethren!

There was not much in the Greek convent to induce a long visit; so the next morning Sir Gardner pushed on to Kistagne, in his progress through the country. Here he was again the victim of letter-writing, but in a different way. The sirdar of Kistagne took offence at the tone of the letter sent to him by the Archimandrite, ordering horses for the next morning; and the luckless traveller was consequently left in the lurch. However,

the monk did his best to make up for the deficiency. He lent him his own horse, and had his baggage conveyed by some peasants—an excellent arrangement, saying that the porters were *female* peasants. This is a sort of thing that sadly shocks our sense of decorum, but which many folks besides the Dalmatians take as a matter of course. Sir Gardner says that the custom of assigning the heavy burden to the women is prevalent among the Montenegrini; it is so also among the Albanians; and to a most atrocious extent in the Peloponnesus. In this particular case, they were well off to get the job; it was to exchange their task of carrying heavy loads of water up the hill for that of shouldering his light *impedimenta*.

Arrived at Kistagne, he found the sirdar, who had been so disobliging at a distance, much improved on acquaintance, and from him he received all requisite assistance for the prosecution of his journey to Knin; and by him was guided in his visit to the Roman arches, which point out the site of the ancient city of Burnum.

Knin is still a place of considerable strength, and has been once upon a time still stronger. It is identified with the ancient Arduba. The marshy character of the ground in its immediate neighbourhood renders it an unhealthy place of abode; but this evil is easily removable by a moderate attention to drainage. Not very far from Knin, but over the Turkish border, on the other side of Mount Gniath, is supposed to be situated the gold mine that of old conferred on Dalmatia the title of auriferous. The mine is said to exist here; but so much mystery is observed on its subject by the Turks that nothing certain can be affirmed of it. From Verlicca to Sign we pass as quickly as may be, merely noticing that there is another convent to be visited *en route*, and that we have the opportunity of putting up at the Han, as Sir Gardner did. These people certainly have admitted a great many Turkish words into their vocabulary: we have *Sirdar*, and *Han*, and *Arambasha*—to say nothing of others. At last we come to *Sign*; and, touching this place, we must give an extract from the book. An annual tilting festival has been

established here, in commemoration of the brave defence maintained in 1715, against the Pasha of Bosnia with forty thousand men.

“The privilege of tilting is confined to natives of Sign, and its territory. Every one is required to appear dressed in the ancient costume, with the Tartar cap, called *kalpak*, surmounted by a white heron’s plume, or with flowers interlaced in it. He is to wear a sword, to carry a lance, and to be mounted on a good horse richly caparisoned.”

“The opening of the *giostra* is in this manner: The *footmen*, richly dressed and armed, advance two by two before the cavaliers. In the usual annual exhibitions each cavalier has one *footman*; and on extraordinary occasions, besides the footman, he has a *padrino* well mounted and equipped. After the *footmen* come three persons in line—one carrying a shield, and the other two by his side bearing a sort of ancient club; then a fair *mandeje* horse, led by the hand, with large housings and complete trappings, richly ornamented, followed by two cavaliers—one the adjutant, the other the ensign-bearer. Next comes the *Maestro-di-Campo*, accompanied by the two *joustiers*, and followed by all the others, marching two and two. The rear of the procession is brought up by the *Chiaus*, who rides alone, and whose duty it is to maintain order during the ceremony.”

We have a description of a fair at Sign that is almost as suggestive of the picturesque as was the account of similar doings at Salona. Sir Gardner shall give his own account of his departure from the town.

“In the midst of the bustle and business going on at Sign, I found some difficulty in getting horses to take me on to Spalato; but a letter to the Sirdar removed every impediment, and, after a few hours’ delay, the animals being brought out, I prepared to start from the not very splendid inn. ‘Can you ride in that?’ asked the ostler, pointing to a huge Turkish saddle that nearly concealed the whole animal, with stirrups that might pass for a pair of coal scuttles; and finding that I was accustomed to the use as well as sight of that un-European horse-furniture, he seemed well satisfied—observing, at the same time, that it was fortunate, as there was no other to be had. . . . I was glad to take what I could get, and my only question in return was, whether the horse could trot; which being settled, I posted off, leaving my guide and baggage to come after me—for, thanks to the Austrian police, there is no fear of robbers appropriating—

portmanteau in Dalmatia : the interesting days of adventure and the Haiduk banditti have passed, and the Morlacchi have ceased to covet, or at least to take other men's goods."

And now we make a resolute halt, and determine to pass *sub silentio* all that intervenes between this part of the book and the coming into the country of the Montenegrini. Unless we act thus discreetly, we shall never contrive to compress all we have to say into due limits; and even now we hardly know how this desirable result is to be effected. What we thus leave as fallow-ground for the reader will yield to his research a history of the coast and islands between Spalato and Cattaro. The notice of Ragusa is especially and deservedly full, and presents an admirable condensation of Ragusan history.

But it is high time for us to get amongst the children of the Black Mountain. Among things excellent it is permitted to institute comparison without disparagement to any of them: and, in virtue of this license, we are free to say that this part of Sir Gardner's book shines forth as *inter minora sidera*. The subject itself is of deep intrinsic interest; and he has treated it as we well knew that he would. A picture is given of the actual condition of a scion of the Christian stock that must astonish those who, by this book, first learn to think of the Montenegrini; and must delight those who, having heard somewhat of them, or haply even paid them a flying visit, have looked in vain for some accurate statement of detail to help out their personal observations.

The Montenegrini are descended from the old Servian stock, and still look to modern Servia with affection, as to their mother country. Thither also we find them, by Sir Gardner's account, retiring, when forced by poverty to emigrate from their own territory. Among them the Slavonian language is preserved in unusual purity. The present population is about 100,000; and the number of fighting men amounts to 20,000—a number which, on occasion of need, would be greatly augmented by the calling out of the veterans. In fact every individual man of the nation, whose arm has power to wield a weapon, is a warrior;

and the very women are ready to assist in defence. On the Turkish border, as is well known, a constant system of bloody reprisals is going on; and the endeavours of the Vladika to reduce their hostilities to civilised fashion have hitherto failed of success. They are sustained at the highest pitch of confident daring by the successful war which they have so long been able to carry on against their powerful neighbours. One is glad of the opportunity of giving, on the authority of Sir Gardner, some of the stories of their prowess; for to retail, without the authority of some such *padrino*, the tales current in Cattaro, would be to win the reputation of talking like Mendez Pinto.

In judging the Montenegrini, we should give charitable consideration to their circumstances. War is a system of violence; and with them, unhappily, war is a permanent condition of existence. The treachery and cruelty of the Turks—are these such recent developments that we need make any doubt of them?—have worked out cruel consequences in the character of the Montenegrini. They believe a Turk to be utterly without honesty and good faith—one with whom it is impossible to hold terms—and such, probably, is about the right estimate of some of their Turkish neighbours. Who, for instance, that knows anything about them, has any other opinion of the Albanians? Are Kaffirs much more hopeless subjects? The Montenegrini are far from the commission of the horrid cruelties that are of everyday occurrence among the Albanians. Their imperfect appreciation of Christianity allows them to behold in revenge a virtue; and hence the acts of violence which are quoted to their dispraise. Their marauding expeditions are but according to the usages of war; and if they sometimes break through the restrictions of a truce, it would seem to be because they really do not understand what a truce is. We think that a very apt apology for the Montenegrini is found in the speech of a German traveller quoted by Sir Gardner. He had been mentioning several occurrences of English and Scotch history, and spoke in allusion to them.

“ ‘What think you,’ he observed, ‘of the state of society in those times? Were the border forays of the English and Scotch more excusable than those of the Montenegrins? And how much more natural is the unforgiving hatred of the Montenegrins against the Turks, the enemies of their country, and their faith, than the relentless strife of Highland clans, with those of their own race and religion! Has not many an old castle in other parts of Europe, witnessed scenes as bad as any enacted by this people? I do not wish to exculpate the Montenegrins; but theirs is still a dark age, and some allowance must be made for their uncivilised condition.’ ”

The character of the present Vladika affords good hope that an improvement will take place among the people; for he evidently has devoted all his energies to their amelioration. Sir Gardner entered their territory, by what we believe to be the only route—that is to say from Cattaro—whence he took letters of introduction from the Austrian governor to the Vladika.

We shall best illustrate the condition of the Montenegrini by quoting some of Sir Gardner's accounts.

“ Four Montenegrins, and their sister, aged twenty-one, going on a pilgrimage to the shrine of St Basilio, were waylaid by seven Turks, in a rocky defile, so narrow that they could only thread it one by one; and hardly had they entered between the precipices that bordered it on either side, when an unexpected discharge of fire-arms killed one brother, and desperately wounded another. To retrace their steps was impossible without meeting certain and shameful death, since to turn their backs would give their enemy the opportunity of destroying them at pleasure.

“ The two who were unhurt, therefore, advanced and returned the fire, killing two Turks—while the wounded one, supporting himself against a rock, fired also, and mortally injured two others, but was killed himself in the act. His sister, taking his gun, loaded and fired simultaneously with her two brothers, but, at the same instant, one of them dropped down dead. The two surviving Turks then rushed furiously at the only remaining Montenegrin—who, however, laid open the skull of one of them with his yatagan, before receiving his own death-blow. The hapless sister, who had all this time kept up a constant fire, stood for an instant irresolute; when

suddenly assuming an air of terror and supplication, she entreated for mercy; but the Turk, enraged at the death of his companions, was brutal enough to take advantage of the unhappy girl's agony, and only promised her life at the price of her honour. Hesitating at first, she pretended to listen to the villain's proposal; but no sooner did she see him thrown off his guard, than she buried in his body the knife she carried at her girdle. Although mortally wounded, the Turk endeavoured to make the most of his failing strength, and plucking the dagger from his side, staggered towards the courageous girl,—who, driven to despair, threw herself on the relentless foe, and with superhuman energy hurled him down the neighbouring precipice, at the very moment when some shepherds, attracted by the continued firing, arrived just too late for the rescue.”

Fancy the tone that must be given to their lives by the constant necessity of being ready for encounters such as this. They never lay aside their arms; but in the field, or by the wayside, are armed and alert. One hand may be allowed to the implement of tillage, but the other must be reserved for the weapon of defence.

On many occasions, Montenegrin courage has prevailed against odds far greater than in the above case—indeed such odds as, but for authentication of facts, would be incredible. In the year 1840, “seventy Montenegrins, in the open field, withstood the attack of several thousand Turks; and having made breastworks with the bodies of their fallen foes, maintained the unequal conflict till night; when forty who survived forced their way through the hostile army, and escaped with their lives.” Another astonishing achievement was the successful defence of a house held by seven-and-twenty Montenegrins, against a body of about six thousand Albanians. Of this last action, trophies are preserved by the Vladika in his palace at Tzetinie, and there Sir Gardner saw them.

We cannot wonder that the effect on their minds of these astonishing successes, should be an unbounded confidence in their superiority over the Turks. Sir Gardner Wilkinson found them impressed with the idea, that bread and arms were the only needful requisites to enable them to drive the Turks out of Albania and

Herzegovina. It seems certain that, in their rencontres with these enemies, they dismiss all ordinary considerations of prudence. The spirit of their feeling with regard to the Turks is thus portrayed:—

“It is not the courage, but the cruelty of the Turks which inspires him (the Montenegrin) with hatred; and the sufferings inflicted upon his country by their inroads makes him look upon them with feelings of ferocious vengeance.

“These savage sentiments are kept alive by the barbarous custom, adopted by both parties, of cutting off the heads of the wounded and the dead; the consequences of which are destructive of all the conditions of fair warfare, and preclude the possibility of peace. The bitter remembrance of the past is constantly revived by the horrors of the present; and the love of revenge, which strongly marks the character of the Montenegrin, makes him insensible to reason or justice, and places the Turks, in his opinion, out of the pale of human beings. He dreams only of vengeance; he cares little for the means employed; and the man who should make any excuse for not persecuting those enemies of his country and his faith, would be treated with ignominy and contempt. Even the sanctity of a truce is not always sufficient to restrain him; and the hatred of the Turk is paramount to all ordinary considerations of honour or humanity.”

This cutting off of heads is not peculiar to the Montenegrins. The Turks are, in this respect, just as bad, and Sir Gardner found, on the occasion of his visit to Mostar, that, in point of this barbarism, there is not a pin to choose between them. The Turks, however, exceed in cruelty. It appears, on the evidence of the letter of the Vladika, given in the second volume, that they (the Turks) impale men alive; whereas the Montenegrins are chargeable with no wanton cruelty. Indeed, they do not restrict the performance of this operation to the case of enemies; but, as an act of friendship, decapitate any comrade who may so be wounded in action as to have no other means of avoiding capture by the enemy. “You are very brave,” said a well-meaning Montenegrin to a portly Russian officer, who was unable to keep up with his detachment in its retreat,—“you are very brave, and must wish that I

should cut off your head: say a prayer, and make the sign of the cross.”

Life, passed amidst every hardship, and threatened by constant and deadly peril, ought, we suppose, according to all rule, to be short in duration. But we find that these people are remarkable for longevity. A family is mentioned, in one of the villages, which reckoned six generations, there and then extant. The head of the family was a great-great-grandfather.

The Vladika received his visitor most courteously, as he always does those who have the privilege of being presented to him. He afforded to Sir Gardner every facility for seeing the country, and engaged his secretary to draw up for him a *précis* of Montenegrin history. We will condense some of its more important facts. The supremacy in things spiritual and temporal has not been very long vested, as it at present is, in the person of the Vladika. The two chieftainships were of old distinct, and the figment of a separate temporal authority was continued till comparatively lately: the year 1832 is mentioned as the epoch at which the office of civil chief was definitely suppressed. The present family (Petrovich) have possessed the dignity of the Vladikate since the close of the seventeenth century. The reigning Vladika—this man of magnificent presentment—this brave, intellectual, and athletic ruler of an indomitable race—is nephew of the late Vladika, who has been canonised, although but few years have passed since his death. The prince-bishop is not theoretically absolute in power, as the form of a republic is kept up: the general assembly has the right of deliberation, under the presidency of the Vladika. But this restriction of power is pretty nearly nominal only: we give Sir Gardner's account of the native Diet.

“In a semicircular recess, formed by the rocks on one side of the plain of Tzetinic, and about half a mile to the southward of the town, is a level piece of grass land, with a thicket of low poplar trees. Here the diet is held, from which the spot has received the name of *malisbor* (the small assembly.) When any matter is to be discussed, the people meet in this their Runimed, or “meadow of council,” and partly on the level space,

partly on the rocks, receive from the Vladika notice of the question proposed. The duration of the discussion is limited to a certain time, at the expiration of which the assembly is expected to come to a decision; and when the monastery bell orders silence, notwithstanding the most animated discussion, it is instantly restored. The Metropolitan asks again what is their decision, and whether they agree to his proposal or not. The answer is always the same: "*Budi po to ocyema, Vladika,*"—"Let it be as thou wishest, Vladika."

Montenegro first secured its independence about a generation or two before the time of the famous Scanderbeg, on the breaking up of the kingdom of Servia. Since that time they have constantly been subject to the inroads of the Turks, who, claiming them as tributaries, have continued to invade their country every now and then with savage cruelty. More than once they have carried fire and sword to Tzetinié, but have never been able to hold their ground. The Montenegrins sought the protection of Russia in the time of Peter the Great, and still continue to be subsidised by Russia. At the desire of Peter, they invaded the Turkish territory, and were subjected to reprisals on a grand scale. At one time 60,000 Turks, at another 120,000, broke into Montenegro. The first invasion was gloriously repulsed; but the second, combining treachery with violence, was successful. Great damage was done to the country; but the invaders were at last obliged to quit, on the breaking out of war between Turkey and Venice. The Montenegrins then returned to their desolate homes, and have since been unintermitting in their diligence to pay off old scores. They co-operated with the Austrians and Russians, when they had the opportunity of such assistance; and when they stood alone, they did so nobly and bravely. The last great expedition of the Turks was in the time of the late Vladika. The Pasha of Scutari, with an enormous force, invaded the country; and the result of the expedition was that 30,000 Turks were killed, and among them the Pasha of Albania, whose head now serves as a trophy of victory to decorate Tzetinié.

The capital of the Vladika has

been described before—for instance, in the pages of this Magazine; so, with one brief extract concerning it, we will follow Sir Gardner in his progress through the country.

"On a rock immediately above the convent is a round tower pierced with embrasures, but without cannon, on which I counted the heads of twenty Turks fixed upon stakes round the parapet—the trophies of Montenegrin victory; and below, scattered upon the rock, were the fragments of other skulls, which had fallen to pieces by time,—a strange spectacle in a Christian country, in Europe, and in the immediate vicinity of a convent and a bishop's palace!"

And, as we said before, when he got to Mostar, in Herzegovina, he found a spectacle of the same shocking kind. He did allow his horror at this sight to evaporate ineffectually; but in earnest tried to interpose his good offices to prevent a continuance of these doings. He talked to the two people mainly concerned—i. e. to the Vizir of Herzegovina and to the Vladika. He also, at Constantinople, endeavoured to effect the making of an appeal to the highest Turkish authority. His correspondence with the Vladika on the subject is evidence of his zeal; but no positive good seems to have been the result of his intercession.

The road leading from the capital to Ostrok is described as being very bad at first, and bad beyond description as it recedes from the capital. The Vladika kindly sent with Sir Gardner one of his guards and an interpreter. The party passed by several villages, and arrived at Mishko, the principal village of the Cevo district, where they put up for the night at the house of the principal senator of the province. Here some amusement was afforded by Sir Gardner's proceeding to sketch the domestic party.

In the course of the evening a scene occurred, which sets forth their social condition as graphically as the artist's pencil has their personal appearance. A party of friends came in to have a quiet pipe, and to plan a foray over the border.

"On inquiry, I found the expedition was to take place immediately. "Is there not," I asked, "a truce at this moment

between you and the Turks of Herzegovina!" They laughed, and seemed much amused at my scruples. "We don't mind that," said a stern swarthy man, taking his pipe from his mouth, and shaking his head to and fro; "they are Turks"—and all agreed that the Turks were fair game. "Besides," they said, "it is only to be a plundering excursion;" and they evidently considered that any one refusing to join in a marauding expedition into Turkey, at any time, or in an open attack during a war, would be unworthy the name of a brave man. They seemed to treat the matter like boys in "the good old times," who robbed orchards; the courage it showed being in proportion to the risk, and scruples of conscience were laughed at as a want of spirit."

In a freshly-decapitated head, affixed to a stake at Mostar, he shortly afterwards recognised the features of one of these very men.

On the next day he proceeded to Ostrok, and found occasion to admire the scenery by the way, especially the vale of Oranido, distant from Mishke about four hours. From the vale of Oranido to Ostrok is a journey of about the same time. At Ostrok he underwent a grand reception, and fully won the hearts of his new friends by proposing a ride to the Turkish frontier, and affording them by the way an exhibition of Memlook riding. On the frontier is constantly maintained a guard of Montenegrins, to give timely warning of any suspicious movement among the Turks; and so well do they execute this office that no Turk can approach the border without being shot at. Near this border it was that, some little time ago, in 1843, an affair took place which does not tell well for the Montenegrini; and which seems for the present to preclude hope of amicable arrangement with the Turks. A deputation of twenty-two Turks, returning from Ostrok, were attacked by the people, and nine of them killed. This breach of faith is, to their minds, excused by the suspicion of meditated treachery on the part of the Turks. But it is a sad affair; and the only circumstance which goes in mitigation of its guilt is, that the Vladika took precautions against its occurrence. He sent an armed guard to

protect the deputation, but their defence proved insufficient.

The Archimandrite of Ostrok is the person who holds the place of second dignity in the government. He ranks next to the Vladika; and we are glad to find, by Sir Gardner's account, that he cordially co-operates with the Vladika in his plans of amelioration. Here also was met the celebrated priest and warrior, Ivan Knezovich, or Popé Yovan—a man who, in this nation of brave men, is renowned as the bravest. There are two convents at Ostrok, of which one fulfils also the function of powder magazine and store depot. Its position is very remarkable; and certainly it does bear a strong family likeness to Megaspelon. The same quality of not being within reach of any missile from above belongs to both of them, and has proved the saving of both.

The return to Tzetinié was by a different route, which took Sir Gardner within near view of the northern end of the lake of Scutari. The island of Vranina, situated at this extremity of the lake, is likely to afford the next ostensible ground for an outbreak. It belonged to Montenegro, but, a few years ago, was treacherously seized by the Albanians, who effected a surprise in time of peace. Remonstrances and hard blows have equally failed to promote a restoration, *et adhuc sub judice lis est*. Throughout the course of his journey, Sir Gardner experienced much and genuine kindness from the rude people of the country; they brought him presents of such things as they had to offer, and would accept no compensation. When at last he bade them farewell, and returned to the haunts of civilisation, it was evidently with kindly recollections of them, and with the best of good-will towards them. He was able to give a satisfactory account of his impressions to the Vladika, who inquired thus,—“What do you think of the people? Do they appear to you the assassins and barbarians some people pretend to consider them? I hope you found them all well-behaved and civil—they are poor, but that does not prevent their being hospitable and generous.”

MODERN BIOGRAPHY.

BEATTIE'S LIFE OF CAMPBELL.

THE ancients, who lived beyond the reach of the fangs and feelers of the printing press, had, in one respect, a decided advantage over us unlucky moderns. They were not beset by the terrors of biography. No hideous suspicion that, after he was dead and gone—after the wine had been poured upon the hissing embers of the pyre, and the ashes consigned, by the hands of weeping friends, to the oblivion of the funereal urn—some industrious gossip of his acquaintance would incontinently sit down to the task of laborious compilation and collection of his literary scraps, ever crossed, like a sullen shadow, the imagination of the Greek or the Latin poet. Homer, though Arctinus was his near relative, could unbosom himself without the fear of having his frailties posthumously exposed, or his amours blazoned to the world. Lucius Varius and Plotius Tucca, the literary executors of Virgil, never dreamed of applying to Pollio for the IOUs which he doubtless held in the handwriting of the Mantuan bard, or to Horace for the confidential notes suggestive of Falernian inspiration. Socrates, indeed, has found a liberal reporter in Plato; but this is a pardonable exception. The son of Sophroniscus did not write; and therefore it was incumbent on his pupil to preserve for posterity the fragments of his oral wisdom. The ancient authors rested their reputation upon their published works alone. They knew, what we seem to forget, that the poet, apart from his genius, is but an ordinary man, and, in many cases, has received, along with that gift, a larger share of propensities and weaknesses than his fellow-mortals. Therefore it was that they insisted upon that right of domestic privacy which is common to us all. The poet, in his public capacity as an author, held himself responsible for what he wrote; but he had no idea of allowing the whole world to walk into his house,

open his desk, read his love-letters, and criticise the state of his finances. Had Varius and Tucca acted on the modern system, the ghost of Virgil would have haunted them on their death-beds. Only think what a legacy might have been ours if these respectable gentlemen had written to Cremona for anecdotes of the poet while at school! No doubt, in some private nook of the old farm-house at Andes, there were treasured up, through the infinite love of the mother, tablets scratched over with verses, composed by young Master Maro at the precocious age of ten. We may, to a certainty, calculate—for maternal fondness always has been the same, and Virgil was an only child—that, in that emporium, themes upon such topics as "Virtus est sola nobilitas" were religiously treasured, along with other memorials of the dear, dear boy who had gone to college at Naples. Modern Varius would remorselessly have printed these: ancient Tucca was more discreet. Then what say you to the college career? Would it not be a nice thing to have all the squibs and feuds, the rows and racketings of the jovial student preserved to us precisely as they were penned, projected, and perpetrated? Have we not lost a great deal in being defrauded of an account of the manner in which he singed the wig of his drunken old tutor, Parthenius Nicenus, or the scandalously late hours which he kept in company with his especial chums? Then comes the period, darkly hinted at by Donatus, during which he was, somehow or other, connected with the imperial stable; that is, we presume, upon the turf. What would we not give for a sight of Virgil's betting-book! Did he back the field, or did he take the odds on the Emperor's bay mare, Alma Venus Genetrix? How stood he with the legs? What sort of reputation did he maintain in the ring of the Roman Tattersall?

Was he ever posted as a defaulter? Tucca! you should have told us this. Then, when sobered down, and in high favour with the court, where is the private correspondence between him and Mæcenas, the President of the Roman Agricultural Society, touching the compilation of the Georgics? The excellent Equestrian, we know, wanted Virgil to construct a poem, such as Thomas Tusser afterwards wrote, under the title of a "*Hon-dreth Good Points of Husbandrie*," and, doubtless, waxed warm in his letters about draining, manure, and mangel-wurzel. What sacrifice would we not make to place that correspondence in the hands of Henry Stephens! How the author of the *Book of the Farm* would revel in his exposure of the crude theories of the Minister of the Interior! What a formidable phalanx of facts would he oppose to Mæcenas' misconceptions of guano! Through the sensitive delicacy of his executors, we have lost the record of Virgil's repeated larks with Horace: the pleasant little supper-parties celebrated at the villa of that dissipated rogue Tibullus, have passed from the memory of mankind. We know nothing of the state of his finances, for they have not thought fit to publish his banking-account with the firm of Lollius, Spurræna, and Company. Their duty, as they fondly believed, was fulfilled, when they gave to the world the glorious but unfinished *Æneid*.

Under the modern system, we constantly ask ourselves whether it is wise to wish for greatness, and whether total oblivion is not preferable to fame, with the penalty of exposure annexed. We shudder at the thoughts of putting out a book, not from fear of anything that the critics can do, but lest it should take with the public, and expose us to the danger of a posthumous biography. Were we to awake some fine morning, and find ourselves famous, our peace of mind would be gone for ever. Mefcy on us! what a quantity of foolish letters have we not written during the days of our youth, under the confident impression that, when read, they would be immediately committed to the flames. Madrigals innumerable recur to our memory; and, if these

were published, there would be no rest for us in the grave! If any misguided critic should say of us, "The works of this author are destined to descend to posterity," our response would be a hollow groan. If convinced that our biography would be attempted, from that hour the friend of our bosom would appear in the light of a base and ignominious spy. How durst we ever unbosom ourselves to him, when, for aught we know, the wretch may be treasuring up our casual remarks over the fifth tumbler, for immediate registration at home? Constitutionally we are not hard-hearted; but, were we so situated, we own that the intimation of the decease of each early acquaintance would be rather a relief than otherwise. Tom, our intimate fellow-student at college, dies. We may be sorry for the family of Thomas, but we soon wipe away the natural drops, discovering that there is balm in Gilead. We used to write him letters, detailing minutely our inward emotions at the time we were distractedly in love with Jemima Higginbotham; and Tom, who was always a methodical dog, has no doubt docketed them as received. Tom's heirs will doubtless be too keen upon the scent of valuables, to care one farthing for rhapsodising: therefore, unless they are sent to the snuff-merchant, or disseminated as autographs, our epistles run a fair chance of perishing by the flames, and one evidence of our weakness is removed. A member of the club meets us in George Street, and, with a rueful longitude of countenance, asks us if we have heard of the death of poor Harry? To the eternal disgrace of human nature, be it recorded, that our heart leaps up within us like a foot-ball, as we hypocritically have recourse to our cambric. Harry knew a great deal too much about our private history just before we joined the Yeomanry, and could have told some stories, little flattering to our posthumous renown.

Are we not right, then, in holding that, under the present system, celebrity is a thing to be eschewed? Why is it that we are so chary of receiving certain Down-Easters, so different from the real American gentlemen whom it is our good fortune to know? Simply because Silas

Fixings will take down your whole conversation in black and white, deliberately alter it to suit his private purposes, and Transatlantically retail it as a specimen of your life and opinions. And is it not a still more horrible idea that a Silas may be perpetually watching you in the shape of a pretended friend? If the man would at once declare his intention, you might be comparatively at ease. Even in that case you never could love him more, for the confession implies a disgusting determination of outliving you, or rather a hint that your health is not remarkably robust, which would irritate the meekest of mankind. But you might be enabled, through a strong effort, to repress the outward exhibition of your wrath; and, if high religious principle should deter you from mixing strychnia or prussic acid with the wine of your volunteering executor, you may at least contrive to blind him by cautiously maintaining your guard. Were we placed in such a trying position, we should utter, before our intending Boswell, nothing save sentiments which might have flowed from the lips of the Venerable Bede. What letters, full of morality and high feeling, would we not indite! Not an invitation to dinner—not an acceptance of a tea and turn-out, but should be flavoured with some wholesome apothegm. Thus we should strive, through our later correspondence, to efface the memory of the earlier, which it is impossible to recall,—not without a hope that we might throw upon it, if posthumously produced, a tolerable imputation of forgery.

In these times, we repeat, no man of the least mark or likelihood is safe. The waiter with the bandy-legs, who hands round the negus-tray at a blue-stocking coterie, is in all probability a leading contributor to a fifth-rate periodical; and, in a few days after you have been rash enough to accept the insidious beverage, M'Tavish will be correcting the proof of an article in which your appearance and conversation are described. Distrust the gentleman in the plush terminations; he, too, is a penny-a-liner, and keeps a commonplace-book in the pantry. Better give up writing at once than live in such a per-

petual state of bondage. What amount of present fame can recompense you for being shown up as a noodle, or worse, to your children's children? Nay, recollect this, that you are implicating your personal, and, perhaps, most innocent friends. Bob accompanies you home from an insurance society dinner, where the champagne has been rather superabundant, and, next morning, you, as a bit of fun, write to the President that the watchman had picked up Bob in a state of helpless inebriety from the kennel. The President, after the manner of the Fogies, duly docquets your note with name and date, and puts it up with a parcel of others, secured by red tape. You die. Your literary executor writes to the President, stating his biographical intentions, and requesting all documents that may tend to throw light upon your personal history. Preses, in deep ecstasy at the idea of seeing his name in print as the recipient of your epistolary favours, immediately transmits the packet; and the consequence is, that Robert is most unjustly handed down to posterity in the character of a habitual drunkard, although it is a fact that a more abstinent creature never went home to his wife at ten. If you are an author, and your spouse is ailing, don't give the details to your intimate friend, if you would not wish to publish them to the world. Drop all correspondence, if you are wise, and have any ambition to stand well in the eyes of the coming generation. Let your conversation be as curt as a Quaker's, and select no one for a friend, unless you have the meanest possible opinion of his capacity. Even in that case you are hardly secure. Perhaps the best mode of combining philanthropy, society, and safety, is to have nobody in the house, save an old woman who is so utterly deaf that you must order your dinner by pantomime.

One mode of escape suggests itself, and we do not hesitate to recommend it. Let every man who underlies the terror of the *peine forte et dure*, compile his own autobiography at the ripe age of forty-five. Few people, in this country, begin to establish a permanent reputation before thirty; and we

allow them fifteen years to complete it. Now, supposing your existence should be protracted to seventy, here are clear five-and-twenty years remaining, which may be profitably employed in autobiography, by which means you secure three vast advantages. In the first place, you can deal with your own earlier history as you please, and provide against the subsequent production of inconvenient documents. In the second place, you defeat the intentions of your excellent friend and gossip, who will hardly venture to start his volumes in competition with your own. In the third place, you leave an additional copyright as a legacy to your children, and are not haunted in your last moments by the agonising thought that a stranger in name and blood is preparing to make money by your decease. It is, of course, unnecessary to say one word regarding the general tone of your memoirs. If you cannot contrive to block out such a fancy portrait of your intellectual self as shall throw all others into the shade, you may walk on fearlessly through life, for your biography never will be attempted. Goethe, the most accomplished literary fox of our age, perfectly understood the value of these maxims, and forestalled his friends, by telling his own story in time. The consequence is, that his memory has escaped unharmed. Little Eckermann, his amanuensis in extreme old age, did indeed contrive to deliver himself of a small Boswellian volume; but this publication, bearing reference merely to the dicta of Goethe at a safe period of life, could not injure the departed poet. The repetition of the early history, and the publication of the early documents, are the points to be especially guarded.

We beg that these remarks may be considered, not as strictures upon any individual example, but as bearing upon the general style of modern biography. This is a gossiping world, in which great men are the exceptions; and when one of these ceases to exist, the public becomes clamorous to learn the whole minutiae of his private life. That is a depraved taste, and one which ought not to be gratified. The author is to be judged by the works which he voluntarily surrenders to the

public, not by the tenor of his private history, which ought not to be irreverently exposed. Thus, in compiling the life of a poet, we maintain that a literary executor has purely a literary function to perform. Out of the mass of materials which he may fortuitously collect, his duty is to select such portions as may illustrate the public doings of the man: he may, without transgressing the boundaries of propriety, inform us of the circumstances which suggested the idea of any particular work, the difficulties which were overcome by the author in the course of its composition, and even exhibit the correspondence relative thereto. These are matters of literary history which we may ask for, and obtain, without any breach of the conventional rules of society. Whatever refers to public life is public, and may be printed: whatever refers solely to domestic existence is private, and ought to be held sacred. A very little reflection, we think, will demonstrate the propriety of this distinction. If we have a dear and valued friend, to whom, in the hours of adversity or of joy, we are wont to communicate the thoughts which lie at the bottom of our soul, we write to him in the full conviction that he will regard these letters as addressed to himself alone. We do not insult him, nor wrong the holy attributes of friendship so much, as to warn him against communicating our thoughts to any one else in the world. We never dream that he will do so, else assuredly those letters never would have been written. If we were to discover that we had so grievously erred as to repose confidence in a person who, the moment he received a letter penned in a paroxysm of emotion and revealing a secret of our existence, was capable of exhibiting it to the circle of his acquaintance, of a surety he should never more be troubled with any of our correspondence. Would any man dare to print such documents during the life of the writer? We need not pause for a reply: there can be but one. And *why* is this? Because these communications bear on their face the stamp of the strictest privacy—because they were addressed to, and meant for the eye of but one human being in the universe—because

they betray the emotions of a soul which asks sympathy from a friend, with only less reverence than it implores comfort from its God! Does death, then, free the friend and the confidant from all restraint? If the knowledge that his secret had been divulged, his agonies exposed, his weaknesses surrendered to the vulgar gaze, could have pained the living man—is nothing due to his memory, now that he is laid beneath the turf, now that his voice can never more be raised to upbraid a violated confidence? Many modern biographers, we regret to say, do not appear to be influenced by any such consideration. They never seem to have asked themselves the question—Would my friend, if he had been compiling his own memoirs, have inserted such a letter for publication—does it not refer to a matter eminently private and personal, and never to be communicated to the world? Instead of applying this test, they print everything, and rather plume themselves on their impartiality in suppressing nothing. They thus exhibit the life not only of the author but of the man. Literary and personal history are blended together. The senator is not only exhibited in the House of Commons, but we are courteously invited to attend at the *accouchement* of his wife.

What title has any of us, in the abstract, to write the private history of his next-door neighbour? Be he poet, lawyer, physician, or divine, his private sayings and doings are his property, not that of a gaping and curious public. No man dares to say to another, "Come, my good fellow! it is full time that the world should know a little about your domestic concerns. I have been keeping a sort of notebook of your proceedings ever since we were at school together, and I intend to make a few pounds by exhibiting you in your true colours. You recollect when you were in love with old Tomnoddy's daughter? I have written a capital account of your interview with her that fine forenoon in the Botanical Gardens! True, she jilted you, and went off with young Heavystern of the Dragoons, but the public won't relish the scene a bit the less on that account. Then I have got some letters of yours from

our mutual friend Fitzjaw. How very hard-up you must have been at the time when you supplicated him for twenty pounds to keep you out of jail! You were rather severe, the other day when I met you at dinner, upon your professional brother Jenkinson; but I daresay that what you said was all very true, so I shall publish that likewise. By the way—how is your wife? She had a lot of money, had she not? At all events people say so, and it is shrewdly surmised that you did not marry her for her beauty. I don't mean to say that I think so, but such is the *on dit*, and I have set it down accordingly in my journal. Do, pray, tell me about that quarrel between you and your mother-in-law! Is it true that she threw a joint-stool at your head? How our friends will roar when they see the details in print!" Is the case less flagrant if the manuscript is not sent to press, until our neighbour is deposited in his coffin? We cannot perceive the difference. If the feelings of living people are to be taken as the criterion, only one of the domestic actors is removed from the stage of existence. Old Tomnoddy still lives, and may not be abundantly gratified at the fact of his daughter's infidelity and elopement being proclaimed. The intimation of the garden scene, hitherto unknown to Heavystern, may fill his warlike bosom with jealousy, and ultimately occasion a separation. Fitzjaw can hardly complain, but he will be very furious at finding his refusal to accommodate a friend appended to the supplicating letter. Jenkinson is only sorry that the libeller is dead, otherwise he would have treated him to an action in the Jury Court. The widow believes that she was made a bride solely for the sake of her Californian attractions, and reviles the memory of her spouse. As for the mother-in-law, now gradually dwindling into dotage, her feelings are perhaps of no great consequence to any human being. Nevertheless, when the obnoxious paragraph in the Memoirs is read to her by a shrill female companion, nature makes a temporary rally, her withered frame shakes with agitation, and she finally falls backward in a fit of hopeless paralysis.

Such is a feeble picture of the results that might ensue from private biography, were we all permitted, without reservation, to parade the lives and domestic circumstances of our neighbours to a greedy and gloating world. Not but that, if our neighbour has been a man of sufficient distinction to deserve commemoration, we may gracefully and skilfully narrate all of him that is worth the knowing. We may point to his public actions, expatiate on his achievements, and recount the manner in which he gained his intellectual renown; but further we ought not to go. The confidences of the dead should be as sacred as those of the living. And here we may observe, that there are other parties quite as much to blame as the biographers in question. We allude to the friends of the deceased, who have unscrupulously furnished them with materials. Is it not the fact that in very many cases they have divulged letters which, during the writer's lifetime, they would have withheld from the nearest and dearest of their kindred? In many such letters there occur observations and reflections upon living characters, not written in malice, but still such as were never intended to meet the eyes of the parties criticised; and these are forthwith published, as racy passages, likely to gratify the appetite of a coarse, vulgar, and inordinate curiosity. Even this is not the worst. Survivors may grieve to learn that the friend whom they loved was capable of ridiculing or misrepresenting them in secret, and his memory may suffer in their estimation; but, put the case of detailed private conversations, which are constantly foisted into modern biographies, and we shall immediately discover that the inevitable tendency is to engender dislikes among living parties. Let us suppose that three men, all of them professional authors, meet at a dinner party. The conversation is very lively, takes a literary turn, and the three gentlemen, with that sportive freedom which is very common in a society where no treachery is apprehended, pass some rather poignant strictures upon the writings or habits of their contemporaries. One of them either keeps a journal, or is in the habit of

writing, for the amusement of a confidential friend at a distance, any literary gossip which may be current, and he commits to paper the heads of the recent dialogue. He dies, and his literary executor immediately pounces upon the document, and, to the confusion of the two living critics, prints it. Every literary brother whom they have noticed is of course their enemy for life.

If, in private society, a snob is discovered retailing conversations, he is forthwith cut without compunction. He reads his detection in the calm, cold scorn of your eye; and, referring to the mirror of his own dim and dirty conscience, beholds the reflection of a hound. The biographer seems to consider himself exempt from such social secrecy. He shelters himself under the plea that the public are so deeply interested, that they must not be deprived of any memorandum, anecdote, or jotting, told, written, or detailed by the gifted subject of their memoirs. Therefore it is not a prudent thing to be familiar with a man of genius. He may not betray your confidence, but you can hardly trust to the tender mercies of his chronicler.

Such are our deliberate views upon the subject of biography, and we state them altogether independent of the three bulky volumes which are now lying before us for review.

We cordially admit that it was right and proper that a life of Campbell should be written. Although he did not occupy the same commanding position as others of his renowned contemporaries—although his writings have not, like those of Scott, Byron, and Southey, contributed powerfully to give a tone and idiosyncrasy to the general literature of the age—Campbell was nevertheless a man of rich genius, and a poet of remarkable accomplishment. It would not be easy to select, from the works of any other writer of our time, so many brilliant and polished gems, without flaw or imperfection, as are to be found amongst his minor poems. Criticism, in dealing with these exquisite lyrics, is at fault. If sometimes the suspicion of a certain effeminacy haunts us, we have but to turn the page, and we arrive at some magnificent, bold, and trumpet-toned ditty,

appealing directly from the heart of the poet to the imagination of his audience, and proving, beyond all contest, that power was his glorious attribute. True, he was unequal; and towards the latter part of his career, exhibited a marked failing in the qualities which originally secured his renown. It is almost impossible to believe that the *Pilgrim of Glencoe*, or even *Theodric*, was composed by the author of the *Pleasures of Hope* or *Gertrude*; and if you place the *Ritter Bann* beside *Hohenlinden* or the *Battle of the Baltic*, you cannot fail to be struck with the singular diminution of power. Campbell started from a high point—walked for some time along level or undulating ground—and then began rapidly to descend. This is not, as some idle critics have maintained, the common course of genius. Chaucer, Spenser, Shakespeare, Milton, Dryden, Scott, Byron, and Wordsworth, are remarkable instances to the contrary. Whatever may have been the promise of their youth, their matured performances, eclipsing their earlier efforts, show us that genius is capable of almost boundless cultivation, and that the fire of the poet does not cease to burn less brightly within him, because the sable of his hair is streaked with gray, or the furrows deepening on his brow. Sir Walter Scott was upwards of thirty before he began to compose in earnest: after thirty, Campbell wrote scarcely anything which has added permanently to his reputation. Extreme sensitiveness, an over-strained and fastidious desire of polishing, and sometimes the pressure of outward circumstances, may have combined to damp his early ardour. He evidently was deficient in that resolute pertinacity of labour, through which alone great results can be achieved. He allowed the best years of his life to be frittered away, in pursuits which could not secure to him either additional fame, or the more substantial rewards of fortune: and, though far from being actually idle, he was only indolently active. Campbell wanted an object in life. Thus, though gifted with powers which, directed towards one point, were capable of the highest concentration, we find him scattering

these in the most desultory and careless manner; and surrendering scheme after scheme, without making the vigorous effort which was necessary to secure their completion. This is a fault by no means uncommon in literature, but one which is highly dangerous. No work requiring great mental exertion should be undertaken rashly, for the enthusiasm which has prompted it rapidly subsides, the labour becomes distasteful to the writer, and unless he can bend himself to his task with the most dogged perseverance, and a determination to vanquish all obstacles, the result will be a fragment or a failure. Of this we find two notable instances recorded in the book before us. Twice in his life had Campbell meditated the construction of a great poem, and twice did he relinquish the task. Of the *Queen of the North* but a few lines remain: of his favourite projected epic on the subject of Wallace, nothing. Elegant trifles, sportive verses, and playful epigrams were, for many years, the last fruits of that genius which had dictated the *Pleasures of Hope*, and rejoiced the mariners of England with a ballad worthy of the theme. And yet, so powerful is early association—so universal was the recognition of the transcendent genius of the boy, that when Campbell sank into the grave, there was lamentation as though a great poet had been stricken down in his prime, and all men felt that a brilliant light had gone out among the luminaries of the age. Therefore it was seemly that his memory should receive that homage which has been rendered to others less deserving of it, and that his public career, at least, should be traced and given to the world.

It was Campbell's own wish that Dr Beattie should undertake his biography. Few perhaps knew the motives which led to this selection; for the assiduity, care, and filial attachment, bestowed for years by the warm-hearted physician upon the poet, was as unostentatious as it was honourable and devoted. Not from the pages of this biography can the reader form an adequate idea of the extent and value of such disinterested friendship: indeed it is not too much to say, that the rare and exemplary

kindness of Dr Beattie was the chief consolation of Campbell during the later period of his existence. It was therefore natural that the dying poet should have confided this trust to one of whose affection he was assured by so many rare and signal proofs; and it is with a kindly feeling to the author that we now approach the consideration of the literary merits of the book.

The admiration of Dr Beattie for the genius of Campbell has in some respects led him astray. It is easy to see at a glance that his measure of admiration is not of an ordinary kind, but so excessive as to lead him beyond all limit. He seems to have regarded Campbell not merely as a great poet, but as the great poet of the age; and he is unwilling, æsthetically, to admit any material diminution of his powers. He still clings with a certain faith to *Theodric*; and declines to perceive any palpable failure even in the *Pilgrim of Glencoe*. Verses and fragments which, to the casual reader, convey anything but the impression of excellence, are liberally distributed throughout the pages of the third volume, and commented on with evident rapture. He seems to think that, in the case of his author, it may be said, "*Nihil tetigit quod non ornavit*;" and accordingly he is slow to suppress, even where suppression would have been of positive advantage. In short, he is too full of his subject to do it justice. In the hands of a skilful and less biassed artisan, the materials which occupy these three volumes, extending to nearly fourteen hundred pages of print, might have been condensed into one highly interesting and popular volume. We should not then, it is true, have been favoured with specimens of Campbell's college exercises, with the voluminous chronicles of his family, with verses written at the age of eleven, or with correspondence purely domestic; but we firmly believe that the reading public would have been grateful to Dr Beattie, had he omitted a great deal of matter connected with the poet's earlier career, which is of no interest whatever. The Campbells of Kirnan were, we doubt not, a highly respectable sept, and performed their duty as kirk-elders for

many generations blamelessly in the parish of Glassary. But it was not necessary on that account to trace their descent from the Black Knight of Lochawe, or to give the particular history of the family for more than a century and a half. Gillespie-le-Camille may have been a fine fellow in his day; but we utterly deny, in the teeth of all the Campbells and Kembles in the world, that he had a drop of Norman blood in his veins. It is curious to find the poet, at a subsequent period, engaged in a correspondence, as to the common ancestor of these names, with one of the Kembles, who, as Mrs Butler somewhere triumphantly avers, were descended from the lords of Campo-bello. Where that favoured region may be, we know not; but this we know, that in Gaelic *Cambael* signifies *wry-mouth*, and hence, as is the custom with primitive nations, the origin of the name. And let not the sons of Diarmid be offended at this, or esteem their glories less, since the gallant Camerons owe their name to a similar conformation of the nose, and the Douglasses to their dark complexion. Having put this little matter of family etymology right, let us return to Dr Beattie.

The first volume, we maintain, is terribly overloaded by trivial details, and specimens of the kind to which we have alluded. We need not enter into these, except in so far as to state that Thomas Campbell was the youngest child of most respectable parents: that his father, having been unfortunate in business, was so reduced in circumstances, that, whilst attending Glasgow College, the young student was compelled to have recourse to teaching; that he acquitted himself admirably, and to the satisfaction of all his professors in the literary classes; and that, for one vacation at least, he resided as private tutor to a family in the island of Mull. He was then about eighteen, and had already exhibited symptoms of a rare poetical talent, particularly in translations from the Greek. Dr Beattie's zeal as a biographer may be gathered from the following statement:—

"I applied last year to the Rev. Dr M'Arthur, of Kilmarnock in Mull, requesting him to favour me with such traditional particulars regarding the

poet as might still be current among the old inhabitants; but I regret to say that nothing of interest has resulted. 'In the course of my inquiries,' he says, 'I have met with only two individuals who had seen Mr Campbell while he was in Mull, and the amount of their information is merely that he was a *very pretty young man*. Those who must have been personally acquainted with him in this country, have, like himself, descended into the tomb; so that no authentic anecdotes of him can now be procured in this quarter.'

There is a simplicity in this which has amused us greatly. Campbell, in those days, was conspicuous for nothing—at least, for no accomplishment which could be appreciated in that distant island. In all probability two-thirds of the inhabitants of the parish were Campbells, who expired in utter ignorance of the art of writing their names; so that to ask for literary anecdotes, at the distance of half a century, was rather a work of supererogation.

For two years more, Campbell led a life of great uncertainty. He was naturally averse to the drudgery of teaching—an employment which never can be congenial to a poetical and creative nature. He had no decided predilection for any of the learned professions; for though he alternately betook himself to the study of law, physic, and divinity, it was hardly with a serious purpose. He visited Edinburgh in search of literary employment, was for some time a clerk in a writer's office, and, through the kindness of the late Dr Anderson, editor of a collection of the British poets,—a man who was ever eager to acknowledge and encourage genius,—he received his first introduction to a bookselling firm. From them he received some little employment, but not of a nature suited to his taste; and we soon afterwards find him in Glasgow, meditating the establishment of a magazine—a scheme which proved utterly abortive.

In the mean time, however, he had not been idle. At the age of twenty the poetical instinct is active, and, even though no audience can be found, the muse will force its way. Campbell had already translated two plays

of *Æschylus* and *Euripides*—an exercise which no doubt developed largely his powers of versification—and, further, had begun to compose original lyric verses. In the foreign edition of his works, there is inserted a poem called the *Dirge of Wallace*, written about this period, which, with a very little concentration, might have been rendered as perfect as any of his later compositions. In spirit and energy it is assuredly inferior to none of them. "But," says Dr Beattie, "the fastidious author, who thought it too rhapsodical, never bestowed a careful revision upon it, and persisted in excluding it from all the London editions." We hope to see it restored to its proper place in the next: in the mean time we select the following noble stanzas:—

"They lighted the tapers at dead of night,
And chanted their holiest hymn:
But her brow and her bosom were damp with
affright,
Her eye was all sleepless and dim!
And the Lady of Killernie wept for her lord,
When a death-watch beat in her lonely
room,
When her curtain had shook of its own
accord,
And the raven had flapped at her window
board,
To tell of her warrior's doom.

"Now sing ye the death-song, and loudly pray
For the soul of my knight so dear!
And call me a widow this wretched day,
Since the warning of God is here.
For a nightmare rests on my strangled sleep;
The lord of my bosom is doomed to die!
His valorous heart they have wounded deep,
And the blood-red tears shall his country
weep
For Wallace of Ellerslie!"

"Yet knew not his country, that ominous
hour—
Ere the loud matin-bell was rung—
That the trumpet of death, from an English
tower,
Had the dirge of her champion sung.
When his dungeon-light looked dim and red
On the highborn blood of a martyr slain,
No anthem was sung at his lowly death-bed—
No weeping was there when his bosom bled,
And his heart was rent in twain.

"Oh! it was not thus when his ashen spear
Was true to that knight forlorn,
And hosts of a thousand were scattered like
dew
At the blast of a hunter's horn;
When he strode o'er the wreck of each well-
fought field,
With the yellow-haired chiefs of his native
land;

For his lance was not sheered on helmet or shield,
And the sword that was fit for archangel to wield
Was light in his terrible hand !

“ Yet, bleeding and bound, though the Wallace
wight

For his long-loved country die,
The bugle ne'er sung to a braver knight
Than William of Ellerslie !

But the day of his triumphs shall never depart ;
His head, unentombed, shall with glory be
palmed—

From its blood-streaming altar his spirit shall
start ;

Though the raven has fed on his mouldering
heart,

A nobler was never embalmed ! ”

Nothing can be finer than the lines we have quoted in Italics, nor perhaps did Campbell himself ever match them. Local reputations are dearly cherished in the west of Scotland, and even at this early period our poet was denominated “ the Pope of Glasgow.”

Again Campbell migrated to Edinburgh, but still with no fixed determination as to the choice of a profession : his intention was to attend the public lectures at the University, and also to push his connexion with the booksellers, so as to obtain the means of livelihood. Failing this last resource, he contemplated removing to America, in which country his eldest brother was permanently settled. Fortunately for himself, he now made the acquaintance of several young men who were destined afterwards to attract the public observation, and to win great names in different branches of literature. Among these were Scott, Brougham, Leyden, Jeffrey, Dr Thomas Brown, and Grahame, the author of *The Sabbath*. Mr John Richardson, who had the good fortune to remain through life the intimate friend both of Scott and Campbell, was also, at this early period, the chosen companion of the latter, and contributed much, by his judicious counsels and criticisms, to nerve the poet for that successful effort which, shortly afterwards, took the world of letters by storm. Dr Anderson also continued his literary superintendence, and anxiously watched over the progress of the new poem upon which Campbell was now engaged. At length, in 1799, the *Pleasures of Hope* appeared.

Rarely has any volume of poetry

met with such rapid success. Campbell had few living rivals of established reputation to contend with ; and the freshness of his thought, the extreme sweetness of his numbers, and the fine taste which pervaded the whole composition, fell like magic on the ear of the public, and won their immediate approbation. It is true that, as a speculation, this volume did not prove remarkably lucrative to the author : he had disposed of the copyright before publication for a sum of sixty pounds, but, through the liberality of the publishers, he received for some years a further sum on the issue of each edition. The book was certainly worth a great deal more ; but many an author would be glad to surrender all claim for profit on his first adventure, could he be assured of such valuable popularity as Campbell now acquired. He presently became a lion in Edinburgh society ; and, what was far better, he secured the countenance and friendship of such men as Dugald Stewart, Henry Mackenzie, Dr Gregory, the Rev. Archibald Alison, and Telford, the celebrated engineer. It is pleasant to know that the friendships so formed were interrupted only by death.

Campbell had now, to use a common but familiar phrase, the ball at his foot, but never did there live a man less capable of appreciating opportunity. At an age when most young men are students, he had won fame—fame, too, in such measure and of such a kind as secured him against reaction, or the possibility of a speedy neglect following upon so rapid a success. Had he deliberately followed up his advantage with anything like ordinary diligence, fortune as well as fame would have been his immediate reward. Like Aladdin, he was in possession of a talisman which could open to him the cavern in which a still greater treasure was contained ; but he shrunk from the labour which was indispensable for the effort. He either could not or would not summon up sufficient resolution to betake himself to a new task ; but, under the pretext of improving his mind by travel, gave way to his erratic propensities, and departed for the Continent with a slender purse, and, as usual, no fixity of purpose.

We confess that the portion of his correspondence which relates to this expedition does not appear to us remarkably interesting. He resided chiefly at Ratisbon, where his time appears to have been tolerably equally divided between writing lyrics for the *Morning Chronicle*, then under the superintendence of Mr Perry, and squabbling with the monks of the Scottish Convent of Saint James. Some of his best minor poems were composed at this period; but it will be easily comprehended that, from the style of their publication in a fugitive form, they could add but little at the time to his reputation, and certainly they did not materially improve his finances. With a contemplated poem of some magnitude—the *Queen of the North*—he made little progress; and, upon the whole, this year was spent uncomfortably. After his return to Britain, he resided for some time in Edinburgh and London, mixing in the best and most cultivated society, but sorely straitened in circumstances, which, nevertheless, he had not the courage or the patience to improve.

A quarto edition of the *Pleasures*, printed by subscription for his own benefit, at length put him in funds, and probably tempted him to marry. Then came the real cares of life,—an increased establishment, an increasing family: new mouths to provide for, and no settled mode of livelihood. Of all literary men, Campbell was least calculated, both by habit and inclination, to pursue a profession which, with many temptations, was then, and is still, precarious. He was not, like Scott, a man of business habits and unflagging industry. His impulses to write were short, and his fastidiousness interfered with his impulse. Booksellers were slow in offering him employment, for they could not depend on his punctuality. Those who have frequent dealings with the trade know how much depends upon the observance of this excellent virtue; but Campbell never could be brought to appreciate its full value. The printing-press had difficulty in keeping pace with the pen of Scott: to wait for that of Campbell was equivalent to a cessation of labour. Therefore it is not surprising that, about this period, most of his negotiations

failed. Proposals for an edition of the *British Poets*, a large and expensive work, to be executed jointly by Scott and Campbell, fell to the ground: and the bard of Hope gave vent to his feelings by execrating the phalanx of the Row.

At the very moment when his prospects appeared to be shrouded in the deepest gloom, Campbell received intimation that he had been placed on the pension-list as an annuitant of £200. Never was the royal bounty more seasonably extended; and this high recognition of his genius seems for a time to have inspired him with new energy. He commenced the compilation of the *Specimens of British Poets*; but his indolent habits overcame him, and the work was not given to the public until *thirteen years* after it was undertaken. No wonder that the booksellers were chary of staking their capital on the faith of his promised performances!

Ten years after the publication of the *Pleasures of Hope*, *Gertrude of Wyoming* appeared. That exquisite little poem demonstrated, in the most conclusive manner, that the author's poetical powers were not exhausted by his earlier effort, and the same volume contained the noblest of his immortal lyrics. Campbell was now at the highest point of his renown. Critics may compare together the longer poems, and, according as their taste leans towards the didactic or the descriptive form of composition, may differ in awarding the palm of excellence, but there can be but one opinion as to the lyrical poetry. In this respect Campbell stands alone among his contemporaries, and since then he has never been surpassed. *Lochiel's Warning* and the *Battle of the Baltic* were among the pieces then published; and it would be difficult, out of the whole mass of British poetry, to select two specimens, by the same author, which may fairly rank with these.

A new literary field was shortly after this opened to Campbell. He was engaged to deliver a course of lectures on poetry at the Royal Institution of London, and the scheme proved not only successful but lucrative. In after years he lectured repeatedly on the belles lettres at Liverpool, Birmingham, and other places, and the celebrity of

his name always commanded a crowd of listeners. We learn from Dr Beattie, that at two periods of his life it was proposed to bring him forward as a candidate, either for the chair of Rhetoric or that of History in the University of Edinburgh; but he seems to have recoiled from the idea of the labour necessary for the preparation of a thorough academical course, a task which his extreme natural fastidiousness would doubtless have rendered doubly irksome. Several more years, a portion of which time was spent on the Continent, passed over without any remarkable result, until, at the age of forty-three, Campbell entered upon the duties of the editorship of the *New Monthly Magazine*.

He held this situation for ten years, and resigned it, according to his own account, "because it was utterly impossible to continue the editor without interminable scrapes, together with a law-suit now and then." In the interim, however, certain important events had taken place. In the first place, he had published *Theodric*—a poem which, in spite of a most laudatory critique in the *Edinburgh Review*, left a painful impression on the public mind, and was generally considered as a symptom either that the rich mine of poesy was worked out, or that the genius of the author had been employed in a wrong direction. In the second place, he took an active share in the foundation of the London University. He appears, indeed, to have been the originator of the scheme, and to have managed the preliminary details with more than common skill and prudence. It was mainly through his exertions that it did not assume the aspect of a mere sectarian institution, bigoted in its principles and circumscribed in its sphere of utility. Shortly after this academical experiment, he was elected Lord Rector of the Glasgow University. Whatever abstract value may be attached to such an honour—and we are aware that very conflicting opinions have been expressed upon the point—this distinction was one of the most gratifying of all the tributes which were ever rendered to Campbell. He found himself preferred, by the students of that university where his first aspirations after fame had been roused, to

one of the first orators and statesmen of the age; and his warm heart overflowed with delight at the kindly compliment. He resolved not to accept the office as a mere sinecure, but strictly to perform those duties which were prescribed by ancient statute, but which had fallen into abeyance by the carelessness of nominal Rectors. He entered as warmly into the feelings, and as cordially supported the interests of the students, as if the academical red gown of Glasgow had been still fresh upon his shoulders; and such being the case, it is not surprising that he was almost adored by his youthful constituents. This portion of the memoirs is very interesting: it displays the character of Campbell in a most amiable light; and the coldest reader cannot fail to peruse with pleasure the records of an ovation so truly gratifying to the sensibilities of the kind and affectionate poet. For three years, during which unusual period he held the office, his correspondence with the students never flagged; and it may be doubted whether the university ever possessed a better Rector.

In 1831 he took up the Polish cause, and founded an association in London, which for many years was the main support of the unfortunate exiles who sought refuge in Britain. The public sympathy was at that time largely excited in their favour, not only by the gallant struggle which they had made for regaining their ancient independence, but from the subsequent severities perpetrated by the Russian government. Campbell, from his earliest years, had denounced the unprincipled partition of Poland; he watched the progress of the revolution with an anxiety almost amounting to fanaticism; and when the outbreak was at last put down by the strong hand of power, his passion exceeded all bounds. Day and night his thoughts were of Poland only: in his correspondence he hardly touched upon any other theme; and, carried away by his zeal to serve the exiles, he neglected his usual avocations. The mind of Campbell was naturally of an impulsive cast: but the fits were rather violent than enduring. This psychological tendency was, perhaps, his most serious misfortune, since it invariably prevented

him from maturing the most important projects he conceived. Unless the scheme was such as could be executed with rapidity, he was apt to halt in the progress.

He next became engaged in a new magazine speculation—*The Metropolitan*—which, instead of turning out, as he anticipated, a mine of wealth, very nearly involved him in serious pecuniary responsibility. After this, his public career gradually became less marked. The last poem which he published, *The Pilgrim of Glencoe*, exhibited few symptoms of the fire and energy conspicuous in his early efforts. "This work," says Dr Beattie, "in one or two instances was very favourably reviewed—in others, the tone of criticism was cold and austere; but neither praise nor censure could induce the public to judge for themselves; and silence, more fatal in such cases than censure, took the poem for a time under her wing. The poet himself expressed little surprise at the apathy with which his new volume had been received; but whatever indifference he felt for the influence it might have upon his reputation, he could not feel indifferent to the more immediate effect which a tardy or greatly diminished sale must have upon his prospects as a householder. 'A new poem from the pen of Campbell,' he was told, 'was as good as a bill at sight;' but, from some error in the drawing, as it turned out, it was not negotiable; and the expenses into which he had been led, by trusting too much to popular favour, were now to be defrayed from other sources." It ought, however, to be remarked, that he had now arrived at his great climacteric. He was sixty-four years of age, and his constitution, never very robust, began to exhibit symptoms of decay. Dr Beattie, who had long watched him with affectionate solicitude, in the double character of physician and friend, thus notes his observation of the change. "At the breakfast or dinner table—particularly when surrounded by old friends—he was generally animated, full of anecdote, and always projecting new schemes of benevolence. But still there was a visible change in his conversation: it seemed to flow less freely; it required an effort to support it; and

on topics in which he once felt a keen interest, he now said but little, or remained silent and thoughtful. The change in his outward appearance was still more observable; he walked with a feeble step, complained of constant chilliness; while his countenance, unless when he entered into conversation, was strongly marked with an expression of languor and anxiety. The sparkling intelligence that once animated his features was greatly obscured; he quoted his favourite authors with hesitation—because, he told me, he often could not recollect their names."

The remainder of his life was spent in comparative seclusion. Long before this period he was left a solitary man. His wife, whom he loved with deep and enduring affection, was taken away—one of his sons died in childhood, and the other was stricken with a malady which proved incurable. But the kind offices of a nephew and niece, and the attentions of many friends, amongst whom Dr Beattie will always be remembered as the chief, soothed the last days of the poet, and supplied those duties which could not be rendered by dearer hands. He expired at Boulogne, on 15th June 1844, his age being sixty-seven, and his body was worthily interred in Westminster Abbey, with the honours of a public funeral.

"Never," says Beattie, "since the death of Addison, it was remarked, had the obsequies of any literary man been attended by circumstances more honourable to the national feeling, and more expressive of cordial respect and homage, than those of Thomas Campbell.

"Soon after noon, the procession began to move from the Jerusalem Chamber to Poet's Corner, and in a few minutes passed slowly down the long lofty aisle—

'Through breathing statues, then unheeded things;
Through rows of warriors, and through walks
of kings.'

On each side the pillared avenues were lined with spectators, all watching the solemn pageant in reverential silence, and mostly in deep mourning. The Rev. Henry Milman, himself an eminent poet, headed the procession; while the service for the dead, answered by the deep-toned organ, in sounds like distant thunder, produced an effect of indescribable solemnity. One only feeling seemed to per-

vade the assembled spectators, and was visible on every face—a desire to express their sympathy in a manner suitable to the occasion. He who had celebrated the glory and enjoyed the favour of his country for more than forty years, had come at last to take his appointed chamber in the Hall of Death—to mingle ashes with those illustrious predecessors, who, by steep and difficult paths, had attained a lofty eminence in her literature, and made a lasting impression on the national heart.”

We observe that Dr Beattie has, very properly, passed over with little notice certain statements, emanating from persons who styled themselves the friends of Campbell, regarding his habits of life during the latter portion of his years. It is a misfortune incidental to almost all men of genius, that they are surrounded by a fry of small literary adulators, who, in order to magnify themselves, make a practice of reporting every circumstance, however trivial, which falls under their observation, and who are not always very scrupulous in adhering to the truth. Campbell, who had the full poetical share of vanity in his composition, was peculiarly liable to the attacks of such insidious worshippers, and was not sufficiently careful in the selection of his associates. Hence imputations, not involving any question of honour or morality, but implying frailty to a considerable degree, have been openly hazarded by some who, in their own persons, are no patterns of the cardinal virtues. Such statements do no honour either to the heart or the judgment of those who devised them: nor would we have even touched upon the subject, save to reprobate, in the strongest manner, these breaches of domestic privacy, and of ill-judged and unmerited confidence.

A good deal of the correspondence printed in these volumes is of a trifling nature, and interferes materially with the conciseness of the biography. We do not mean to say that anything objectionable has been included, but there are too many notes and epistles upon familiar topics, which neither illustrate the peculiar tone of Campbell's mind, nor throw any light whatever upon his poetical history. But the correspondence with his own family is highly interesting. Nowhere

does Campbell appear in a higher and more estimable point of view, than in the character of son and brother. Even in the hours of his darkest adversity, we find him sharing his small and precarious gains with his mother and sisters; and they were in an equal degree the participators of his better fortunes. His fondness and consideration for his wife and children are most conspicuous; and many of his letters regarding his boy, when “the dark shadow” had passed across his mind, are extremely affecting. Those who have a taste for the modern style of maudering about children, and the perverted pictures of infancy so common in our social literature, may not, perhaps, see much to admire in the following extract from a letter by Campbell, announcing the birth of his eldest child: to us it appears a pure and exquisite picture:—

“This little gentleman all this while looked to be so proud of his new station in society, that he held up his blue eyes and placid little face with perfect indifference to what people about him felt or thought. Our first interview was when he lay in his little crib, in the midst of white muslin and dainty lace, prepared by Matilda's hands, long before the stranger's arrival. I verily believe, in spite of my partiality, that lovelier babe was never smiled upon by the light of heaven. He was breathing sweetly in his first sleep. I durst not waken him, but ventured to give him one kiss. He gave a faint murmur, and opened his little azure lights. Since that time he has continued to grow in grace and stature. I can take him in my arms; but still his good nature and his beauty are but provocatives to the affection which one must not indulge: he cannot bear to be hugged, he cannot yet stand a worrying. Oh! that I were sure he would live to the days when I could take him on my knee, and feel the strong plumpness of childhood waxing into vigorous youth. My poor boy! shall I have the ecstasy to teach him thoughts and knowledge, and reciprocity of love to me? It is bold to venture into futurity so far! at present his lovely little face is a comfort to me; his lips breathe that fragance which it is one of the loveliest kindnesses of Nature that she has given to infants—a sweetness of smell more delightful than all the treasures of Arabia. What adorable beauties of God and Nature's bounty we live in without knowing! How few have ever seemed to think an infant beautiful! But to me there seems to be a beauty

in the earliest dawn of infancy which is not inferior to the attractions of childhood, especially when they sleep. Their looks excite a more tender train of emotions. It is like the tremulous anxiety which we feel for a candle newly lighted, which we dread going out."

The sensibility, too, which he uniformly exhibited towards those who had shown him kindness, especially his older and earlier friends, is exceedingly pleasing. In writing to or speaking of the Rev. Archibald Alison and Dugald Stewart, his tone is one of heartfelt, and almost filial, affection and reverence; and amongst all the benevolent actions performed by those great and good men, there were few to which they could revert with more pleasure than to their seasonable patronage of the young and sanguine poet. With his literary contemporaries, also, he lived upon good terms,—a circumstance rather remarkable, for Campbell, notwithstanding his good-nature, was sufficiently touchy, and keenly alive to satire or hostile criticism. Excepting an early quarrel with John Leyden, on the score of some reported misrepresentation, a temporary feud with Moore, which was speedily reconciled, and a short and unacrimonious disruption from Bowles, we are not aware that he ever differed with any of his gifted brethren. He was upon the best terms with Scott; and Dr Beattie has given us several valuable specimens of their mutual correspondence. With Rogers he was intimate to the last; and even the sarcastic and dangerous Byron always mentioned him with expressions of regard. Let us add, moreover, that, whenever he had the power, he was ready, even in instances where his own interest might have counselled otherwise, to lend a helping hand to others who were struggling for literary reputation. This generous impulse was sometimes carried so far as to injure him in his editorial capacity; for, although fastidious to a degree as to the quality of his own writings, it was always with a sore heart that he shut the door in the face of a needy contributor.

The querulousness with which Campbell complains throughout, of the cruel treatment which he met with at the hands of the publishers, would be

amusing, if it were not at the same time most unjust. He acknowledges, in a letter written to Mr Richardson, so late as 1842, that the sale of his poems, for a series of years before, had yielded him, on an average, £500 per annum: not a bad annuity, we think, as the proceeds of a couple of volumes! We happen to know, moreover, that by the first publication of *Gertrude* Campbell made upwards of a thousand pounds; and, unless we are grievously misinformed, he received from Mr Murray, for the copyright of the *Specimens*, a similar sum, being double the amount contracted for. We have already mentioned the publication of a subscription edition of the *Pleasures of Hope*, "which," says Dr Beattie, "with great liberality on the part of the publishers, was to be brought out for his own exclusive benefit." We should not have alluded to these matters, which, however, we believe, are no secrets, but for the publication by Dr Beattie of some very absurd expressions used and reiterated by Campbell. Such phrases as the following constantly occur: "They are the greatest ravens on earth with whom we have to deal—liberal enough as booksellers go—but still, you know, ravens, croakers, suckers of innocent blood, and living men's brains." Nor, in the opinion of Campbell, were these outrages confined merely to the living subjects, for he says, in reference to the older tenants of Parnassus, "Poor Bards! you are all ill used, even after death, by those who have lived upon your brains. And now, having scooped out those brains, they drink out of them, like Vandals out of the skulls of the severed and slain, served up by a Gothic Ganymede!" Further, in speaking of Napoleon, he says, "Perhaps in my feelings towards the Gallic usurper there may be some personal bias; for I must confess that, ever since he shot the bookseller in Germany, I have had a warm side to him. It was sacrificing an offering, by the hand of genius, to the manes of the victims immolated by the trade; and I only wish we had Nap here for a short time, to cut out a few of our own cormorants." The fact is, that so far from Campbell being ill-used by the trade, they behaved towards him with uncommon liberality. It is true that,

in several instances, they hesitated in making high terms for work not yet commenced, with a man who was notoriously deficient in punctuality and perseverance; nor are they to be blamed, when we consider the number of his schemes, and the very few instances in which these were brought to maturity.

On the whole, then, though we cannot bestow unqualified praise upon Dr Beattie, for the manner in which he has compiled these volumes, we shall state that we have passed no unprofitable hours in their perusal. We rise from them with full appreciation of the many excellent points in the poet's character, with an augmented regard for his memory on account of the virtues so eminently displayed, and with no lessened reverence for the man in consequence of the admitted foibles from which none of the human family are exempt. The book may be practically useful to those who aspire to literary eminence, and who are apt to rely too confidently and implicitly on the powers with which they are naturally gifted. So long as Campbell was under restraint—so long as he was subjected to the wholesome discipline of the University, and forced into the race of emulation, we find that his genius was largely and rapidly developed. He was not a mere philological scholar, though his attainments in Greek might have put many a pedant to the blush; but he improved his sense of beauty and his taste by the contemplation of the Attic flowers; and, without injuring his style by any affectation of antiquity unsuited to the tone of

his age, he adorned it by many of the graces which are presented by the ancient models. At Glasgow he worked hard and won merited honours. But afterwards, by abandoning himself to a desultory course of study and of composition, by never acting upon the wise and sure plan of keeping one object only steadily in view, and persevering in spite of all difficulties until that point was attained,—he failed in realising the high expectations which were justified by his early promise. As it is, Campbell's name is ranked high in the roll of the British poets; but assuredly he would have occupied a still more exalted place, and also have avoided much of that anxiety which at times clouded his existence, if he had used his fine natural gifts with but a portion of the energy and determination of his great compatriot, Scott.

In conclusion let us remark, that however Dr Beattie may have erred on the side of prolixity, by including in the compass of the memoirs some trifling and irrelevant matter, he is more than concise whenever it is necessary to allude to his own relationship with Campbell. He has made no parade whatever of his intimacy with the poet; and no stranger, in perusing these volumes, could discover that to Beattie Campbell was substantially indebted for many disinterested acts of friendship, which contributed largely to the comfort of his declining years. This modesty is a rare feature in modern biography; and, when it does occur so remarkably as here, we are bound to mention it with special honour.

THE ENGLISH UNIVERSITIES AND THEIR REFORMS.

ALL over Europe, of late, we have been hearing a great deal of universities and students. The trencher-cap has claimed a right to take its part in the movements which make or mar the destinies of nations, by the side of plumed casque and priestly tiara. Whether it was the beer of the German burschen that "decocted their cold blood to such valiant heat," or whether their practice in make-believe duels had imparted a savage appetite for foeman's blood in some more genuine combat, or whether Fichte's metaphysics had fairly muddled their brains into delirium, certain it is that they have, wheresoever they could find an opportunity, been foremost in the cause of demolition and disorder, vied with and encouraged the lowest of the rabble in lawless aggressions, exulted in the glow of blazing houses, and cried havoc to rapine and murder.

It is curious that, while all this has been going on in Europe, the attention of the public should have been so much occupied by the condition of our English universities. Still more curious is it, perhaps, that so large a portion of the attention thus directed should have assumed an oburgatory tone, as if Oxford and Cambridge were not duly performing their functions, as if they were of a character suited only to bygone ages, as if, in short, they were doing nothing. True enough, in one sense, they were "doing nothing." There was no academical legion formed—none, at least, that we heard of—in Christchurch Meadows or Trinity Walks; no body of sympathising students marched to London, with the view of taking part in the democratic exhibitions of the 10th of April. If Cuffey is to be President of the British Republic, he must search for the body-guard of democracy elsewhere than on the banks of the Cam and the Isis. No doubt this excellent result is attributable, in a great measure, to the loyalty of the professional and middle classes, from which our university students principally spring. Their

feelings will naturally be akin to those of their relations and friends. But when, in so many other instances, we see the academic population taking the lead in the work of revolution, beyond any spirit which exists among their kindred, and urged on by a democratic madness of purely academic growth, we cannot help holding that some credit on behalf of the loyalty of English students is due to the institutions by the influence of which they are surrounded.

We are inclined to think that the public have not been sufficiently alive to this not unimportant difference between Oxford and Heidelberg—Cambridge and Vienna. Certes, but little account was taken of the peaceful bearing of our academic population. On the contrary, much supercilious wordiness has been lavished, more or less to the discredit of cap and gown, by portions of the London press in the lead, and, as a necessary consequence, by provincial journalists *ad libitum*. This talk, current now for some years, was all concentrated and endued with new vigour by a movement of the University of Cambridge itself. The people who stop your way by talking of "progress," and deal out dark rhodomontade on the subject of "enlightenment," were all set agog by what they thought a symptom of capitulation in the strongholds of the Ancient. All our old imbecile friends, the cant phrases of twenty and thirty years ago, started up as fresh as paint, ready to go through all the handling they had before endured. We heard of, "keeping alive ancient prejudices," "cleaving pertinaciously to obsolete forms," "following a monastic rule," "forgetting the world outside their college walls," and multifarious twaddle of this sort, till the Pope fled from Rome, or some other little revolution occurred to withdraw the attention of the public from this set of phrases to another, no doubt not less forcible and original. Others, again, took a friendly tone and spoke apologetically: it was a great thing to get any move at all from the

university: those who took the lead in her management were not men who mixed with the world at large, and allowance must be made if they did not altogether march with the times. "The world at large" is an expression of very doubtful import: "all think their little set mankind:" but when the resident fellows of colleges are charged with not duly mixing with the world at large, we cannot help thinking that those who use the phrase are ignoring the existence of the Didcot Junction and Eastern Counties Railway, and borrowing their ideas of academic life from the time when Hobson travelled "betwixt Cambridge and the Bull." As far as our observation goes, we should say that there is no class of persons who have better opportunities of taking an extended view of different phases of social being, or who are more disposed to take advantage of those opportunities. A fellow of a college is not engaged much more than half the year in university business; for four months, at the very least, he generally has it in his power to expatiate where he will, from May Fair to Mesopotamia; he has no household ties to detain him, and if he does not rub off the lexicographic rust, and the mathematical mouldiness, which he may have contracted during his labours of the term, he must be possessed of a local attachment almost vegetable: some few instances of which secluded existence still linger in quiet nooks of our halls and colleges, but which are no more the types of their class than Parson Trulliber is a representative of the country clergy, or the stage Diggory of the English yeoman. But the self-complacency of Cockneyism is the most unshaken thing in this revolutionary age. It is perfectly ready to lecture the parson on the teaching of Greek, or the Yorkshire farmer on the fattening of bullocks. All the distributive machinery in the world does not diminish, it would seem, the absorption of intelligence by the Ward of Cheap.

We are not, however, surprised that the conclusions, on which we have remarked, should be those arrived at by the large class of small observers whose phraseology we have quoted. The bustling man of business, who

takes his day-ticket to Oxford or Cambridge, is of course struck by seeing a number of usages, for the original of which, if he inquire, he is referred back to hoar mediæval times — times which his Cockney guides dispose of by some such phrase as crass ignorance, or feudal barbarism. He is naturally surprised at such things; he never saw anything like it before; they don't do so in Mincing Lane, or even in Gower Street. He can hardly be expected to view these matters in their relation to the system of which they form a part; he can hardly be expected to realise in them the symbols through which the *genius loci* finds an utterance and exerts an agency; and so he goes smiling home in his railway carriage, and perhaps buys a number of *Punch* by the way, and thinks that there is more practical wisdom in that periodical than is embodied in the great monuments of William of Wykeham or Lady Margaret.

Nevertheless, while we rebut these vague general charges of a blind impassibility to the influences of the time, we are far from denying that a tendency to cling to ancient ideas and observances is a characteristic of the universities. This tendency is a property of all corporate institutions, and is commonly the reason of their foundation. They are to perpetuate to a future time a feeling or design of the present; to form a nucleus, round which the thoughts and principles of one age congregate, and are thus handed down to another in a preserved and crystallised form. Changes of ideas pass upon them of necessity, through the individual liability of their constituent members to be affected by the current of the passing time; but these changes take place rather by a gradual fusion of the old into the new, than by those sudden transitions to which the popular and prevailing opinions are so often subjected. And it may fairly be supposed that, by means of this property, corporations are more likely to adopt and amalgamate into their framework that which is most permanent and genuine, out of all that the ever-changing tide of time casts upon the shore.

Perhaps, too, this tenacity of the

bygone will more naturally be found to be a characteristic of the universities, than of other corporations. The spots which they occupy are holy ground, fraught with historic memories of the great and wise of former days. The *genius loci* is a mighty advocate in behalf of antiquity:—

“As the ghost of Homer clings
Round Scamander’s wasting springs;
As divinest Shakspeare’s might
Fills Avon and the world with light;”

—so we may not well pass unaffected by the congregation of priest, and poet, and sage, whose recollections consecrate the banks of our academic rivers. As we go beneath “Bacon’s mansion,” or about Milton’s mulberry tree; as we kneel where Newton knelt, or dine in halls where the portraits of Erasmus, and Fisher, and Taylor, look down upon us,—these are not times and places for the dogmatism and arrogance of “the nineteenth century”—for bragging of our advance and illumination, or sneering at “the good old times.” This is in accordance with the law of our nature; but these recollections, and the lessons which they teach, are not, if rightly laid hold of, such as to induce a mere blind attachment to the skeletons of dead notions and practices. And although it may, perhaps must, happen that, at any given time, there may be found relics adhering to the system, whose vitality and meaning have been withdrawn by time, and left them dry and sapless, yet we will venture to assert that, if a dogged adherence to antiquated forms could fairly be charged on the universities, they could never have maintained their ground amidst the mighty historical transmutations that have passed over their heads. Civil wars and popular tumults have raged around them; the throne has yielded to violence and to intrigue; the Church has admitted modifications, both of her doctrine and her discipline; and, more than all, the still more important, though silent and gradual changes—changes to which the striking and salient events of history are but the indexes and visible signs—changes of thought and rule of action—have risen and sunk, and ebbed and flowed, and still these stable monuments of the piety and munificence of men whose names are almost

unknown, remain unshorn of their ancient vigour, and intimately entwined with our social system.

But it is time that we should come to particulars, and make known to our readers, as briefly as we can, the nature of the alterations recently introduced at Cambridge, which have called forth so much objugatory commendation from quarters, which were commonly considered to entertain tolerably destructive views in regard to the universities. We say objugatory commendation, because the faint praise of a “move in the right direction” was generally more or less coupled with vigorous denunciation of the antiquated obstinacy which had so long kept in the wrong. And here we must premise the statement of certain qualities of the age in which we live, which will have fallen under the notice of all observers. Perhaps the most distinguishing feature of our time is the principle which forms the life and soul of retail trade—the principle which sets men to busy themselves about small and immediate returns for outlay; which looks more to the gains across the counter, than to the advantage which is general, or distant, or future. In a word, *practicality* is the ruling passion of our day. As might have been expected, education, among other things, has been subjected to this huckstering test. People have asked, what is the market value of this or that branch of learning? Will it get a boy on in the world? Will it enable him to provide for himself soon? Will the returns for the expenditure I am going to make be quick and certain? Cowper represents the father of a son intended for the church as speculating on his young hopeful’s prospects after the following fashion:—

“Let reverend churls his ignorance rebuke,
Who starve upon a dog’s-eared Pentateuch,
The parson knows enough who knows a duke.”

In these days the acquaintance of a duke is not of the same relative value as it was when Cowper wrote; but this sort of worldly-wise calculation is more prevalent than ever, and the cry of the largest class of the public is—give us such knowledge as will *pay*. Those who took this commercial view of education derived no small encour-

agement from the circumstance that Prince Albert, the learned field-marshal, and warlike chancellor of Cambridge University, had interfered to promote the culture of modern languages in these venerable precincts of Eton, where for many a year Henry's holy shade had watched the growth of an education of less obvious utility. How was young Thomas or William "the better off" for being able to con "the tale of Troy divine?" But teach him to mince a little French, sipper a little Italian, snarl a little German, and there he is at once accomplished for an *attaché*, a correspondent, or a bagman—profitable walks of life all of them. And the same notions mounted still higher in the ascendant, when the senate of the University of Cambridge apparently evinced a desire to examine the requirements of that body by the same standard.

The first step of this kind was taken about three years ago. Most of our readers are aware that, at Cambridge, those candidates for a degree who do not aspire to honours are said to go out in the *poll*; this being the abbreviated term to denote those who were classically designated of *πολλοί*. Now the qualifications required for attaining this poll degree consisted of an acquaintance with a part of Homer, a part of Virgil, a part of the Greek Testament, and Paley's *Evidences of Christianity*, over and above the mathematics, of which we shall speak presently. By what curious infelicity the recondite, and, in many particulars, inexplicable language of Homer has been so commonly selected for beginners in Greek at school, and, as in this case, for those who were not expected to appear as accomplished scholars—we need not here stop to inquire. Suffice it to say that the university, in this initial reform, ousted Homer and Virgil from the course, and supplied their places with a Latin and Greek author, to be varied in each successive year. This was decidedly an improvement, at least as regards Homer, for the reason we have alluded to above. Perhaps a better innovation would have been to have followed the Oxford system, and allowed to the student a choice of his author. But it is a great misfortune to the university, in recasting this

course, did not substitute a work of some one of the logical or philosophical authors current in the English language, for the shallow and plausible book of Paley's above mentioned—with regard to which it would be difficult to say whether it is worse chosen as a model of reasoning, or as a proof of Christian facts.

The mathematical portion of this course consisted of Euclid, algebra, and trigonometry, the student being thus trained in the model processes of pure mathematical reasoning left us by the first, and also brought acquainted with the elementary operations of analysis. As a matter of mental training, the most valuable portion of this curriculum was the knowledge acquired of the geometrical processes employed by Euclid, as familiarising the mind of the student with the severest forms of reasoning, and the steps whereby indubitable verity is attained. This portion, however, was most especially selected for curtailment by the reforms to which we are alluding. In the stead of the requirements thus displaced, a motley amount of elementary propositions in statics, dynamics, and hydrostatics, were substituted—useful information enough as instances of the simpler applications of the analytical machinery of mathematics, but comparatively worthless as an exercise of the mind. Country clergymen, whose forgotten mathematics loomed grandly on their minds through the mist of years, were confounded with disappointment at beholding their sons, in whom they expected to find philosophers, return to them with an examination paper, apparently rather calculated to unfold the mysteries of engineering, well-sinking, and carpentering.

This object—the practicability and immediate utility of the studies pursued, in preference to the superiority of mental training derivable from them—seems to be simply that which has dictated the recent innovations of 1848. The principle which entered into both measures may easily be traced in the prevalent phases of literature and science throughout the public at large. A few years ago, every one fancied himself a philosopher. Little volumes, cabinet cyclopedias and the like, swarmed on the

booksellers' shelves, containing a string of disjointed and bald scientific facts, involving no truth and expressive of no law, but more or less adroitly arranged under several heads, with a *serenit* air. The man of business—the apprentice—the boarding-school miss—took it into their heads that a royal road was thus opened to all branches of useful and entertaining knowledge,—that the acquirements of Bacon were “in this wonderful age” brought within the reach of every one who had an occasional hour or two in the day to spare from more mechanical employments; and that the progress from ignorance to philosophy was as much facilitated by these little-book contrivances, as the journey from London to Birmingham, by the rushing railway-train, was an advance upon the weak's toil of our forefathers in accomplishing the same space. Much of this mania for desultory knowledge has evaporated, but its influences are still distinctly to be traced among us. It is not surprising that those influences should in some measure have affected the universities. In accordance with the popular notions afloat, the Cambridge legislators followed up the alteration which we have been describing by the adoption of their recent measures, by which they effected an extension of their field of “honours” similar to that which they had already accomplished in the qualifications for the ordinary degree. To the old “triposes,” or classes of honours in mathematics and classics, they have now added two more—namely, one in moral sciences and one in natural sciences.

Before, however, we offer any conjectures as to the probable effect of these yet untried changes, we must remind our readers of a certain characteristic of the Cambridge system, which is important in estimating the internal relations of the late reforms. The academic life of Cambridge circulates through two concurrent systems, which we may term the university and the collegiate system. The university is one corporation, and each individual college is altogether another. The union between the two systems might be dissolved without difficulty. If the university were to abandon her ancient seat, and take

up some new abode, as she did for a time at Northampton some centuries ago, the colleges might still remain as places of education, with but little modification of their present character. The older system—the university—has had its functions gradually absorbed in a great measure by the collegiate. The earliest form in which Cambridge appears, dimly seen in hoar antiquity, is that of a congregation of students, commonly living together for mutual convenience in hostels, governed by a code of statutes, and endowed with the privilege of granting degrees. Then came the founders of colleges, with their noble endowments, and reared edifices, in which societies of these students should live together under a common rule, and form distinct corporations by themselves, for purposes connected with, and auxiliary to, those of the university. The latter body has from time immemorial matriolated only those who were already members of some one or other of the colleges; but there probably was a time at which a student in the university was not necessarily a member of any college, until by degrees these foundations absorbed into their composition the whole of the academic population. By-and-by, the principal part of the functions of teaching also lapsed into the hands of the colleges. In the old times, the university discharged this duty by means of the public readings or lectures by the newly admitted masters of arts, (termed *regents*.) and by the keeping of acts and opponencies—being certain *viâ voce* disputations—by the students. To this system, comprehending the main studies of the place, was superadded, by individual endowment or royal beneficence, the collateral information on special subjects given by the professors. The colleges were altogether subsidiary to this mode of instruction—the practice being that every student who enrolled himself in the ranks of a particular college, must do so under the charge of some one of the fellows of the college, who became a kind of private tutor to him. Hence arose college tutors; and as their lectures, given in each separate college, were found to be the most efficient aids in prosecuting the university studies, the

readings of the masters of arts gradually fell altogether into disuse, and the *vivâ voce* exercises of the students have nearly done so.

Possibly, along with the transfer of the functions of lecturing from the university regents to the college tutors, the professorial chairs may also have declined in importance as an element of the academic education. But, as we have before seen, these were never the main vehicle for the dispensation of knowledge on the part of the university. Nevertheless, we suspect that one object of the recently erected triposes is to revive the importance of the professors' lectures in the university course. For it is now required that every one who presents himself as a candidate for the ordinary or *poll* degree, shall have attended the lectures of some one of the professors at his individual choice; and these lectures will, moreover, be necessary guides in the studies required of those who aim at the honours of the new triposes. It seems clear, therefore, that the devisers of the scheme had it in contemplation, through the medium of their changes, to fill the class-rooms of the professors, and so far to assimilate the modern system to the ancient, by bringing the university instruction into more active play. We are disposed to question the wisdom of these proceedings. Until now, the university and the colleges had apportioned their several functions, by assigning to the latter the duty of imparting proficiency in the studies cultivated; to the former, that of testing proficiency attained. The two systems had thus harmonised, as we believe, in conformity with the requirements of the age by lapse of time; and if it was deemed desirable to disturb this arrangement, and restore the faculty of teaching to the university, this should rather have been done, we think, by reviving the system of *vivâ voce* disputations, now altogether disused except in the progress to a degree in law, physic, or divinity; but which would form, under proper regulations, an important adjunct to the ordinary course, by cultivating a decision, a readiness, and an ingenuity in reasoning, which are comparatively left dormant by a written examination. Again, if we consider, altogether a mis-

take to suppose that the primary end of a professorial existence is to deliver lectures. The endowment of a professorship is rather, as we take it, to enable the holder of it to give up his time to the particular science to which he is devoted; and it is by no means necessary, especially in these days, when words are so easily winged by the printer's devil, that the results of his labours should be given forth by oral lectures. At the same time, when his subject, and his manner of treating it, were such as to command interest, he was at no loss for an audience. The professorships, however, being mostly established for the purpose of aiding the pursuit of the inductive sciences, side by side with the severer studies of the university, fell under the patronage of the spirit of the age. Whether the sciences, for the promotion of which they were founded, will be materially advanced by this sort of "protection," remains to be seen.

It is likely enough, we think, that some confusion may arise from this revival of the lecturing powers of the university. This, however, will be easily obviated in practice, as the two systems have never, so far as we are aware, manifested anything like a mutual antagonism or jealousy of each other. A greater practical difficulty is one which appears to be left untouched by the new regime. We allude to the growing plan of instruction by private tutors—a calling which has sprung up, in the strictest principles of demand and supply, to meet the eagerness for external aid which has been induced by the great competition for university honours. The existence and increasing importance of the class of private tutors has been decried as an evil; and it, no doubt, enhances considerably the expenses attendant on a college education. But, after all, this is only part and parcel of the lot which has fallen to us in these latter days of merry England. There are so many of us, and we keep so constantly adding to our numbers, that we must not be surprised at more pushing and contrivance being required to realise a livelihood than heretofore; and as the end to be attained increases in its relative importance, the outlay attendant on its attainment will, in the ordinary course of things, be aug-

mented also. It is not our intention, however, to discuss at this time the merits or demerits of the private-tutor system; it suffices for our purpose to notice it as the reappearance, in another form, of the old functions of instruction, as lodged in the hands of the university regents. As the collegiate system gradually supplanted that pristine form, so the office of the private tutors is, to a certain extent, supplanting the collegiate system. These instructors are likely, as we before said, to occupy, under the new rules, much the same place as they held under the old; and indeed it appears that, whether desirable or not, it would be extremely difficult to get rid of them; at all events the colleges, being now treasured upon by the university professors on the one hand, and by the private tutors on the other, must exert themselves to ascertain their proper functions, and to fulfil them with zeal and energy.

As for the new triposes themselves, it may be doubted whether the name given to them is not the most unfortunate part of them. The common name of Tripos looks like a confusion of ideas on the part of the university itself, and a want of discrimination between its old studies and its new. At first, probably, the recent triposes will be comparatively neglected, and on that ground alone it is both misjudging and unfair to include in the same category of "honours" and "trijos," classes which are respectively the subject of ardent competition and of none at all. But supposing that the new classes attracted their fair share of competitors, it would still be a grievous fault in the university to hold out to the world so false an estimate of the vehicle of mental training, as it would appear to do by placing on a par the new studies and the old—by assuming, or seeming to assume, that ratiocinative thought may be as well employed about the fallacies of Mr Ricardo, as the exact reasoning and indubitable verities of Euclid and Newton; or that the faculties of discrimination and speculation may be unfolded by the "getting up" of botanical or chemical nomenclature, not less than by the new world of thought opened through the authors of Greece and

Rome. We must, however, confess that we are now taking the most unfavourable view of the matter. With respect, indeed, to the natural sciences' tripos, we cannot help being fully of opinion, that it should have been distinctly recognised as subsidiary to the main vehicles of education adopted at Cambridge. But the moral sciences' tripos furnishes, if properly constructed, an excellent means for training thought. It is a great misfortune that the study of Aristotle has been suffered at Cambridge to fall almost into desuetude: we speak of the philosophical study of his works in contradistinction to the philological. The former is maintained at Oxford with great success; thus combining, with Oxford scholarship, a training of the reasoning powers which is almost an equivalent for the mathematical studies of her sister university. Moreover, the literature of Great Britain boasts of a band of moral philosophers far greater than any other modern nation can produce. The works of Butler, Cudworth, Berkeley, Hume, Reid, and Stewart, with many others, form a group of authorities worthy of the groves of Academus. The metaphysics of Locke—we should rather say, the wall which Locke has built up between the English mind and the science of metaphysics—has too long prevented the moral reasoners of this country from duly availing themselves of the treasures at their command. Under the guidance of such lights as those we have enumerated, we may hope to see a school of metaphysical thinkers arise in England, whose exertions may dissipate the mist of half-thought in which Teutonic speculation has involved the science of its choice. If, however, the tap-root of our metaphysical thought is to be cut through by the study of the plausibilities of Locke and Paley, (no very unlikely issue, we should fear, at least under present circumstances,) then this moral sciences' tripos also is one of those things which had better never have been.

We repeat that Cambridge has incurred great blame, if she has allowed herself to mislead, or to seem to mislead, the popular mind on these matters. The more talkative portion of

the public, and the newspapers which commonly represent that more talkative portion, have evidently been inclined to interpret this movement of Cambridge as an indication of a most utilitarian system of education coming to supplant the old rules. They anticipate all sorts of civil engineering, butterfly-dissecting, light geology, and a whole Babel of modern languages, to be victoriously let loose on the home where for many a century Wisdom has sat with the scroll of Plato on her knee, and Science has unravelled the wizard lore of fluxion and equation. The senate of Cambridge is egregiously mistaken if it supposes that it will win over to its body the students of these popular branches of knowledge, by following the dictation of the popular taste. Those who want to be civil engineers will not come to a university to learn their art. They will follow Brunel and Stephenson, and see how the work is actually done in practice; and those who do so will soon prove themselves far superior, *quoad* civil engineering, to the Cambridge-bred theorist. In like manner, a month's flirtation in Paris, or a few games at *écarté* with a German baron, will teach the student of modern languages more French or German than all the philologists of Oxford, Cambridge, or Eton can impart in a year.

"*Quam quisque nōrit artem, in hęc se exercent.*"

If the public have mistaken the functions of the university, it is the more incumbent on her to assert them correctly. Nor is the outcry less groundless, that the universities have failed to furnish the best men in law and medicine. With regard to the law, certain gentlemen were even cited by name, in leading articles of newspapers, as types of the class of men who were now taking the lead at the bar, and representing an altogether different school from that trained at the universities. The fact of the university men being supplanted, or being likely to be supplanted, at the bar, may admit of considerable question. But it is not, after all, the question by which the universities are to be judged. They do not undertake to make men great lawyers or skilful physicians; this, where it does belong

to their functions, is a collateral duty, and not the main object of their training. That object is distinctly avowed in their own formularies. That noble clause in the "bidding prayer" will attach itself to the memories of most of those who have heard it:

"*And that there never may be wanting a supply of persons duly qualified to serve God, both in Church and State, let us pray for a blessing on all seminaries of sound learning and religious education, particularly the universities of this realm.*"

A higher end to be attained, perhaps, than that of merely qualifying the student to "get on in the world." His university education is not so much to enable him to attain those eminent stations which are the prizes of ability and industry, as to fit him to adorn and fill worthy those stations when he has attained them. In truth, we think it is not desirable, any more than necessary, that a degree should be an essential opening to the bar, the profession of medicine, or even the Church. The university is injured by being too much regarded as a step to be got over with the view of reaching some ulterior end.

We dwell on this point with the more interest, because we are satisfied that a still greater responsibility rests with the universities, to guard the fountains of knowledge pure and unsullied, in those days of professed knowledge, than in the so-called dark ages. Our day is rich in the knowledge of *facts*; there were many *truths* influencing those men of the times we please to call dark, which we have ignored or forgotten. The general demand for information—for this knowledge of *facts*—has made it a marketable commodity, a subject of commercial speculation; consequently, a vast deal that is shallow and desultory, a vast deal, too, that is counterfeit and fraudulent, is abroad, made up for the market, and circulates among multitudes who are incapable of separating the grain from the chaff. It is therefore, we repeat, even more important that the sources of learning should be guarded from contamination, now that the antagonistic principles are the knowledge of truth and the subserviency to falsehood, than when, at the revival of literature, the struggle

was between knowledge and ignorance.

We would have the universities remember that it is their best policy as corporations, as well as a duty they owe to those great medieval spirits who planted them where they stand, to own a better principle than that which would lead them to succumb to what is called popular opinion—in other words, the floating fallacy of the day—and aim at producing the shallow party leaders and favourite writers of the passing moment. They cannot control the frothy surface and the deep under-current at the same time. It would be a sacrifice to expediency which, after all, would not serve their turn. There are institutions which will do that work, and which will beat them in the race. Let all such take their own course.

“Let Gryll be Gryll, and have his hoggish kinde:” let Stinkomalee train the statesmen for the League and the jokers for *Punch*,—but Oxford and Cambridge have other rôles.

It is true, we are told there is a new aristocracy rising in England, and that the English universities are gaining no hold upon the coming generation of “chiefs of industry.” It would be far better for our social condition that these same chiefs of industry should be educated men, and should pass through a training which might tend to neutralise the power of the mercantile iron in entering into their soul. But at present the race to be rich is so strong and hardly contested, that this class is hardly likely, in general, to devote their scions to academical studies of any description; and the merchant or manufacturer who came from the banks of Isis or Cam, at the age of twenty-one, to the Exchange or the Cloth-hall, would find himself starting under a most heavy disadvantage as compared with his neighbour of the same age, who had spent the last three or four years in a counting-house. The reason that this class is not commonly trained in the national seminaries, is to be sought in the habit and requirements of the class, and not in the nature of the education afforded them.

We have spoken chiefly of Cambridge, because Cambridge has put herself forward as the representative

of a system of so-called university reform—of a certain movement in the direction of that principle which would accommodate the education of our higher classes to the caprices of a popular cry or cant phrase. We care not so much whether that movement in itself be advantageous or the reverse: it is against the principles supposed to be involved in it that we protest. The report goes, that changes of some kind or other are contemplated at Oxford also. If these changes be made, we trust that they will not be devised in deference to the noisier portion of the public, or to that fondness for short-cuts to knowledge, which fritters away the energies of the rising man in the collection of desultory facts, and the dependence upon shallow plausibilities. The Scottish universities, too, are likely to be put to the test in the same manner as their sisters of the Southern kingdom; and the questions raised cannot be uninteresting to them.

Nor, indeed, can the whole nation be otherwise than deeply concerned in this matter; and we are not surprised at the interest which has been excited by the recent alterations at Cambridge, though not measures in themselves of any great importance. While we have contended for a higher ground on the part of the universities than that of merely finding such knowledge as is required by the popular taste, and happens to be most current in the market, and have called upon them to lead the public mind in these matters, we need hardly say that we must not be understood as failing to see the necessity of those institutions closely observing the shifting relations of our social equilibrium, and adapting their policy by judicious change, if need be, to the circumstances in which they find themselves. We might perhaps adduce the altered position of the Church with respect to the nation at large, as an instance of these changes. We have before hinted that the universities have, as we think, in some degree aimed at being too exclusively the training-schools of the clergy; and this circumstance, in our judgment, so far as England is concerned, has both narrowed the operations of the Church and the influence of the universities. The

Church and European civilisation—the latter having grown up under the tutelage of the former—stand no longer in the relation of nurse and bantling, though Heaven forbid that they should ever be other than firm friends and allies! But the Church is no longer the exclusive teacher of the world: mankind are in a great measure taught by books. Viewing the clergy not in respect of their sacerdotal functions, but as the instructors of mankind, we find their office shared by a motley crowd of

authors, pamphleteers, newspaper editors, magazine contributors, *quales nos vel Chuvienus*. It is incumbent, then, on the universities to consider how they may bring within the sphere of that control which they exercised in old times over the clergy, this mixed multitude of public instructors; how they may become not merely the schools of the clerical order, but also the nurseries of a future caste of literary men, who are to bear their part with that order in the coming development of human thought.

THE COVENANTERS' NIGHT-HYMN.

BY DELTA.

[Making all allowances for the many over-coloured pictures, nay, often onesided statements of such apologetic chroniclers as Knox, Melville, Calderwood, and Row, it is yet difficult to divest the mind of a strong leaning towards the old Presbyterians and champions of the Covenant—probably because we believe them to have been sincere, and know them to have been persecuted and oppressed. Nevertheless, the liking is as often allied to sympathy as to approbation; for a sifting of motives exhibits, in but too many instances, a sad commixture of the chaff of selfishness with the grain of principle—an exhibition of the over and over again played game, by which the gullible many are made the tools of the crafty and designing few. Be it allowed that, both in their preachings from the pulpit and their teachings by example, the Covenanters frequently proceeded more in the spirit of fanaticism than of sober religious feeling; and that, in their antagonistic ardour, they did not hesitate to carry the persecutions of which they themselves so justly complained into the camp of the adversary—sacrificing in their mistaken zeal even the ennobling arts of architecture, sculpture, and painting, as adjuncts of idol-worship—still it is to be remembered, that the aggression emanated not from them; and that the rights they contended for were the most sacred and invaluable that man can possess—the freedom of worshipping God according to the dictates of conscience. They sincerely believed that the principles which they maintained were right: and their adherence to these with unalterable constancy, through good report and through bad report; in the hour of privation and suffering, of danger and death; in the silence of the prison-cell, not less than in the excitement of the battle-field; by the blood-stained hearth, on the scaffold, and at the stake,—forms a noble chapter in the history of the human mind—of man as an accountable creature.

Be it remembered, also, that these religious persecutions were not mere things of a day, but were continued through at least three entire generations. They extended from the accession of James VI. to the English throne, (*testi-*

bus the rhymes of Sir David Lyndsay, and the classic prose of Buchanan,) down to the Revolution of 1688—almost a century, during which many thousands tyrannically perished, without in the least degree loosening that tenacity of purpose, or subduing that *perfervidum ingenium*, which, according to Thuanus, have been national characteristics.

As in almost all similar cases, the cause of the Covenanters, so strenuously and unflinchingly maintained, ultimately resulted in the victory of Protestantism—that victory, the fruits of which we have seemed of late years so readily inclined to throw away; and, in its rural districts more especially, of nothing are the people more justly proud than

——“ the tales
Of persecution and the Covenant,
Whose echo rings through Scotland to this hour.”

So says Wordsworth. These traditions have been emblazoned by the pens of Scott, M'Crie, Galt, Hogg, Wilson, Grahame, and Pollok, and by the pencils of Wilkie, Harvey, and Duncan,—each regarding them with the eye of his peculiar genius.

In reference to the following stanzas, it should be remembered that, during the holding of their conventicles,—which frequently, in the more troublous times, took place amid mountain solitudes, and during the night,—a sentinel was stationed on some commanding height in the neighbourhood, to give warning of the approach of danger.]

I.

Ho! plaided watcher of the hill,
What of the night?—what of the night?
The winds are lown, the woods are still,
The countless stars are sparkling bright;
From out this heathery moorland glen,
By the shy wild-fowl only trod,
We raise our hymn, unheard of men,
To Thee—an omnipresent God!

II.

Jehovah! though no sign appear,
Through earth our aimless path to lead,
We know, we feel Thee ever near,
A present help in time of need—
Near, as when, pointing out the way,
For ever in thy people's sight,
A pillared wreath of smoke by day,
Which turned to fiery flame at night!

III.

Whence came the summons forth to go?—
From Thee awoke the warning sound!
“ Out to your tents, O Israel! Lo!
The heathen's warfare girds thee round.

Sons of the faithful ! up—away !
 The lamb must of the wolf beware ;
 The falcon seeks the-dove for prey ;
 The fowler spreads his cunning snare !”

IV.

Day set in gold ; 'twas peace around—
 'Twas seeming peace by field and flood :
 We woke, and on our lintels found
 The cross of wrath—the mark of blood.
 Lord ! in thy cause we mocked at fears,
 We scorned the ungodly's threatening words—
 Beat out our pruning-hooks to spears,
 And turned our ploughshares into swords !

V.

Degenerate Scotland ! days have been
 Thy soil when only freemen trod—
 When mountain-crag and valley green
 Poured forth the loud acclaim to God !—
 The fire which liberty imparts,
 Refulgent in each patriot eye,
 And, graven on a nation's hearts,
The Word—for which we stand or die !

VI.

Unholy change ! The scorner's chair
 Is now the seat of those who rule ;
 Tortures, and bonds, and death, the share
 Of all except the tyrant's tool.
 That faith in which our fathers breathed,
 And had their life, for which they died—
 That priceless heirloom they bequeathed
 Their sons—our impious foes deride !

VII.

So We have left our homes behind,
 And We have belted on the sword,
 And We in solemn league have joined,
 Yea ! covenanted with the Lord,
 Never to seek those homes again,
 Never to give the sword its sheath,
 Until our rights of faith remain
 Unfettered as the air we breathe !

VIII.

O Thou, who rulest above the sky,
 Begirt about with starry thrones,
 Cast from the Heaven of Heavens thine eye
 Down on our wives and little ones—
 From Hallelujahs surging round,
 Oh ! for a moment turn thine ear,
 The widow prostrate on the ground,
 The famished orphan's cries to hear !

IX.

And Thou wilt hear ! it cannot be,
 That Thou wilt list the raven's brood,
 When from their nest they scream to Thee,
 And in due season send them food ;
 It cannot be that Thou wilt weave
 The lily such superb array,
 And yet unfed, unsheltered, leave
 Thy children—as if less than they !

X.

We have no hearths—the ashes lie
 In blackness where they brightly shone ;
 We have no homes—the desert sky
 Our covering, earth our couch alone :
 We have no heritage—deprived
 Of these, we ask not such on earth ;
 Our hearts are sealed ; we seek in heaven,
 For heritage, and home, and hearth !

XI.

O Salem, city of the saint,
 And holy men made perfect ! We
 Pant for thy gates, our spirits faint
 Thy glorious golden streets to see ;—
 To mark the rapture that inspires
 The ransomed, and redeemed by grace ;
 To listen to the seraphs' lyres,
 And meet the angels face to face !

XII.

Father in Heaven ! we turn not back,
 Though briers and thorns choke up the path ;
 Rather the tortures of the rack,
 Than tread the winepress of Thy wrath.
 Let thunders crash, let torrents shower,
 Let whirlwinds churn the howling sea,
 What is the turmoil of an hour,
 To an eternal calm with Thee ?

THE CARLISTS IN CATALONIA.

THE debates in the Cortes, and the increasing development of the civil war in Catalonia, have again called attention to the affairs of Spain. Three months ago we glanced at the state of that country, briefly and broadly sketching its political history since the royal marriages. The quarter of a year that has since elapsed has been a busy one in Spain. Two things have been clearly proved: first, that the Carlist insurrection is a very different affair from the paltry gathering of banditti, as which the Moderados and their newspapers so long persisted in depicting it; and, secondly, that the Madrid government are heartily repentant of their unceremonious dismissal of a British ambassador. Christina and her Camarilla scarcely know which most deeply to deplore—the intrusion of Cabrera or the expulsion of Bulwer.

In Catalonia, we have a striking example of what may be accomplished, under most unfavourable circumstances, by one man's energy and talent. Nine months ago there was not a single company of Carlist soldiers in the field. A few irregular bands, insignificant in numbers, without uniform and imperfectly armed, roamed in the mountains, fearing to enter the plain, hunted down like wolves, and punished as malefactors when captured. To persons ignorant how great was the difference made by the fall of Louis Philippe in the chances of the Spanish Carlists, the cause of these never appeared more hopeless than in the spring of 1848. Suddenly a man, who for seven years had basked in the orange groves of Hyères, and listlessly lingered in the mountain solitudes of Auvergne,—reposing his body, scarred and weary from many a desperate combat, and recruiting his health, impaired by exertion and hardship—crossed the Pyrenees, and appeared upon the scene of his former exploits. The news of his arrival spread fast, but for a time found few believers. Cabrera, said the incredulous, who evacuated Spain at the head of ten thousand

hardy and well-armed soldiers, because he would not condescend to a guerilla warfare, after having held towns and fortresses, and won pitched battles in the field—Cabrera would never re-enter the country to take command of a few hundred scattered adventurers. Others denied his presence, because he had not immediately signalised it by some dashing feat, worthy the conqueror of Morella and Maella. Various reports were circulated by those interested to discredit the arrival of the redoubted chief. He was ill, they said; he had never entered Spain or dreamed of so doing; he had come to Catalonia, others admitted, but was so disgusted at the scanty resources of his party, at the few men in the field, at the lack of arms, money, organisation,—of everything, in short, necessary for the prosecution of a war,—that he cursed the lying representations which had lured him from retirement, and was again upon the wing for France. The truth was in none of these statements. If Cabrera sounded a retreat in 1840, when ten thousand warlike and devoted followers were still at his orders, it was because the Carlist *prestige* was gone for a time, the country was exhausted by war, anarchy reigned in the camp, and he himself was prostrated by sickness. In seven years, circumstances had entirely changed; the country, galled by misgovernment and oppression, was ripe for insurrection; the intermeddling of foreign powers was no longer to be apprehended; and Cabrera emerged from his retirement, not expecting to find an army, or money, or organisation, but prepared to create all three. In various ingenious and impenetrable disguises he moved rapidly about eastern Spain; fearlessly entering the towns, visiting his old partisans, and reviving their dormant zeal by ardent and confident speech; giving fresh spirit to the timid, shaming the apathetic, and enlisting recruits. His unremitting efforts were crowned with success. Numbers of his former followers rallied round him; secret adherents of the

cause contributed funds; arms and equipments, purchased in France and England, safely arrived; officers of rank and talent, distinguished in former wars, raised their banners and mustered companies and even-battalions; and soon Cabrera was strong enough to traverse Catalonia in all directions, and to collect from the inhabitants regular contributions, in almost every instance willingly paid, and gathered often within cannon-shot of the enemy's forts. He seemed ubiquitous. He was heard of everywhere, but more rarely seen, at least in his own character. In various assumed ones, not unfrequently in the garb of a priest, he accompanied small detachments sent to collect imposts; doing subaltern's rather than general's duty, ascertaining by personal observation the temper and disposition of the peasantry, and making himself known when a point was to be gained by the influence of his name and presence. His prodigious activity and perseverance wrought miracles in a country where those qualities by no means abound. Doubtless he has been well seconded, but his has been the master-spirit. The result of his exertions is best shown by a statement of the present Carlist strength in Catalonia. We have already mentioned what it was eight or nine months ago—a few hundred men, half-armed and ill-disciplined, wandering amongst ravines and precipices. At the close of 1848, the *Moderado* papers, without means of obtaining correct information, estimated the Carlist army in Catalonia at 8000 men. The Carlists themselves, whose present policy is rather to understate their strength, admitted 10,000. Their real numbers—and the accuracy of these statistics may be relied upon—are 12,000 bayonets and sabres, exclusive of small guerilla parties, known as *volantes*, and other irregulars. A large proportion of the 12,000 are old soldiers, who served in the last war; and all are well armed, equipped, and disciplined, and superior to their opponents in power of endurance, and of effecting those tremendous marches for which Spanish troops are celebrated. Regularly rationed and supplied with tobacco, they wait cheerfully till the military chest is in condition to

disburse arrears. The curious in costume may like to hear something of their appearance. The brigade under the immediate orders of Cabrera wears a green uniform with black facings: Ramonet's men have dark blue jackets; there is a corps clothed à l'Anglaise, in scarlet coats and blue continuations, which is known as Count Montemolin's own regiment. The old *boina* or flat cap, and a sort of light, low-crowned shako, such as is worn by the French in Africa, compose the convenient and appropriate head-dress. With the important arms of artillery and cavalry, in which armies raised as this one has been are apt to be deficient, Cabrera is well provided. A number of guns were buried and otherwise concealed in Spain ever since the last war, and others have been procured from France. As to cavalry, the want of which was so frequently and severely felt by the Carlists during the former struggle, the *Christinos* will be surprised, one of these days, to find how formidable a body of dragoons their opponents can bring into the field, although at the present moment they have but few squadrons under arms. Nearly four thousand horses are distributed in various country districts, comfortably housed in farm and convent stables, and divided amongst the inhabitants by twos and threes. They are well cared for, and kept in good condition, ready to muster and march whenever required.

What the Catalonian Carlists are now most in want of, is a centre of operations, a strong fortress—a *Morrela* or a *Berga*—whither to retreat and recruit when necessary. That Cabrera feels this want is evident from the various attempts he has made to surprise fortified towns, with a view to hold them against the *Christinos*. Hitherto these attempts have been unsuccessful, but we may be prepared to hear any day of his having made one with a different result.

When the general tranquillity of Europe brought Spanish dissensions into relief, a vast deal of romance was written in France, Spain, and England, in the guise of memoirs of Cabrera, and of other distinguished leaders of the civil war, and not a little was swallowed by the simple as historical fact. We remember to

have seen the Convention of Bergara accounted for in print by a game at cards between Espartero and Maroto, who, both being represented as desperate gamblers, met at night at a lone farm-house between their respective lines, and played for the crown of Spain. Espartero won; and Maroto, more loyal as a gamester than to his king, brought over his army to the queen. This marvellous tale, although not exactly vouched for in the original English, was gravely translated in French periodicals; and the chances are that a portion of the French nation believe to the present hour that Isabella owes her crown to a lucky hit at *monté*. Fables equally preposterous have been circulated about Cabrera. Of his personal appearance, especially, the most absurd accounts have been published; and type and graver have furnished so many fantastical and imaginary portraits of him, that one from the life may have its interest. Ramon Cabrera is about five feet eight inches in height, square built, muscular, and active. He is rather round-shouldered; his hair is abundant and very black; his grayish-brown eyes must be admitted, even by his admirers, to have a cruel expression. His complexion is tawny, his nose aquiline; he has nothing remarkable or striking in his appearance, and is neither ugly nor handsome, but of the two may be accounted rather good-looking than otherwise. He has neither an assassin-squint nor an expression like a bilious hyena, nor any other of the little physiognomical *agrémens* with which imaginative painters have so frequently embellished his countenance. His character, as well as his face, has suffered from misrepresentation. He has been depicted as a Nero on a small scale, dividing his time between fiddling and massacre. There is some exaggeration in the statement. Unquestionably he is neither mild nor merciful; he has shed much blood, and has been guilty of divers acts of cruelty, but more of these have been attributed to him than he ever committed. His mother's death by Christino bullets inspired him with a burning desire of revenge. The system of reprisals, so largely adopted by both sides, during the late civil war in Spain, will ac-

count for many of his atrocities, although it may hardly be held to justify them. But in the present contest he has hitherto gone upon a totally different plan. Mercy and humanity seem to be his device, as they are undoubtedly his best policy. His aim is to win followers, by clemency and conciliation, instead of compelling them by intimidation and cruelty. There is as yet no authenticated account of an execution occurring by his order. One man was shot at Vich by the troops blockading the place; but he was known as a spy, and was twice warned not to enter the town. He pretended to retire, made a circuit, tried another entrance, and met his death. As to Cabrera's having shot four or five officers for a plot against his life, as was recently reported in Spanish papers, and repeated by English ones, the tale is unconfirmed, and has every appearance of a fabrication. There is no doubt he finds it necessary to keep a tight hand over his subordinates, especially in presence of the recent defection of some of their number, whose treachery, however, is not likely to be very advantageous to the Christinos. The troops whom Pozas, Pons, Monserrat, and the other renegade chiefs induced to accompany them, have for the most part returned to their banners, and the queen has gained nothing but a few very untrustworthy officers. These, by one of the conditions of their desertion, her generals are compelled to employ, thus creating much discontent among those officers of the Christino army over whose heads the traitors are placed. The principal traitor, General Miguel Pons, better known as Bep-al-Oli, has been known as a Carlist ever since the rising in Catalonia in 1827, when he was captured by the famous Count d'Espagne, and was condemned to the galleys, as was his brother Antonio Pons, one of those whom Cabrera was lately falsely reported to have shot. After the death of Ferdinand, both brothers served under their former persecutor, who thought to extinguish their resentment by good treatment and promotion, in spite of which precaution a share in his assassination is pretty generally attributed to Antonio Pons. Bep-al-Oli is Catalan for Joseph-in-

oil, or Oily Joe, a slippery cognomen, which his recent change of sides seems to justify. Still he is a model of consistency compared to many Spanish officers, who have changed sides half-a-dozen times in the last fifteen years. And, indeed, after one-and-twenty years' stanch and active Carlistism, the sincerity of Bep's conversion may perhaps be considered dubious. It would be no way surprising if he were to return to his first love, carrying with him, of course, the large sum for which he was bought. Another chief, Monserrat, passed over to the Christinos with two or three companions, and the very next week he had the misfortune to fall asleep, whereupon the better half of his band took advantage of his slumbers to go back to their colours, much comforted by the gratuities they had received for changing sides. When Monserrat awoke, he was furious at this defection, and instantly pursued his stray sheep. Not having been heard of since, it is not unlikely he may ultimately have followed their example. Of course, money is the means employed to seduce these fickle partisans. They are all bought at their own price, which rate is generally so high as to preclude profit. The cash-keepers at Madrid will soon get tired of such purchases. The regular expenses of the war are enormous, without squandering thousands for a few days' use of men who cannot be depended upon. It is notorious that immense offers were made to Cabrera to induce him to abandon the cause of Charles VI., of which he is the life and soul. Gold, titles, rank, governorships, have been in turn and together paraded before him, but in vain. He would indeed be worth buying, at almost any price; for he could not be replaced, and his loss would be a death-blow to the Carlist cause. Knowing this, and finding him incorruptible, it were not surprising if certain unscrupulous persons at Madrid sought other means of removing him from the scene. Cabrera, aware of the great importance of his life, very prudently takes his precautions. He has done so, to some extent, at various periods of his career. During the early portion of his exile in

France, when that country, especially its southern provinces, swarmed with Spanish emigrants, many of whom had deep motives for hating him—whilst others, needy and starving, and inured to crime and bloodshed, might have been tempted to knife him for the contents of his pockets—the refugee chief wore a shirt of mail beneath his sheepskin jacket. He had also a celebrated pair of leather trousers, which were generally believed to have a metallic lining. And, at the present time, report says that his head is the only vulnerable part of his person.

In presence of their Catalonian anxieties, of Cabrera's rapidly increasing strength, and of the impotence of Christino generals, who start for the insurgent districts with premature vaunts of their triumphs, and return to Madrid, baffled and crestfallen, to wrangle in the senate and divulge state secrets—the Narvaez government is secretly most anxious to make up its differences with England. This anxiety has been made sufficiently manifest by the recent discussions in the Cortes. Notwithstanding his assumed indifference and vain-glorious self-gratulation, the Duke of Valencia would gladly give a year's salary, perquisites, and plunder, to recall the impolitic act by which a British envoy was expelled the Spanish capital. Señor Cortina, the Progresista deputy, after denying that there were sufficient grounds for Sir Henry Bulwer's dismissal, and lamenting the rupture that has been its consequence, politely advised Narvaez to resign office, as almost the only means of repairing the dangerous breach. The recommendation, of course, was purely ironical. General Narvaez is the last man to play the Curtius, and plunge, for his country's sake, into the gulf of political extinction. In his scale of patriotism, the good of Spain is secondary to the advantage of Ramon Narvaez. We can imagine the broad grins of the Opposition, and the suppressed titter of his own friends, upon his having the face to declare, that, when the French Revolution broke out, he was actually planning a transfer of the reins of government into the hands of the

Progresistas. The bad example of democratic France frustrated his disinterested designs, changed his benevolent intentions, and compelled him to transport and imprison, by wholesale, the very men towards whom, a few weeks previously, he was so magnanimously disposed. Returns of more than fifteen hundred persons, thus arbitrarily torn from their homes and families, were moved for early in the session; but only the names were granted, the charges against them being kept secret, in order not to give the lie to the ministerial assertion that but a small minority were condemned for political offences. As to the dispute with England, although Narvaez' pride will not suffer him to admit his blunder and his regrets, many of his party make no secret of their desire for a reconciliation at any price; fondly believing, perhaps, that it would be followed, upon the *aman-tium in re* principle, by warmer love and closer union than before. The slumbers of these *ojalatero* politicians are haunted by sweet visions of a British steam-flotilla cruising off the Catalonian coast, of Carlist supplies intercepted, of British batteries mounted on the shores of Spain, and manned by British marines—the sight of whose red jackets might serve, at a pinch, to bolster up the wavering courage of a Christino division—and of English commodores and artillery-colonels supplying such deficient gentlemen as Messrs Cordova and Concha with the military skill which, in Spain, is by no means an indispensable qualification for a lieutenant-general's commission. Doubtless, if the alliance between Lord Palmerston and Queen Christina had continued, we should have had something of this sort, some more petty intermeddling and minute military operations, consumptive of English stores, and discreditable to English reputation. As it is, there seems a chance of the quarrel being fairly fought out; of the Spaniards being permitted to settle amongst themselves a question which concerns themselves alone. If the Carlists get the better of the struggle, (and it were unsafe to give long odds against them,) it is undeniable that they began with small resources, and that their triumph will

have been achieved by their own unaided pluck and perseverance.

Puzzled how to make his peace with England, without too great mortification to his vanity and too great sacrifice of what he calls his dignity, Narvaez falls back upon France, and does his best to curry favour there by a fulsome acknowledgment of the evils averted from Spain by the friendly offices of Messrs Lamartine and Bastide, and of "the illustrious General Cavaignac." The fact is, that during the first six months of the republic, nobody in France had leisure to give a thought to Spain, and Carlism and Progresistas were allowed to concert plans and make purchases in France without the slightest molestation. At last, General Cavaignac, worried by Sotomayor—and partly, perhaps, through sympathy with his brother-dictator, Narvaez—sent to the frontier one Lebrière, a sort of thieftaker or political Vidocq, who already had been similarly employed by Louis Philippe. This man was to stir up the authorities and thwart the Carlism, and at first he did hamper the latter a little; but whether it was that he was worse paid than on his former mission—Cavaignac's interest in the affair being less personal than that of the King of the French—or that some other reason relaxed his activity, he did not long prove efficient. Then came the elections, and the success of Louis Napoleon was unwelcome intelligence to the Madrid government—it being feared that old friendship might dispose him to favour Count Montemolin as far as lay in his power: whereupon—the influence of woman being a lever not unnaturally resorted to by a party which owes its rise mainly to bedchamber intrigue and to the patronage of Madame Mufloz—the notable discovery was made that the Duchess of Valencia (a Frenchwoman by birth) is a connexion of the Buonaparte family, and her Grace was forthwith despatched to Paris to exercise her coquetries and fascinations upon her far-off cousin, and to intrigue, in concert with the Duke of Sotomayor, for the benefit of her husband's government. The result of her mission is not yet apparent. Putting all direct intervention completely out of the question, France

has still a vast deal in her power in all cases of insurrection in the northern and eastern provinces of Spain. A sharp look-out on the frontier, seizure of arms destined for the insurgents, and the removal of Spanish refugees to remote parts of France, are measures that would greatly harass and impede Carlist operations; much less so now, however, than three or four months ago. Most of the emigrants have now entered Spain; and horses and arms—the latter in large numbers—have crossed the frontier.

Up to the middle of January, the Montemolinist insurrection was confined to Catalonia, where alone the insurgents were numerous and organised. This apparent inactivity in other districts, where a rising might be expected, was to be attributed to the season. The quantity of snow that had fallen in the northern provinces was a clog upon military operations. About the middle of the month, a thousand men, including three hundred cavalry, made their appearance in Navarre, headed by Colonel Montero, an old and experienced officer of the peninsular war, who served on the staff so far back as the battle of Baylen. This force is to serve as a nucleus. The conscription for 1849 has been anticipated; that is to say, the young soldiers who should have joined their colours at the end of the year, are called for at its commencement; and it is expected that many of these conscripts, discontented at the premature summons, will prefer joining the Carlists. When the weather clears, it is confidently anticipated that two or three thousand hardy recruits will make the valleys of Biscay and Navarre ring once more with their Basque war-cries, headed by men whose names will astonish those who still discredit the virtual union of Carlists and Progresistas.

The masses of troops sent into Catalonia have as yet effected literally nothing, not having been able to prevent the enemy even from recruiting and organising. General Cordova made a military promenade, lost a few hundred men—slain or taken prisoners with their brigadier at their head—and resigned the command. He has been succeeded by Concha, a somewhat better soldier than Cordova, who

was never anything but a parade butterfly of the very shallowest capacity. Concha has as yet done little more than his predecessor, (his reported victory over Cabrera between Vich and St Hippolito was a barefaced invention, without a shadow of foundation,) although his force is larger than Cordova's was, and his promises of what he *would* do have been all along most magnificent. Already there has been talk of his resignation, which doubtless will soon occur, and Villalonga is spoken of to succeed him. This general, lately created Marquis of the Maestrazgo for his cruelty and oppression of the peasantry in that district, will hardly win his dukedom in Catalonia, although dukedoms in Spain are now to be had almost for the asking. Indeed, they have become so common that, the other day, General Narvaez, Duke of Valencia, anxious for distinction from the vulgar herd, was about to create himself prince; but having unfortunately selected Concord for his intended title, and the accounts from Catalonia being just then anything but peaceable, he was fain to postpone his promotion till it should be more *de circonstance*. The Prince of Concord would be a worthy successor to the Prince of the Peace. Spain was once proud of her nobility and choice of her titles. Alas! how changed are the times! What a pretty list of grandees and *titulos de Castilla* the Spanish peerage now exhibits! Mr Sotomayor, the other day a bookseller's clerk, then sub-secretary in a ministry, then understrapper to Gonzales Bravo, now duke and ambassador at Paris! What a successor to the princely and magnificent envoys of a Philip and a Charles! And Mr Sartorius, lately a petty jobber on the Madrid Bolsa, is now Count of St Louis, secretary of state, &c.! When the Legion of Honour was prostituted in France by lavish and indiscriminate distribution, and by conversion into an electioneering bribe and a means of corruption, many old soldiers, who had won their cross upon the battle-fields of the Empire, had the date of its bestowal affixed in silver figures to their red ribbon. The old nobility of Spain must soon resort to a similar plan, and sign their date of creation after their names, if

they would be distinguished from the horde of disreputable adventurers on whom titles have of late years been infamously squandered.

When the Madrid government has performed its promise, so often repeated during the last six months, of extinguishing the Carlists and restoring peace to Spain, we hope those ill-treated gentlemen in the city of London, who, from time to time, draw up a respectful representation to General Narvaez on the subject of Spanish debts—a representation which that officer blandly receives, and takes an early opportunity of forgetting—will pluck up courage and sternly urge the Duke of Valencia and the finance minister of the day to apply to the liquidation of Spanish bondholders' claims a part, at least, of the resources now expended on military operations. Forty-five millions of reals, about half-a-million of pounds sterling, are now, we are credibly informed, the

monthly expenditure of the war department of Spain. That this is squeezed out of the country, by some means or other, is manifest, since nobody now lends money to Spain. A very large part of this very considerable sum being expended in Catalonia, goes into the pockets of the inhabitants of that province, who pay it over to the Carlists in the shape of contributions, and still make a profit by the transaction—so that they are in no hurry to finish the war; and Catalonia presents at this moment the singular spectacle of two contending armies paid out of the same military chest. But Spain is the country of anomalies; and nothing in the conduct of Spaniards will ever surprise us, until we find them, by some extraordinary chance, conducting their affairs according to the rules of common sense and the dictates of ordinary prudence.

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SCIENTIFIC AND PRACTICAL AGRICULTURE.

THERE are three reasons why the second edition of a good book, upon an advancing branch of knowledge, should be better than the first. The author, however conversant he may have been with the subject when he wrote his book, is always more thoroughly read in it—supposing him a worthy instructor of the public—his opinions more carefully digested, and more fully matured, when a second edition is called for. Then he has had time to reconsider, and, if necessary, remodel his plan—adding here, retrenching there—introducing new subject-matter in one place, and leaving out, in another, topics which he had previously treated of with more or less detail. And, lastly, the knowledge itself has advanced. New ideas, which in the interval have established themselves, find a necessary place in the new issue; facts and hypotheses which have been proved unsound drop naturally out of his pages; and, on the whole, the later work exhibits a nearer approach to that truthful summit, on which the eyes of all the advancers of knowledge are supposed evermore to rest.

For all these reasons, the second edition of the *Book of the Farm* is better than the first. The opinions of the author have been reconsidered and materially improved—especially in reference to scientific points; the arrangement has been simplified, and the whole book condensed, by the

exclusion of those descriptions of machinery which properly belong to the department of agricultural mechanics, and which we believe are about to be published as a separate work; and the strides which practical agriculture has taken during the last ten years, and the topics which have chiefly arrested attention, are considered with the aid of the better lights we now possess.

Of all the arts of life, there is none which draws its knowledge from so great a variety of fountains as practical agriculture. Every branch of human knowledge is mutually connected—we may say interwoven with—and throws light upon, or is enlightened by, every other. But none of those which largely contribute to the maintenance of social life, and conduce to the power and stability of states, is so varied in its demands upon the results of intellectual inquiry, as husbandry,—or rural economy in its largest sense.

Look at that magnificent ship, which cleaves the waters, now trusting to her canvases and wafted by favouring breezes; now, despite the fiercest gales, paddling her triumphant way over hill and valley, precipice and ravine, which the raging sea, out of her fertile materials, is every moment fashioning beneath her feet. Is there any product of human art in which more intellect is embodied than in this piece of living mechanism? The

timber can tell of the axe of the woodman on far-distant hills, and of the toils of many craftsmen in fitting it for its present purpose. The iron of the researches of the mineralogist, the laborious skill of the miner, the alchemy of the smelter, the wonders of the tilt-hammer, the ingenuity of the mechanist, and the almost inconceivable and mathematical nicety by which its various portions are fitted to each other, and, like the muscles and sinews of the human body, made to play together for a purpose previously contemplated—an uninstructed man might almost say, previously agreed upon among themselves. The steam, of what hidden secrets of nature!—the mysteries of heat, which could not hide themselves from the searching genius of Black,—the chemistry of water, which the ever-pondering mind of Watt compelled from unwilling nature,—the endless contrivances by which its fierce power was tamed to most submissive obedience in the workshops of Soho. The compass may for a moment carry us back to the fabled mountains of our infancy, in which the hidden loadstone attracted the fated vessel to its ruin; but it brings us forward again to the truer marvels of modern magnetism, and to the intellect which has been expended in keeping the needle true to the pole-star in the iron boat, where, surrounded by metallic influences, countless attractions are incessantly soliciting it to deviate. And when, as the mid-day sun mounts to the zenith, the sextant and the quicksilver appear, how does it flash upon us that modern navigation is the child of astronomy; and that the mind embodied in the latest Rossian telescope is part and parcel of the inappreciable mass of thought to which, "walking the waters as a thing of life," that huge steam-frigate owes its being!

What a concentration of varied knowledge is seen in this single work of art! From how many sources has this knowledge come!—how many diverse pursuits or sciences have yielded their necessary quota to the common stock!—how many varied talents have been put under contribution to contrive its many parts, and put them fittingly together!

But, to the pursuits of the humble

farmer, more aids still contribute than to those of the dauntless navigator. His patient and quiet life on land is as dependent upon varied knowledge, draws its instruction from as many sources, and is more bound up in visible union with all the branches of human science, than even the active and stirring life of the dweller on the sea.

Some of our journal writers are accustomed to ridicule the results of agricultural skill; to undervalue our successful field improvements; to laugh at Smithfield Christmas cattle, and at the exhibitions of our great annual shows. In thoughtlessness, often in ignorance, they write, and always for a temporary effect, which our progressing agriculture can well afford to pass by.

But we ask our rural reader to turn up the first volume of the *Book of the Farm*, and to cast his eye for a moment on the triad of beautiful short-horns represented in the sixth plate; or on the magnificent stallion of the fourth plate, or on the graceful sheep of the seventh. We pass over the *points* in which, to the educated eye, their beauty consists; we dismiss, for the present, all consideration of their perfection as well-bred animals, and their fitness for the special purposes for which they have been reared. We wish him to tell us, if he can, how much mind has gone to the breeding, rearing, and feeding of these animals—how many varied branches of knowledge have lent their aid to this apparently simple and un-imposing result.

The food on which they have been brought up has been gathered from the soil—the grass, the hay, the root crops, the linseed, the barley, the oats. And how much intellect, from the earliest dawn of civilisation, has been lavished upon the soil!—how many branches of knowledge are at this moment uniting their strength to develop its latent capabilities! Geology yields the raw materials upon which, in after ages, the toils of the husbandman are expended. She explains what are the variations in the natural quality of these materials; how such variations have arisen; where they lead to increased, and where to diminished fertility; how and

where the still living rocks may contribute to the improvement of the dead earth which has been formed from them; and how, in some apparently insecure regions, the unsleeping volcano showers over the land, at varying periods, the elements of an endless fertility. Mineralogy lends her aid to unravel the origin, and nature, and wants, and capabilities of the soil; and, as the handmaid and willing follower of geology, dresses and classes the fragments which geology has let fall from her magnificent formations. But chemistry, especially, exhausts herself in the cause of the husbandman. No branch of rural art, as we shall see, is beyond her province and control. All that the soil originally derives from geologic and mineral materials, chemistry investigates; all that these substances naturally become, all that they ought to yield, how they may be persuaded to yield it; by what changes this is to be brought about; by means of what agencies, and how applied, such changes are to be induced:—chemistry busies herself with all this, and labours in some sense to complete, for the purposes of rural art, the information which geology and mineralogy had begun.

Upon the soil the plant grows. What a wonder and a mystery is the plant! A living, and growing, and breathing existence, that speaks silently to the eye, and to the sense of touch, and to the sense of smell—speaks kindly to man, and soothingly, and appeals to his reasoning powers—but is mute to the most open and wakeful of all his senses, and by no verbal speech reveals the secrets with which its full vessels are bursting. How many wise heads have watched, and tended, and studied it—the humble plant—interpreting its smallest movements, the meaning of every change of hue upon its leaves and flowers, and gathering profoundest wisdom from its fixed and voiceless life! To what new sciences has this study led the way! Botany never wearies in gathering and classifying; and of modern giants, Linnæus, and Jussieu, and Decandolle, and Brown, and Lindley, and Hooker, and Schleiden, have given their best years to unfold and perfect it. Alongside of descriptive and systematic botany has

sprung up the allied branch of Structural Physiology, and the use of the microscope has added to this the younger sister Histology; while these two together, calling in the aid of chemistry, have built up the further departments of Chemical Physiology and Chemical Histology—departments too numerous, too profound in their research, and too special in their several niceties of observation, for one head clearly to comprehend and limit them.

And on the plant as it grows, and as a perfect whole, chemistry expends entire and most gifted intellectual lives. Of what the plant consists, whence it draws its subsistence, how it takes it in—in what form, in what quantity, at what period of the day—how the air feeds it, how the soil sustains it, why it grows well here and badly there—what are the nature, composition, action, and special influences of manures—where and when, and of what kind, they should be applied to the plant—how this or that effect is to be produced by them, and this or that defect remedied.

But the life of the plant is an unravelled thread. The steam-frigate appears to live, and thunders as she moves, breathing fire and smoke. But the still life of the plant awes and subdues more than all this. Man may forcibly obstruct the path of the growing twig, but it turns quietly aside and moves patiently on. The dead iron and wood, and the forceful steam, all obey man's will—his intellect overmasters their stubbornness, and tames them into crouching slaves—but the life of the plant defies him. That life he can extinguish; but to use the living plant he must obey it, and study its wants and tendencies. How vastly easier to achieve a boastful triumph over the most stubborn mineral matter, than to mould to man's will the humblest flower that grows!

And each new plant brings with it new conditions of life, new wants, new virtues, new uses, new whims, if we may so speak, to be humoured. The iron, and the timber, and the brass are always one and the same to the mechanist; but with the constitution of each new plant, and its habits, a new series of difficulties opens up to the cultivator, which only time

and experience, and much study, can overcome.

But mechanics also exert much influence upon the culture of the soil, and the rearing of useful plants. And though the greatest achievements of mechanical skill were not first made on her behalf, yet even the steam-engine may be said to have become auxiliary to agriculture; and the thousand ingenious implements which Northampton and York exhibited at their recent anniversaries, showed in how many quarters, and to how large an extent, the purely mechanical and constructive arts are expending their strength in promoting her cause.

On meteorology, which studies the aerial meteors—registers, tabulates, and gives even a local habitation and a form to winds, hurricanes, and typhoons—the progress of the navigator much depends. They hinder or hasten his progress; but he overcomes them at last. But atmospheric changes are vital things to the plant and to the soil. Where no rain falls, the plant withers and dies. If too much falls, it becomes sickly, and fails to yield a profitable crop. If it falls too frequently, though not in too large quantity on the whole, one plant luxuriates and rejoices in the genial season, while another with difficulty produces a half return. If it falls at unseasonable times, the seed is denied admission into the ground in spring, or the harvest refuses to ripen in the autumn.

So the warmth and the sunshine, and the evening dews and the fogs, and the electric condition of the air—its transparency and its varying weight—and prevailing winds and hoar-frosts, and blights and hail-storms, and the influence of the heavenly bodies on all these conditions—with all these things the interests of the plant and the soil demand that scientific agriculture should occupy herself. On every single branch of knowledge to which we have alluded, the power and skill profitably to influence the plant are dependent.

And for what purpose does the plant spring up, the soil feed and nourish it, and the blessed sun mature its seeds? To adorn, no doubt, the surface of the beautiful earth, and to

keep alive and propagate its species; but principally to nourish the animal races which supply food and yield their service to man. And, upon the study of this nurture and feeding of the animal races, how much intellect has been expended! Has the stoker who heaps coals upon the engine fire, and turns one tap occasionally to maintain the water-level in the boiler, or another to give passage to the steam—and thus keeps the pile-driver, or the coal-drawer, or the tin mine, or the locomotive, or the steam-boat, or the colossal pumps of the Harlem lake, in easy and continuous operation—has he, or has the man who curiously watches his operations—have either of them any idea of the long days of intellectual toil—of the sleepless nights, during which invention was on the rack—of the mental dejection and throes of suffering, under which new thoughts were born—of the lives of martyred devotion which have been sacrificed, while, or in order that the machine, which is so obediently simple and easily managed, was or might be brought to its present perfection? Yet all this has been, and has been suffered by men now gone, though the ignorance of the humble workman, little more thoughtful than the iron he works with, fails either to feel or to understand it.

And so too often it is with you who feed, and with you who look at the simple process of feeding stock. As the turnip and the barley, and the oats and the linseed, and the beans, are placed before the almost perfect short-horn, or the graceful Ayrshire, or the untamed West Highlander, or the stately stallion, or the well-bred Leicester or Cheviot ram, or the cushioned and padded Berkshire porker—how little do you know or think of the science, and long skill, and intellectual labour, which have been expended in preparing what is to you so simple! It is not without and beyond the ranks of the agricultural community only that we need look for those who lessen the intellectual character of rural industry, and of the rural life. Too many of our practical men, even of high pretensions, are themselves only the stokers of the agricultural machine; and, like ungrateful and degenerate children, in their igno-

rance deny the head of the mother that bred and fed them.*

What are the functions of the animals you rear—what the composition of their several parts—what the nature of the food they require—what the purposes it serves—what the proportions in which this or that kind of food ought to be given—what the changes, in the kind and proportion, to adapt it to the special habits and constitution of the animal, and the purposes for which it is fed? Are these questions deep? Yet they have all been thought over and long considered, and discussed and disputed about, and volumes have been written upon them; and the chemist, and the physiologist, and the anatomist have, unknown to you, all laboured zealously and without wearying, in your service. And what you now find so simple only proves how much their sciences have done for you. *They* have fitted the machinery together, you but throw in the fuel and keep up the steam.

With the rearing of stock, and the improving of breeds, practical men are, or fancy themselves, all more or less conversant. How much warm and persevering genius, guided by purely scientific principles, has been expended upon our improved shorthorns and Leicesters! Are the whole lives of a Collins, or a Bakewell, or a Bates, nothing to have been devoted to pursuits like this? That these were practical men, and not scientific, and that what they have done is not a debt due by agriculture to science, is the saying of many. Men who have never read a book can do, by imitation, what the patient services and skill of other men discovered, and perfected, and simplified. But in this they are only stokers. The improvers were sound and cautious experimental physiologists, guided by the most fixed and certain principles of animal physiology; and

it is the results at which these men arrived that have become the household words of the stokers of our day, who call them *practice* in opposition to *science*. If science could forget her high duties to the Deity, and to the human race, she might leave you and your art to your own devices.

Need we allude to the conditions of animal life—in a state of health, and in a state of disease; to the varied constitutions of different races and varieties; to the several adaptations of food, warmth, and shelter which these demand; and to the extensive course of study which is now required to furnish the necessary resources to the accomplished veterinary surgeon? Yet would any breeder be safe for a moment to invest his money in stock, in a country and climate like ours, had he not, either in books, or in his own head, or in that of a neighbouring veterinarian, the results at which the long study of these branches of knowledge, in connexion with animal health, had discovered and established?

We pursue this topic no further at present. We fearlessly assert—we believe that we have shown—that as much intellect has been scientifically expended in elucidating and perfecting the various operations of rural life, by which those magnificent cattle have been produced by art, as has gone to the elaboration of that wonderful wave-subduing ship. The vulgar mind, awed by bulk and sound, and visible emblems of thought, may dissent—may say that we have not so much to show for it. But the laws of life are sought for and studied—they are not made by science. The Deity has forbidden human skill to develop a sheep into an elephant. Living materials, as we have said, are not plastic like wood and iron; and to change the constitution and character of a breed of animals may require as great and as long-continued

* In a recent number of the *North British Agriculturist*, it is stated that an agricultural stoker, who thought himself qualified to discourse on the uses of science to agriculture, had astonished a late meeting of the Newcastle Farmers' Club by telling them that the only thing science had yet done for agriculture was to show them how to dissolve bones in sulphuric acid; and that chemistry might boast of having really effected something if it could teach him to raise long potatoes, as he used to do, or to grow potato instead of Tartary oats, as his next-door neighbour could do. No wonder the shrewd Tyne-siders were astonished.

an exercise of inventive thought as to perfect an imposing piece of machinery. The real worth of a scientific result is the amount of mind expended in arriving at it, as the real height of an animal in the scale of organisation is measured by the proportionate size of its brain.

But we have our more palpable and sense-satisfying triumphs too. Look at that wide valley, with its snow-clad summits at a distance on either hand, and its glassy river flowing, cribbed and confined, in the lowest bottom. Smiling fields, and well-trimmed hedges, and sheltering plantations, and comfortable dwellings, and a busy population, and abundant cattle, cover its undulating slopes. For miles industrious plenty spreads over a country which the river formerly usurped, and the lake covered, and the rush tufted over, and bog and mossy heath and perennial fogs and drizzling rains rendered inhospitable and chill. But mechanics has chained the river, and drained the lakes, and bogs, and clayey bottoms; and giving thus scope to the application of all the varied practical rules to which science has led, the natural climate has been subdued, disease extirpated, and rich and fertile and happy homes scattered over the ancient waste.

Turn to another country, and a river flows deeply through an arid and desolate plain. Mechanics lifts its waters from their depths, and from a thousand artificial channels directs them over the parched surface. It is as if an enchanter's wand had been stretched over it—the green herbage and the waving corn, accompanied by all the industries of rural life, spring up as they advance.

Another country, and a green oasis presents itself, busy with life, in the midst of a desert and sandy plain. Do natural springs here gush up, as in the ancient oasis of the Libyan wilderness? It is another of the triumphs of human industry, guided by human thought. Geology, and her sister sciences, are here the pioneers of rural life and fixed habitations. The seat of hidden waters at vast depths was discovered by her. Under her directions mechanics has bored to their sources, and their gushing abundance now spreads fertility around.

Such are more sensible and larger triumphs of progressing rural economy—such as man may well boast of, not only in themselves, but in their consequences; and they may take their place with the gigantic vessel of war, as magnificent results of intellectual effort.

But it is after these first ruder though more imposing conquests over nature have been made, that the demand for mind, for applied science, becomes more frequent, and the results of its application less perceptible. And it is because, in ordinary husbandry, we have not always before us the striking illustrations which arrest the vulgar eye, that prevailing ignorance persists in denying its obligations to scientific research.

The waters which descend from a chain of hills become a striking feature in the geography of a country, when they happen to unite together into a large and magnificent river: they escape unseen and unnoticed if, keeping apart, they flow in countless tiny streamlets to the sea. Yet, thus disunited, they may carry fertility over a whole region, like the Nile when it overflows its banks, or as the river of Damascus straying among its many gardens; while the waters of the great river may only refresh and fertilise its own narrow margins, as the Murray and the Darling do in South Australia, or the deep-bedded rivers of Southern Africa.

Thus much we have devoted to the introductory portion of the *Book of the Farm*. Those of our readers who wish to follow up farther these scientific views may study *Johnston's Lectures, and Elements, of Agricultural Chemistry and Geology*: and by the way we would commend, for applied science, these works of Johnston's, and for practical knowledge, the book of Stephens, to the special attention of our emigrating fellow-countrymen, of whom so many in their foreign homes are likely to regret the overflowing sources of information on every conceivable topic with which their home literature and home neighbours supplied them.

Let us now take a look at the body of Mr Stephens' work. These are the days of pictorial embellishment—of speaking directly, and plainly, and

palpably to the eye. We have accidentally opened the book at the 217th page. What letterpress description could—so briefly we do not say, for that is out of the question—but so graphically and fully, explain the practice of eating off turnips with sheep, and all its appliances of hurdles and nets, and turnip shears, and feeding troughs, and hay racks, as the single woodcut which this page exhibits? And so the practice of brating and of stelling sheep is illustrated, and all the forms and fashions of stells in high and low countries (pp. 231 to 236;) the pulling, dressing, and storing of turnips, (190 to 195;) the various modes of ploughing, with their ups and downs, and turnings, and crossings, and gatherings, and feerings, and gore furrows, and mould furrows, and broad furrows, and cross furrows, and samcastings, and gaws, and ribs, and rafters, and slices, and crowns, and centres, and a host of other operations and things familiar to the farmer, but the very names and designations of which are Greek to the common English reader. All these the woodcuts explain beautifully and familiarly to the uninitiated readers, and most usefully to the incipient farmer. How is the rural economy of Great Britain and Ireland, in its best forms, stored up, not only for modern and immediate use, but for the understanding of future ages, by these illustrations! We would specify, in addition to those already referred to, the steam-boiling apparatus in page 320; and the taking down of a stack of corn in page 401; and the feeding of the threshing machine in page 406; and the hand-sowing of corn in page 553; and the picking of wheat, (*chaulage* of our Gallic neighbours,) page 536; and the measuring of the grain in the barn, &c., page 419; and the full sacks, as they should be, in the barn, in page 423. To the foreigner, how do these pictures speak of English customs, costumes, and usages; to our Transatlantic brethren, of the source of those modes and manners which have at once placed them on an elevation in agricultural art, to which 800 years of intellectual struggle had barely sufficed to lift up their fathers and cousins at home; and to the still British colonial emigrant the precise practices,

and latest rural improvements, which it will be his interest, at once, and his pride, to introduce into his adopted land!

How would the *Scriptores Rei Rusticae* have gained in usefulness in their own time, how immensely in interest in ours, had they been accompanied by such illustrations as these! The clearness of Columella would have been made more transparent, the obscurity of Palladius lessened; and Cato and Varro would have preserved to us the actual living forms, and costumes, and instruments of the ancient Etruscan times, more clearly than the painted tombs are now revealing to the antiquarian the fashions of their feasts, and games, and funereal rites. We have before us the singularly, richly, and extravagantly, yet graphically and most instructively illustrated book of Georgius Agricola, *De Re Metallica* (Basil, 1621.) The woodcuts of the *Book of the Farm* have induced us to turn it up, and it is with ever new admiration that we turn over its old leaves. It has to us the interest of a child's picture-book; and though, as a *chef-d'œuvre* of illustrative art, the three hundred woodcuts of Stephens do not approach the book of Agricola, yet what a treasure would the work of Ansonius Popma on the rural implements of the ancients—their *instruments* in its widest sense—have been to us, could it have been illustrated when he wrote (1690) in the style of Agricola, and with the minuteness and fulness of Stephens!

The same desire to render minutely intelligible the whole subject treated of, which these woodcuts show, is manifested in the more solid letterpress of the book. It was said of Columella, by Matthew Gessner, that he discoursed “non ut argumentum simplex quod discere amat, dicendo obscurer, sed ut clarissimâ luce perfundat omnia.” Such, the reader feels, must have been the aim of the author of this book. In his descriptions, nothing appears to be omitted; nothing is too minute to be passed over. His book exposes not merely the everyday life, but the very inmost life—the habits, and usages, and instruments of the most humble as well as the most important of the operations of the domestic, equally with the field economy

of rural life. We do not know if its effects upon our town population will ever be such as Beza ascribes to that of Columella—

Tu vero, Juni, silvestria rura canendo,
Post te ipas urbes in tua rura trahis;

but certainly, with a few more woodcuts, it would, in minute and graphic illustration, by prints and letterpress, be a most worthy companion to the work of Agricola.

The plan of the book is to give a history of the agricultural year, after the manner of the Roman Palladius and our own old Tucker; and the present volume embraces the operations of the skilful farmer in every kind of husbandry during the winter and spring. But, before we come to the heart of the book, hear what Mr Stephens says about the agricultural learning of our landed gentry:—

“Even though he devote himself to the profession of arms or the law, and thereby confer distinction on himself, if he prefer either to the neglect of agriculture, he is rendering himself unfit to undertake the duties of a landlord. To become a soldier or a lawyer, he willingly undergoes initiatory drillings and examinations; but to acquire the duties of a landlord before he becomes one, he considers it quite unnecessary to undergo initiatory tuition. These, he conceives, can be learned at any time, and seems to forget that the conducting of a landed estate is a profession, as difficult of thorough attainment as ordinary soldiery or legal lore. The army is an excellent school for confirming, in the young, principles of honour and habits of discipline; and the bar for giving a clear insight into the principles upon which the rights of property are based, and of the relation betwixt landlord and tenant; but a knowledge of practical agriculture is a weightier matter than either for a landlord, and should not be neglected.

One evil arising from studying those exciting professions before agriculture is, that, however short may have been the time in acquiring them, it is sufficiently long to create a distaste to learn agriculture afterwards practically—for such a task can only be undertaken, after the turn of life, by enthusiastic minds. But as farming is necessarily *the profession* of the landowner, it should be learned, theoretically and practically, before his education is finished. If he so incline, he can afterwards enter the army or go to the bar, and the exercise of those professions

will not efface the knowledge of agriculture previously acquired. This is the proper course, in my opinion, for every young man destined to become a landowner to pursue, and who is desirous of finding employment as long as he has not to exercise the functions of a landlord. Were this course invariably pursued, the numerous engaging ties of a country life would tend in many to extinguish the kindling desire for any other profession. Such a result would be most advantageous for the country; for only consider the effects of the course pursued at present by landowners. It strikes every one as an incongruity for a country gentleman to be unacquainted with country affairs. Is it not strange that he should require inducements to learn his hereditary profession,—to become familiar with the only business which can enable him to enhance the value of his estate, and increase his income? Does it not infer infatuation to neglect becoming well acquainted with the condition of his tenants, by whose exertions his income is raised, and by which knowledge he might confer happiness on many families, and in ignorance of which he may entail lasting misery on many more! It is in this way too many country gentlemen neglect their moral obligations.

It is a manifest inconvenience to country gentlemen, when taking a prominent part in county matters without a competent knowledge of agriculture, to be obliged to apologise for not having sufficiently attended to agricultural affairs. Such an avowal is certainly candid, but is anything but creditable to those who have to make it. When elected members of the legislature, it is deplorable to find so many of them so little acquainted with the questions which bear directly or indirectly on agriculture. On these accounts, the tenantry are left to fight their own battles on public questions. Were landowners practically acquainted with agriculture, such painful avowals would be unnecessary, and a familiar acquaintance with agriculture would enable the man of cultivated mind at once to perceive its practical bearing on most public questions.”

And what he says respectively of the ignorant and skilful factor or agent is quite as deserving of attention. Not merely whole estates, but in some parts of the island, whole counties lag in arrear through the defective education and knowledge of the agents as a class:—

“A still greater evil, because less personal, arises on consigning the manage-

ment of valuable estates to the care of men as little acquainted as the landowners themselves with practical agriculture. A factor or agent, in that condition, always affects much zeal for the interest of his employer. Fired by it, and possessing no knowledge to form a sound judgment, he soon discovers something he considers wrong among the poorer tenants. Some rent perhaps is in arrear—the strict terms of the lease have been deviated from—the condition of the tenant seems declining. These are favourable symptoms for a successful contention with him. Instead of interpreting the terms of the lease in a generous spirit, the factor hints that the rent would be better secured through another tenant. Explanation of circumstances affecting the actual condition of the farm, over which he has, perhaps, no control,—the inapplicability, perhaps, of peculiar covenants in the lease to the particular circumstances of the farm—the lease having perhaps been drawn up by a person ignorant of agriculture,—are excuses unavailingly offered to a factor confessedly unacquainted with country affairs, and the result ensues in disputes betwixt him and the tenant. To explanations, the landlord is unwilling to listen, in order to preserve intact the authority of the factor; or, what is still worse, is unable to interfere, because of his own inability to judge of the actual state of the case betwixt himself and the tenant, and, of course, the disputes are left to be settled by the originator of them. Thus commence actions at law,—criminations and recriminations,—much alienation of feeling; and at length a proposal for the settlement of matters, at first perhaps unimportant, by the arbitration of practical men. The tenant is glad to submit to an arbitration to save his money; and in all such disputes, being the weaker party, he suffers most in purse and character. The landlord, who ought to have been the protector, is thus converted into the unconscious oppressor of his tenant.

A factor acquainted with practical agriculture would conduct himself very differently in the same circumstances. He would endeavour to prevent legitimate differences of opinion on points of management from terminating in disputes, by skilful investigation and well-timed compromise. He would study to uphold the honour of both landlord and tenant. He would at once see whether the terms of the lease were strictly applicable to the circumstances of the farm, and, judging accordingly, would check improper deviations from proper covenants, whilst he would make allowances for inappropriate

ones. He would soon discover whether the condition of the tenant was caused more by his own mismanagement than by the nature of the farm he occupies, and he would conform his conduct towards him accordingly—encouraging industry and skill, admonishing indolence, and amending the objectionable circumstances of the farm. Such a factor is always highly respected, and his opinion and judgment are entirely confided in by the tenantry. Mutual kindness of intercourse, therefore, always subsists betwixt such factors and the tenants. No landlord, whether acquainted or unacquainted with farming, especially in the latter case, should confide the management of his estate to any person less qualified."

These extracts are long, but we feel we are rendering the public a service by placing them where they are likely to be widely read.

We have mentioned above that the *Book of the Farm* is full of that kind of clear home knowledge of rural life which the emigrant in foreign climes at all resembling our own will delight to read and profit by; but it will not supply the place of previous agricultural training. There is much truth and sound practical advice in the following observations:—

"Let every intending settler, therefore, learn agriculture thoroughly before he emigrates; and, if it suits his taste, time, and arrangements, let him study in the colony the necessarily imperfect system pursued by the settlers, before he embarks in it himself; and the fuller knowledge acquired here will enable him, not only to understand the colonial scheme in a short time, but to select the part of the country best suited to his purpose. But, in truth, he has much higher motives for learning agriculture here; for a thorough acquaintance will enable him to make the best use of inadequate means,—to know to apply cheap animal instead of dear manual labour,—to suit the crop to the soil, and the labour to the weather;—to construct appropriate dwellings for himself and family, live stock, and provisions; to superintend every kind of work, and to show a familiar acquaintance with them all. These are qualifications which every emigrant may acquire here, but not in the colonies without a large sacrifice of time—and time to a settler thus spent is equal to a sacrifice of capital, whilst eminent qualifications are equivalent to capital itself. This statement may be stigmatised by agricultural settlers who may have succeeded in amassing fortunes

without more knowledge of agriculture than what was picked up by degrees on the spot; but such persons are incompetent judges of a statement like this, never having become properly acquainted with agriculture; and however successful their exertions may have proved, they might have realised larger incomes in the time, or as large in a shorter time, had they brought an intimate acquaintance of the most perfect system of husbandry known, to bear upon the favourable circumstances they occupied."

The early winter is spent in ploughing, which we pass over, and mid-winter chiefly in feeding stock, in threshing out the corn, and in attending to composts and dunghills. Preparing and sowing the seed is the most important business of the spring months, to which succeeds the tending of the lambs and ewes, and the preparation of the land for the fallow or root crops. These several operations are treated of in their most minute details, and the latest methods adopted in reference to every point are fully explained.

In the husbandry of the most advanced portions of our island, the turnip occupies a most important place in the estimation of the skillful farmer, whether his dependence for the means of paying his rent be placed upon the profits of his corn crops or of his cattle.

Of the turnip we have now many varieties—though it is only seventy or eighty years since it was first introduced into field culture—at least in those districts of the island in which its importance is most fully recognised. The history of its introduction into Scotland is thus given by Mr Stephens—

"The history of the turnip, like that of other cultivated plants, is obscure. According to the name given to the swede in this country, it is a native of Sweden; the Italian name *Navoni di Laponia* intimates an origin in Lapland, and the French names *Chou de Lapone*, *Chou de Suède*, indicate an uncertain origin. Sir John Sinclair says, 'I am informed that the swedes were first introduced into Scotland anno 1781-2, on the recommendation of Mr Knox, a native of East Lothian, who had settled at Gottenburg, whence he sent some of the seeds to Dr Hamilton.' There is no doubt the plant was first introduced into Scotland from Sweden, but I believe its introduction was prior to the date mentioned by Sir

Jeha Sinclair. The late Mr Airth, Mains of Dunn, Forfarshire, informed me that his father was the first farmer who cultivated swedes in Scotland, from seeds sent him by his eldest son, settled in Gottenburg, when my informant, the youngest son of a large family, was a boy of about ten years of age. Whatever may be the date of its introduction, Mr Airth cultivated them in 1777; and the date is corroborated by the silence preserved by Mr Wight regarding its culture by Mr Airth's father when he undertook the survey of the state of husbandry in Scotland, in 1773, at the request of the Commissioners of the Annexed Estates, and he would not have failed to report so remarkable a circumstance as the culture of so useful a plant, so that it was unknown prior to 1773. Mr Airth sowed the first portion of seed he received in beds in the garden, and transplanted the plants in rows in the field, and succeeded in raising good crops for some years, before sowing the seed directly in the fields."

The weight of a good turnip crop—not of an extraordinary crop, which some persons can succeed in raising, and the accounts of which others only refuse to credit—is a point of much importance; and it is so, not merely to the farmer who possesses it, but to the rural community at large. The conviction that a certain given weight is a fair average crop in well-farmed land, where it does not exceed his own, will be satisfactory to the industrious farmer; while it will serve as a stimulus to those whose soil, or whose skill, have hitherto been unable to raise so large a weight. According to our author—

"A good crop of swede turnips weighs from 30 to 35 tons per imperial acre.

"A good crop of yellow turnips weighs from 30 to 32 tons per imperial acre.

"A good crop of white globe turnips weighs from 30 to 40 tons per imperial acre."

Of all kinds of turnips, therefore, from 30 to 40 tons per imperial acre are a good crop.

The readers of agricultural journals must have observed that, of late years, the results of numerous series of experiments have been published. Among those that have been made upon turnips, he will have noticed also that the crop, in about nine cases out of ten, is under twenty tons; that these crops vary, for the most part, between nine and sixteen tons; and

that some farmers are not ashamed to publish to the world, that they are content with crops of from seven to ten tons of turnips an acre. Where is our skill in the management of turnip soils, if, in the average of years, such culture and crops satisfy any considerable number of our more intelligent tenantry? We know that soil, and season, and locality, and numerous accidents, affect the produce of this crop; but the margin between the *actual* and the *possible* is far too wide to be accounted for in this way. More skill, more energy, more expenditure in draining, liming, and manuring—a wider diffusion of our practical and scientific agricultural literature—these are the means by which the wide margin is to be narrowed; by which what is *in* the land is to be brought *out* of the land, and thereby the farmer made more comfortable, and the landlord more rich.

The subject of sheep and cattle feeding is very important, and very interesting, and our book is rich in materials which would provoke us to discuss it at some length, did our limits admit of it. We must be content, however, with a few desultory extracts.

The following, in regard to sheep feeding upon turnips, is curious, and, in our opinion, requires repetition:—

“A curious and unexpected result was brought to light by Mr Pawlett, and is thus related in his own words,—‘Being aware that it was the custom of some sheep-breeders to wash the food,—such as turnips, carrots, and other roots,—for their sheep, I was induced also to try the system; and as I usually act cautiously in adopting any new scheme, generally bringing it down to the true standard of experience, I selected for the trial two lots of lambs. One lot was fed, in the usual manner, on carrots and swedes *unwashed*; the other lot was fed exactly on the same kinds of food, but the carrots and swedes were *washed* very clean every day: they were weighed before trial, on the 2d December, and again on the 30th December, 1835. The lambs fed with the unwashed food gained each 7½ lb., and those on the washed gained 4½ lb. each; which shows that those lambs which were fed in the usual way, without having their food washed, gained the most weight in a month by 2½ lb. each lamb. There appears to me no advantage in this method of management—indeed animals are fond

of licking the earth, particularly if fresh turned up; and a little of it taken into the stomach with the food must be conducive to their health, or nature would not lead them to take it.’”

Another experiment on the fattening properties of different breeds of sheep, under similar treatment, quoted from the *Journal of the Royal Agricultural Society of England*, is also deserving the attention of our readers:—

“Experiments were made in 1844-5 on the Earl of Radnor’s farm at Coleshill, on the comparative fattening properties of different breeds of sheep under the same treatment. The sheep consisted of Leicesters, South-downs, half-breeds,—a cross between the Cotswold and South-down—and Cotswolds. The sheep, being then lambs, were divided into lots of three each of each breed, and were grazed four months, from 29th August 1844 to 4th January 1845, when they were put on hay and swedes for three months, from 4th January to the 31st of March following. While on grass, the different breeds gained in weight as follows:—

	lb.	lb.
The Leicesters being 46 each, gained	10½	each.
South-downs	47	.. 11
Half-breeds	44½	.. 12
Cotswolds	56½	.. 10½”

It is one of the most delicate qualifications connected with the stock-feeder’s art to be able to select that stock, and that variety of it, which, under all the circumstances in which he is placed, will give him the largest return in money—hence every experiment like the above, if well conducted, is deserving of his close attention. At the same time, in rural experiments, more almost than in any other, the number of elements which interfere with the result, and may modify it, is so great, that too much confidence ought not to be placed upon single trials. Repeated results of *one kind* must be obtained, before a farmer can be justified in spending much money on the faith of them.

In turning to the winter feeding of cattle upon turnips and other food—a subject important enough to justify Mr Stephens in devoting forty of his closely printed pages to it—we are reminded of a character of this book which we like very much, which squares admirably with our own idea of neatness, order, and method, and which we heartily commend to the

attention of our farming friends: this is the full and minute description he gives of the duties of every class of servants upon the farm, of the necessity of having these duties regularly and methodically performed, and of the way in which the master may bring this about.

The cattle-man is an important person in the winter feeding of cattle; he therefore commences this section with an account of the duties and conduct of this man. Even his dress he describes; and the following paragraph shows his reason for drawing the young farmer's attention to it:—

“The dress of a cattle-man is worth attending to, as regards its appropriateness for his business. Having so much straw to carry on his back, a bonnet or round-crowned hat is the most convenient head-dress for him; but what is of more importance when he has charge of a bull, is to have his clothes of a sober hue, free of gaudy or strongly-contrasted colours, especially red, as that colour is peculiarly offensive to bulls. It is with red cloth and flags that the bulls in Spain are irritated to action at their celebrated bull-fights. Instances are in my remembrance of bulls turning upon their keepers, not because they were habited in red, but from some strongly contrasted bright colours. It was stated that the keeper of the celebrated bull Sirius, belonging to the late Mr Robertson of Ladykirk, wore a red nightcap on the day the bull attacked and killed him. On walking with a lady across a field, my own bull—the one represented in the plate of the Short-horn Bull, than which a more gentle and generous creature of his kind never existed—made towards us in an excited state; and for his excitement I could ascribe no other cause than the red shawl worn by the lady, for as soon as we left the field he resumed his wonted quietness. I observed him excited, on another occasion, in his hammel, when the cattle-man—an aged man, who had taken charge of him for years—attended him one Sunday forenoon in a new red nightcap, instead of his usual black hat. Be the cause of the disquietude in the animal what it may, it is prudential in a cattle-man to be habited in a sober suit of clothes.”

Then, after insisting upon *regularity of time* in everything he does, following the man through a whole day's work, describing all his operations, and giving figures of all his tools,—

his graip, his shovel, his different turnip choppers, his turnip-slicer, his wheel-barrow, his chaff-cutters, his linseed bruisers, and his corn-crushers,—he gives us the following illustration of the necessity of regularity and method, and of the way to secure them:—

“In thus minutely detailing the duties of the cattle-man, my object has been to show you rather how the turnips and fodder should be distributed relatively than absolutely; but whatever hour and minute the cattle-man finds, from experience, he can devote to each portion of his work, you should see that he performs *the same operation at the same time every day*. By paying strict attention to time, the cattle will be ready for and expect their wonted meals at the appointed times, and will not complain until they arrive. Complaints from his stock should be distressing to every farmer's ears, for he may be assured they will not complain until they feel hunger; and if allowed to hunger they will not only lose condition, but render themselves, by discontent, less capable of acquiring it when the food happens to be fully given. Wherever you hear lowings from cattle, you may safely conclude that matters are conducted there in an irregular manner. The cattle-man's rule is a simple one, and easily remembered,—*Give food and fodder to cattle at fixed times, and dispense them in a fixed routine*. I had a striking instance of the bad effects of irregular attention to cattle. An old staid labourer was appointed to take charge of cattle, and was quite able and willing to undertake the task. He got his own way at first, as I had observed many labouring men display great ingenuity in arranging their work. Lowings were soon heard from the stock in all quarters, both in and out of doors, which intimated the want of regularity in the cattle-man; whilst the poor creature himself was constantly in a state of bustle and uneasiness. To put an end to this disorderly state of things, I apportioned his entire day's work by his own watch; and on implicitly following the plan, he not only soon satisfied the wants of every animal committed to his charge, but had abundant leisure to lend a hand to anything that required his temporary assistance. His old heart overflowed with gratitude when he found the way of making all his creatures happy; and his kindness to them was so undeviating, they would have done whatever he liked.”

And the money profit which this attention to regularity will give, in addition to the satisfaction which attends it, is thus plainly set down:—

"Let us reduce the results of bad management to figures. Suppose you have three sets of beasts, of different ages, each containing 20 beasts—that is, 60 in all—and they get as many turnips as they can eat. Suppose that each of these beasts acquires only half a pound less live weight every day than they would under the most proper management, and this would incur a loss of 30 lbs. a-day of live weight, which, over 180 days of the fattening season, will make the loss amount to 5400 lbs. of live weight; or, according to the common rules of computation, 3240 lbs., or 231 stones, of dead weight at 6s. the stone, £69, 6s.—a sum equal to more than five times the wages received by the cattle-man. The question, then, resolves itself into this—whether it is not for your interest to save this sum annually, by making your cattle-man attend your cattle according to a regular plan, the form of which is in your own power to adopt and pursue!"

We must pass over the entire doctrine of prepared food, which has lately occupied so much attention, and has been so ably advocated by Mr Warner, Mr Marshall, Mr Thompson, and which, among others, has been so successfully practised by our friend Mr Hutton of Sowber Hill in Yorkshire. We only quote, by the way, a curious observation of Mr Robert Stephenson of Whitelaw in East-Lothian:

"We shall conclude," he says, "by relating a singular fact"—and a remarkable one it is, and worth remembering,—"that sheep on turnips will consume nearly in proportion to cattle, weight for weight; that is, 10 sheep of 14 lbs. a-quarter, or 40 stones in all, will eat nearly the same quantity of turnips as an ox of 40 stones; but turn the ox to grass, and 6 sheep will be found to consume an equal quantity. This great difference may perhaps," says Mr Stephenson, "and I think truly, 'be accounted for by the practice of sheep cropping the grass much closer and oftener than cattle, and which, of course, prevents its growing so rapidly with them as with cattle.'"

The treatment of farm horses in winter is under the direction of the ploughman, whose duties are first described, after which the system of management and feeding of farm and saddle horses is discussed at a length of thirty pages.

Among other pieces of curious information which our author gives us is the nomenclature of the animals he treats of, at their various ages. This

forms a much larger vocabulary than most people imagine, and comprises many words of which four-fifths of our population would be unable to tell the meaning.

Thus, of the sheep he informs us—

"A new-born sheep is called a *lamb*, and retains the name until weaned from its mother and able to support itself. The generic name is altered according to the sex and state of the animal; when a female it is a *ewe-lamb*, when a male a *tup-lamb*, and this last is changed to *hog-lamb* when it undergoes emasculation.

"After a lamb has been weaned, until the first fleece is shorn from its back, it receives the name of *hogg*, which is also modified according to the sex and state of the animal, a female being a *ewe-hogg*, a male a *tup-hogg*, and a castrated male a *wether-hogg*. After the first fleece has been shorn, another change is made in the nomenclature; the *ewe-hogg* then becomes a *gimmer*, the *tup-hogg* a *shearling-tup*, and the *wether-hog* a *dinmont*, and these names are retained until the fleece is shorn a second time.

"After the second shearing another change is effected in all these names; the *gimmer* is then a *ewe* if she is in *lamb*, but if not, a *barren gimmer*, and if never put to the ram a *cild gimmer*. The *shearling tup* is then a *2-shear tup*, and the *dinmont* is a *wether*, but more correctly a *2-shear wether*.

"A *ewe* three times shorn is a *twinter ewe*, (*two-winter ewe*); a *tup* is a *3-shear tup*; and a *wether* still a *wether*, or more correctly a *3-shear wether*—which is an uncommon name among Leicester sheep, as the castrated sheep of that breed are rarely kept to that age.

"A *ewe* four times shorn is a *three winter ewe*, or *aged ewe*; a *tup*, an *aged tup*, a name he retains ever after, whatever his age, but they are seldom kept beyond this age; and the *wether* is now a *wether* properly so called.

"A *tup* and *ram* are synonymous terms.

"A *ewe* that has borne a *lamb*, when it fails to be with *lamb* again is a *tup-kill* or *barren ewe*. After a *ewe* has ceased to give milk she is a *yeld-ewe*.

"A *ewe* when removed from the breeding flock is a *draft ewe*, whatever her age may be; *gimmers* put aside as unfit for breeding are *draft gimmers*, and the *lambs*, *dinmonts* or *wethers*, drafted out of the fat or young stock are *sheddings*, *tails*, or *drafts*.

"In England a somewhat different nomenclature prevails. Sheep bear the name of *lamb* until eight months old, after which they are *ewe* and *wether* *teags* until once clipped. *Gimmers* are *theaces* until

they bear the first lamb, when they are *ewes of 4-teeth*, next year *ewes of 6-teeth*, and the year after *full-mouthed ewes*. Dinmonts are called *shear hogs* until shorn of the fleece, when they are *2-shear wethers*, and ever after are *wethers*."

The names of cattle are a little less complicated.

"The names given to cattle at their various ages are these:—A new-born animal of the ox-tribe is called a *calv*, a male being a *bull-calv*, a female a *quey-calv*, *heifer-calv*, or *cow-calv*; and a castrated male calf is a *stot-calv*, or simply a *calv*. Calv is applied to all young cattle until they attain one year old, when they are *year-olds* or *yearlings*—*year-old bull*, *year-old quey* or *heifer*, *year-old stot*. *Stot*, in some places, is a bull of any age.

"In another year they are *2-year-old bull*, *2-year-old quey* or *heifer*, *2-year-old stot* or *steer*. In England females are *stirks* from calves to 2-year-old, and males *steers*; in Scotland both young male and females are *stirks*. The next year they are *3-year-old bull*, in England *3-year-old female a heifer*, in Scotland a *3-year-old quey*, and a male is a *3-year-old stot* or *steer*.

"When a quey bears a calf, it is a *cow*, both in Scotland and England. Next year the *bulls* are *aged*; the *cows* retain the name ever after, and the *stots* or *steers* are *ozen*, which they continue to be to any age. A cow or quey that has received the bull is *served* or *bulled*, and is then in *calv*, and in that state these are in England *incalvers*. A cow that suffers abortion *elips* its calf. A cow that has either *missed* being in calf, or has *slipped* calf, is *ill*; and one that has gone dry of milk is a *yeld-cow*. A cow giving milk is a *milk* or *milch-cow*. When two calves are born at one birth, they are *twins*; if three, *trins*. A quey calf of twins of bull and quey calves, is a *fres martin*, and never produces young, but exhibits no marks of a hybrid or mule.

"*Cattle*, *black cattle*, *horned cattle*, and *meat cattle*, are all generic names for the ox tribe, and the term *beast* is a synonyme.

"An ox without horns is *dodded* or *humbled*.

"A castrated bull is a *egg*. A quey-calf whose ovaries have been obliterated, to prevent her breeding, is a *spayed heifer* or *quey*."

Those of the horse are fewer, and more generally known—

"The names commonly given to the different states of the horse are these:—The new-born one is called a *foal*, the male being a *colt foal*, and the female a

filly foal. After being weaned, the foals are called simply *colt* or *filly*, according to the sex, which the colt retains until broken in for work, when he is a *horse* or *gelding* which he retains all his life; and the filly is then changed into *mare*. When the colt is not castrated he is an *entire colt*; which name he retains until he serves mares, when he is a *stallion* or *entire horse*; when castrated he is a *gelding*; and it is in this state that he is chiefly worked. A mare, when served, is said to be *covered* by or *scinted* to a particular stallion; and after she has borne a foal she is a *brood mare*, until she ceases to bear, when she is a *barren mare* or *ill mare*; and when dry of milk, she is *yeld*. A mare, while big with young, is *in foal*. Old stallions are never castrated."

Those of the pig are as follows—

"When new-born, they are called *suckling pigs*, or simply *pigs*; and the male is a *boar pig*, the female *sow pig*. A castrated male, after it is weaned, is a *shot* or *hog*. Hog is the name mostly used by naturalists, and very frequently by writers on agriculture; but, as it sounds so like the name given to young sheep, (*hogg*), I shall always use the terms *pig* and *swine* for the sake of distinction. The term *hog* is said to be derived from a Hebrew noun, signifying 'to have narrow eyes,' a feature quite characteristic of this species of animal. A spayed female is a *cut sow pig*. As long as both sorts of cut pigs are small and young, they are *porkers* or *parklings*. A female that has not been cut, and before it bears young, is an *open sow*; and an entire male, after being weaned, is always a *boar* or *brawn*. A cut boar is a *brawner*. A female that has taken the boar is said to be *lined*; when bearing young she is a *brood sow*; and when she has brought forth pigs she has *littered* or *farrowed*, and her family of pigs at one birth form a *litter* or *farrow* of pigs."

The diseases of cattle, horses, pigs, and poultry, are treated of— their management in disease, that is, as well as in health. And it is one of the merits of Mr Stephens that he has taken such pains in getting up his different subjects—that he seems as much at home in one department of his art as in another; and we follow him with equal confidence in his description of field operations, of servant-choosing and managing, of cattle-buying, tending, breeding, feeding, butchering, and even cooking and eating—for he is cunning in these last points also.

His great predecessor Tucker prided himself, in his "*Five hundred points*," in mixing up huswifry with husbandry:—

"In husbandry matters, where *Pilcrow** ye find,
That verse appertaineth to Huswifry kind;
So have ye more lessons, if there ye look well,
Than huswifry book doth utter or tell."

Following Tucker's example, our author scatters here and there throughout his book much useful information for the farmer's wife; and for her especial use, no doubt, he has drawn up his curious and interesting chapter on the treatment of fowls in winter. To show how minute his knowledge is upon this point, and how implicitly therefore he may be trusted in greater matters, we quote the following:—

"Every yellow-legged chicken should be used, whether male or female—their flesh never being so fine as the others." "Young fowls may either be roasted or boiled, the male making the best roasted, and the female the neatest boiled dish." "The criterion of a fat hen, when alive, is a plump breast, and the rump feeling thick, fat, and firm, on being handled laterally between the finger and thumb."

"Of a fat goose the mark is, plumpness of muscle over the breast, and thickness of rump when alive; and in addition, when dead and plucked, of a uniform covering of *white* fat under a fine skin on the breast." "Geese are always roasted in Britain, though a boiled goose is not an uncommon dish in Ireland; and their flesh is certainly much heightened in flavour by a stuffing of onions, and an accompaniment of apple sauce."

We suppose a boiled goose must be especially tasteless, as we once knew an old schoolmaster on the North Tyne, whose very stupid pupils were always christened *boiled geese*.

The threshing and winnowing of grain, which forms so important a part of the winter operations of a farm, naturally lead our author to describe and figure the different species of corn plants and their varieties, and to discuss their several nutritive values,

the geographical range and distribution of each, and the special uses or qualities of the different varieties.

Widely spread and known for so many ages, the home or native country of our cereal plants is not only unknown, but some suppose the several species, like the varieties of the human race, to have all sprung from a common stock.

"It is a very remarkable circumstance, as observed by Dr Lindley, that the native country of wheat, oats, barley, and rye should be entirely unknown; for although oats and barley were found by Colonel Chesney, apparently wild, on the banks of the Euphrates, it is doubtful whether they were not the remains of cultivation. This has led to an opinion, on the part of some persons, that all our cereal plants are artificial productions, obtained accidentally, but retaining their habits, which have become fixed in the course of ages."

Whatever may be the original source of our known species of grain, and of their numerous varieties, it cannot be doubted that their existence, at the present time, is a great blessing to man. Of wheat there are upwards of a hundred and fifty known varieties, of barley upwards of thirty, and of oats about sixty. While the different species—wheat, barley, and oats—are each specially confined to large but limited regions of the earth's surface, the different varieties adapt themselves to the varied conditions of soil and climate which exist within the natural geographical region of each, and to the different uses for which each species is intended to be employed.

Thus the influence of variety upon the adaptation of the oat to the soil, climate, and wants of a given locality, is shown by the following observations:—

"The Siberian oat is cultivated in the poorer soils and higher districts, resists the force of the wind, and yields a grain well adapted for the support of farm-horses. The straw is fine and pliable, and makes an excellent dry fodder for cattle and horses, the saccharine matter in the joints being very sensible to the taste. It comes early to maturity, and hence its name."

*Where ¶ (*pilcrow*), or paragraph, is placed at the side of the verse.

The Tartarian oat, from the peculiarity of its form, and from its "possessing a beard, is of such a hardy nature as to thrive in soils and climates where the other grains cannot be raised. It is much cultivated in England, and not at all in Scotland. It is a coarse grain, more fit for horse-food than to make into meal. The grain is dark coloured and awny; the straw coarse, harsh, brittle, and rather short."

The reader will see from this extract that the English "food for horses" is, in reality, not the same thing as the "chief o' Scotia's food;" and that a little agricultural knowledge would have prevented Dr Johnson from exhibiting, in the same sentence, an example of both his ignorance and his venom.

Variety affects appearance and quality; and how these are to be consulted in reference to the market in which the grain is to be sold, may be gathered from the following:—

"When wheat is quite opaque, indicating not the least translucency, it is in the best state for yielding the finest flour—such flour as confectioners use for pastry; and in this state it will be eagerly purchased by them at a large price. Wheat in this state contains the largest proportion of fecula or starch, and is therefore best suited to the starch-maker, as well as the confectioner. On the other hand, when wheat is translucent, hard, and flinty, it is better suited to the common baker than the confectioner and starch manufacturer, as affording what is called *strong flour*, that rises boldly with yeast into a spongy dough. Bakers will, therefore, give more for good wheat in this state than in the opaque; but for bread of finest quality the flour should be fine as well as strong, and therefore a mixture of the two conditions of wheat is best suited for making the best quality of bread. Bakers, when they purchase their own wheat, are in the habit of mixing wheat which respectively possesses those qualities; and millers who are in the habit of supplying bakers with flour, mix different kinds of wheat, and grind them together for their use. Some sorts of wheat naturally possess *both* these properties, and on that account are great favourites with bakers, though not so with confectioners; and, I presume, to this mixed property is to be ascribed the great and lasting popularity which Hunter's white wheat has so long enjoyed. We hear also of '*high mixed*' Danzig wheat,

which has been so mixed for the purpose, and is in high repute amongst bakers. Generally speaking, the purest coloured white wheat indicates most opacity, and, of course, yields the finest flour; and red wheat is most flinty, and therefore yields the strongest flour: a translucent red wheat will yield stronger flour than a translucent white wheat, and yet a red wheat never realises so high a price in the market as white—partly because it contains a larger proportion of refuse in the grinding, but chiefly because it yields less fine flour, that is, starch."

In regard to wheat, it has been supposed, that the qualities referred to in the above extract, as especially fitting certain varieties for the use of the confectioner, &c., were owing to the existence of a larger quantity of gluten in these kinds of grain. Chemical inquiry has, however, nearly dissipated that idea, and with it certain erroneous opinions, previously entertained, as to their superior nutritive value. Climate and physiological constitution induce differences in our vegetable productions, which chemical research may detect and explain, but may never be able to remove or entirely control.

The bran, or external covering of the grain of wheat, has recently also been the subject of scientific and economical investigation. It has been proved, by the researches of Johnston, confirmed by those of Miller and others, that the bran of wheat, though less readily digestible, contains more nutritive matter than the white interior of the grain. Brown, or household bread, therefore, which contains a portion of the bran, is to be preferred, both for economy and for nutritive quality, to that made of the finest flour.

Upon the economy of mixing potato with wheaten flour, and of home-made bread, Mr Stephens has the following:—

"It is assumed by some people, that a mixture of potatoes amongst wheaten flour renders bread lighter and more wholesome. That it will make bread whiter, I have no doubt; but I have as little doubt that it will render it more insipid, and it is demonstrable that it makes it dearer than wheaten flour. Thus, take a bushel of 'seconds' flour, weighing 56 lbs. at 5s. 6d. A batch of bread, to consist of 21 lbs., will absorb as much water, and require as much yeast and salt, as will yield 7 loaves, of 4 lbs. each, for 2s. 4d., or 4d.

per loaf. 'If, instead of 7 lbs. of the flour, the same weight of raw potatoes be substituted, with the hope of saving by the comparatively low price of the latter article, the quantity of bread that will be yielded will be *but a trifle more than would have been produced from 14 lbs. of flour only*, without the addition of the 7 lbs. of potatoes; for the starch of this root is the only nutritive part, and we have proved that but one-seventh or one-eighth of it is contained in every pound, the remainder being water and innutritive matter. Only 20 lbs. of bread, therefore, instead of 28 lbs., will be obtained; and this, though white, will be comparatively flavourless, and liable to become dry and sour in a few days; whereas, without the latter addition, bread made in private families will keep *well* for 3 weeks, though, after a fortnight, it begins to deteriorate, especially in the autumn.' The calculation of comparative cost is thus shown:—

Flour, 14 lbs., say at 1½d. per lb.,	= 1s. 5½d.
Potatoes, 7 lbs., say at 5s. per sack,	= 0 2
Yeast and fuel,	= 0 4½

2s. 0d.

The yield, 20 lbs., or 5 loaves of 4 lbs. each, will be nearly 5d. each, which is dearer than the wheat loaves at 4d. each, and the bread, besides, of inferior quality.

“There are persons who assert—that we have heard them—that there is no economy in baking at home. An accurate and constant attention to the matter, with a close calculation of every week's results for several years—a calculation induced by the sheer love of investigation and experiment—enables us to assure our readers, that a gain is invariably made of from 1½d. to 2d. on the 4 lb. loaf. If *all* be intrusted to servants, we do not pretend to deny that the waste may neutralise the profit; but, with care and investigation, we pledge our veracity that the saving will prove to be considerable.' These are the observations of a lady well known to me.”

In the natural history of barley the most remarkable fact is, the high northern latitudes in which it can be successfully cultivated. Not only does it ripen in the Orkney and Shetland and Faroe Islands, but on the shores of the White Sea; and near the North Cape, in north latitude 70°, it thrives and yields nourishment to the inhabitants. In Iceland, in latitude 63° to 66° north, it ceases to ripen, not because the temperature is too low, but because rains fall at an unseasonable time, and thus prevent the filling ear from arriving at maturity.

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The oat is distinguished by its remarkable nutritive quality, compared with our other cultivated grains. This has been long known in practice in the northern parts of the island, where it has for ages formed the staple food of the mass of the population, though it was doubted and disputed in the south so much, as almost to render the Scotch ashamed of their national food. Chemistry has recently, however, set the matter at rest, and is gradually bringing oatmeal again into general favour. We believe that the robust health of many fine families of children now fed upon it, in preference to wheaten flour, is a debt they owe, and we trust will not hereafter forget, to chemical science.

On oatmeal Mr Stephens gives us the following information:—

“The portion of the oat crop consumed by man is manufactured into *meal*. It is never called flour, as the millstones are not set so close in grinding it as when wheat is ground, nor are the stones for grinding oats made of the same material, but most frequently only of sandstone—the old red sandstone or greywacke. Oats, unlike wheat, are always kiln-dried before being ground; and they undergo this process for the purpose of causing the thick husk, in which the substance of the grain is enveloped, to be the more easily ground off, which it is by the stones being set wide asunder; and the husk is blown away, on being winnowed by the fanner, and the grain retained, which is then called *groats*. The groats are ground by the stones closer set, and yield the meal. The meal is then passed through sieves, to separate the thin husk from the meal. The meal is made in two states: one *fine*, which is the state best adapted for making into bread, in the form called oat-cake or bannocks; and the other is coarser or *rounder* ground, and is in the best state for making the common food of the country people—porridge, *Scotticé*, parritch. A difference of custom prevails in respect to the use of these two different states of oatmeal, in different parts of the country, the fine meal being best liked for all purposes in the northern, and the round or coarse meal in the southern counties; but as oatcake is chiefly eaten in the north, the meal is there made to suit the purpose of bread rather than of porridge; whereas, in the south, bread is made from another grain, and oatmeal is there used only as porridge. There is no doubt that the round meal makes the best porridge, when properly made—that is, seasoned with

salt, and boiled as long as to allow the particles to swell and burst, when the porridge becomes a pulsatious mass. So made, with rich milk or cream, few more wholesome dishes can be partaken by any man, or upon which a harder day's work can be wrought. Children of all ranks in Scotland are brought up on this diet, verifying the poet's assertion—

"The halesome parritch, chief o' Scotia's food."
BURNS.

Forfarshire has long been famed for the quality of its brose and oat-cake, while the porridge of the Borders has as long been equally famous. It is so everywhere, the sharp soil producing the finest cake-meal, and clay land the best meal for boiling. Of meal from the varieties of the oat cultivated, that of the common Angus oat is the most thrifty for a poor man, though its yield in meal is less in proportion to the bulk of corn."

Much valuable information is given on the management of manure-heaps, and the forming of composts in winter. We especially recommend to the reader's attention section 2043, which is too long to extract. Railways have done much to benefit the farmer: in speaking of composts, our author gives us the following example of a local injury produced by them:—

"In the vicinity of villages where fish are cured and smoked for market, refuse of fish heads and guts make an excellent compost with earth. Near Eyemouth and Burnmouth, on the Berwickshire coast, 30 barrels of fish refuse, with as much earth from the head-ridges as will completely cover the heap, are sufficient for an imperial acre. The barrel contains 30 gallons, and 4 barrels make a cart-load, and the barrel sells for 1s. 6d. From 400 to 600 barrels may be obtained for each farm in the neighbourhood, in the course of the season. Since the opening of the North British railway, the curing of the fish is given up, much to the loss of the farmers in that locality; and the fishermen now send, by the railway, the fish in a fresh state to the larger towns at a distance. Thus, railways produce advantage to some, whilst they cause loss to others. In the northern counties of Scotland, fish refuse is obtained in large quantities during the herring fishing season. On the coast of Cornwall, the pilchard fishing affords a large supply of refuse for composts."

In regard to the calving of cows, to milking, and to the rearing of calves, we have information as full, as minute, and as easily conveyed, as on any of the other subjects which have

hitherto engaged our attention. When treating of the diseases to which cows, on calving, are subject, we have been interested with the following case:—

"I may here mention an unaccountable fatality which overtook a short-horn cow of mine, in Forfarshire, immediately after calving. She was an extraordinary milker, giving not less than thirty quarts a-day in summer on grass; but what was more extraordinary, for two calvings the milk never dried up, but continued to flow to the very day of calving, and after that event returned in increased quantity. In the third year she went naturally dry for about one month prior to the day of reckoning; every precaution, however, was taken that the milk should dry up without giving her any uneasiness. She calved in high health, the milk returned as usual in a great flush after calving, but it was impossible to draw it from the udder; not a teat would pass milk, *all the four being entirely corded*. Quills were first introduced into the teats; and then tubes of larger size were pushed up into the body of the udder. A little milk ran out of only one of them—hope revived; but it soon stopped running, and all the art that could be devised by a skilful shepherd proved unavailing to draw milk from the udder; rubbing and softening the udder with goose-fat, making it warmer with warm water—all to no purpose. To render the case more distressing, there was not a veterinary surgeon in the district. At length the udder inflamed, mortified, and the cow died in the most excruciating agony on the third day, from being in the highest state of health, though not in high condition, as her milking propensity usually kept her lean. No loss of the kind ever affected my mind so much—that nothing *could* be done to relieve the distress of an animal which could not help itself. I was told afterwards by a shepherd, to whom I related the case, that I should have cut off all the teats, and although the horrid operation would, of course, have destroyed her for a milk cow, she might have been saved for feeding. He had never seen a cow so operated on; but it suggested itself to him in consequence of having been obliged at times to cut off the teats of ewes to save their lives. The suggestion I think is good. The cow was bred by Mr Currie, when at Brandon in Northumberland.

Is there really no remedy for so distressing a case as this but that which his shepherd recommended? He might, for the benefit of his readers, have consulted our friend Pro-

fessor Dick, whose opinions he so frequently and so deservedly quotes.

The following paragraph is very striking, as showing the cruel absurdities which ignorance will sometimes not only perpetrate, but actually establish, as a kind of custom in a country.

“*Tail-ill or Tail-slip.*—A very prevalent notion exists in Scotland amongst cattle-men, that when the tail of an ox or of a cow feels soft and supple immediately above the tuft of hair, there is disease in it; and it is called the tail-ill, or tail-slip. The almost invariable remedy is to make a large incision with the knife along the under side of the soft part, stuff the wound full of salt and butter, and sometimes tar, and roll it up with a bandage for a few days, and when the application is removed, the animal is declared quite recovered. Now, this notion is an absurdity. There is no such disease as that imputed; and as the poor animal subjected to its cure is thus tormented, the sooner the absurd notion is exposed the better. The notion will not soon be abandoned by the cattle-men; but the farmer ought to forbid the performance of such an operation on any of his cattle without his special permission, and the absurd practice will fall into desuetude.”

We have not space for the remainder of this paragraph, which contains Professor Dick's *demonstration* that no such disease exists as the so-called *Tail-ill*. Mr Stephens' narrations are more like a tale from the times of witchcraft, when old women were supposed to have the power of bringing disease upon cattle, than of those days of general enlightenment.

In sections 2268 and 2269, there is a recipe for making a cow which has once calved give a *full* supply of milk all the rest of her life, and which recipe is said to be infallible. This is a *bon-bouche*, however, which we shall leave our readers to turn up for themselves; and we hope the desire to learn it will induce many of our dairy friends to buy the book.

The following is the mode adopted in fattening calves at Strathaven, in Scotland, where the famous veal has been so long grown, chiefly for the Glasgow market:—

“Strathaven in Scotland has long been famed for rearing good *veal* for the Glasgow and Edinburgh markets. The dairy farmers there retain the quey calves for

maintaining the number of the cows, while they feed the male calves for veal. Their plan is simple, and may be followed anywhere. Milk only is given to the calves, and very seldom with any admixture, and they are not allowed to suck the cows. Some give milk, but sparingly at first, to whet the appetite, and prevent surfeit. The youngest calves get the first drawn milk, or *fore-broads*, as it is termed, and the older the *afterings*, even of two or three cows, being the richest portion of the milk. After being three or four weeks old, they get abundance of milk twice a-day. They get plenty of dry litter, fresh air, moderate warmth, and are kept nearly in the dark to check sportiveness. They are not bled during the time they are fed, and a lump of chalk is placed within their reach. They are fed from 4 to 6 weeks, when they fetch from £3 to £4 a-piece; and it is found more profitable to fatten the larger number of calves for that time, to succeed each other, of from 25 lb. to 30 lb. per quarter, than to force a fewer number beyond the state of marketable veal.”

The Caledonian Railway now puts this choice veal within the reach of English mouths; and we hope it will, at the same time, add to the prosperity and profits of the Strathaven breeders.

The lambing of ewes, the care of the mothers and offspring, the diseases to which they are subject, as well as the other operations which demand the farmer's care in the months of spring, we must pass by. We could go on commenting and quoting from this book, as we have already done, till an entire number of *Maga* was filled up. But as this would be preposterous, we stop, earnestly pressing upon our readers to place a copy of this storehouse of rural information in the hands of every practical husbandman, in whose professional skill they are at all interested.

Those who, like ourselves, take an interest in the diffusion of improved agriculture, scientific and practical—and especially of our own agricultural literature in other countries—will be pleased to learn, not only that the work of which the title is prefixed to the present article, as well as the others upon agricultural chemistry to which we have referred, have made their way into the common stock of the book-stores of the United States, but that the editing of the American

reprint of the second edition of the *Book of the Farm* has been undertaken by our friend Professor Norton, of Yale College, (may his shadow never be less!) so well known and esteemed in Scotland, where he obtained the Highland Society's £50 prize for a chemical examination of our native oat, which was published in

their Transactions. He is a worthy representative of the "country of steady habits" to which he belongs; and we hope his countrymen will be discriminating enough to appreciate his own character and scientific labours, as well as the value of the books he undertakes to bring before them.

THE SYCAMINE.

I.

THE frail yellow leaves they are falling
As the wild winds sweep the grove;
Plashy and dank is the sward beneath,
And the sky it is gray above.

II.

Foaming adown the dark rocks,
Dirge-like, the waterfall
Mourns, as if mourning for something gone,
For ever beyond its call.

III.

Sing, redbreast! from the russet spray;
Thy song with the season blends:
For the bees have left us with the blooms,
And the swallows were summer friends.

IV.

The hawthorn bare, with berries sere,
And the bramble by the stream,
Matted, with clay on its yellow trails,
Decay's wan emblems seem.

V.

On this slope bank how oft we lay
In shadow of the sycamine tree;
Pause, hoary Eld, and listen now—
'Twas but the roaring of the sea!

VI.

Oh, the shouts and the laughter of yore—
How the tones wind round the heart!
Oh, the faces blent with youth's blue skies—
And could ye so depart!

VII.

The crow screams back to the wood,
And the sea-mew to the sea,
And earth seems to the foot of man
No resting-place to be.

VIII.

Search ye the corners of the world,
And the isles beyond the main,
And the main itself, for those who went
To come not back again!

IX.

The rest are a remnant scatter'd
Mid the living; and, for the dead,
Tread lightly o'er the churchyard mounds:
Ye know not where ye tread!

△

AFTER A YEAR'S REPUBLICANISM.

THE revolutionary year has almost closed; the anniversary of the days of February is at hand. A Year's Republicanism has run the course of its unchecked experience in France: to believe its own boast, it has ridden boldly forward, seated upon public and popular opinion, in the form of the widest, and, upon republican principle, the honest basis of universal suffrage; it has been left to its own full career, unimpeded by enemies either at home or abroad. And what has been the result of the race?—what has been the harvest which the republican soil, so carefully turned over, tilled, and manured, has produced?

It would be a useless task to recapitulate all the different stages of the growth of the so-called fair green tree of liberty, and enumerate all the fruits that it has let drop from time to time, from the earliest days of last spring, to the tempestuous summer month of June; and then, through the duller, heavier, and gloomy months of autumn, to those of winter, which brought a president as a Christmas-box, and which have shown a few scattered gleams of fancied sunshine, cold at the best, and quickly obscured again by thick-coming clouds of discord, misapprehension, and startling opposition of parties. All the world has had these fruits dished up to it—has handled them, examined them, tasted them; and, according to their opinions or prejudices, men have judged their savour bitter or sweet. All that can be said on the subject, for those who have digested them with pleasure, is, that “there's no accounting for tastes.” In calculating the value of the year's republicanism which France has treasured up in its history, it is as well, then, to make no further examination into the items, but to look to the sum-total as far as it can be added up and put together, in the present aspect of affairs. In spite of the openly expressed detestation of the provinces to the capital—in spite of the increasing spirit of decentralisation, and the efforts made by the departments to insure a certain degree of importance to themselves—it is still Paris that reigns paramount

in its power, and as the influential expression, however false in many respects it may be, of the general spirit of the country. It is upon the aspect of affairs in Paris, then, and all its numerous conflicting elements, that observation must still be directed, in order to make a *résumé*, as far as it is practicable, of this sum-total of a year's republican rule. The account must necessarily be, more or less, a confused one, for accounts are not strictly kept in Republican Paris—are continually varying in their results, according as the political arithmeticians set about their “casting up”—and are constantly subject to dispute among the accountants: the main figures, composing the sum-total, may, however, be enumerated without any great error, and then they may be put together in their true amount, and according to their real value, by those before whom they are thus laid.

One of the most striking figures in the row, inasmuch as the lateness of the events has made it one of the most prominent, is to be derived from the position and designs of those who declare themselves to be the only true and pure republicans in the anomalous Republic of France, as exemplified by that revolutionary movement which, although it led to no better result than a *révolution avortée*, takes its date in the history of the Republic beside the more troublous one of May, and the more bloody one of June, as “the affair of the 29th of January.” Paris, after the removal of the state of siege, had done its best to put on its physiognomy of past years, had smeared over its wrinkles as best it might, and had made sundry attempts to smile through all this hasty plastering of its poor distorted face. Its shattered commerce still showed many rags and rents; but it had pulled its disordered dress with decency about it, and set it forth in the best lights; it had called foreigners once more around it, to admire it; and they had come at the call, although slowly and with mistrust. It had some hopes of mending its rags, then, and even furbishing up a new fresh *toilette*,

almost as smart as of yore; it danced and sang again, although faintly and with effort. The National Assembly clamoured and fought, it is true; but Paris was grown accustomed to such discordant music, and at most only stopped its ears to it: ministers held their portfolios with ticklish balance, as if about to let them fall; but Paris was determined not to care who dropped portfolios, or who caught them: there were clouds again upon the political horizon, and distant rumblings of a crisis-thunderstorm; but Paris seemed resolved to look out for fine weather. All on a sudden, one bright morning, on the 29th of January, the smile vanished: the troubled physiognomy was again there; the revolutionary air again pervaded it; and foreigners once more, not liking the looks of the convulsed face, began to start back in alarm. The *rappel* was again beaten, for the turning out of the national guards at the earliest hour of the morning: that drumming, which for many months had filled the air incessantly, again deafened sensitive ears and harassed sensitive nerves. The streets were thronged with troops, marching forwards in thick battalions; while before them retreated some hundreds of those nameless beings, who come no one knows whence, and go no one knows whither—those mysterious beings, peculiar to revolutionary cities, who only appear like a cloud of stinging dust when the wind of the revolution-tempest begins to blow, and who in Paris are either brigands or heroes of barricades, according as the language of the day may go—back, back, grumbling and threatening, into the faubourgs, where they vanished until the gale may blow stormier again, and meet with less resistance. The garden of the Tuileries was closed to the public, and exhibited an armed array once more among its leafless trees; the Champs Elysées had again become a camp and a bivouac; cannon was again posted around the National Assembly. Formidable military posts surrounded every public building; the streets were crowded with the curious; thick knots of men again stood at every corner; people asked once more, "What's on foot now?" but no one

at first could answer: they only repeated from mouth to mouth the mysterious words of General Changarnier, that "he who should venture to displace a paving-stone would never again replace it;" and they knew what that meant. Paris was, all at once, its revolutionary self again; and, in some degree, so it remained during the ensuing weeks—with cannon displayed on hazardous points, and the great railway stations of the capital filled with battalions of soldiers, bivouacking upon straw in courts and *salles d'attente*; and huge military posts at every turn, and thick patrols parading gloomily at night, and palaces and public buildings closed and guarded, just as if retrograde monarchy were about to suppress fervent liberalism, and a "glorious republic" had not been established for a country's happiness wellnigh a year already; just as if republicans, who had conspired darkly a year before, had not obtained all they *then* clamoured for—a republic based upon institutions resulting from universal suffrage—and were conspiring again. And so it was. A deep-laid conspiracy—a conspiracy of republicans against a republic, which they chose to call deceptive and illusory—was again on foot. They had possessed, for nigh a year, the blessing for which they had conspired, intrigued, and fought; and they conspired, intrigued, and would have fought again. One of the figures, then, to form the total which has to be summed up as the result of a year's republicanism, is—conspiracy; conspiracy more formidable than ever, because more desperate, more bloody-minded in its hopes, more destructive in its designs to all society.

In spite of the denegations of the Red-republican party, and the counter-accusations of their allies the *Montagnards* in the Assembly, the question of all Paris, "What's on foot now?" was soon answered; and the answer, spite of these same denegations, and counter-accusations, was speedily understood and believed by all France. A conspiracy of the ultra-democrats, Red republicans and Socialists, (all now so shaken up together in one common dark bag of underhand design, that it is impossible to distinguish the shades

of such parties,) was on the point of breaking out in the capital: the 29th of January had been fixed upon by the conspirators for their general insurrection. The Red republicans (to include all the factions of the anarchist parties under that title, in which they themselves rejoice, although the designation be derived from "blood") had felt how strong and overpowering had become the clamour raised throughout the land against that National Assembly which had run its course, and was now placed in constant opposition, not only to the president of the republic, as represented by his ministers, but to the general spirit and feeling of the country at large; they were aware, but too feelingly, that, should the Assembly give way before this clamour, in spite of its evidences of resistance, and decree its own dissolution, the elections of a new Legislative Assembly by that universal suffrage which had once been their idol, and was now to be scouted and despised, would inevitably produce what they termed a reactionary, and what they suspected might prove, a counter-revolutionary and monarchic majority; and they had determined, in spite of their defeat in June, to attempt another revolution, in the hope of again surprising the capital by a *coup-de-main*, and seizing the reins of power into their own hands at once. This conspiracy was affiliated together, in its various branches, by those formidable *sociétés secrètes*, which, long organised, had been again called into service by the persevering activity of the party, not only in Paris, but in all the larger provincial towns, and for which fresh recruits had been zealously drummed together. A general outbreak all over the country was regulated to explode simultaneously on the 29th of January, or during the following night: that monomania, which has never ceased to possess the minds of the frantic chiefs of the Red-republican party, and which still entertains the vain dream that, if they rise, all the lower classes, or what they call "the people," must rise at their call, to fight in their wild cause, gave them support in their designs. Pretexts for discontent, at the same time, were not wanting. The project of the

government for a general suppression of the clubs—a measure which they declared unconstitutional, gave a colour to disaffection and revolt; and hopes that fresh allies would join the insurrection gave the party a bold confidence, which it had not possessed since the days of June. The *garde mobile*, in fact, had been tampered with. The spirit of these young janissaries of the capital, for the most part but a year ago the mere *gamins de Paris*, always vacillating and little to be relied upon, spite of their deeds in June, had already been adroitly worked upon by the fostering of that jealousy which subsisted between them and the regular army into a more decided hatred, when a decree of the government for the reorganisation of the *corps* was interpreted by the designing conspirators into an insult offered to the whole institution, and a preparatory measure to its total dissolution. Such insinuations, carefully fomented among these young troops, led to tumultuous demonstrations of disaffection and discontent. This ferment, so opportune for the designs of the Red republicans, induced them to believe that their hour of struggle and of approaching triumph was at hand: they counted on their new allies; all was ready for the outbreak. But the government was alive to the tempest rising around it; it was determined to do its duty to the country in *preventing* the storm, rather than in suppressing it when once it should have broken forth. Hence the military preparations which, on the morning of the 29th of January, had once more rendered all Paris a fortress and a camp; hence the warning sound of the *rappel*, which at an early hour had once more roused all the citizens from their beds, and called alarmed faces forth at windows and upon balconies in the gloom of the dawn; hence the stern commanding words of General Changarnier, and the orders to the troops and the national guards, that any man attempting to raise a stone from the streets should be shot forthwith, and without mercy; hence the consternation with which the outpost allies of the Red republicans hurried back growling to their mysterious dens, wherever such may exist. Prevention was con-

sidered better than cure, in spite of the misinterpretations and misapprehensions to which it might be exposed, and by which it was subsequently assailed by the disappointed faction. Arrest then followed upon arrest; upwards of two hundred of the suspected chiefs of the conspiracy were hurried off to prison. Among them were former delegates to the once famous committee of the Luxembourg, whose conduct gave evidence of the results produced by the dangerous utopian theories set forth under the lectureship of M. Louis Blanc, and his noble friend the *soi-disant* ouvrier Albert. Chiefs of the clubs bore them company in their incarceration; and the ex-Count D'Alton Shee, the *ex-élégant* of the fashionable *salons* of Paris, but now the socialist-atheist and anarchist, suffered the same penalty of his actions as leading member of the club "*De la Solidarité Républicaine*." Turbulent officers of the Garde Mobile underwent a similar fate. Even the national guard was not spared in the person of one of its superior officers, whose agitation and over-zealous movements excited suspicion; and, by the way, in the general summing up, arrest, imprisonment, restriction of liberty, may also take their place in the row as another little figure in the total.

The conspiracy, however, was suppressed; the insurrection failed entirely for the time; and Paris was told that it might be perfectly reassured, and dose quietly again upon its pillow, without any fear that Red-republicanism should again "murder sleep." But Paris, which has not learned yet to recover its old quiet habit of sleeping calmly, and has got too much fever in its system to close its eyes at will, is not to be lulled by such mere sedatives of ministerial assurance. Once roused in startled hurry from its bed again, and seeing the opiate of confidence which was beginning to work its effect in very small doses snatched from its grasp, it cannot calm its nerves at once. It will not be persuaded that the crisis is over, and has passed away for ever; like a child awakened by a nightmare, it looks into all sorts of dark holes and corners, thinking to see the spectre lurking there. It knows what it had

to expect from the tender mercies of its pitiless enemies, had they succeeded in their will; what was the *programme* of a new Red-republican rule—a *comité du salut public*, the *régime* of the *guillotine*, the *épuration* of suspected aristocrats, the confiscation of the property of emigrants, a tax of three *milliards* upon the rich, a spoliation of all who "possess," the dissolution of the national guard, the exclusive possession of all arms by the *soi-disant* people, and—but the list of such new-old measures of ultra-republican government would be too long; it is an old tale often told, and, after all, only a free translation from the measures of other times. Paris, then, knows all this; it knows the fanatic and inexpressible rage of its antagonist, to which the fever of madness lends strength; it allows itself to be told all sorts of fearful tales—how Socialists, in imitation of their London brethren, have hired some thousand apartments in different quarters of the capital, in order to light a thousand fires at once upon a given signal. It goes about repeating the old vague cry—" *Nous allons avoir quelque chose*;" and, however foolishly exaggerated its alarm, the results it experiences are the same—again want of confidence arising from anxiety, again suspension of trade, again a renewal of misery. The fresh want of confidence, then, with all the attendant evils in its train, may again, as the year of republicanism approaches to its close, be taken as another figure in the sum-total that is sought.

In the midst of this sudden ferment, which has appeared towards the end of the republican year like a *tableau final* at the conclusion of an act of a drama—hastily thrust forward when the interest of the piece began to languish,—how stands the state of parties in that Assembly which, although it is said—and very correctly, it would appear—no longer to represent the spirit of the country at large, must still be considered as the great axis of the republic, around which all else moves? Always tumultuous, disorderly, and disdainful of those parliamentary forms which could alone insure it the aspect of a dignified deliberative body, the National As-

sembly, as it sees its last days inevitably approaching—although it retards its dissolution by every quack-doctoring means within its grasp—seems to have plunged, in its throes, into a worse slough of triple confusion, disorder, and uncertainty than ever. Jealous of its dignity, unwilling to quit its power, unwilling—say malicious tongues—to quit its profit, and yet pressed upon by that public opinion which it would vainly attempt to deny, to misinterpret, or to despise, it has shown itself more vacillating, capricious, and childish than ever. It wavers, votes hither and thither, backwards and forwards—now almost inclined to fall into the nets spread for it by the ultra-democratic party, that supports its resistance against all attempts to dissolve it, and upon the point of throwing itself into that party's arms; and now, again, alarmed at the allies to whom it would unite itself, starting back from their embrace, turning round in its majority, and declaring itself against the sense of its former decisions. Now, it offers an active and seemingly spiteful opposition to the government; and now, again, it accepts the first outlet to enable it to turn back upon its course. Now it is sulky, now alarmed. at its own sulkiness; now angry, now begging its own pardon for its hastiness. It is like a child that does not know its own mind or temper, and gives way to all the first vagaries that spring into its childish brain: it neglects the more real interests of the country, and loses the country's time in its service, in its eternal interpellations, accusations, recriminations, jealousies, suspicions, and offended susceptibilities; it quarrels, scratches, fights, and breaks its own toys—and all this in the midst of the most inextricable confusion. To do it justice, the Assembly, as represented by its wavering majority, is placed between two stools of apprehension, between which it is continually coming to the ground, and making wofully wry faces: and, between the two, it is not very easy to see how it should preserve a decent equilibrium. On the one hand, it suspects the reactionary, and perhaps counter-revolutionary designs of the moderate party on the right, whose chiefs and leaders

have chosen to hold themselves back from any participation in the governmental posts, which they have otherwise coveted and fatally intrigued for, as if they had an *arrière-pensée* of better and more congenial opportunities in store, and whose reliance in this respect seems equivocal; and it looks upon them as monarchists biding their time. On the other hand, it dreads the *Montagnards* on the extreme left, with their frantic excesses and violent measures, however much it has looked for their support in the momentous question of the dissolution of the Assembly. It bears no good-will to the president, whose immense majority in the elections has been mainly due to the hopes of the anti-republicans that his advent might lead to a total change of government: it bears still less good-will to the ministers of that president's choice. Between its two fears, then, no wonder that it oscillates like a pendulum. The approach of its final dissolution, which it has at last indefinitely voted, and yet endeavours to retard by fresh obligations for remaining, gives it that character of bitterness which an old coquette may feel when she finds her last hope of conquest slipping indubitably away from her. Without accusing the majority of that desperate clinging to place from interested motives—which the country, however, is continually casting in its teeth—it may be owned that it is not willing to see power wrested from it, when it fears, upon its return to its constituents, it may never find that power placed in its hands again, and seeks every means of prolonging the fatal hour under the pretence of serving the best interests of that country to which it fears to appeal: and to this state of temper, its waspishness, uncertainty, and increasing disorder, may be in some degree attributed.

Of the hopes and designs of the extreme moderate and supposed reactionary party, little can be said, inasmuch as it has kept its thoughts to itself, and not permitted itself to give any open evidences whatever upon the point. But the ardent and impetuous *Montagnards* are by no means so cautious: their designs, and hopes, and fears, have been clearly

enough expressed; and they flash forth continually, as lightnings in the midst of the thunder of their incessant tumult. The allies and representatives, and, if all tales be true, the chiefs of the Red-republican party out of the Assembly—they still cherish the hope of establishing an ultra-democratic republican government, by some means or other—"by foul if fair should fail"—a government of despotic rule by violence—of propagandism by constraint—of systematic anarchy. They still form visions of some future Convention of which they may be the heroes—of a parliamentary tyrannical oligarchy, by which they may enforce their extravagant opinions. Driven to the most flagrant inconsistencies by their false position, they declare themselves also the true and supreme organ—not only of those they call "the people," but of the nation at large; while, at the same time, they affect to despise, and they even denounce as criminal, the general expression of public opinion, as evidenced by universal suffrage. They assume the attitudes of *sauveurs de la patrie*; and in the next breath they declare that *patrie traître* to itself. They vaunt themselves to be the *élus de la nation*; and they openly express their repugnance to meet again, as candidates for the new legislative assembly, that majority of the nation which they now would drag before the tribunal of republicanism as counter-revolutionary and reactionary. In short, the only universal suffrage to which they would appeal is that of the furious minority of their perverted or hired bands among the dregs of the people. They have thus in vain used every effort to prolong to an indefinite period, or even to render permanent, if possible, the existence of that Assembly which their own party attacked in May, and which they themselves have so often denounced as reactionary. It is the rock of salvation upon which they fix their frail anchor of power, in default of that more solid and elevated foundation for their sway, which they are well aware can now only be laid for them by the hands of insurgents, and cemented by the blood of civil strife in the already blood-flooded streets of Paris. With the same necessary in-

consistency which marks their whole conduct, they fix their hopes of advent to power upon the overthrow of the Assembly of which they are not masters, together with the whole present system of government; while they support the principle of the inviolability and immovability of that same Assembly, under such circumstances called by them "the holy ark of the country," when a fresh appeal is to be made to the mass of the nation at large. During the waverings and vacillations of the majority—itsself clinging to place and power—they more than once expected a triumph for themselves in a declaration of the Assembly's permanence, with the secret hope, *en arrière pensée*, of finding fair cause for that insurrection by which alone they would fully profit, if a *coup-de-main* were to be attempted by the government, in obedience to the loudly-expressed clamour of popular opinion, to wreck that "holy ark" in which they had embarked their lesser hopes. When, however, they found that the crew were disposed to desert it, on feeling the storms of public manifestation blowing too hard against it—when they found that they themselves must in a few weeks, or at latest months, quit its tottering planks, their rage has known no bounds. Every manœuvre that can be used to prolong life, by prolonging even the daily existence of the Assembly, is unscrupulously put into practice. They clamour, they interrupt discussion—they denounce—they produce those daily "*incidents*" of French parliamentary tradition which prevent the progress of parliamentary business—they invent fresh interpellations, to create further delays by long-protracted angry quarrel and acrimony. Part of all this system of denunciation, recrimination, and acrimonious accusation, belongs, it is true, to their assumed character as the *dramatis personæ* of an imaginary Convention. They have their cherished models of old, to copy which is their task, and their glory; the dramatic traditions of the old Convention are ever in their minds, and are to be followed in manner, and even costume, as far as possible. And thus Ledru Rollin, another would-be Danton, tosses back his head, and raises his

nose aloft, and pulls up his burly form, to thunder forth his angry Red-republican indignation; and Felix Pyat, the melodramatic dramatist, of the *boulevard du crime*—fully in his place where living dramas, almost as extravagant and ranting as those from his own pen, are to be performed—rolls his large round dark eyes, and swells his voice, and shouts, and throws about his arms, after the fashion of those melodrama actors for whose noisy declamation he has afforded such good stuff, and because of his picturesque appearance, fancies himself, it would seem, a new St Just. And Sarrans, *soi-disant* “the young,” acts after no less melodramatic a fashion, as if in rivalry for the parts of *jeune premier* in the drama, but cannot get beyond the airs of a provincial groundling; and Lagrange, with his ferocious and haggard countenance, and his grizzled long hair and beard, yells from his seat, although in the tribune he affects a milder language now, as if to contradict and deny his past deeds. And Proudhon shouts too, although he puts on a benevolent *air patelin*, beneath the spectacles on his round face, when he proposes his schemes for the destruction of the whole fabric of society. And Pierre Leroux, the frantic philosopher, shakes his wild greasy mane of hair about his heavy greasy face, and raves, as ever, discordantly; and old Lammenais, the renegade ex-priest, bends his gloomy head, and snarls and growls, and utters low imprecations, instead of priestly blessings, and looks like another Marat, even if he denies the moral resemblance to its full extent. And Greppo shouts and struggles with Felix Pyat for the much-desired part of St Just. And gray-bearded Couthons, who have not even the ardour of youth to excuse their extravagancies, rise from their curule chairs to toss up their arms, and howl in chorus. And even Jules Favre, although he belongs not to their party, barks, bites, accuses, and denounces too, all things and all men, and spits forth venom, as if he was regardless where the venom fell, or whom it blistered; and, with his pale, billous face, and scrupulously-attired spare form, seems to endeavour to preserve, as far as he can, in a new republic,

the agreeable tradition of another Robespierre. And let it not be supposed, that malice or prejudice attaches to the *Montagnards* these names. The men of the last republican era, whom history has execrated, calumniously and unjustly they will say, are their heroes and their demigods; the sage legislators, whose principles they vaunt as those of republican civilisation and humanity; the models whom they avowedly, and with a confessed air of ambition, aspire to copy in word and deed. Part, however, of the systematic confusion, which it is their evident aim to introduce into the deliberations of the Assembly, is, in latter days, to be attributable to their desire to create delays, and lead to episodic discussions of angry quarrel and recrimination, which may prolong the convulsive existence of the Assembly to an indefinite period, or by which they may profit to forward their own designs. Thus the day is rare, as a ray of sunshine in a permanent equinoctial storm, when the *Montagnards* do not start from their seats, upon the faintest pretext for discontent or accusation of reactionary tendencies; and, either *en masse* or individually, fulminate, gesticulate, clamour, shout, denounce, and threaten. The thunder upon the “Mountain’s” brow is incessant: if it does not burst forth in heavy peals, it never ceases to growl. Each *Montagnard* is a Jupiter in his own conceit, and hurls his thunderbolt with what force he may. Not a word can be spoken by a supposed reactionary orator without a murmur—not a phrase completed without a shout of denegation, a torrent of interruptions, or peeling bursts of ironical laughter. The “Mountain” is in perpetual labour; but its produce bears more resemblance to a yelping pack of hungry blood-hounds, than to an innocent mouse: it is in perpetual movement; and, like crushing avalanches from its summit, rush down its most energetic members to the tribune, to attempt to crush the Assembly by vehemence and violence of language. These scenes of systematic tumult have necessarily increased in force, since the boiling spite of disappointment has flowed over in hot reality, in place of the affected

and acted indignation: the rage and agitation no longer know the least control. The affair of the abolition of the clubs had scarcely lent an excellent pretext for this violence, when the suppression of the insurrection, and the arrests consequent upon the discomfiture of the conspiracy on the 29th of January, gave a wide field for the exercise of the system of denunciation commonly pursued. To be beforehand with accusation by counter-accusation, has been always the tactics of the party: when the party-chiefs find themselves involved in the suspicion of subversive attempts, they begin the attack. The *Montagnards* have burst forth, then, to declare that the military precautions were a systematic provocation on the part of the ministry and General Changarnier, to incite the population of Paris to civil discord; that the only conspiracy existed in the government itself, to suppress liberty and overthrow the republic—at least to cast a slur upon the only true republicans, and have an excuse for tyrannical oppression towards them. They closed their eyes to the fact that the insurrection, of the proposed reality of which no doubt can remain, spite of these angry denegations, would have produced a crisis to which the real reactionary anti-republicans looked as one that *must* produce a change in the detested government of the country, should the moderate party triumph in the struggle, as was probable; and that by the suppression of the insurrection the crisis was averted, and the republic evidently consolidated for a time, not weakened. With their usual inconsistency, and want of logical deduction, at the same time that they accused the minister of a useless and provocative display of the military force, they denounced the conspiracy as real, but as proceeding from “infamous royalists,” and not anarchist Red republicans. And then, to follow up this pell-mell of self-contradictions—while, on the one hand, they denied any insurrectionary movement at all, and, on the other, attributed it to royalists—they called, in their language at the rostrum, the commencement of the street demonstration on the morning of the 29th of January—which could not be denied, and which had come down as usual

from the faubourgs, ever ripe for tumult—“the sublime manifestation of the heroic people.” Propositions couched in furious language, for “*enquêtes parlementaires*,” and for the “*mise en accusation des ministres*”—every possible means of denunciation and intimidation were employed, to increase the agitated hurly-burly of the Assembly, and subvert, as far as was possible, the few frail elements of order and of confidence that still subsisted in it. In marking thus, in hasty traits, the position of parties in the Assembly, called together to establish and consolidate the republic upon a basis of peace and order, what are the figures which are so noted down as forming part of the sum-total, as the approaching conclusion of the revolutionary year is about to make up its accounts? As regards the Assembly, increased confusion, disunion, bitter conflict of exasperated parties, suspicion, mistrust, disaffection, violence.

How stands the government of the country after the year's republicanism? At its head is the Republican President, elected by the immense majority of the country, but elected upon a deceptive basis—elected neither for his principles, which were doubtful; nor for his qualities, which were unknown or supposed to be null; nor even for his name, (although much error has been founded upon the subject,) which, after all, dazzled only a comparatively small minority—but because he was supposed to represent the principle opposed to republicanism—opposed to the very *régime* he was elected to support—opposed to that spirit of which the man who had once saved the country from anarchy, and had once received the country's blessings, was considered to be the type—because hopes were founded on his advent of a change in a system of government uncongenial, and even hateful, to the mass of the nation; whether by the *prestige* of his name he attempted to re-establish an empire, or whether, as another Monk, he formed only a stepping-stone for a new monarch. Elected thus upon false principles, the head of the government stands in an eminently false position. He may have shown himself moderate; inclined to support the

republic upon that "honest" basis which the better-thinking republicans demand; firm in the support of a cabinet, the measures of which he approves; and every way sincere and straightforward, although not in all his actions wise: but his position remains the same—placed between the ambitious hope of a party which might almost be said to exist no longer, and which has become that only of a family and a few old adherents and connexions, but which attempts to dazzle a country vain and proud of the word "glory," like France, by the somewhat tarnished glitter of a name, and the prospect of another which calls itself legitimate;—the *point de mire* of the army, but, at the same time, the stalking-horse of a nation miserably wearied with the present hobby, upon which it has been forced unwillingly to ride, with about as much pleasure and *aplomb* as the famous tailor of Brentford—and, on the other hand, suspected, accused, and denounced by those who claim to themselves the only true and pure essence of veritable republicanism. It is a position placed upon a "see-saw"—placed in the centre, it is true, but liable, in any convulsive crisis, to be seriously compromised by the violent and abrupt elevation of either of the ends of the plank, as it tosses up and down: for the feet of the president, instead of directing the movements of this perpetually agitated "see-saw," and giving the necessary steadiness, without which the whole present republican balance must be overturned, seem more destined to slip hither and thither in the struggle, at the imminent risk of losing all equilibrium, and slipping off the plank altogether. As yet, the president, whenever he appears in public, is followed by shouting and admiring crowds, who run by his horse, clap their hands, call upon his name, greet him with noisy cries of "*vive*," grasp his hands, and of course present some hundreds of petitions; but these demonstrations of respect must be attributed far less to personal consideration, or popular affection, or even to the *prestige* of the name of Napoleon, than to the eagerness of the Parisian public, even of the lowest classes—spite of all that may be said of their sentiments by

their would-be leaders, the ultra-democrats—to salute with acclamation the personage who represents a head, a chief, a *point d'appui quelconque*—a leading staff, a guiding star, a unity, instead of a disorderly body—in one word, a resemblance of royalty. It is the *president*, and not the *man*, who is thus greeted. The usual curiosity and love of show and parade of the Parisian *badauds*, at least as "cockney" as the famed Londoner, may be much mixed up again in all this, but the sentiment remains the same; nor do these demonstrations alter the position of the man who stands at the head of the government of France. The ministry, supported in *principle* by the country, although not from any personal respect or liking, stands in opposition to an Assembly, elected by that country, but no longer representing it. The army shows itself inclined to protect the government, on the one hand, and is said to be ready, on the other, to follow in the cry of "*vive l'Empereur*!" should that cry be raised. The *garde mobile*, although modified by its late reorganisation, is suspected of versatility and unsoundness, if not exactly of disaffection: it stands in instant collision with the dislike and jealousy of the army, and, spite of its courageous part in June, is looked upon askance by the lovers of order. What aspect, then, have the figures which may be supposed to represent all this in the sum-total of the year's republicanism? They bear the forms of instability, suspicion, doubt, collision, want of confidence in the future, and all the evils attendant upon the uncertainty of a state of things which, spite of assurances, and spite of efforts, the greater part of France seems inclined to look upon merely as provisional.

Under what form, then, does the public spirit exhibit itself in circumstances of so much doubt and instability? The attitude of the working classes in general, of the very great majority, in fact—for those still swayed by the delusive arguments, and still more delusive and destructive promises of the Socialists and Republicans are comparatively few, although formidable in the ferocity of their doctrines and their plans, and in the active restlessness of their feverish

and excited energies, which resemble the reckless, sleepless, activity of the madman—the attitude of the working classes in Paris is calm, and even expectant; but calm from utter weariness—calm from the convictions, founded on the saddest experience, in the wretched results of further revolutions—calm from a sort of prostrate resignation, and almost despair, in the midst of the miseries and privations which the last fatal year has increased instead of diminishing, and written with a twofold scourge upon their backs: an attitude reassuring, inasmuch as it implies hatred and opposition to the subversive doctrines of the anarchists, but not without its dangers, and, to say the least, heartrending and afflicting—and expectant in the hope and conviction of change in the cause of stability and order. The feeling which, after a few months of the rule of a reckless provisional government, was the prevailing one among the *majority* of the working classes—the feeling, which has been already noted, that king Log, or even king Stork, or any other concentrated power that would represent stability and order, would be preferable to the uncertainties of a vacillating republican rule—has ever gained ground among them since those hopes of re-established confidence, and a consequent amelioration of their wretched position, which they first founded upon the meeting of the National Assembly, and then upon the election of a president, have twice deceived them, and left them almost as wretched as ever in the stagnation of trade and commercial affairs. The feeling thus prevalent among the working classes in the capital, is, at the same time, the feeling of the country at large, but to an even far wider extent, and more openly expressed. The hatred of the departments to Paris, as the chief seat of revolution and disorder, has also increased rather than diminished; and everywhere the sentiments of utter weariness, disaffection to the Republic, and impatience under a system of government of which they are no longer inclined to await the promised blessings, are displayed upon all possible occasions, and by every possible organ. The upper classes among moneyed men, and landed pro-

prietors, remain quiet and hold their tongue. They may be expectant and desirous of change also, but they show no open impatience, for *they can afford to wait*. It is they, on the contrary, who more generally express their opinions in the *possibility* of the establishment of a prosperous republic—a possibility which the working classes in their impatience deny. In spite of all that ultra-democratic journals may say, in their raving denunciations, borrowed of the language of another Republic, some of the most eager and decided of those they term “reactionary,” and denounce as “aristocrats,” are thus to be found among the lower working classes. To do justice to the truth of the accusations brought by the Red republican party, in another respect, it is in the *bourgeois* spirit that is to be found the strongest and most openly avowed reactionary feeling. It is impossible to enter any shop of the better order in Paris, and speak upon the position of affairs, without hearing not only the hope, but the expectation openly expressed, of a monarchical restoration, and that restoration in favour of the elder branch of the Bourbons. The feeling is universal in this class: the name of “Henri V.,” scarce mentioned at all, and never under this title, during the reign of Louis Philippe, except in the exclusive circles of the Faubourg St Germain, is now in every shopkeeper's mouth. Louis Philippe, the Regency, all the members of the Orleans family, the Empire, a Bonapartist rule—all are set aside in the minds of these classes for the now-desired idol of their fickle choice, the Duke of Bordeaux. In these classes a restoration in favour of Henri V. is no longer a question of possibility; it is a mere question of time: it is not “*L'aurons-nous?*” that they ask; it is “*Quand l'aurons-nous?*” In this respect the real and true republicans, in the “honest” designation of the term, have certainly every reason to raise an angry clamour; if sedition to the existing régime of the country is not openly practised, it is, at all events, openly and generally expressed. Nor are their accusations brought against the government entirely without justice; for while, on the one hand, a measure

of a nature altogether arbitrary, under the freedom of a republican rule, is exercised against a well-known artist, by seizing in his *atelier* the portraits of the Duke of Bordeaux, or, as he is called, the Count of Chambord, and of the Countess, as seditiously exhibited, lithographed likenesses of the Bourbon heir are to be seen on all sides at print-shop windows, and in popular temporary print-stalls; in galleries, arcades, and upon street walls; in *vignettes*, upon ballads, with such titles, as "*Dieu le veut*," or "*La France le veut*," or in busts of all dimensions. Again, the *Henri-quinquiste* feeling, as it is called, is universal among the fickle *bourgeoisie* of Paris—the rock upon which Louis Philippe founded his throne, and which sank under him in his hour of need: and the *bourgeois*, eager and confident in their hopes, wilfully shut their eyes to the fact that, were their detested republic overthrown, there might arise future convulsions, and future civil strife, between a Bonapartist faction—which necessarily grows, and increases, and flourishes more and more under the rule, however temporary, of a chief of the name—and the legitimist party: for the Orleanists, whether fused by a compromise of their hopes with the Legitimists, as has been said, or fallen into the obscurity of forgetfulness or indifference in the majority of the nation, hold forth no decided banner at the present moment. In regarding, then, the public spirit among the majority of all classes in Paris, without consulting the still more reactionary feeling of the departments, the figures to be added to the sum-total of the year's republican account will be again found similar to those already enumerated, in the shape of disaffection, abhorrence of the republican government, want of confidence in its stability, expectation and hope of a change, however it may come, and although it may be brought about by a convulsion.

Meanwhile the uncertainty and anxiety are increased by the continued expectation of some approaching crisis, which the explosion of the insurrection, destined for the 29th of January, would have hastened, and which the precautions taken for the suppression of the outbreak have evi-

dently averted for the time. But what confidence can be expressed in the stability of this temporary state of order in a country so full of excitement and love of change, and in a state of continual revolution, in which such conspiracy ceases not to work in darkness, with the hope of attaining despotic power, and in which disaffection to the state of things is openly expressed? Events have run their course with such fearful rapidity, and the unexpected has been so greatly the "order of the day," in the last year's history of France, that who can answer for the future of the next months, or even weeks? Political prophets have long since thrown up the trade of oracle-giving in despair; and the tripod of the oracle has been left to the occupation of the chances of the *imprévu*. In spite, then, of the temporary reassurance of peace given by the last measures of the government, which have been denounced by the ultra-democrats as arbitrary, subversive, and unconstitutional, the underground agitation still continues. Paris dances once more, repeating to itself, however, the often-repeated words, "*Nous dansons sur un volcan*." The carnival pursues its noisy pleasures, under the protection of the forests of bayonets that are continually glittering along the gay sunlit streets, and to the sound of the drum of the marching military, who still give Paris the aspect of a garrison in time of war. Gay *salons* are opened, and carriages again rattle along the streets on moonlit nights; but the spirit of Parisian gaiety reposes not upon confidence, and is but the practical application of the epicurean philosophy that takes for its maxim, "*Carpe diem*."

Whatever may be the reality of an approaching crisis, which, however feeble the symptoms at present, the Parisians insist upon regarding as near at hand,—whatever may be the hopes of some that the crisis, however convulsive, must produce a desired change, and the fears of others of the civil strife,—whatever thus the desires of the sanguine, the expectations of the hopeful, the apprehensions of the peaceful, and the terrors of the timorous, the result is still the same—the uncertainty, the want of confidence, the evils attendant upon this

feeling of instability, so often already enumerated. The violence and struggling rage of the ultra-democratic and socialist journals, increasing in denunciation to the death, and positively convulsive in their rage, as the anti-republican reactionary spirit grows, and spreads wider, and every day takes firmer root, and even dares to blossom openly in the expression of public opinion, are looked upon as the throes of dying agony by the bold, but are regarded with dread by the less courageous, who know the force of the party's exaggerated violence, and have already felt the miseries of their fanatic subversive attempts. Meanwhile, the moderate or honest republic, which vainly attempts a *juste milieu* of republicanism, between extravagance and disaffection, limps sadly forwards; or, as one of the late satirical pieces, which openly attack the republic on the stage, expresses it—amidst the applause and shouts of deriding laughter, which hail it nightly in crowded houses, not so much from the boxes as from the galleries thronged with types of the "people"—"*Elle boite! elle boite!*" Republicans may thus clamour against the culpable laxity of a government, which permits these much-applauded attacks upon the Republic, in accordance with the

principle of freedom of opinion, and in pursuance of the abolition of a theatrical censorship which they themselves condemned: but so it is; and therein may be sought and found one of the strongest popular evidences of popular disaffection. And satires too, and caricatures, abound, in which the unhappy Republic is still more soundly scourged—demonstrations not less lively, although they call not forth the evident approbation of a congregated multitude. Now, then, that the revolutionary year has almost closed there—now that the anniversary of the days of February is at hand—let people take the figures enumerated, and justly enumerated, as they will, and place them as they fancy in the sum-total, and cast them up as they please, or deduce what value they may from the amount of the first year of new republicanism in France. Another question. What *fêtes* are to greet the anniversaries of the "glorious" days of the "glorious" revolution which established a "glorious" Republic? Assuredly the *fête* will not be in the people's hearts: no, not even in the hearts of those whom their mis-named, self-appointed friends choose to call, *par excellence*, "the people."

THE CAXTONS.—PART XI.

CHAPTER LII.

THE next day, on the outside of the Cambridge Telegraph, there was one passenger who ought to have impressed his fellow-travellers with a very respectful idea of his lore in the dead languages; for not a single syllable, in a live one, did he vouchsafe to utter from the moment he ascended that "bad eminence," to the moment in which he regained his mother earth. "Sleep," says honest Sancho, "covers a man better than a cloak." I am ashamed of thee, honest Sancho! thou art a sad plagiarist; for Tibullus said pretty nearly the same thing before thee,—

"Te somnus fusco velavit amictu."*

But is not silence as good a cloak as sleep?—does it not wrap a man round with as obfusc and impervious a fold? Silence—what a world it covers!—what busy schemes—what bright hopes and dark fears—what ambition, or what despair! Do you ever see a man in any society sitting mute for hours, and not feel an uneasy curiosity to penetrate the wall he thus builds up between others and himself? Does he not interest you far more than the brilliant talker at your left—the airy wit at your right, whose shafts fall in vain on the sullen barrier of the silent man! Silence, dark sister of Nox and Erebus, how, layer upon layer, shadow upon shadow, blackness upon blackness, thou stretchest thyself from hell to heaven, over thy two chosen haunts—man's heart and the grave!

So, then, wrapped in my greatcoat and my silence, I performed my journey; and on the evening of the second day I reached the old-fashioned brick house. How shrill on my ears sounded the bell! How strange and ominous to my impatience seemed the light gleaming across the windows of the hall! How my heart beat as I watched the face of the servant who opened the gate to my summons!

"All well?" cried I.

"All well, sir," answered the servant, cheerfully. "Mr Squills, indeed, is with master, but I don't think there is anything the matter."

But now my mother appeared at the threshold, and I was in her arms.

"Sisty, Sisty!—my dear, dear son!—beggared, perhaps—and my fault,—mine."

"Yours!—come into this room, out of hearing—your fault?"

"Yes, yes!—for if I had had no brother, or if I had not been led away,—if I had, as I ought, entreated poor Austin not to —"

"My dear, dearest mother, you accuse yourself for what, it seems, was my uncle's misfortune—I am sure not even his fault! (I made a gulp *there*.) No, lay the fault on the right shoulders—the defunct shoulders of that horrible progenitor, William Caxton the printer; for, though I don't yet know the particulars of what has happened, I will lay a wager it is connected with that fatal invention of printing. Come, come,—my father is well, is he not?"

"Yes, thank Heaven."

"And you too, and I, and Roland, and little Blanche! Why then, you are right to thank Heaven, for your true treasures are untouched. But sit down and explain, pray."

"I cannot explain. I do not understand anything more than that he, my brother,—mine!—has involved Austin in—in—" (a fresh burst of tears.)

I comforted, scolded, laughed, preached, and adjured in a breath; and then, drawing my mother gently on, entered my father's study.

At the table was seated Mr Squills, pen in hand, and a glass of his favourite punch by his side. My father was standing on the hearth, a shade more pale; but with a resolute expression on his countenance, which was new to its indolent thoughtful mildness! He lifted his eyes as the door opened, and then, putting his finger to his lips,

* Tibullus, iii. 4, 55.

as he glanced towards my mother, he said gaily, "No great harm done. Don't believe her! Women always exaggerate, and make realities of their own bugbears: it is the vice of their lively imaginations, as Wierus has clearly shown in accounting for the marks, moles, and hare-lips which they inflict upon their innocent infants before they are even born. My dear boy," added my father, as I here kissed him and smiled in his face, "I thank you for that smile! God bless you!" He wrung my hand, and turned a little aside.

"It is a great comfort," renewed my father, after a short pause, "to know, when a misfortune happens, that it could not be helped. Squills has just discovered that I have no bump of cautiveness; so that, craniologically speaking, if I had escaped one imprudence, I should certainly have run my head against another."

"A man with your development is made to be taken in," said Mr Squills, consolingly.

"Do you hear that, my own Kitty! and have you the heart to blame Jack any longer—a poor creature cursed with a bump that would take in the Stock Exchange? And can any one resist his bump, Squills?"

"Impossible!" said the surgeon authoritatively.

"Sooner or later it must involve him in its airy meshes—eh, Squills? entrap him into its fatal cerebral cell. There his fate waits him, like the ant-lion in its pit."

"Too true," quoth Squills. "What a phrenological lecturer you would have made!"

"Go, then, my love," said my father, "and lay no blame but on this melancholy cavity of mine, where cautiveness—is not! Go, and let Sisty have some supper; for Squills says that he has a fine development of the mathematical organs, and we want his help. We are hard at work on figures, Pisistratus."

My mother looked broken-hearted, and, obeying submissively, stole to the door without a word. But as she reached the threshold she turned round, and beckoned to me to follow her.

I whispered my father, and went out. My mother was standing in the hall, and I saw by the lamp that she

had dried her tears; and that her face, though very sad, was more composed.

"Sisty," she said, in a low voice which struggled to be firm, "promise me that you will tell me all,—the worst, Sisty. They keep it from me, and that is my hardest punishment; for when I don't know all that he—that Austin suffers, it seems to me as if I had lost his heart. Oh, Sisty! my child, my child, don't fear me! I shall be happy whatever befalls us, if I once get back my privilege—my privilege, Sisty, to comfort, to share!—do you understand me?"

"Yes, indeed, my mother! And with your good sense, and clear woman's wit, if you will but feel how much we want them, you will be the best counsellor we could have. So never fear, you and I will have no secrets."

My mother kissed me, and went away with a less heavy step.

As I re-entered, my father came across the room and embraced me.

"My son," he said in a faltering voice, "if your modest prospects in life are ruined—"

"Father, father, can you think of me at such a moment! Me!—Is it possible to ruin the young, and strong, and healthy! Ruin me, with these thews and sinews!—ruin me, with the education you have given me—thews and sinews of the mind! Oh no! there, Fortune is harmless! And you forget, sir,—the saffron bag!"

Squills leapt up, and, wiping his eyes with one hand, gave me a sounding slap on the shoulder with the other.

"I am proud of the care I took of your infancy, Master Caxton. That comes of strengthening the digestive organs in early childhood. Such sentiments are a proof of magnificent ganglions in a perfect state of order. When a man's tongue is as smooth as I am sure yours is, he slips through misfortune like an eel."

I laughed outright, my father smiled faintly; and seating myself, I drew towards me a paper filled with Squills' memoranda, and said, "Now to find the unknown quantity. What on earth is this? 'Supposed value of books, £750.' Oh, father! this is impossible. I was prepared for anything but that. Your books—they are your life!"

"Nay," said my father; "after all, they are the offending party in this case, and so ought to be the principal victims. Besides, I believe I know most of them by heart. But, in truth, we are only entering all our effects, to be sure (added my father proudly) that, come what may, we are not dishonoured."

"Humour him," whispered Squills; "we will save the Books." Then he added aloud, as he laid finger and thumb on my pulse, "One, two, three, about seventy—capital pulse—soft and full—he can bear the whole: let us administer it."

My father nodded—"Certainly. But, Pisiestratus, we must manage your dear mother. Why she should think of blaming herself, because poor Jack took wrong ways to enrich us, I cannot understand. But, as I have had occasion before to remark, Sphinx and Enigma are nouns feminine."

My poor father! that was a vain struggle for thy wonted innocent humour. The lips quivered.

Then the story came out. It seems that, when it was resolved to undertake the publication of the *Literary Times*, a certain number of shareholders had been got together by the indefatigable energies of Uncle Jack; and, in the deed of association and partnership, my father's name figured conspicuously as the holder of a fourth of this joint property. If in this my father had committed some imprudence, he had at least done nothing that, according to the ordinary calculations of a secluded student, could become ruinous. But, just at the time when we were in the hurry of leaving town, Jack had represented to my father that it might be necessary to alter a little the plan of the paper; and, in order to allure a larger circle of readers, touch somewhat on the more vulgar news and interests of the day. A change of plan might involve a change of title; and he suggested to my father the expediency of leaving the smooth hands of Mr Tibbets altogether unfettered, as to the technical name and precise form of the publication. To this my father had unwittingly assented, on hearing that the other shareholders would do the same. Mr Peck, a printer of considerable opulence, and highly respect-

able name, had been found to advance the sum necessary for the publication of the earlier numbers, upon the guarantee of the said act of partnership, and the additional security of my father's signature to a document, authorising Mr Tibbets to make any change in the form or title of the periodical that might be judged advisable, concurrent with the consent of the other shareholders.

Now it seems that Mr Peck had, in his previous conferences with Mr Tibbets, thrown much cold water on the idea of the *Literary Times*, and had suggested something that should "catch the moneyed public,"—the fact being, as was afterwards discovered, that the printer, whose spirit of enterprise was congenial to Uncle Jack's, had shares in three or four speculations, to which he was naturally glad of an opportunity to invite the attention of the public. In a word, no sooner was my poor father's back turned than the *Literary Times* was dropped incontinently, and Mr Peck and Mr Tibbets began to concentrate their luminous notions into that brilliant and comet-like apparition which ultimately blazed forth under the title of *The Capitalist*.

From this change of enterprise the more prudent and responsible of the original shareholders had altogether withdrawn. A majority, indeed, were left; but the greater part of those were shareholders of that kind most amenable to the influences of Uncle Jack, and willing to be shareholders in anything, since as yet they were possessors of nothing.

Assured of my father's responsibility, the adventurous Peck put plenty of spirit into the first launch of *The Capitalist*. All the walls were placarded with its announcements; circular advertisements ran from one end of the kingdom to the other. Agents were engaged, correspondents levied *en masse*. The invasion of Xerxes on the Greeks was not more munificently provided for than that of *The Capitalist* upon the credulity and avarice of mankind.

But as Providence bestows upon fishes the instrument of fins, whereby they balance and direct their movements, however rapid and erratic, through the pathless deeps, so to the

cold-blooded creatures of our own species—that may be classed under the genus MONEY-MAKERS—the same protective power accords the fin-like properties of prudence and caution, wherewith your true money-getter buoys and guides himself majestically through the great seas of speculation. In short, the fishes the net was cast for were all scared from the surface at the first splash. They came round and smelt at the mesh with their shark bottle-noses, and then, plying those invaluable fins, made off as fast as they could—plunging into the mud—hiding themselves under rocks and coral banks. Metaphor apart, the capitalists buttoned up their pockets, and would have nothing to say to their namesake.

Not a word of this change, so abhorrent to all the notions of poor Augustine Caxton, had been breathed to him by Peck or Tibbets. He eat, and slept, and worked at the great Book, occasionally wondering why he had not heard of the advent of the *Literary Times*, unconscious of all the awful responsibilities which *The Capitalist* was entailing on him;—knowing no more of *The Capitalist* than he did of the last loan of the Rothschilds.

Difficult was it for all other human nature, save my father's, not to breathe an indignant anathema on the scheming head of the brother-in-law who had thus violated the most sacred obligations of trust and kindred, and so entangled an unsuspecting recluse. But, to give even Jack Tibbets his due, he had firmly convinced himself that *The Capitalist* would make my father's fortune; and if he did not announce to him the strange and anomalous development into which the original sleeping chrysalis of the *Literary Times* had taken portentous wing, it was purely and wholly in the knowledge that my father's "prejudices," as he termed them, would stand in the way of his becoming a Cæsus. And, in fact, Uncle Jack had believed so heartily in his own project, that he had put himself thoroughly into Mr Peck's power, signed bills in his own name to some fabulous amount, and was actually now in the Fleet, whence his penitential and despairing confession was dated, arriving simulta-

neously with a short letter from Mr Peck, wherein that respectable printer apprised my father that he had continued, at his own risk, the publication of *The Capitalist*, as far as a prudent care for his family would permit; that he need not say that a new daily journal was a very vast experiment; that the expense of such a paper as *The Capitalist* was immeasurably greater than that of a mere literary periodical, as originally suggested; and that now, being constrained to come upon the shareholders for the sums he had advanced, amounting to several thousands, he requested my father to settle with him immediately—delicately implying that he himself might settle as he could with the other shareholders, most of whom, he grieved to add, he had been misled by Mr Tibbets into believing to be men of substance, when in reality they were men of straw!

Nor was this all the evil. The "Great Anti-Bookseller Publishing Society,"—which had maintained a struggling existence—evinced by advertisements of sundry forthcoming works of solid interest and enduring nature, wherein, out of a long list, amidst a pompons array of "Poems;" "Dramas not intended for the Stage;" "Essays by Philætheros, Philanthropos, Philopolis, Philodemus, and Philælethes," stood prominently forth "The History of Human Error, Vols. I. and II., quarto, with illustrations,"—the "Anti-Bookseller Society," I say, that had hitherto evinced nascent and budding life by these exfoliations from its slender stem, died of a sudden blight, the moment its sun, in the shape of Uncle Jack, set in the Cimærian regions of the Fleet; and a polite letter from another printer (O William Caxton, William Caxton!—fatal progenitor!) informing my father of this event, stated complimentarily that it was to him, "as the most respectable member of the Association," that the said printer would be compelled to look for expenses incurred, not only in the very costly edition of the *History of Human Error*, but for those incurred in the print and paper devoted to "Poems," "Dramas, not intended for the stage," "Essays by

Philentheros, Philanthropos, Philopolis, Philodemus, and Philalethes," with sundry other works, no doubt of a very valuable nature, but in which a considerable loss, in a pecuniary point of view, must be necessarily expected.

I own that, as soon as I had mastered the above agreeable facts, and ascertained from Mr Squills that my father really did seem to have rendered himself legally liable to these demands, I leant back in my chair, stunned and bewildered.

"So you see," said my father, "that as yet we are contending with monsters in the dark—in the dark all monsters look larger and uglier. Even Augustus Cæsar, though certainly he had never scrupled to make as many ghosts as suited his convenience, did not like the chance of a visit from them, and never sate alone in *tenebris*. What the amount of the sums claimed from me may be, we know not; what may be gained from the other shareholders is equally obscure and undefined. But the first thing to do is to get poor Jack out of prison."

"Uncle Jack out of prison!" exclaimed I: "surely, sir, that is carrying off forgiveness too far."

"Why, he would not have been in prison if I had not been so blindly forgetful of his weakness, poor man! I ought to have known better. But my vanity misled me; I must needs publish a great book, as if (said Mr Caxton, looking round the shelves,) there were not great books enough in the world! I must needs, too, think of advancing and circulating knowledge in the form of a journal—I, who had not knowledge enough of the character of my own brother-in-law to keep myself from ruin! Come what will, I should think myself the meanest of men to let that poor creature, whom I ought to have considered as a monomaniac, rot in prison, because I, Austin Caxton, wanted common sense. And (concluded my father resolutely) he is your mother's brother, Pisistratus. I should have gone to town at once; but, hearing that my wife had written to you, I waited till I could leave her to the companionship of hope and comfort—two blessings that smile upon every mother in the face of a son like you. To-morrow I go."

"Not a bit of it," said Mr Squills firmly; "as your medical adviser, I forbid you to leave the house for the next six days."

CHAPTER LIII.

"Sir," continued Mr Squills, biting off the end of a cigar which he pulled from his pocket, "you concede to me that it is a very important business on which you propose to go to London."

"Of that there is no doubt," replied my father.

"And the doing of business well or ill entirely depends upon the habit of body!" cried Mr Squills triumphantly.

"Do you know, Mr Caxton, that while you are looking so calm, and talking so quietly—just on purpose to sustain your son and delude your wife—do you know that your pulse, which is naturally little more than sixty, is nearly a hundred? Do you know, sir, that your mucous membranes are in a state of high irritation, apparent by the *papillæ* at the tip of your tongue? And if, with a pulse like this, and a tongue like that, you think of settling money matters with a set of

sharp-witted tradesmen, all I can say is, that you are a ruined man."

"But—" began my father.

"Did not Squire Rollick," pursued Mr Squills—"Squire Rollick, the hardest head at a bargain I know of—did not Squire Rollick sell that pretty little farm of his, Scranny Holt, for thirty per cent below its value? And what was the cause, sir?—the whole county was in amaze!—what was the cause, but an incipient simmering attack of the yellow jaundice, which made him take a gloomy view of human life, and the agricultural interest? On the other hand, did not Lawyer Cool, the most prudent man in the three kingdoms—Lawyer Cool, who was so methodical, that all the clocks in the county were set by his watch—plunge one morning head over heels into a frantic speculation for cultivating the bogs in Ireland, (his watch did not go right for the next

three months, which made our whole shire an hour in advance of the rest of England!) And what was the cause of that nobody knew, till I was called in, and found the cerebral membranes in a state of acute irritation, probably just in the region of his acquisitiveness and ideality. No, Mr Caxton, you will stay at home, and take a soothing preparation I shall send you, of lettuce leaves and marshmallows. But I," continued Squills, lighting his cigar and taking two determined whiffs—"but I will go up to town and settle the business for you, and take with me this young gentleman, whose digestive functions are just in a state to deal safely with those horrible elements of dyspepsia—the L. S. D."

As he spoke, Mr Squills set his foot significantly upon mine.

"But," resumed my father mildly, "though I thank you very much, Squills, for your kind offer, I do not recognise the necessity of accepting it. I am not so bad a philosopher as you seem to imagine; and the blow I have received has not so deranged my physical organisation as to render me unfit to transact my affairs."

"Hum!" grunted Squills, starting up and seizing my father's pulse; "ninety-six—ninety-six if a beat! And the tongue, sir!"

"Pshaw!" quoth my father, "you have not even seen my tongue!"

"No need of that, I know what it is by the state of the eyelids—tip scarlet, sides rough as a nutmeg grater!"

"Pshaw!" again said my father, this time impatiently.

"Well," said Squills solemnly, "it is my duty to say, (here my mother entered, to tell me that supper was ready,) and I say it to you, Mrs Caxton, and you, Mr Pisistratus Caxton, as the parties most nearly interested, that if you, sir, go to London upon this matter, I'll not answer for the consequences."

"Oh! Austin, Austin!" cried my

mother, running up and throwing her arms round my father's neck; while I, little less alarmed by Squills's serious tone and aspect, represented strongly the inutility of Mr Caxton's personal interference at the first moment. All he could do on arriving in town would be to put the matter into the hands of a good lawyer, and that we could do for him; it would be time enough to send for him when the extent of the mischief done was more clearly ascertained. Meanwhile Squills griped my father's pulse, and my mother hung on his neck.

"Ninety-six — ninety-seven!" groaned Squills in a hollow voice.

"I don't believe it!" cried my father, almost in a passion—"never better nor cooler in my life."

"And the tongue—look at his tongue, Mrs Caxton—a tongue, ma'am, so bright that you could see to read by it!"

"Oh! Austin, Austin!"

"My dear, it is not my tongue that is in fault, I assure you," said my father, speaking through his teeth; "and the man knows no more of my tongue than he does of the mysteries of Eleusis."

"Put it out then," exclaimed Squills, "and if it be not as I say, you have my leave to go to London, and throw your whole fortune into the two great pits you have dug for it. Put it out!"

"Mr Squills!" said my father, colouring—"Mr Squills, for shame!"

"Dear, dear Austin! your hand is so hot—you are feverish, I am sure."

"Not a bit of it."

"But, sir, only just gratify Mr Squills," said I coaxingly.

"There, there!" said my father, fairly baited into submission, and shyly exhibiting for a moment the extremest end of the vanquished organ of eloquence.

Squills darted forward his lynx-like eyes. "Red as a lobster, and rough as a gooseberry-bush!" cried Squills, in a tone of savage joy.

CHAPTER LIV.

How was it possible for one poor tongue, so reviled and persecuted, so humbled, insulted, and triumphed

over—to resist three tongues in league against it?

Finally, my father yielded; and

Squills, in high spirits, declared that he would go to supper with me, to see that I eat nothing that could tend to discredit his reliance on my system. Leaving my mother still with her Austin, the good surgeon then took my arm, and, as soon as we were in the next room, shut the door carefully, wiped his forehead, and said—“I think we have saved him!”

“Would it really, then, have injured my father so much?”

“So much!—why, you foolish young man, don't you see that, with his ignorance of business, where he himself is concerned—though, for any other one's business, neither Rollick nor Cool has a better judgment—and with his d—d Quixotic spirit of honour worked up into a state of excitement, he would have rushed to Mr Tibbets, and exclaimed ‘How much do you owe? there it is!’—settled in the same way with these printers, and come back without a sixpence; whereas you and I can look coolly about us, and reduce the inflammation to the minimum!”

“I see, and thank you heartily, Squills.”

“Besides,” said the surgeon, with more feeling, “your father has really been making a noble effort over himself. He suffers more than you would think—not for himself, (for I do believe that, if he were alone in the world, he would be quite contented if he could save fifty pounds a-year and his books,) but for your mother and yourself; and a fresh access of emotional excitement, all the nervous anxiety of a journey to London on such a business, might have ended in a paralytic or epileptic affection. Now, we have him here snug; and the worst news we can give him will be better than what he will make up his mind for. But you don't eat.”

“Eat! How can I? My poor father!”

“The effect of grief upon the gastric juices, through the nervous system, is very remarkable,” said Mr Squills, philosophically, and helping himself to a broiled bone; “it increases the thirst, while it takes away hunger. No—don't touch Port!—heating! Sherry and water.”

CHAPTER LV.

The house-door had closed upon Mr Squills—that gentleman having promised to breakfast with me the next morning, so that we might take the coach from our gate—and I remained alone, seated by the supper-table, and revolving all I had heard, when my father walked in.

“Pisistratus,” said he, gravely, and looking round him, “your mother!—suppose the worst—your first care, then, must be to try and secure something for her. You and I are men—we can never want, while we have health of mind and body; but a woman—and if anything happens to me”—

My father's lip writhed as it uttered these brief sentences.

“My dear, dear father!” said I, suppressing my tears with difficulty, “all evils, as you yourself said, look worse by anticipation. It is impossible that your whole fortune can be involved. The newspaper did not run many weeks; and only the first volume of your work is printed. Besides,

there must be other shareholders who will pay their quota. Believe me, I feel sanguine as to the result of my embassy. As for my poor mother, it is not the loss of fortune that will wound her—depend on it, she thinks very little of that; it is the loss of your confidence.”

“My confidence!”

“Ah yes! tell her all your fears, as your hopes. Do not let your affectionate pity exclude her from one corner of your heart.”

“It is that—it is *that*, Austin,—my husband—my joy—my pride—my soul—my all!” cried a soft, broken voice.

My mother had crept in, unobserved by us.

My father looked at us both, and the tears which had before stood in his eyes forced their way. Then opening his arms—into which his Kitty threw herself joyfully—he lifted those moist eyes upward, and, by the movement of his lips, I saw that he thanked God.

I stole out of the room. I felt that those two hearts should be left to beat and to blend alone. And from that hour, I am convinced that Augustine Caxton acquired a stouter

philosophy than that of the stoics. The fortitude that concealed pain was no longer needed, for the pain was no longer felt.

CHAPTER LVI.

Mr Squills and I performed our journey without adventure, and, as we were not alone on the coach, with little conversation. We put up at a small inn at the city, and the next morning I sallied forth to see Trevanion—for we agreed that he would be the best person to advise us. But, on arriving at St James's Square, I had the disappointment of hearing that the whole family had gone to Paris three days before, and were not expected to return till the meeting of Parliament.

This was a sad discouragement, for I had counted much on Trevanion's clear head, and that extraordinary range of accomplishment in all matters of business—all that related to practical life—which my old patron pre-eminently possessed. The next thing would be to find Trevanion's lawyer, (for Trevanion was one of those men whose solicitors are sure to be able and active.) But the fact was, that he left so little to lawyers, that he had never had occasion to communicate with one since I had known him; and I was therefore in ignorance of the very name of his solicitor; nor could the porter, who was left in charge of the house, enlighten me. Luckily, I bethought myself of Sir Sedley Beaudesert, who could scarcely fail to give me the information required, and who, at all events, might recommend me some other lawyer. So to him I went.

I found Sir Sedley at breakfast with a young gentleman who seemed about twenty. The good baronet was delighted to see me; but I thought it was with a little confusion, rare to his cordial ease, that he presented me to his cousin, Lord Castleton. It was a name familiar to me, though I had never before met its patrician owner.

The Marquis of Castleton was indeed a subject of envy to young idlers, and afforded a theme of interest to gray-beard politicians. Often had I heard of "that lucky fellow Castleton," who, when of age, would step into

one of those colossal fortunes which would realise the dreams of Aladdin—a fortune that had been out to nurse since his minority. Often had I heard graver gossips wonder whether Castleton would take any active part in public life—whether he would keep up the family influence. His mother (still alive) was a superior woman, and had devoted herself, from his childhood, to supply a father's loss, and fit him for his great position. It was said that he was clever—had been educated by a tutor of great academic distinction, and was reading for a double first class at Oxford. This young marquis was indeed the head of one of those few houses still left in England that retain feudal importance. He was important, not only from his rank and his vast fortune, but from an immense circle of powerful connections; from the ability of his two predecessors, who had been keen politicians and cabinet-ministers; from the *prestige* they had bequeathed to his name; from the peculiar nature of his property, which gave him the returning interest in no less than six parliamentary seats in Great Britain and Ireland—besides that indirect ascendancy which the head of the Castletons had always exercised over many powerful and noble allies of that princely house. I was not aware that he was related to Sir Sedley, whose world of action was so remote from politics; and it was with some surprise that I now heard that announcement, and certainly with some interest that I, perhaps from the verge of poverty, gazed on this young heir of fabulous El-Dorados.

It was easy to see that Lord Castleton had been brought up with a careful knowledge of his future greatness, and its serious responsibilities. He stood immeasurably aloof from all the affectations common to the youth of minor patricians. He had not been taught to value himself on the cut of

a coat, or the shape of a hat. His world was far above St James's Street and the clubs. He was dressed plainly, though in a style peculiar to himself—a white neckcloth, (which was not at that day quite so uncommon for morning use as it is now,) trowsers without straps, thin shoes and gaiters. There was nothing in his manner of the supercilious apathy which characterises the dandy introduced to some one whom he doubts if he can nod to from the bow-window at White's—none of such vulgar coxcombries had Lord Castleton; and yet a young gentleman more emphatically coxcomb it was impossible to see. He had been told, no doubt, that, as the head of a house which was almost in itself a party in the state, he should be bland and civil to all men; and this duty being grafted upon a nature singularly cold and unsocial, gave to his politeness something so stiff, yet so condescending, that it brought the blood to one's cheek—though the momentary anger was counterbalanced by something almost ludicrous in the contrast between this gracious majesty of deportment, and the insignificant figure, with the boyish beardless face, by which it was assumed. Lord Castleton did not content himself with a mere bow at our introduction. Much to my wonder how he came by the information he displayed, he made me a little speech after the manner of Louis XIV. to a provincial noble—studiously modelled upon that royal maxim of urbane policy which instructs a king that he should know something of the birth, parentage, and family, of his meanest gentleman. It was a little speech, in which my father's learning, and my uncle's services, and the amiable qualities of your humble servant, were neatly interwoven—delivered in a falsetto tone, as if learned by heart, though it must have been necessarily impromptu; and then, reseating himself, he made a gracious motion of the head and hand, as if to authorise me to do the same.

Conversation succeeded, by galvanic jerks and spasmodic starts—a conversation that Lord Castleton contrived to tug so completely out of poor Sir Sedley's ordinary course of small and polished small-talk, that

that charming personage, accustomed, as he well deserved, to be Coryphæus at his own table, was completely silenced. With his light reading, his rich stores of anecdote, his good-humoured knowledge of the drawing-room world, he had scarce a word that would fit into the great, rough, serious matters which Lord Castleton threw upon the table, as he nibbled his toast. Nothing but the most grave and practical subjects of human interest seemed to attract this future leader of mankind. The fact is that Lord Castleton had been taught everything that relates to *property*—(a knowledge which embraces a very wide circumference.) It had been said to him "You will be an immense proprietor—knowledge is essential to your self-preservation. You will be puzzled, bubbled, ridiculed, duped every day of your life, if you do not make yourself acquainted with all by which property is assailed or defended, impoverished or increased. You have a vast stake in the country—you must learn all the interests of Europe—nay, of the civilised world—for those interests react on the country, and the interests of the country are of the greatest possible consequence to the interests of the Marquis of Castleton." Thus the state of the Continent—the policy of Metternich—the condition of the Papacy—the growth of Dissent—the proper mode of dealing with the general spirit of Democracy, which was the epidemic of European monarchies—the relative proportions of the agricultural and manufacturing population—corn-laws, currency, and the laws that regulate wages—a criticism on the leading speakers of the House of Commons, with some discursive observations on the importance of fattening cattle—the introduction of flax into Ireland—emigration—the condition of the poor—the doctrines of Mr Owen—the pathology of potatoes; the connexion between potatoes, pauperism, and patriotism; these, and suchlike stupendous subjects for reflection—all branching, more or less intricately, from the single idea of the Castleton property—the young lord discussed and disposed of in half-a-dozen prim, poised sentences—evincing, I must say in justice, no inconsiderable information, and a

mighty solemn turn of mind. The oddity was, that the subjects so selected and treated should not come rather from some young barrister, or mature political economist, than from so gorgeous a lily of the field. Of a less man, certainly, one would have said—“Cleverish, but a prig;” but there really was something so respectable in a man born to such fortunes, and having nothing to do but to bask in the sunshine, voluntarily taking such pains with himself, and condescending to identify his own interests—the interests of the Castleton property—with the concerns of his lesser fellow-mortals, that one felt the young marquis had in him the stuff to become a very considerable man.

Poor Sir Sedley, to whom all these matters were as unfamiliar as the theology of the Talmud, after some vain efforts to slip the conversation into easier grooves, fairly gave in, and, with a compassionate smile on his handsome countenance, took refuge in his easy-chair and the contemplation of his snuff-box.

At last, to our great relief, the servant announced Lord Castleton's carriage; and with another speech of overpowering affability to me, and a cold shake of the hand to Sir Sedley, Lord Castleton went his way.

The breakfast parlour looked on the street, and I turned mechanically to the window as Sir Sedley followed his guest out of the room. A travelling carriage, with four post-horses, was at the door; and a servant, who looked like a foreigner, was in waiting with his master's cloak. As I saw Lord Castleton step into the street, and wrap himself in his costly mantle lined with sables, I observed, more than I had while he was in the room, the enervate slightness of his frail form, and the more than paleness of his thin, joyless face; and then, instead of envy, I felt compassion for the owner of all this pomp and grandeur—felt that I would not have exchanged my hardy health, and easy humour, and vivid capacities of enjoyment in things the slightest and most within the reach of all men, for the wealth and greatness which that poor youth perhaps deserved the more for putting them so little to the service of pleasure.

“Well,” said Sir Sedley, “and what do you think of him?”

“He is just the sort of man Trevanion would like,” said I, evasively.

“That is true,” answered Sir Sedley, in a serious tone of voice, and looking at me somewhat earnestly. “Have you heard?—but no, you cannot have heard yet.”

“Heard what?”

“My dear young friend,” said the kindest and most delicate of all fine gentlemen, sauntering away that he might not observe the emotion he caused, “Lord Castleton is going to Paris to join the Trevanions. The object Lady Ellinor has had at heart for many a long year is won, and our pretty Fanny will be Marchioness of Castleton when her betrothed is of age—that is, in six months. The two mothers have settled it all between them!”

I made no answer, but continued to look out of the window.

“This alliance,” resumed Sir Sedley, “was all that was wanting to assure Trevanion's position. When parliament meets, he will have some great office. Poor man! how I shall pity him! It is extraordinary to me,” continued Sir Sedley, benevolently going on, that I might have full time to recover myself, “how contagious that disease called business is in our foggy England! Not only Trevanion, you see, has the complaint in its very worst and most complicated form, but that poor dear cousin of mine, who is so young, (here Sir Sedley sighed,) and might enjoy himself so much, is worse than you were when Trevanion was fagging you to death. But, to be sure, a great name and position, like Castleton's, must be a very heavy affliction to a conscientious mind. You see how the sense of its responsibilities has aged him already—positively, two great wrinkles under his eyes. Well, after all, I admire him, and respect his tutor: a soil naturally very thin, I suspect, has been most carefully cultivated; and Castleton, with Trevanion's help, will be the first man in the peerage—prime-minister someday, I dare say. And, when I think of it, how grateful I ought to feel to his father and mother, who produced him quite in their old age; for, if he had not been born, I should have been the

most miserable of men—yes, positively, that horrible marquise would have come to me! I never think over Horace Walpole's regrets, when he got the earldom of Orford, without the deepest sympathy, and without a shudder at the thought of what my dear Lady Castleton was kind enough to save me from—all owing to the Ems waters, after twenty years' marriage! Well, my young friend, and how are all at home?"

As when, some notable performer not having yet arrived behind the scenes, or having to change his dress, or not having yet quite recovered an unlucky extra tumbler of exciting fluids—and the green curtain has therefore unduly delayed its ascent—you perceive that the thorough-bass in the orchestra charitably devotes himself to a prelude of astonishing prolixity, calling in *Lodoiska* or *Der Freischutz* to beguile the time, and allow the procrastinating histrio leisure sufficient to draw on his flesh-coloured pantaloons, and give himself the proper complexion for a Coriolanus or Macbeth—even so had Sir Sedley made that long speech, requiring no rejoinder, till he saw the time had arrived when he could artfully close with the flourish of a final interrogative, in order to give poor Pisistratus Caxton all preparation to compose himself, and step forward. There is certainly something of exquisite kindness, and thoughtful benevolence, in that rarest of gifts,—*fine breeding*; and when now, remanned and resolute, I turned round and saw Sir Sedley's soft blue eye shyly, but benignantly, turned to me—while, with a grace no other snuff-taker ever had since the days of Pope, he gently proceeded to refresh himself by a pinch of the celebrated Beadesert mixture—I felt my heart as gratefully moved towards him as if he had conferred on me some colossal obligation. And this crowning question—"And how are all at home?" restored me entirely to my self-possession, and for the moment distracted the bitter current of my thoughts.

I replied by a brief statement of my father's involvement, disguising our apprehensions as to its extent, speaking of it rather as an annoyance than a possible cause of ruin,

and ended by asking Sir Sedley to give me the address of Trevanion's lawyer.

The good baronet listened with great attention; and that quick penetration which belongs to a man of the world enabled him to detect, that I had smoothed over matters more than became a faithful narrator.

He shook his head, and, seating himself on the sofa, motioned me to come to his side; then, leaning his arm over my shoulder, he said in his seductive, winning way—

"We two young fellows should understand each other, when we talk of money matters. I can say to you what I could not to my respectable senior—by three years; your excellent father. Frankly, then, I suspect this is a bad business. I know little about newspapers, except that I have to subscribe to one in my county, which costs me a small income; but I know that a London daily paper might ruin a man in a few weeks. And as for shareholders, my dear Caxton, I was once teased into being a shareholder in a canal that ran through my property, and ultimately ran off with £30,000 of it! The other shareholders were all drowned in the canal, like Pharaoh and his hosts in the Red Sea. But your father is a great scholar, and must not be plagued with such matters. I owe him a great deal. He was very kind to me at Cambridge, and gave me the taste for reading, to which I owe the pleasantest hours of my life. So, when you and the lawyers have found out what the extent of the mischief is, you and I must see how we can best settle it.

"What the deuce! my young friend—I have no 'encumbrances,' as the servants, with great want of politeness, call wives and children. And I am not a miserable great landed millionaire, like that poor dear Castleton, who owes so many duties to society that he can't spend a shilling, except in a grand way and purely to benefit the public. So go, my boy, to Trevanion's lawyer: he is mine too. Clever fellow—sharp as a needle. Mr Pike, in Great Ormond Street—name on a brass plate; and when he has settled the amount, we young scapegraces will help each other, without a word to the old folks."

What good it does to a man, throughout life, to meet kindness and generosity like this in his youth!

I need not say that I was too faithful a representative of my father's scholarly pride, and susceptible independence of spirit, to accept this proposal; and probably Sir Sedley, rich and liberal as he was, did not dream of the extent to which his proposal might involve him. But I expressed my gratitude, so as to please and move this last relic of the De Coverleys, and went from his house straight to Mr Pike's office, with a little note of introduction from Sir Sedley. I found Mr Pike exactly the man I had anticipated from Trevanion's character—short, quick, intelligent; in question and answer; imposing, and somewhat domineering, in manner—not overcrowded with business, but with enough for experience and respectability; neither young nor old; neither a pedantic machine of parchment, nor a jaunty off-hand coxcomb of West End manners.

"It is an ugly affair," said he, "but one that requires management. Leave it all in my hands for three days. Don't go near Mr Tibbets, nor Mr Peck; and on Saturday next, at two o'clock, if you will call here, you shall know my opinion of the whole matter." With that Mr Pike glanced at the clock, and I took up my hat and went.

There is no place more delightful than a great capital, if you are comfortably settled in it—have arranged the methodical disposal of your time, and know how to take business and pleasure in due proportions. But a flying visit to a great capital, in an unsettled, unsatisfactory way—at an inn—an inn in the city, too—with a great worrying load of business on your mind, of which you are to hear no more for three days; and an aching, jealous, miserable sorrow at the heart, such as I had—leaving you no labour to pursue, and no pleasure that you have the heart to share in—oh, a great capital then is indeed forlorn, wearisome, and oppressive! It is the Castle of Indolence, not as Thomson built it, but as Beckford drew in his Hall of Eblis—a wandering up and down, to and fro—a great awful space,

with your hand pressed to your heart; and—oh for a rush on some half-tamed horse, through the measureless green wastes of Australia! That is the place for a man who has no home in the Babel, and whose hand is ever pressing to his heart, with its dull, burning pain.

Mr Squills decoyed me the second evening into one of the small theatres; and very heartily did Mr Squills enjoy all he saw, and all he heard. And while, with a convulsive effort of the jaws, I was trying to laugh too, suddenly, in one of the actors, who was performing the worshipful part of a parish beadle, I recognised a face that I had seen before. Five minutes afterwards, I had disappeared from the side of Squills, and was amidst that strange world—BEHIND THE SCENES.

My beadle was much too busy and important to allow me a good opportunity to accost him, till the piece was over. I then seized hold of him, as he was amicably sharing a pot of porter with a gentleman in black shorts and a laced waistcoat, who was to play the part of a broken-hearted father in the Domestic Drama in Three Acts, that would conclude the amusements of the evening.

"Excuse me," said I apologetically; "but, as the Swan pertinently observes,—'Should auld acquaintance be forgot?'"

"The Swan, sir!" cried the beadle aghast—"the Swan never demeaned himself by such d—d broad Scotch as that!"

"The Tweed has its swans as well as the Avon, Mr Peacock."

"St—st—hush—hush—h—u—sh!" whispered the beadle in great alarm, and eyeing me, with savage observation, under his corked eyebrows. Then, taking me by the arm, he jerked me away. When he had got as far as the narrow limits of that little stage would allow us, Mr Peacock said—

"Sir, you have the advantage of me; I don't remember you. Ah! you need not look!—by gad, sir, I am not to be bullied,—it was all fair play. If you will play with gentlemen, sir, you must run the consequences."

I hastened to appease the worthy man.

"Indeed, Mr Peacock, if you remember, I refused to play with you; and, so far from wishing to offend you, I now come on purpose to compliment you on your excellent acting, and to inquire if you have heard anything lately of your young friend, Mr Vivian.

"Vivian?—never heard the name, sir. Vivian! Pooh, you are trying to hoax me; very good."

"I assure you, Mr Peac"—

"St—st—How the deuce did you know that I was once called Peac—that is, people called me Peac—A friendly nickname, no more—drop it, sir, or you 'touch me with noble anger!'"

"Well, well; 'the rose, by any name, will smell as sweet,' as the Swan, this time at least, judiciously observes. But Mr Vivian, too, seems to have other names at his disposal. I mean a young, dark, handsome man—or rather boy—with whom I met you in company by the roadside, one morning."

"O—h!" said Mr Peacock, looking much relieved, "I know whom you mean, though I don't remember to have had the pleasure of seeing you before. No; I have not heard anything of the young man lately. I wish I did know something of him.

He was a 'gentleman in my own way.' Sweet Will has hit him off to a hair!—

'The courtier's, soldier's, scholar's eye, tongue, sword.'

Such a hand with a cue!—you should have seen him seek 'the bubble reputation at the cannon's mouth!' I may say, (continued Mr Peacock, emphatically,) that he was a regular trump—trump!" he reiterated with a start, as if the word had stung him—"trump! he was a BRICK!"

Then fixing his eyes on me, dropping his arms, interlacing his fingers, in the manner recorded of Talma in the celebrated "Qu'en dis-tu?" he resumed in a hollow voice, slow and distinct—

"When—saw—you—him,—young m—m—a—n—nnn?"

Finding the tables thus turned on myself, and not willing to give Mr Peac—any clue to poor Vivian—who thus appeared, to my great satisfaction, to have finally dropped an acquaintance more versatile than reputable—I contrived, by a few evasive sentences, to keep Mr Peac—'s curiosity at a distance, till he was summoned in haste to change his attire for the domestic drama. And so we parted.

CHAPTER LVII.

I hate law details as cordially as my readers can, and therefore I shall content myself with stating that Mr Pike's management, at the end, not of three days, but of two weeks, was so admirable that Uncle Jack was drawn out of prison, and my father extracted from all his liabilities, by a sum two-thirds less than was first startlingly submitted to our indignant horror—and that, too, in a manner that would have satisfied the conscience of the most punctilious formalist, whose contribution to the national fund, for an omitted payment to the Income Tax, the Chancellor of the Exchequer ever had the honour to acknowledge. Still the sum was very large in proportion to my poor father's income; and what with Jack's debts, the claims of the Anti-Publisher Society's printer—including the very

expensive plates that had been so lavishly bespoken, and in great part completed, for the *History of Human Error*—and, above all, the liabilities incurred on *The Capitalist*; what with the *plant*, as Mr Peck technically phrased a great upas-tree of a total, branching out into types, cases, printing-presses, engines, &c., all now to be resold at a third of their value; what with advertisements and bills, that had covered all the dead walls by which rubbish might be shot, throughout the three kingdoms; what with the dues of reporters, and salaries of writers, who had been engaged for a year at least to *The Capitalist*, and whose claims survived the wretch they had killed and buried; what, in short, with all that the combined ingenuity of Uncle Jack and printer Peck could

supply for the utter ruin of the Caxton family—even after all deductions, curtailments, and after all that one could extract in the way of just contribution from the least unsubstantial of those shadows called the shareholders—my father's fortune was reduced to little more than £8000, which being placed at mortgage, at 4 per cent, yielded just £372, 10s. a-year—enough for my father to live upon, but not enough to afford also his son Pisistratus the advantages of education at Trinity College, Cambridge. The blow fell rather upon me than my father, and my young shoulders bore it without much wincing.

This settled, to our universal satisfaction, I went to pay my farewell visit to Sir Sedley Beandesert. He had made much of me, during my stay in London. I had breakfasted and dined with him pretty often; I had presented Squills to him, who no sooner set eyes upon that splendid conformation, than he described his character with the nicest accuracy as the necessary consequence of such a development for the rosy pleasures of life, and whose philosophy delighted and consoled Sir Sedley. We had never once retouched on the subject of Fanny's marriage, and both of us tacitly avoided even mentioning the Trevanions. But in this last visit, though he maintained the same reserve as to Fanny, he referred without scruple to her father.

"Well, my young Athenian," said he, after congratulating me on the result of the negotiations, and endeavouring again in vain to bear at least some share in my father's losses—"well, I see I cannot press this farther; but at least I *can* press on you any little interest I may have, in ob-

taining some appointment for yourself in one of the public offices. Trevanion could of course be more useful, but I can understand that he is not the kind of man you would like to apply to."

"Shall I own to you, my dear Sir Sedley, that I have no taste for official employment? I am too fond of my liberty. Since I have been at my uncle's old tower, I account for half my character by the Borderer's blood that is in me. I doubt if I am meant for the life of cities, and I have odd floating notions in my head, that will serve to amuse me when I get home, and may settle into schemes. And now, to change the subject, may I ask what kind of person has succeeded me as Mr Trevanion's secretary?"

"Why, he has got a broad-shouldered, stooping fellow, in spectacles and cotton stockings, who has written upon 'Rent,' I believe—an imaginative treatise in his case, I fear, poor man, for rent is a thing he could never have received, and not often been trusted to pay. However, he is one of your political economists, and wants Trevanion to sell his pictures, as 'unproductive capital.' Less mild than Pope's Narcissa, 'to make a wash,' he would certainly 'stew a child.' Besides this official secretary, Trevanion trusts, however, a good deal to a clever, good-looking young gentleman, who is a great favourite with him."

"What is his name?"

"His name?—oh, Gower—a natural son, I believe, of one of the Gower family."

Here two of Sir Sedley's fellow fine gentlemen lounged in, and my visit ended.

CHAPTER LVIII.

"I swear," cried my uncle, "that it *shall* be so;" and with a big frown, and a truculent air, he seized the fatal instrument.

"Indeed, brother, it must not," said my father, laying one pale, scholar-like hand mildly on Captain Roland's brown, bellicose, and bony fist; and with the other, outstretched, pro-

tecting the menaced, palpitating victim.

Not a word had my uncle heard of our losses, until they had been adjusted, and the sum paid; for we all knew that the old tower would have been gone—sold to some neighbouring squire or jobbing attorney—at the first impetuous impulse of Uncle Roland's

affectionate generosity. Austin endangered! Austin ruined!—he would never have rested till he came, cash in hand, to his deliverance. Therefore, I say, not till all was settled did I write to the Captain, and tell him gaily what had chanced. And, however light I made of our misfortunes, the letter brought the Captain to the red brick house the same evening on which I myself reached it, and about an hour later. My uncle had not sold the tower, but he came prepared to carry us off to it *vi et armis*. We must live with him, and on him—let or sell the brick house, and put out the remnant of my father's income to nurse and accumulate. And it was on finding my father's resistance stubborn, and that hitherto he had made no way,—that my uncle, stepping back into the hall, in which he had left his carpet-bag, &c., returned with an old oak case, and, touching a spring roller, out flew—the Caxton pedigree.

Out it flew—covering all the table, and undulating, Nile-like, till it had spread over books, papers, my mother's work-box, and the tea-service, (for the table was large and compendious, emblematic of its owner's mind)—and then, flowing on the carpet, dragged its slow length along, till it was stopped by the fender.

"Now," said my uncle solemnly, "there never have been but two causes of difference between you and me, Austin. One is over; why should the other last? Aha! I know why you hang back; you think that we may quarrel about it!"

"About what, Roland?"

"About it, I say—and I'll be d—d if we do!" cried my uncle, reddening, (I never heard him swear before.) "And I have been thinking a great deal upon the matter, and I have no doubt you are right. So I brought the old parchment with me, and you shall see me fill up the blank, just as you would have it. Now, then, you will come and live with me, and we can never quarrel any more."

Thus saying, Uncle Roland looked round for pen and ink; and, having found them—not without difficulty, for they had been submerged under the overflow of the pedigree—he was about to fill up the *lacuna*, or hiatus, which had given rise to such memorable con-

troversy, with the name of "William Caxton, printer in the Sanctuary," when my father, slowly recovering his breath, and aware of his brother's purpose, intervened. It would have done your heart good to hear them—so completely, in the inconsistency of human nature, had they changed sides upon the question—my father now all for Sir William de Caxton, the hero of Bosworth; my uncle all for the immortal printer. And in this discussion they grew animated: their eyes sparkled, their voices rose—Roland's voice deep and thunderous, Austin's sharp and piercing. Mr Squills stopped his ears. Thus it arrived at that point, when my uncle doggedly came to the end of all argumentation—"I swear that it shall be so;" and my father, trying the last resource of pathos, looked pleadingly into Roland's eyes, and said, with a tone soft as mercy, "Indeed, brother, it must not." Meanwhile the dry parchment crisped, creaked, and trembled in every pore of its yellow skin.

"But," said I, coming in, opportunely, like the Horatian deity, "I don't see that either of you gentlemen has a right so to dispose of my ancestry. It is quite clear that a man has no possession in posterity. Posterity may possess him; but deuce a bit will he ever be the better for his great great-grandchildren!"

SQUILLS.—Hear, hear!

PISISTRATUS — (*warming.*) — But a man's ancestry is a positive property to him. How much, not only of acres, but of his constitution, his temper, his conduct, character, and nature, he may inherit from some progenitor ten times removed! Nay, without that progenitor would he ever have been born—would a Squills ever have introduced him into the world, or a nurse ever have carried him *upo kolpo*?

SQUILLS.—Hear, hear!

PISISTRATUS — (*with dignified emotion*)—No man, therefore, has a right to rob another of a forefather, with a stroke of his pen, from any motives, howsoever amiable. In the present instance, you will say, perhaps, that the ancestor in question is apocryphal—it may be the printer, it may be the knight. Granted; but here, where history is in fault, shall

a mere sentiment decide? While both are doubtful, my imagination appropriates both. At one time I can reverence industry and learning in the printer; at another, valour and devotion in the knight. This kindly doubt gives me two great forefathers; and, through them, two trains of idea that influence my conduct under different circumstances. I will not permit you, Captain Roland, to rob me of either forefather—either train of idea. Leave, then, this sacred void unfiled, unprofaned, and accept this compromise of chivalrous courtesy—while my father lives with the Captain, we will believe in the printer; when away from the Captain, we will stand firm to the knight."

"Good!" cried Uncle Roland, as I paused, a little out of breath.

"And," said my mother softly, "I do think, Austin, there is a way of settling the matter which will please all parties. It is quite sad to think that poor Roland, and dear little Blanche, should be all alone in the tower; and I am sure that we should be much happier altogether."

"There!" cried Roland, triumphantly. "If you are not the most obstinate, hardhearted, unfeeling brute in the world—which I don't take you to be—brother Austin, after that really beautiful speech of your wife's, there is not a word to be said farther."

"But we have not yet heard Kitty to the end, Roland."

"I beg your pardon, a thousand times, ma'am—sister," said the Captain, bowing.

"Well, I was going to add," said my mother, "that we will go and live with you, Roland, and club our little fortunes together. Blanche and I will take care of the house, and we shall be just twice as rich together as we are separately."

"Pretty sort of hospitality that!" grunted the Captain. "I did not expect you to throw me over in that way. No, no; you must lay by for the boy there,—what's to become of him?"

"But we shall *all* lay by for him," said my mother simply; "you as well as Austin. We shall have more to save, if we have both more to spend."

"Ah, save!—that is easily said:

there would be a pleasure in saving, then!" said the Captain mournfully.

"And what's to become of me?" cried Squills, very petulantly. "Am I to be left here, in my old age—not a rational soul to speak to, and no other place in the village where there's a drop of decent punch to be had! 'A plague on both your houses'! as the chap said at the theatre the other night."

"There's room for a doctor in our neighbourhood, Mr Squills," said the Captain. "The gentleman in your profession who *does for us*, wants, I know, to sell the business."

"Humph!" said Squills—"a horrible healthy neighbourhood, I suspect!"

"Why, it has that misfortune, Mr Squills; but with your help," said my uncle sily, "a great alteration for the better may be effected in that respect."

Mr Squills was about to reply, when ring—a-ting—ring—ting! there came such a brisk, impatient, make-one's-self-at-home kind of tintannular alarm at the great gate, that we all started up and looked at each other in surprise. Who could it possibly be? We were not kept long in suspense; for, in another moment, Uncle Jack's voice, which was always very clear and distinct, pealed through the hall; and we were still staring at each other when Mr Tibbets, with a bran-new muffler round his neck, and a peculiarly comfortable great-coat—best double Saxony, equally new—dashed into the room, bringing with him a very considerable quantity of cold air, which he hastened to thaw, first in my father's arms, next in my mother's. He then made a rush at the Captain, who ensconced himself behind the dumb waiter with a "Hem! Mr—sir—Jack—sir—hem, hem!" Failing there, Mr Tibbets rubbed off the remaining frost upon his double Saxony against your humble servant; patted Squills affectionately on the back, and then proceeded to occupy his favourite position before the fire.

"Took you by surprise, eh?" said Uncle Jack, unpeeling himself by the hearth-rug. "But no—not by surprise; you must have known Jack's heart: you at least, Austin Caxton, who know everything—you must have seen that it overflowed with the ten-

derest and most brotherly emotions ; that, once delivered from that cursed Fleet, (you have no idea what a place it is, sir,) I could not rest, night or day, till I had flown here—here, to the dear family nest—poor wounded dove that I am !” added Uncle Jack pathetically, and taking out his pocket-handkerchief from the double Saxony, which he had now flung over my father’s arm-chair.

Not a word replied to this eloquent address, with its touching peroration. My mother hung down her pretty head, and looked ashamed. My uncle retreated quite into the corner, and drew the dumb waiter after him, so as to establish a complete fortification. Mr Squills seized the pen that Roland had thrown down, and began mending it furiously—that is, cutting it into slivers—thereby denoting, symbolically, how he would like to do with Uncle Jack, could he once get him safe and snug under his manipular operations. I leant over the pedigree, and my father rubbed his spectacles.

The silence would have been appalling to another man : nothing appalled Uncle Jack.

Uncle Jack turned to the fire, and warmed first one foot, then the other. This comfortable ceremony performed, he again faced the company—and resumed musingly, and as if answering some imaginary observations—

“ Yes, yes—you are right there—and a denuded unlucky speculation it proved too. But I was overruled by that fellow Peck. Says I to him—says I—‘*Capitalist!*’ pshaw—no popular interest there—it don’t address the great public! Very confined class the capitalists; better throw ourselves boldly on the people. Yes, said I, ‘call it the *anti-Capitalist.*’ By Jove, sir, we should have carried all before us! but I was overruled. The *Anti-Capitalist!*—what an idea! Address the whole reading world then, sir: everybody hates the capitalist—everybody would have his neighbour’s money. The *Anti-Capitalist!*—sir, we should have gone off, in the manufacturing towns, like wildfire. But what could I do?”

“ John Tibbets,” said my father solemnly, “ capitalist or anti-capitalist, thou hadst a right to follow

thine own bent, in either—but always provided it had been with thine own money. Thou see’st not the thing, John Tibbets, in the right point of view; and a little repentance, in the face of those thou hast wronged, would not have misbecome thy father’s son, and thy sister’s brother!”—

Never had so severe a rebuke issued from the mild lips of Austin Caxton; and I raised my eyes with a compassionate thrill, expecting to see John Tibbets gradually sink and disappear through the carpet.

“ Repentance!” cried Uncle Jack, bounding up, as if he had been shot. “ And do you think I have a heart of stone, of pummy-stone!—do you think I don’t repent? I have done nothing but repent—I shall repent to my dying day.”

“ Then there is no more to be said, Jack,” cried my father, softening, and holding out his hand.

“ Yes!” cried Mr Tibbets, seizing the hand, and pressing it to the heart he had thus defended from the suspicion of being pummy—“ yes—that I should have trusted that dunder-headed, rascally, curmudgeon Peck: that I should have let him call it *The Capitalist*, despite all my convictions, when the *Anti*—”

“ Pshaw!” interrupted my father, drawing away his hand.

“ John,” said my mother gravely, and with tears in her voice, “ you forget who delivered you from prison,—you forget whom you have nearly consigned to prison yourself,—you forg—”

“ Hush, hush!” said my father, “ this will never do; and it is you who forget, my dear, the obligations I owe to Jack. He has reduced my fortune one half, it is true; but I verily think he has made the three hearts, in which lie my real treasures, twice as large as they were before. Pisistratus, my boy, ring the bell.”

“ My dear Kitty,” cried Jack, whimperingly, and stealing up to my mother, “ don’t be so hard on me; I thought to make all your fortunes—I did, indeed.”

Here the servant entered.

“ See that Mr Tibbets’ things are taken up to his room, and that there is a good fire,” said my father.

“ And,” continued Jack, loftily, “ I

will make all your fortunes yet. I have it *here!*" and he struck his head.

"Stay a moment," said my father to the servant, who had got back to the door. "Stay a moment," said my father, looking extremely frightened; "perhaps Mr Tibbets may prefer the inn?"

"Austin," said Uncle Jack with emotion, "if I were a dog, with no home but a dog-kennel, and you came to me for shelter, I would turn out—to give you the best of the straw!"

My father was thoroughly melted this time.

"Primmins will be sure to see everything is made comfortable for

Mr Tibbets," said he, waving his hand to the servant. "Something nice for supper, Kitty, my dear—and the largest punch-bowl. You like punch, Jack?"

"Punch, Austin!" said Uncle Jack, putting his handkerchief to his eyes.

The Captain pushed aside the dumb waiter, strode across the room, and shook hands with Uncle Jack; my mother buried her face in her apron, and fairly ran off; and Squills said in my ear, "It all comes of the biliary secretions. Nobody could account for this, who did not know the peculiarly fine organisation of your father's—liver!"

M. PRUDHON.—CONTRADICTIONS ECONOMIQUES.

IF we wished to convert some inveterate democrat—some one of those eternal agitators of political and social revolutions—whose reasonings, though perhaps unconsciously to themselves, are all based on a far too sanguine view of the probable destinies of human society—there is no text-book we should more willingly select than this mad and apparently destructive work of M. Prudhon's. The bold development of those fundamental truths which have hitherto determined the framework of society, and, still more, the display it presents of the utter impotence of the wit of man, and all his speculative ingenuity, to reshape and reorganise the social world, must have, on every mind accustomed to reflection, a most sobering and *conservative* influence. What it was intended to teach is another matter; but to a mind well constituted it would convey this grave lesson—to recognise and submit to the inevitable; to be content to labour for partial remedies and limited results; to be satisfied with doing good, though it be something short of organic change; to think it sufficient ambition to be of that "salt of the earth" which preserves whatever is pure and excellent, without aspiring to be that consuming flame which is to fuse and recast the world.

Such was the reflection with which

we closed the perusal of the *Contradictions Economiques*; and this reflection has led us to the present notice of a work which was not originally taken up with the intention of bringing it before our readers. We were referred to it as the work in which a man who has obtained unenviable notoriety had most systematically developed his ideas. Whether it is so, or not, we do not pledge ourselves to decide: we have had enough of *Prudhonerie*. But after a perusal, induced by mere curiosity, it occurred to us that some brief account of the book, and of the train of thought which it had suggested to us, and would probably suggest to most English readers, would not be unacceptable.

It is worthy of remark, that it is not uniformly from the most perfect works that we derive the greatest stimulant to thinking, or the largest supply of food for reflection. Many an important step in intellectual progress has been due to an author, not one of whose views have been finally adopted, or would have borne perhaps a searching examination. The startling effect of paradox—the conflict with it—the perplexing entanglement of known truth with manifest error,—all this has supplied a more bracing and vigorous exercise for the mind, than lucid tenets lucidly set forth by

writers of unimpeachable good sense. God forbid that any one should accuse us of saying, that it is better to read a bad book than a good one; this would be the greatest of all absurdities; but there are eras in our mental progress when much is gained by the contest with bold and subtle fallacies. There is not a book in our own language more replete with paradox and sophistry, with half truths and tortuous reasonings, than Godwin's *Political Justice*; yet we doubt not there are those living who would acknowledge that the perusal of that once, and for a short time, celebrated treatise, did more, by the incessant combat it provoked, to make evident to them the real constitution of human society, than the smooth sagacity of a hundred Paleys could have done.

Indeed, when we compare the *Political Justice* with the reveries of Communism, so rife amongst our neighbours, we feel proud of our English dreamer. Godwin's scheme was somewhat as if one of the ancient stoics, not content with imposing upon his wise man rules of conduct quite independent of all human passions and affections, had resolved that the whole multitude of the species should demean themselves according to the same impracticable rules, and should learn to live, and labour, and enjoy, like reasoning automata. Under the light diffused upon them by the author of the *Political Justice*, men were to set aside all selfishness—all their natural, and even kindly affections—and to act in unceasing conformity to certain abstractions of the reasoning faculty; were, in short, neither to love nor to hate; but, sitting in eternal judgment over themselves, were simply to reason and to act. Like the iron figures that formerly stood elevated above the living crowd of Fleet Street, on either side of the venerable clock of St Dunstan's, they were to keep their eye fixed on the dial-plate of a most well-regulated conscience; and ever, as the hour came round, they were to rise and strike, and then subside into their metallic repose. Still, however, the great sentiment of justice, to which Godwin made his appeal, afforded him a far more noble and manly topic than the affected philan-

thropy on which so many Frenchmen have been descanting. Justice, though not understood after the manner of Mr Godwin, is a sentiment which really lives and moves in the very heart of society. Men respond to an appeal to their sense of justice; they become ungovernable if that sense of justice is long outraged; they work upon this sentiment; they can labour and endure according to its dictates: but for this philanthropy, or fraternity, of which we hear so much—what has it ever done? It never regulated the transactions of a single day; never produced a grain of corn, or a shred of apparel; produces nothing but theories. It is a vain, importunate, idle, and clamorous sentiment: it is justice all on one side; it demands incessantly, it gives never; it has hands to petition with, to clutch with, to rob with, to murder with, but not to work with; it has no hand that holds the plough, or strikes upon the anvil.

The *Système des Contradictions Economiques* may lay claim to the same sort of praise we have accorded to the *Political Justice*: it prompts reflection; and a man of intellect sufficiently robust to profit by such rude gymnastics, will not regret its perusal. It also avoids, like the work of Godwin, the pernicious cant of universal philanthropy—pernicious when brought forward as a general motive of human actions—and looks for a renovation of society in a more enlightened sentiment of justice—determining anew the value of each man's labour, and securing to him that value—property being legitimate only (so far as we can understand our author) when it contains in it the labour of the proprietor. How Justice is to execute the task which M. Prudhon, in very vague and mysterious terms, imposes upon her, we have not the least idea; nor has an attentive perusal of his book given us the remotest conception of any practical scheme that he would even make experiment of. But, at all events, it is better to descant on the energetic sentiment of justice, which desires to earn and keep its own, than on the idle sublimities of a universal fraternity—a sentiment which relaxes the springs of industry, by teaching every

man to expect everything from his neighbours, or from an omnipotent abstraction he calls the state. It is a difference of some importance, because all these schemes for the renovation of society do, in fact, end in a sort of moral or immoral preachment.

When we have said thus much, and added that M. Prudhon attacks the Communists, of all shades and descriptions, in a quite overwhelming manner, utterly crushing and annihilating them,—we have said the utmost that can be admitted, or devised, in praise of his work. It would require a much longer paragraph to exhaust all that might be justly said in its condemnation. It is strewn over, knee-deep, with metaphysical trash. It is steeped in atheism, or something worse, and infinitely more foolish; for there is a pretence of sustaining “the hypothesis” of a God, for no other ostensible reason than to provide an object for the blasphemy that follows. The rudest savages, in their first conception of a God, regard him as an enemy, and offer sacrifices to propitiate an unprovoked and wanton anger—the reflected image of their own wild passions. M. Prudhon’s philosophy has actually brought him, in one respect, back to the creed of the savages. He proves, by some insane process not worth following, that the Creator of man is essentially opposed to the progress of human society, and is to be utterly deserted, desecrated, defied. He does not, indeed, sacrifice, like the savage; he rather talks rebellion, like Satan. No one would believe, who had not read the book, with what a mixture of outrage and levity he speaks of the most sacred of all beings: it is the doctrine of the rebel-fiend taught with the gesticulation of a satyr.

We shall not quote a single passage to justify this censure, for the same reason that we should not extract the indecencies of a volume in order to prove the charge of obscenity. Why should the ear be wounded, or the mind soiled and disgusted, when no end is answered except the conviction of an offender who, utterly dead to shame, rejoices to see his impurities or impieties pitched abroad?

Notwithstanding that formidable appearance of metaphysics to which we have alluded—his Kant and his Hegel, his thesis, antithesis, and synthesis, and all his pretensions to extraordinary profundity—it so happens that the very first elements of that science of political economy, which he affects to look down upon as from a higher level, are often miserably misapprehended; or—what is certainly not more to his credit—they are thrown, for a season, into a wilful oblivion. If he is discoursing upon the division of labour, and its effect upon the remuneration of the workman, he ignores, for the time being, the manifest relation between population and wages, and represents the wages as decreasing only because the nature of the work required becomes more and more simple and mechanical. If he is discoursing upon population, and its pressure upon the means of subsistence, he can venture to forget the very laws of nature. “You state,” he says, “that population increases in a geometrical ratio—1, 2, 4, 8, 16; well, I will show that capital and wealth follow a law of progression more rapid still, of which each term may be considered as the square of the corresponding number of the geometrical series, as 1, 4, 16, 64, 256.”* Since all our wealth is derived originally from the soil, man must, therefore, have it in his power to increase the fertility of the soil according to the above ratio. It will be something new to our farmers to learn this.

In compensation, we presume, for this occasional oblivion of the truisms of political economy—truisms, in fact, of common sense—we have, here and there, strange and novel definitions and explanations, ushered in with that pomp which an egotistical Frenchman can alone display, and turning out to be as idle verbiage as was ever penned. Take, as the first specimen we can call to mind, the following definition of labour. We cannot attempt to translate it: the English language does not easily mould itself to nonsense of this sort:—“*Qu’est-ce donc que le travail? Nul encore ne l’a défini. Le travail est l’émission de l’esprit. Travailler, c’est dépenser*

* Vol. ii., p. 461.

sa vie ; travailler, en un mot, c'est se dévouer, c'est mourir. Que les utopistes ne nous parlent plus de dévouement : c'est le travail, exprimé et mesuré par ses œuvres."—(Vol. ii., p. 465.) Labour needed to be defined, it seemed ; and this is the definition, "L'émission de l'esprit !" And in play, then, as well as in work, is there no emission of the spirits, or mind, or life of the man? Did M. Prudhon never run a race, or handle a bat at cricket, or ride with the hounds? or can he not remember that such things *are*, though not in his philosophy? But dear, inexpressibly dear to M. Prudhon, is every idea of his own that savours of paradox ; and the more it violates common sense, the more tenderly he clings to it, cherishes, and vaunts it. This, doubtless, is one of his favourite children. His celebrated aphorism, "La Propriété c'est le vol,"—he contradicts it himself in every page of his writings, yet boasts and cherishes it as his greatest possession, and the most remarkable discovery of the age. "La définition de la propriété," he says, in answer to a sarcasm of M. Michelet, "est mienne, et toute mon ambition est de prouver que j'en ai compris le sens et l'étendue. *La propriété c'est le vol!* il ne se dit pas, en mille ans, deux mots comme celui-là. Je n'ai d'autre bien sur la terre que cette définition de la propriété : mais je la tiens plus précieuse que les millions des Rothschild, et j'ose dire qu'elle sera l'évènement le plus considérable du gouvernement de Louis-Philippe."—(Vol. ii., p. 328.)

Even in that tenebrous philosophy which he has imported from Germany, and which he teaches with such caustic condescension to the political economists, he is very much at fault. It is always, we know, an adventurous matter to accuse any one who deals in the idealistic metaphysics of modern Germany of obscurity, or of imperfect knowledge of the theories taught in his own school. The man has but to dive into deeper mud to escape from you. Follow him you assuredly cannot ; he is out of sight, and the thick sediment deters ; and thus, in the eyes of all who are not aware what the capture would cost to any hapless pursuer, the fugitive is

sure of his triumph. Nevertheless, we venture to assert that M. Prudhon is but a young, and a not very promising scholar in the philosophy of Kant and of Hegel. Two very manifest blunders it will be enough to indicate : he assimilates his *Contradictions Economiques* to the *Antinomies of the Pure Reason* developed by Kant ; and he confounds Kant with Hegel in a matter where they are widely opposed, and speaks as if the same law of contradiction were common to both.

After alluding to some of his own "contradictions," he says, "Tel est encore le problème de la divisibilité de la matière à l'infini, que Kant a démontré pouvoir être nié et affirmé, tour-à-tour, par des arguments également plausibles et irréfutables."—(Vol. i. p. 43.) It is the object of Kant, in one of the most striking portions of the *Critique of Pure Reason*, to show that, in certain problems, the mind is capable of being led with equal force of conviction to directly opposite conclusions. The pure reason, it seems, gets hold of the forms of the understanding, and can extract nothing from them but a series of antinomies, like that which M. Prudhon has alluded to, where the infinite divisibility of matter is both proved and disproved with equal success. Now what analogy is there between the contradictions which M. Prudhon can develop, in any one of our social laws, and the antinomies of Kant? In these last, two opposite conclusions of speculative reason are arrived at, which destroy each other ; in the *Contradictions Economiques*, the good and evil flowing from the same law may very easily co-exist. They affect different persons, or the same persons at different times. Free competition, for instance, in trade or manufacture, may be viewed on its bright side as the promoter of industry and invention ; on its dark side as the fomentor of strife, and the inflicter of injury on those who lose in the game of wealth. But the benefit and injury arising from this source do not destroy each other, like the yes and no of an abstract proposition ; they can be balanced against each other ; they co-exist, and, for aught we see, will eternally co-exist. Let them be as strikingly

opposed as you will, they can have nothing in common with the antinomies of Kant. M. Prudhon proves that there is darkness and brightness scattered over the surface of society: he does not prove that the same spot, at the same moment, is both black and white.

From Kant he slides to Hegel, as if their tenets on this subject at all resembled each other. Kant saw in his contradictions an arrest of the reason, Hegel the very principle and condition of all thought. Thought involves contradictions. In the simplest idea, that of being, is involved the idea of no-being; neither can we think of no-being without having the idea of being. Now as *thought* and *thing* are identical in the absolute, (this every one knows,) whatever may be said of the thought may be said of the thing, and hence the celebrated formula, Being = no being—*sein* = *nicht sein*—something and nothing are identical.

As thought and thing are identical in the absolute, logic is a creation and creation is a logic; thus the metaphysics of Hegel became a cosmogony in which all things proceed according to the laws of thought, and are therefore developed in a series of contradictions. Now let M. Prudhon be as thorough master of the Hegelian logic, or the Hegelian cosmogony, as he desires to be esteemed, how, in the name of common sense, can he hope to clear up the difficulties of political economy by mixing them with a philosophy like this? How will his thesis and his antithesis help us to adjust the claims between labour and capital? If he has any adjustment to propose—if he has found what he calls his synthesis—let us hear it. If the synthesis is only to be developed in those future evolutions of time, which neither he nor we can divine, of what use all this angry exposition of the inevitable *Contradictions* that mark and constitute the progress of humanity?

Enough of these metaphysics. It was necessary to say this much of the peculiar form into which M. Prudhon has chosen to cast his thoughts; but there will be no occasion to allude to it again. Whatever there is of truth or significance in his work, may easily be transferred into a language familiar and intelligible to all.

We have eaten, says one, of the forbidden fruit of the tree of the knowledge of good and evil, and the taste of them has been thenceforth invariably blended together. There is a law of compensation—thus another expresses it—throughout the world, both moral and physical, by which every evil is balanced by its good, and every good by its besetting evil. Humanity, says a third, progresses without doubt, and obtains at each stage a fuller and a higher life; but there is an original proportion of misery in its lot, from which there is no escape: this also swells and darkens as we rise. To use the language of chemistry, you may increase the volume of this ambient life we breathe, but still, to every one-hundred part of vital air there shall be added twenty-five of mephitic vapour. All these are different modes of expressing the homely truth, that a shadow of evil falls even from the best of things; and it is this truth which is really developed in the *Contradictions Economiques*.

It is a truth which, at times, it may be very needful fully to recognise. When men of sincere convictions are found agitating society for some organic change, their errors may be always traced to an over-sanguine and one-sided view of the capabilities of man for happiness. The conservative and the movement parties, philosophically considered, may be described as branching out of different opinions on the probable or possible progress of society. The philosophical conservative has accepted humanity as it is—as, in its great features, it is exhibited throughout all regions of the earth, and in the page of history: he hails with welcome every addition to human happiness; he believes in progress, he derides the notion of perfectibility, —it is a word he cannot use; he recognises much happiness coming in to mankind from many and various sources, but still believes that man will never find himself so content on earth as to cease looking forward for the complement and perfection of his felicity to another world. The philosopher of the movement party has made a sort of religion of his hopes of humanity: he conceives some ideal state, and anticipates its development

here; he dismantles heaven and immortality to furnish out his masquerade on earth; or, with still vagner notions, he rushes forward upon reforms that imply, for their justification, the existence of what never yet was seen—a temperate and enlightened multitude.

It follows that the conservative has allotted to him the ungracious and invidious task of discouraging the hopes of a too eager philanthropy; he is compelled to show, of certain evils, that they are constantly to be contended against, but never can be eradicated. Society has been often compared to a pyramid; its broad basis on the earth, and towering high or not, according as circumstances were propitious to its formation; but always the broad basis lying on the earth. He accepts the ancient simile; he recognises the unalterable pyramid. Without aid of priest or legislator, society assumes this form; it crystallises thus; higher and higher, broader and broader, it rises, and extends, but still the lowest stratum is lying close upon the earth. Will you disguise the fact? It is fruitless, and the falsehood only recoils upon yourself, rendering what truth you utter weak and suspicious. Will you strive to make the pyramid stand upon its apex? It will *not* stand; and what god or giant have you to hold it there? Or will you join the madman, who, because the lowest stratum cannot be made the highest, nor any other but the lowest, would level the whole pyramid to the ground, and make every part touch the earth? No; you will do all in your power for that lowest stratum, but you will not consent that, because all cannot be cultivated and refined, no one shall have a chance of becoming so. You accept the pyramid.

When M. Prudhon criticises the laws which preside over the production and distribution of wealth, and shows their twofold and antagonistic influence, he is but illustrating the inevitable formation of our pyramid. Let us follow him in a few instances.

The Division of Labour.—This is the first topic on which our author decants—the first of our economic laws in which he finds his contradictions—his two poles of good and evil. On the advantages of the division of

labour, we have but to call to mind the earlier chapters of Adam Smith, wherein these are so truthfully and vividly described. Indeed, the least reflection is sufficient to show that, if each man undertook by his own labour to provide for all his wants, it would be impossible for society to advance beyond the very rudest form of existence. One man must be tailor, another shoemaker, another agriculturist, another artist; and these trades or occupations, to be brought to perfection, must again be subdivided into different departments of industry—and one man makes the coat, and another weaves the cloth, one man makes the shoe, and another dresses the leather. It is needless to say that these departments are again divided into an almost infinite number of separate occupations; till, at length, we find that a man employs his whole day in turning one thread over another, or in manufacturing the eighteenth part of a pin.

But now, no sooner does this division of employments obtain in society, than our pyramid begins to form. The man of manual labour rests still at the basis; he of superior skill, the artist, or the intellectual workman, rises permanently above him. The more minute this division of labour, the more simple and mechanical becomes the labour of the artisan; the education he receives from his employment becomes more and more limited; he is wanted for so little; he is esteemed, and, if other circumstances permit, remunerated accordingly.

“Although,” says the celebrated economist, J. B. Say, “a man who performs one operation all his life comes to execute it better and more rapidly than any other man, yet at the same time he grows less capable of every other occupation, physical and moral; his other faculties are extinguished, and there results a degradation to the human being considered individually. It is a sad account to give of one’s-self to have accomplished nothing but the eighteenth part of a pin. . . . In conclusion, it may be said that the separation of labours is a skillful employment of the force of man—that it increases prodigiously the products of society—but it destroys something of the capacity of the individual man.”

That this inevitable division and subdivision of labour gives rise to, and renders permanent, the distinction of classes in a community, is clear enough. But we do not agree with M. Say, and other economists, in representing that minute subdivision of labour which accompanies a very advanced state of civilisation, as peculiarly injurious to the workman. That degradation of the artisan, which might ensue from the monotony and triviality of his employment, is counteracted by that variety of interests which spring up in a civilised community. This eighteenth part of a pin is not all that educates or engages his mind. He is not a solitary workman. His file and his wire are not his sole companions. He has the gossip of his neighbourhood, the politics of his parish, of his town, of his country—whatever fills the columns of a newspaper, or gives topic of conversation to a populous city—he has, at least, all this for intellectual food. The man of handicraft is educated by the city he lives in, not by his handicraft; and the humblest artisan feels the influence of that higher civilisation from which he seems at first to be entirely shut out. Hodge the countryman, who can sow, and plough, and reap; who understands hedging and ditching, and the management of sheep; who is accomplished in all agricultural labours, ought to be, if his daily avocations alone decided the matter, infinitely superior to the village cobbler, who travels only from the sole to the upper leather, and who squats stitching all day long. But the cobbler is generally the more knowing, and certainly the more talkative man. Hodge himself is the first to recognise it; for he listens to him at the ale-house, which sometimes brings them together, as to an oracle of wisdom.

Machinery.—The benefit derived from machinery needs no explanation. The more simple order of machines, or instruments—as the plough, the axe, and the spindle—have never been otherwise considered than as precious gifts to human industry; and the more complicated machines, which have been invented in modern times, have no sooner established themselves, so to speak, in society—have no sooner, at the expense of some temporary evils, secured themselves a quiet recognised

position—than they, too, have been welcomed in the same character as signal aids to human industry. But while the machine has added immensely to the products of labour, it has done nothing to diminish the class of manual labours. It has done nothing, nor does it seem probable that it will ever effect anything, towards rendering that class less requisite or less numerous. On the contrary, it has always, hitherto, multiplied that class. The machine will not go of itself, will not manufacture itself, nor keep itself in repair. The human labourer becomes the slave of the machine. He created it for his service, and it serves him, but on condition only that he binds himself to a reciprocal bondage. You spin by a steam-engine, and some complicated system of reels and pulleys, but the human finger is not spared—the human volition is still wanted. To manufacture this machine, to tend it, to govern it—in short, to use it—far more manual labour is called into requisition than ever turned the simple spinning-wheel, or teased the flax from the distaff. You have more garments woven, but the better clad are not exactly those who weave them. The machine has called into existence, for its own service, an immense population, ill fed and ill clothed. Our pyramid is extending at the basis: as it rises higher it is growing broader.

Money—Capital.—We class these together because they are intimately connected. Capital is not money, but there would have been little accumulation of capital but for the use of money.

The youthful student of political economy meets with no chapter in his books of science so amusing, and so thoroughly convincing, as that which shows him the utility of money, and the reasons which have led almost all nations to prefer the precious metals for their instruments of exchange. Without some such instrument, what is to be done? A man has made a hat, and wants a pound of butter. He cannot divide his hat: what would be half a hat? Besides, the man who has the butter does not want the hat. But the precious metals come in marvellously to his aid. They are divisible into the smallest portions; they are durable, will not spoil by keeping;

they are of steady value, and will not much depreciate: if the man of butter does not want them, he can always find somebody that does; no fear but that they will easily pass from hand to hand, as each one wishes to barter them for whatever he may want.

It is generally said, that it is the steadiness of their value that constituted one chief reason for the selection of gold and silver for the purposes of money. This is undoubtedly true; but it is also true (and we do not remember to have heard this previously remarked) that the use of the precious metals for money has tended to preserve and perpetuate that steadiness of value. Had gold and silver remained as simple articles of merchandise, they would probably have suffered considerable fluctuations in their value from the caprice of fashion and the altered taste of society. In themselves, they were chiefly articles of luxury; the employment of them for money made them objects of indispensable utility.

Money there must be. Yet mark how its introduction tends to destroy equality, to favour accumulation, to raise the hill and sink the valley. If men bartered article against article, they would generally barter in order to consume. But when one of them barter for gold, he can lay it by; he can postpone at his pleasure the period of consumption; he can postpone it for the benefit of his issue. The piece of gold was bought originally with the sweat of his brow; who shall say that a year, ten years, fifty years hence, he may not traffic it again for the sweat of the brow? The pieces of gold accumulate, his children possess them, and now a generation appears on the face of the earth who have not toiled, who do not toil all their lives, who are sustained in virtue of the labours of their ancestor. Their fathers saved, and they enjoy; or they employ a part of the accumulation in the purchase of the labour of others, by which means their riches still further increase. The pyramid rises. But the descendants of those fathers who had consumed the product of their labour, they bring no postponed claim into the market. These are they who must sell their labour. They must work for the children of those who had saved. Our

pyramid broadens at the base. This perpetual value given to money has enabled the man of one generation to tax all ensuing generations with the support of his offspring. Hence much good; for hence the leisure that permits the cultivation of the mind, that fosters art, and refinement, and reflection: we have to notice here only how inevitably it builds the pyramid.

And now two classes are formed, distinct and far asunder—the capitalist, and he who works for wages. Comes the social reformer, and he would restore the equality between them. But how? We will fuse, says one, the two classes together: they shall carry on their manufacture in a joint partnership: all shall be partners—all shall be workmen. But even M. Prudhon will tell us that, if the profits of the great capitalist were divided equally amongst all the artisans he employs, each one would find his gains increased by a very little; and it is morally certain that profits equal to those he had obtained would never accrue from a partnership of many hundreds of workmen. The wealth of the country would, therefore, be put in jeopardy, and all the course of its industry and property deranged, for no end whatever. At all events, exclaims another, we will reduce the inequality which we cannot expunge, and put down the enormous and tyrannical capitalist: we will have a law limiting the fortune of each individual to so many hundreds or thousands; or, if we allow a man to earn and appropriate unlimited wealth, we will take care that it shall be dispersed at his death,—not even to his son shall he be permitted to bequeath more than a certain sum. But all schemes of this kind can tend only to equalise the fortunes of the first class—those who employ labour; they do not affect, in the least, the condition of the second class—the employed. These will not obtain better wages from smaller capitalists than from larger. A third—it is M. Prudhon himself—will have a new law of value established, and a new law of property. It is labour only that shall give title to property, and the exchangeable value of every article shall be regulated according to the labour it may be said to contain:

propositions, however, which do not help us in the least degree, for capital is itself the produce of labour; its claims, therefore, are legitimate; and the very problem given is to arbitrate between the claims of capital and labour.

Rent and Property in Land.—This is the last topic we shall mention. The absolute necessity of property in land, in order that the soil should be cultivated, (that is, under any condition in which humanity has hitherto presented itself,) is a palpable truism. Yet property in land leads to the exaction of rent—leads to the same division which we have seen marked out by so many laws between two classes of society—those who may enjoy leisure, and those who must submit to labour; classes which are generally distinguished as the rich and poor, never, we may observe in passing, as the happy and unhappy, for leisure may be as great a curse as labour.

It is true that large estates in land exist before corresponding accumulations of capital have been made in commerce, for land is often seized by the mere right of conquest; but still these large possessions would certainly arise as a nation increased its wealth. The man who has cultivated land successfully will add field to field; and he who has gained a large sum of money by commerce, or manufacture, will purchase land with it. The fact therefore, that, in the early period of a nation's history, the soil has been usurped by conquest, or by the sheer right of the strongest, interferes not at all with the real nature of that property; as, independently of this accident of conquest, land would have become portioned in the same unequal manner by the operation of purely economical causes. Just in the same way, the fact that warlike nations have subjected their captives to slavery—imposed the labours of life on slaves—cannot be said to have had any influence in originating the existence, at the present time, of a class of working people.

Thus every law of political economy, having, as it were, its two poles, upwards and downwards, helps to erect our pyramid. Religion, education, charity, permeate the whole mass, and labour to rectify the apparent

injustice of fortune. Admirable is their influence: but yet we cannot build on any other model than this.

“Nay, but we can!” exclaim the Communists; and forthwith they project a complete demolition of the old pyramid, and the erection of a series of parallelogram palaces, all level with the earth, and palace every inch of them.

We have said that M. Prudhon is a formidable adversary of these Communists—the more formidable for the having himself no great attachment to “things as they are.” His exposition of the manifold absurdities and self-contradictions into which they fall, may possibly render good service to his countrymen. Especially we were glad to see, that on the subject of marriage he is quite sound. No one could more distinctly perceive, or more forcibly state, the intimate connexion that lies between property and marriage. “Mais, c'est surtout dans la famille que se découvre le sens profond de la propriété. La famille et la propriété marchent de front, appuyées l'une sur l'autre, n'ayant l'une et l'autre de signification, et de valeur, que par le rapport qui les unit. Avec la propriété commence le rôle de la femme. Le ménage—cette chose toute idéale, et que l'on s'efforce en vain de rendre ridicule—le ménage est le royaume de la femme, le monument de la famille. Otez le ménage, otez cette pierre du foyer, centre d'attraction des époux, il reste des couples, il n'y a plus de familles.”—(Vol. ii. 253.)

In this country, happily, it would be superfluous—a mere slaying of the slain—to expose the folly of these Utopias. Utopias indeed!—that would deprive men of personal liberty, of domestic affection, of everything that is most valued in life, to shut them up in a strange building which is to be palace, prison, and workhouse, all in one; which must have a good deal of the workhouse, if it has anything of the palace, and will probably have more of the prison in it than either.

Briefly, the case may be stated thus:—The cost of such a community would be liberty, marriage, enterprise, hope, and generosity—for, under such an institution, what could any man have to give or receive? The gain would be

task-work for all, board and lodging for all, and a shameless sensuality; the working-bell, the dinner-bell, and the curfew. It would be a sacrifice of all that is high, ennobling, and spiritual, to all that is material, animal, and vile.

But if men think otherwise of the fraternal community—if they think that, because philanthropy presides, or seems to preside, over its formation, that therefore philanthropy will continue to animate all its daily functions—why do they not voluntarily unite and form this community? They are fond of quoting the example of the early Christians; these were really under the influence of a fraternal sentiment, and acted on it: let them do likewise, there is nothing to prevent them. But no: the French Socialist sees in imagination a whole state working for him; he has no idea of commencing by practising the stern virtues of industry, and abstinence, and fortitude. His mode of thinking is this—a certain being called Society is to do everything for him—at the cost, perhaps, of some slight service rendered upon his part. If he is poor, it is society that keeps him so; if he is vicious, it is society that makes him so—upon society rest all our crimes, and devolve all our duties.

There lies the great mischief of promulgating these impracticable theories of Communism. All is taught as being done for the individual. The egregious error is committed of trusting all to a certain organisation of society, which is to be a substitute for the moral efforts of individual man. Patience, fortitude, self-sacrifice, a high sense of imperative duty, are supposed to be rendered unnecessary in a scheme of things which, if it were possible, would require these virtues in a pre-eminent degree. The virtuous enthusiast would find himself, indeed, utterly mistaken—the stage which he thought prepared for the exhibition of the serenest virtues, would be a scene given up to mere animal life: but still, if he limited himself to the teaching of these virtues—of a godlike temperance, and a perpetual self-negation—it is not pro-

bable, indeed, that he would find many disciples; neither is it easy to see that any great mischief could ensue. Every community, where possessions have been in common, which has at all succeeded, has been sustained by religious zeal—the most potent of all sentiments, and one extraneous to the frame-work of society. French Communism is the product of idleness and sensuality, provoked into ferocity by commercial distress; clamouring for means of self-indulgence from the state, and prepared to extort its claim by any amount of massacre.

Thus we have shown that the work of M. Prudhon, with its *contradictions*, or laws of good and of evil, tends but to illustrate the inevitable rise and unalterable nature of our social pyramid. This was our object, and here must end our present labours on M. Prudhon. If our readers are disappointed that they have not heard more of his own schemes for the better construction of society—that they have not learned more of the mystery concealed under the famous paradox that has been blown about by all the winds of heaven—*la propriété c'est le vol!*—we can only say that we have not learned more ourselves. Moreover, we are fully persuaded he has nothing to teach. All his strength lies in exposing evils he cannot remedy, and destroying the schemes of greater quacks than himself. That property itself is not the subject of his attack, but the mode in which that property is determined, is all that we can gather. The value of every object of exchange is to be determined by the labour bestowed upon it; and the property in it, we presume, is to be decreed to him whose labour has been bestowed. But capital has been justly defined as accumulated labour; he who supplies capital supplies labour. We are brought back, therefore, to the old difficulty of adjusting (by any other standard than the relative proportion which capital and labour bear at any time in the market) the claims of capital and labour. Any such equitable adjustment, by a legislative interference, we may safely pronounce to be impossible.

THE GREEN HAND.

A "SHORT" YARN.—PART II.

WE left the fore-castle group of the "Gloucester" disappointed by the abrupt departure of their story-teller, Old Jack, at so critical a thread of his yarn. As old Jacobs went aft on the quarter-deck, where the binnacle-lamp before her wheel was newly lighted, he looked in with a seaman's instinct upon the compass-boxes, to see how the ship headed; ere ascending to the poop, he bestowed an approving nod upon his friend the steersman, hitched up his trousers, wiped his mouth with the back of his hand in a proper deference to female society, and then proceeded to answer the captain's summons. The passengers, in a body, had left the grand cabin to the bustling steward and his boys, previously to assembling there again for tea—not even excepting the little coterie of inveterate whist-players, and the pairs of inseparable chess-men, to whom an Indian voyage is so appropriately the school for future nice practice in etiquette, war, and commerce. Everybody had at last got rid of sea-sickness, and mustered for a promenade; so that the lofty poop of the Indiaman, dusky as it was, and exposed to the breeze, fluttered with gay dresses like the midway battlement of a castle by the waves, upon which its inmates have stolen out from some hot festivity. But the long heave from below, raising her stern-end slowly against the western space of clear-obscure, in the manner characteristic of a sea abaft the beam, and rolling her to either hand, exhibited to the eyes on the fore-castle a sort of *allegro* relief of figures, amongst whom the male, in their blank attempts to appear nautical before the ladies, were distinguished from every other object by their variety of ridiculous postures. Under care of one or two bluff, good-humoured young mates—officers polished by previous opportunities of a kind unknown either to navy-men or mere "cargo-fenders," along with several roguish little quasi-midshipmen—the ladies were supported against the poop-rail, or seated on the after-gratings, where their contented de-

pendence not only saved them from the ludicrous failures of their fellow-passengers, but gained them, especially the young ones, the credit of being better sailors. An accompaniment was contributed to this lively exercise on the part of the gentlemen promenaders, which otherwise, in the glimmering sea-twilight, would have been striking in a different sense; by the efforts, namely, of a little band of amateur musicians under the break of the poop, who, with flute, clarionet, bugles, trombone, and violin, after sundry practisings by stealth, had for the first time assembled to play "Rule Britannia." What, indeed, with the occasional abrupt checks, wild flourishes, and fantastic variations caused by the ship's roll; and what with the attitudes overhead, of holding on refractory hats and caps, of intensely resisting and staggering legs, or of sudden pausing above the slope which one moment before was an ascent, there was additional force in the designation quaintly given to such an aspect of things by the fore-mast Jacks—that of "a cuddy jig." As the still-increasing motion, however, shook into side-places this central group of cadets, civilians, and planters adrift, the grander features of the scene predominated: the broad mass of the ship's hull—looming now across and now athwart the streak of sinking light behind—drawn out by the weltering outline of the waters; the entire length of her white decks, ever and anon exposed to view, with their parallel lines, their nautical appurtenances, the cluster of hardy men about the windlass, the two or three "old salts" rolling to and fro along the gangway, and the variety of forms blending into both railings of the poop. High out of, and over all, rose the lofty upper outline of the noble ship, stateriel and stateriel as the dusk closed in about her—the expanse of canvass whitening with sharper edge upon the gloom; the hauled-up clues of the main-course, with their huge blocks, swelling and lifting to the fair wind—and the breasts of the topsails divided by their tightened bunt-lines,

like the shape of some full-bosomed maiden, on which the reef-points heaved like silken fringes, as if three sisters, shadowy and goddess-like, trod in each other's steps towards the deeper solitude of the ocean; while the tall spars, the interlacing complicated tracery, and the dark top-hamper showing between, gave graceful unity to her figure; and her three white trucks, far overhead, kept describing a small clear arc upon the deep blue zenith as she rolled: the man at the wheel midway before the doors of the poop-cabin, with the light of the binnacle upon his broad throat and bearded chin, was looking aloft at a single star that had come out beyond the clue of the main-topsail.

The last stroke of “six bells” or seven o'clock, which had begun to be struck on the ship's bell when Old Jack broke off his story, still lingered on the ear as he brought up close to the starboard quarter-gallery, where a little green shed or pent-house afforded support and shelter to the ladies with the captain. The erect figure of the latter, as he lightly held one of his fair guests by the arm, while pointing out to her some object astern, still retained the attitude which had last caught the eyes of the fore-castle group. The musical cadets had just begun to pass from “Rule Britannia” to “Shades of Evening;” and the old sailor, with his glazed hat in his hand, stood waiting respectfully for the captain's notice. The ladies, however, were gazing intently down upon the vessel's wake, where the vast shapes of the waves now sank down into a hollow, now rose seething up into the rudder-trunk, but all marked throughout with one broad winding track, where the huge body of the ship had swiftly passed. From foaming whiteness it melted into yesty green, that became in the hollow a path of soft light, where the sparks mingled like golden seed; the wave-tops glimmered beyond: star-like figures floated up or sank in their long undulations; and the broad swell that heaped itself on a sudden under the mounting stern bore its bells, and bubbles, and flashes, upwards to the eye. When the ship rose high and steady upon it, and one saw down her massy taffrail, it looked to a terrestrial

eye rather like some mystic current issuing from the archway under a tall tower, whose foundations rocked and heaved: and so said the romantic girl beside the captain, shuddering at the vividness of an image which so incongruously brought together the fathomless deep and the distant shores of solid old England. The eye of the seaman, however, suggested to him an image more akin to the profession, as he directed his fair companion's attention to the trough of the ship's furrow, where, against the last low gleam of twilight, and by the luminous wake, could be seen a little flock of black petrels, apparently running along it to catch what the mighty plough-share had turned up; while a gray gull or two hovered aslant over them in the blue haze. As he looked round, too, to aloft, he exchanged glances with the old sailor who had listened—an expression which even the ladies understood. “Ah! Jacobs,”—said the captain, “get the lamp lighted in my cabin, and the tea-kettle aft. With the roll she has on her, 'twill be more ship-shape there than in the cuddy.” “Ay, ay, sir,” said the old seaman. “How does she head just now, Jacobs?” “Sou'-west and by south, sir.” “She'd lie easier for the ladies though,” said the captain, knowing his steward was a favourite with them, “were the wind a point or two less fair. Our old acquaintance Captain Williamson, of the Seringapatam now, Jacobs, old-fashioned as he was, would have braced in his leeyards only to steady a lady's tea-cup.” “Ay, your honour,” replied Jacobs, and his weather eye twinkled, “and washed the fok'sle under, too! But ye know, sir, he'd got a reg'lar-built Nabob aboard, and a beauty besides!” “Ah, Mr Jacobs!” exclaimed the romantic young lady, what was that? Is it one of your stories?” “Well, your ladyship, 'tis a bit of a yarn, no doubt, and some'at of a curious one.” “Oh!” said another of the captain's fair protégées, “I do love these ‘yarns,’ as you call them; they are so expressive, so—and all that sort of thing!” “Nonsense, my love,” said her mother; “you don't understand them, and 'tis better you should not,—they are low, and contain a great many bad words, I fear.” “But think of the ima-

gination, aunt," rejoined the other girl, "and the adventures! Oh, the ocean of all places for that! Were it not for seasickness, I should dote upon it! As for the *storm* just now, look how safe we are,—and see how the dear old ship rises up from the billows, with all her sails so delightfully mysterious one over another!" "Bless your heart, ma'r'm, yes," responded Old Jack, chuckling; "you talks just like a seaman, beggin' your pardon. As consarns the tea, sir, I make bould to expect the'll be a shift o' wind directly, and a slant deck, as soon as we get fair into the stream, rid o' this bit of a bubble the tail of it kicks up hereabouts." "Bear a hand, then, Jacobs," said the captain, "and see all right below for the party in the cabin,—we shall be down in a few minutes." The captain stood up on the quarter-gallery, to peer round into the dusk and watch the lifting of the main-royal; but the next minute he called to the ladies, and their next neighbours, to look towards the larboard bow, and see the moon rise. A long edge of gray haze lay around the eastern horizon, on which the dark rim of the sea was defined beyond the roll of the waves, as with the sweep of a soft brush dipped in indigo; while to westward it heaved up, weltering in its own watery light against the gloom. From behind this low fringe of vapour was silently diffusing, as it were, a pool of faint radiance, like a brook bubbling from under ice; a thread of silver ran along the line of haze, growing keener at one point, until the arch of the moon shot slowly up, broad and fair; the wave-heads rising between were crested here and there with light; the bow of the ship, the bellies of her fore-canvass, her bowsprit with the jibs hanging idly over it, and the figure-head beneath, were tinged by a gentle lustre, while the hollow shadows stole out behind. The distant horizon, meanwhile, still lay in an obscure streak, which blended into the dark side of the low fog-bank, so as to give sea and cloud united the momentary appearance of one of those long rollers that turn over on a beach, with their glittering crest: you would expect to see next instant what actually seemed to take place—the whole

outline plashing over in foam, and spreading itself clearly forward, as soon as the moon was free. With the airy space that flowed from her came out the whole eastern sea-board, liquid and distinct, as if beyond either bow of the lifting Indianan one sharp finger of a pair of compasses had flashed round, drawing a semicircle upon the dull background, still cloudy, glimmering, and obscure. From the waves that undulated towards her stern, the ship was apparently entering upon a smoother zone, where the small surges leapt up and danced in moonshine, resembling more the current of some estuary in a full tide. To north-westward, just on the skirts of the dark, one wing of a large, soft-gray vapour was newly smitten by the moon-gleam; and over against it on the south-east, where the long fog-bank sank away, there stretched an expanse of ocean which, on its farthest verge, gave out a tint of the most delicate opal blue. The ship, to the south-westward of the Azores, and going large before the trade-wind, was now passing into the great Gulf Stream which there runs to the south-east; even the passengers on deck were sensible of the rapid transition with which the lately cold breeze became warmer and fitful, and the motion of the vessel easier. They were surprised, on looking into the waves alongside, to perceive them struggling, as it were, under a trailing net-work of sea-weed; which, as far as one could distinctly see, appeared to keep down the masses of water like so much oil—flattening their crests, neutralising the force of the wind, and communicating a strangely sombre green to the heaving element. In the winding track of the ship's wake the eddies now absolutely blazed: the weeds she had crushed down rose to the surface again in gurgling circles of flame, and the showers of sparks came up seething on either side amongst the stalks and leaves: but as the moonlight grew more equally diffused it was evident she was only piercing an arm of that local weed-bed here formed, like an island, in the *bight* of the stream. Farther ahead were scattered patches and bunches of the true Florida Gulf-weed, white and moss-like; which, shining crisp in

the level moonlight, and tipping the surges as it floated past, gave them the aspect of hoary-bearded waves, or the garlanded horses of Neptune. The sight still detained the captain's party on deck, and some of the ladies innocently thought these phenomena indicative of the proximity of land.

"I have seldom seen the Stream so distinct hereabouts," said Captain Collins to his first officer, who stood near, having charge of the watch. "Nor I, sir," replied the chief mate; "but it no doubt narrows with different seasons. There goes a flap of the fore-topsail, though! The wind fails, sir." "'Tis only drawing ahead, I think," said the captain; "the stream sucks the wind with its heat, and we shall have it pretty near from due nor'-west immediately." "Shall we round in on the starboard hand, then, sir, and keep both wind and current aft?" "I think not, Mr Wood," said the captain. "'Twould give us a good three knots more every hour of the next twenty-four, sir," persisted the first officer eagerly—and chief mates generally confine their theories to mere immediate progress. "Yes," rejoined the captain, "but we should lose hold of the 'trade' on getting out of the stream again. I intend driving her across, with the nor'-wester on her starboard beam, so as to lie well up afterwards. Get the yards braced to larboard as you catch the breeze, Mr Wood, and make her course south-west by west." "Very well, sir." "Ladies," said the captain, "will you allow me to hand you below, where I fear Jacobs will be impatient with the tea?" "What a pity, Captain Collins," remarked the romantic Miss Alicia, looking up as they descended the companion—"what a pity that you cannot have that delicious moonlight to shine in at your cabin windows just now; the sailors yonder have it all to themselves." "There is no favour in these things at sea, Miss Alicia," said the captain, smiling. "Jack shares the chance there, at least, with his betters; but I can promise those who honour my poor suite this evening both fine moonshine and a steadier floor." On reaching the snug little after-cabin, with its swinging lamp and barometer, its side "state-room," seven feet long, and its two stern-

windows showing a dark glimpse of the rolling waters, they found the tea-things set, nautical style, on the hard-a-weather, boxed-up table—the surgeon and one or two elderly gentlemen waiting, and old Jacobs still trimming up the sperm-oil light. Mrs St Clair, presiding in virtue of relationship to their host, was still cautiously pouring out the requisite half-cups, when, above all the bustle and clatter in the cuddy, could be heard the sounds of ropes thrown down on deck, of the trampling watch, and the stentorian voice of the first officer. "Jacobs!" said the captain, a minute or two afterwards; and that worthy factotum instantly appeared from his pantry alongside of the door—from whence, by the way, the old seaman might be privy to the whole conversation—"stand by to *douse* the lamp when she heels," an order purposefully mysterious to all else but the doctor. Every one soon felt a change in the movement of their wave-borne habitation; the rolling lift of her stern ceased; those who were looking into their cups saw the tea apparently take a decided inclination to larboard—as the facetious doctor observed, a "tendency to *port*." The floor gradually sloped down to the same hand, and a long, wild, gurgling wash was suddenly heard to run careering past the timbers of the starboard side. "Dear me!" fervently exclaimed every lady at once; when the very next moment the lamp went out, and all was darkness. Captain Collins felt a little hand clutch his arm in nervous terror, but the fair owner of it said nothing; until, with still more startling effect than before, in a few seconds there shot through both stern-windows the full rays of the moon, pouring their radiance into the cabin, shining on the backs of the books in the hanging shelves by the bulkhead, on the faces of the party, and the bald forehead of old Jacobs "standing by" the lamp,—lastly, too, revealing the pretty little Alicia with her hand on the captain's arm, and her pale terrified face. "Don't be alarmed, ladies!" said the surgeon, "she's only hauled on the starboard tack!" "And her counter to the east," said the captain.

"But who the dev—old gentleman,

I mean—put out the lamp?" rejoined the doctor. "Ah,—I see sir!—'But when the moon, refulgent lamp of night.'" "Such a surprise!" exclaimed the ladies, laughing, although as much frightened for a moment by the magical illumination as by the previous circumstances. "You see," said the captain, "we are not like a house,—we can bring round our scenery to any window we choose." "Very prettily imagined it was, too, I declare!" observed a stout old Bombay officer, "and a fine compliment to the ladies, by Jove, sir!" "If we had any of your pompous Bengal 'Quy hies' here though, colonel," said the doctor, "they wouldn't stand being choused so unceremoniously out of the weather-side, I suspect." "As to the agreeable little surprise I meant for the ladies," said Captain Collins, "I fear it was done awkwardly, never having commanded an *Indiaman* before, and laid up ashore this half-a-dozen years. But one's old feelings get freshened up, and without knowing the old Gloucester's points, I can't help reckoning her as a lady too,—a very particular old 'Begum,' that won't let any one else be humoured before herself,—especially as I took charge of her to oblige a friend." "How easily she goes now!" said the doctor, "and a gallant sight at this moment, I assure you, to any one who chooses to put his head up the companion." "Ah, mamma!" said one of the girls, "couldn't you almost think this was our own little parlour at home, with the moonlight coming through the window on both sides of the old elm, where we were sitting a month ago hearing about India and papa?"

"Ah!" responded her cousin, standing up, "but there was no track of moonshine dancing beyond the track of the ship yonder! How blue the water is, and how much warmer it has grown of a sudden!"

"We are crossing the great Gulf Stream!" said the captain,—"Jacobs! open one of the stern-ports." "'Tis the very place and time, this is," remarked a good-humoured cotton-grower from the Deckan, "for one of the colonel's tiger-hunts, now!" "Sir!" answered

the old officer, rather testily, "I am not accustomed to thrust my *tiger-hunts*, as you choose to call my humble experiences, under people's noses!" "Certainly not, my dear sir," said the planter,—"but what do you say, ladies, to one of the captain's sea-yarns, then? Nothing better, I'm sure, here and now, sir—eh?" Captain Collins smiled, and said he had never spun a yarn in his life, except when a boy, out of matter-of-fact old junk and tar. "Here is my steward, however," continued he, "who is the best hand at it I know,—and I daresay he'll give you one." "Charming!" exclaimed the young ladies; and "What was that adventure, Mr Jacobs," said Miss Alicia, "with a beauty and a Nabob in it, that you alluded to a short time ago?" "I didn't to say disactly include upon it, your ladyship," replied old Jacobs, with a tug of his hair, and a bow not just à *la maître*; "but the captain can give you it better nor I can, seeing as his honour were the Nero on it, as one may say." "Oh!" said the surgeon, rubbing his hands "a lady and a rupee-eater in the case!" "Curious stories, there *are*, too," remarked the colonel, "of those serpents of nautch-girls, and rich fools they've managed to entangle. As for beauty, sir, they have the devil's, and they'd melt the 'Honourable John's' own revenue! I know a very sensible man,—shan't mention his name,—but made of rupees, and a regular *beebee-hater*,—saw one of these—" "Hush, hush, my dear sir!" interrupted the planter, winking and gesticulating; "very good for the weather poop,—but presence of ladies!"—"For which I'm not fit, you'd say, sir?" inquired the colonel, firing up again. "Oh! oh! you know, colonel!" said the unlucky planter, deprecatingly. "But a *godown** of best 'Banda' to a cowrie now, the sailor makes his beauty a complete Nourmahal, with rose-lips and moon-eyes,—and his Nabob a *jehan punneh*,† with a *crore*, besides diamonds. 'Twould be worth hearing, especially from a lascar. For, 'twixt you and I, colonel, we know how rare it is to hear of a man who saves his *lac*, now-a-days, with Yankees in the market, no Nawaubs to fight, and

* Cellar for goods.

† Asylum of the world.

reform in *cutcheries**! "There seems something curious about this said adventure of yours, my dear captain," said Mrs St Clair, archly,—“and a Beauty too! It makes me positively inquisitive, but I hope your fair lady has heard the story?” “Why, not exactly, ma'am,” replied Captain Collins, laughing as he caught the doctor looking preternaturally solemn, after a sly lee-wink to the colonel; who, having his back to the moonlight, stretched out his legs and indulged in a grim, silent chuckle, until his royal-tiger countenance was unhappily brought so far *flush*† in the rays as to betray a singular daguerreotype, resembling one of those cut-paper phantasmagoria thrown on a drawing-room wall, unmistakably black and white, and in the character of Malicious Watchfulness. The rubicund, fidgety little cotton-grower twiddled his thumbs, and looked modestly down on the deck, with half-shut eyes, as if expecting some bold revelation of nautical depravity; while the romantic Miss Alicia coloured and was silent. “However,” said the captain, coolly, “it is no matrimonial secret, at any rate! We both think of it when we read the Church Service of a Sunday night at home, with Jacobs for the clerk.” “Do, Mr Jacobs, oblige us!” requested the younger of the girls. “Well, Miss,” said he, smoothing down his hair in the door-way, and hemming, “Tan't neither for the likes o' me to refuse a lady, nor accordin' to rules for to give such a yarn in presence of a superior officer, much less the captain,—with a midship helm, ye know marm, ye can't haul upon one tack nor the other. Not to say but next forenoon watch——” “I see, Jacobs, my man,” interrupted Captain Collins, “there's nothing for it but to fore-reach upon you, or else you'll be 'Green-Handing' me aft as well as forward; so I must just make the best of it, and take the *wisch*‡ in my own fashion at once!” “Ay, ay, sir—ay, ay, your honour!” said Old Jack demurely, and concealing his gratification as he turned off into the pantry, with the idea of for the first time hearing the captain

relate the incidents in question. “My old shipmate,” said the latter, “is so fond of having trained his future captain, that it is his utmost delight to spin out everything we ever met with together into one endless yarn, which would go on from our first acquaintance to the present day, although no ship's company ever heard the last of it. Without falling knowingly to leeward of the truth, he makes out every lucky coincidence, almost, to have been a feat of mine, and puts in little fancies of his own, so as to give the whole thing more and more of a marvellous air, the farther it goes. The most amusing thing is, that he almost always begins each time, I believe, at the very beginning, like a capstan without a paul—sticking in one thing he had forgot before, and forgetting another; sometimes dwelling longer on one part—a good deal like a ship making the same voyages over again. I knew, now, this evening, when I heard the men laughing, and saw Old Jack on the fore-castle, what must be in the wind. However, we have shared so many chances, and I respect the old man so much, not to speak of his having dandled my little girls on his knee, and being butler, steward, and flower-gardener at home, that I can't really be angry at him, in spite of the sort of every man's rope he makes of me!” “How very amusing a character he is!” said one young lady. “A thought too tarry, perhaps?” suggested the surgeon. “So very original and like a-seaman!” remarked Miss Alicia, quietly, but as if some other word that crossed her mind had been rejected, as descriptive of a different variety, probably higher. “Original, by Jove!” exclaimed the colonel; “if my *Khansaman*, or my *Abdar*‡ were to make such a dancing dervish and *tumasha* § of me behind back, by the holy Vishnu, sir, I'd rattan him myself within an inch of his life!” “Not an unlikely thing, colonel,” put in the planter; “I've caught the scoundrels at that trick before now.” “What did you do?” inquired the colonel, speculatively. “Couldn't help laughing, for

* District judicial courts. † *Flush*—i. e., level. ‡ Steward and Butler. § Sport.
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my soul, sir; the *puckree bund** rascals did it so well, and so funnily!" The irascible East-Indian almost started up in his imaginative fury, to call for his palkee, and chastise his whole verandah, when the doctor reminded him it was a long way there. "Glorious East!" exclaimed the medico, looking out astern, "where we may cane our footmen, and whence, meanwhile, we can derive such Sanscrit-sounding adjurations, with such fine moonlight!"

The presence of the first officer was now added to the party, who came down for a cup of tea, fresh from duty, and flavouring strongly of a pilot cheroot. "How does she head, Mr Wood?" asked the captain. "Sou'-west by west, sir,—a splendid night, under everything that will draw,—spray up to the starboard cat-head!"

"But as to this story, again, Captain Collins?" said Mrs St Clair, as soon as she had poured out the chief mate's cup. "Well," said the captain, "if you choose to listen till bedtime to a plain draught of the affair, why I suppose I must tell it you; and what remains then may stand over till next fine night. It *may* look a little romantic, being in the days when most people are such themselves; but at any rate, we sailors—or else we should never have been at sea, you know: and so you'll allow for that, and a spice to boot of what we used to call at sea 'love-making;' happily there were no soft speeches in it, like those in books, for then I shouldn't tell it at all.

By the time I was twenty-four, I had been nine years at sea, and, at the end of the war, was third lieutenant of a crack twenty-eight, the saucy *Iris*—as perfect a sleep-model, though over-sparred certainly, as ever was eased off the ways at Chatham, or careened to a north-easter. The Admiralty had learnt to build by that day, and a glorious ship she was, *made* for going after the small fry of privateers, pirates, and slavers, that swarmed about the time. Though I had roughed it in all sorts of craft, from a first-rate to a dirty French lugger prize, and had been eastward, so as to see the sea in its pride at the

Pacific, yet the feeling you have depends on the kind of ship you are in. I never knew so well what it was to be fond of a ship and the sea; and when I heard of the poor *Iris*, that had never been used to anything but blue water on three parts of the horizon at least, laying her bones not long after near Wicklow Head, I couldn't help a gulp in the throat. I once dreamt I had gone down in her, and risen again to the surface with the *loss of something* in my brain; while, at the same moment, there I was, still sitting below on a locker in the wardroom, with the arms of her beautiful figure-head round me, and her mermaid's tail like the best-bower cable, with an anchor at the end of it far away out of soundings, over which I bobbed and dipped for years and years, in all weathers, like a buoy. We had no Mediterranean time of it, though, in the *Iris*, off the Guinea coast, from Cape Palmas to Cape Negro: looking out to windward for white squalls, and to leeward for black ones, and inshore for Spanish cattle-dealers, as we called them, had made us all as sharp as so many marlin-spikes; and our captain was a man that taught us seamanship, with a trick or two beyond. The slavers had not got to be so clever then, either, with their schooners and clippers; they built for stowage, and took the chance, so that we sent in *bale* after bale to the West India Admiral, made money, and enjoyed ourselves now and then at the Cape de Verds. However, this kind of thing was so popular at home, as pickings after the great haul was over, that the *Iris* had to give up her station to a post-frigate, and be paid off. The war was over, and nobody could expect to be promoted without a friend near the blue table-cloth, although a quiet hint to a secretary's palm would work wonders, if strong enough. But most of such lucky fellows as ourselves dissipated their funds in blazing away at balls and parties, where the gold band was everything, and the ladies wore blue ribbons and anchor brooches in honour of the navy. The man spent everything in a fortnight, even to their clothes, and had little

* Turban-wearing.

more chance of eating the king's biscuit with hopes of prize-money; I used to see knots of them, in red shirts and dirty slops, amongst the foremast Jacks in outwardbound ships, dropping past Greenwich, and waving their hats to the Hospital. You knew them at once by one of them giving the song for the topsail halliards, instead of the merchantmen's bull's chorus: indeed, I could always pick off the dashing man-o-war's men, by face and eye alone, out from among the others, who looked as sober and solitary, with their serious faces and way of going about a thing, as if every one of them was the whole crew. I once read a bit of poetry called the "Ancient Mariner," to old Jacobs, who by the bye is something of a breed betwixt the two kinds, and his remark was—"That old chap warn't used to hoisting all together with a run, your honour! By his looks, I'd say he was bred where there was few in a watch, and the watch-tackle laid out pretty often for an eke to drag down the fore-tack."

As I was riding down to Croydon in Surrey, where my mother and sister had gone to live, I fell in with a sample of the hard shifts the man-o-war's-men were put to in getting across from harbour to some merchant port, when all their earnings were chucked away. It was at a little town called Bromley, where I brought to by the door of a tavern and had a drink for the horse, with a bottle of cider for myself at the open window, the afternoon being hot. There was a crowd of townspeople at the other end of the street, country bumpkins and boys—women looking out at the windows, dogs barking, and children shouting—the whole concern bearing down upon us.

"What's all this?" said I to the ostler.

"Don't know, sir," said he, scratching his head; "'tis very hodd, sir! That corner is rather a sharp turn for the coach, sir, and she do sometimes run over a child there, or somethink. But 'taint her time yet! Nothink else hever 'appens 'ere, sir."

As soon as I could hear or see distinctly for the confusion, I observed the magnet of it to be a party of five or six regular blue-jackets, a good deal

battered in their rig, who were roaring out sea-songs in grand style as they came along, leading what I thought at first was a bear. The chief words I heard were what I knew well. "We'll disregard their tommy-hawks, likewise their scalping-knives—and fight alongside of our mates to save our precious lives—like British tars and souldiers in the North Americey!"

On getting abreast of the inn-door, and finding an offing with good holding-ground, I suppose, they hove to and struck up the "Buffalo," that finest of chaunts for the weather forecastle with a spanking breeze, outward bound, and the pilot lately dropped—

"Come all you young men and maidens, that
wishes for to sail,

And I will let you hear of where you must
a-ream!

We'll embark into a ship which her taups'ls
is let fall,

And all unto an fleyand where we never will
go home!

Especiallye you ladies that's inclined fer to
rove—

There's fishes in the sea, my love—likewise the
buck an' doe,

We'll lie down—on the banks—of you pleas-
ant shadee gro-ove,

Through the wild woods we'll wander and
we'll chase the Buffalo—ho—ho—we'll

Chase the Buffalo!

I really couldn't help laughing to see the slapping big-bearded fellows, like so many foretopmen, showing off in this manner—one mahogany-faced thorough-bred leading, the rest thundering in at the chorus, with tremendous stress on the 'Lo—ho—ho,' that made the good Bremley folks gape.

As to singing for moneys, however, I knew no true tar with his members whole would do it; and I supposed it to be merely some 'apree ashore,' until the curious-looking object from behind was lugged forward by a couple of ropes, proving to be a human figure about six feet high, with a rough canvass cover as far as the knees.

What with three holes at the face, and the strange colour of the legs, which were bare—with the pair of turned-up India shoes, and the whole shape like a walking smoke-funnel over a ship's caboose—I was puzzled what they would be at. The leading tar immediately took off his hat, waved it round for a clear space, and gave a hem while he painted to the mysterious creature. "Now, my lads!" said he,

"this here wonderful bein' is a savitch we brought aboard of us from the Andymen Isles, where he was caught one mornin' paddling round the ship in a canoe made out of the bark of a sartain tree. Bein' the ownly spice of the sort brought to this country as yet is, and we havin' run short of the needful to take us to the next port, we expects every lady and gemman as has the wherewithal, will give us a lift, by consideration of this same curious sight, and doesn't ——"

"Heave ahead, Tom, lad!" said another encouragingly, as the sailor brought up fairly out of breath.— "Doesn't want no man's money for nou't, d'ye see, but all fair an' above board. We're not agoin' to show this here sight excep' you makes up half-a-guinea amongst 'em—arter that, all hands may see shot-free—them's the articles!" "Ay, ay, Tom, well said, old ship!" observed the rest; and, after a considerable clinking of coin amongst the crowd, the required sum was poured, in pence and sixpences, into Tom's hat. "All right!" said he, as soon as he had counted it,— "hoist away the tarpaulin, mates!" For my part, I was rather surprised at the rare appearance of this said savage, when his cover was off—his legs and arms naked, his face streaked with yellow, and both parts the colour of red boom-varnish; his red hair done up in a tuft, with feathers all round it, and a bright feather-tippet over his shoulders, as he stood, six feet in his yellow slippers, and looking sulkily enough at the people. "Bobbery puckalow!" said the nautical head-showman, and all at once up jumped the Andaman islander, dancing furiously, holding a little Indian *punkah* over his head, and flourishing with the other hand what reminded me strongly of a ship's top-maul—shouting "Goor—goor—gooree!" while two of the sailors held on by the ropes. The crowd made plenty of room, and Tom proceeded to explain to them very civilly, that "in them parts 'twas so hot the natives wouldn't fight, save under a portable awning." Having exhibited the points of their extraordinary savage, he was calmed again by another uncouth word of command, when the man-o'-war's-

man attempted a further *traverse* on the good Bromley folks, for which I gave him great credit. "Now, my lads and lasses," said he, taking off his hat again, "I s'pose you're all British subjects and Englishmen!" at which there was a murmur of applause. "Very good, mates all!" continued the foretopman approvingly.— "Then, in course, ye knows as how whatsoever touches British ground is *free!*" "Britons never, never shall be slaves!" sung out a boy, and the screaming and hurraing was universal. Tom stuck his tongue in his cheek to his messmates, and went on,— "Though we was all pressed ourselves, and has knocked about in sarvice of our king and country, an' bein' poor men, we honours the flag, my lads!" "Hoorah! hoorah! hoor-ray!" "So you see, gemmen, my shipmates an' me has come to the resolve of lettin' this here wild savidge go free into the woods,—though, bein' poor men, d'ye see, we hopes ye'll make it up to us a bit first! What d'ye say, all hands?—slump together for the other guinea, will ye, and off he goes this minute,—and d—— the odds! Eh? what d'ye say, shipmates?" "Ay, ay, Tom, sink the damage too!" said his comrades; "we'll always get a berth at Black-wall, again!"

"Stand by to ease off his tow-lines, then," said Tom,— "now look sharp with the shiners there, my lads—ownly a guinea!" "No! no!" murmured the townspeople,— "send for the constable!—we'll all be scalped and murdered in our beds!—no, no, for God's sake, mister sailors!" A grocer ran out of his door to beg the tars wouldn't think of such a thing, and the village constable came shoving himself in, with the beadle.

"Come, come," said the constable in a soothing style, while the beadle tried to look big and blustering, "you musn't do it, my good men,—not on no desideration, *here*,—in his majesty's name! Take un on to the next parish!—I horder all good subjects to resist me!" "What?" growled the foretopman, with an air of supreme disgust, "han't ye no feelin's for liberty hereaway? Parish be blowed! Bill, my lad, let go his moorings, and give the poor devil his nat'ral free-

dom!" "I'm right down ashamed on my country," said Bill. "Hullo, shipmates, cast off at once, an' never mind the loss,—I hasn't slept easy myself sin' he wor cotched!" "Nor me either," said another, "but I'm feared he'll play the devil when he's loose, mate."

I had been watching the affair all this time from inside, a good deal amused, in those days, at the trick—especially so well carried out as it was by the sailors. "Here, my fine fellows," said I at last, "bring him in, if you please, and let me have a look at him." Next minute in came the whole party, and, supposing from my dress that I was merely a long-shore traveller, they put their savage through his dance with great vigour. "Wonderful tame he's got, your honour!" said the top-man; "it's nothing to what he does if you freshens his nip." "What does he eat?" I asked, pretending not to understand the hint. "Why, nought to speak on, sir," said he; "but we wonst lost a boy doorin' the cruise, nobody know'd how—though 'twas thought he went o'board, some on us had our doubts." "Curiously tatooed, too," I said; "I should like to examine his arm." "A bit obstropolous he is, your honour, if you handles him!" "Never mind," said I, getting up and seizing the wrist of the Andaman islander, in spite of his grins; and my suspicions were immediately fulfilled by seeing a whole range of familiar devices marked in blue on the fellow's arm—amongst them an anchor with a heart transfixed by a harpoon, on one side the word "Sal," and on the other "R. O. 1811." "Where did you steal this top-maul, you rascal?" said I, coolly looking in his face; while I noticed one of the men overhauling me suspiciously out of his weather-eye, and sidling to the door. "I didn't stale it at all!" exclaimed the savage, giving his red head a scratch, "'twas Bill Green there—by japers! whack, pillalew, mates, I'm done!" "Lord! oh Lord!" said Bill himself, quite crest-fallen, "if I didn't think 'twas him! We're all pressed again, mates! It's the lieutenant!" "Pressed, bo'?" said Tom; "more luck, I wish we was—but they wouldn't take ye now

for a bounty, ye know." Here I was fain to slack down and give a hearty laugh, particularly at recognising Bill, who had been a shipmate of Jacobs and myself in the old Pandora, and was nicknamed "Green"—I believe from a little adventure of ours—so I gave the men a guinea a-piece to carry them on. "Long life to your honour!" said they; and said Tom, "If I might make so bould, sir, if your honour has got a ship yet, we all knows ye, sir, and we'd enter, if 'twas for the North Pole itself!" "No, my lad," said I, "I'm sorry to say I have not got so far yet. Dykes, my man, can you tell me where your old messmate Jacobs has got to?" "Why, sir," replied Bill, "I did hear he was livin' at Wapping with his wife, where we means to give him a call, too, sir." "Good day, your honour!" said all of them, as they put on their hats to go, and covered their curiosity again with his tarpaulin. "I'm blessed, Bill," said Tom, "but we'll knock off this here carrivanning now, and put before the wind for Blackwall." "Won't you give your savage his freedom, then," I asked. "Sartinly, your honour," replied the rognish foretopman, his eye twinkling as he saw that I enjoyed the joke. "Now, Mick, my lad, ye must run like the devil so soon as we casts ye off!" "Oh, by the powers, thry me!" said the Irishman; "I'm tired o' this cannible minnatchery! By the holy mouse, though, I must have a ddrop o' dew in me, or I'll fall!" Mick accordingly swigged off a noggin of gin, and declared himself ready to start. "Head due nor'-east from the sun, Mick, and we'll pick you up in the woods, and rig you out all square again," said the captain of the gang, before presenting himself to the mob outside. "Now, gemmen and ladies all," said the sailor coolly, "ye see we're bent on givin' this here poor unfort'nate his liberty—an' bein' tould we've got the law on our side, why, we means to do it. More by token, there's a lieutenant in the Roy'l Navy aboard there, as has made up the little salvage-money, bein' poor men, orderin' us for to do it—so look out! If ye only gives him a clear offing, he'll not do no harm. Steady, Bill—

slack off the starboard sheet, Jack—let go—all!" "Oh! oh!—no! no!—for God's sake!" screamed the bystanders, as they scuttled off to both hands—"shame! shame!—knock un down! catch un!—tipstaff! beadle!" "Hurrah!" roared the boys, and off went Mick O'Hooney in fine style, flourishing his top-maul, with a wild "hullaloo," right away over a fence, into a garden, and across a field towards the nearest wood. Everybody fell out of his way as he dashed on; then some running after him, dogs barking, and the whole of the seamen giving chase with their tarpaulins in their hands, as if to drive him far enough into the country. The whole scene was extremely rich, seen through the open air from the tavern window, where I sat laughing, till the tears came into my eyes, at Jack-tars' roguishness and the stupefied Kent rustics, as they looked to each other; then at the sailors rolling away full speed along the edge of the plantation where the outlandish creature had disappeared; and, lastly, at the canvass cover which lay on the spot where he had stood. They were actually consulting how to guard against possible inroads from the savage at night, since he might be lurking near, when I mounted and rode off; I daresay even their hearing that I was a live and real lieutenant would cap the whole story.

Croydon is a pretty, retired little town, so quiet and old-fashioned that I enjoyed the unusual rest in it, and the very look of the canal, the marketplace, the old English trees and people—by comparison with even the Iris's white decks, and her circumference of a prospect, different as it was every morning or hour of the day. My mother and my sister Jane were so kind—they petted me so, and were so happy to have me down to breakfast and out walking, even to feel the smell of my cigar,—that I hardly knew where I was. I gave them an account of the places I had seen, with a few tremendous storms and a frigate-fight or two, instead of the horse-marine stories about mermaids and flying Dutchmen I used to pass upon them when a conceited youngster. Little Jane would listen with her ear to a large shell, when we were upon

sea matters, and shut her eyes, saying she could fancy the thing so perfectly in that way. Or was it about India, there was a painted sandal-wood fan carved in open-work like the finest lace, which she would spread over her face, because the seeing through it, and its scent, made her feel as if she were in the tropics. As for my mother, good simple woman, she was always between astonishment and horror, never having believed that lieutenants would be so heartless as to masthead a midshipman for the drunkenness of a boat's crew, nor being able to understand why, with a gale brewing to seaward, a captain tried to get his ship as far as he could from land. The idea of my going to sea again never entered her head, the terrible war being over, and the rank I had gained being invariably explained to visitors as at least equal to that of a captain amongst soldiers. To the present day, this is the point with respect to seafaring matters on which my venerated and worthy parent is clearest: she will take off her gold spectacles, smoothing down her silver hair with the other hand, and lay down the law as to reform in naval titles, showing that my captain's commission puts me on a level with a military colonel. However, as usual, I got tired by little and little of this sort of thing; I fancy there's some peculiar disease gets into a sailor's brain that makes him uneasy with a firm floor and no offing beyond; certainly the country about Croydon was to my mind, at that time, the worst possible,—all shut in, narrow lanes, high hedges and orchards, no sky except overhead, and no horizon. If I could only have got a hill, there would have been some relief in having a look-out from it. Money I didn't need; and as for fame or rank, I neither had the ambition, nor did I ever fancy myself intended for an admiral or a Nelson: all my wish was to be up and driving about, on account of something that was *within* me. I enjoyed a good breeze as some do champagne; and the very perfection of glory, to my thinking, was to be the soul of a gallant ship in a regular Atlantic howler; or to play at long bowls with one's match to leeward, off the ridges of a sea, with both wea-

ther and the enemy to think of. Accordingly, I wasn't at all inclined to go jogging along in one of your easy merchantmen, where you have nothing new to find out; and I only waited to hear from some friends who were bestirring themselves with the Board, of a ship where there might be something to do. These were my notions in those days, before getting sobered down, which I tell you for the sake of not seeming such a fool in this said adventure.

Well, one evening my sister Jane and I went to a race-ball at Epsom, where, of course, we saw all the "beauty and fashion," as they say, of the country round, with plenty of the army men, who were in all their glory, with Waterloo and all that; we two or three poor nauticals being quite looked down upon in comparison, since Nelson was dead, and we had left nothing at the end to fight with. I even heard one belle ask a dragoon "what uniform that was—was it the horse-artillery corps?" "Haw!" said the dragoon, squinting at me through an eyeglass, and then looking with one eye at his spurs and with the other at his partner, "Not at all sure! I *do* think, after all, Miss —, 'tis the—the marine body, — a sort of amphibious animals! They weren't with *us*, though, you know,—*couldn't* be, indeed, though it *was* Water-loo! Haw! haw! you'll excuse the joke, Miss —?" "Ha! ha! how extremely witty, Captain —!" said the young lady, and they whirled away towards the other end of the hall. But, had there been an opportunity, by the honour of the flag, and nothing personal, I declare I should have done—what the fool deserved,—had it been before all his brethren and the Duke himself! It was not ten minutes after, that I saw what I thought the loveliest young creature ever crossed my eyes, coming out of the refreshment-room with two ladies, an old and an elderly one. The first was richly dressed, and I set her down for an aunt, she was so unlike; the other for a governess. The young lady was near sixteen to appearance, dressed in white. There were many beauties in the ball-room you would have called handsomer; but there was

something about her altogether I could compare to nothing else but the white figure-head of the Iris, sliding gently along in the first curl of a breeze, with the morning-sky far out on the bow,—curious as you may think it, ladies! Her hair was brown, and her complexion remarkably pale notwithstanding; while her eyes were as dark-blue, too, as—as the ocean near the line, that sometimes, in a clear calm, gets to melt till you scarcely know it from the sky. "Look, Edward!" whispered my sister, "what a pretty creature! She can't be English, she looks so different from everybody in the room! And such diamonds in her hair! such a beautifully large pearl in her brooch! Who can she be, I wonder?" I was so taken up, however, that I never recollected at all what Jane said till at night, in thinking the matter over; and then a whole breeze of whisperings seemingly came from every corner of the bedroom, of "Who is she!" "Who can she be?" "Who's her father?" and so on, which I remembered to have heard. I only noticed at the time that somebody said she was the daughter of some rich East India Nabob or other, just come home. I had actually forgot about the young dragoon I meant to find out again, until a post-captain who was present—one of Collingwood's flag-lieutenants—went up to the old *chaperone*, whom he seemed to know, and got into talk with her: I found afterwards she was an admiral's widow. In a little I saw him introduced to the young lady, and ask her to dance; I fancied she hung back for a moment, but the next she bowed, gave a slight smile to the captain's gallant sea-fashion of deep respect to the sex, and they were soon gliding away in the first set. Her dancing was more like walking with spread wings upon air, than upon planks with one's arms out, as the captain did. I'd have given my eyes, not to speak of my commission and chances to come, to have gone through that figure with *Aer*. When the captain had handed her to her seat again, two or three of the dragoons sauntered up to Lady Somers's sofa: it was plain they were taken; and after conversing with the old lady, one of them, Lord somebody

I understood, got introduced, in his turn, to the young beauty. As may be supposed, I kept a look-out for his asking her to dance, seeing that, if she had done so with one of the embroidered crew, and their clattering gear, I'd have gone out that instant, found out the Waterloo fellow next day, and, if not shot myself, shot him with an anchor button for a bullet, and run off in the first craft I could get. The cool, easy, cursed impertinent way this second man made his request, though—just as if he couldn't be refused, and didn't care about it—it was as different from the captain of the Diomedes's as red from blue! My heart went like the main-tack blocks, thrashing when you luff too much; so you may guess what I felt to see the young lady, who was leaning back on the sofa, give her head a pettish sort of turn to the old one, without a word,—as much as to say she didn't want to. "My love!" I heard the old lady say, "I fear you are tired! My lord, your lordship must excuse Miss Hyde on this occasion, as she is delicate!" The dragoon was a polite nobleman, according to his cloth; so he kept on talking and smiling, till he could walk off without seeming as if he'd got his sabre betwixt his feet; but I fancied him a little down by the head when he did go. All the time, the young beauty was sitting with her face as quiet and indifferent as may be, only there was a sparkle in her blue eyes, and in nothing else but the diamonds in her hair, as she looked on at the dancing; and, to my eye, there was a touch of the rose came out on her cheek, clear pale though it was before the dragoon spoke to her. Not long after, an oldish gentleman came out with a gray-haired old general from the refreshment-room: a thin, yellow-complexioned man he was, with no whiskers and a bald forehead, and a bilious eye, but handsome, and his face as grand and solemn looking as if he'd been First Lord, or had got a whole court-martial on his shoulders for next day. I should have known him from a thousand for a man that had lived in the East, were it nothing but the quick way he looked over his shoulder for a servant or two, when he wanted his carriage called—no doubt just as

one feels when he forgets he's ashore, like I did every now and then, looking up out to windward, and getting a garden-wall or a wood slap into one's eyesight, as 'twere. I laid down the old gentleman at once for this said Nabob; in fact, as soon as a footman told him his carriage was waiting, he walked up to the young lady and her companions, and went off with them, a steward and a lady patroness conveying them to the break of the steps. The only notion that ran in my head, on the way home that night with my sister, was, "By heavens! I might just as well be in love with the bit of sky at the end of the flying-jib-boom!" and all the while the confounded wheels kept droning it into me, till I was as dizzy as the first time I looked over the fore-royal-yard. The whole night long I dreamt I was mad after the figurehead of the Iris, and asked her to dance with me, on which she turned round with a look as cold as water, or plain "No." At last I caught firm hold of her and jumped overboard; and next moment we were heaving on the blue swell in sight of the black old Guinea coast—when round turned the figure, and changed into Miss Hyde; and the old Nabob hauled us ashore upon a beautiful island, where I woke and thought I was wanted on deck, although it was only my mother calling me.

All I had found out about them was, that Sir Charles Hyde was the name of the East Indian, and how he was a Bengal judge newly come home; where they lived, nobody at the ball seemed to know. At home, of course, it was so absurd to think of getting acquaintance with a rich Indian judge and his daughter, that I said no more of the matter; although I looked so foolish and care-about-nothing, I suppose, that my mother said to Jane she was sure I wanted to go to sea again, and even urged me to "take a trip to the Downs, perhaps." As for going to sea, however, I felt I could no more stir *them*, from where I was, than with a best-bower down, and all hands drunk but the captain. There was a favourite lazy spot of mine near the house, where I used to lie after dinner, and smoke amongst the grass,

at the back of a high garden-wall with two doors in it, and a plank across a little brook running close under them. All round was a green paddock for cows; there was a tall tree at hand, which I climbed now and then half-mast high, to get a look down a long lane that ran level to the sky, and gave you a sharp gush of blue from the far end. Being a luxurious dog in those days, like the cloth in general when hung up ashore, I used to call it “The Idler’s Walk,” and “The Lazy Watch,” where I did duty somewhat like the famous bo’sun that told his boy to call him every night and say the captain wanted him, when he turned over with a polite message, and no good to the old tyrant’s eyes.

Well, one afternoon I was stretched on the softest bit of this retreat, feeling unhappy all over, and trying to think of nothing particular, as I looked at the wall and smoked my cheroot. Excuse me if I think that, so far as I remember, there is nothing so consolatory, though it can’t of course cure one, as a fine Manilla for the “green sickness,” as our fore-mast fellows would say. My main idea was, that nothing on earth could turn up to get me out of this scrape, but I should stick eternally, with my head-sails shivering aback, or flapping in a sickening dead calm. It was a beautiful hot summer afternoon, as quiet as possible, and I was weary to death of seeing that shadow of the branch lying against the white wall, down to the key-hole of the nearest door. All of a sudden I heard the sweetest voice imaginable, coming down the garden as it were, singing a verse of a Hindostanee song I had heard the Bengal girls chant with their pitchers on their heads at the well, of an evening,—

‘La li ta la, ta perisi,
La na comalay ah sahm-
Madna, ca—rahm
Ram li ta, co-ca-la lir jhi!
La li ta la, vanga-la ta perisi.’”

“Coc-coka-cokatoo!” screamed a harsh voice, which I certainly could distinguish from the first. “Pretty cockatoo!” said the other coaxingly;

and next minute the large pink-flushed bird itself popped his head over the top-stones above the door, floundering about with his throat foul of the silver chain fast to his leg, till he hung by his beak on my side of the wall, half choked, and trying to croak out “Pretty—pretty cocky!” Before I had time to think, the door opened, and, by heavens! there was my very charmer herself, with the shade of the green leaves showered over her alarmed face. She had scarcely seen me before I sprang up and caught the cockatoo, which bit me like an imp incarnate, till the blood ran down my fingers as I handed it to its mistress, my heart in my mouth, and more than a quarter-deck bow in my cap. The young lady looked at me first in surprise, as may be supposed, and then, with a smile of thanks that set my brain all adrift, “Oh, dear me!” exclaimed she, “you are hurt!” “*Hurt!*” I said, looking so bewildered, I suppose, that she couldn’t help laughing. “Tippoo is very stupid,” continued she, smiling, “because he is out of his own country, I think. You shall have no sugar to-night, cockatoo, for biting your friends.”

“Were you—ever in India—madam?” I stammered out. “Not since I was a child,” she answered; but just then I saw the figure of the Nabob sauntering down the garden, and said I had particular business, and must be off. “You are very busy here, sir?” said the charming young creature archly. “You are longing till you go to sea, I daresay—like Tippoo and me.” “You!” said I, staring at the keyhole, whilst she caught my eye, and blushed a little, as I thought. “Yes, we are going—I long to see India again, and I remember the sea too, like a dream.”

Oh heavens! thought I, when I heard the old gentleman call out, “Lota! Lota *beeb-lee!* *Kabultah, meetoowah!*”† and away she vanished behind the door, with a smile to myself. The tone of the Judge’s voice, and his speaking Hindoo, showed he was fond of his daughter at any rate. Off I went, too, as much confused as before, only for the new thought in my

* Little girl! Do you hear, sweet one!

head. "The sea, the sea!" I shouted, as soon as out of hearing, and felt the wind, as 'twere, coming from aft at last, like the first ripple. "Yes, by George!" said I, "outward bound for a thousand. I'll go, if it was before the mast." All at once I remembered I didn't know the ship's name, or when. Next day, and the next again, I was skulking about my old place, but nobody appeared—not so much as a shadow inside the keyhole. At last one evening, just as I was going away, the door opened; I sauntered slowly along, when, instead of the charming Lota, out came the flat brown turban of an ugly *kitmagar*, with a mustache, looking round to see who was there. "Salaam, sah 'b," said the brown fellow, holding the door behind him with one paw. "*Burra judge sahib bhote bhote salaam* send uppiser* sah 'b—'ope not *dekhet*† after sahib cook-maid." "Joot baht, hurkut-jee,"‡ said I, laughing. "Sah 'b been *my coontree*?" inquired the Bengalee more politely. "Jee, yes," I said, wishing to draw him out. "I Inglich can is-peek," continued the dark footman, conceitedly; "ver well sah 'b, but one *damned* misfortune us for come i-here. Baud *carry* make—plenty too much *poork*—too much *grang* drink. Turmeric—chilli—banana not got—not *coco-tree* got—pah! Baud *coontree*, too much i-cold, sah 'b?" "Curse the rascal's impudence," I thought, but I asked him if he wasn't going back. "Yis, sah 'b, *sach baht*.§ Al-il-alah! Mo-hummud *burra Meer-kea*. Bote too much i-smell *my coontree*." "When are you going?" I asked carelessly. "Two day this time, sah 'b." "Can you tell me the name of the ship?" I went on. The *Kitmagar* looked at me slyly, stroked his mustache, and meditated; after which he squinted at me again, and his lips opened so as to form the magic word, "*Buckshish*?" "Jee," said I, holding out a crown-piece, "the ship's name and the harbour?" "Se," began he; the coin touched his palm,— "ring;" his fingers closed on it, and "Patahm," dropped from his leathery lips. "The *Seringapatam*?" I said. "Ah, sah 'b."

"London, eh?" I added; to which he returned another reluctant assent, as if it wasn't paid for, and I walked off. However, I had not got round the corner before I noticed the figure of the old gentleman himself looking after me from the doorway; his worthy *Kitmagar* salaaming to the ground, and no doubt giving information how the "cheep uppiser" had tried to pump him to no purpose. The Nabob looked plainly as suspicious as if I had wanted to break into his house, since he held his hand over his eyes to watch me out of sight.

At night, I told my mother and sister I should be off to London next day, for sea. What betwixt their vexation at losing me, and their satisfaction to see me more cheerful, with talking over matters, we sat up half the night. I was so ashamed, though, to tell them what I intended, considering what a fool's chase it would seem to any one but myself, that I kept all close; and, I am sorry to say, I was so full of my love-affair, with the wild adventure of it, the sea, and everything besides, as not to feel their anxiety enough. How it was to turn out I didn't know; but somehow or other I was resolved I'd contrive to make a rope if I couldn't find one: at the worst, I might carry the ship, gain over the men, or turn pirate and discover an island. Early in the morning I packed my traps, drew a cheque for my prize-money, got the coach, and bowed off for London, to knock up Bob Jacobs, my sea-godfather; this being the very first step, as it seemed to me, in making the plan feasible. Rough sort of confidant as he may look, there was no man living I would have trusted before him for keeping a secret. Bob was true as the topsail sheets; and if you only gave him the course to steer, without any of the "puzzlements," as he called the calculating part, he would stick to it, blow high, blow low. He was just the fellow I wanted, for the lee brace as it were, to give my weather one a purchase, even if I had altogether liked the notion of setting off all alone on what I couldn't help suspecting

* Officer. † Look. ‡ 'Tis a lie, you scoundrel. § That is true.

was a sufficiently hare-brained scheme as it stood; and, to tell the truth, it was only to a straightforward, simple-hearted tar like Jacobs that I could have plucked up courage to make it known. I knew he would enter into it like a reefer volunteering for a cutting out, and make nothing of the difficulties—especially when a love matter was at the bottom of it: the chief question was how to discover his whereabouts, as Wapping is rather a wide world. I adopted the expedient of going into all the tobacco-shops to inquire after Jacobs, knowing him to be a more than commonly hard smoker, and no great drinker ashore. I was beginning to be tired out, however, and give up the quest, when, at the corner of a lane near the docks, I caught sight of a little door adorned with what had apparently been part of a ship's figure-head—the face of a nymph or nereid, four times as large as life, with tarnished gilding, and a long wooden pipe in her mouth that had all the effect of a bowsprit, being stayed up by a piece of marine to a hook in the wall, probably in order to keep clear of people's heads. The words painted on its two head-boards, as under a ship's bow, were "Betsy Jacobs," and "licensed" on the top of the door; the window was stowed full of cakes of cavendish, twists of negrohead, and coils of pigtail; so that, having heard my old shipmate speak of a certain Betsy, both as sweetheart and partner, I made at once pretty sure of having lighted, by chance, on his very dry-dock, and went in without more ado. I found nobody in the little shop, but a rough voice, as like as possible to Jacobs' own, was chanting the sea-song of "Come, cheer up, my lads, 'tis to glory we steer," in the back-room, in a curious sleepy kind of drone, interrupted every now and then by the suck of his pipe, and a mysterious thumping sound, which I could only account for by the supposition that the poor fellow was mangling clothes, or gone mad. I was obliged to kick on the counter with all my might, in competition, before an eye was applied from inside to the little window; after which, as I expected, the head of Jacobs was thrust out of the door, his hair rough, three days' beard on

his chin, and he in his shirt and trousers. "Htsht!" said he, in a low voice, not seeing me distinctly for the light, "you're not callin' the watch, my lad! Hold on a bit, and I'll sarve your orders directly." After another stave of "Hearts of oak are our ships," &c. in the same drawl, and a still more vigorous thumping than before, next minute out came Bob again; with a wonderful air of importance, though, and drawing in one hand, to my great surprise, the slack of a line of "half-inch," on which he gave now and then a tug and an ease off, as he came forward, like a fellow humouring a newly-hooked fish. "Now, then, my hearty!" said he, shading his eyes with the other hand, "bear a—" "Why, Jacobs, old ship," I said, "what's this you're after? Don't you know your old apprentice, eh?"

Jacobs looked at my cap and epaulette, and gave out his breath in a whistle, the only other sign of astonishment being, that he let go his unaccountable-looking piece of cord. "Lord bless me, Master Ned!" said he—"I axes pardon, Lieutenant Collins, your honour!" "Glad you know me this time, Bob, my lad," said I, looking round,—“and a comfortable berth you've got of it, I daresay. But what the deuce are you about in there? You haven't a savage too, like some friends of yours I fell in with a short time ago! Or perhaps a lion or a tiger, eh, Jacobs?" "No, no, your honour—lions be blowed!" replied he, laughing, but fiddling with his hands all the while, and standing between me and the room, as if half ashamed. "'Tis ownly the tiller-ropes of a small craft I am left in charge of, sir. But won't ye sit down, your honour, till such time as my old 'ooman comes aboard to relieve me, sir? Here's a cheer, and maybe you'd make so free for to take a pipe of prime cavendish, your honour?" "Let's have a look into your cabin, though, Bob my man," said I, curious to know what was the secret; when all at once a tremendous squall from within let me sufficiently into it. The sailor had been rocking the cradle, with a fine little fellow of a baby in it, and a line made fast to keep it in play when he served the shop. "All

the pitch 's in the fire now, your honour," said he, looking terribly nonplussed; "I've broached him to, and he's all aback till his mammy gets a hold of him." "A good pipe the little rogue's got though," said I, "and a fine child he is, Jacobs—do for a bo'sun yet." "Why, yes, sir," said he, rubbing his chin with a gratified smile, as the urchin kicked, threw out his arms, and roared like to break his heart; "I'm thinking he's a sailor all over, by natur', as one may say. He don't like a calm no more nor myself; but that's the odds of bein' ashore, where you needs to keep swinging the hammocks by hand, instead of havin' it done for you, sir." In the midst of the noise, however, we were caught by the sudden appearance of Mistress Jacobs herself—a good-looking young woman, with a market-basket full of bacon and greens, and a chubby little boy holding by her apron, who came through the shop. The first thing she did was to catch up the baby out of the cradle, and begin hushing it, after one or two side-glances of reproach at her husband, who attempted to cover his disgrace by saying, "Betsy, my girl, where's your manners? why don't you off hats to the lieutenant?—it's my wife, your honour." Mrs Jacobs curtsayed twice very respectfully, though not particularly fond of the profession, as I found afterwards; and I soon quite gained her smiles and good graces by praising her child, with the remark that he was too pretty ever to turn out a sailor; for, sharp as mothers are to detect this sort of flattery to anybody else's bantling, you always find it take wonderfully with respect to their own. Whenever Jacobs and I were left to ourselves, I struck at once into my scheme—the more readily for feeling I had the weather-hand of him in regard of his late appearance. It was too ridiculous, the notion of one of the best

foretopmen that ever passed a weather-earring staying at home to rock his wife's cradle and attend the shop; and he was evidently aware of it as I went on. It was a little selfish, I daresay, and Mrs Jacobs would perhaps have liked me none the better for it; but I proposed to him to get a berth in the Indiaman, sail with me for Bombay, and stand by for a foul hitch in something or other. "Why, sir," said he, "it shan't be said of Bob Jacobs he were ever the man to hang back where a matter was to be done that must be done. I doesn't see the whole bearings of it as yet, but onnly you give the orders, sir, and I'll stick to 'em." "'Tis a long stretch between this and Bombay, Jacobs," said I, "and plenty of room for chances." "Ay, ay, sir, no doubt," said he, "ye can talk the length of the best bower cable." "More than that, Bob my lad," said I, "I know these Company men; if they once get out of their regular jog, they're as helpless as a pig adrift on a grating; and before they grow used to sailing out of convoy, with no frigates to whip them in, depend upon it Mother Carey* will have to teach them a new trick or two." "Mayhap, sir," put in Jacobs, doubtfully, "the best thing 'ud be if they cast the ship away altogether, as I've seen done myself for the matter of an insurance. Ye know, sir, they lets it pass at Lloyd's now the war's over, seein' it brings custom to the underwriters, if so be onnly it don't come over often for the profits. Hows'ever it needs a good seaman to choose his lee-shore well, no doubt." "Oh!" answered I, laughing, "but the chances are, all hands would want to be Robinson Crusoe at once! No, no,—only let's get aboard, and take things as they come." "What's the ship's name, sir?" inquired Jacobs, sinking his voice, and looking cautiously over his shoulder toward the door. "The

* "Mother Carey,"—an obscure sea-divinity chiefly celebrated for her "chickens," as Juno ashore for her peacocks. *Quere*,—a personification of the providential *Care* of Nature for her weaker children, amongst whom the little stormy *petrels* are conspicuous; while, at the same time, touchingly associating the Pagan to the Christian sea mythology by their double name—the latter, a diminutive of Peter walking by faith upon the waters. In the nautical creed, "Davy Jones" represents the abstract power, and "Mother Carey" the practically developed experience, which together make up the life Oceanic.

Seringapatam,—do you know her?" I said. "Ay, ay, sir, well enough," said he, readily,—“a lump of a ship she is, down off Blackwall in the stream with two more—country-built, and tumbles home rather much from below the plank-sheer for a sightly craft, besides being flat in the eyes of her, and round in the counter, just where she shouldn't, sir. Them *Parchee* Bombay ship-wrights *does* clap on a lot of onchristian flummeries and gilt mouldings, let alone quarter-galleries fit for the king's castle!" "In short, she's tea-waggon all over," said I, "and just as slow and as leewardly, to boot, as teak can make her?" "Her lines is not that bad, though, your honour," continued Jacobs, "if you just knocked off her poop,—and she'd bear a deal o' beating for a sea-boat. They've got a smart young mate, too; for I seed him t'other day a-sending up the yards, and now she's as square as a frigate, all ready to drop down river." The short and long of it was, that I arranged with my old shipmate, who was fully bent on the cruise, whether Mrs Jacobs should approve or not, that, somehow or other, we should both ship our hammocks on board of the Seringapatam—he before the mast, and I wherever I could get. On going to the agent's, however—which I did as soon as I could change my uniform for plain clothes—I found, to my great disappointment, from a plan of the accommodations, that not only were the whole of the poop-cabins taken, but those on the lower-deck also. Most of the passengers, I ascertained, were ladies, with their children and nurses, going back to India, and raw young cadets, with a few commercial and civilian nondescripts; there were no troops or officers, and room enough, except for one gentleman having engaged the entire poop, at an immense expense, for his own use. This I, of course, supposed was the Nabob, but the clerk was too close to inform me. "You must try another ship, sir," said he, coolly, as he shut the book. "Sorry for it, but we have another to sail in a fortnight. A. 1, sir; far finer vessel—couple of hundred tons larger—and sails faster." "You be hanged!" muttered I, walking out; and a short time after I was on board.

The stewards told me as much again; but on my slipping a guinea into the fingers of one, he suddenly recollected there was a gentleman in state-room No. 14, starboard side of the main skylight, who, being alone, might perhaps be inclined to take a chum, if I dealt with him privately. "Yankee, sir, he is," said the steward, by way of a useful hint. However, I didn't need the warning: at sight of the individual's long nose, thin lips, and fallow jaw-bones, without a whisker on his face, and his shirt-collar turned down, as he sat overhauling his traps beside the carronade, which was tethered in the state-room, with its muzzle through the port. He looked a good deal like a jockey beside his horse; or, as a wit of a schoolboy cadet said afterwards, the Boston gentleman calling himself Daniel Snout, Esquire—like Daniel praying in the lion's den, and afraid it might turn round or roar. I must say the idea didn't quite delight me, nor the sight of a fearful quantity of luggage which was stowed up against the bulk-head; but after introducing myself, and objecting to the first few offers, I at last concluded a bargain with the American for a hundred and twenty guineas, which, he remarked, was "considerable low, I prognosticate, mister!" "However," said he, "I expect you're a conversationable individual a little: I allowed for that, you know, mister. One can't do much of a trade at sea—that's a fact; and I calculate we'll swap information by the way. I'm water-pruff, I tell you, as all our nation is. You'll not *settle* at Bumbay, I reckon, mister?" But though I meant to pay my new messmate in my own coin at leisure afterwards, and be as frank and open as day with him—the only way to meet a Yankee—I made off at present as fast as possible to bring my things aboard, resolving to sleep at Blackwall, and then to stow myself out of sight for sick, until there was somebody to take off the edge of his confounded talk.

Next afternoon, accordingly, I found myself once more afloat, the Indian dropping down with the first breeze. The day after, she was running through the Downs with it pretty strong from north-east, a fair wind—

the pilot-boat snoring off close-hauled to windward, with a white spray over her nose; and the three *dungarees* topsails of the Seringatam lifting and swelling, as yellow as gold, over her white courses in the blue Channel haze. The breeze freshened, till she rolled before it, and everything being topsyturvy on deck, the lumber in the way, the men as busy as bees setting her ship-shape—it would have been as much as a passenger's toes were worth to show them from below; so that I was able to keep by myself, just troubling my seamanship so much as to stand clear of the work. Enjoy it I did, too; by Jove, the first sniff of the weather was enough to make me forget what I was there for. I was every now and then on the point of fisting a rope, and singing out with the men; till at length I thought it more comfortable, even for me, to run up the mizen shrouds when everybody was forward, where I stowed myself out of sight in the cross-trees.

About dusk, while I was waiting to slip down, a stronger puff than ordinary made them clue up the mizen-royal from deck, which I took upon myself to furl off-hand—quick enough to puzzle a couple of boys that came aloft for the purpose, especially as, in the mean time, I had got down upon the topsail-yardarm out of their notice. When they got on deck again, I heard the little fellows telling some of the men, in a terrified sort of way, how the mizen-royal had either stowed itself, or else it was Dick Wilson's ghost, that fell off the same yard last voyage,—more by token, he used always to make fast the gaskets just that fashion. At night, however, the wind having got lighter, with half moonlight, there was a muster of some passengers on deck, all sick and miserable, as they tried to keep their feet, and have the benefit of air,—the Yankee being as bad as the worst. I thought it wouldn't do for me to be altogether free, and accordingly stuck fast by Mr Snout, with my head over the quarter-deck bulwarks, looking into his face, and talking away to him, asking all sorts of questions about what was good for sea-sickness, then giving a groan to prevent myself laughing, when the spray splashed up upon his "water-proof" face, he responding to

it as Sancho Panza did to Don Quixote, when the one examined the other's mouth after a potion. All he could falter out was, how he wondered I could speak at all when sick. "Oh! oh dear!" said I, with another howl. "Yes,—'tis merely because I can't *think*! And I daresay you are thinking so much you can't *talk*—the sea is so full of meditation, as Lord Byron—Oh—oh—this water will be the death of me!" "I feel as if—the whole—tarnation Atlantic was—inside of my bowls!" gasped he through his nostrils. "Oh!" I could not help putting in, as the ship and Mr Snout both gave a heave up, "and coming out of you!"

During all this time I had felt so sure of my ground as scarcely to trouble myself about the Bengal judge and his fairy treasure of a daughter; only in the midst of the high spirits brought up by the breeze, I hugged myself now and then at the thought of their turning out by degrees as things got settled, and my having such openings the whole voyage through as one couldn't miss in four or five months. Nobody would suspect the raw chap I looked, with smooth hair and a high collar, of any particular cue: I must say there was a little vanity at the bottom of it, but I kept thinking more and more how snug and quietly I'd enjoy all that went on, sailing on one tack with the passengers and the old Nabob himself, and slipping off upon the other when I could come near the charming young Lota. The notion looks more like what some scamp of a reefer, cruising ashore, would have hit upon, than suits my taste now-a-days; but the cockpit had put a spice of the imp in me, which I never got clear of till this very voyage, as you shall see, if we get through with the log of it. 'Twas no use, as I found, saying what one should have to do, except put *heart* into it,—with wind, sea, and a love affair to manage all at once, after making a tangled coil instead of one all clear and above-board.

The first time I went down into the cuddy was that evening to tea, where all was at sixes and sevens like the decks; the lamps ill trimmed, stewards out of the way, and a few lads trying to bear up against their stomachs by the help of brandy and bis-

caults. The main figure was a jolly-looking East Indian, an indigo-planter as he turned out, with a bald forehead, a hook nose, and his gills covered with white whiskers that gave him all the cut of a cockatoo. He had his brown servant running about on every hand, and, being an old stager, did his best to cheer up the rest; but nothing I saw showed the least sign of the party I looked after. I was sure I ought to have made out something of them by this time, considering the stir such a grandee as Sir Charles Hyde would cause aboard: in fact, there didn't seem to be many passengers in her, and I began to curse the lying scoundrel of a *Kitmagar* for working "Tom Cox's traverse" on me, and myself for being a greater ass than I'd fancied. Indeed I heard the planter mention by chance that Sir Charles Hyde, the district judge, had come home last voyage from India in this very *Seringapatam*, which no doubt, I thought, put the Mahommedan rascal up to his trick.

I was making up my mind to an Indian trip, and the pure pleasure of Daniel Catozon Snout, Esquire's company for two blessed months, when all of a sudden I felt the ship bring her wind a-quarter, with a furious plunge of the Channel water along her bends, that made every landsman's bowels yearn as if he felt it gurgle through him. One young fellow, more drunk than sick, gave a wild bolt right over the cuddy table, striking out with both arms and legs as if afloat, so as to sweep half of the glasses down on the floor. The planter, who was three cloths in the wind himself, looked down upon him with a comical air of pity as soon as he had got cushioned upon the wreck. "My dear fellow," said he, "what do you feel—eh?" "Feel, you—old blackguard!" stammered the griffin, "de—dam—dammit, I feel *everything*! Goes through—through my vitals as if—I was a con-founded *whale*! C—can't stand it!" "You've drunk yourself aground, my boy!" sung out the indigo man; "stuck fast on the coral—eh? Never mind, we'll float you off, only don't flounder that way with your tail!—by Jove, you scamp, you've ruined my toe—oh dear!" I left the planter hopping round on one pin, and holding

the gouty one in his hand, betwixt laughing and crying: on deck I found the floating Nab Light bearing broad on our lee-bow, with Cumberland Fort glimmering to windward, and the half moon setting over the Isle of Wight, while we stood up for Portsmouth harbour. The old captain, and most of the officers, were on the poop for the first time, though as stiff and uncomfortable from the sort of land-sickness and lumber-qualms that sailors feel till things are in their places, as the landsmen did until things were out of them. The skipper walked the weather side by himself and said nothing: the smart chief officer sent two men, one after another, from the wheel for "cows" that didn't know where their tails were; and as for the middies, they seemed to know when to keep out of the way. In a little, the spars of the men-of-war at Spithead were to be seen as we rose; before the end of the first watch, we were running outside the Spit Buoy, which was nodding and plashing with the tide in the last slant of moonshine, till at last we rounded to, and down went the anchor in five fathoms, off the Motherbank. What the Indian wanted at Portsmouth I didn't know; but, meantime, I had given up all hopes of the Nabob being in her, and the only question with me was, whether I should take the opportunity of giving all hands the aliphere, even though I left my Yankee friend disconsolate, and a clear gainer by dollars beyond count.

Early next morning there were plenty of wherries looking out for fares; so, as the Indian was not to sail before the night-ebb, when the breeze would probably spring up fair again, I hailed one of them to go ashore at the Point, for a quiet stroll over Southsea Common, where I meant to overhaul the whole bearings of the case, and think if it weren't better to go home, and wait the Admiralty's pleasure for a ship. I hadn't even seen anything of Jacobs, and the whole hotel-keeping ways of the Indian began to disgust me, or else I should have at once decided to take the chance of seeing Lota Hyde somehow or other in India; but, again, one could scarcely endure the notion of droning on in a frigate without so

much as a Brest lugger to let drive at. It was about six o'clock; the morning gun from the guard-ship off the Dock-yard came booming down through the harbour, the blue offing shone like silver, and the green tideway sparkled on every surge, up to where they were flashing and popping on the copper of the frigates at Spithead. I noticed them crossing yards and squaring; the farthest out hove up anchor, loosed foretopsail, cast her head to starboard, and fired a gun as she stood slowly out to sea under all sail, with a light air freshening abeam. The noble look of her almost reconciled me of itself to the service, were it for the mere sake of having a share in driving such a craft between wind and water. Just then, however, an incident turned up in spite of me, which I certainly didn't expect, and which had more, even than I reckoned at the time, to do with my other adventure; seeing that it made me, both then and afterwards, do the direct opposite of what I meant to do, and both times put a new spoke in my wheel, as we say at sea here.

I had observed a seventy-four, the *Stratton*, lying opposite the Spit Buoy; on board of which, as the waterman told me, a court-martial had been held the day before, where they broke a first lieutenant for insulting his captain. Both belonged to one of the frigates: the captain I had seen, and heard of as the worst tyrant in the navy; his ship was called "a perfect hell afloat;" that same week one of the boys had tried to drown himself alongside, and a corporal of marines, after coming ashore and drinking a glass with his sweetheart, had coolly walked down to the Point, jumped in between two boats at the jetty, and kept himself under water till he was dead. The lieutenant had been dismissed the service, and as I recognised the name, I wondered whether it could actually be my schoolfellow, Tom Westwood, as gallant a fellow and as merry as ever broke biscuit. Two sail-boats, one from around the *Stratton's* quarter, and the other from over by Gosport, steering on the same tack for Southsea, diverted my attention as I sauntered down to the beach. The bow of the nearest wherry grounded on the stones as I began to walk quicker towards the town-gates,

chiefly because I was pretty ready for an early breakfast at the old Blue Posts, and also because I had a slight notion of what these gentlemen wanted on Southsea Beach at odd hours. Out they jumped, however—one man in naval undress, another, a captain, in full fig, the third, a surgeon—coming right athwart my course to bring me to. The first I noticed at once remembered for the notorious captain of the *Orestes*, or *N'Oreste*, as the midshipmen called her, from her French build and her character together. "Hallo, you sir!" said the other captain decidedly, "you must stand still." "Indeed!" said I; "and why so, if you please?" "Since you are here, we don't intend allowing you to pass for some few minutes." "And what if I should do as I choose, sir?" I asked. "If you stir two steps, sir, I shall shoot you!" replied the captain, who was one of the bullying school. "Oh, very well," I said, rather confounded by his impertinence, "then I shall stay;" and I accordingly stood stock-still, with my arms folded, until the other boat landed its party of two. They were in plain clothes; nor did I give them any particular attention till the seconds had stationed their men, when the captain of the *Orestes* had his back to me, and his antagonist stood directly facing. As his pale resolved features came out before me with the morning sun on them, his lips together, and his nostrils large, I recognised my old friend Westwood. The captain had broke him the day before, and now he had accepted his challenge, being a known dead shot, while the lieutenant had never fired a bullet in cold blood: there was, no doubt, a settled purpose in the tyrant to crush the first man that had dared to thwart his will. Westwood's second came forward and mentioned to the other that his friend was still willing to withdraw the words spoken in first heat, and would accordingly fire in the air. "Coward!" shouted the captain of the *Orestes* immediately; "I shall shoot you through the heart!" "Sir!" said I to his second, "I will not look on; and if that gentleman is shot, I will be witness against you both as murderers!" I dropped down behind a stone out of the line of fire,

and to keep my eyes off the devilish piece of work, though my blood boiled to knock the fellow down that I was speaking to. Another minute, and the suspense was too great for me to help looking up: just at that moment I saw how *set* Westwood's face was: he was watching his enemy with an eye that showed to me what the other's must be—seeking for his life. The seconds gave the word to each other in the middle, and dropped two white handkerchiefs at once with their hands together; I caught the flash of Westwood's pistol, when, to my astonishment, I saw the captain of the *Orestes* next moment jerk up his arm betwixt me and the sky, fire in the air, and slowly fall back—he was dead!—shot through the heart. One glance at his face gave you a notion of the devilish meaning he had had; but what was my surprise when his second walked up to Westwood, and said to him, "Sir, you are the murderer of Captain Duncombe;—my friend fired in the air as you proposed." "You are mistaken, sir," answered Westwood, coldly; "Captain Duncombe sought my life, and I have used the privilege of self-defence." "The surgeon is of my opinion," said the other; "and I am sorry to say that we cannot allow you to depart." "I shall give myself up to the authorities at once," said Westwood. "We have only your word for that, which I must be permitted, in such a case, to doubt," replied the captain, whose evident wish was to detain Westwood by force or threats while he sent off his surgeon. The worst of it was, as I now found, that since the court-martial and the challenge, an admiralty order had arrived, in consideration of several gallant acts during the war, as well as private representation, restoring him to the service: so that he had in fact called out and shot his superior officer. As for the charge now brought forward, it was too absurd for any to believe it, unless from rage or prejudice; the case was bad enough, at any rate, without it.

In the mean time I had exchanged a word or two with Westwood's friend; after which, lifting up a second pistol which lay on the sand, I went up to the captain. "Sir," said I, "you

used the freedom, a little ago, of forcing me into your concerns, and I have seen the end of it. I have now got to tell you, having watched your conduct, that either you must submit to be made fast here for a bit, else, by the God that made me, I'll shoot you through the head!" The captain looked at me, his surgeon sidled up to him, and, being a man near my own size, he suddenly tried to wrench the pistol out of my hands: however, I had him the next moment under my knee, while Westwood's second secured the little surgeon, and took a few round sea-turns about his wrists and ankles with a neckerchief. My companion then gave me a hand to do the same with his superior officer—the medico all the time singing out like a bull, and the captain threatening—while the dead body lay stark and stiff behind us, the eyes wide, the head down, and the breast up, the hand clenching a pistol, just as he had fallen. Westwood stood quite unconscious of everything we did, only he seemed to be watching the knees drawn up as they stiffened, and the sand-flies hovering about the mouth. "Shall we clap a stopper between their teeth?" said the second to me—he had been at sea, but who he was I never knew—"the surgeon will be heard on the walls, he bellows so!" "Never mind," said I, "we'll just drop them beyond tide-mark—the lee of the stones yonder." In fact, from the noise the tide was making, I question if the shots could have been heard even by the watermen, who had prudently sheered out of sight round a point. I couldn't help looking, when we had done this, from the captain's body to his own frigate, as she was sluicing round head on to us, at single anchor, to the turn of tide, with her buoy dancing on the brisk blue sweep of water, and her figure-head shining in the sunlight. As soon as we covered over the corpse with dulse-weed, Westwood started as if we had taken something away from him, or freed him of a spell. "Westwood!" said I, laying my hand on his shoulder, "you *must* come along with me." He said nothing, but followed us quietly round to the wherries, where I told the watermen that the other party had gone a dif-

ferent way to keep clear, and we wanted them to pull for Gosport. At Gosport we had Westwood rigged out in black clothes, his hair cropped, and whiskers shaved off—as I thought it the fittest thing for his case, and what he could best carry out, to go aboard of the Indiaman with me as if he were a missionary. Poor fellow! he didn't know *what* he was. So, having waited till dusk, to let the watermen lose our track, and his friend having posted off for Dover, he and I both got safe over to the Seringapatam, where I had him stowed in the first empty state-room I found. I had actually forgot, through the excitement, all about my missing my first chase: from one hour to another I kept watching the tide-marks ashore, and the dog-vane on the ship's quarter, all impatience to hear the word given for "all hands up anchor," and hoping our worthy friends on Southsea Beach were still within hearing of the Channel flood. At last the order did come; round went the capstan merrily enough, till she had hove short and up; the anchor was catted, and off went the lumbering old craft through the Solent about midnight, before a fine rattling breeze, in company with six or seven others, all running for the Needles. They were losing the Indiaman's royals when I heard a gun from the guardship in harbour; and a little after up went a rocket, signalling to some frigate or other at Spithead; and away they kept at it, with lights from the telegraph to her mast-head, for several minutes. "All's up!" thought I, "and both Westwood and myself are in for it!"

Next morning at daybreak, accordingly, no sooner did the dawn serve to show us the Portland Light going out on the weather quarter, with a whole fleet of Channel craft and Mediterranean brigs about us, we surging

through it as fast as the Indiaman could go,—than *there* was a fine forty-four standing off and on right in our course, in fact the very identical Orestes herself! She picked us out in a moment—bore up, stood across our weather-bow, and hailed. "What ship's that?" said the first Luff in her mizen rigging.

"The Seringapatam, Honourable Company's ship, Captain William-son!" sang out our first officer, with his cap off. "Heave to, till I send a boat aboard of you!" hailed the naval man, and there we bobbed to each other with mainyards backed. In a few minutes a master's mate with gig's crew was under our lee-quarter, and the mate came on deck. "Sir," said he, "the Port Admiral will thank you to deliver these despatches for Sir Charles Hyde, who I believe is aboard." "Certainly, sir," said the first officer, "they shall be given to him in an hour's time."

"Good morning, and a fine voyage," said the master's mate politely; and I took the occasion of asking if Captain Duncombe were on board the Orestes. "No, sir," answered the midshipman, "he happens to be ashore at present." I have seldom felt so relieved as when I saw the frigate haul round her mainyard, and go sweeping off to leeward, while we resumed our course. By noon we had sunk the land about Start Point, with a breeze which it was no use wasting at that season to take "departures;" and as the afternoon set in hazy, we were soon out of sight of Old England for good. For my part, I was bound Eastward at last with a witness, and, like a young bear, again "all my troubles before me."—"There is two bells though," interrupted the narrator, starting. "Let us see what sort of night it is before the ladies retire."

MÉRIMÉE'S HISTORY OF PETER THE CRUEL.

THE memoirs of a sovereign who had Albuquerque for a minister, Maria Padilla for a mistress, Henry of Trastamara for a rival, and Edward the Black Prince for an ally and companion in arms, must be worthy the researches even of so elegant a scholar and learned an antiquarian as Prosper Mérimée. When the nations are engrossed by their difficulties and disasters, and the jarring discord of revolution and thundering crash of monarchies on every side resound, the history of a semi-barbarous period, and of a king now five hundred years in his grave, should be set forth with surpassing talent to attract and sustain attention. But M. Mérimée is the literary Midas of his day and country: the subject he handles becomes bright and precious by the magic of his touch. Though its interest be remote, he can invest it with all the charm of freshness. Upon a former occasion* we noticed his imaginative productions with well-merited praise; to-day, in the historian's graver garb, he equally commands admiration and applause. He has been happy in his selection of a period rich in dramatic incident and fascinating details; and of these he has made the utmost profit. In a previous paper, we quoted M. Mérimée's profession of faith in matters of ancient and mediæval history. In his preface to the *Chronique de Charles IX.*, he avowed his predilection for anecdotes and personal traits, and the weight he is disposed to attach to them as painting the manners and character of an epoch, and as throwing upon the motives and qualities of its prominent personages a light more vivid and true, than that obtained from the tedious and often partial narratives of grave contemporary chroniclers. In the present instance, he has liberally supplied his readers with the fare he himself prefers. His *History*

of *Pedro the First of Castile* abounds in illustrations, in anecdotes and legends of remarkable novelty and interest; historical flowerets, most agreeably lightening and relieving the solid structure of a work for which the archives and libraries of Madrid and Barcelona, the manuscripts of the old Spanish and Portuguese chroniclers, and the writings of more modern historians of various nations, have been with conscientious diligence ransacked and compared. The result has been a book equal in all respects to Mr Prescott's delightful *History of Ferdinand and Isabella*, to which it forms a suitable companion. As a master of classic and antiquarian lore, the Frenchman is superior to the American, to whom he yields nothing in the vigour of his diction and the grace of his style.

When Alphonso the Eleventh, king of Castile, died of the plague, in his camp before Gibraltar, upon Good Friday of the year 1350, the Iberian peninsula consisted of five distinct and independent monarchies—Castile, Aragon, Navarre, Portugal, and Granada. The first of the five, which extended from Biscay and Galicia to Tarifa, the southernmost town in Europe, was by far the most extensive and powerful; the second comprised Arragon, Catalonia, and Valencia; Navarre, poor and scantily peopled, was important as commanding the principal passes of the Pyrenees, which its monarch could throw open to a French or English army; Portugal had nearly the same limits as at the present day; the Moors, the boundary of whose European empire had long been narrowing, still maintained a precarious footing in the kingdom of Granada. Alphonso, upon his accession in 1308, had found Castile a prey to anarchy, and groaning under feudal oppression. The audacity of the *ricos hombres*, or nobles, †

Histoire de Don Pedro Ier, Roi de Castille. Par Prosper Mérimée, de l'Académie Française. Pp. 586. Paris, 1848.

* *Blackwood's Magazine*, No. CCCLXXX.

† The *ricos hombres*, literally rich men, did not yet bear titles, which were reserved for members of the royal family. Thus, Henry de Trastamara was commonly desig-

had greatly increased during long minorities, and under the reign of feeble princes. Whilst they fought amongst themselves for privilege of pillage, the peasantry and inhabitants of towns, exasperated by the evils inflicted on them, frequently rose in arms, and exercised bloody reprisals. A contemporary author, quoted at length by M. Mérimée, represents the nobility as living by plunder, and abetted by the king's guardians. Certain towns refused to acknowledge these guardians, detained the king's revenue, and kept men-at-arms to oppress and rob the poor. Justice was nowhere in the kingdom; and the roads were impassable by travellers, except in strong bodies, and well-armed. None dwelt in unwall'd places; and so great was the evil throughout the land, that no one was surprised at meeting with murdered men upon the highways. The king's guardians daily imposed new and excessive taxes; towns were deserted, and the peasantry suffered exceed-

ingly. Alphonso, a courageous and intelligent prince, saw the evil, and resolved to remedy it. Without a party of his own, he was compelled to throw himself into the arms of one of the great factions desolating the country. By its aid he destroyed the others, and then found himself strong enough to rule in his own realm. Having proved his power, he made an example of the most unruly, and pardoned the others. Then, to give occupation to his warlike and turbulent nobility, he led them against the Moors of Granada; thus turning to his glory, and to the aggrandisement of his dominions, the arms which previously had been brandished but in civil contest. The commons of Castile, grateful for their deliverance from internal war, and from the exactions of the rich men, sent him soldiers, and generously supplied him with money. He compelled the clergy to make sacrifices which, at another period, would have compromised the tranquillity of the kingdom.* But he was

nated as "the Count," he being the only one in Castile. When crowned at Burgos, in 1366, he lavished the titles of count and marquis, previously so charily bestowed, not only upon the magnates of the land, but upon Bertrand Duguesclin, Sir Hugh Calverley, Denia the Arragonese, and other foreign adventurers and allies. "Such was the generosity, or rather the profusion of the new king, that it gave rise to a proverbial expression long current in Spain: *Henry's favours (Mercedes Enriqueñas)* was thenceforward the term applied to recompenses obtained before they were deserved."—MÉRIMÉE, p. 451-2. A *rico hombre* was created by receiving at the king's hand a banner and a cauldron (*Pendon y Caldera*)—the one to guide his soldiers, the other to feed them. The *fidalgos* or *hidalgos* (from *Ajodalgo*, the son of somebody) were dependants of the *ricos hombres*, as these were of the king. "Every nobleman had a certain number of gentlemen who did him homage, and held their lands in fee of him. In their turn, these gentlemen had vassals, so that the labourer had many masters, whose orders were often contradictory. These mediæval institutions gave rise to strange complications, only to be unravelled by violence. Nevertheless, the laws and national usages directed the vassal, whatever his condition, to obey his immediate superior. Thus, a mere knight did not incur penalty of treason by taking arms against the king by order of the rich-man to whom he paid homage."—MÉRIMÉE, p. 29. Some curious illustrations are subjoined. In 1334, Alphonso took the field against an insubordinate vassal, and besieged him in his town of Lerma. Garcia de Padilla, a knight attached to the rebel, seeing an amicable arrangement impossible, boldly demanded of Don Alphonso a horse and armour, to go and fight under the banner of his liege lord. The king instantly complied with his request, warning him, however, that if taken, he should pay with his head for his fidelity to the lord of Lerma. "I distinguish," says M. MÉRIMÉE, "in the action and words of Don Alphonso, the contrast of the knight and the king united in the same man. The one yields to his prejudices of chivalrous honour, the other will have the rights of his crown respected. The customs of the age and the dictates of policy contend in the generous monarch's breast."—P. 30.

* "It were a great error to attribute to Spain, in the 14th century, the religious passions and intolerant spirit that animated it in the 16th. In the wars between Moors and Christians, politics had long had a far larger share than fanaticism. * * Although the Inquisition had been established more than a century, its power was far from being what it afterwards became. As to Jews and Moors, they were subject to

valiant and generous, and had the love of the people; not a voice was raised to oppose him. On the 29th October 1340, the army of Castile encountered, near Tarifa, that of Granada, whose ranks were swelled by prodigious reinforcements from the opposite shores of Barbary. The battle of Rio Salado was fought; victory loudly declared herself for the Christians: two hundred thousand Moors (it is said) remained upon the field, and the power of the Mussulman in Spain was broken for ever. Following up his success, Alphonso took Algeiras after a long siege, and was besieging Gibraltar when he was carried off by the famous black plague, which for several years had ravaged Europe. His death was mourned by all Spain; and the mere terror of his name would seem to have dictated the advantageous treaty of peace concluded soon afterwards with the Saracen.

Alphonso, a better king than husband, left behind him one legitimate son, Don Pedro—who at his father's death was fifteen years old, and whose mother, Doña Maria, was a Portuguese princess—and ten bastards, a daughter and nine sons, children of

his mistress Leonora de Guzman. In 1350, the first-born of this illegitimate progeny, Don Henry, was eighteen years of age; he had the establishment of a prince of the blood, the magnificent domain of Trastamare, and the title of count. His twin-brother, Don Fadrique, was grand-master of the Knights of Santiago. The two young men had won their spurs at Gibraltar, whilst the Infante Pedro, rightful heir to the crown, had been kept in retirement at Seville, a witness of his mother's daily humiliations, and himself neglected by the courtiers, always prompt to follow a king's example. Idle in a deserted court, he passed his time in weeping over his mother's injuries and his own. Youthful impressions are ineffaceable. Jealousy and hatred were the first sentiments experienced by Don Pedro. Brought up by a feeble and offended woman, the first lessons he imbibed were those of dissimulation and revenge.

The premature and unexpected death of Don Alphonso was the alarm of a host of ambitions. Amongst the great patricians of Spain, two in particular were designated, by public opinion, to take the chief direction of affairs: these were—Juan Alonzo de Albur-

the jurisdiction of the Holy Office only when they sought, by word or writing, to turn Christians from the faith of their fathers; and even then, royal authorisation was necessary before they could be prosecuted. And the kings showed themselves, in general, little disposed to let the clergy increase their influence. In 1350, Peter IV. of Arragon rigorously forbade ecclesiastics to infringe on secular jurisdiction. * * * There was much lukewarmness in matters of religion; and to this, perhaps, is to be attributed the very secondary part played by the clergy in all the political debates of the 14th century. The inferior clergy, living and recruiting its ranks amongst the people, shared the ignorance and rudeness of the latter. Such was the prevalent immorality, that a great number of priests maintained concubines, who were vain of the holy profession of their lovers, and claimed particular distinctions. The conduct of these ecclesiastics occasioned no scandal, but the luxury affected by their mistresses often excited the envy of rich citizens, and even of noble ladies. Repeatedly, and always in vain, the Cortes launched decrees intended to repress the insolence of the *damoiselles de prêtres*, (*barraganas de clérigos*), who formed a distinct class or caste, enjoying special privileges, and sufficiently numerous to require the invention of laws for them alone."—MÉRIMÉE, p. 34 to 38. These passages tend to explain what might otherwise seem incomprehensible—the passive submission of the Spanish priesthood to encroachments upon their temporal goods. Since then they have rarely shown themselves so enduring; and the mere hint of an attack upon their power or opulence has usually been the signal for mischievous intrigue, and often for bloody strife. It is a question, (setting aside the *barraganas*, although these, up to no remote date, may be said to have been rather *veiled* than suppressed,) whether the Spanish priests of the 14th century were not nearly as enlightened as their successors of the 19th. They certainly were far more tolerant. "Arab language and literature," M. Mérimée tells us, "were cultivated in schools founded under ecclesiastical patronage."

In the Cortes held at Valladolid, in 1351, we find Don Pedro rejecting the petitions of the clergy, who craved restitution of the revenues appropriated by the crown, to their prejudice, under his father's reign.

querque, and Juan Nufiez de Lara. The former, a Portuguese by birth, but holding vast estates in Spain, had stood beside Don Alphonso during his struggle with his nobles; had rendered him great, and, to all appearance, disinterested services; and had been rewarded by the king's entire confidence. Grand chancellor and prime minister, he had also had charge of Don Pedro's education. He had great influence with the queen-mother, and had always skillfully avoided collision with Leonora de Guzman, who nevertheless feared and disliked him as a secret and dangerous foe. All circumstances considered, Juan de Lara, although connected by blood with the royal family, and possessing, as Lord of Biscay, great power in the north of Spain, thought it unadvisable to enter the lists with Alburquerque, who, on the other hand, openly sought his alliance, and even offered to divide with him the authority devolved upon him by the king's death. With all this apparent frankness there was little real friendship; and it was well understood that henceforward the leading characters on the political stage divided themselves into two opponent parties. On the one hand were the dowager-queen Maria, Pedro the First, and the astute and prudent Alburquerque. Opposed to these, but with little union, and with various views and pretensions, were Juan de Lara, his nephew, (the lord of Villena)—whose sister was soon afterwards secretly married to Henry of Trastamare—Leonora de Guzman, and her three eldest sons. The third of these, Don Tello, was younger than Don Pedro, but he was crafty and selfish beyond his years.

Alphonso had hardly given up the ghost, when the reaction commenced. Leonora fled before the angry countenance of the injured queen-mother. Refused protection by Lara, from whom she first sought it, she repaired to her strong fortress of Medina-Sidonia, a gift from her royal lover. Its governor, her relative, Don Alonzo Coronel, although reputed a valiant and loyal knight, and, moreover, personally attached to the faction of the Laras, resigned his command, and would not be prevailed with to resume it. And amongst all the nobles

and chevaliers, who during Alphonso's life professed themselves devoted to her, she now could not find one to defend her castle. She saw that her cause was desperate. Vague accusations were brought against her, of conspiracy against the new king; and from all sides alarming rumours reached her of her sons' arrest and probable execution. She lost courage, and gave up her castle to Alburquerque, in exchange for a safe-conduct to Seville, which was not respected; for, on her arrival there, she was shut up in the Alcazar, and treated as a prisoner of state. Mean while her two eldest sons endeavoured to stir up civil war. They were totally unsuccessful, and finally esteemed themselves fortunate in being allowed to make their submission, and do homage to the king. Alburquerque affected to treat them as refractory boys, and reserved his wrath for their mother, who, even in captivity, proved herself formidable. By her contrivance, the marriage of Don Henry and of the niece of Juan de Lara was secretly celebrated and consummated, in the palace that served her as a prison. When informed, a few hours subsequently, of the trick that had been played them, the queen-mother and Alburquerque were furious. Doña Leonora was sent into strict confinement, in the castle of Carmona. "As to the Count Don Henry, he was on his guard, and did not wait his enemies' vengeance: he left Seville by stealth, taking with him a quantity of jewels received from his mother, and accompanied by two faithful knights—all three having their faces covered with leathern masks, according to a custom of the times. By forced marches, and with great fatigue, they traversed the whole of Spain unrecognised, and reached the Asturias, where they trusted to find safety amongst devoted vassals."

The sudden and severe illness of Don Pedro gave rise to fresh intrigues, and Juan de Lara and Don Fernando of Arragon stood forth as pretenders to the crown in the event of the king's death. His recovery crushed their ambitious hopes, but might not have prevented a civil war between the factions of the two aspirants, had not Don Juan de Lara and his nephew been suddenly carried off by the prevailing

epidemic. "At any other moment," M. Mérimée remarks, "the premature death of these two men would doubtless have thrown odious suspicions on their adversaries. But in no contemporary author do I find the least insinuation against Albuquerque, thus rid in one day of the chief obstacles to his ambition. This general respect for a man who was the object of so many jealousies and hatreds, is an honourable testimony, worthy of note, as a rare exception to the usage of the times, and which it would be supremely unjust now to attempt to invalidate." Albuquerque was now the virtual ruler of Castile: the young king passed his time in hunting, and left all cares of state to his sagacious minister, who worked hard to consolidate his master's power. The Cortes were convoked at Valladolid, whither Pedro proceeded to open them in person. He was accompanied by the queen-mother, dragging in her train the unfortunate Leonora de Guzman. At Llerena, in Estremadura, one of the principal commanderies of the Knights of Santiago, Don Fadrique, grand-master of that powerful order, received his half-brother Pedro with great respect, and offered him the magnificent hospitality of his house. He then asked and obtained permission to see his mother.

"In presence of the jailers, mother and son, both so fallen from their high fortune, threw themselves into each other's arms, and during the hour to which their interview was limited, they wept, without exchanging a word. Then a page informed Don Fadrique that the king required his presence. After a last embrace he left his mother, never again to behold her. The unfortunate woman's doom was sealed. From Llerena, by Albuquerque's order, she was conducted to the castle of Talavera, belonging to the queen-mother, and governed by Gutier Fernandez of Toledo, one of her liege men. There Leonora did not long languish. A few days after her arrival, a secretary of the queen brought the governor an order for her death. The execution was secret and mysterious, and it is certain Don Pedro had no cognisance of it. Doubtless the queen had exacted from Albuquerque the sacrifice of her rival, who was no longer protected by the pity of Juan Nufiez de Lara. 'Many persons,' says Pero Lopez de Ayala, a Spanish chronicler whom M. Mérimée has taken

as one of his principal authorities, and whose trustworthiness, impugned by modern authors, he ably vindicates in his preface, 'were grieved at this deed, foreseeing that from it wars and scandal would spring, inasmuch as Leonora had sons already grown up and well-connected.'

"But the hour of vengeance was not yet come, and the sons of Leonora bowed their heads before her assassins."

One of them, whose youth might have been deemed incapable of such dissimulation, went beyond mere submission. A few days after Leonora's death, Don Pedro, during a progress through various provinces of his kingdom, reached the town of Palencia, in whose neighbourhood Tello, then hardly fifteen years old, and who, following the example of his elder brothers, kept aloof from the court, had shut himself up in the castle of Palenzuela.

"As there was some fear he might prove refractory, Juan Manrique, a Castilian noble, was sent to assure him of the king's good will towards him, and at the same time to gain over the knights, his counsellors. Manrique succeeded in his mission, and brought Don Tello to Palencia. Instructed by his guide, the youth hastened to kiss his brother's hand. 'Don Tello,' said the king, 'do you know that your mother, Doña Leonora, is dead?' 'Sire,' replied the boy-courtier, 'I have no other mother or father than your good favour.'

The royal bastards humbled and subdued for a time, Albuquerque turned his attention to more powerful adversaries. The death of its two chiefs had not entirely dissipated the Lara faction, now headed by Don Garci Laso de la Vega—a puissant Castilian noble, and an inveterate enemy of the minister. Garci Laso was in the rich and disaffected city of Burgos; and on the king's approach he issued some leagues forth to meet him, escorted by a little army of vassals and retainers. His enemies took care to call Pedro's attention to this martial retinue, as indicative of defiance rather than respect. And the Manriques above mentioned, a creature of Albuquerque's, and a private enemy of Garci Laso's, took opportunity to quarrel with the latter, and would have charged him with his troop but

for the king's interference. The commons of Burgos, hearing of these quarrels, and standing in mortal fear of Alburquerque, sent a deputation to represent to Don Pedro the danger the city would be in from the presence of rival factions within its walls, and begged of him to enter with only a small escort. They added an expression of regret at the arrival of Alburquerque, whom they knew to be ill-disposed towards them. Although the formula was respectful and humble, the freedom of these remonstrances incensed the king, who at once entered the city with his whole force, spears raised and banners displayed. The citizens made no resistance; a few of those most compromised fled. Manrique, who commanded the advanced guard, established himself in the Jews' quarter, which, separated by a strong wall, according to the custom of the time, from the rest of the town, formed a sort of internal citadel. Garcí Laso, confiding in his great popularity, and in the fidelity of his vassals, remained in Burgos, taking up his lodging in one of the archbishop's palaces, of which another was occupied by the king and his mother. Alburquerque had quarters in another part

of the town. Thus Burgos contained four camps; and it seemed, says M. Mérimée, as if all the factions in the kingdom had taken rendezvous there, to settle their differences.

That night an esquire of the queen-mother secretly sought Garcí Laso, bearing him a strange warning from that princess. "Whatever invitation he received, he was to beware of appearing before the king." The proud noble despised caution, repaired next morning to the palace, was arrested by the king's command, and in his presence, and suffered death the same day.* This execution (murder were perhaps a fitter word) was followed by others, and terror reigned in Burgos. "Whosoever had lifted up his voice to defend the privileges of the commons, or the rights of Don Juan de Lara, knew no retreat safe enough to hide his head. Don Henry himself feared to remain in the Asturias, and took refuge on Portuguese territory." The implacable Alburquerque was determined utterly to crush and exterminate the faction of the Laras. The possessions of that princely house were confiscated to the crown, the orphan son of Don Juan de Lara died in Biscay, and his two daughters fell into

* In various details of Don Pedro's life and character we trace resemblance to the eastern despot, although there seems no foundation for the charges of infidelity brought against him towards the close of his reign, and which may partly have originated, perhaps, in his close alliance with the Granadine Moors, a body of whose light cavalry for some time formed his escort. Contiguity of territory, commercial intercourse, and political necessities, had assimilated to a certain extent the manners and usages of Spaniards and Saracens, and given the former an oriental tinge, of which, even at the present day, faint vestiges are here and there perceptible. Don Pedro's orientalism was particularly perceptible in the mode of many of the executions that ensanguined his reign. He had constantly about him a band of cross-bowmen who waited on his nod, and recoiled from no cruelty. Occasionally we find him sending one of them to some distant place to communicate and execute the doom of an offending subject. This recalls the Turkish mute and bowstring. These death-dealing archers seem to have employed mace and dagger more frequently than axe or cord. They were assassins rather than executioners. They officiated in the case of Garcí Laso. "Alburquerque, impatient of delay, warned the king that it was time to give final orders. Don Pedro, accustomed to repeat those of his minister, bade two of Alburquerque's gentlemen go tell the prisoner's guards to despatch him. The arbalesters, blind instruments of the king's will, mistrusted an order transmitted to them by Alburquerque's people, and desired to receive it from their master's mouth. One of them went to ask him what was to be done with Garcí Laso. 'Let him be killed!' replied the king. This time duly authorised, the arbalester ran to the prisoner, and struck him down with a blow of a mace upon his head. His comrades finished him with their daggers. The body of Garcí Laso was thrown upon the public square, where the king's entrance was celebrated, according to Castilian custom, by a bull-fight. The bulls trampled the corpse, and tossed it upon their horns. It was taken from them for exhibition upon a scaffold, where it remained a whole day. At last it was placed upon a bier, which was fixed upon the rampart of Campanada. It was the treatment reserved for the bodies of great malefactors."—*MÉRIMÉE*, p. 73.

the hands of the minister, who detained them as hostages. But the party, although vanquished, was not yet annihilated. Alonso Coronel, the same who had abandoned Leonora de Guzman in her misfortunes, and who had been rewarded with the banner and cauldron of a *rico hombre*, with the vast lordship and strong castle of Aguilar, aspired to become its leader. He opened a correspondence with Count Trastamare and Don Fadrique, who, as enemies of Albuquerque, seemed to him his natural allies. He attempted to treat with the King of Granada, and even with the Moors of Africa. Albuquerque decreed his ruin, assembled a small army round the royal standard, and marched with Don Pedro to besiege Aguilar. Summoned to surrender, Coronel replied by a volley of arrows, and was forthwith declared a rebel and traitor. Leaving a body of troops in observation before Aguilar, which was capable of a long defence, Albuquerque and his royal pupil set out for the Asturias, seizing, as they passed, various castles and fortified places belonging to Coronel, which surrendered without serious resistance—excepting that of Burguillos, whose commander, Juan de Calledo, a liege man of Coronel, made an obstinate defence. Taken alive, his hands were cut off by the cruel victors. Some months afterwards, when the king and his vindictive minister, with a powerful army and battering train, had effected, after a long siege, a breach in the ramparts of Aguilar, “the mutilated knight, his wounds hardly healed, suddenly appeared in the camp, and with incredible hardihood demanded of Pedro permission to enter the fortress and die by the side of his lord. His heroic fidelity excited the admiration of his enemies, and the favour was accorded him. Many envied Coronel the glory of inspiring such devoted attachment, and every one awaited with thrilling interest the last moments of a man whom all Castile was accustomed to consider as the model of an accomplished and valiant knight.” The assault was given, the castle

taken, and Coronel was led before Albuquerque. “What!” exclaimed the minister, on beholding his foe, “Coronel traitor in a kingdom where so much honour has been done him!” “Don Juan,” replied Coronel, “we are sons of this Castile, which elevates men and casts them down. It is in vain to strive against destiny. The mercy I ask of you is to put me to a speedy death, even as I, fourteen years ago to-day, put to death the Master of Alcantara.”* “The king, present at the interview, his visor lowered, listened incognito to this dialogue, doubtless admiring Coronel’s coolness, but giving no orders, for he was unaccustomed to interfere with his minister.” Coronel and several distinguished knights and gentlemen were led a few paces off, and there beheaded.

The Lara faction scattered and weakened, circumstances seemed to promise Albuquerque a long lease of power, when a fatal mistake prepared his downfall. Pedro grew restless—his high spirit gave forth flashes; his minister saw that, to check the desire of governing for himself, it was necessary to provide him with pursuits of more engrossing interest than the chase.

“The reign of Don Alphonso had shown what power a mistress might acquire, and the prudent minister would not leave to chance the choice of the woman destined to play so important a part. Fearing a rival, he wished an ally, or rather a slave. He chose for the king, and blundered egregiously. He thought to have found the person best suited to his designs, in Doña Maria de Padilla, a young girl of noble birth, brought up in the house of his wife, Doña Isabel de Meneses. She was an orphan, issue of a noble family, formerly attached to the Lara faction, and ruined by the last civil wars. Her brother and uncle, poor and ambitious, lent themselves, it was said, to the degrading bargain. Persuaded that Doña Maria, brought up in his family, would always consider him as a master, Albuquerque directed Don Pedro’s attention to her, and himself facilitated their first interview, which took place during the expedition to the Astu-

* “In 1339, Don Gonzalo Martinez, Master of Alcantara, having rebelled against the king Don Alphonso, was besieged and taken in his castle of Valencia, and Coronel presided at his execution.”—*Chronica de Don Alphonso XI.*, p. 385.

ria. Dona Maria de Padilla was small in stature, like the majority of Spanish women, pretty, lively, full of that voluptuous grace peculiar to the women of Southern Spain, and which our language has no word exactly to express.* As yet the only indication of talent she had given was her great sprightliness, which amused the noble lady with whom she lived in an almost servile capacity. Older than the king, she had over him the advantage of having already mingled with the crowd, studied men and observed the court. She soon proved herself worthy to reign."

Maria Padilla made little opposition to Albuquerque's project. Her uncle, Juan de Hinestrosa, himself conducted her to Don Pedro, and placed her, it may almost be said, in his arms. The complaisance was royally rewarded. Hinestrosa and the other relations of the favourite emerged from their obscurity, appeared at court, and soon stood high in their sovereign's favour, although the pliant uncle was the only one who retained it till the end of his career. Subsequently, before the Cortes of 1362, Don Pedro declared that he had been, from the first, privately married to Maria Padilla—thus invalidating his public union with Blanche of Bourbon, with whom he had never lived, and after whose death the declaration was made. He produced three witnesses of the marriage—the fourth, Juan de Hinestrosa, was then dead—who positively swore it had taken place in their presence. M. Mérimée, examines the question minutely, quoting various writers on the subject, and discussing it *pro* and *con*; one of his strongest arguments in favour of the marriage, being the improbability that so faithful, loyal, and valiant a knight as Hinestrosa proved himself, would have consented, under any temptation, to play the base part of a pander. It would not be difficult, however, to trace contradictions nearly as great in the code of honour and morality

of the chevaliers of the fourteenth century; and, very much nearer to our own times, it has frequently been seen how large an amount of infamy of that kind the royal purple has been held to cloak.

In a very few months after the equivocal union he had brought about, Albuquerque began to experience its bad effects. Maria Padilla secretly incited the young king to shake off his leading-strings, and grasp the reins of government. Afraid to do this boldly and abruptly, Pedro conspired with the Padillas, and planned a reconciliation with his brothers Henry and Tello, believing, in his inexperience, that he could nowhere find better friends, or more disinterested advisers. The secret of the plot was well kept: Albuquerque unsuspectingly accepted a frivolous mission to the King of Portugal; during his absence, a treaty of amity was concluded between the king and the two bastards. Whilst these intrigues went on, Blanche of Bourbon, niece of the King of France, waited at Valladolid, in company with the dowager queens of Castile and Arragon, until it should please Pedro to go thither and marry her. Pedro had established himself at Torrijos near Toledo, holding tournaments and festivals in honour of his mistress, with whom he was more in love than ever; and the French princess waited several months, to the great indignation of her suite of knights and nobles. Suddenly a severe countenance troubled the joy of Maria Padilla's lover. It was that of Albuquerque, who, in grave and regretful words, represented to the king the affront he put upon the house of France, and the anxiety of his subjects, who awaited, in his marriage, a guarantee of future tranquillity. It was of the utmost importance to give a legitimate heir to the crown of Castile. Subjugated by the voice of reason, and by the old ascendancy of

* The Castilian tongue is rich in words descriptive of grace in women. Spain is, certainly, the country where that quality is most common. I will cite only a few of those expressions, indicative of shades easier to appreciate than to translate. *Garbo* is grace combined with nobility; *donayre*, elegance of bearing, vivacity of wit; *salero*, voluptuous and provocative grace; *sandunga*, the kind of grace peculiar to the Andalusians—a happy mixture of readiness and nonchalance. People applaud the *garbo* or *donayre* of a duchess, the *salero* of an actress, the *sandunga* of a gipsy of Jerez.—MÉRIMÉE, p. 116.

his austere counsellor, Pedro set out for Valladolid, and was joined on his way by Count Henry and Don Tello, who came to meet him on foot and unarmed; kissed his feet and his right hand, as he sat on horseback; and were received by him with all honour and favour, to the mortification of Alburquerque, who saw in this reconciliation a proof of the credit of the Padillas, and a humiliating blow to his authority. The mortification was all the greater that he, a veteran politician, had been outwitted by mere children. On the third day of June the king's marriage took place, the royal pair being conducted in great pomp to the church, mounted upon white palfreys, and attired in robes of gold brocade trimmed with ermine—a costume then reserved for sovereigns. In their retinue, Henry of Trastamare had the precedence of the princes of Arragon—an honour held excessive by some, and attributed by others to the sincerity of the reconciliation between the sons of Don Alphonso. A tournament and bull-fight succeeded the ceremony, and were renewed the next day. "But in the midst of these festivities, all eyes were fixed upon the newly-married pair. Coldness, and even aversion for his young bride, were visible upon the king's countenance; and as it was difficult to understand how a man of his age, ardent and voluptuous, could be insensible to the attractions of the French princess, many whispered that he was fascinated by Maria Padilla, and that his eyes, charmed by magic art, beheld a repulsive object in place of the young beauty he led to the altar. Aversion, like sympathy, has its inexplicable mysteries."*

Upon the second day after his marriage, Don Pedro being alone at dinner in his palace, (the dinner hour in

those days was at nine or ten in the morning,) his mother and aunt appeared before him, all in tears, and, having obtained a private audience, taxed him with being about to desert his wife, and return to Maria Padilla. The king expressed his astonishment that they should credit idle rumours, and dismissed them, repeating that he thought not of quitting Valladolid. An hour afterwards he called for mules, saying he would go visit his mother; but, instead of doing so, he left the city, accompanied only by the brother of his mistress, Don Diego Padilla, and by two of his most confidential gentlemen. Regular relays were in waiting, and he slept that night at sixteen long leagues from Valladolid. The next day Doña Maria met him at Puebla de Montalvan. This strange and indecent escapade was simultaneous with a complete transfer of the king's confidence from Alburquerque to his brothers and the Padillas. The minister preserved his dignity to the last, and sent a haughty but respectful message to his sovereign, by the mouth of his majordomo. "You know, sire," concluded this knight, Rui Diaz Cabeza de Vaca, "all that Don Juan Alonso has done for your service, and for that of the queen your mother. He has been your chancellor from your birth. He has always loyally served you, as he served the late king your father. For you he exposed himself to great perils, when Doña Leonora de Guzman, and her faction, had all power in the kingdom. My master is still ignorant of the crimes imputed to him: make them known to him, and he will refute them. Nevertheless, if any knight do doubt his honour and his loyalty, I, his vassal, am here ready to defend him with my body, and with arms in hand." Thus did the arrogant *ricos hombres* of the fourteenth century dare address their

* The enoblement of Don Pedro by Maria Padilla is a popular tradition in Andalusia, where the memory of both is vividly preserved. It is further added, that Maria Padilla was a queen of the gipsies—their *bari crallia*—consequently consummate mistress of the art of concocting philters. Unfortunately, the gipsies were scarcely seen in Europe till a century later. The author of the *Premiere Vie du Pape Innocent VI.* gravely relates that Blanche, having made her husband a present of a golden girdle, Maria Padilla, assisted by a Jew, a notorious sorcerer, changed it into a serpent, one day that the king had it on. The surprise of the king and his court may be imagined, when the girdle began to writhe and hiss; whereupon the Padilla easily succeeded in persuading her lover that Blanche was a magician bent upon destroying him by her arts.—MÉRIMÉ, p. 170.

sovereign, by the mouth of their knightly retainers. What a contrast between these bold-spoken, strong-armed magnates, and the puny degenerate grandees of the present day, sunk in vice, effeminacy, and sloth, and to whom valour, chivalry, and patriotism are but empty sounds! Albuquerque is a fine type of the feudal lord—noble as a crowned king, and almost as powerful. Receiving a cold and discouraging reply to Cabeza de Vaca's lofty harangue, he retired, followed by an army of adherents and vassals, to his vast domains and strong castle in Portugal. On their passage, his men-at-arms pillaged and devastated the country, that being then the most approved manner for a feudal lord to testify his discontent. Don Pedro ill concealed his joy at being thus easily rid of an importunate mentor, whose faithful services to himself and his father rendered a positive dismissal a most ungraceful act, the shame of which was saved the king by Albuquerque's voluntary retreat. The reaction was complete: all the ex-minister's friends were dismissed, and their places filled by partisans of the Padillas. Many of his acts were annulled, and several sentences he had given were reversed. Pedro had no rest till he had effaced every vestige of his wise and prudent administration. Ingratitude has too often been the vice of kings; in this instance it brought its own punishment. A few months later we find Henry of Trastamare, and his brother Tello, leagued with Albuquerque against the sovereign who had disgraced him in great measure on their account. This perfidy of the bastards was perfectly in keeping with the character of the age. "To characterise the fourteenth century in Spain by its most prevalent vice," says M. Mérimée, "one should cite, in my opinion, neither brutality of manners, nor rapacity, nor violence. The most prominent feature of that sad period is its falseness and deceit: never did history register so many acts of treason and perfidy. The century, rude in all other things, shows itself ingenious in the art of deception. It revels in subtleties. In all agreements, and even in the code of chivalrous honour, it conceals ambiguities, by which inte-

rest knows well how to profit. The oaths lavished in all transactions, accompanied by the most solemn ceremonies, are but vain formalities and matters of habit. He who plights his word, his hand upon the holy Scriptures, is believed by none unless he deliver up his wife and children, or, better still, his fortresses, as hostages for his truth. The latter pledge is held to be the only safe guarantee. Distrust is general, and every man sees an enemy in his neighbour." The fidelity of this gloomy picture is fully confirmed by the events of Don Pedro's reign. Albuquerque set the example to his royal pupil, who was not slow to follow it, and who soon, in his turn, suffered from the dominant vice of the time.

The necessity of pressing forward through a book whose every page offers temptations to linger, prevents our tracing, in detail, the subsequent events of Albuquerque's life. He died in the autumn of 1354, almost suddenly, at Medina del Campo, which he and his confederates had taken by assault, and given up to pillage. His physician, Master Paul, an Italian attached to the house of Prince Ferdinand of Arragon, was suspected of having mixed a subtle poison in the draught he administered to him for an apparently trifling indisposition. Don Pedro, the person most interested in the death of his quondam counsellor, and now bitter enemy, was accused of instigating the deed, and magnificent presents subsequently made by him to the leech, gave an air of probability to the suspicion. "In his last moments, Albuquerque belied not the firmness of his character. Near to death, he assembled his vassals, and made them swear to accept neither peace nor truce with the king, till they had obtained satisfaction for his wrongs. He ordered his body to be carried at the head of their battalion so long as the war lasted, as if resolved to abdicate his hatred and authority only after triumph. Enclosed in his coffin, he still seemed to preside over the councils of the league; and, when deliberations were held, his corpse was interrogated, and his majordomo, Cabeza de Vaca, replied in the name of his departed master." There is something solemn and affecting in this post-

humous deference, this homage paid by the living to the dead. Alburquerque was unquestionably *the* man of his day in the Peninsula: his grand and haughty figure stands out upon the historical canvass, in imposing contrast with the boy-brawlers and intriguing women by whom he was surrounded.

Deserted by all—betrayed even by his own mother, who gave up his last stronghold whilst he was absent on a visit to his mistress—the king had no resource but to throw himself into the hands of the rebels, trusting to their magnanimity and loyalty to preserve him his crown. With Hinestrosa, Simuel Levi his Jew treasurer, and Fernand Sanchez his private chancellor, for sole companions—and followed by a few lackeys and inferior officers, mounted on mules and unarmed—he set out for Toro, then the headquarters of the insurgent league. “Informed of the approach of this melancholy procession, the chiefs of the confederates rode out to meet him, well mounted and in magnificent dresses, beneath which their armour was visible, as if to contrast their warlike equipage with the humble retinue of the vanquished king. After kissing his hand, they escorted him to the town with great cries of joy, caroling about him, performing *fantasias*, pursuing each other, and throwing reeds in the Arab manner. It is said that when Don Henry approached his brother to salute him, the unfortunate monarch could not restrain his tears. ‘May God be merciful to you!’ he said; ‘for my part, I pardon you.’” There was no sincerity in this forgiveness; already, in the hour of his humiliation, Pedro had vowed hatred and vengeance against its authors. At present, however, artifice and intrigue were the only weapons at his disposal. By the assistance of Simuel the Jew, who was sincerely attached to him, and who rendered him many and great services, he gained over a portion of the revolted nobility, concluded an alliance with the royal family of Arragon, and finally effected his escape from the sort of semi-captivity in which he was held. “Profiting by dense fog, Don Pedro rode out of Toro very early in the morning, a falcon on his wrist, as though he went a-hawking, accompanied by Levi, and

by his usual escort of some two hundred cavaliers. Either these were bribed, or the king devised means of detaching them from him, for he soon found himself alone with the Jew. Then, following the rout to Segovia at full speed, in a few hours they were beyond pursuit.” During the short period of Pedro's captivity, a great change had taken place in public feeling. The king's misfortunes, his youth and firmness, interested many in his behalf. The Cortes, which he summoned at Burgos, a few days after his escape, granted all his demands of men and money. M. Mérimée thinks it probable the commons obtained from him, in return, an extension of their privileges and franchises; but this is mere conjecture, no records existing of the proceedings of this Cortes, which was, in fact, rendered irregular by the absence of the clerical deputies, the Pope having just excommunicated Don Pedro for his adulteries. “The excommunication, fulminated by a papal legate at Toledo, the 19th January 1355, does not appear to have altered, in any degree, the disposition of the people towards the king. On the contrary, it excited indignation, now that he was reconciled with his subjects; for Spaniards have always disliked foreign interference in their affairs.” The thunders of Avignon lost not Pedro a single partisan. He replied to them by seizing the possessions of Cardinal Gilles Albornoz, and of some other prelates; and, returning threat for threat, he announced his intention of confiscating the domains of all the bishops who should waver between him and the Pope. The rebellion of his nobles, the treason of his mother and friends, the humiliation he had suffered, had wrought a marked change in the still plastic character of the young sovereign. Hitherto we have seen him violent and impetuous; henceforward we shall find dissimulation and cruelty his most prominent qualities. He had prided himself on chivalrous loyalty and honour; now all means were good that led to a triumph over his enemies. Full of hatred and contempt for the great vassals who, after having insolently vanquished him, basely sold the fruits of their victory for fair promises and for Simuel Levi's gold, he vowed to

destroy their power, and to build up his authority upon the ruins of feudal tyranny.

The angry king lost no time in commencing the work of vengeance. After a fierce contest in and around Toledo, he routed the army of Count Henry and Don Fadrique, slew all the wounded, put to death one of the twenty leaguers, whom he caught in the town, (two had already been massacred by his order at Medina del Campo,) imprisoned many nobles, as well as the Bishop of Sigüenza, whose palace was given up to pillage. "Twenty burgesses of Toledo were publicly decapitated as abettors of the rebellion. Amongst the unfortunate persons condemned to death was a jeweller, upwards of eighty years old. His son threw himself at the feet of Don Pedro, petitioning to die in place of his father. If we may credit Ayala, this horrible exchange was accepted both by the king and by the father himself." From Toledo, Pedro marched on Toro, where the bastards, the queen-mother, and most of the *ricos hombres* and knights who adhered to the league, had concentrated their forces, and prepared an obstinate resistance. He established himself in a village near the town, but lacked the engines, instruments, and stores necessary to invest the place regularly. Money was scarce. Fortunately, Simuel Levi was at hand, the pearl of finance ministers, compared to whom the Mons and Mendizabals of the nineteenth century are bunglers of the most feeble description.

"Don Pedro, in his quarters at Morales, was amusing himself one day by playing at dice. Before him stood open his military chest, which was also his play-purse. It contained 20,000 doubloons. 'Gold and silver,' said the king, in a melancholy tone, — 'here is all I possess.' The game over, Simuel took his master aside: 'Sire,' he said, 'you have affronted me before all the court. Since I am your treasurer, is it not disgraceful for me that my master be not richer? Hitherto, your collectors have relied too much upon your easiness and indulgence. Now that you are of an age to reign for yourself, that all Castile loves and fears you, it is time to put an end to disorder. Only be

pleased to authorise me to treat with your officers of the finances, and confide to me two of your castles, and I pledge myself that, in a very short time, you shall have in each of them a treasure of greater value than the contents of this casket.'" The king gladly gave what was required of him, and the Jew kept his word. His manner of doing so paints the strange immorality of the times. It was customary to pay all court-salaries and pensions by orders on the royal receivers of imposts. These usually paid only a part of the amount of such orders, and unless the demand for the balance were backed by force, it was never honoured. Simuel Levi, having men-at-arms, jailers, and executioners at his orders, compelled these reluctant paymasters to disgorge all arrears; then sending for the king's creditors, he offered them fifty per cent of their due against receipts for the whole. Most of them, never expecting to recover a real of the sums kept back by the dishonest stewards, caught eagerly at the offer. This clumsy fraud, against which none found anything to say, brought considerable wealth into the king's coffers, and gave him the highest opinion of his treasurer, by whose careful administration he soon found himself the richest monarch in Spain.

Money removed the obstacles to the siege of Toro. Before the place was invested, however, Henry of Trastamare, with his usual precocious selfishness and prudence, found a pretext to leave it. A breach made, and part of the exterior fortifications in the possession of the royal troops, the Master of Santiago passed over to the king, who, from the opposite bank of the Doaro, had given him verbal promise of pardon. The same night an officer of the civic guard opened the gates of the town to Pedro and his army. At daybreak the garrison of the castle saw themselves surrounded by everpowering forces, about to mount to the assault. "None spoke of resistance, or even of capitulation; safety of life was almost more than they dared hope. Fearing the king's fury, all refused to go out and implore his clemency. At last a Navarrese knight, named Martín Abarea, who in the last troubles had taken part

with the bastards, risked himself as a postern, holding in his arms a child of twelve or thirteen years, natural son of King Alphonse and of Doña Leonora. Recognising the king by his armour, he called to him and said—'Sire! grant me pardon, and I hasten to throw myself at your feet, and to restore to you your brother Don Juan!'—'Martin Abarea,' said the king, 'I pardon my brother Don Juan; but for you, no mercy!'—'Well!' said the Navarrese, crossing the ditch, 'do with me as you list.' And, still carrying the child, he prostrated himself before the king. Don Pedro, touched by this hardihood of despair, gave him his life in presence of all his knights." This clemency was soon obscured by the terrible scenes that followed the surrender of the castle, when the robe of Pedro's own mother was stained with the blood of the nobles struck down by her side. She fainted with horror—perhaps with grief; for Martin Telho, a Portuguese, and her reputed lover, was amongst the murdered; and, on recovering her senses, "she saw herself sustained in the arms of rude soldiers, her feet in a pool of blood, whilst four mangled bodies lay before her, already stripped of their armour and clothes. Then, despair and fury restoring her strength, she cursed her son, in a voice broken by sobs, and accused him of having for ever dishonoured her. She was led away to her palace, and there treated with the mockery of respect which the leaguers had shown, the year before, to their royal captive."

It were quite incompatible with the necessary limits of this paper, to give even the most meagre outline of the numerous vicissitudes of Don Pedro's reign, and to glance at a title of the remarkable events and striking incidents his biographer has so industriously and tastefully assembled. M. Mérimée's work does not bear condensing in a review; indeed, it is itself a condensation: an ordinary writer would have spread the same matter over twice the space, and still have deemed himself concise. The impression left on the reader's mind by this spirited and admirably written volume is, that not one page could be omitted without being missed. Sparing

as we have been of detail, and although confining ourselves to a glance at prominent circumstances, we are still at the very commencement of Don Pedro's reign—the busiest and most stirring, perhaps, that ever was comprised within the space of twenty years. Not a few of this warlike, cruel, and amorous monarch's adventures have been handed down in the form of ballads and heroic legends, still current in southern Spain, where many of them have the weight of history—although the license of poetry, and the transmission through many generations, have frequently greatly distorted facts. Amongst the numerous objects of his fickle passion was Doña Aldonza Coronel, who, after some show of resistance, and taking refuge for a while in a convent where her sister was nun, showed herself sensible to the solicitations of royalty. Popular tradition has substituted for Aldonza her sister Maria, widow of Juan de la Cerda, whom Pedro had put to death. The people of Seville the Beautiful still believe and tell how "Doña Maria, chaste as lovely, indignantly repulsed the king's addresses. But in vain did she oppose the gratings of the convent of St Clara as a bulwark against the impetuous passion of the tyrant. Warned that his satellites were about to drag her from the sanctuary, she ordered a large hole to be dug in the convent garden, in which she lay down, and had herself covered with branches and earth. The fresh-turned soil would infallibly have betrayed her, had not a miracle supervened. Scarcely had she entered this manner of tomb, when flowers and herbage sprang up over it, so that nothing distinguished it from the surrounding grass. The king, discrediting the report of his emissaries, went in person to the convent to carry off the beautiful widow; this time it was not a miracle, but an heroic stratagem, that saved the noble matron. Abhorring the fatal beauty that thus exposed her to outrage, she seized, with a steady hand, a vase of boiling oil, and poured it over her face and bosom; then, covered with horrible burns, she presented herself to the king, and made him fly in terror, by declaring herself afflicted with leprosy. 'C—

her body, which has been miraculously preserved,' says Zuñiga, 'are still visible the traces of the burning liquid, and assuredly it may with good reason be deemed the body of a saint.*' I have dwelt upon this legend, unknown to the cotemporary authors," adds M. Mérimée, "to give an idea of the transformation Don Pedro's history has undergone at the hands of tradition, and of the poetical colours imparted to it by the lively imagination of the people of Spain. After the marvellous narrative, comes the simple truth of history." Ballads and traditions are echoes of the popular voice; and, in many of those relating to Don Pedro, we may trace a disposition to extenuate his faults, extol his justice, and bring into relief his occasional acts of generosity. The truth is, that, although harsh and relentless with his arrogant nobles, he was affable with the people, who beheld in him their deliverer from oppression, and the unflinching opponent of the iniquities of the feudal system. Facility of access is a great source of popularity in Spain, where the independent tone and bearing of the lower orders often surprise foreigners. In no country in the world is the character of the people more free from servility. In the poorest peasant there is an air of native dignity and self-respect, which he loves to see responded to by consideration and affability on the part of his superiors. Don Pedro was very accessible to his subjects. When he met his first Cortes at Valladolid, in 1351, he promised the deputies of the commons that every Castilian should have liberty to appeal from the decisions of the magistrates to the king in person. This promise he kept better than was his wont. In the court of the Alcazar at Seville, near the gate known as that of the Banners, are shown the remains of a tribunal, in the open air, where he sat to give his judgments. He had another habit likely to conciliate and please the people. In imitation of the Eastern caliphs, whose adven-

tures had doubtless amused his childhood, he loved to disguise himself, and to ramble at night in the streets of Seville—to listen to the conversation of the populace, to seek adventures, and overlook the police. Here was a suggestive text for balladists and romance writers, who have largely availed themselves of it. The story of Don Pedro's duel with a stranger, with whom he quarrelled on one of these expeditions, is well known. An old woman, sole witness of the encounter, deposed that the combatants had their faces muffled in their cloaks, but that the knees of one of them made a cracking noise in walking. This was known to be a peculiarity of Don Pedro's. Justice was puzzled. The king had killed his adversary, and had thereby incurred the punishment of decapitation. Pedro had his head carved in stone, and placed in a niche in the street where the duel had taken place. The bust, which was unfortunately renewed in the seventeenth century, is still to be seen at Seville, in the street of the Candlejo, which takes its name, according to Zuñiga, from the lamp by whose light the duel was fought. Condemned at his own tribunal, we need not wonder at the lenity of his sentence, more creditable to the royal culprit's invention than to his justice. He appears to have been frequently ingenious in his judgments. A rich priest had seriously injured a poor shoemaker, and, for sole punishment, was condemned by the ecclesiastical tribunal to a few months' suspension from his sacerdotal functions. The shoemaker, deeming the chastisement inadequate, waylaid his enemy, and soundly drubbed him. Arrested immediately, he was condemned to death. He appealed to the king. The partiality of the ecclesiastical judges had excited some scandal; Don Pedro parodied their sentence by condemning the shoemaker to make no shoes for one year. Whether this anecdote be true, or a mere invention, it is certain that a remarkable law was added, about

* Zuñiga, *Anales de Sevilla*.—"The people say, that Maria Coronel, pursued by Don Pedro, in the suburb of Triana, plunged her head into a pan in which a gipsy was cooking fritters. I was shown the house in front of which the incident occurred, and I was desired to remark, as an incontrovertible proof, that it is still inhabited by gipsies, whose kitchen is in the open street."—MÉRIMÉE, p. 247.

that time, to the code of the city of Seville, to the effect that a layman, injuring an ecclesiastic, should thenceforward be liable only to the same punishment that the priest would have incurred by a like offence against the layman.

The murder of the Grand-master of Santiago, slain by his brother's order, and the death of the unfortunate French princess, who found a tyrant where she expected a husband, are recorded in the Romances of the Master Don Fadrique, and of Blanche de Bourbon. The fate of Blanche, attributed by contemporary chroniclers and modern historians to Don Pedro's orders, is one of the blackest of the stains upon his character. The poor queen died in the castle of Jerez—some say by poison, others by the mace of an arbalester of the guard. She had lived but twenty-five years, ten of which she had passed in prison. There is no appearance or probability that Maria Padilla instigated her assassination. That favourite was kind-hearted and merciful, and on more than one occasion we find her interceding with the king for the lives of his enemies and prisoners, and weeping when her supplications proved fruitless. The ballad makes free with fact, and sacrifices truth to poetry. It was dramatically correct that the mistress should instigate the wife's death. "Be not so sad, Doña Maria de Padilla," says the king; "if I married twice, it was for your advantage, and to show my contempt for this Blanche of Bourbon. I send her to Medina Sidonia, to work me a banner—the ground, colour of her blood, the embroidery, of her tears. This banner, Doña Maria, I will have it made for you:" and forthwith the ruthless arbalester departs, after a knight had refused to do the felon deed. "Oh France, my noble country! oh my Bourbon blood!" cries poor Blanche; "to-day I complete my seventeen years, and enter my eighteenth. What have I done to you, Castile? The crowns you gave me were crowns of blood and sighs!" And thus she laments till the mace falls, "and the brains of her head are strewed about the hall." The song-writer, amongst other liberties, has struck eight years off the victim's age, perhaps with the

idea of rendering her more interesting. The exact manner of her death seems uncertain, although Ayala agrees with the ballad, and most subsequent historians have followed his version. M. Mérimée is disposed to exculpate Pedro, alleging the complete inutility of the murder, and that ten years of captivity and ill treatment were sufficient to account for the queen's death. Admitting the latter plea, we cannot see in it a diminution of the crime. In either case Pedro was the murderer of his hapless wife, who was innocent of all offence against him; and his extraordinary aversion for whom might well give rise, in that superstitious age, to the tales of sorcery and magic charms already quoted. The details of Don Fadrique's death are more precise and authentic, as it was also more merited. But, although the Master of Santiago had been guilty of many acts of treason, and at the time of his death was conspiring against the king, his execution by a brother's order, and before a brother's eyes, is shocking and repugnant. It was Don Fadrique's policy, at that moment, to parade the utmost devotion to Pedro, the better to mask his secret plans. Arriving one day at Seville, on a visit to the king, he found the latter playing at draughts with a courtier. True to his habits of dissimulation, Pedro, who only a few hours previously had decided on the Master's death, received him with a frank air and pleasant smile, and gave him his hand to kiss; and then, seeing that he was well attended, bade him take up his quarters, and then return. After visiting Maria Padilla, who gazed at him with tears in her eyes,—knowing his doom, but not daring to warn him,—Fadrique went down into the court, found his escort gone, and the gates shut. Surprised and uneasy, he hesitated what to do, when two knights summoned him to the king's apartments, in a detached building within the walls of the Alcazar.

"At the door stood Pero Lopez Padilla, chief of the mace-bearers of the guard, with four of his people. Don Fadrique, still accompanied by the Master of Calatrava (Diego Padilla) knocked at the door. Only one of its folds opened, and within appeared the king, who forth-

with exclamation, 'Pero Lopez, arrest the Master!'—'Which of the two, sire!' inquired the officer, hesitating between Don Fadrique and Don Diego de Padilla. 'The Master of Santiago!' replied the king in a voice of thunder. Immediately Pero Lopez, seizing Don Fadrique's arm, said, 'You are my prisoner.' Don Fadrique, astounded, made no resistance; when the king cried out, 'Arbalisters, kill the Master of Santiago!' Surprise, and respect for the red cross of St James, for an instant fettered the men to the spot. Then one of the knights of the palace, advancing to the door, said: 'Traitors! what do you!—Heard you not the king's command to kill the Master?' The arbalisters lifted the mace, when Don Fadrique, vigorously shaking off the grasp of Pero Lopez, sprang back into the court with the intention of defending himself. But the hilt of his sword, which he wore under the large mantle of his order, was entangled with the belt, and he could not draw. Pursued by the arbalisters, he ran to and fro in the court, avoiding their blows, but unable to get his sword out. At last one of the king's guards, named Nuño Fernandez, struck him on the head with his mace, and knocked him down; and the three others immediately showered their blows upon the fallen man, who lay bathed in his blood when Don Pedro came down into the court, seeking the knights of Santiago, to slay them with their chief."

In the very chamber of Maria Padilla, the assassin-king gave with his own hand the first stab to his brother's esquire, who had taken refuge there. Leaving the ensanguined boudoir, (Maria Padilla's apartments in the Alcazar were a sort of harem, where much oriental pomp was observed,) he returned to the Master, and finding he still breathed, he gave his dagger to an African slave to despatch him. Then he sat down to dinner in an apartment two paces distant from his brother's corpse.

It is a relief to turn from acts of such unnatural barbarity to the traits of chivalrous generosity that sparkle, at long intervals, it is true, upon the dark background of Pedro's character. One of these, connected with a singularly romantic incident, is attested by Alonzo Martinez de Talavera, chaplain of John II. of Castile, a chronicler M. Mérimée is disposed to hold in high esteem. In one of his campaigns against his rebellious

brother and their Arragonese allies, the king laid siege to the castle of Cabezon, belonging to Count Trastamare; and whose governor, summoned to yield, refused even to parley.

"Yet the whole garrison of the castle consisted but of ten esquires, Castilian exiles; but behind thick and lofty walls, in a tower built on perpendicular rocks, and against which battering engines could not be brought, ten resolute men might defend themselves against an army, and need only yield to famine. The place being well provisioned, the siege was likely to be long. But the ten esquires, all young men, were better able bravely to repulse an assault than patiently to endure the tedium of a blockade. Time hung heavy upon their hands, they wanted amusement, and at last they insolently insisted that the governor should give them women to keep them company in their eyrie. Now, the only women in Cabezon were the governor's wife and daughter. 'If you do not deliver them to us, to be dealt with as we list,' said the garrison to the governor, 'we abandon your castle, or, better still, we open its gate to the King of Castile!' In such an emergency, the code of chivalrous honour was stringent. At the siege of Tarifa, Alonzo Perez de Gusman, summoned to surrender the town, under penalty of seeing his son massacred before his eyes, answered the Moors by throwing them his sword, wherewith to slay the child. This action, which procured the governor of Tarifa the surname of Gusman the Good, was a *faesña* (an exploit)—one of those heroic precedents which every man of honour was bound to imitate. *Permittitur homicidium filii potius quam deditio castelli*, is the axiom of a doctor in chivalry of that epoch. The governor of Cabezon, as magnanimous in his way as Gusman the Good, so arranged matters that his garrison no longer thought of abandoning him. But two of the esquires, less corrupt than their comrades, conceived a horror of their treason, and escaped from the castle. Led before the king, they informed him of the mutiny they had witnessed, and of its consequences. Don Pedro, indignant, forthwith entreated the governor to let him do justice on the offenders. In exchange for those felons, he offered ten gentlemen of his army, who, before entering Cabezon, should take a solemn oath to defend the castle against all assailants, even against the king himself, and to die at their posts with the governor. This proposal having been accepted, the king had the traitors quartered,

and their remains were afterwards burned. Through the colours with which a romantic imagination has adorned this incident, it is difficult to separate truth from fiction; but we at least distinguish the popular opinion of the character of Don Pedro—a strange amalgamation of chivalrous sentiments, and of love of justice, carried to ferocity.”

There was very little justice, or gratitude either, in the king's treatment of his Jew treasurer. Don Simuel el Levi,* Israelite though he was, had proved himself a stancher friend and more loyal subject than any Christian of Pedro's court. He had borne him company in his captivity—had aided his escape—had renovated his finances—had been his minister, treasurer, and confidant. Suddenly Simuel was thrown into prison. On the same day, and throughout the kingdom, his kinsmen and agents were all arrested. His crime was his prodigious wealth.

Pedro, ignorant of the resources of trade, could not believe that his treasurer had grown rich otherwise than at his expense. Simuel's property was seized; then, as he was suspected of having concealed the greater part of his treasures, he was taken to Seville and put to the torture, under which he expired. The king is said to have found in his coffers large sums of gold and silver, besides a quantity of jewels and rich stuffs, all of which he confiscated. A sum of 300,000 doubloons was also found in the hands of Simuel's relatives, receivers under his orders: this proceeded from the taxes, whose collection was intrusted to him, and was about to be paid into the king's exchequer. There is reason to believe, adds M. Mérimée, that Levi, like Jacques Cœur a century later, was the victim of the ignorance and cupidity of a master he had faithfully served.†

* We have already adverted to the religious tolerance of the time, and to the intermixture of Mussulmans and Christians: M. Mérimée gives some curious details on this subject. The nobility of Castile made no difficulty to grant the *Don* to the Moorish cavaliers, and the rich Jew bankers obtained the same distinction, then very rare amongst the Christians themselves. Thus Ayala, the chronicler, speaks of Don Farax, Don Simuel, Don Reduan, &c.; although of Spaniards he gives the *Don* only to the princes of the blood, to a few very powerful *ricos hombres*, to certain great officers of the crown, and to the masters of the military orders of knights. The Andalusian Moors were frequently treated as equals by the chevaliers of Castile; but this is far less astonishing than that the Jews should have attained to high honours and office. Pedro, however, seems always to have had a leaning towards them, and the Israelites, on their part, invariably supported him. He was more than once, in the latter part of his reign, heard to say that the Moors and Hebrews were his only loyal subjects. At Miranda, on the Ebro, in 1360, the populace, stirred up by Henry of Trastamare, massacred the Jews, and pillaged their dwellings. The object of the Count was to compromise the townspeople, and thus to attach them indissolubly to his cause. When Pedro arrived, he had the ringleaders of the riot arrested; and, in his presence, the unhappy wretches were burned alive, or boiled in immense cauldrons. Obsolete laws were revived, to justify these terrible executions; but the crime of the offenders was forgotten in the horror excited by such barbarous punishments. It was just after these scenes of cruelty that a priest, coming from Santo-Domingo de la Calzada, craved private audience of the king. 'Sire,' said he, 'my Lord Saint Dominick has appeared to me in a dream, bidding me warn you that, if you do not amend your life, Don Henry, your brother, will slay you with his own hand.' This prophecy, on the eve of a battle between the brothers, was probably the result of fanatical hatred, on the part of the priests towards a king now generally accused of irreligion. Whatever dictated it, Pedro was at first startled by the prophet's confident and inspired air, but soon he thought it was a stratagem of his enemies to discourage him and his troops. The priest, who persisted that his mission was from St Dominick, was burned alive in front of the army.—MÉRIMÉE, pp. 85, 290, 299, &c.

† "According to the interpolator of the chronicle of the *Despenoso Mayor*, Simuel Levi, whose death he erroneously fixes in the year 1366, was denounced to the king by several Jews, envious of his immense riches. Simuel, on being put to the torture, died of indignation, '*de puro corage*,' says the anonymous author, whom I copy, since I cannot understand him. There were found, in a vault beneath his house, three piles of gold and silver lingots, so lofty 'that a man standing behind them was not

We have dwelt so long upon the early pages of this history, and have so often been led astray by the interest of the notes and anecdotes with which they are thickly strewn, that we have left ourselves without space for a notice of those portions of the bulky volume most likely to rivet the attention of the English reader. When the *Grandes Compagnies*—those formidable *condottieri*, who, for a time, may be said to have ruled in France—crossed the Pyrenees to fight for Henry of Trastamare, whilst the troops of England and Guyenne came to the help of Pedro; when the great champions of their respective countries, Edward the Black Prince and Bertrand du Guesclin, bared steel in the civil strife of Spain.—then came the tug of war and fierce encounter—then did the tide of battle roll its broad impetuous stream. For even at that remote period, although Spain boasted a valiant chivalry and stubborn men-at-arms, her wars were often a series of skirmishes, surprises, treacheries, and camp-intrigues, rather than of pitched battles in the field. The same sluggishness and indolence on the part of Spanish generals, so conspicuous at the present day, was then frequently observable. We read of divisions—whose timely arrival would have changed the fate of a battle—coming up so slowly that their friends were beaten before they appeared; of generals marching out, and marching back again, without striking a single blow; or remaining, for days together, gazing at their opponents without risking an attack. Even then, the Spaniards were a nation of guerillas.

“Accustomed to a war of rapid skirmishes against the Moors, they had adopted their mode of fighting. Covered with light coats of mail, or with doublets

of quilted cloth, mounted on light and active horses, their *genetaires* (light horsemen) hurled their javelins at a gallop, then turned bridle, without caring to keep their ranks. With the exception of the military orders, better armed and disciplined than the *genetaires*, the Spanish cavalry were unable to offer resistance in line to the English or French men-at-arms.”

The infantry of Spain, afterwards esteemed the best in Europe, was at that time so lightly considered as to be rarely enumerated in the strength of an army. The English footsoldiers, on the other hand, had already achieved a brilliant reputation. “Armed with tall bows of yew,” says M. Mérimée, “they sheltered themselves behind pointed stakes planted in the ground, and, thus protected against cavalry, let fly arrows an ell long, which few cuirasses could resist.” The equipment of the English cavalry was far superior to that of the Spanish horsemen. Ayala recapitulates, with astonishment, the various pieces of armour in use amongst those northern warriors. Plates of steel and forged iron were worn over jerkins of thick leather, and even over shirts of mail. The bull-dog courage of the men was not less remarkable than the strength of their defensive arms. It is interesting to read of the exploits of a handful of English soldiers on the very ground where, four hundred and forty-six years later, an army of that nation crushed the hosts of France. Sir Thomas Felton, seneschal of Guyenne, was attacked, when at a considerable distance from the English army, near Ariflix, two leagues from Vitoria, by more than three thousand French *gendarmes* and Spanish light horse.

“Felton had but two hundred men-at-arms, and as many archers. He lost not courage, but dismounted his cavalry, and

seen.” The king, on beholding this treasure, exclaimed—“If Don Simuel had given me the third part of the smallest of these heaps, I would not have had him tortured. How could he consent to die rather than speak?” *Sumario de los Reyes de España*, p. 73. *Credat Judæus Apella*.”—MÉRIMÉE, p. 317.

Don Pedro was often accused of avarice, although it appears probable that his fondness of money sprang from his experience of the power it gave, and of its absolute necessity in the wars in which he was continually engaged, rather than from any abstract love of gold. When, after his flight from Spain in 1366, his treasures were traitorously given up to his rival by Admiral Boocanegra, who had been charged to convey them to Portugal, they amounted to thirty-six quintals of gold, (something like fourteen hundred thousand pounds sterling—a monstrous sum in those days,) besides a quantity of jewels.

drew them up on a steep hillock. His brother, William Felton, alone refused to quit his horse. With lance in rest, he charged into the midst of the Castilians, and at the first blow drove his weapon completely through the body and iron armour of a foe; he was immediately cut to pieces. His comrades, closing round their banner, defended themselves, for several hours, with the courage of despair. At last the adventurers, headed by the Marshal d'Audeneham and the Bègue de Vilaines, dismounted, and, forming column, broke the English phalanx, whilst the Spanish cavalry charged it in rear. All were slain in the first fury of victory, but the heroic resistance of this scanty band of Englishmen struck even their enemies with admiration. The memory of Felton's glorious defeat is preserved in the province, where it is still shown, near Arniiz, the hillock upon which, after fighting an entire day, he fell, covered with wounds. It is called, in the language of the country, *Inglesmendi*, the English Hill."

This gallant but unimportant skirmish comprised (with the exception of a dash made by Don Tello at the English foragers, of whom he killed a good number) all the fighting that took place at that time upon the plain of Vitoria; although some historians have made that plain the scene of the decisive battle fought soon afterwards, between Edward of England and Don Pedro on the one hand, and du Guesclin and Henry of Trastamare on the other. Toreno correctly indicates the ground of this action, which occurred on the right bank of the Ebro, between Najera and Navarrete. It is true that the Prince of Wales offered battle near Vitoria, drawing up his army on the heights of Santo Romano, close to the village of Alegria, just in the line of the flight of the French when beaten in 1813. The Prince did this boldly and confidently, although anxious for the coming up of his rear-guard, which was still seven leagues off. "That day," says Froissart, "the prince had many a pang in his heart, because his rear-guard delayed so long to come." But the enemy were in no haste to attack. Only a day or two previously, Don Henry had assembled his captains in

council of war, "to communicate to them," says M. Mérimée, "a letter the King of France had written him, urging him not to tempt fortune by risking a battle against so able a general as the Prince of Wales, and such formidable soldiers as the veteran bands he commanded. Bertrand du Guesclin, Marshal d'Audeneham, and most of the French adventurers, were of the same opinion—frankly declaring that, in regular battle, the English were invincible. Du Guesclin's advice was to harass them by continual skirmishes," &c., &c.; and the result of the council was, that Don Henry resolved to keep as much as possible on the defensive, and in the mountains, where his light troops had a great advantage over their enemies, who were heavily armed, and unaccustomed to a guerilla warfare. It had been well for him had he adhered to this resolution, instead of allowing himself to be carried away by his ardour, and by the confidence with which a successful skirmish had inspired him. In vain du Guesclin, and the other captains, tried to detain him in rear of the little river Najerilla: declaring his intention of finishing the war by one decisive combat, he led his army into the plain. When the Black Prince, who little expected such temerity, was informed of the movement—"By St George!" he exclaimed, "in yonder bastard there lives a valiant knight!" Then he proceeded to take up his position for the fight that now was certain to take place. "At sunrise, Count Henry beheld the English army drawn up in line, in admirable order; their gay banners and pennons floating above a forest of lances. Already all the men-at-arms had dismounted.* . . . The Prince of Wales devoutly offered up a prayer, and, having called heaven to witness the justice of his cause, held out his hand to Don Pedro: 'Sir King,' he said, 'in an hour you will know if you are King of Castile.' Then he cried out, 'Banners forward, in the name of God and St George!'"

We will not diminish, by extract or

* The custom of the time, according to Froissart and others. On the march, most of the soldiers, sometimes even the archers, were on horseback; but when the hour of battle arrived, spurs were removed, horses sent away, and lances shortened. When the time came for fight and pursuit, the combatants again sprang into t^h

abridgment, the pleasure of those of our readers who may peruse M. Mérimée's masterly and picturesque account of the battle, whose triumphant termination was tarnished by an act of ferocious cruelty on the part of the Castilian king. Don Pedro had proved himself, as usual, a gallant soldier in the fight; and long after the English trumpets had sounded the recall, he spurred his black charger on the track of the fugitive foe. At last, exhausted by fatigue, he was returning to the camp, when he met a Gascon knight bringing back as prisoner Ifigo Lopez Orozco, once an intimate of the king's, but who had abandoned him after his flight from Burgos. In spite of the efforts of the Gascon to protect him, Pedro slew his renegade adherent in cold blood, and with his own hand. The English were indignant at this barbarous revenge, and sharp words were exchanged between Pedro and the Black Prince. Indeed, it was hardly possible that sympathy should exist between the generous and chivalrous Edward and his blood-thirsty and crafty ally, and this dispute was the first symptom of the mutual aversion they afterwards exhibited. From the very commencement, the Prince of Wales appears to have espoused the cause of legitimacy in opposition to his personal predilections. His admiration of Count Henry, and good opinion of his abilities, frequently breaks out. After the signal victory of Najera, which seemed to have fixed the crown of Castile more firmly than ever upon Pedro's brow, Edward was the only man who judged differently of the future. "The day after the battle, when the knights charged by him to examine the dead and the prisoners came to make their report, he asked in the Gascon dialect, which he habitually spoke: '*E lo borta, es mort ó pres?*' And the Bastard, is he killed or taken?" The answer was,

"Now Don Henry has the upmost,
Now King Pedro lies beneath;
In his heart his brother's poniard
Instant finds its bloody sheath.

Thus with mortal gasp and quiver,
While the blood in bubbles well'd,
Fled the fiercest soul that ever
In a Christian bosom dwell'd."

that he had disappeared from the field of battle, and that all trace of him was lost. '*Non ay res fait!*' exclaimed the prince; 'Nothing is done.'

The Black Prince spoke in a prophetic spirit: the sequel proved the wisdom of his words. The battle of Najera was fought on the 3d April 1367. Two years later, less eleven days, on the 23d March 1369—Edward and his gallant followers having in the interim returned to Guyenne, disgusted with the ingratitude and bad faith of the king they had replaced upon his throne—the Bastard was master of Spain, where Don Pedro's sole remaining possession was the castle of Montiel, within whose walls the fallen monarch was closely blockaded. Negotiations ensued, in which Bertrand du Guesclin shared, and in which there can be little doubt he played a treacherous part. It is to the credit of M. Mérimée's impartiality, that he does not seek to shield the French hero, but merely urges, in extenuation of his conduct, the perverted morality and strange code of knightly honour accepted in those days. By whomsoever lured, in the night-time Pedro left his stronghold, expecting to meet, outside its walls, abettors and companions of a meditated flight. Instead of such aid, he found himself a captive, and presently he stood face to face with Henry of Trastamare. The brothers bandied insults, a blow was dealt, and they closed in mortal strife. Around them a circle of chevaliers gazed with deep interest at this combat of kings. Pedro, the taller and stronger man, at first had the advantage. Then a bystander—some say du Guesclin, others, an Arragonese, Rocaberti—pulled the king by the leg as he held his brother under him, and changed the fortune of the duel. What ensued is best told in the words of Lockhart's close and admirable version of a popular Spanish ballad:—

THE OPENING OF THE SESSION.

THE British Parliament has again been summoned to resume its labours. The period which intervened between the close of the last, and the opening of the present session, was fraught with great anxiety to those who believed that the cause of order and peace depended upon the check that might be given to the democratic spirit, then raging so fearfully throughout Europe. France, under the dictatorship of Cavaignac, had emerged a little from the chaotic slough into which she had been plunged by the wickedness, imbecility, and treason of a junta of self-constituted ministers—men who held their commissions from the sovereign mob of Paris, and who were ready, for that sovereign's sake, to ruin and prostrate their country. Foremost among these ministers was Lamartine, a theorist whose intentions might be good, but whose exorbitant vanity made him a tool in the hands of others who had embraced revolution as a trade. Of this stamp were Ledru-Rollin, Louis Blanc, and, we may add, Marrast,—men who had nothing to lose, but everything to gain, from the continuance of popular disorder. Fortunately, the daring attempt of June—which, if it had succeeded, would have surrendered Paris to be sacked—was suppressed with sufficient bloodshed. Military domination took the place of helpless democratic fraternity; the barricades went down amidst the thunder of the cannon, and the rascaldom of the Faubourg St Antoine found, to their cost, that they were not yet altogether triumphant. Of the subsequent election of Louis Napoleon to the presidency we need not speak. It would be in vain, under present circumstances, to speculate upon the probable destinies of France. All that we have to remark now is her attitude, which, we think, is symptomatic of improvement. The socialist theories are wellnigh exploded. Equality may exist in name, but it is not recognised as a reality. The provinces have suffered enough from revolution to abhor the thought of anarchy; and they long for any government strong and resolute

enough to enforce the laws, and to stamp with its heel on the head of the Jacobin hydra.

Austria, on the other side, has done her duty nobly. Astounded as we certainly were at the outbreak of revolution in Vienna, we had yet that confidence in the spirit and loyalty of the old Teutonic chivalry, that we never for a moment believed that the mighty fabric of ages would be allowed to crumble down, or the imperial crown to fall from the head of the descendant of the Cæsars. And so it has proved. The revolt occasioned in the southern provinces by the co-operation of Jacobinism, under the specious mask of nationality, with the mean and selfish ambition of an intriguing Italian potentate, has been triumphantly suppressed. Vienna, after experiencing the horrors of ruffian occupation—after having seen assassination rife in her streets, and the homes of her burghers delivered over to the lust and pillage of the anarchists—has again returned to her fealty. The insurrections in Bohemia and Hungary have been met by the strong arm of power; the schemes of treason and of faction have been discomfited; nor can modern history afford us nobler examples of heroism and devotion than have been exhibited by Windischgrätz and Jellachich. Whilst the democratic press, even in this country, was sympathising with the insurgents—whilst treason, murder, and rapine were palliated and excused, and fulsome and bombastic panegyrics pronounced upon the leading demagogues of the movement—we have watched the efforts of Austria towards the recovery of her equilibrium, with an anxiety which we scarcely can express; because we felt convinced that, upon her success or her defeat, upon the maintenance of her position as a colossal united power, or her division into petty states, depended, in a large measure, the future tranquillity of Europe. Most happily she has succeeded, and has thereby given the death-blow to the hopes of the besotted visionaries at Frankfort. The

Central Power of Germany, as that singular assemblage of mountebanks, with a weak old imbecile at their head, has been somewhat facetiously denominated — that pseudo-parliament, which, without power to enforce its decrees, or any comprehensible scheme of action, has arrogated to itself the right of over-riding monarchies—is gradually dwindling into contempt. Even Frederick-William of Prussia, its chief supporter and stay, has found out his vast mistake in yielding to the democratic principle as the means of ultimately securing for himself the rule of a united Germany. The attempt has already wellnigh cost him the crown which he wears. He now sees, as he might have seen earlier, but for the mists of interest and ambition, that the present movement was essentially a democratic one, and that its leaders merely held out the phantom of resuscitated imperialism in order to make converts, and to strike more effectually at every hereditary constitution. The farce cannot, in the ordinary nature of things, last much longer. Without Austria, Bavaria, and Prussia, there is no central power at all. The Frankfort parliament, as it at present exists, can be compared to nothing except a great Masonic assemblage. In humble imitation of the brethren of the mystic tie, it is solemnly creating grand chancellors, grand seneschals, and, for aught we know, grand tylers also for an empire which is not in existence; and, without a farthing in its treasury, is decreeing civil lists and bounties to its imperial grand master! Unfortunately, the state of Europe has been such that we cannot afford to laugh even at such palpable fooleries. They tend to prolong excitement and disorder throughout a considerable portion of the Continent; and already, through such antics, we have been on the eve of a general war, occasioned by the unjust attempts to deprive Denmark of her Schleswig provinces. The sooner, therefore, that the parliament of Frankfort ceases to have an existence the better. It hardly can exist if the larger states do their duty, without jealousy of each other, but with reference to the common weal.

But though the democratic progress,

under whatsoever form it appeared, has thus received a check in northern Europe, it is still raging with undiminished violence in the south. British diplomatic relations with the See of Rome have received the *coup-de-grace*, in the forcible expulsion of the Sovereign Pontiff from his territories! The leading reformer of the age—the propagandist successor of St Peter—has surrendered his pastoral charge, and fled from the howling of his flock, now suddenly metamorphosed into wolves. There, as elsewhere, liberalism has signalised itself by assassination. The star of freedom, of which Lord Minto was the delegated prophet, has appeared in the form of a bloody and terrific meteor. Even revolutionised France felt her bowels moved by some latent Christian compunction, and prepared an armament to rescue, if needful, the unfortunate patriarch from his children. More recently, the Grand-duke of Tuscany—a prince whose mild rule and kindly government were such that democracy itself could frame no articulate charge against him, beyond the fact of his being a sovereign—has been compelled to abandon his territory, and to take refuge elsewhere.

Such is the state of the continent of Europe at the opening of the new session of Parliament—a state which, while it undeniably leaves great room for hope, and in some measure indicates a return to more settled principles of government, is very far from conveying an assurance of lasting tranquillity. It is now just a year since the sagacious Mr Cobden issued the second part of his prophecies to atone for the failure of the first. The repeal of the corn laws, and the other free-trade measures, having not only failed to enrich this country at the ratio of a hundred millions sterling annually—the premium which was confidently offered by the Manchester Association, as the price of their experiment—but, having somehow or other been followed by a calamitous deficit in the ordinary revenue, the member for the West Riding bethought himself of a new agitation for the disbandment of the British army, and the suppression of the navy, founded upon the experiences which he had gathered in the course of his Continental ovations. He told his faithful

myrmidons that all Europe was in a state of profound peace, and that war was utterly impossible. They echoed the cry, and at once, as if by magic, the torch of revolution was lighted up in every country save our own. Nor are we entitled to claim absolute exemption. Chartism exhibited itself at home in a more daring manner than ever before: nor do we wonder at this, since the depreciation of labour in the home market, the direct result of Peel's injudicious tariffs, drove many a man, from sheer desperation, into the ranks of the disloyal. Ireland was pacified only by a strong demonstration of military force; and, had that been withdrawn, rebellion was the inevitable consequence. Still, though his promises are thus shown to be utterly false, the undaunted Free-trader, in the teeth of facts and logic, persists in maintaining his conclusions. Again he shouts, raves, and agitates for an extensive military reduction; and, lo! the next Indian mail brings tidings of the war in the Punjab!

Public attention, during the recess, has been very generally directed to the state of the finances of the country. No wonder. Last year, in proposing the first of his abortive budgets, Lord John Russell distinctly calculated the probable excess of the expenditure over the income at the sum of three millions and a quarter; to balance which he asked for an augmentation of the income tax—a proposal which the nation very properly scouted. But, whilst we state now, as we stated then, our determined opposition to the increase of the direct taxation of the country, we must remark that the free-trade party were hardly justified in withholding their support from a minister who had played their game with such unimpeachable docility, in an emergency directly resulting from the operation of their cherished system. The statement of Sir Charles Wood, to the effect that, during the last six years, the nation had remitted seven and a half millions of annual taxation, ought surely to have had the effect of an argument upon these impenetrable men. Seven millions and a half had been sacrificed before the Moloch of free trade. Good; benevolent, plain-dealing Sir Robert, and profound, cal-

culating Lord John, had each, in preparing their annual estimates, lopped off some productive branch of the customs, and smilingly displayed it to the country, as a proof of their desire to lessen the weight of the national burdens. That our revenue should fall was, of course, a necessary consequence. Fall it did, and that with such rapidity that Sir Robert Peel dared not take off the income tax, which he had imposed upon the country with a distinct and solemn pledge that it was merely to be temporary in its duration, but handed it over as a permanent legacy to his successor, who coolly proposed to augment it! Now it really required no reflection at all to see that, if our statesmen chose, for the sake of popularity or otherwise, thus to tamper with the revenue, and to lessen the amount of the customs, a deficit must, sooner or later, occur. Not the least baneful effect of the policy pursued by Sir Robert Peel has been the system of calculating the estimates so low, and adapting the income so closely to the national expenditure, that a surplus, to be handed over to the commissioners for the reduction of the national debt, is now a tradition. We have abandoned the idea of a surplus, nor can it ever again be realised under the operation of the present system. Instead of a surplus we have a permanent income tax, and, more than that, a fresh debt incurred by us, under Whig management, of no less than ten millions.

Such being the state of our finances, the question naturally suggests itself to the mind of every thinking man, how are we to find a remedy? The Financial Reform Associations—which are nothing else than the bastard spawn of the Anti-Corn-law League—are perfectly ready with their answer. They see no difficulty about it at all. "Act," they say, "upon the same principle which every man adopts in private life. Since your income has fallen off, reduce your expenditure. Cut your coat according to your cloth. Find out what are the most expensive items of your estimates, and demolish these. If you can't afford to have an army, don't keep one. Your navy is anything but a source of income; put it down. In this

way you will presently find that you can make out a satisfactory balance-sheet."

This is the pounds, shillings, and pence view of the case, and its supporters are determined to enforce it. Dull statistical pamphlets, inveighing against the enormous expense of our establishments, are compiled by pompous pseudo-economists, and circulated by the million. Looking to the past, it requires no familiarity to predict, that, as sure as winter follows autumn, so certainly will the Whigs yield to the pressure from without. Nay, it is not a prediction; for already, in the Queen's speech, an intimation to that effect has been given. Now this is a matter of vital moment to every one of us. We are now verging towards the point which we have long foreseen, when the effects of unprincipled legislation will be wrested into an argument against the maintenance of the national greatness. We have a battle to fight involving a more important stake than ever. We must fight that battle under circumstances of great disadvantage; for not only has treachery thinned our ranks, but the abandonment of public principle by a statesman whose hairs have grown gray in office, has given an example of laxity most pernicious to the morals of the age. But not the less readily do we go forward at the call of honour and duty, knowing that our cause is truth, and confident, even now, that truth must ultimately prevail.

In the first place, let us set ourselves right with these same Financial Reform Associations, so that no charge may be brought against us of factious opposition to salutary improvement. We have perused several of their tracts with great care; but, being tolerably familiar with their statistics already, we have not acquired any large stock of additional information. They point, however, to many things which are most undoubted abuses. That a reform is necessary in many civil departments of the state, has long been our expressed opinion. Money is not only misapplied, but the revenues which ought to be drawn from some portions of the public property, find their way into private

We do not doubt that the dockyards are largely jobbed, and that the nation suffers considerable loss by a partial and nefarious system of private instead of public contracts. We are no admirers of sinecures, of unnecessary commissionerships, or the multiplication of useless offices. The department of Woods and Forests is an Augean stable, which requires a thorough cleansing. It is notoriously the most inefficient and the worst served of the public boards, and it has permitted and winked at speculation to an extent which is almost incredible. We desire to have the public accounts better kept, and some security given that the officials will do their duty. We wish to see patronage fairly and honourably exercised. We wish to see abuse corrected, curbed, and abolished.

And why is this not done? Simply for this reason—that we are cursed with a government in every way unfit for their charge. The present ruling family party have not among them a vestige of a public virtue. Jobbing with the Whigs is not an exceptional case—it is a living principle. It is more to them than the liberty of the press: it is like the air they breathe; if they have it not, they die. They keep their adherents together solely by the force of jobbing. Look at their Irish Trevellyan jobs, their commissions, their unblushing and unparalleled favouritism! Never, in any one instance, have they attempted to save a shilling of the public revenue, when, by doing so, they would interfere with the perquisites of some veteran servitor of their order. We know this pretty well in Scotland, where jobbing flourishes all the better because we are denied the superintendence of a separate Secretary of State—an office which is imperatively called for. The present is undeniably a time for the exertion of strict economy in every department, and yet ministers will not vouchsafe to commence it in their own. During the last two years, various offices which are not hereditary, which are notorious sinecures, and which are nevertheless endowed with large salaries, have become vacant; and, in every case, these have been filled up by Lord John Russell, on the broad ground that the govern-

ment could not afford to dispense with such valuable patronage.

So far we are at one with the finance reformers. So long as their object is to reform evident abuses, we are ready not only to applaud, but to co-operate with them: but the correction of abuses is a very different thing from that suicidal policy which has been over and over again attempted in this country—that policy which, by saving thousands, insures the loss of millions.

Because our revenue has fallen off, is that any reason why we should part with our army and navy? Let us assume that the army and navy are necessary for three purposes—first, for the defence of the country; secondly, for the maintenance of internal order; and thirdly, for the retention of our colonies. Let us further assume, that, keeping these three necessary points in view, it is impossible to effect a numerical reduction of the force: and we then ask the economists whether, these premises being allowed, they would push their doctrine of cloth-cutting so far as still to insist upon a reduction? Not one political tailor of them all will dare to say so! They know the overwhelming storm of contempt that would arise in every corner of Great Britain, if they dared to give vent to such a traitorous sentiment; they leave it unuttered, but they aver the non-necessity.* Here we meet at once upon fair and open ground; and we ask, whether they mean to aver that the present force is greater than is required for the three purposes above mentioned, or whether they mean to aver that any one of these purposes is unnecessary? This, as we shall presently have occasion

to see, is a very important distinction.

To the first question, as yet, we have only indefinite answers. We hear a good deal about clothing allowances and abuses, with which we have nothing whatever to do. It may be, that there exist some faults in the army and navy department, and that these could be amended with a saving of expense to the country: if so, let it be done. We cordially echo the language of Lord Stanley, on moving his amendment to the address: "I believe it is possible to effect some reductions in the civil departments of the army, ordnance, and navy. I also think that large reductions may be made by checking the abuses which exist in the administration and management of the dockyards. But the greatest security we could obtain for having the work well done in the dockyards, would be the passing of an enactment to deprive all persons in those yards from voting for members of parliament. I have heard at least twenty naval officers express an opinion that, until persons employed in the dockyards shall be prevented from voting for members of parliament, it will be impossible to exercise efficient control over the work performed in those establishments. If reductions can be effected, in God's name let them be made; and, although one may wonder how such a course has been so long delayed, I will applaud the government which shall economise without prejudice to the permanent interests of the empire. But when the country is in a position which requires that she should have all her resources and powers at hand, I cannot concur with those who, for the sake of

* We find that we have given the leaguers rather too much credit in the above paragraph. Some of them appear to think that, whether necessary or not, our forces should be dispensed with; at least so we gather from the following expressions contained in a dull ill-written tract, purporting to emanate from the "Edinburgh Financial Reform Association," which has just come into our hands. Let us hear the patriotic economists. "If there be any other cause for maintaining a huge and expensive force, it must be found in the desire to provide for the scions of the nobility and landed gentry, with a view to secure votes in both houses of parliament. As is well known, commissions in the army and navy are held almost entirely by these classes. No doubt, officers in active service may be said to give work for their pay, while their gallantry as soldiers is beyond dispute; but this, unfortunately, does not mend the matter. Their services we hold to be for the greater part unnecessary; at all events, they are services for which the nation cannot afford to pay any longer, and they THEREFORE ought to be relinquished." This is intelligible enough; but we hardly think there are many reasoners of this calibre.

economy, would largely diminish the naval and military forces of the country."

Mr Cobden, so far as we can gather from his orations, advocates the propriety of disbanding the army on the score of peace. He thinks that, if we were to dismiss our forces, all the other nations of the earth would follow the example. There is something positively marvellous in the calm audacity of the man who can rise up, as Cobden did at Manchester, on the last day of January, and enunciate to his enraptured audience, that, "notwithstanding all that had been said on that subject, he reiterated there never was a time when Europe was so predisposed to listen to advances made by the people of England, on that subject, as now!" Where, in the name of the Seven Sleepers of Ephesus, has the man been during the last twelvemonths? What does Mr Cobden understand by Europe? We should like to know this, for it is very easy to use a general term, as in the present instance, without conveying any definite meaning. Does he refer to the governments or the mobs of Europe—to the well-affected, who wish for order, or to the Jacobins whose cause he adores? If he meant the latter class to signify Europe, we can understand him readily enough. He is right: great indeed would be the joy of the clubs in Paris, Berlin, and Vienna, if there were not a soldier left. What jubilee and triumph there would be in every Continental capital! Not the suppression of the police would excite deeper exultation in the hearts of the denizens of St Giles', than would the abolition of standing armies in those of the bearded patriots of the Continent. No need then of barricades—no fighting for the partition of property—no bloodshed, preparatory to the coveted rape and pillage! The man who can talk in this way is beneath the average of idiots; or, otherwise, he is somewhat worse. Not only during the last year, but within the last five months, we have seen that the whole standing armies of Europe have been employed in the task of suppressing insurrection, and have not been able to do it. Under these circumstances, what state would be "predisposed" to surrender its

citizens to the tender mercies of democracy? Ignorant indeed must be the audience that could listen to such pitiable drivelling as this!

Until it can be shown or proved that our armaments, even in ordinary times, are larger than are required for the purposes of defence, of internal tranquillity, and of colonial occupation, there is no cause for reduction at all. The troops at home are maintained for the first two objects, since it would be as wise, in the time of peace, to dismantle the fortifications of a town and to spike the cannon, as to dispense with an army. Is there no necessity for the troops at home? The experience of last year alone has shown us what we might expect if Cobden's views were realised. Glasgow, the second largest city of the empire, was for a time in the hands of the mob. We doubt whether the stiffest free-trader in the West would now be disposed to renounce military protection. Have the people of Liverpool already forgotten that their shipping and warehouses were threatened with incendiarism, and that such apprehensions of a rising were entertained, that, at the earnest entreaty of the magistracy, a camp was established in their vicinity? What would be the state of Ireland, at this moment, if the troops were withdrawn, or their number so materially lessened as to give a chance of success, however momentary, to insurrection? But it is useless to ask such questions, for, in reality, there is hardly a sane man in the British islands who does not know what the immediate result would be, and the horrible penalty we should ultimately pay for such weak and culpable parsimony.

It is a very favourite topic, with finance reformers, to refer to the state of the army and navy as it existed previous to the French Revolution. "In 1792," they say, "the whole cost of these departments, including the ordnance, amounted only to five millions and a half—why should we not now reduce our expenditure to the same amount?" It is wearisome to enter into the task of explanation with these gentlemen, who, after all, are but slenderly acquainted with statistics, else they would at once divine

the answer: nevertheless we shall undertake it. According to the nearest approximation which can be made, the British islands, in the year 1792, contained a population of about *fifteen and a half millions*. The census in 1841 showed a population of *twenty-seven millions*, and at the present moment the number is probably not short of *thirty*. So that, on the reasonable principle that military establishments should bear a certain ratio to the population, and excluding every other consideration, the annual estimates ought, according to the standard of the financial reformers, to be at least eleven millions. But then, be it observed, our colonial possessions were comparatively small compared with their present extent. Since 1792, we have received accession of the following colonies and settlements:—Ceylon, Trinidad, St Lucia, Malta, Heligoland, British Guiana, the Falkland Islands, Hong-Kong, Labuan, Cape of Good Hope, Mauritius, Van Diemen's Land, Western and Southern Australia, New Zealand, and the Ionian Islands. The area of these new possessions is considerably more than *six times* that of the whole extent of the British islands; the surface of the new colonies being, in square miles, no less than 828,408, whilst that of Britain proper is merely 122,823. We purposely abstain from alluding to the extent and increment of our older colonies, as our object is simply to show the difference of our position now, from what it was in the year immediately preceding the outbreak of the first French Revolution.

In the mean time, however, let us keep strictly to our present point, which is the necessity of maintaining a standing army at home. Within the last fifty-seven years, the population at home has doubled—a fact which, of itself, will account for many social evils utterly beyond the reach of legislation. The enormous increase of the manufacturing towns has not been attended with any improvement in the morals of the people. The statistical returns of criminal commitments show that vice has spread in a ratio far greater than the increase of population; and along with vice has appeared its invariable concomitant, disaffection. Every period of stagnation

of trade is marked by a display of Chartism: the example set by such associations as the League has not been lost upon the greater masses of the people. Ireland is a volcano in which the fires of rebellion are never wholly extinguished, and every internal movement there is sensibly felt upon this side of the Channel.

But it is needless, perhaps, to enlarge upon the point, because there are very few persons who maintain that our home force is greater than the occasion requires. That admitted, the question is very considerably narrowed. The reductions demanded would then fall to be made in that portion of our armaments which is used for colonial occupation and defence.

First, let us see what we have to occupy and defend. In 1792, the area of the British colonies which we still retain was about 565,700 square miles. Subsequent additions have extended this surface to 1,400,000. This calculation, be it remarked, is altogether exclusive of India.

The free-traders themselves do not aver that we maintain a larger force than is compatible with their magnitude for the occupation of the colonies. "I am quite aware," says Cobden, "that any great reduction in our military establishments *must depend upon a complete change* in our colonial system; and I consider such a change to be the necessary consequence of our recent commercial policy." We are glad at last to arrive at the truth. That one sentence contains the key to the present crusade against armaments, and it is very well that we should understand and consider it in time. Our readers must not, however, understand the word "change" in the literal sense; the following extract from the Edinburgh tract will put the matter in a clearer light. "The possession of the colonies is supposed to add lustre to the crown; but it may be doubted whether the honour is not purchased at a price considerably beyond its value. The colonies pay no taxes into the exchequer: we keep them, they do not keep us. An Englishman may be told that he belongs to an empire on which the sun never sets; but, as he pays dearly for this in taxation,

and gets nothing but sentiment in return, he may be inclined to question the value of that vast dominion on his connexion with which he is congratulated. But if the Englishman makes nothing by the colonial possessions, neither does the colonist. As things are managed, the union is mutually embarrassing, while the expenses we incur for maintaining the colonies are ruinous." Were we right or wrong when we said, two years ago, that the tendency of free trade was a deliberate movement towards the dismemberment of the British empire, and the separation of the colonies from the mother country? Here you have the principle almost openly avowed. The colonies are said to cost us about four millions a-year, and this opens too rich a field for the penny-wise economist to be resisted. Nor are we in the slightest degree surprised at these men availing themselves of the argument. If they are right in their premises, they are also right in their conclusion. If the people of this country are deliberately of opinion that our commercial policy is, henceforward and for ever, to be regulated upon the principles of free trade, the colonies should be left to themselves, and Earl Grey immediately cashiered. This is what Cobden and his followers are aiming at; this is the ultimate result of the measures planned, and proposed, and carried by Sir Robert Peel. It is no figment or false alarm of ours. The free-traders do not take the pains to disguise it: their main argument for the reduction of our forces is the uselessness and expense of the colonies, and they seem prepared to lower the British flag in every quarter of the globe. Our fellow-citizen who has compiled the last Financial tract speaks to the point with a calm philosophy which shows the thoroughness of his conviction: he says, "As foreigners now trade with our colonies on the same terms with ourselves, it is evident that the colonists prefer our goods, only because they are better and cheaper than those of foreigners; *it therefore seems reasonable to suppose that the colonies would continue to buy from us were the connexion dissolved, or greatly changed in character.* The United States of America once were our colonies, and

the trade with them has vastly increased since they became independent." According to this view, it would appear that Papineau was not only a disinterested patriot, but also an enlightened economist!

See, then, what great matters spring from petty sources!—how personal ambition, and competition for power between two statesmen of no high or exalted principle, can in a few years lead to a deliberate project, and a large confederacy, for the dismemberment of the British empire! To gain additional swiftness in the race for ascendancy, Sir Robert Peel and Lord John Russell alternately threw away, most uselessly and recklessly, many of the surest items of the national income. They sacrificed, until further sacrifice was no longer possible, without conceding a broad principle. The principle was conceded; and the bastard system of free trade, without reciprocity and without equivalent, was substituted for the wiser system which had been the foundation of our greatness. By this time, indirect taxation had been reduced so low that the revenue fell below the mark of the expenditure; the duties levied upon imports exhibited a marked decline. Both Peel and Russell were committed to free trade, and neither of them could, with any consistency, retrace their steps. Russell, then in power, had no alternative except to propose additional direct burdens, by augmenting the income-tax. This proposition was rejected, and there was a dead-lock. Lord John was at his wits' end. The free-traders now propose to relieve him from his embarrassment, by cutting down the expenditure so as to meet the diminished income. This can only be done by reducing the army and navy, and the army and navy cannot be reduced except by sacrificing the colonies; therefore, say the free-traders, get rid of the colonies at once, and the work is ready-done to your hands.

We defy any man, be he Whig, Peelite, Free-trader, or Chartist, to controvert the truth of what we have stated above. We anticipated the result from the first hour that Sir Robert Peel yielded, not to the expressed will of the nation, but to the clamour of a selfish and organised faction; and

every move since has been in exact concordance with our anticipations. Last year, Lord John Russell showed some spirit of resistance to the power which was dragging him downward: he refused to tamper with the army. In an article which appeared in this Magazine just twelve months ago, we said—"It is to the credit of the Whigs that, far as they have been led astray by adopting the new-fangled political doctrines—rather, as we believe, for the sake of maintaining power than from any belief in their efficacy—they have declined all participation with the Manchester crew, in their recent attempts to lower the position and diminish the influence of Great Britain." The country knows, by this time, that we cannot repeat the encomium. Last year, *before there was a single disturbance abroad*, before insurrection had arisen in Ireland, Lord John Russell brought forward his budget, and, with the support of the great majority of the House, not only peremptorily refused to accede to a diminution of our forces, but actually proposed an augmentation. *This year*, we find in the royal speech the following paragraph—"The present aspect of affairs has enabled me to make large reductions on the estimates of last year."

"The present aspect of affairs!"—Go to, then—let us see what the phrase is worth—how far the context of the whole speech will justify the choice of the expression? This is no time for shuffling or weakness—no time for party-tricks. The atmosphere is dark around us. By the help of Heaven we have stood the pelting of the storm, and yet stand unscathed; but the clouds are still black and threatening. We cannot take a vague assertion, even though it proceeded from a minister a thousand times more able and trustworthy than the present premier. We must have proofs before we loosen our cloak, and lessen the security of our position.

How stand we with regard to the Continental powers? For the first time, for many years, the British Sovereign has been unable to state "that she continues to receive from all foreign powers assurances of their friendly relations." Instead of that we are simply told, what no one

doubts, that her Majesty is desirous to maintain the most friendly relations with the other members of the European family. Unfortunately, however, desire does not always imply possession. Are we to attribute this omission of the usual paragraph to mere inadvertence? or are we indeed to conclude that, abroad, there has arisen a feeling so unfriendly that to hazard the assertion of former relationship would really be equivalent to a falsehood? It is painful to allow that we must arrive at the latter conclusion. The moral weight and influence which Britain once exercised on the Continent has utterly decayed in the hands of Whig administrations. Instead of maintaining that attitude of high dignified reserve which becomes the first maritime power of Europe, we have been exhibited in the light of a nation of interfering intriguers, whose proffered mediation is almost equivalent to an insult. Mediators of this kind never are, nor can be, popular. The answer invariably is, in the language of holy writ—"Who made thee a prince and a judge over us? intendest thou to kill me, as thou killedst the Egyptian?" and, in consequence, wherever we have interfered we have made matters worse, or else have been compelled to submit to an ignominious rebuff. Every one knows what were the consequences of Lord Palmerston's impertinent and gratuitous suggestions to the crown of Spain. "What," said Lord Stanley, "is the state of our relations with that court? You have most unwisely, through your minister, interfered in the internal administration of the affairs of that country. That offence has been visited by the Government of that country upon our ministers in a manner so offensive that, great as was the provocation given by the British minister, no man in your Lordship's House, with the information we possess, could stand up and say that the Government of Spain was justified in the course they had pursued, however much the magnitude of the offence might have palliated it. But the state of affairs in Spain is this: Your minister has been ignominiously driven from Madrid, and you have quietly and tacitly acquiesced in the insult which

the Spanish Government have put upon you." The immediate consequences of Minto negotiation in Italy have been assassination and rebellion, the flight of the Pope from his dominions, and the surrender of the sacred city to the anarchy of the Club propagandists. But perhaps the worst instance of our interference is that with the Neapolitan and Sicilian affairs. We have thus chosen openly to countenance rebellion: we have gone the length of negotiating with insurgents, for securing them an independent government. We held out a threat, which we did not dare to fulfil. After menacing the King of Naples with a squadron off his own shores, apparently to prevent the expedition then prepared from setting sail for Sicily—and thereby encouraging the insurgents by the prospect of British aid—we allowed the fleet to sail, the war to begin, the city of Messina to be bombarded, and then, with a tardy humanity, we interfered to check the carnage. In consequence, we are blamed and detested by both parties. The Neapolitan Government feel that we have acted towards them in a manner wholly inconsistent with the character of an ally; that in negotiating with rebels, as we have done, we have absolutely broken faith, and violated honour; and that even our last interference was as unprincipled as our first. If the plea of humanity were to be allowed in such cases, where would be the end of interference? Durst we have said to Austria, after the reoccupation of Vienna, "You have taken your city, and may keep it, but you shall not punish the rebels. If you do, we shall interfere, to prevent the horrors of military execution"? We think that even Lord Palmerston, notwithstanding his itch for interposition, would have hesitated in doing this. Lord Lansdowne, in touching upon the subject of the Austrian and Hungarian relations, is positively conservative in his tone. According to him, the British cabinet views rebellion in a very different light, according as it appears in the centre or the south of Europe—on the banks of the Danube, or on the shores of the Mediterranean. "As regarded the administration of the internal affairs

of Austria and Hungary, the British Government had not been asked to interfere, and had not desired to interfere. They contemplated, as all Europe did, with that feeling which was experienced when men were seen successfully struggling with difficulties, a contest which had led to the display of so much lofty character on the part of individuals. Had this been the place, he (the Marquis of Lansdowne) should have been as ready as the noble lord to pay his tribute of respect to individuals who had appeared in that part of the world, and had been most successful in their efforts to restore the glories of the Austrian army in her own dominions. *In the negotiations between the Emperor and his subjects they had no right to interfere*, neither had they been invited by either party." This is sound doctrine, we admit, but why treat Naples otherwise than Austria? Had we any right to interfere in the negotiations between the King of the Two Sicilies and *his* subjects? Not one tittle more than in the other case; and we beg to suggest to Lord Palmerston, whether it is creditable that this country should be considered in the light of a bully who hesitates not, in the case of a lesser power, to take liberties, which he prudently abstains from doing where one more likely to resent such unwarrantable conduct is concerned. As for the Sicilians, they feel that they have been betrayed. But for the prospect of British support, certainly warranted by our attitude, they might not have gone so far, nor drawn upon their heads the terrible retribution which overtook them. Such are the results of Palmerstonian interference, at once dangerous, despicable, and humiliating.

We have read with much attention the speech of Lord John Russell, on the first night of the Session, explanatory of the Italian transactions; and we must say that his vindication of his father-in-law is such as to inspire us with a devout hope that the noble bungler may, in future, be forced to confine his talents for intrigue to some sphere which does not involve the general tranquillity of Europe. Considering the manner in which we are mulcted for the support of the Elliots, we are fairly entitled to ask

the hoary chief of that marauding clan to draw his salary in peace, without undertaking the task of fomenting civil discord between our allied powers and their subjects. But even more important is the sort of admission pervading the address of the Premier, that our interference in the Sicilian business was regulated by the views entertained by the French admiral. Sir W. Parker, it seems, did not take the initiative; it was not his finer sense of humanity which was offended; for, according to Lord John, "when that expedition reached Messina, there took place, at the close of the siege of Messina, events which appeared so horrible and so inhuman in the eyes of the French admiral that he determined to interfere. It appeared to the French admiral, that it was impossible such a warfare could continue without an utter desolation of Sicily, and such alienation from the Neapolitan Government, on the part of the Sicilians, that no final terms of agreement could arise; he therefore determined to take upon himself to put a stop to the further progress of such a horrible warfare. After he had so determined, he communicated with Sir W. Parker. Sir W. Parker had a most difficult duty to perform; but, taking all the circumstances into consideration, our former friendly relations with the Sicilians—the accounts he had received from the captain of one of her Majesty's ships then at Messina—the atrocities he heard of, and that the French admiral was about to act—and that it was important at that juncture that the two nations should act in concert, his determination was to give orders similar to those which had been given by the French admiral." Now, although we are fully alive to the advantage of maintaining the best possible understanding with the fluctuating French governments, and exceedingly anxious that no untoward cause for jealousy should arise, we do not think that Lord John's explanation will be felt as satisfactory by the country. It appears by this statement, that, had there been no French fleet there, Sir W. Parker would not have thought himself entitled to interfere. It is because the French admiral was about to move that he thought fit to move likewise. If there was any

honour in the transaction, we have forfeited all claim to it by this avowal. If, on the contrary, there was any wrong done, we excuse it only by the undignified plea, that we were following the example of France. This is a new position for Britain to assume—not, in our eyes, one which is likely to raise us in Continental estimation, or to support the prestige of our maritime supremacy. To quarrel with our allies is at all times folly; to vindicate interference on the ground of maintaining a good understanding with another power, is scarce consonant with principle, and betrays a conscious weakness on the part of those who have no better argument to advance.

See, then, how we are situated with the foreign powers. Spain is alienated from us—Austria not fervid in her love, for there too, it would seem, we have most unnecessarily interfered. We are detested in Naples and Sicily, unpopular elsewhere in Italy, mixed up with the Schleswig dispute, and on no diplomatic terms with Central Germany. Our understanding with France has fortunately remained amicable, but we neither know the policy of France, nor can we foresee under what circumstances she may be placed in a month from the present time. Is this a peaceful prospect? Let us hear Lord John Russell, whose interest it is to make things appear in as favourable a light as possible:—"I do not contend that there is not cause for anxiety in the present state of Europe. I am far from thinking that the revolutions which took place last year have run their course, and that every nation in which they occurred can now be said to be in a state of solid security. I rejoice as much as any man that the ancient empire of Austria, our old ally, is recovering her splendour, and is showing her strength in such a conspicuous manner. Still I cannot forget that there are many questions not yet settled with regard to the internal institutions of Austria—that the question of the formation of what the honourable gentleman (Mr D'Israeli) has called an empire without an emperor, is still in debate, and that we cannot be sure what the ultimate result of these events may be. It is also true that there may have been, during last year,

an excess of apprehension, caused by the great events that were taking place, and by the rising up of some wild theories, pretending to found the happiness of the state and of mankind on visionary and unsound speculations, on which the happiness of no people or country can ever be founded. We have seen these opinions prevail in many countries to a considerable extent; and no one can say that events may not, at some unforeseen moment, take an unfortunate turn for the peace and tranquillity of Europe." These are sensible views, moderately but fairly stated; and we ask nothing more than that his lordship's measures should be framed in accordance with a belief which is not only his, but is entertained by every man of ordinary capacity throughout the country. Experience has shown us that war is almost invariably preceded by revolution. These are not days in which potentates can assemble their armies, march across their frontiers without palpable cause of offence, and seize upon the territory of their neighbours. But for the spirit of innovation, restlessness, and lust of change, never more generally exhibited than now amongst the people, the world would remain at peace. It is only when, as in the case of Germany and Italy, the sceptre is wrenched from the hands of the constitutional authorities, and when the rule of demagogues and experimentalists commences, that the danger of war begins. At such a time, there are no settled principles of polity or of action. Crude theories are produced, and, for a time, perhaps, acted upon as though they were sound realities. Men adopt vague and general terms as their watchwords, and strive to shape out constitutions to be reared upon these utterly unsubstantial foundations. Laws are changed, and the executive loses its power. All is anarchy and confusion, until, by common consent of those who still retain some portion of their senses, military despotism is called in to strangle the new-born license. This is a state of matters which usually results in war. The dominant authorities feel that their hold of public opinion is most precarious, unless they can contrive to give that

opinion an impulse in another direction, and, at the same time, to employ, in some way or other, those multitudes whom revolution has driven from the arts and occupations of peace, and who, unless so provided for, immediately degenerate into conspirators at home. War is sometimes resorted to as the means of avoiding revolution. The disturbed state of the north of Italy furnished Charles Albert with a pretext for marching his army on Milan, as much, we believe, on account of the revolutionary spirit rife within his own dominions, as from any decided hope of territorial aggrandisement. This was the policy of Napoleon, who perfectly understood the character of the people he had to deal with, and who acted on the thorough conviction that war was the necessary consequence of revolution. We do not say that, in the present instances, such calamitous results are inevitable—we have hope that France may this time achieve a permanent constitution without having recourse to aggression. At the same time, it would be folly to shut our eyes to the fact that, throughout a great part of Europe, the old boundaries have been grievously disturbed; and that the modern system of intervention has a decided tendency to provoke war, at periods when the popular mind is raised to a pitch of extraordinary violence, and when the passions are so keenly excited as to disregard the appeals of reason.

These considerations are not only directed towards the course of our foreign policy; they are of vast moment in judging of the expediency of reducing our forces at this particular time. Last year, with no revolutions abroad, the Whigs not only refused to lessen the amount of our standing army, but increased it. This year, when the Continent is still in a state of insurrection, and when war is pending in different parts of Europe—when, moreover, an Indian contest, more serious in its aspect than any other which we have recently seen, has commenced—they propose to begin the work of reduction. Her Majesty is made to say,—“The present aspect of affairs has enabled me to make large reductions on the estimates of last year!”

We never have suspected Lord John Russell of possessing much accomplishment in the art of logic; but, really, in the present instance, he has the merit of inventing a new system. According to his own showing, according to his recorded admissions, his doctrine is this: In time of peace, when there is no occasion for armaments, increase them; in time of threatened war and actual disturbance, when there may be every occasion for them, let them be reduced. Yet perhaps we are wrong: Sir Robert Peel may possibly be admitted as the author of this vast discovery—in which case, Lord John can merely rank as a distinguished pupil. The astute baronet, in his zeal for commercial convulsions, has taught us to expand our currency when there is no money-famine, and to contract it in the case of exigency. Whether Californian facts may not hereafter get the better of Tamworth theories, we shall not at the present moment stop to inquire. In the mean time let us confine our attention to the proposed reductions.

We are therefore compelled—reluctantly, for we had hoped better things from men styling themselves British statesmen—to adopt the view of Lord Stanley, in his powerful and masterly estimate of the policy of the present Government. "In the face of all this," said the noble lord, after recapitulating the posture of affairs at home and abroad, "ministers have had the confidence to place in the mouth of their sovereign the astounding declaration, that the aspect of affairs is such as to enable them to effect large reductions in the estimates. I venture to state, openly and fearlessly, that it is not the aspect of affairs abroad or in Ireland, but the aspect of affairs in another place, which has induced the government to make reductions. *I believe that they have no alternative but to do as they are ordered.*" Here, then, is the first yielding to the new movement—the first step taken, at the bidding of the Leaguers, towards a policy which has for its avowed end the abandonment of the colonies! The question naturally arises—where is to be the end of these concessions? Are we in reality ruled by a Manches-

ter faction, or by a body of men of free and independent opinions, who hold their commissions from the Queen, and who are sworn to uphold the interests and dignity of their mistress and of the realm? Let us see who compose that faction, what are their principles, what are their interests, and what means they employ to work out the ends which they propose. The splendid speech of Mr D'Israeli, in moving his amendment to the address—a speech which we hesitate not to say is superior to any of his former efforts, and which displays an ability at the present time unequalled in the House of Commons—a speech not more eloquent than true, not more glowing in its rhetoric than clear and conclusive in its logical deductions—has told with withering effect upon the new democratic faction, and has exposed the ministry which bows before it to the contumely of the nation at large. "I am told," said the honourable member, "that England must be contented with a lesser demonstration of brute force. I am not prepared to contradict that doctrine; but I should like to have a clear definition of what brute force is. In my opinion, a highly disciplined army, employed in a great performance—that of the defence of the country, the maintenance of order, the vindication of a nation's honour, or the consolidation of national wealth and greatness—that a body of men thus disciplined, influenced and led by some of the most eminent generals—by an Alexander, a Cæsar, or a Wellesley—is one in which moral force is as much entered into as physical. But if, for instance, I find a man possessing a certain facility of speech, happily adapted to his cause, addressing a great body of his fellow-men in inflammatory appeals to their passions, and stirring them up against the institutions of the country, that is what I call brute force—which I think the country would be very well content to do without, and which, if there be any sense or spirit left in men, or any men of right feeling in the country, they will resolve to put down as an intolerable and ignominious tyranny! I have often observed that the hangers-on of the system are highly fond of question-

the apothegm of a great Swedish minister, who said, "With how little wisdom a nation may be governed!" My observations for the last few years have led me to the conclusion, not exactly similar, but analogous to that remark; and if ever I should be blessed with offspring, instead of using the words of the Swedish statesman, I would rather address my son in this way, "My son, see with how much ignorance you can agitate a nation!" Yes! but the Queen's Ministers are truckling to these men! That is the position of affairs. Her Majesty's Ministers have yielded to public opinion. Public opinion on the Continent has turned out to be the voice of secret societies; and public opinion in England is the voice and clamour of organised clubs. Her Majesty's Ministers have yielded to public opinion as a tradesman does who is detected in an act of overcharge—he yields to public opinion when he takes a less sum. So the financial affairs of this country are to be arranged, not upon principles of high policy, or from any imperial considerations, but because there is an unholy pressure from a minority which demands it, and who have a confidence of success because they know that they have already beaten two Prime Ministers." No one who has perused the report of the proceedings at the late free-trade dinner at Manchester can have failed to remark that the League is still alive and active. It was not for mere purposes of jubilation, for the sake of congratulating each other on the accomplishment of their old object, that these men assembled. Exultation there was indeed, and some not over-prudent disclosures as to the nature and extent of the machinery which they had employed, and the agencies they had used to excite one class of the community against the other; their inveterate hatred towards the aristocracy and landed gentry of Great Britain was shown in the diatribes of almost every one of the commercial orators. "We cannot," says *The Times*, "but regret that in those portions of the Manchester speeches which refer to their corn-law achievements, the minds of the speakers appear still imbittered with class hatred, and feelings of misplaced animosity

towards their fellow-countrymen." "As a people," quoth Friend John Bright, "we have found out we have some power. We have discovered we were not born with saddles on our backs, and country gentlemen with spurs." Ulterior objects are not only hinted at, but clearly and broadly propounded. The population of the towns is again to be pitted against that of the counties, and the counties, if possible, to be swamped by an inundation of urban voters. The banquet of Wednesday was followed by the financial meeting of Thursday. George Wilson, the ancient president of the Anti-Corn-Law League, occupied the chair. Bright and Cobden, the Bitias and Pandarus of the cotton-spinners, moved the first of a series of resolutions: and an association was formed, "for maintaining an efficient care over the registration of electors in boroughs and counties, and to promote the increase of the county electors by the extension of the forty-shilling freehold franchise." It was further agreed "that the association should co-operate with similar associations throughout the country, and that parties subscribing £10 annually shall be members of the council, together with such persons, being members of the association, as shall be elected by any vote of the council." We hope that these announcements will open the eyes of those who thought that by yielding to the former agitation they were adopting the best means of bringing it to a close. Agitation never is so quieted. The experiment has been made in Ireland until further yielding was impossible; and so will it be in Britain, if a higher, a bolder, and a more steadfast line of policy should not be adopted by future governments. From the present Cabinet we expect nothing. Their invariable course is to yield; for they neither have the ability to devise measures for themselves, nor the public virtue to resist unconstitutional encroachments. For where is the constitution of this country, if we are to be practically governed by Leagues, by huge clubs with their ramifications extending, as in France, throughout every town of the empire, and secretly worked according to the will of an inscrutable and unscrupulous council? Public opinion, as we understood

the phrase in Britain, manifested itself in Parliament; now, we are told, that it is something else—that it is the voice of clubs and assemblies without. Very well, and very powerfully did Mr D'Israeli allude to this system of organisation in the close of his animated speech:—

“I have noticed the crude and hostile speculations that are afloat, especially respecting financial reform, not only because I consider them to be very dangerous to the country; not only because, according to rumour, they have converted the Government; but because, avowedly on the part of their promulgators, they are only tending to ultimate efforts. This I must say of the new revolutionary movement, that its proceedings are characterised by frank audacity. They have already menaced the church, and they have scarcely spared the throne. They have denounced the constitutional estates of the realm as antiquated and cumbrous machinery, not adapted to the present day. No doubt, for the expedition of business, the Financial Reform Association presents greater facilities than the House of Commons. It is true that it may be long before there are any of those collisions of argument and intellect among them which we have here; they have no discussions and no doubts; but still I see no part of the go-ahead system which is likely to supersede the sagacity and matured wisdom of English institutions; and so long as the English legislature is the chosen temple of free discussion, I have no fear, whatever party may be in power, that the people of England will be in favour of the new societies. I know very well the difficulties which we have to encounter—the dangers which illumine the distance. The honourable gentleman, who is the chief originator of this movement, made a true observation when he frankly and freely said, that the best chance for the new revolution lay in the dislocation of parties in this House. I told you that, when I ventured to address some observations to the house almost in the last hour of the last session. I saw the difficulty which such a state of things would inevitably produce. But let us not despair; we have a duty to perform, and, notwithstanding all that has occurred, we have still the inspiration of a great cause. We stand here to uphold not only the throne, but the empire; to vindicate the industrial privileges of the working classes; to reconstruct the colonial system; to uphold the church, no longer assailed by appropriation clauses, but by visored foes; and to maintain the majesty of

parliament against the Jacobin manoeuvres of Lancashire. This is a stake not lightly to be lost. At any rate, I would sooner my tongue were palsied before I counselled the people of England to lower their tone. Yes, I would sooner quit this House for ever than I would say to the people of England that they overrated their position. I leave that delicate intimation to the ferrid patriotism of the gentlemen of the new school. For my part, I denounce their politics, and I defy their predictions; but I do so because I have faith in the people of England, their genius, and their destiny!”

Our views therefore are simply these — that while it is the duty of government to enforce and practise economy in every department of the public service, they are not entitled, upon any consideration whatever, to palter with the public safety. We cannot, until the estimates are brought forward, pronounce any judgment upon the merits of the proposed reductions—we cannot tell whether these are to be numerical, or effected on another principle. Needless expenditure we deprecate as strongly as the most sturdy adherent of the League, and we expect and hope that in several departments there will be a saving, not because that has been clamoured for, but because the works which occasioned the outlay have been completed. For example, the introduction of steam vessels into our navy has cost a large sum, which may not be required in future. But to assign, as ministers have done, the position of affairs abroad as a reason for reducing our armaments, is utterly preposterous. It is a miserable pretext to cover their contemptible truckling, and we are perfectly sure that it will be appreciated throughout the country at its proper value. It remains to be seen whether these estimates can be reduced so low as to meet the expenditure of the country. Our own opinion is, that they cannot, without impairing the efficiency of either branch of the service; and we hardly think that ministers will venture to go so far.

Let us, at all events, hope that Lord John Russell and his colleagues are not so lost to the sense of their duty, as to make the sweeping reduction which the Manchester politicians demand — that they will not consent to renounce the colonies, or to leave them

enough, over and over again, to let us relinquish our defence of that theory. Their supplications for this score have been so continuous to become absolutely painful; nor could we well understand why and therefore they should be so very solicitous for our silence. Our worst enemies cannot accuse us of advocating any dangerous innovations: our preaching may be tedious, but, at all events, we do not take the field at the head of an organised association. Neither can we be blamed for solitary restiveness, for we do not stand alone in the utterance of such opinions. The public press of this country has nobly fought the battle. We have had to cope with dexterous and skilled opponents; but never, upon any public question, has a great cause been maintained more unflinchingly, more disinterestedly, and more ably, than that of the true Conservative party by the free Conservative press. We are now glad to see that our denunciations of the new system have not been altogether without their effect. The temporary failure of free trade has been conceded even by its advocates; but we are referred to accidental causes for that failure, and the entreaty now is, to give the system a longer trial. We have no manner of objection to this, provided we are not asked to submit to any further experiments. We desire nothing better than that the people of Great Britain, be they agriculturists, or be they tradesmen, should have the opportunity of testing by experience the blessings of the free-trade system. The first class, indeed, do not require any probationary period of low prices to strengthen their conviction of the fallacy of the anti-reciprocity system, or of the iniquity of the arrangement which compels them to support the enormous amount of pauperism engendered by the over amount of population, systematically encouraged by the manufacturers. "The manufacturers," said Lord Brougham, "do not, perhaps, tell the world that they manufacture other things besides cotton twist; but every one who knew anything of them, knew that they manufactured paupers. Where the land produced one pauper, manu-

facturers created half-a-dozen." Still we can hardly expect to be thoroughly emancipated from the effects of the great delusion, until men of every sort and quality are practically convinced that their interests have been sacrificed to the selfish objects of a base and sordid confederation. We have no wish to hark back without occasion, or prematurely, to the corn laws: but, at the same time, we are not of the number of those who think that subsequent events have justified the wisdom of the measure. If the loyalty of the people of Great Britain did really rest upon so very narrow a point, that, even amidst the rocking and crashing of thrones and constitutions upon the Continent, ours would have been endangered by the maintenance of the former law, we should still have reason to despair of the ultimate destinies of the country. Are we to understand that, in such a case, the Jacobin faction would have had recourse to arms—that the Manchester League would have preached rebellion, or excited its adherents to insurrection? If not this, where would have been the danger? Never was any question agitated in which the mass of the operatives took less interest than in the repeal of the corn laws. They knew well that no benefit was thereby intended to be conferred upon them—that no philanthropic motives contributed to the erection of the bazaars—that the millions of popular tracts were poured forth from no cornucopia of popular plenty. The very fact, that the hard and griping men of calico were so liberal with their subscriptions to promote an agrarian change, was sufficient of itself to create a strong suspicion in their minds; for when was the purse of the taskmaster ever produced, save from a motive of selfish interest? We will not do the masses of the British population the foul injustice to believe that, under any circumstances, they would have emulated the frantic example of the French. Cobden has not yet the power of his friend and correspondent Cremieux: he is a wordy patriot, but nothing more; and, even had he been inclined for mischief, we do not believe that, beyond the immediate pale of his confederates, any considerable portion of the nation

would readily have rallied round the standard of such a Gracchus, even though the tricolor stripes had been displayed on a field of the choicest calico.

"The corn law is a settled question!" so shout the free-traders daily, in high wrath and dudgeon if any one even ventures to allude to agricultural distress. We grant the fact. It is a settled question, like every other which has been decided by the legislature, and it must remain a settled question until the legislature chooses to reopen it. We do not expect any such consummation for a long time. We agree perfectly with the other party, that it is folly to continue skirmishing after the battle is over, and we do not propose to adopt any such tactics. We are content to wait until the experiment is developed, to see how the system works, and to accept it if it works well; but not on that account shall we less oppose the free-traders when they advance to further innovations. The repeal of the corn laws was not the whole, but a mere branch of the free-trade policy. It was undoubtedly the branch more calculated than any other to depress the agricultural interest, but the trial of it has been postponed longer than the free-traders expected. They shall have the benefit of that circumstance; nor shall we say one word out of season upon the subject. But perhaps, referring again to the Queen's speech, and selecting this time for our text those paragraphs which stated that "commerce is reviving," and that "the condition of the manufacturing districts is likewise more encouraging than it has been for a considerable period," we may be allowed to offer a few observations.

We do not exactly understand what her Majesty's ministers mean by the revival of commerce. This is a general statement which it is very easy to make, and proportionally difficult to deny. If they mean that our exports during the last half year have increased, we can understand them, and very glad indeed we are to learn that such is the case. For although we have seen of late some elaborate arguments, tending, if they have any meaning at all, to show that our imports and not our exports should be taken as the true measure

of the national prosperity, we have that faith in the simple rules of arithmetic which forbids us from adopting such reasoning. But our gladness at receiving such a cheering sentiment from the highest possible authority is a good deal damped by the result of the investigations which we have thought it our duty to make. We have gone over the tables minutely, and we find that the exports of the great staples of our industry—cotton, woollen, silk, linen, hardware, and earthenware—were of less value than those of 1847 by FOUR MILLIONS AND A HALF, and less than those of 1846 by a sum exceeding FIVE MILLIONS AND A HALF. With such a fact before us, can it be wondered at if we are cautious of receiving such unqualified statements, and exceedingly doubtful of the good faith of the men who make them?

But, perhaps, this is not the sense in which ministers understand commerce. They are entitled to congratulate the country upon one sort of improvement, which certainly was not owing to any efforts upon their part. We have at last emerged from the monetary crisis, induced by the unhappy operation of the Banking Restriction Act, and, in this way, commerce certainly has improved. The fact that such a change in the distribution of the precious metals should have taken place whilst our exports were steadily declining, is very instructive, because it clearly demonstrates the false and artificial nature of our present monetary system. The consequences, however, may be serious, as the price of the British funds cannot now be taken as an index of the prosperity of the country, either in its agricultural or its manufacturing capacity, but has merely relation to the possession of a certain quantity of bullion. The rise of the funds, therefore, does not impress us with any confidence that there has been a healthy revival in the commerce of the country. We cannot consider the question of commerce apart from the condition of the manufacturing districts; and it is to that quarter we must look, in order to test the value of the free-trade experiments.

We have already noticed the enor-

mous decrease, during the last three years, in the annual amount of our exports. This, coupled with the immense increase of imported articles of foreign manufacture, proves very clearly that the British manufacturer has as yet derived no benefit from the free-trade measures. We do not, of course, mean to say that free trade has had any tendency to lessen our exports, though to cripple the colonies is certainly not the way to augment their capabilities of consumption. We merely point to the fact of the continued decrease, even in the staples of British industry, as a proof of the utter fruitlessness of the attempt to take the markets of the world by storm. We are told, indeed, of exceptional causes which have interfered with the experiment; but these causes, even allowing them their fullest possible operation, are in no way commensurate with the results. For be it remarked, that the free-trade measures contemplated this result,—that increased imports were to be compensated by an enormous augmentation of exports: in other words, that we were to meet with perfect reciprocity from every foreign nation. Now, admitting that exceptional causes existed to check and restrain this augmentation, can we magnify these to such an extent as to explain the phenomenon of a steady and determined fall in our staple exports, and that long before the occurrence of civil war or insurrection on the continent of Europe? The explanation is just this,—the exports fell because the markets abroad were glutted, and because no state is disposed to imitate the suicidal example of Britain, or to sacrifice its own rising industry for the sake of encouraging foreigners. What inducement, it may be asked,

has any state in the world to follow in our wake? Let us take for example Germany, to whose markets we send annually about six millions and a half of manufactures. Germany has considerable manufactures of her own, which give employment to a large portion of the population. Would it be wise in the Germans, for the sake of reducing the price either of linen, cotton, or woollen goods by an infinitesimal degree, to throw all these people idle, and to paralyse labour in every department, whenever they could be undersold by a foreign artisan? Undoubtedly not. Germany has nothing whatever to gain by pursuing such a course. The British market is open to her, but she does not on that account relax her right of laying duties upon imports from Britain. She shelters herself against our competition in her home market, augments her revenue thereby, and avails herself to the very utmost of our reduced tariffs, to compete in our country with the artisans of Sheffield and Birmingham. Every new return convinces us more and more that commercial interchange is the proper subject of international treaty; but that no nation whatever, and certainly not one so heavily burdened as ours, can hope for prosperity if it opens its ports without the distinct assurance of reciprocity.

Let us try distinctly to ascertain the real amount of improvement visible in the manufacturing districts. In order to do this, we must turn to the last official tables, which bring down the trade accounts from 5th January to 5th December 1848, being a period of eleven months. We find the following ominous result in the comparison with the same period in former years:—

Exports of British Produce and Manufactures from the United Kingdom.

	1846.	1847.	1848.
Total,	£47,579,413	£47,345,354	£42,158,194

FIVE MILLIONS, TWO HUNDRED THOUSAND POUNDS of decreased exports in eleven months!—and the manufacturing districts are improving!

Let us see the ratio of decline on some of the principal articles which are the product of these districts. We

shall therefore omit such entries as those of butter, candles, cheese, fish, soap, salt, &c., and look to the staples only. The following results we hardly think will bear out the somewhat over-confident declaration of the ministry:—

Export of Principal Manufactures from the United Kingdom.

	1846.	1847.	1848.
Cotton manufactures, . . .	£16,276,465	£16,982,318	£15,050,579
Do. yarn, . . .	7,520,578	5,547,943	5,443,800
Linen manufactures, . . .	2,553,658	2,690,586	2,475,224
Do. yarn, . . .	797,640	615,550	440,118
Silk manufactures, . . .	768,888	912,842	520,427
Woolen yarn, . . .	858,953	941,158	712,035
Do. manufactures, . . .	5,852,056	6,424,503	5,198,059
Earthenware, . . .	742,295	773,786	651,184
Hardwares and cutlery, . . .	2,004,127	2,138,091	1,669,146
Glass, . . .	241,759	272,411	216,464
Leather, . . .	307,336	327,715	244,663
Machinery, . . .	1,050,205	1,186,921	779,759
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	£38,973,920	£37,913,769	£33,401,758

Looking at these tables, we fairly confess that we can see no ground for exultation whatever; on the contrary, there is in every article a marked and steady decline. Some of the free-trade journals assert that, although in the earlier part of the last year there certainly was a marked falling off in our exports, yet that the later months have almost redeemed the deficiency. That statement is utterly false and unfounded. In September last, we showed that the exports of the first seven commodities in the above table, exhibited a decline of £3,177,370, for the six earlier months of the year, as compared with the exports in 1847. We continue the account of the same commodities for eleven months, and we find the deficiency rated at £3,370,603; so that we still have been going down hill, only not quite at so precipitate a rate as before. Free-trade, therefore—for which we sacrificed our revenue, submitted to an income-tax, and ruined our West India colonies—has utterly failed to stimulate our exports, the end which it deliberately proposed.

The diminution of exports implies of course a corresponding diminution of labour. This is a great evil, but one which is beyond the remedy of the statesman. You cannot force exports—you cannot compel the foreign nations to take your goods. We beg attention to the following extract from the speech of Mr D'Israeli, which puts the matter of export upon its true and substantial basis:—

“Look at your condition with reference to the Brazils. Every one recollects the glowing accounts of the late Vice-president of the Board of Trade with respect to the Brazilian trade—that trade for which you

sacrificed your own colonies. There is an increase in the trade with the Brazils of 26,500,000 yards in 1846 over 1845; and 18,500,000 yards in 1847 over 1845; and this increase has so completely glutted that market, that goods are selling at Rio and Bahia at cost price. It is stated in the *Mercantile Journal*, that ‘It is truly alarming to think what may be the result of a continuance of imports, not only in the face of a very limited inquiry, but at a period of the year when trade is almost always at a stand. Why cargo after cargo of goods should be sent hither, is an enigma we cannot solve. Some few vessels have yet to arrive; and although trade may probably revive in the beginning of 1849, what will become of the goods received and to be received? This market cannot consume them. Stores, warehouses, and the customhouse are full to repletion; and if imports continue upon the same scale as heretofore, and sales have to be forced, we may yet have to witness the phenomenon of all descriptions of piece goods being purchased here below the prime cost in the country of production!’ Such is the state of matters in these markets; and I do not see that your position in Europe is better. Russia is still hermetically sealed, and Prussia is not yet stricken. I know that there are some who, at this moment, think that it is a matter of no consequence how much we may export; who say that foreigners will not give their productions for nothing, and that, therefore, we must just manage things in the most favourable way we can for ourselves. There is no doubt that foreigners will not give us their goods without some exchange for them; but the question which the people of this country are looking at is, to know exactly what are the terms of exchange which it is beneficial for us to adopt. That is the whole question. You may glut markets, as I have shown you have succeeded in doing; but the only effect of your glutting of your attempting to glut

those hostile tariffs, by opening your ports, is that you exchange more of your labour every year and every month for a less quantity of foreign labour; that you render British labour or native industry less efficient; that you degrade British labour—necessarily diminish profits, and, therefore, must lower wages; while the first philosophers have shown that you will finally effect a change in the distribution of the precious metals that must be pernicious to this country. It is for these reasons that all practical men are impressed with the conviction that you should adopt reciprocity as a principle of your commercial tariff—not merely from its practical importance, but as an abstract truth. This was the principle of the negotiations at Utrecht, which was copied by Mr Pitt in his commercial negotiations at Paris, which formed the groundwork of the instructions to Mr Eden, and which was wisely adopted and upheld by the cabinet of Lord Liverpool; but which was deserted, flagrantly, and openly, and unwisely, in 1846. There is another reason why you can no longer defend your commercial system—you can no longer delay considering the state of your colonies. This is called an age of principles, and no longer of political expedients—you yourselves are the disciples of economy; and you have, on every occasion, enunciated it as a principle that the colonies of England were an integral part of this country. You ought, then, to act towards your colonies on the principle you have adopted, but which you have never practised. The principle of reciprocity is, in fact, the

only principle on which you can reconstruct your commercial system in a manner beneficial to the mother country and advantageous to the colonies. It is, indeed, a great principle, the only principle on which a large and expansive system of commerce can be founded, so as to be beneficial. The system you are pursuing is one quite contrary—you go fighting hostile tariffs with fixed imports; and the consequence is that you are following a course most injurious to the commerce of the country. And every year, at the commencement of the session, you come, not to congratulate the House or the country on the state of our commerce, but to explain why it suffered, why it was prostrate; and you are happy on this occasion to be able to say that it is recovering—from what? From unparalleled distress."

The labour market in this country, so far from improving, is, we have every reason to believe, in a pitiable state. Let us take the one instance of silk manufactures. Of these we exported, during eleven months of last year, an amount to the value of £912,842; this year we have only sent out £520,427, or nearly £400,000 less. But this decline does not by any means express the amount of the curtailment of labour in this important branch of industry. The home market has been inundated with foreign silks, introduced under the tariffs of 1846, and that to a degree which is wholly without precedent. Let us see the comparative amount of importations.

	1846.	1847.	1848.
Silk or satin broad stuffs,	115,292 lbs.	147,656 lbs.	269,637 lbs.
Silk ribbons,	180,375 "	182,978 "	217,243 "
Gauze or crape broad stuffs,	6,536 "	5,588 "	8,243 "
Gauze ribbons,	31,307 "	41,825 "	49,460 "
Gauze mixed,	18 "	8 "	39 "
Mixed ribbons,	1,842 "	3,094 "	2,466 "
Velvet broad stuffs,	26,798 "	27,494 "	29,669 "
Velvet embossed ribbons,	13,550 "	14,192 "	41,461 "
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	575,718 lbs.	422,835 lbs.	618,218 lbs.

Is there any commentary required on these figures? We should hope that no one can be dull enough to misapprehend their import. In one year our exportation of silk goods has fallen to little more than a half: in two years our importations from the Continent have nearly doubled. Where ninety British labourers worked for the exporting trade, only fifty are now employed; and if we suppose that the consignment of silk manufactures in this country is the same in 1848 as in 1846, the fur-

ther amount of labour which has been sacrificed, by the increased importations, must be something positively enormous. It is in this way that free trade beggars the people and fills the workhouses; whilst, at the same time, it brings down the national revenue to such an ebb, that it is utterly insufficient to balance the necessary expenditure. It would be well if politicians would constantly keep in view this one great truth—That of all the burdens which can be laid upon a people,

the heaviest is the want of employment. No general cheapness, no class accumulations of wealth, can make up for this terrible want; and the statesman who deliberately refuses to recognise this principle, and who, from any motive, deprives the working man of his privilege, is an enemy to the interests of his country.

We cannot, and we do not, expect that men who have committed themselves so deeply as Mr Cobden has done to the principles of free trade in all its branches, should, under any development of circumstances, be brought to acknowledge their error. No evidence however overwhelming, no ruin however widely spread, could shake their faith, or at any rate diminish the obstinacy of their professions. They would rather sacrifice, as indeed they seem bent on doing, the best interests of the British empire, than acknowledge the extent of their error. Their motto avowedly is, *vestigia nulla retrorsum*. No sooner is one interest pulled down than they make a rapid and determined assault upon another, utterly reckless of the misery which they have occasioned, and hopelessly deaf even to the warnings of experience. They are true destructives; because they feel that they dare not pause in their career of violence, lest men should have leisure to contemplate the ruin already effected, and should ask themselves what tangible benefit has been obtained at so terrible a cost. Mr Cobden knows better than to resume consideration of free-trade principles, now that we have seen them in actual operation. He is advancing on with his myrmidons towards the Moscow of free trade; but, unless we are greatly mistaken, he may have occasion, some day or other, to revisit his ancient battle-fields, but not in the capacity of a conqueror. There are, however, others, less deeply pledged, who begin to perceive that in attempting to carry out free trade without reciprocity, and in the face of hostile tariffs, we are ruining the trade of Britain for the sole advantage of the foreigner. Mr Muntz, the member for Birmingham, is not at one with ministers as to the cheerful prospect of the revival among the manufacturers.

"When I came here," said he charac-

teristically, "I heard a great deal about the improvement of trade in the country. But I went home on Saturday, and there was not a man I met who had experienced any of this improvement in trade. On the contrary, every one said that trade was flat and unprofitable, and that there was no prospect of improvement because they were so much competed with by foreign manufacturers. This very morning I met with one of my travellers, who had just returned from the north of Germany; and I asked him what was the state of trade. 'Oh,' said he, 'there is plenty of trade in Germany, but not trade with England. They manufacture goods so cheaply themselves, that, at the prices you sell, low as they are, you cannot compete with the Germans.' I will tell the House another curious thing. About three or four years ago, the glass-makers of Birmingham were very anxious for free trade, and, though I warned them that I did not think they could compete with foreigners, yet they were quite certain they could. Well, I introduced them to the minister of the day—the right honourable baronet the member of Tamworth—when, to my horror and astonishment, they asked, not for free trade, but for three years of protection. Why, I said to them, I thought you were for free trade? 'Yes,' they replied, 'so we are; but we want the three years of protection to prepare us for free trade.' Now, on Saturday last, I received a letter from one of the leading manufacturers, stating that the import duties on flint-glass would expire very soon, and with those duties the trade in this country, he feared, was also in great danger of expiring, owing to the produce of manufactures being admitted duty-free into this country, while they had protective duties in their own, thus keeping up the price at home by sending over the surplus stock here. The letter concluded by requesting that the protective duties, which were about to expire, might be renewed. The improvement in trade, which was so much talked of, is not an improvement in quality, but an improvement in quantity: there are half a dozen other trades which have vanished from Birmingham, because of the over-competition of the Continent. And, strangely enough, the manufactures that have been the most injured are those which last week were held up by the public press as in a most flourishing condition!"

This statement furnishes ample ground for reflection. The truth is, that the whole scheme of free trade was erected and framed, not for the purpose of benefiting the manufacturers at the expense of the landed interest,

but rather to get a monopoly of export for one or two of the leading manufactures of the empire. Those who were engaged in the cotton and woollen trade, along with some of the iron-masters, were at the head of the movement. No influx of foreign manufactured produce could by possibility swamp *them* in the home market, for they are not exposed to that competition with which the smaller trades must struggle. The Germans will take shirtings, but they will not now take cutlery from us. The articles which they produce are certainly not so good as ours, but they are cheaper, and protected, and it is even worth their while to compete with us in the home markets of Britain. The same may be said of the trade in brass, gloves, shoes, hats, earthenware, porcelain, and fifty others. They are not now exporting trades, and at home, under the new tariffs, we are completely undersold by the foreigners. As for the glass trade, no one who is acquainted with the present state of that manufacture on the Continent, can expect that it will ever again recover. This, in reality, is the cause of the present depression; and until this is thoroughly understood by the tradesmen who are suffering, there can be no improvement for the better. What advantage, we ask, can it be to a man who finds his profits disappearing, his trade reduced to stagnation, and his capability of giving employment absolutely annihilated, to know that, in consequence of some sudden impulse, twenty million additional yards of calico have been exported from Great Britain? The glass-blower, the brazier, and the cutler, have not the remotest interest in calico. They may think, indeed, that part of the profit so secured may be indirectly advantageous in the purchase of their wares, but they find themselves lamentably mistaken. The astute calico-master sells his wares to the foreigner abroad, and he purchases with equal disinterestedness from the manufacturing foreigner at home. This is the whole tendency of free trade, and it is amazing to us that the juggle should find any supporters amongst the class who are its actual victims. If they look soberly and deliberately into the matter, they cannot fail to

see that the adoption by the state of the maxim, to sell in the dearest and buy in the cheapest market, more especially when that market is the home one, and when cheapness has been superinduced by the introduction of foreign labour, must end in the consummation of their ruin. Can we really believe in the assertion of ministers, that manufactures are improving, when we find, on all hands, such pregnant assurances to the contrary? For example, there was a meeting held in St James's, so late as the 11th of January, "to consider the unprecedented number of unemployed mechanics and workmen now in the metropolis, and to devise the best means for diminishing their privations and sufferings, by providing them with employment." Mr Lushington, M.P. for Westminster, a thorough-paced liberal, moved the first resolution, the tendency of which was towards the institution of soup kitchens, upon this preamble, "that the number of operatives, mechanics, and labourers now thrown out of employment is unusually great, and the consequent destitution and distress which exist on all sides are painfully excessive, and deeply alarming." And yet, Mr Lushington, like many of his class and stamp, can penetrate no deeper into the causes of distress, than is exhibited in the following paragraph of his speech:—"The great majority of those whose cases they were now met to consider, were the victims of misfortune, and not of crime, and, on that account, they had a legitimate claim upon their sympathy and commiseration. But private sympathy was impotent to grapple with the gigantic evil with which they had to contend; isolated efforts and voluntary alms-giving were but a mere drop in the ocean, compared with the remedy that the case demanded. They must go further and deeper for their remedy; and the only efficacious one that could effectually be brought to bear upon the miseries of the people, was the reduction of the national expenditure—the cutting down of the army, navy, and ordnance estimates, and the removal of those taxes that pressed so heavily upon the poorer portions of the community." This is about as fine a specimen of unadul-

its work. The excise duties cannot be suffered to continue, for they too, according to the modern idea, are oppressive and unjust; and the period, thus foreshadowed by Mr Cobden at the late Manchester banquet, will rapidly arrive: "It is not merely protective duties that are getting out of favour in this country; but, however strong or weak it may be at present, still there is firmly and rapidly growing an opinion decidedly opposed, *not merely to duties for protection, but to duties for revenues at all.* I venture to say you will not live to see another statesman in England propose any customs-duty on a raw material or article of first necessity like corn. I question whether any statesman who has any regard for his future fame will ever propose another excise or customs-duty at all." The whole revenue will then fall to be collected directly: and how long the national creditor will be able to maintain his claim against direct taxation is a problem which we decline to solve. The land of Great Britain, like that of Ireland, will be worthless to its owner, and left to satisfy the claims of pauperism; and America, wiser than the old country, will become to the middle classes the harbour of refuge and of peace.

We do not believe that these things will happen, because we have faith in the sound sterling sense of Englishmen, and in the destinies of this noble country. We are satisfied that the time is rapidly approaching when a thorough reconstruction of our whole commercial and financial policy will be imperatively demanded from the government—a task which the present occupants of office are notoriously incapable of undertaking, but which must be carried through by some efficient cabinet. Such a measure cannot be introduced piecemeal after the destructive fashion, but must be based upon clear and comprehensive principles, doing justice to all classes of the community, and showing undue favour to none.

Our observations have already extended to such a length, that we have little room to speak of that everlasting topic, Ireland. "Ireland," says Lord John Russell, "is undergoing a great transition." This is indeed news, and

we shall be glad to learn the particulars so soon as convenient. Perhaps the transition may be explained before the committee, to which, as usual, Whig helplessness and imbecility has referred the whole question of Irish distress. The confidence of the Whigs in the patience of the people of this country must be boundless, else they would hardly have ventured again to resort to so stale an expedient. It is easy to devolve the whole duties of government upon committees, but we are very much mistaken if such trifling will be longer endured. As to the distress in Ireland, it is fully admitted. Whenever the bulk of a nation is so demoralised as to prefer living on alms to honest labour, distress is the inevitable consequence; and the only way to cure the habit is carefully to withhold the alms. Ministers think otherwise, and they have carried a present grant of fifty thousand pounds from the imperial exchequer, which may serve for a week or so, when doubtless another application will be tabled. This is neither more nor less than downright robbery of the British people under the name of charity. Ireland must in future be left to depend entirely upon her own resources; situated as we are, it would be madness to support her further; and we hope that every constituency throughout the United Kingdom will keep a watchful eye on the conduct pursued by their representatives in the event of any attempt at further spoliation. From all the evidence before us, it appears that our former liberality has been thrown away. Not only was no gratitude shown for the enormous advances of last year, but the money was recklessly squandered and misapplied, no doubt in the full and confident expectation of continued remittances. And here we beg to suggest to honourable members from the other side of the Channel, whether it might not be well to consider what effect free trade has had in ameliorating the condition of Ireland. If on inquiry at Liverpool they should chance to find that pork is now imported direct from America, not only salted, but fresh and preserved in ice, and that in such quantities and at so low a rate as seriously to affect the sale of the Irish produce, perhaps patriotism may open

rate in their minds that conviction which reasoning would not effect. If also they should chance to learn that butter and dairy produce can no longer command a remunerative price, owing to the increased imports both from America and the Continent, they will have made one further step towards the science of political economy, and may form some useful calculations as to the prospect of future rentals. Should they, however, still be of opinion that the interests of the Irish people are inseparably bound up with the continuance of free trade—that neither prices nor useful labour are matters of any consequence—they must also bear in mind that they can no longer be allowed to intrude with the public purse of Britain. The Whigs may indeed, and probably will, make one other vigorous effort to secure their votes; but no party in this nation is now disposed to sanction such iniquitous proceedings, and all of us will so far respond to the call for economy, as sternly to refuse alms to an indolent and ungrateful object.

In conclusion, we shall merely remark that we look forward with much interest to the financial exposition of the year, in the hope that it may be more intelligible and satisfactory than the last. We shall then understand the nature and the amount of the reductions which have been announced under such extraordinary circum-

stances, and the state of the revenue will inform those who feel themselves oppressed by excise duties, of the chances of reduction in that quarter. Meanwhile we cannot refrain from expressing our gratitude to both Lord Stanley and Mr D'Israeli for their masterly expositions of the weak and vacillating policy pursued by the Whig government abroad, and of the false colour which was attempted to be thrown upon the state and prospect of industry at home. Deeply as we lamented the premature decease of Lord George Bentinck at the very time when the value of his public service, keen understanding, and high and exalted principle, was daily becoming more and more appreciated by the country, we are rejoiced to know that his example has not been in vain; that his noble and philanthropic spirit still lives in the councils of those who have the welfare of the British people at heart, and who are resolute not to yield to the pressure of a base democracy, actuated by the meanest of personal motives, unscrupulous as to the means which it employs, impervious to reason, and utterly reckless of consequences, provided it may attain its end. Against that democracy which has elsewhere not only shattered constitutions but prostrated society, a determined stand will be made; and our heartfelt prayer is, that the cause of truth may prevail.

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MACAULAY'S HISTORY OF ENGLAND.

THE historical and critical essay is a species of literary composition which has arisen, and been brought to perfection, in the lifetime of a single generation. Preceding writers, indeed, had excelled in detached pieces of a lighter and briefer kind; and in the whole annals of thought there is nothing more charming than some of those which graced the age of Queen Anne, and the reigns of the first Georges. But though these delightful essays remain, and will ever remain, models of the purest and most elegant composition, and are always distinguished by just and moral reflections, yet their influence has sensibly declined; and they are turned to, now, rather from the felicity of the expression by which they are graced, than either the information which they contain, the originality by which they are distinguished, or the depth of the views which they unfold. It is still true that "he who would attain an English style, familiar but not coarse, and elegant without being ostentatious, must give his days and his nights to the study of Addison." It is not less true, that he who would appreciate the force of which the English language is capable, and acquire the condensed vigour of expression which enters so largely into the highest kind of composition, will ever study the prose of Johnson; as much as the poet, for similar excellencies, will recur to the *Vanity of Human Wishes*, or the epistles and satires of Pope.

But, with the advent of the French Revolution, the rise of fiercer passions, and the collision of dearer interests,

the elegant and amusing class of essays rendered so popular by Addison and his followers passed away. The incessant recurrence of moralising, the frequent use of allegory, the constant straining after conceits, which appear even in the pages of the *Spectator* and the *Rambler*, are scarcely redeemed by the taste of Addison, the fancy of Steele, or the vigour of Johnson. In inferior hands they became insupportable. Men whose minds were stimulated by the Rights of Man—who were entranced by the eloquence of Pitt—who followed the career of Wellington—who were stunned by the thunderbolts of Nelson—could not recur to the *Delias*, the *Chloes*, or the *Phyllises* of a slumbering and pacific age. The proclamation of war to the palace, and peace to the cottage, sent the stories of the coquette, the prude, and the woman of sense to the right-about. What was now required was something which could minister to the cravings of an excited and enthusiastic age; which should support or combat the new ideas generally prevalent; which should bring the experience of the past to bear on the visions of the present, and tell men, from the recorded events of history, what they had to hope, and what to fear, from the passion for innovation which had seized possession of so large a portion of the active part of mankind.

The *Edinburgh Review* was the first journal which gave a decided indication of this change in the temper of the public mind. From the very outset it exhibited that vigour

of thought, fearlessness of discussion, and raciness of expression, which bespoke the prevalence of independent feeling, novel yearnings, and original ideas, among the people. There was something refreshing and exhilarating in the change. Its success was immediate and immense. The long-slumbering dominion of the monthly and other reviews, which then had possession of the sceptre of criticism, was at once destroyed. Mediocrity fell into the shade when the light of genius appeared; criticism assumed a bolder and more decided character. Men rejoiced to see the pretensions of authors levelled, their vanity mortified, their errors exposed, their pride pulled down, by the stern hand of the merciless reviewer. The practical application of the maxim, "*Judex damnatur cum nocens absolvitur*," gave universal satisfaction. Every one felt his own consequence increased, his personal feelings soothed, his vanity flattered, when the self-constituted teachers of mankind were pulled down from their lofty pinnacle.

But it was not merely in literary criticism that the *Edinburgh Review* opened a new era in our periodical literature. To its early supporters we owe the introduction of the CRITICAL AND HISTORICAL ESSAY, which was an entirely new species of composition, and to the frequent use of which the rapid success of that journal is mainly to be ascribed. The essay always had the name of a book prefixed to it: it professed to be a review. But it was generally a review only in name. The author was frequently never once mentioned in its whole extent. His work was made use of merely as a peg on which to hang a long disquisition on the subject of which it treated. This disquisition was not, like the essays of Addison or Johnson, the work of a few hours' writing, and drawn chiefly from the fancy or imagination of the author: it was the elaborate production of a mind imbued with the subject, and the fruit of weeks or months of careful composition. It was sometimes founded on years of previous and laborious study. Thence its great and obvious value. It not only enlarged the circle of our ideas; it added to the stock of our knowledge. Men came to study

a paper on a subject in a review, as carefully as they did a regular work of a known and respectable author: they looked to it not only for amusement, but for information. It had this immense advantage—it was shorter than a book, and often contained its essence. It was distilled thought; it was abbreviated knowledge. To say that many of these elaborate and attractive treatises were founded in error—that they were directed to objects of the moment, not of durable interest, and that their authors too often

"To party gave up what was meant for mankind"—

is no impeachment either of the ability with which they were executed, or denial of the beneficial ends to which they ultimately became subservient. What though great part of the talents with which they were written is now seen to have been misdirected—of the views they contained to have been erroneous. It was that talent which raised the counter spirit that righted the public mind; it was those views which ultimately led to their own correction. In an age of intelligence and mental activity, no dread need be entertained of the ultimate sway of error. Experience, the great assessor of truth, is ever at hand to scatter its assailants. It is in an age of mental torpor and inactivity that the chains of falsehood, whether in religion or politics, are abidingly thrown over the human mind.

But, from this very cause, the political essays of the *Edinburgh Review* have been left behind by the march of the world; they have been stranded on the shoals of time; they have almost all been disproved by the event. Open one of the political essays in the Blue-and-yellow, which were read and admired by all the world thirty or forty years ago, and what do you find? Loud declamations against the continuance of the war, and emphatic assertions of the inability of England to contend at land with the conqueror of continental Europe; continual reproaches of incapacity against the ministry, who were preparing the liberation of Spain and the battle of Waterloo; ceaseless assertions that the misery of Ireland was

entirely owing to misgovernment—that nothing but Catholic emancipation, and the curtailment of the Protestant church, were required to make that island the most happy, loyal, and contented realm, and its Celtic inhabitants the most industrious and well-conditioned in Europe; loud denunciations that the power of the crown “had increased, was increasing, and ought to be diminished;” lamentations on the evidently approaching extinction of the liberties of England, under the combined action of a gigantic war expenditure and a corrupt selfish oligarchy; strong recommendations of the speedy abolition of slavery in our West India colonies, as the only mode of enabling our planters to compete with the efforts of the slave-sugar states. Time has enabled the world to estimate these doctrines at their true value. It is not surprising that the *political* essays of a journal, professing such principles, have, amidst great efforts towards bolstering up, and ceaseless strains of party laudation, been quietly consigned by subsequent times to the vault of all the Capulets.

It is on its literary, critical, and historical essays, therefore, that the reputation of the journal now almost entirely rests. No bookseller has yet ventured on the hazardous step of publishing its political essays together. They will not supplant those of Burke. But it is otherwise with its literary lucubrations. The publication of the collected works of its leading contributors, in a separate form, has enabled the world to form a tolerably correct opinion of their respective merits and deficiencies. Without taking upon ourselves the office of critics, and fully aware of the delicacy which one periodical should feel in discussing the merits of another, we may be permitted to present, in a few words, what appear to us to be the leading characteristics of the principal and well-known contributors to that far-famed journal. This is the more allowable, as some of them have paid the debt of nature, while others are reposing under the shadow of their well-earned laurels, far removed from the heat and bustle of the day. Their names are familiar to every reader; their works have taken a lasting place in English as well as American literature; and their

qualities and excellencies are so different as at once to invite and suggest critical discrimination.

The great characteristic of LORD JEFFREY is, with some striking exceptions, the fairness and general justice of the criticism which his works exhibit, the kindly feeling which they evince, and the lively illustrations with which they abound. He had vast powers of application. When in great practice at the bar, and deservedly a leading counsel in jury cases, he contrived to find time to conduct the *Edinburgh Review*, and to enrich its pages by above a hundred contributions. There is no great extent of learning in them, few original ideas, and little of that earnestness of expression which springs from strong internal conviction, and is the chief fountain of eloquent and overpowering oratory. He rarely quotes classical or Italian literature, and his writings give no token of a mind stored with their imagery. He seldom gives you the feeling that he is serious, or deeply impressed with his subject. He seldom strikes with force, but very often touches with felicity. The feeling which pervades his writings is always excellent, often generous; his taste is correct, his criticism in general just; and it is impossible not to admire the light and airy hand with which he treats of the most difficult subjects, and the happy expressions with which he often illustrates the most abstruse ideas. He deals more in Scotch metaphysics than suits the present age: he made some signal and well-known mistakes in the estimation of contemporary poetry; and laboured, without effect, to *write up* Ford, Massinger, and the old dramatists, whom their inveterate indecency has justly banished from general popularity. But these faults are amply redeemed by the attractions of his essays in other respects. There are no more charming reviews in our language than some which his collected papers contain: and no one can rise from their perusal with any surprise that the accomplished author of works containing so much just and kindly criticism should deservedly be a most popular and respected judge.

It is impossible to imagine a more

thorough contrast to Lord Jeffrey than the writings of SIDNEY SMITH exhibit. Though a reverend and pious divine, the prebendary of St Paul's had very little of the sacerdotal character in him. His conversational talents were great, his success in the highest London society unbounded; but this intoxicating course neither relaxed the vigour of his application, nor deadened the warmth of his feelings. His powers, and they were of no ordinary kind, were always directed, though sometimes with mistaken zeal, to the interests of humanity. His sayings, like those of Talleyrand, were repeated from one end of the empire to the other. These brilliant and sparkling qualities are conspicuous in his writings, and have mainly contributed to their remarkable success both in this country and America. There is scarcely any scholarship, and little information, to be met with in his works. Few take them up to be instructed; many to be amused. He has little of the equanimity of the judge about him, but a great deal of the wit and jocularity of the pleader. He would have made a first-rate jury counsel, for he would alternately have driven them by the force of his arguments; and amused them by the brilliancy of his expressions. There is no more vigorous and forcible diatribe in our language than his celebrated letter on North American repudiation, which roused the attention, and excited the admiration, of the repudiators themselves. He has expressed in a single line a great truth, applicable, it is to be feared, to other nations besides the Americans: "They preferred any load of infamy, however great, to any burden of taxation, however light." But Sidney Smith's blows were expended, and wit lavished, in general, on subjects of passing or ephemeral interest: they were not, like the strokes of Johnson, levelled at the universal frailties and characteristics of human nature. On this account, though their success hitherto has been greater, it is doubtful whether his essays will take so high a lasting place in English literature as those of Lord Jeffrey, which in general treat of works of permanent interest.

SIR JAMES MACKINTOSH differs as widely from the original pillars of the *Edinburgh Review* as they do from each other. The publication of his collected essays, with the historical sketch and fragment which he has left, enables us now to form a fair estimate of his powers. That they were great, no one can doubt; but they are of a different kind from what was at first anticipated. Not a shadow of a doubt can now remain, that, though his noble mind had not been in a great degree swallowed up as it was in the bottomless gulf of London society, and he had spent his whole forenoons for the last fifteen years of his life in writing his history, instead of conversing with fashionable or literary ladies, his labours would have terminated in disappointment. The beginning of a history which he has left, is a sufficient proof of this: it is learned, minute, and elaborate, but dull. The Whigs, according to their usual practice with all writers of their own party, hailed its appearance with a flourish of trumpets; but we doubt whether many of them have yet read it through. He had little dramatic power; his writings exhibit no traces of a pictorial eye, and though he had much poetry in his mind, they are not imbued with the poetic character. These deficiencies are fatal to the popularity of any historian: no amount of learning or philosophical acuteness can supply their want in the *narrative* of events. Guizot is a proof of this: he is, perhaps, one of the greatest writers on the philosophy of history that ever lived; but his history of the English Revolution is lifeless beside the pages of Livy or Gibbon. Sir James Mackintosh was fitted to have been the Guizot of English history. His mind was essentially didactic. Reflection, not action, was both the bent of his disposition and the theatre of his glory. His *History of England*, written for Lardner's *Encyclopædia*, can scarcely be called a history; it is rather a series of essays on history. It treats so largely of some events, so scantily of others, that a reader not previously acquainted with the subject, might rise from its perusal with scarcely any idea of the thread of English story. But no one who was

already informed on it can do so, without feeling his mind stored with original and valuable reflection, just and profound views. His collected essays from the *Edinburgh Review*, lately put together, are not so discursive as those of Lord Jeffrey, nor so amusing as those of Sidney Smith; but they are much more profound than either, and treat of subjects more permanently interesting to the human race. Many of them, particularly that on representative governments, abound with views equally just and original. It is impossible not to regret, that a mind so richly stored with historical knowledge, and so largely endowed with philosophic penetration, should have left so few lasting monuments of its great and varied powers.

Much as these very eminent men differ from each other, Mr MACAULAY is, perhaps, still more clearly distinguished from either. Both his turn of mind and style of writing are peculiar, and exhibit a combination rarely if ever before witnessed in English, or even modern literature. Unlike Lord Jeffrey, he is deeply learned in ancient and modern lore; his mind is richly stored with the poetry and history both of classical and Continental literature. Unlike Mackintosh, he is eminently dramatic and pictorial; he alternately speaks poetry to the soul and pictures to the eye. Unlike Sidney Smith, he has avoided subjects of party contention and passing interest, and grappled with the great questions, the immortal names, which will for ever attract the interest and command the attention of man. Milton, Bacon, Machiavelli, first awakened his discriminating and critical taste; Clive, Warren Hastings, Frederick the Great, called forth his dramatic and historic powers. He has treated of the Reformation and the Catholic reaction in his review of Ranke; of the splendid despotism of the Popedom in that of Hildebrand; of the French Revolution in that of Barère. There is no danger of his essays being forgotten, like many of those of Addison; nor of pompous uniformity of style being complained of, as in most of those of Johnson. His learning is prodigious; and perhaps the chief defects of his composition arise from the exuberant

riches of the stores from which they are drawn. When warmed in his subject he is thoroughly in earnest, and his language, in consequence, goes direct to the heart. In many of his writings—and especially the first volume of his history, and his essay on the Reformation—there are reflections equally just and original, which never were surpassed in the philosophy of history. That he is imbued with the soul of poetry need be told to none who have read his *Battle of the Lake Regillus*; that he is a great biographer will be disputed by none who are acquainted with the splendid biographies of Clive and Hastings, by much the finest productions of the kind in the English language.

Macaulay's style, like other original things, has already produced a school of imitators. Its influence may distinctly be traced, both in the periodical and daily literature of the day. Its great characteristic is the shortness of the sentences, which often equals that of Tacitus himself, and the rapidity with which new and distinct ideas or facts succeed each other in his richly-stored pages. He is the Pope of English prose: he often gives two sentiments and facts in a single line. No preceding writer in prose, in any modern language with which we are acquainted, has carried this art of abbreviation, or rather cramming of ideas, to such a length; and to its felicitous use much of the celebrity which he has acquired is to be ascribed. There is no doubt that it is a most powerful engine for the stirring of the mind, and when not repeated too often, or carried too far, has a surprising effect. Its introduction forms an era in historical composition. To illustrate our meaning, and at the same time adorn our pages with passages of exquisite, almost redundant beauty, we gladly transcribe two well-known ones, taken from the most perfect of his historical essays. Of Lord Clive he says—

“From Clive's second visit to India dates the political ascendancy of the English in that country. His dexterity and resolution realised, in the course of a few months, more than all the gorgeous visions which had floated before the imagination of Duplex. Such an extent of cultivated territory, such an amount of revenue, such a multitude of subjects, was

never added to the dominion of Rome by the most successful proconsul. Nor were such wealthy spoils ever borne under arches of triumph, down the Sacred Way, and through the crowded forum, to the threshold of Tarpeian Jove. The fame of those who subdued Antiochus and Tigranides grows dim, when compared with the splendour of the exploits which the young English adventurer achieved, at the head of an army not equal in numbers to one-third of a Roman legion. From Clive's visit to India dates the purity of our administration of our eastern empire. He first made dauntless and unsparing that gigantic system of oppression, war on extortion, and corruption, which had prevailed in India. In that war he manfully put to hazard his ease, his fame, and his splendid fortune. The same sense of justice which forbids us to extenuate the faults of his days, compels us to admit that our conquests were nobly repaired. If the errors of the Company and its servants taken away; if in India the foreign masters, elsewhere the lords of all yokes, has been found to be less than that of any native dynasty; if that gang of public robbers which spread terror through the whole country, has succeeded a body of fine men, not more highly distinguished by their industry and diligence, than by their integrity, and public spirit; if we now see not men as Mauro, Elphinstone, and Metcalf, after leading victorious armies, after making and deposing kings, become proud of their honourable poverty, and which once held to every man the hope of boundless wealth, find their place in it so small degree due to their own merits, stands high on the roll of fame. But it is found in a better sense, in the list of those who have done and suffered much in the cause of mankind. To the nation, history will assign a place in the same rank with Lucullus and Trajan, we will the duty to the reformer of that that veneration with which we cherish the memory of Turgot, and with which the latest generation of our country will contemplate the statue of...

tion of Somers; the hall where the eloquence of Strafford had for a moment awed and melted a victorious party, inflamed with just resentment; the hall where Charles had confronted the High Court of Justice with the placid courage which has half redeemed his fame. Neither military nor civil pomp was wanting. The avenues were lined with grenadiers; the streets were kept clear by cavalry; the peers, robed in gold and ermine, were marshalled by the heralds, under the Garter king-at-arms. The judges, in their vestments of state, attended to give advice on points of law. Near a hundred and seventy lords, three-fourths of the Upper House, as the Upper House then was, walked in solemn order from their usual place of assembling to the tribunal. The junior baron present led the way—George Elliott, Lord Heathfield, recently ennobled for his memorable defence of Gibraltar against the fleets and armies of France and Spain. The long procession was closed by the Duke of Norfolk, earl-marshal of the realm, by the great dignitaries, and by the brothers and sons of the king. Last of all came the Prince of Wales, conspicuous by his fine person and noble bearing. The gray old walls were hung with scarlet. The long galleries were crowded by an audience, such as has rarely excited the fears or the emulation of an orator. There were gathered together, from all parts of a great, free, enlightened, and prosperous empire, grace and female loveliness, wit and learning, the representatives of every science and of every art. There were seated round the queen the fair-haired young daughters of the house of Brunswick. There the ambassadors of great kings and commonwealths gazed with admiration on a spectacle which no other country in the world could present. There Siddons, in the prime of her majestic beauty, looked with emotion on a scene surpassing all the imitations of the stage. There the historian of the Roman Empire thought of the days when Cicero pleaded the cause of Sicily against Verres, and when, before a senate which still retained some show of freedom, Tacitus thundered against the oppressor of Africa. There were seen, side by side, the greatest painter and the greatest scholar of the age. The spectacle had allured Reynolds from that easel which has preserved to us the thoughtful foreheads of so many writers and statesmen, and the sweet smiles of so many noble matrons. It had induced Parr to suspend his labours on that dark and profound mine

from which he had extracted a vast treasure of erudition—a treasure too often buried in the earth, too often paraded with injudicious and inelegant ostentation, but still precious, massive, and splendid. There appeared the voluptuous charms of her to whom the heir of the throne had in secret plighted his faith. There, too, was she, the beautiful mother of a beautiful race, the Saint Cecilia whose delicate features, lighted up by love and music, art has rescued from the common decay. There were the members of that brilliant society which quoted, criticised, and exchanged repartees under the rich peacock hangings of Mrs Montague. And there the ladies, whose lips, more persuasive than those of Fox himself, had carried Westminster against Palace and Treasury, shone round Georgiana Duchess of Devonshire.”*

As a contrast to these splendid pictures, we subjoin the portrait of the Black Hole of Calcutta, which proves that, if the author is in general endowed with the richness of Ariosto's imagination, he can, when necessary, exhibit the terrible powers of Dante.

“Then was committed that great crime—memorable for its singular atrocity, memorable for the tremendous retribution by which it was followed. The English captives were left at the mercy of the guards, and the guards determined to secure them for the night in the prison of the garrison, a chamber known by the fearful name of the Black Hole. Even for a single European malefactor that dungeon would, in such a climate, have been too close and narrow. The space was only twenty feet square. The air-holes were small and obstructed. It was the summer solstice—the season when the fierce heat of Bengal can scarcely be rendered tolerable to natives of England by lofty halls, and by the constant waving of fans. The number of the prisoners was 146. When they were ordered to enter the cell, they imagined that the soldiers were joking; and, being in high spirits on account of the promise of the nabob to spare their lives, they laughed and jested at the absurdity of the notion. They soon discovered their mistake. They expostulated, they entreated, but in vain. The guards threatened to cut all down who hesitated. The captives were driven into the cell at the point of the sword, and the door was instantly shut and locked upon them.

“Nothing in history or fiction—not

even the story which Ugolino told in the sea of everlasting ice, after he had wiped his bloody lips on the scalp of his murderer—approaches the horrors which were recounted by the few survivors of that night. They cried for mercy; they strove to burst the door. Holwell, who even in that extremity retained some presence of mind, offered large bribes to the gaolers. But the answer was, that nothing could be done without the nabob's orders; that the nabob was asleep, and that he would be angry if anybody woke him. Then the prisoners went mad with despair. They trampled each other down, fought for the places at the windows—fought for the pittance of water with which the cruel mercy of the murderers mocked their agonies—raved, prayed, blasphemed, implored the guards to fire among them. The gaolers, in the mean time, held lights to the bars, and shouted with laughter at the frantic struggles of the victims. At length the tumult died away in low gaspings and moanings. The day broke. The nabob had slept off his debauch, and permitted the door to be opened; but it was some time before the soldiers could make a lane for the survivors, by piling up on each side the heaps of corpses on which the burning climate had already begun to do its loathsome work. When, at length, a passage was made, twenty-three ghastly figures, such as their own mothers would not have known, came forth alive. A pit was instantly dug: the dead bodies, a hundred and twenty-three in number, were flung into it promiscuously, and covered up.”†

This style does admirably well for short biographies, such as those of Warren Hastings or Clive, in the *Edinburgh Review*, in which the object is to condense the important events of a whole lifetime into comparatively few pages, and fascinate the reader by as condensed and brilliant a picture as it is possible to present, of the most striking features of their character and story. But how will it answer for a lengthened history, such as Macaulay's great work promises to be, extending to twelve or fifteen volumes? How will it do to make the “extreme medicine of the constitution its daily bread?” Ragoouts and French dishes are admirable at a feast, or on particular occasions, but what should we say to a diet prescribed of such highly seasoned food every day? It is true, there

* *Critical and Historical Essays*, iii. 446, 447.

† *Ibid.*, iii. 144-146.

are not many such brilliant and striking passages as those we have quoted. The subject, of course, would not admit of, the mind of the reader would sink under, the frequent repetition of such powerful emotion. But the style is generally the same. It almost always indicates a crowd of separate ideas, facts, or assertions, in such close juxtaposition that they literally seem wedged together. Such is the extent of the magazine of reading and information from which they are drawn, that they come tumbling out, often without much order or arrangement, and generally so close together that it is difficult for a person not previously acquainted with the subject to tell which are of importance and which are immaterial.

This tendency, when as confirmed and general as it has now become, we consider by far the most serious fault in Mr Macaulay's style; and it is not less conspicuous in his general history than in his detached biographies. Indeed, its continuance in the former species of composition is mainly owing to the brilliant success with which it has been attended in the latter. In historical essays it is not a blemish, it is rather a beauty; because, in such miniature portraits or cabinet pieces, minuteness of finishing and crowding of incidents in a small space are among the principal requisites we desire, the chief charm we admire. But the style of painting which we justly admire in Albano and Vanderwerf, would be misplaced in the ceiling of the Sistine Chapel, or even the extended canvases of the Transfiguration. We do not object to such elaborate finishing, such brevity of sentences, such crowding of facts and ideas, in the delineation of the striking incidents or principal characters of the work; what we object to is its continuance on ordinary occasions, in the drawing of inconsiderable characters, and in what should be the simple thread of the story. Look how easy Hume is in his ordinary narrative—how unambitious Livy, in the greater part of his history. We desiderate such periods of relaxation and repose in Macaulay. We there always discover learning, genius, power; but the prodigal display of these powers

often mars their effect. We see it not only in delineating the immortal deeds of heroes, or the virtues of princesses, but in portraying the habits of serving-women or the frailties of maids of honour. With all its elevated and poetical qualities, the mind of Macaulay occasionally gives token of its descent from our common ancestress, Eve, in an evident fondness for gossip. It would perhaps be well for him to remember that the scandal of our great great-grandmothers is not generally interesting, or permanently edifying; and that he is not to measure the gratification it will give to the world in general, by the avidity with which it is devoured among the titled descendants of the fair sinners in the Whig coteries. There is often a want of breadth and keeping in his pictures. To resume our pictorial metaphor, Macaulay's pages often remind us of the paintings of Bassano, in which warriors and pilgrims, horses and mules, dromedaries and camels, sheep and lambs, Arabs and Ethiopians, shining armour and glistening pans, spears and pruning-hooks, scimitars and shepherds' crooks, baskets, tents, and precious stuffs, are crammed together without mercy, and with an equal light thrown on the most insignificant as the most important parts of the piece.

When he is engaged in a subject, however, in which minute painting is not misplaced, and the condensation of striking images is a principal charm, Mr Macaulay's pictorial eye and poetical powers appear in their full lustre. We observe with pleasure that he has not forgotten the example and precept of Herodotus, who considered geography as a principal part of history; and that, in the description of countries, he has put forth the whole vigour of his mind with equal correctness of drawing and brilliancy of colouring. As a specimen, we subjoin the admirable picture of the plain of Bengal, in the life of Clive:—

“Of the provinces which had been subject to the house of Tamerlane, the wealthiest was Bengal. No part of India possessed such natural advantages, both for agriculture and for commerce. The Ganges, rushing through a hundred channels to the sea, has formed a vast plain of rich mould, which, even under the tro-

pical sky, rivals the verdure of an English April. The rice-fields yield an increase such as is elsewhere unknown. Spices, sugar, vegetable oils, are produced with marvellous exuberance. The rivers afford an inexhaustible supply of fish. The desolate islands along the sea-coast, overgrown by noxious vegetation, and swarming with deer and tigers, supply the cultivated districts with abundance of salt. The great stream which fertilises the soil is, at the same time, the chief highway of Eastern commerce. On its banks, and on those of its tributary waters, are the wealthiest marts, the most splendid capitals, and the most sacred shrines of India. The tyranny of man had for ages struggled in vain against the overflowing bounty of nature. In spite of the Mussulman despot, and of the Mahratta freebooter, Bengal was known through the East as the garden of Eden, as the rich kingdom. Its population multiplied exceedingly. Distant provinces were nourished from the overflowing of its granaries; and the noble ladies of London and Paris were clothed in the delicate produce of its looms. The race by whom this rich tract was peopled, enervated by a soft climate, and accustomed to peaceful avocations, bore the same relation to other Asiatics which the Asiatics generally bear to the bold and energetic children of Europe. The Castilians have a proverb, that in Valencia the earth is water, and the men women; and the description is at least equally applicable to the vast plain of the lower Ganges. Whatever the Bengalee does he does languidly. His favourite pursuits are sedentary. He shrinks from bold exertion; and though voluble in dispute, and singularly pertinacious in the war of chicanery, he seldom engages in a personal conflict, and scarcely ever enlists as a soldier. We doubt whether there be a hundred Bengalees in the whole army of the East India Company. There never, perhaps, existed a people so thoroughly fitted by nature and by habit for a foreign yoke."

The talent of military description, and the picture of battle, is one of a very peculiar kind, which is often wholly wanting in historians of a very high character in other respects. It is a common observation, that all battles in history are like each other—a sure proof that their authors did not understand the subject; for every battle, fought from the beginning of time, in reality differs from another

as much as every countenance. In his previous writings, Mr Macaulay had enjoyed few opportunities of exhibiting his strength in this important particular; though it might have been anticipated, from the brilliancy of his imagination, and the powerful pictures in his *Lays of Rome*, that he would not be inferior in this respect to what he had proved himself to be in other parts of history. But the matter has now been put to the test; and it gives us the highest satisfaction to perceive, from the manner in which he has treated a comparatively trifling engagement, that he is fully qualified to portray the splendid victories of Marlborough, the bold intrepidity of Hawke, and the gallant daring of Peterborough. It would be difficult to find in history a more spirited and graphic description than he has given in his great work of the battle of Sedgemoor, with the scene of which he seems, from early acquaintance, to be peculiarly familiar:—

"Monmouth was startled at finding that a broad and profound trench lay between him and the camp he had hoped to surprise. The insurgents halted on the edge of the hollow, and fired. Part of the royal infantry, on the opposite bank, returned the fire. During three quarters of an hour the roar of musketry was incessant. The Somersetshire peasants behaved as if they had been veteran soldiers, save only that they levelled their pieces too high. But now the other divisions of the royal army were in motion. The Life Guards, and Blues, came pricking up from Weston Zoyland, and scattered, in an instant, some of Grey's horse, who had attempted to rally. The fugitives spread a panic among the fugitives in the rear, who had charge of the ammunition. The waggoners drove off at full speed, and never stopped till they were some miles from the field of battle. Monmouth had hitherto done his part like a stout and able warrior. He had been seen on foot, pike in hand, encouraging his infantry by voice and example. But he was too well acquainted with military affairs not to know that all was over. His men had lost the advantage which surprise and darkness had given them. They were deserted by the horse and by the ammunition waggoners. The king's forces were now united, and in good order. Feversham had been

awakened by the firing, had adjusted his cravat, had looked himself well in the glass, and had come to see what his men were doing. What was of much more consequence, Churchill (Marlborough) had rapidly made an entirely new disposition of the royal infantry. The day had begun to break. The event of a conflict on an open plain by broad sunlight could not be doubtful. Yet Monmouth should have felt that it was not for him to fly, while thousands, whom affection for him had hurried to destruction, were still fighting manfully in his cause. But vain hopes, and the intense love of life, prevailed. He saw that, if he tarried, the royal cavalry would soon be in his rear: he mounted, and rode off from the field.

Yet his foot, though deserted, made a gallant stand. The Life Guards attacked them on the right, the Blues on the left; but these Somerset clowns, with their scythes and the but-ends of their muskets, faced the royal horse like old soldiers. Oglethorpe made a vigorous attempt to break them, and was manfully repulsed. Sarsfield, a brave Irish officer, whose name afterwards obtained a melancholy celebrity, charged on the other flank. His men were beaten back: he himself was struck to the ground, and lay, for a time, as one dead. But the struggle of the hardy rustics could not last; their powder and ball were spent. Cries were heard of, "Ammunition! for God's sake, ammunition!" But no ammunition was at hand. And now the king's artillery came up. Even when the guns had arrived, there was such a want of gunners, that a sergeant of Dumbarton's regiment had to take upon himself the management of several pieces. The cannon, however, though ill served, brought the engagement to a speedy close. The pikes of the rebel battalions began to shake—the ranks broke. The king's cavalry charged again, and bore down everything before them. The king's infantry came pouring across the ditch. Even in that extremity, the Mendip miners stood bravely to their arms, and sold their lives dearly. But the rout was in a few minutes complete; three hundred of the soldiers had been killed or wounded. Of the rebels, more than a thousand lay dead on the moor.*

We have dwelt so long on the general characteristics and peculiar excellencies of Mr Macaulay's compositions, that we have hardly left ourselves sufficient space to enter so fully as

we could wish into the merits of the great work on which he has staked his reputation with future times. It was looked forward to with peculiar, and we may say unexampled interest, both from the known celebrity and talents of the author—not less as a parliamentary orator than a practised critic—and the importance of the blank which he was expected to fill up in English literature. He has contracted an engagement with the public, to give the *History of England* during the last century; to fill up the void from the English to the French Revolution. He came after Hume, whose simple and undying narrative will be coeval with the long and eventful thread of English story. He has undertaken the history of the glorious age of Queen Anne, and the era of the first Georges—of the victories of Marlborough, and the disasters of North—of the energy of Chatham, and the brilliancy of Bolingbroke; he has to recount equally the chivalrous episode of Charles Edward and the heroic death of Wolfe—the inglorious capitulation of Cornwallis, and the matchless triumphs of Clive. That the two first volumes of his work have not disappointed the public expectation is proved by the fact, that, before two months had elapsed from publication, they had already reached a third edition.

We shall not, in treating of the merits of this very remarkable production, adopt the not uncommon practice of reviewers on such occasions. We shall not pretend to be better informed on the details of the subject than the author. We shall not set up the reading of a few weeks or months against the study of half a lifetime. We shall not imitate certain critics who look at the bottom of the pages for the authorities of the author, and, having got the clue to the requisite information, proceed to examine with the utmost minuteness every particular of his narrative, and make in consequence a vast display of knowledge wholly derived from the reading which he has suggested. We shall not be so deluded as to suppose we have made a great discovery in biography, because we have ascertained that some Lady

* *History*, i. 610, 611.

Caroline of the last generation was born on the 7th October 1674, instead of the 8th February 1675, as the historian, with shameful negligence, has affirmed; nor shall we take credit to ourselves for a journey down to Hampshire to consult the parish register on the subject. As little shall we in future accuse Macaulay of inaccuracy in describing battles, because on referring, without mentioning it, to the military authorities he has quoted, and the page he has referred to, we have discovered that at some battle, as Malplaquet, Lotum's men stood on the right of the Prince of Orange, when he says they stood on the left; or that Marlborough dined on a certain day at one o'clock, when in point of fact he did not sit down, as is proved by incontestable authority, till half-past two. We shall leave such minute and Lilliputian criticisms to the minute and Lilliputian minds by whom alone they are ever made. Mr Macaulay can afford to smile at all reviewers who affect to possess more than his own gigantic stores of information.

In the first place, we must bestow the highest praise on the general sketch of English history which he has given down to the period of Charles. Such a *precis* forms the most appropriate introduction to his work, and it is done with a penetration and justice which leaves nothing to be desired. Several of his remarks are equally original and profound, and applicable—not only to a right understanding of the thread of former events, but to the social questions with which the nation is engaged at the present moment. We allude in particular to the observations that the spread of the Reformation has been everywhere commensurate with that of the Teutonic race, and that it has never been able to take root among those of Celtic descent; that, in modern times, the spread of intelligence and the vigour of the human mind, has been coextensive with the establishment of the Reformed opinions, while despotism in governments, and slumber in their subjects, has characterised, with certain brilliant exceptions of infidel passion, those in which the ancient faith is still prevalent; and that the Romish belief and observances were the greatest blessing to humanity, during the violence and barbarism of the

middle ages, but the reverse among enlightened nations of modern times. It is refreshing to see opinions of this obviously just and important kind advanced, and distinctions drawn; by a writer of the high celebrity and vast knowledge of Mr Macaulay. It is still more important when we have only just emerged from an age in which the admission of the Roman Catholics into parliament was so strenuously recommended, as the greatest boon which could possibly be conferred on society—and are entering on another, in which its ceremonies and excitements have become the refuge of so many even in this country, at least of the softer sex, and in the highest ranks, with whom the usual attractions of the world have begun to fail or become insipid—to see the evident tendency of the Romish faith characterised in a manner equally removed from the bigoted prejudices of the Puritans, and the blind passion of modern Catholic proselytism, by an author bred up amid the din of Roman Catholic Emancipation, and a distinguished contributor to the *Edinburgh Review*.

We wish we could bestow equal praise on the justice of the views, and impartiality of the delineation of character, in the critical period of the Great Rebellion, which Mr Macaulay treats more at length; and lest he should fear that our praise will be valueless, as being that of a panegyric, we shall be proud to give him fierce battle on that point. We thank God we are not only old Tories, but, as the Americans said of a contemporary historian, the "*oldest of Tories*;" and we are weak enough to be confirmed in our opinions by the evident fact that they are those of a small minority of the present age. It is not likely, therefore, that we should not find an opportunity to break a lance with our author in regard to Charles I. and the Great Rebellion. We must admit, however, that Mr Macaulay is much more impartial in his estimate of that event, than he was in some of his previous essays; that he gives with anxious fairness the arguments on the opposite side of the question; and that he no longer represents the royal victim as now a favourite only with women—and that

because his countenance is pacific and handsome on the canvass of Vandyke, and he took his son often on his knee, and kissed him.

Mr Macaulay represents the Great Rebellion as a glorious and salutary struggle for the liberties of England;—a struggle to the success of which, against the tyranny of the Stuarts, the subsequent greatness of England is mainly to be ascribed. The trial and execution of Charles I. he describes as an event melancholy, and to be deplored; but unavoidable and necessary, in consequence of the perfidy and deceit of a "man whose whole life had been a series of attacks on the liberties of England." He does full justice to the courage and dignity with which he met his fate, but holds that he was deservedly destroyed, though in a most violent and illegal manner, in consequence of his flatteries and machinations.* "There never," says he, "was a politician to whom so many frauds and falsehoods were brought home by undeniable evidence." We take a directly opposite view of the question. We consider the resistance of the Long Parliament to Charles as a series of selfish and unprincipled acts of treason against a lawful sovereign; not less fatal to the liberties of the country at the time, than they were calculated in the end to have proved to its independence, and which would long ere this have worked out its ruin, if another event had not, in a way which its author did not intend, worked out a cure for the disease. We consider the civil war as commenced from blind selfishness, "ignorant impatience of taxation," and consummated under the combined influence of hypocritical zeal and guilty ambition. We regard the death of Charles as an atrocious and abominable murder, vindicated by no reasons of expedience, authorised by no principle of justice, which has lowered for ever England to the level of the adjoining nations in the scale of crime; and which, had it not been vindicated by subsequent loyalty and chivalrous feeling, in the better part of the people, would long since have extinguished alike its liberties and its

independence. Even Hume has represented the conduct and motives of the leaders of the Long Parliament in too favourable a light—and it is no wonder he did so, for it is only since his time that the selfish passions have been brought into play on the political theatre—which at once explains the difficulties with which Charles had to struggle, and put in a just light his tragic fate.

Mr Hume represents the Long Parliament, in the commencement of the contest with the king, as influenced by a generous desire to secure and extend the liberties of their country, and as making use of the constitutional privilege of giving or withholding supplies for that important object. If this was really their object, we should at once admit they acted the part of true patriots, and are entitled to the lasting gratitude of their country and the world. But, admitting this was what they professed, that this was their stalking-horse, in what respect did their conduct correspond with such patriotic declarations? Did they use either their legitimate or usurped power for the purpose of extending and confirming the liberties of their country, or even diminishing the weight of the public burdens which pressed most severely on the people? So far from doing so, they multiplied these burdens fiftyfold; they levied them, not by the authority of parliament, but by the terrors of military execution; and while they refused to the entreaties of the king the pittance of a few hundred thousand pounds, to put the coasts in a state of defence, and protect the commerce of his subjects, they levied of their own authority, and without parliamentary sanction, no less than *eighty-four millions* sterling, between 1640 and 1659, in the form of military contributions—levied for no other purpose but to deluge the kingdom with blood, destroy its industry, and subject its liberties to the ruin of military oppression. True, Charles I. dissolved many parliaments, was often hasty and intemperate in the mode of doing so; for eleven years reigned without a House of Commons, and brought on

* Vol. i. p. 127, 128.

the collision by his attempt to levy ship-money, for the protection of the coasts, of his own authority. But why did he do so? Why did he endeavour to dispense with the old and venerable name of parliament, and incur the odium, and run the risk, of governing alone in a country where the hereditary revenue was so scanty, and the passion for freedom so strong that, even with all the aids from parliament, he had never enjoyed so large an income as two millions a-year? Simply because he was driven to it by necessity; because he found it was absolutely impossible to get on with parliaments which obstinately refused to discharge their first of duties—that of providing for the public defence—or discharge his duties as chief magistrate of the realm, in conformity either with his coronation oath or the plain necessities and obligations of his office, from the invincible resistance which the House of Commons, on every occasion, made to parting with money.

Their conduct was regulated by a very plain principle—it was perfectly consistent, and such as, under the existing constitution, could not fail very soon to bring government to a dead-lock, and compel the sovereign either at once to abdicate his authority, or barter it away piecemeal against small grants of money, reluctantly, and in the most parsimonious spirit, granted by his subjects. They said, "Govern any way you please, defend the country the best way you can, get out of your difficulties as you think fit, but do not come to us for money. Anything but that. It is your business to defend us, it is not ours to contribute to our defence. Let our coasts be insulted by the French, or pillaged by the Dutch; let our trade be ruined, and even our fishermen chased into their harbours, by the Continental privateers; but don't come to us for money. If we give you anything, it will be as little as we can in decency offer; and, in return for such liberal concessions, you must on every occasion surrender an important part of the prerogative of the crown." The king did this for some years after he came to the throne, always trusting that his concessions would secure at length a liberal supply of money,

for the public defence, from the House of Commons. He said, and said with truth, that he had conceded more to his subjects than any monarch that ever sat on the throne of England. The Petition of Rights, granted early in his reign, proved this: it contained nearly all the guarantees since desired or obtained for English freedom. But all was unavailing. The Commons would give no money, or they would give it only in exchange for the most essential prerogatives of the crown, without which public defence was impossible, and anarchy must have usurped its place.

They began the civil war at length, and handed the nation over to the horrors of domestic slaughter and military despotism, because the king would not consent to part with the command of the armed force—a requisition so monstrous that it plainly amounted to an abrogation of the royal authority, and has never, since the Restoration, been seriously contended for by Radicals, Repealers, or Chartists, even in the worst periods of the Irish Rebellion or French Revolution. It is not surprising that subsequent times for long mistook the real nature of the king's situation, and threw on him blame for events of which, in reality, he was blameless. Mankind were not then so well acquainted as they have since become, with the strength of an ignorant impatience of taxation. Since then, they have seen it divide the greatest empires, ruin the most celebrated commonwealths, disgrace the most famed republics, paralyse the most powerful states. It has broken down the central authority, and divided into separate kingdoms the once puissant German empire; it has ruined and brought partition on the gallant Polish democracy; it induced on France the horrors of the Revolution, and permanently destroyed its liberties by causing the Notables to refuse Calonne's proposition for equal taxation; it has disgraced the rise of American freedom, by the selfishness of repudiation and the cupidity of conquest. These were the evils, and this the disgrace, which Charles I. strove to avert in his contest with the Long Parliament; these the evils, and this the disgrace, which their

leaders strove to impose on this country. We have only to look at the Free-trade Hall at Manchester, at this time re-echoing with applause at proposals to disband our army and sell our ships, in order to be able to sell cotton goods a halfpenny per pound cheaper than at present, to see what was the spirit with which Charles I. had to contend during the Great Rebellion.

Historians have often expressed their surprise at the vigour of the rule of Cromwell, and the energetic manner in which he caused the national flag to be respected by foreign states. But, without detracting from the well-earned fame of the Protector in this respect, it may safely be affirmed, that the main cause of his success in foreign transactions was, that he had got the means of making the English pay taxes. He levied them with the sabre and the bayonet. Between contributions, sequestrations, and impositions, his commissioners contrived to wrench enormous sums, for those days, out of the country. He raised the revenue from £2,000,000 a-year to nearly £6,000,000. He got quit of the disagreeable burden of parliamentary grants. He found his troops much more effectual tax-gatherers. He did what, by gentler means, and in a less oppressive way, Charles had tried to do. He levied sums from the nation adequate for the public defence, and which enabled it to take the place to which it was entitled in the scale of nations. Had the original leaders of the Long Parliament not been superseded by his iron hand, they would have left England as much exposed to foreign insult, as much in peril of foreign invasion, as Poland proved from the triumph of the same selfish principles.

It is true Charles at length became a dissembler, and made many promises which were afterwards broken. But why did he become a dissembler? How did it happen that his nature, originally open, unreserved, and chivalrous, even to a fault, became at length cautious, and marked by dissimulation? Simply because he was assailed on all sides by dissemblers and dissimulators. He was driven to it by stern necessity in his own defence, and as the only way of carry-

ing on the government. The whole conduct of his parliaments to him was one tissue of falsehood and deceit. They constantly professed loyalty with their lips, while they were thinking only of treason in their hearts; they were loud in their protestations of zeal for the public service, when they were thinking only of keeping close their purse-strings, and shaking off every imaginable tax levied for the public defence. Like their descendants in Transatlantic realms, they "preferred any load of infamy, however great, to any burden of taxation, however light." It was only by fair words, by promising more than he was able to perform, by bartering the prerogative of the crown for parsimonious grants—£200,000 one year, £300,000 another—that he was able to provide, in the most penurious way, for the public service. His faithful Commons were impressed with the idea, and proceeded on the principle, that the monarch was an enemy cased in armour, and that it was their business to strip him of every article he possessed, so as to leave him entirely at their mercy, and reduce the government to a pure un-taxed democracy. They first got the shield; they next seized the helmet; the breast-plate could not long be withheld; and at last they began to fight for the sword. Was consistency, or perfect sincerity of conduct, practicable with such men? Have not the English, in their wars in the East, been under the necessity of borrowing from their opponents much of their vigour and violence, and not unfrequently their ambition and dissimulation? Let us figure to ourselves Queen Victoria, without a national debt or parliamentary influence, going to Mr Cobden and the Commons in Free-Trade Hall, Manchester, and asking for funds to support the army and navy in a defensive war, which promised no extension of the market for cotton goods; or the president of the American republic proposing a direct income-tax of five per cent on his faithful repudiators, to support a war which held out a prospect neither of Mexican silver nor Californian gold, and we shall have some idea of the difficulties with which the unhappy Charles had to contend in his parlia-

mentary struggles, and appreciate the stern necessity which turned even his noble and chivalrous character to temporary shifts, and sometimes discreditable expedients.

Again, as to the death of Charles, can it be regarded in any other light but as a foul and atrocious murder? He was tried neither by the Peers nor the Commons—neither by the courts of law, nor a national convention—but by a self-constituted junta of military officers, rebels to his government, traitors to their country, who, having exhausted in their remorseless career every imaginable crime of robbery, rape, arson, assault, and treason, now added WILFUL MURDER—cold-blooded murder, to the number. However it is viewed, the crime was equally unpardonable and inexpedient. If the country was still to be regarded as a monarchy, though torn by intestine divisions, then were Cromwell and all his brother regicides not only murderers, but traitors, for they put to death their lawful sovereign. If the bonds of allegiance are to be held as having been broken in the preceding convulsions, and the contest considered as that of one state with another—which is the most favourable view to adopt for the regicides—then Charles, when he fell into their hands, was a prisoner of war; and it was as much murder to put him to death as it would have been in the English, if they had slain Napoleon when he came on board the *Bellerophon*, or in Charles V., if he had despatched Francis I. when he became his prisoner after the battle of Pavia. The immediate object at issue when the civil war began—the right claimed by the Commons of appointing officers to the militia—was one in which they were clearly and confessedly in the wrong, and one which, if granted by Charles, as all the previous demands of the Commons had been, would infallibly have landed the nation in the bottomless pit of an untaxed, unbridled, and senseless democracy, as incapable of self-defence as Poland, as regardless of external rights as Rome in ancient, or America in modern times.

The extreme peril to English liberties and independence which arose from the exorbitant pretensions and

disastrous success of the Long Parliament, with their canting military successors, distinctly appears in the deplorable state and disgraceful situation of England from the Restoration in 1661 to the Revolution in 1688. Notwithstanding all their professions of regard for freedom, and their anxiety to secure the liberties of the subject, the Long Parliament had done nothing for either in future times, while they had destroyed both in present. They had not even introduced a *habeas corpus* act to guard against arbitrary imprisonment. They had not given life appointments to the judges. They had made no provision for the impartial selection of juries. They had left the courts of law what, till the Revolution, they had ever been in English history—the arena in which the contending factions in the state alternately overthrew or murdered each other. They were too decided tyrants in their hearts to part with any of the weapons of tyranny in their hands. They had made no permanent provision for the support of the crown, or the maintenance of a force by sea and land adequate to the public defence; but left their sovereign at the mercy of a parliament of Cavaliers eager for vengeance, thirsting for blood, but nearly as indisposed to make any suitable grants for the public service as any of their predecessors had been. The “ignorant impatience of taxation” was as conspicuous in the parsimony of their supplies as it had been in those of Charles’s parliament. But such was the strength of the reaction in favour of monarchy and royal authority, in consequence of the intensity of the evils which had been suffered from democratic and parliamentary government, that there was scarcely any sacrifice of public liberties that the royalist parliaments were not at first disposed to have made, provided it could be done without trenching on their pecuniary resources. An *untaxed despotism* was their idea of the perfection of government, as an untaxed republic had been the bright vision of the parliamentary leaders. Had Charles II. been a man of as much vigour and perseverance as he was of quickness and talent, and had his abilities, which were wasted in the boudoirs of the Duchess of Portsmouth or the Countess

of Castlemaine, been devoted, like those of Louis XI. or Cardinal Richelieu, to a systematic attack on the public liberties, he might, without difficulty, have subverted the freedom of England, and left, as a legacy of the Long Parliament, to future times, not only the murder of their sovereign, but the final ruin of the national liberties.

Mr Macaulay has done one essential service to the cause of truth by the powerful and graphic, and, we doubt not, correct account he has given in his first volume of the desperate feuds of the rival parties with each other during this reign, and the universal prostitution of the forms of justice, and the sanctity of courts of law, to the most cruel and abominable purposes. There is no picture of human iniquity and cruelty more revolting than is presented in the alternate triumphs of the Whig and Tory parties, from the excitement produced by the Popish and Rye-house plots, and the noble blood which was shed alternately by both parties in torrents on the scaffold, to allay the terrors of insensate folly, or satiate the revenge of aroused indignation. The hideous iniquity of the courts of law during those disastrous days, and the entire concurrence of the ruling majority of the moment in their atrocious proceedings, demonstrate how lamentably the Long Parliament had failed in erecting any bulwarks for the public liberties, or strengthening the foundations of public virtue. At the same time, the disgraceful spectacle of our fleets swept from the Channel, or burnt in their harbours by the Dutch, proves how wretched a provision the Great Rebellion had made for the lasting defence of the realm. Nor was private morality, either in high or low places, on a better footing. The king and all his ministers received the pensions of Louis XIV.; the whole leaders of the patriots, from Algernon Sidney downwards, with the exception of Lord Russell, followed his example. The ladies of the metropolis, as well as the court, were intent only on intrigue. The licentiousness of the stage was such as almost exceeds belief. Nothing was thought of in the House of Commons but saving money, or satisfying revenge. Such was the parsimony

of parliament, whether the majority was Whig or Royalist, that the most necessary expenses of the royal household could only be defrayed by pensions from France. French mistresses directed the king's councils, and almost exclusively occupied his time; French alliance misdirected the national forces; French manners entirely subverted the national morals. England, from its vacillation in foreign policy, had forfeited all the respect of foreign nations, while, from the general selfishness and corruption which prevailed, it had lost all respect for itself. The Long Parliament and Great Rebellion, from the necessary reaction, to which they gave rise, of loyalty against treason, and of the thirst for pleasure against the cant of hypocrisy, had all but ruined England; for they had exchanged its liberties for tyranny, its morals for licentiousness.

In truth England was ruined, both externally and internally, from these causes, had it not been for one of those events by which Providence at times confounds the counsels of men, and changes the destiny of nations. The accession of James II., and the systematic attack which, in concert with Louis XIV., he made on the Protestant faith, at length united all England against the fatal attempt. The spectacle of the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes, in France, in November 1685, showed the Protestants what they had to expect from the measures simultaneously adopted, and in virtue of a secret compact, by James II. in England. The Treaty of Augsburg in 1686, by which the Protestant states of the Continent were united in a league against this Roman Catholic invasion, and to which William III., on the Revolution, immediately got England to accede, was the foundation of the grand alliance which secured independence to the Reformed faith, and liberty to Europe, as effectually as the grand alliance in 1813 rescued it from the tyranny of Napoleon. We go along entirely with Mr Macaulay's admirable account of the causes which led to the general coalition of parties against James—the abominable cruelty of Jeffreys' campaign in the west, after the suppression of Monmouth's rebellion, and the evident determination the monarch evinced to force the slavery and

absurdities of the Romish faith on a nation too generally enlightened to submit to either. It is refreshing to see these just and manly sentiments, so long the glory of England, coming from a man of his weight and learning, after the sickly partiality for Roman Catholic agitators which, for the purposes of faction, have so long pervaded many of his party, and the inexplicable return to the sway of priests and confessors which has recently appeared among some of our women of fashion. We hold that James justly forfeited his crown for his share in these atrocious proceedings, and entirely concur with Mr Macaulay in regarding the Revolution as the turning-point of English history—the *terminus a quo*, from which we are to date its celebrity in arms and literature, its mighty advance in strength and power, and the establishment of its liberties on a lasting foundation. We congratulate the country that the task of recording the circumstances, and tracing the consequences of this great event, has fallen into the hands of a gentleman so singularly qualified to do it justice, and sincerely wish him a long lease of life and health to bring his noble work to a conclusion.

If we were disposed to criticise at all the manner in which he has executed the part of this great work hitherto presented to the public, we should say that, in the tracing the causes of events, he ascribes too much to domestic, and too little to foreign influences; and that in the delineation of character, though he never advances what is false, he not unfrequently conceals, or touches but lightly, on what is true. He represents England as almost entirely regulated in its movements by internal agitation or parliamentary contests; forgetting that that agitation, and these contests, were in general themselves, in great part, produced by the simultaneous changes going on in opinion and external relations on the Continent. His history, as yet at least, is too exclusively English, not sufficiently European. Thus he mentions only incidentally, and in three lines, the treaty of Augsburg in 1686, which bound Protestant Europe against France, and entirely regulated the external policy and internal thought of England for the next century. So

also in the delineation of character: we can never fail to admire what he has done, but we have sometimes cause to regret what he has left undone. He has told us, what is undoubtedly true, that James II. did not, after the struggle began in England, evince the courage he had previously shown in action with the Dutch; but he has not told us what is equally true, that in those actions he had fought as often, and evinced heroism as great, as either Nelson or Collingwood. He has told us that James sedulously attended to the royal navy, and was successful because he was the only honest man in his dockyards; but he has not told us what is equally true, that it was that attention to the navy, and the effort to raise funds for it, which the Long Parliament from selfish parsimony positively refused to grant, which cost Charles I. his throne and life, and, now renewed by his son, laid the foundation of the navy which gained the battle of La Hogue, 1692, and for the next century determined the maritime struggle between France and England.

He has told us sufficiently often, that the beginning of the Duke of Marlborough's fortunes was the gift of £5000, which he received from the beautiful mistress of the king, Lady Castlemaine. This is undoubtedly true; and he has added what we have no doubt is equally so, that on one occasion he was so near being caught with her ladyship that he only escaped by leaping out of the window. He has added, also, that whenever he was going to do anything particularly base, Marlborough always began speaking about his conscience, and the Protestant faith. We have no objection to the leaping the window, for it is very probable, and at all events *piquant*—and *se non e vero e ben trovato*; but we object vehemently to his protestations in favour of the Reformed religion being set down as a hypocritical cover for base and selfish designs, for that is imputing motives—a mode of proceeding never allowed in the humblest court of justice, and in an especial manner reprehensible in a first-rate historian, who is painting a charac-

ter for the instruction and consideration of future times. And since Mr Macaulay has so prominently brought forward what is to be blamed in Marlborough's career, (and no one can condemn more severely than we do his treachery to James, though it has been so long praised by Whig writers,) we hope he will record with equal accuracy, and tell as often, that he refused repeatedly the offer of the government of the Low Countries, with its magnificent appointment of £60,000 a-year, made to him by the Emperor after the battle of Ramillies, lest by accepting it he should induce dissension in the alliance; that his private correspondence with the duchess evinces throughout the war the most anxious desire for its termination; and that, at the time when the factious Tory press represented him as prolonging hostilities for his own sordid purposes, he was anxiously endeavouring to effect a general pacification at the conferences of Gertruydenberg, and writing a private and very earnest letter to his nephew, the Duke of Berwick, then at the head of the French army, urging him to use his influence with Louis XIV. in order to bring about a peace. We would strongly recommend Mr Macaulay to consider the advice we have heard given to a historian in the delineation of character: "Make it a point of conscience to seek out, and give with full force, all authentic favourable anecdotes of persons whom you *dislike*, or to whose opinions you are *opposed*. As to those whom you like, or who are of your own party, you may exercise your own discretion."

Cordially concurring, however, as we do with Mr Macaulay, in his estimate of the beneficial effects of the Revolution of 1688, there is one peculiar benefit which he may possibly not bring so prominently forward as its importance deserves, and which, therefore, we are anxious to impress upon the public mind. It is true that it purified the bench, confirmed the Habeas Corpus Act, closed the human shambles which the Court of King's Bench had been, pacified Scotland, and for above a century effected the prodigy of keeping Ireland quiet. But it did yet greater things than these; and the era of the Revolution is chiefly

remarkable for the new dynasty having taught the government *how to raise taxes in the country*, and thus brought England to take the place to which she was entitled in the scale of nations, by bringing the vast national resources to bear upon the national struggles. Charles I. had lost his crown and his head in the attempt to raise money—first legally, and then, when he failed in that, illegally—in the realm, adequate to the national defence. Cromwell had asserted the national dignity in an honourable way, only because his troops gave him the means of levying sufficient supplies, for the first time in English history, at the point of the bayonet. But with the termination of his iron rule, and the restoration of constitutional sway at the Restoration, the old difficulty about supplies returned, and government, to all practical purpose, was nearly brought to a dead-lock. The Commons, now Royalist, would vote nothing, or next to nothing, in the way of money; and the nation was defeated and disgraced, from the impossibility of discovering any way of making it vote money for its own defence. But that which the Stuarts could never effect by appeals to honour, spirit, or patriotism, William III. and Anne soon found the means of accomplishing, by bringing into play, and enlisting on their side, different and less creditable motives. They did not oppose honour and patriotism to interest, but they contrived to rear up one set of interests to combat another. They brought with them from Holland, where it had been long practised, and was perfectly understood, the art of managing public assemblies. They no longer bullied the House of Commons—they *brided it*; and, strange to say, it is to the entire success of the gigantic system of borrowing, expanding, and corrupting, which they introduced, and which their successors so faithfully followed, that the subsequent greatness of England is mainly to be ascribed.

William III., on his accession, immediately joined the league of Augsburg against France—a league obviously rendered necessary by the exorbitant ambition and priest-ridden tyranny of Louis XIV.; and the contest, brought to a glorious termination by the treaty of Ryswick in 1697, was but a pre-

lude to the triumphant War of the Succession, abruptly closed by the discreditable peace of Utrecht in 1714. That England was the life and soul of this alliance, and that Marlborough was the right arm which won its glorious victories, is universally acknowledged; but it is not equally known, what is not less true, that it was the system of managing the House of Commons by means of loans, good places, and bribes, which alone provided the sinews of war, and prepared the triumphs of Blenheim and Ramillies. It is true the nation was, at first at least, hearty and unanimous in the contest, both from religious zeal for the Reformation and national rivalry with France; but experience had shown that, when the prospect of private plunder, as in the wars of the Edwards and Henrys, did not arouse the national strength, it was a matter of absolute impossibility to get the House of Commons to vote the necessary supplies for any time together. No necessity, however urgent, no danger, however pressing,—no claims of justice, no considerations of expedience, no regard for their children, no consideration for themselves, could induce the English of those days to vote anything like an adequate amount of taxes. As this was the state of matters in this country at the time when the whole resources of the neighbouring kingdoms were fully drawn forth by despotic power, and Louis XIV. had two hundred thousand gallant soldiers under arms, and sixty sail of the line afloat, it is evident that, unless some method of conquering this reluctance had been devised, England must speedily have been conquered and partitioned, or have sunk into the rank of a third-rate power like Sweden. But William III., before the Protestant zeal cooled, and the old love of money returned, provided a new and all-powerful agent to combat it. He founded the national debt! He and Anne raised it, between 1688 and 1708, from £661,000 to £54,000,000. He tripled the revenue, and gave so much of it to the House of Commons that they cordially agreed to the tripling. He spent largely; he corrupted still more largely. He no longer attacked in

front the battery; he turned it, got into the redoubt by the gorge, and directed its guns upon the enemy. He made the national interests in support of taxation more powerful than those operating to resist it. Thence the subsequent greatness and glory of England—for by no other possible method could the impatience of taxation, so strongly rooted in the nation, have been overcome, or the national armaments have been placed on the footing rendered necessary, either for securing the national defence, or asserting the national honour.

The whole Whig Ministers, from the Revolution to 1762, when they were dispossessed of power by George III. and Lord Bute, acted on this system of government by influence and corruption. Mr Macaulay's ample acquaintance with the memoirs, published and unpublished, of that period, will doubtless enable him to give numerous anecdotes on the subject, as true and as amusing as Marlborough's leaping from Lady Castlemaine's window, or James II.'s thralldom to Catherine Sedley. The memoirs on the subject that have recently come out, give details of corruption so barefaced and gross that they would exceed belief, if their frequency, and the testimony to their authenticity from different quarters, did not defy disbelief. It is now known that, when Sir Robert Walpole's parliamentary supporters were invited to his ministerial dinner, each of them found a £500 note under his napkin.

We do not blame the Whigs for this wholesale system of influence and corruption, which pervaded every class of society, and regulated the disposal of every office, from the humblest exciseman to the prime minister. There was no other way of doing. But for it, government would, a century and a half ago, have been brought to a stand, and the nation defeated and subjugated. We are no supporters of corruption, or the influence of money, if higher and nobler principles of action can be brought into play, and rejoice that it has now for nearly a century been exchanged for the less offensive and demoralising, but not less effectual system of influence and patronage. But, though much

higher motives are sometimes most powerful on extraordinary occasions, all experience proves that, at ordinary times, and in the long run, it is in vain to attempt to combat one interest but by another interest. If any man doubts it, let him try to persuade the free-trade audiences at Manchester to agree to a duty on cotton goods to uphold the navy, or the Irish in Ulster to agree to a rate to save their countrymen in Connaught from dying of famine, or the Scotch lairds to agree to a tax for a rural police, to save themselves from robbery and murder. We should rejoice if men, as a body, could be brought to act only from pure and honourable motives; but, taking them as they are, we are thankful for any system which brings the selfish motives round to the side of patriotism, and causes parliamentary influence to save us from the Russian knout or French requisitions.

One of the most interesting and original parts of Mr Macaulay's work is the account he has given, in the first volume, of the manners and customs, habits of the people, and state of society in England, prior to the Revolution, compared with what now exists. In doing so, he has only exemplified what, in his admirable essay on history in the *Edinburgh Review*, he has described as a leading object in that species of composition; and it must be confessed that his example tends greatly to show the truth of his precept. This part of his work is learned, laborious, elaborate, and in the highest degree amusing. It is also in many respects, and in no ordinary degree, instructive. But it has the same fault as the other parts of his work—it is *one-sided*. It exhibits, in the highest degree, the skill of the pleader, the brilliancy of the painter, the power of the rhetorician; but it does not equally exhibit the reflection of the sage, or the impartiality of the judge. It savours too much of a brilliant party essay in the *Edinburgh Review*. Mr Macaulay's object is to *write up* the present times, and *write down* the past; and we fully admit he has done so with the greatest ability. But we are thoroughly convinced his picture, how graphic soever, is in great part decep-

tive. It tells the truth, but not the whole truth, and nothing but the truth. It represents the ludicrous and extreme features of society as its real and average characteristics; it bears, we are convinced, the same relation, in many respects, to the real aspect of times of which it treats, which the burlesques of Mrs Trollope do to the actual and entire features of Transatlantic society. These burlesques are very amusing; they furnish diverting drawing-room reading; but would a subsequent historian be justified in assuming them as the text-work of a grave and serious description of America in the nineteenth century? We have no doubt Mr Macaulay could produce an authority from a comedy, a tract, or a satire, for every fact he advances; but we have just as little doubt that hundreds of other facts, equally authentic and true, might be adduced of an opposite tendency, of which he says nothing; and therefore his charge to the jury, how able soever, is all on one side.

His object is to show that, in every respect, the present age is incomparably happier and more virtuous than those which have preceded it—a doctrine which has descended to him, in common with the whole liberal party of the world, from the visions of Rousseau. We, who have a firm belief in human corruption, alike from revelation and experience, believe such visions to be a perfect chimera, and that, after a certain period of efflorescence, decay and degradation are as inevitable to societies as to individual men. There can be no doubt that, in many respects, Mr Macaulay is right. The present age is far richer, more refined, and more luxurious than any which has preceded it. In a material view, the higher and middle classes enjoy advantages, and are habituated to comforts, unknown in any former age. The chances of life have increased over the whole population twenty-five, in the higher classes at least forty per cent. Humanity has made a most cheering progress: the barbarity of former days is not only unknown, but seems inconceivable. A British tradesman is better clothed, fed, and lodged, than a Plantagenet baron. So far all is true; but *audi alteram partem*. Are we equally dis-

interested, magnanimous, and brave, with the nations or ages which have preceded us? Are the generous affections equally victorious over the selfish? Are the love of gain, the thirst for pleasure, the passion for enjoyment, such very weak passions amongst us, that they could be readily supplanted by the ardour of patriotism, the self-denial of virtue, the heroism of duty? Would modern England have engaged in a crusade for the deliverance of the holy sepulchre? Would the merchants of London set fire to their stock-exchange and capital, as those of Numantia or Saguntum did, to save it from the spoiler? Will Free-trade Hall ever overflow with patriotic gifts, as the Bourse at Moscow did in 1812? We have laid out a hundred and fifty millions on railways, in the hope of getting a good dividend in this world: would we lay out one million in building another York Cathedral, or endowing another Greenwich Hospital? Have we no experience of an age

“When wealth accumulates and men decay?”

These are the questions an impartial judge will ask himself after reading Mr Macaulay's brilliant diatribe on the past, in his first volume.

He tells us that the country gentlemen, before the Revolution were mere ignorant country bumpkins, few of whom could read or write, and who, when they for once in their lives came up to London, went staring about on Holborn or Ludgate Hill, till a spout of water from some impending roof fell into their mouths, while a thief was fumbling in their pockets, or a painted denizen from some of the neighbouring purlieus decoyed him into her bower. Be it so. It was these country bumpkins who gained the battles of Cressy, Poitiers, Azincour, and Flodden; they built York Cathedral and St Paul's; their sons gained the victories of Sluys and La Hogue, of Ramilies and Blenheim; they were ennobled by the devotion and sufferings of the cavaliers. We hope their well-fed, long-lived, and luxurious descendants would rise from their beds of down to do the same. He tells us the clergy of the age of Charles II. were almost all drawn from the very humblest classes, that their education

was very imperfect, and that they occupied so low a place in society that no lady's-maid, who had hopes of the steward, would look at them; and that they were often glad to take up with a damsel whose character had been blown upon by the young squire. Be it so: that age produced the Clarkes and the Cudworths, the Barrows and the Tillotsons, the Taylors and the Newtons, the Halls and the Hookers, of the Church of England; and their efforts stemmed the torrent of licentiousness which, in reaction against the cant of the Covenanters, deluged the country on the accession of Charles II. The schools and colleges in which they were bred had produced Milton and Spencer, Shakspeare and Bacon, John Locke and Sir Isaac Newton. We hope that the labours of their “honourable and reverend” successors, who have been so highly educated at Oxford and Cambridge, may be equally successful in eradicating the prevailing vices of the present age, and that, after the lapse of a century and a half, their works will occupy as high place in general estimation.

To illustrate our meaning, we shall extract two paragraphs from a manuscript work on Contemporary History, which recently passed through our hands, and ask Mr Macaulay himself whether he can gainsay any fact it advances, and yet whether he will admit the justice of the picture which it draws.

“The British empire, from 1815 to 1848, exhibited the most extraordinary social and political features that the world had ever seen. No former period had presented so complete a commentary on the maxim, ‘extremes meet.’ It immediately succeeded the termination of a desperate and costly war, in the course of which the most herculean efforts for the national defence and the interests of the empire had been made; and it witnessed the abandonment of them all. Twenty years of desperate hostility had bequeathed to it untouched a sinking fund of fifteen millions annually; thirty-five years of unbroken peace saw that sinking fund extinguished. Protection to industry — support of the colonies — upholding of the navy, had been the watch-words of the nation during the war.

Free trade, disregard of the colonies, cheap freights, became the ruling maxims during the peace which it had purchased. The only intelligible principle of action in the people seemed to be to change everything, and undo all that had been done. The different classes of society, during this divergence, became as far separated in station and condition as in opinion. The rich were every day growing richer, the poor poorer. The wealth of London, and of a few great houses in the country, exceeded all that the imagination of the East had conceived in the *Arabian Nights*: the misery of Ireland, and of the manufacturing towns, outstripped all that the imagination of Dante had figured of the terrible. The first daily exhibited, during the season, all the marvels of Aladdin's palace; the last, at the same period, presented all the horrors of Ugolino's prison. Undeniable statistics proved the reality and universality of this extraordinary state of things, which had become so common as to cease to attract attention. The income-tax returns established the existence of £200,000,000 annual income above £150, in Great Britain alone, by far the greater part of which was the produce of realised wealth; while the poor-law returns exhibited, in the two islands, four millions of paupers, or a full seventh of the population subsisting on public charity. The burden of the poor-rates in the two islands rose, before the close of the period, to £8,000,000 a-year, besides £1,300,000 for county rates. Population had increased fast, but crime far faster: it had, during forty years, advanced *ten times* as fast as the numbers of the people. General distress prevailed during the period among the working classes, interrupted only by occasional and deceptive gleams of sunshine. So acute did it become in 1847 that a noble grant of £10,000,000 from the British parliament alone prevented two millions of Irish dying of famine; as it was, 250,000 in that single year perished from starvation, and as many, in that year and the next, were driven into exile from the United Kingdom. The people in Liverpool returned thanks to God when the inundation of Irish paupers sank to 2000 a-week. Glasgow, for two years, suffered under

an infliction of above a thousand weekly, which in that short time raised its poor-rates from £20,000 to £200,000 a-year. During this protracted period of suffering, the feelings of the different classes of society became as much alienated as their interests had been. Rebellion broke out in Ireland; the West Indies were ruined, and the Chartists numbered their millions in England. The Treasury shared in the general distress. It had become impossible to raise funds from the nation adequate to its necessary expenses; and, at length, so pressing did the clamour for a reduction of taxation become, that it was seriously proposed, and loudly approved by a large and influential portion of the community, to sell our ships of war, disband our troops, and surrender ourselves unarmed to the tender mercies of the adjoining nations, when war with unwonted fierceness was raging both on the continent of Europe and in our Eastern dominions.

“Nor was the aspect of society more satisfactory in its social condition—the manners of the higher, or the habits of the lower orders. Intoxication, seemingly purposely encouraged by government by a large reduction of the duties on spirits, spread the most frightful demoralisation through our great towns. Licentiousness spread to an unparalleled extent in the metropolis, and all the principal towns; and the amount of female corruption on the streets, and at the theatres, exceeded anything ever witnessed since the days of Messalina or Theodora. The drama was ruined: it was supplanted, as always occurs in the decay of nations, by the melodrama; the theatre by the amphitheatre. Drury Lane was turned into an arena for wild beasts, Covent Garden into an Italian Opera. The magnificent attractions of the opera exceeded anything ever witnessed before; the warmth of its scenes, and the liberal display of the charms of the *danseuses*, did not prevent it from being nightly crowded by the whole rank and fashion of the metropolis. A universal thirst for gain or excitement had seized the nation. No danger, however great, no immorality, however crying, was able to stop

them, when there was the prospect of a good dividend. At one period, a hundred and fifty millions were wasted in loans to "healthy young republics," as the Foreign Secretary himself admitted in parliament; at another, a still larger sum was laid out on domestic railways, not one half of which could ever produce anything. Three guineas a-night were habitually given for a single stall-seat at the Opera, to hear a Swedish singer, during the railway mania: but then the occupant was indifferent—he put it down to the railway, and came there, reeling from the champagne and hock drank at a neighbouring hotel, at its expense. Most of these railways were mere bubbles, never meant to go on; when the fortunate projectors had got the shares landed at a premium in the hands of the widow and the orphan, they let it go to the bottom. There was a great talk about religion, but the talkers were not always exclusively set on things above. Fine ladies sometimes asked a sly question on coming out of their third service on Sunday, or their second on Friday, what was the price of Great Westerns, or whether the broad or the narrow gauge was likely to carry the day. The reading of men was chiefly confined to the newspapers; of women to novels, or occasional morsels of scandal from scandalous trials. There was great talk about the necessity of keeping up the tone of public morality; but it was appearances, not realities, which were chiefly aimed at. 'Not to leave undone, but to keep unknown,' was the maxim of the London, as it had been of the Venetian dames; the delinquents who were punished were chastised, like the Spartan youths, not for what they had done, but for what they had let be discovered. So capricious was public opinion in this particular, in the very highest circles, that it was stated by the most popular author of the day, in the *Edinburgh Review*, that the English women wakened every seven years,

and massacred some unfortunate detected delinquent: they then fell asleep, satisfied with the sacrifice to propriety, for seven years, when they slaughtered another, and again sunk into a third septennial torpor. Meanwhile the morals of the manufacturing districts were daily getting worse; millions existed there who did not attend divine service on Sunday; hundreds of thousands who had never been in a church; thousands who had never heard the name of Jesus but in an oath. A hideous mass of heathen profligacy had arisen in the heart of a Christian land. From it thousands of both sexes were annually sent up to the metropolis to feed its insatiable passions, or sacrifice their souls and bodies on the altar of Moloch."

So far our unpublished manuscript. Mr Macaulay is too well acquainted with passing events not to know that every word in the preceding picture is true, and too candid not to admit that all these observations are just. But he knows there is something to be said on the other side. He is familiar with a counter set of facts; and he could in half-an-hour write two paragraphs on the state of the country during the same period, equally true and striking, which would leave on the mind of the reader an impression of a directly opposite character. Where is the truth to be found between such opposite statements, both true in regard to the same period? In the combination of both, and an impartial summing up by the historian of the inferences deducible from both sets of facts, equally clearly and forcibly given. It is this statement of the facts on both sides which, amidst all our admiration for his genius, we often desiderate in Mr Macaulay; and nothing but the adoption of it, and taking his seat on the *Bench instead of the Bar of History*, is required to render his noble work as weighty as it is able, and as influential in forming the opinion of future ages, as it unquestionably will be in interesting the present.

JOHNSTON'S PHYSICAL GEOGRAPHY.

In this age of scientific illustration, no more splendid work has been produced than the one of which we now give some general notice to our readers. It is not our purpose to panegyrisé either the work or the author; but it is only justice to say, that no work more distinguished by completeness of knowledge on its subject—by the novelty, variety, and depth of its researches—by the skill of its arrangement, and by the beauty of its engravings and typography—has ever appeared in this country, or in any other. It is a magnificent tribute to the science and to the skill of England.

The author, in his desire to acknowledge his obligations, by stating that his work is founded on the *Physical Atlas* of Professor Berghaus, has done himself injustice. His volume, though naturally availing itself of all contemporary knowledge, exhibits all the originality which can make it his own.

Of all modern sciences, the science of the globe has made the most rapid, the most remarkable, and the most important progress. Bacon makes the fine remark, that while the works of man advance by successive additions, the works of Nature all go on at once: thus the machinist adds wheel to wheel, and spring to spring, but the earth produces the tree, branch and bark, trunk and leaf, together. There is something analogous to this combined operation in physical geography: a whole crowd of remarkable discoveries seem to have burst on us at once, expressly designed to invigorate and impel our progress in geographical science. Thus, our century has witnessed new phenomena of magnetism, new laws of heat and refrigeration, new laws even of the tempest, new rules of the tides, new expedients for the preservation of health at sea, new arrangements for the supply of fresh food, and even for the supply of fresh water by distillation, and all tending

to the same object—the knowledge of the globe.

The use of steam, to which modern mechanism has given almost a new existence, and certainly a new power—the conquest of wind and wave by the steam-ship, and the almost miraculous saving of time and space by the steam-carriage; the new necessity of remote enterprise, originating in the urgency of commercial and manufacturing difficulties; the opening of the thousand islands of the Indian Archipelago, till now known to us as scarcely more than the seat of savage life, or the scene of Oriental fable; the breaking down of that old and colossal barrier of restrictions and prejudices, which, more than the wall of China, excluded England from intercourse with a population amounting to a third of mankind; and most of all, those vast visitations of apparent evil, which the great Disposer of things is evidently transmuting, year by year, into real good, by propelling the impoverished multitudes of Europe into the wildernesses of the world—all exhibiting a stupendous combination of simple means, and a not less astonishing convergency to the one high purpose, the mastery of the globe—place Physical Geography at the head of the sciences essential to the happiness and power of human-kind.

In the glance which we shall give at this great science, we look only to the external structure of the earth; briefly protesting against all those theories which refer its origin to an earlier period, or a longer process, than the "six days" of Scripture. It is true, that Moses may not have been a philosopher, though the man "learned in all the wisdom of the Egyptians" may have known more than many a philosopher of later days. It is equally true, that the object of the Book of Genesis was not to give a treatise on geology. But Moses was a historian—it is the ex-

The Physical Atlas: A series of Maps and Notes on the Geographical Distribution of Natural Phenomena. By ALEXANDER KEITH JOHNSTON, Geographer in Ordinary to Her Majesty, &c. Folio.

press office of a historian to state facts; and if Moses stated the "heavens and the earth, and all that therein is," to have been created and furnished in "six days," we must either receive the statement as true, or give up the historian as a fabricator. But if we believe, in compliance with the Divine word, that "all Scripture is by inspiration of God," by what subterfuge can we escape the conclusion, that the narrative of Genesis is divine? Or if, in the childish scepticism of the German school, we require a more positive testimony, what can be more positive than the declaration of the commandment of the Sabbath, "that in six days God made heaven and earth;" founding also upon this declaration the Sabbath—an institution meant for every age, and for the veneration and sanctification of every race of mankind? If such a declaration can be false, what can be true? If ever words were plain, those are the words of plainness. The law of Sinai was delivered with all the solemnities of a law forming the foundation of every future law of earth. It would have been as majestic, and as miraculous, to have fixed the creation at a million of years before the being of Adam. But we can discover no possible reason for the history, but that it was the truth. That truth is divine.

If the geologist shall persist in repeating, that the phenomena are incompatible with the history, our reply is, "Your science is still in its infancy—a science of a day, feebly beginning to collect facts, and still so weak as to enjoy the indulgence of extravagant conclusions. There have been a thousand theories of creation—each popular, arrogant, and self-satisfied, in its own time; each swept away by another equally popular, arrogant, and self-satisfied, and all equally deserving of rejection by posterity. You must acquire *all* the facts, before you can be qualified to theorise. The last and most consummate work of genius, and of centuries, is a true theory."

But, without dwelling further on this high subject, we must observe, that there is one inevitable fact, for which the modern geologist makes no provision whatever; and that fact is, that the beginning of things on the globe *must* have been totally different

from the processes going on before our eyes. For instance, Adam must have been created in the full possession of manhood; for, if he had been formed an infant, he must have perished through mere helplessness. When God looked on this world, and pronounced all to be "very good"—which implies the completion of his purpose, and the perfection of his work—is it possible to conceive, that he looked only on the germs of production, on plains covered with eggs, or seas filled with spawn, or forests still buried in the capsules of seeds; on a creation utterly shapeless, lifeless, and silent, instead of the myriads of delighted existence, all enjoying the first sense of being?

But, if the first formation of the world of life *must* have been the act of a vast principle, to which we have no resemblance in the subsequent increase and continuance of being, what ground have we for arguing, that the common processes of material existence in our day must have been the same in the origin of things? On the whole, we regard the declaration—"In six days God made the heavens, and the earth, the sea, and all that in them is," as an *insuperable bar* to all the modern fantasies of the geologist, as a direct rebuke to his profaneness, and as a solemn judgment against his presumption.

The whole surface of the globe gives striking evidence of design, and of design contemplating the service of man. But one of the most remarkable evidences of that design is given in the *Mountain Map* of the globe. Variety of temperature, the supply of water, and the change of level, are essential to variety of production, to fertility of soil, and to the vigour and health of the human frame—the expedient to meet them all is provided in the mountain districts of the great continents. A mountain chain girdles the whole of the mass of land from the Atlantic to the Sea of Kamtschatka. Minor chains, some parallel, some branching from the great northern chain, and some branches of those branches, intersect every region of the globe. The whole bears a remarkable resemblance to the position of the spine in the human frame, with its collateral muscular and venous connexion with the body.

An outline view of the mountains of our hemisphere would be strikingly like a sketch of the human anatomy. The general formation of the countries north and south of those chains is nearly the same—vast plains, extending to the sea, or traversed and closed in by a bordering chain. The great Tartarian desert is a plain extending, under various names, five thousand miles from west to east.

Spain is a country of mountains, or rather a vast table-land, intersected by six ranges of lofty, rugged, and barren hills. Northern Africa is a basin of plains, surrounded by vast ridges. Morocco, Algiers, and Tunis, find in those hills at once their frontiers and their fertility. The Pyrenees form a chain of nearly three hundred miles long, and upwards of fifty broad—a province of mountains, intersected by valleys of romantic beauty and exuberant fertility. But the Alps, from their position between the two most brilliant nations of the Continent—France and Italy—and from the extraordinary series of memorable events of which they have been the theatre, since the earliest periods of European history, are the most celebrated range of mountains in the world. The higher Alps, beginning at the Gulf of Genoa, and extending north and east through the Grisons and the Tyrol, stretch between four and five hundred miles. They then divide into two branches, one of which reaches even to the Euxine. The breadth of the great range is, on an average, a hundred and fifty miles.

The Apennines, another memorable chain, also beginning at the Gulf of Genoa, strike direct through the heart of Italy, and end in Calabria—a line of eight hundred miles. Dalmatia and Albania are *knots* of hills; Pindus, and the mountains of Northern Greece, are bold offsets from the Eastern Alps.

Among those wonderful arrangements, the table-lands are perhaps the most wonderful. In the midst of countries where everything seemed to tend to the mountainous form, we find vast plains raised almost to a mountainous height, yet retaining their level. This form peculiarly occurs in latitudes of high temperature. The centre of Spain is a table-land of

more than ninety-two thousand square miles—one half of the area of Spain.

The country between the two ranges of the Atlas is a table-land, exhibiting the richest products, and possessing the finest climate, of Northern Africa. Equatorial Africa is one immense table-land, of which, however, we can only conjecture the advantages. Whether from the difficulty of approach, the distance, or the diversion of the current of adventure to other quarters of the world, this chief portion of the African continent continues almost unknown to Europeans. The central region is a blank in our maps, but occasional tales reach us of the plenty, the pomp, and even of the civilisation and industry of the table-land. The centre of India is a table-land, possessing, in that region of fire and fever, a bracing air, and a productive, though rugged soil.

The table-lands of Asia partake of the characteristic magnitude which belongs to that mighty quarter of the globe. That of Persia has an area of more than a million and a half of square miles. That of Tibet has an area of six times the extent, with a still greater elevation above the level of the sea—its general altitude being about the height of Mont Blanc, and, in some instances, two thousand feet higher. The mean altitude of the Persian plateau is not above four thousand feet.

We have adverted to those formations of vast elevated plains in the midst of countries necessarily exposed to extreme heat, as one of the remarkable instances of providential contrivance, if we must use that familiar word in such mighty instances of design, for the comfort of animated being. We thus find, in the latitudes exposed to the fiercest heat of the sun, a provision for a temperature consistent with the health, activity, and industry of man. Persia, which, if on the level of the sea, would be a furnace, is thus reduced to comparative coolness; Tibet, which would be a boundless plain of fiery sand, exhibits that sternness of climate which makes the northern Asiatic bold, healthy, and hardy.

If the Tartar ranger over those lofty plains is not a model of European virtue, he at least has not sunk to the Asiatic slave; he is bold, active,

and has been, and may be again, a universal conqueror. The same qualities have always distinguished the man of the table-land, wherever he has found a leader. The soldiery of Mysore no sooner appeared in the field, than they swept all Hindostan before them; the Persians, scarcely two centuries since, ravaged the sovereignty of the Mogul; and the tribes of the Atlas, even in our own day, made a more daring defence of their country, than all the disciplined forces of the Continent against Napoleon.

The two most remarkable ranges of Asia are, the Caucasus, extending seven hundred miles from west to east, with branches shooting north and south; and the Himalaya, a mountain chain of nearly three thousand miles in length, uniting with the Hindoo Coosh and the mountains of Assam. This range is probably the loftiest on the globe, averaging eighteen thousand feet—several of the summits rising above twenty-five thousand. Many of the *passes* are above the summit of Mont Blanc, and the whole constitutes a scene of indescribable grandeur, a throne of the solitary majesty of Nature.

But, another essential use of the mountain chains is their supply of water—the fluid most necessary to the existence of the animal and vegetable world,—and this is done by an expedient the most simple, but the most admirable. If the surcharge of the clouds, dashing against the mountain pinnacles, were to be poured down at once, it must descend with the rapidity of a torrent, and deluge the plains. But, those surcharges first take a form by which their deposit is gradual and safe, and then assume a second form, by which their transmission to the plains is gradual and unintermitting. They descend on the summits in snow, and are retained on the sides in ice. The snow feeds the glacier; the glacier feeds the river. It is calculated that, without reckoning the glaciers of the Grisons, there are fifteen hundred square miles of glacier in the Alps alone, from a hundred to six hundred feet deep. The glacier is constantly melting, from the mere temperature of the earth; but, as if this process were too slow for its use, it is constantly mov-

ing downwards, at a certain number of feet a-year, and thus bringing the great body of ice more within the limit of liquefaction. All the chief rivers of Europe and Asia have their rise in the deposits of the mountain glaciers.

In addition to all these important uses, the mountains assist in forming the character of man. The mountaineer is generally free from the vices of the plain. He is hardy and adventurous, yet attached to home; bold, and yet simple; independent, and yet unambitious of the wealth or the distinctions of mankind. Whether shepherd or hunter, he generally dies as he lived; and, though daring in defence of his hills, he has seldom strayed beyond them for the disturbance of mankind. The Swiss may form an exception; but their hireling warfare is not ambition, but trade. Their nation is pacific, while the individuals let themselves out to kill, or be killed. The trade is infamous and irreligious, offensive to human feeling, and contrary to human duty; but it has no more reference to the habits of the mountaineer than the emigration to California has to the habits of the clown of Massachusetts; the stimulant only is the same—the love of gold.

We have adverted to the mountain system of the globe, from its giving a remarkable illustration of the Divine expediency. We judge of power by the magnitude of its effects, and of wisdom by the simplicity of its means. In this instance the whole of the results seem to arise from the single and simple act of raising portions of the earth's surface above the general level. Yet from this one act, what a multitude of the most important conditions follow!—variety of climate, variety of production, the temperature of Europe introduced into the tropics, health to man and the inferior animals, the irrigation of the globe, the defence of nations, and the actual enlargement of the habitable spaces of the globe, by the elevated surface of the hills—not to mention the beauty and sublimity of the landscape, which depend wholly on the colours, the forms, and the diversity of mountains.

An interesting note on this subject says, "It appears probable, that a legitimate way is now opening towards the solution of the ultimate problem of

the upheaving force. The agreement of deductions from the scientific hypothesis goes far to establish, that all dislocations of strata, and the accompanying mountain chains, have resulted from the upheaval of large portions of the earth's surface by a diffused and equable energy—an energy concentrated in one point or district, only when it has produced craters of elevation. Accepting instruction from the surface of the moon, we have certain lights also respecting the history of the development of this force; for, while its concentrated action, with its varied and remarkable craters, has evolved nearly all the mountain forms in that luminary, even as we find it among the almost obliterated ancient forms of the earth, its operation in raising extensive zones, now so frequently and characteristically exhibited in our own planet, has yet scarcely appeared in the moon. The time will doubtless come, when, viewing it as a great cosmical agency, all such specialities belonging to this yet hidden power shall receive their solution."

THE OCEAN.—The next most important portion of the globe to man is that mighty reservoir of water which surrounds the land, penetrates into every large portion of it, supplies the moisture without which all life must rapidly perish, and forms the great means of intercourse, without which one-half of the globe would be ignorant of the existence of the other.

In the ocean, we have the complete contrast to the land, the whole giving an extraordinary evidence of that extreme diversity of means, which the Creator wills to exercise for every purpose of his creation. The land is all variety, the ocean is a plain of millions of square miles. The land never moves, the ocean is in perpetual movement. Below the surface of the land, all animal life dies; the ocean is inhabited through a great portion of its depth, and perhaps through its whole depth. The temperature of the land is as varying as its surface; the temperature of the ocean is confined within a few degrees. The temperature of the earth appears to increase with the depth to which man can descend; the

temperature of the ocean, at a certain depth, seems always the same.

Even in that relation to beauty and grandeur, which evidently forms a part of the providential design, the sources of enjoyment to the human eye, in the land and the ocean, are strikingly different. On land, the sublime and the beautiful depend on variety of form—the mountain shooting to the skies, the valley deepening beneath the eye, the rush of the cataract, the sharp and lofty precipice, the broad majesty of the river, the rich and coloured culture of the distant landscape. In the ocean, the sublime arises from total uniformity. An unbroken surface, stretching round, as far as the eye can gaze, forms the grandeur; the clouds and colours of the sky, reflected on its surface, form the beauty. Even when the phenomena are most similar, the effect is different: the sunset of land and sea are equally magnificent; but the sunset on land is lovelier, from its inlaying of gold and purple light on the diversities of hill and valley, forest and field: at sea, it is merely one gorgeous blaze—splendour on cloud above and wave below. But moonlight at sea is lovelier than on land. Beautiful as it is, even on the imperfect outlines of trees and hills, a large portion of the lustre is broken and lost by the obstacles and varieties of the landscape. But at sea there is no obstruction; its lustre falls on a mighty mirror; all around is light, all above is majesty: the absence of all the sights and sounds of life deepens the sense of calm admiration, and the impression almost amounts to a feeling of the holy.

The ocean covers three-fourths of the globe, yet even this enormous extent has not been sufficient for the providential object of human intercourse. The Divine expedient was the formation of inland seas. Nothing in the distribution of land and sea is more remarkable, than the superior magnitude of the world of waters to the world of land, in a globe whose chief purpose was evidently the support of man. The Pacific alone is larger than all the land. From the west coast of America, to the eastern coast of Africa, spreads one sheet of water—a traverse of sixteen thousand miles. The valley of the Atlantic has a breadth

of five thousand miles, while its length reaches from pole to pole—its surface is an area of more than twenty millions of square miles.

Yet, it is perfectly possible that this proportion was once of a different order. As we know nothing of the antediluvian world but by the Mosaic history, and as that history has not revealed the original boundaries of the land and sea, no positive conclusion can be obtained. Yet, from the deposits of marine products in the existing soil, it has been conclusively conjectured, that the land has been once the bed of the ocean, while the present bed of the ocean has been the land. The almost total absence of the human skeleton among fossils, and some old and dim traditions of a continent submerged, where the waters of the Atlantic now roll, may add to the conjecture. The globe *then* would have afforded room for a population threefold that which it is now destined to contain. If it is now capable of supporting sixteen times its present number, as has been calculated, it would then have been equal to the sustenance of little less than fifty thousand millions. Yet, what would be even that space to the magnitude of Jupiter; or that number to the beings of flesh and blood, however differing from man, which may at this moment, in that most magnificent planet, be enjoying the bounty of Providence, and replenishing a circumference of two hundred and forty thousand miles!

Uniform as the ocean is, it is a vast theatre of contrivances. To prevent the impurity which must arise from the decay of the millions of fish, and perhaps of quadruped and reptile life, constantly dying in its depths,—it is saline. To prevent the stagnation of its waters, which would reinforce the corruption, it is constantly impelled by currents, by the trade-wind, and by the universal tide. At the equator the tide moves with a rapidity which would shatter the continents; but it is met by shallows, by ridges of rock, and by islands; a vast system of natural breakwaters which modify its force, and reduce it to an impulse compatible with safety.

The water of the sea retains its

fluidity down to four degrees below the freezing point of fresh water; the object is, perhaps, the preservation of the millions of animated being contained in the waters; but as, in the tropic latitudes, its exposure to the sun might engender disease, or create tempests, vast refrigeratories are provided at both the poles, which are constantly sending down huge masses of ice to cool the ocean. Some of those floating masses are from ten to twelve miles long, and a hundred feet high above the water, with probably three hundred feet below. They have been met with two thousand miles on their way to the equator, and have sensibly cooled the sea for fifty miles round, until they wholly dissolved. Of course, on subjects of this order, human observation can do little more than note the principal effects—the rest can be only probable conjecture. It may be, that human sagacity has never ascertained the hundredth part of the purposes of any one of the great agents of nature. Still, it is the business of science to inquire, as it is the dictate of experience to acknowledge, that every addition to discovery gives only additional proof of the sleepless vigilance, boundless resources, and practical benevolence of the great Ruler of all.

The variety of uses derived from a single principle is a constant, and a most admirable, characteristic of nature. The primary purpose of the ocean is probably, to supply the land with the moisture necessary to production. But, the collateral effects of the mighty reservoir are felt in results of the first importance, yet of a wholly distinct order. The ocean refreshes the atmosphere, to a certain degree renews its motion, and obviously exerts a powerful agency in preventing alike excessive heat and excessive cold. The tides, which prevent its stagnation—a stagnation which would cover the earth with pestilence—also largely assist navigation in the estuaries, in the lower parts of the great rivers, and in all approaches to the shore. The currents, a portion of this great agency, (still perhaps to give us new sources of wonder,) fulfil at least the triple office of agitating the mass of ocean, of speeding navigation, and of equalising or softening the temperature of the

along which they pass, in all directions. They seem equivalent to the system of high-roads and cross roads in a great country. It had been said of rivers, that "they are roads which travel;" but their difficulty is, that they travel only one way. The currents of the ocean obviate the difficulty, by travelling all ways. And, perhaps, we may look forward to a time when, by the command of wind and wave given by the steamboat, and by our increased knowledge of "ocean topography," if we may use the phrase; a ship may make its way across the ocean without ever being out of a current; a result which would be obviously a most important accession, if not to the speed, at least to the security of navigation.

Those ocean traversers evidently belong to a *system*. Some are permanent, some are periodical, and some are casual. The permanent arise chiefly from the effect of the flow from the poles to the equator. Descending from the poles in the first instance, they pour north and south. They gradually feel the earth's rotation; but on their arrival at the tropics, being still inferior in velocity to the equatorial sea, they seem to roll backwards; in other words, they form a current from east to west. This current is further impelled by the trade-winds.

The progress of this great perpetual current includes almost every part of the ocean. In going westward, it necessarily rushes against the coast of America, where it divides into two vast branches, one running south with great force, and the other north-west. A succession of currents, all connected, obviously form a "moving power" to prevent the stagnation of the ocean, and, by their branches, visit every shore of the globe.

Some of those currents are of great breadth, but they generally move slow. Humboldt calculates that a boat, carried *only* by the current from the Canaries to Caraccas, would take *thirteen months* for the voyage. Still there would be obvious advantages to navigation in moving along a district of ocean in which all the speed, such as it was, furthered the movement of the vessel, and which offered none of the common sources of hindrance.

But another curious effect of the Atlantic currents is to be commemorated, as giving us probably the first knowledge of the western world. "Two corpses, the features of which indicated a race of unknown men, were thrown on the coast of the Azores, towards the end of the fifteenth century. Nearly at the same period the brother-in-law of Columbus, Pedro Correa, governor of Porto Santo, found on the strand of the island pieces of bamboo of an extraordinary size, brought thither by the western currents."

Those coincidences might have confirmed the idea of the great navigator. But Columbus still deserves all the glory. A thousand conjectures may be formed, and a thousand confirmations given, and yet all be lost to the world. The true discoverer is the man of practice. Columbus was *that* man; and we are to remember also his indefatigable labour in realising that practice, the unexhausted resolution with which he struggled against the penury and neglect of the Continental courts, his noble scorn of the sneers of European ignorance, and the heroic patience with which he sustained the murmuring of his crews, and asked "but one day more." The world has never seen a man more equal to his great purpose; if he was not a direct instrument appointed to the noblest discovery of man.

But those evidences of connexion are not unfrequently given to our more observant time. "When the wind has been long from the west, a branch of the Gulf Stream runs with considerable force in a north-easterly direction towards the coasts of Europe. By this the fruit of trees belonging to the torrid zone of America is annually cast ashore on the western coasts of Ireland and Norway. Pennant observes, that the seeds of plants which grow in Jamaica, Cuba, and the adjacent countries, are collected on the shores of the Hebrides. Thither also barrels of French wine, the remains of vessels wrecked in the West Indian seas, have been carried. In 1809, H.M.S. Little Belt was dismantled at Halifax, Nova Scotia, and her bowsprit was found, eighteen months after, in the Basque Roads. The mainmast of the Tilbury, burned off Hispaniola, in

the Seven Years' War, was brought to our shores.

"To the Gulf Stream, England and Ireland are partially indebted for the mildness of their climate. The prevailing winds are the south-west. Coming over a vast space of the comparatively heated ocean, it is calculated, that if those winds were so constant as to bring us all the heat which they are capable of conveying, they would raise the column of air over Great Britain and France, in winter, at once to the temperature of summer."

But interesting as it might be thus to range through the great phenomena of the globe, and demonstrate its abundant and astonishing adaptation to the purposes of living existence, our more immediate object is to mark to the reader the materials of this noble volume.

The especial sciences of which it treats are, geology, hydrography, meteorology, and natural history, with their several subdivisions; the whole delivered in the most intelligible form of modern knowledge, and with the fullest information acquired by modern research; and illustrated by maps, the skill of whose execution can have been equalled only by the labour of their formation.

The volume commences with the geological structure of the globe in all its branches, and with separate articles given to the mountain chains of Asia, Africa, Europe, and America, all illustrated by maps: then follow the glaciers and glacial phenomena, with maps; then the phenomena of the volcanoes and volcanic regions, developed by charts and descriptions,—this department closing with that most curious, most disputed, and still most obscure of all subjects, the Palæontology of the British Isles.

The second division—hydrography, commences with charts of the ocean, and with charts of those wondrous, and still comparatively obscure, agencies, the eleven currents which intersect it in all quarters. Then follow charts of the Pacific and Indian Oceans, now forming such new and interesting objects to the navigator and the philanthropist. We then have maps of the tides and river systems.

The Indian Ocean, now scarcely more than beginning to be the subject of scientific inquiry, will probably assist us effectively in the discoveries of those most important agents, the winds. The monsoon and the typhoon of those seas exhibit characters apparently almost exclusive. To ascertain their general direction, and their especial limits, must be a great boon to the commerce which is now directing itself, with such renewed vigour, to those tempting regions. The lights which have been thrown on the use of the barometer, and on the rise and direction of the West Indian storms, have already given a species of guidance to this important investigation; and if the theory of the hurricane can never render its power harmless, it may, at least, make human precaution more vigilant, and, of course, more successful.

Those investigations are naturally followed by the third great division of the work—meteorology. The value of exact observations on wind and weather must have been felt from the beginning of the world; but, until our day, it was little more than the science of the shepherd, who foretold a high wind or a shower, generally when both had already come. The barometer and thermometer, though both well known, and both admirable, had done but little for a science, which, without exactness of practice and connexion of causes, is nothing.

Humboldt, by his attempt to trace lines of temperature on the map of the globe, first raised those scattered conceptions into the shape of a science. Yet Humboldt was not the original inventor of the inquiry into the mean temperatures. Meyer of Gottingen first threw the observations on this important and evasive subject into the well-known formula, which made the temperature depend on the square of the cosine of the latitude. Playfair followed, by including in his formula the elevation of the place and the season. The object of Humboldt was, to determine, by a series of curves on the earth's surface, the points at which—however the temperature differed from time to time—the average annually was the same. On this important subject we are now furnished with a map of striking detail and execution.

The late magnetic researches pur-

sued round the globe may, at no remote period, establish a connexion between the revolution of the magnetic poles and the isothermal lines, as had been long since conjectured. But, as practical science advances, we shall probably see all the great agencies of nature combined,—if not all shown to be but the modifications of *one*.

The Hyetographic or rain chart of this volume gives a most complete and minute detail of a most important subject. It exhibits the rains of the globe, in their constant gradation from the equator to the pole, in their influence on the seasons, and in their degrees from the plains to the summit of the hills. A map is added, on the polarisation of the atmosphere—almost a new science—with an explanatory article by Sir David Brewster.

The fourth division is Natural History; itself divided into Phytology, Zoology, and Ethnography. This division abounds in maps, and in these departments they are obviously of the most necessary use. In the description of plants and animals, the pencil must speak, the tongue loses its faculty; a sketch, executed at the moment, will give a fuller explanation than any dexterity or copiousness of language can. We accordingly have here charts of all the geographical positions of the plants important to the food of man, and of the geographical distribution of plants on the surface of the globe.

The Zoological charts give the regions, the habitats, and the characters of all the diversities of animal life on the land—from the mammalia to the birds and reptiles.

The Ethnographical portion, or view of the general position and races of the European nations, commences with a fine map, by Kombst, exhibiting a view of all its varieties, with reference to birth, language, religion, and forms of government. Having thus glanced at the scientific contents of this noble volume, we propose to give some sketches of those portions of the globe which, within the last half century, have become the refuge or the property of the emigration from the British shores.

Australia, the *fifth* continent, is nearly as large as Europe. Divided by the tropic, it is capable of produc-

ing the chief plants of both the temperate and the tropical zones. Its principal geological feature is a mountain chain, which, extending through its whole length on its eastern coast, runs on the north into New Guinea, and on the south into Van Diemen's Land. From its immense size, (two thousand four hundred miles from east to west, and one thousand seven hundred from north to south,) and from the savage state of its native population, the exact nature of its central portion is yet only to be conjectured. But conjecture has been busy; and by some it is held, that the centre is a Mediterranean, from the direction of some of the rivers; by others, that it is a huge Sahara, from the hot winds which often blow towards the coast. But two late expeditions, sent from Sydney, have passed, without difficulty, the one as far as Torres Strait, and the other almost to the head of the Gulf of Carpentaria. It is true, that neither of those was towards the centre; but they had the wiser practical object, of ascertaining the nature of the country most important to the British settler—that great tract lying between the mountains of the east coast and the sea. And that country they found to be fair and fertile, temperate and easily accessible. The whole expedition of Colonel Mitchel, the surveyor-general, has almost the air of romance. He describes the country, in the latter half of his advance to the north, as not only of remarkable richness, but of singularly picturesque beauty; the latter a quality of the most unusual order in Australia. To the customary complaint of want of water in the interior, Colonel Mitchel answers, that Australia, to remedy this defect, wants nothing but labour; that it has rivers which supply water in the rainy season sufficient for the use of the year; that the formation of the land everywhere suggests the idea of vast reservoirs; and that man has only to complete what nature has begun. The British settlements in the south and west will probably soon bring these resources into action.

Large deposits of minerals are already beginning to bring wealth to the settlers. Coal has been found. The tide of emigration which some years

ago was checked, has suddenly flowed with increased force to Australia; and the vigour of the English character, the only character in the world capable of effective colonisation, has already made Sidney a flourishing metropolis, and before another century (a moment in the life of nations) will exhibit to Europe an English empire at the antipodes! And this is the history of a land which, though coasted by the celebrated Cook in 1770, was never trod by a colonist till nearly twenty years after. This wonder has been wrought within the lifetime of one generation.

Van Diemen's Land affords a striking evidence of the variety in which nature seems to delight. It forms a contrast in everything to its huge neighbour: it is small, it is a mass of mountains, it is well watered, it is rainy, it is agricultural, and it abounds in fine harbours. On the whole, it bears the same relation to Australia which Ireland might bear to England, if England were united to the Continent. It is also about the size of Ireland—Van Diemen's Land containing nearly twenty-eight thousand square miles, Ireland perhaps thirty thousand.

In Europe, the continent is richer than the islands; at the antipodes, the islands are richer than the continent. New Zealand, the last colony of England, promises to be one of the noblest of the British possessions. It may either be regarded as *one* island, fifteen hundred miles long, or as three, divided by boisterous channels, and lashed everywhere by a roaring ocean. It has remarkable advantages for colonisation—a fertile soil, boundless forests, beds of minerals, and picturesque beauty. The mountains in its interior have all the grandeur of the Alps, with more than their forest clothing, and (more picturesque than all) with the volcano, which is wanting to the supremacy of the Alps. It has table-lands for the agriculturist, sites on a luxuriant coast for cities, fine harbours for commerce, copious rivers for communication, and mountains of from twelve to fourteen thousand feet high, to irrigate the soil, and supply the heated regions with the luxury of perpetual ice. The climate seems to be healthy; and the country, by its boldness, storms, varying temperature, and even by the

roughness of the billows which toss for ever on its shore, appears destined for the school of Englishmen and English constitutions.

To the north of Australia, and almost within sight—another vast and lovely region, and another contrast to the great continent—lies New Guinea, fourteen hundred miles long, and two hundred broad. Its appearance from the sea is magnificent—an immense undulation of luxuriance covering the coasts, and rising up the sides of mountain ranges loftier than Mont Blanc. But the tropical excess of vegetation may render it dangerous to European life: at all events, it will be only wisdom to people Anstralia before we intrude on the naked foresters, and do battle against the more fatal enemy, the swamps of New Guinea.

Borneo, which has so lately become an object of English interest, by the settlement of Sir James Brooke, is also a large and noble island; it has the bold mountain interior, the table-lands, the rivers, and the harbours, which belong to New Guinea. The English settlement, and the presence of British ships, may introduce such imperfect civilisation as the Oriental savage can ever receive; piracy may be partially put down, and even honesty may be partially introduced. But there is this great drawback to the success of English colonisation—that the land is already peopled, and that the strangers are more likely to fall into the indolent habits and luxurious vices of the native, than the native ever to rise to the manly habits of the Englishman.

The Indian Archipelago is almost a new world to the European. Though known to the Dutch soon after the decay of that empire which the Portuguese secured by the discoveries of de Gama, and occasionally touched upon by English commerce, it had been almost forgotten among the stirring scenes in which Europe was involved in the last three centuries. Our conquests in Hindostan, our possession of Ceylon, the capture of the Dutch colonies in the French war, and, later still, our establishment at Singapore, and the opening of China, have turned the eyes of England to those exuberant countries; and we shall now probably reunite them to the world of Europe.

But we must hope that, beyond commerce, and the communication of the comforts and intelligence of English life, our ambition will not extend. Those climates are generally hazardous to European life; they are not less hazardous to the manliness and vigour of English habits, and even to the force of the English character. It has been said that, if the first generation of colonists are English to the grave, the second are Indian from the cradle. They contract the lassitude of the tropics; they become incapable of effort: dissipation is the natural resource of opulent idleness; they linger through life from excess to excess; and, unless a revolution of the hardier native drives them out, or an emigration of their hardier countrymen keeps them in, the colony sinks into the ground.

The new impulse reserved for our century is Colonisation. Always existing, even from the earliest ages of mankind, it had hitherto scarcely deserved the name. The French colonisation of Canada had not advanced, in a century, beyond the nook where they first nestled themselves, and where the most absurd of all policies—that of allowing them to place their language on a footing with the manlier tongue of their conquerors—has perpetuated them as a separate race, with all their absurdities, all their prejudices, and even with all their hostility to the British name. The Spanish colonisation of South America amounted to scarcely more than settling the descendants of the Spanish garrisons, of the Spanish refugees, and of the attendants on the viceroys.

The only true colonists were the English of North America; who, for a hundred years, poured a feeble stream towards the prairies of the Mississippi, recruited and stained by the vagabondage of Europe. But no great impulse of national necessity gave depth and force to the current. But within these two years a more powerful impression has been made by necessity. The Irish famine of 1846, and the following year, drove multitudes to seek for bread on the shores of America. Some hundred thousands probably have left Europe for ever, and are now delving cutting in the forests of the

western world. A German emigration, though of a more tardy order, has followed, from a pressure, if not of direct famine, yet of difficulty. And within the last year a powerful impulse has been also made in the direction of Australia, of all countries the one which offers the fairest prospect for the Englishman. The success of these emigrations will naturally tend to continue the outpourings of Europe. The emigrants, once settled and successful, will encourage the movement of those whom they have left behind, as much embarrassed as they themselves originally were; and the comforts which come into the possession of industry, in a land of cheap purchase—unburthened with taxes, and unburthened with the still heavier taxes which the vanities of old countries lay on the myriads of middle life—must form a strong temptation, or rather a rational inducement, to seek independence at the antipodes.

But the sudden discovery of the Californian gold-country has given a still more determined urgency to emigration. That a vast territory, which, if we are to rely on the reports of its labourers, is a sheet of gold, should have lain for three hundred years in the hands of the Spaniards, wholly unknown to a people always hungry for gold, is among the wonders which sometimes strike across us in the history of nations. But its immediate effect is, unquestionably, to aid the general tendency. It is already drawing thousands from every part of the world towards California. Columns of men, followed by their trains of oxen and wains of merchandise, are already pouring over every track of the West. In a few years, the desert will probably be filled with population; and when the mines are exhausted, or taken into the possession of the government, the more valuable mine will remain, in the existence of a new nation, in the commerce of the Pacific, and in the richness of a soil unploughed since the Deluge.

The effect of this emigration, for the moment, is obviously to assist the reception of the multitudes from Europe. It is thinning the population of the United States, carrying off the labourers, and turning every unoccupied eye in the direction of the

west. The drudgery of Ireland, the skilled labour of England, and the patient and not unintelligent toil of Germany, will daily find the mart more open; and thus even the mania of gold-digging will have its effect on the sober welfare of mankind.

But a still more important effect, though more remote, may follow from the Californian mines. The celebrated Burke, sixty years ago, predicted that the new population on the plains of the Mississippi would extinguish the power, if not the existence, of the cities on the coast, and that when those "English Tartars," as he imaginatively described them, once poured down on the New Yorks, Bostons, and Philadelphias, they would turn them into warehouses, and their sites into watering-places. They would have fulfilled his prophecy long since, but for the boundless expanse of territory which lay behind this "Tartar" region. Their discontents evaporated into the wilderness; the provincial who looked with a jealous eye on the man of cities, found it easier to travel than to make war; and he forthwith set up a state for himself in the boundless prairie. A Californian republic may erect a formidable balance to the domination of the old States. Washington will no longer be the capital of America, and the north of the New World may yet have a stronger resemblance to Europe—with its great kingdoms, its little princes, and its commercial cities—than the anomalous government of the Stripes and Stars.

But the noblest of all the projects which have ever excited the curiosity of the world is still to be consummated—the communication between the Atlantic and the Pacific—a canal across the Isthmus of Darien. That Isthmus is but twenty miles broad, but a passage across it would shorten the voyage to China, perhaps to six weeks, instead of four months; annihilate the perils of the navigation round South America, and bring Europe into rapid contact with Australia, India, and the unexplored glories and exhaustless opulence of the finest archipelago in the ocean.

The project is so natural that it had been a hundred times conceived; but the perpetual wars of Europe, the angry jealousy of Spain, and, in later

years, the disturbances of the native governments, have wholly obstructed the mightiest benefit ever offered to the progress of civilisation. The enterprise of the Americans had not overlooked this key to both hemispheres, and, some years since, a compact was entered into with a company headed by the American Biddle. But it was suffered to die away; other contracts succeeded, equally abortive, the government on the spot demanding terms of such exorbitance that it was impossible to carry the work into execution. With the usual shortsightedness of the foreigner, they had placed all their profit on the rent and tolls of the canal, foolishly forgetting that their *real* profit was to be found in the wealth which the intercourse of all nations must bring into their country.

Two projects are now said to be under consideration—a railroad, which would be exclusively for the benefit of the Americans; and a canal capable of carrying large vessels across the Isthmus, and which would be open to all nations. There can be no question as to the superior benefits of the latter to mankind.

Of the five routes, four are exposed to obstacles arising from elevation of ground, (the track to Panama rises a thousand feet,) from insalubrity, and from other circumstances of the soil and the locality. The fifth, by the river of Nicaragua, evidently deserves the preference. It lies through a fine river, reaching from the Atlantic to a central lake, and thence descends through a second river to the Pacific. The whole distance would be but two hundred and seventy-eight miles, which would require locks and other works, (the rivers being at intervals interrupted by rapids,) but this portion would amount to but eighty-two miles. The lake-sailing would be a hundred and twenty-five miles. The whole expense, estimating it at the prices of Europe, would be less than four millions sterling. Sanguine calculators value the profits at twelve per cent. But whatever might be the smallness of the dividends in the first instance, there can be no imaginable doubt that, with fair dealing on the part of the local government, the Isthmus would soon be worth all the

mines of Peru, with all the gold-washings of California besides.

The next great enterprise would be the junction of the Mediterranean and the Red Sea, by a passage across the Isthmus of Suez. There is already a road, but the passage is slow and difficult, from the heat, the soil, and the imperfect conveyance. Two proposals have been long since made, the one for a canal and the other for a railroad. To the canal there seem to be insuperable objections, the shallowness of the sea at Suez, the shifting nature of the sands on the way, which would soon fill up the canal, and the difficulty of water for its supply. It has been also ascertained by the survey of the French engineers that the Red Sea is about thirty feet higher than the Mediterranean.

The railroad is obviously not merely the true expedient, but the only one. But it is almost impossible to deal with the foreigner on any subject of prospective profit. The habit of living but for the day deteriorates all the movements of national progress. Unless he can grasp his profit at once, it exists no longer to his eye. With the man of the East, the grasp is eager and avaricious. Mehemet Ali might have brought millions of wealth into Egypt by a railroad, while he was wasting thousands in paltry contrivances to make a royal revenue for himself, out of the contending bargains of English and French engineers. The result is, that except a miserable canal between Alexandria and the Nile, dry half the year, and scarcely navigable during the other half, nothing has been done; and the journey across the isthmus occupies nearly two days, gives infinite trouble, and makes money only for donkey-boys and tavern-keepers, which, by a railroad, might be effected luxuriously in three hours.

The Ethnography of this volume forms the material of a treatise, which might itself be expanded into a volume. Some years ago the population of the globe was computed at 860 millions; but, from the accelerated rapidity of increase, year by year, we should suppose it to be now 900 millions: and even that, a number which, some great human catastrophe
rive, would speedily increase

to 1000 millions! The laws of population are yet imperfectly comprehended; but, like all the other great problems of nature, they are given for our inquiry, and will ultimately yield to our inquiry.

The chief obstacle to population is evidently neither poverty, nor general discomfort of living, nor inferiority of food. Under all these circumstances, population accumulates in an extraordinary degree. The population of Ireland is a case in point. War seems to exercise but a slight check on population. Barrenness of soil must have its effect, for where men cannot eat, they, of course, cannot live; but insecurity of property, implied in tyrannical government, is the great depopulator. Men will not labour, where they cannot be certain of the fruits of their labour; they sink into lassitude, indolence, and beggary. The actual power of life departs from them, and they either perish by the first pressure of famine, sink under the first attack of disease, or emigrate, to make the experiment of renewing their existence in a freer soil. But the subject is still equally obscure, boundless, and interesting.

Till within these few years, French and German scepticism, always hostile to the Mosaic revelation, had adopted the opinion that the races of mankind were of different parentage, and thus that the scriptural account was *untrue*. But the manlier research and honester philosophy of Dr Pritchard, and others, in this country, have proved the assertion to be as unfaithful to facts, as the argument was sophistical. Whatever may be the external differences in the five great races of the earth—the Circassian, the Mongolian, the Malayan, the Ethiopian, and the American—all are fully capable of being accounted for by the accidents of climate, food, temperature, and position, while the internal configuration of all is the same. There is still the more convincing similitude in their faculties, affections, intelligence, passions, and language. All that constitutes the class "Mankind" is the *same*, from the mountaineer of Circassia, the finest, and probably the original, type of the human form, to the Esquimaux, probably the most degraded. Even evidences of relationship in higher things

might be given. All, in various degrees, acknowledge a Supreme Ruler of earth and heaven, admit the necessity of worship, retain some traditions of paradise, recognise the general morals of life, have impressions of justice, temperance, and truth, however often forgotten. All look to a future state of being!

But we must now close our remarks on the volume which Mr Johnston has thus contributed to the knowledge, and, we will believe, to the admiration of his time. The mere circumstance of its appearing under the auspices of its present publishers, has not in the slightest degree coloured our necessarily rapid and cursory criticism. If we had found the volume in the dust of a monkish library, we should have pronounced it a masterly performance; if we were about to offer a gift to the rising intelligence of our age, there is none which we should offer in preference. So ample, so definite, and yet so comprehensive are the stores of information presented by this admirable digest of physical science—of all that we know regarding the structure of the great globe we inhabit, and regarding whatever lives and moves on its surface, together with the laws that regulate the whole—and, at the same time, so absolutely necessary is that information for the proper culture of the mind, that we must confess it was with a sigh of regret, while turning over the leaves of the magnificent folio, that we felt that such a work could only be destined for the wealthy and for the privileged class who have access to public libraries, but that it was likely to remain “a book sealed” to the great bulk of general inquirers. Our fears, however, on this subject, we rejoice to be informed, are groundless; and, since commencing this

paper, we have learned that a reduced edition is on the eve of publication. As was also to have been desired, this is to appear in a serial form, so as to render it accessible to every class of readers, and at only one-fifth of the original cost.

This is as it should be. To the scholar, to the student, and to the already large yet daily increasing multitude of inquirers who cultivate natural science, the *Physical Atlas* is a treasure of incalculable value. It brings before the mind's eye, in one grand panoramic view, and in a form clear, definite, and easily comprehensible, all the facts at present known relative to the great subjects of which it treats, and may be regarded as a lucid epitome of a thousand scattered volumes, more or less intrinsically valuable, of which it contains the heart and substance.

From this time henceforward an acquaintance with physical geography must form the basis of educational knowledge, and on no basis so adequate can the superstructure of general scholarship be reared. History, without such an acquirement previously made, can only be half understood; and, in ignorance of it, the works of creation are, at best, but a maze without a plan. If we were called on to give proof to the world of the combination of vigorous diligence, manly acquirement, clear reasoning, and philosophical conception of which the British mind is capable, we should lay on the table this noble volume of Mr Johnston. Indeed, if we might hazard a prediction, the future is not far distant when such a work must be indispensably requisite to every educational establishment, and be found in the hands of every scholar.

THE CAXTONS.—PART XII.

CHAPTER LIX.

THE Hegira is completed—we have all taken root in the old tower. My father's books have arrived by the waggon, and have settled themselves quietly in their new abode—filling up the apartment dedicated to their owner, including the bed-chamber and two lobbies. The duck also has arrived, under wing of Mrs Primmins, and has reconciled herself to the old stewpond; by the side of which my father has found a walk that compensates for the peach wall—especially as he has made acquaintance with sundry respectable carps, who permit him to feed them after he has fed the duck—a privilege of which (since, if any one else approaches, the carps are off in an instant) my father is naturally vain. All privileges are valuable in proportion to the exclusiveness of their enjoyment.

Now, from the moment the first carp had eaten the bread my father threw to it, Mr Caxton had mentally resolved, that a race so confiding should never be sacrificed to Ceres and Primmins. But all the fishes on my uncle's property were under the special care of that Proteus Bolt—and Bolt was not a man likely to suffer the carps to earn their bread without contributing their full share to the wants of the community. But, like master, like man! Bolt was an aristocrat fit to be hung à la lanterne. He out-Rolanded Roland in the respect he entertained for sounding names and old families; and by that bait my father caught him with such skill that you might see that, if Austin Caxton had been an angler of fishes, he could have filled his basket full any day, shine or rain.

"You observe, Bolt," said my father, beginning artfully, "that those fishes, dull as you may think them, are creatures capable of a syllogism; and if they saw that, in proportion to their civility to me, they were depopulated by you, they would put two and two together, and renounce my acquaintance."

"Is that what you call being silly

Jews, sir?" said Bolt; "faith, there is many a good Christian not half so wise!"

"Man," answered my father thoughtfully, "is an animal less syllogistical, or more silly-Jemical than many creatures popularly esteemed his inferiors. Yes, let but one of those Cyprinidæ, with his finesense of logic, see that, if his fellow-fishes eat bread, they are suddenly jerked out of their element, and vanish for ever; and though you broke a quarter loaf into crumbs, he would snap his tail at you with enlightened contempt. If," said my father soliloquising, "I had been as syllogistic as those scaly logicians, I should never have swallowed that hook, which—hum! there—least said soonest mended. But, Mr Bolt, to return to the Cyprinidæ."

"What's the hard name you call them 'ere carp, your honour?" asked Bolt.

"Cyprinidæ, a family of the section Malacoptergil Abdominales," replied Mr Caxton; "their teeth are generally confined to the Pharyngeans, and their branchiostegous rays are but few—marks of distinction from fishes vulgar and voracious."

"Sir," said Bolt, glancing to the stewpond, "if I had known they had been a family of such importance, I am sure I should have treated them with more respect."

"They are a very old family, Bolt, and have been settled in England since the fourteenth century. A younger branch of the family has established itself in a pond in the gardens of Peterhoff, (the celebrated palace of Peter the Great, Bolt—an emperor highly respected by my brother, for he killed a great many people very gloriously in battle, besides those whom he sabred for his own private amusement.) And there is an officer or servant of the imperial household, whose task it is to summon those Russian Cyprinidæ to dinner by ringing a bell, shortly after which, you may see the emperor and empress, with all their waiting ladies and gentlemen, coming

down in their carriages to see the Cyprinidæ eat in state. So you perceive, Bolt, that it would be a republican, Jacobinical proceeding to stew members of a family so intimately associated with royalty."

"Dear me, sir!" said Bolt, "I am very glad you told me. I ought to have known they were genteel fish, they are so mighty ah—as all your real quality are."

My father smiled, and rubbed his hands gently; he had carried his point, and henceforth the Cyprinidæ of the section *Malaocoptergii Abdominales* were as sacred in Bolt's eyes as cats and ichneumons were in those of a priest in Thebes.

My poor father! with what true and anostentatious philosophy thou didst accommodate thyself to the greatest change thy quiet, harmless life had known, since it had passed out of the brief burning cycle of the passions. Lost was the home, endeared to thee by so many noiseless victories of the mind—so many mute histories of the heart—for only the scholar knoweth how deep a charm lies in monotony, in the old associations, the old ways, and habitual clockwork of peaceful time. Yet, the home may be replaced—thy heart built its home round it everywhere—and the old tower might supply the loss of the brick house, and the walk by the duck-pond become as dear as the haunts by the sunny peach wall. But what shall replace to thee the bright dream of thine innocent ambition,—that angel-wing which had glittered across thy manhood, in the hour between its noon and its setting? What replace to thee the *Magnum Opus*—the Great Book?—fair and broadspreading tree—lone amidst the sameness of the landscape—now plucked up by the roots! The oxygen was subtracted from the air of thy life. For be it known to ye, O my compassionate readers, that with the death of the Anti-Publisher Society the blood-streams of the Great Book stood still—its pulse was arrested—its full heart beat no more. Three thousand copies of the first seven sheets in quarto, with sundry unfinished plates, anatomical, architectural, and graphic, depicting various developments of the human skull, (that temple of Human Error), from the Hottentot to

the Greek; sketches of ancient buildings, Cyclopean and Pelægic; Pyramids, and Pyramids, all signs of races whose handwriting was on their walls; landscapes to display the influence of Nature upon the customs, creeds, and philosophy of men—here showing how the broad Chaldean wastes led to the contemplation of the stars, and illustrations of the Zodiac, in elucidation of the mysteries of symbol-worship; fantastic vagaries of earth fresh from the Deluge, tending to impress on early superstition the awful sense of the rude powers of nature; views of the rocky defiles of Laconia; Sparta, neighbored by the "silent Amyclæ," explaining, as it were, geographically, the iron customs of the warrior colony, (arch Tories, amidst the shift and roar of Hellenic democracies,) contrasted by the seas, and coasts, and creeks of Athens and Ionia, tempting to adventure, commerce, and change. Yea, my father, in his suggestions to the artist of those few imperfect plates, had thrown as much light on the infancy of earth and its tribes as by the "shining words" that flowed from his calm starry knowledge! Plates and copies, all rested now in peace and dust—"housed with darkness and with death" on the sepulchral shelves of the lobby to which they were consigned—rays intercepted—worlds incompleated. The Prometheus was bound, and the fire he had stolen from heaven lay embedded in the flints of his rock. For so costly was the mould in which Uncle Jack and the Anti-Publisher Society had contrived to cast this Exposition of Human Error, that every bookseller shyed at its very sight, as an owl blinks at daylight, or human error at truth. In vain Squills and I, before we left London, had carried a gigantic specimen of the *Magnum Opus* into the back-parlours of firms the most opulent and adventurous. Publisher after publisher started, as if we had held a blunderbuss to his ear. All Paternoster Row uttered a "Lord deliver us." Human Error found no man so egregiously its victim as to complete those two quartos, with the prospect of two others, at his own expense. Now, I had earnestly hoped that my father, for the sake of mankind, would

be persuaded to risk some portion,—and that, I own, not a small one—of his remaining capital on the conclusion of an undertaking so elaborately begun. But there my father was obdurate. No big words about mankind, and the advantage to unborn generations, could stir him an inch. “Stuff!” said Mr Caxton peevishly. “A man’s duties to mankind and posterity begin with his own son; and having wasted half your patrimony, I will not take another huge slice out of the poor remainder to gratify my vanity, for that is the plain truth of it. Man must atone for sin by expiation. By the book I have sinned, and the book must expiate it. Pile the sheets up in the lobby, so that at least one man may be wiser and humbler by the sight of Human Error, every time he walks by so stupendous a monument of it.”

Verily, I know not how my father could bear to look at those dumb fragments of himself—strata of the Caxtonian conformation lying layer upon layer, as if packed up and disposed for the inquisitive genius of some moral

Murchison or Mantell. But, for my part, I never glanced at their repose in the dark lobby, without thinking, “Courage, Pisistratus, courage! there’s something worth living for; work hard, grow rich, and the Great Book shall come out at last.”

Meanwhile, I wandered over the country, and made acquaintance with the farmers, and with Trevanion’s steward—an able man, and a great agriculturist—and I learned from them a better notion of the nature of my uncle’s domains. Those domains covered an immense acreage, which, save a small farm, was of no value at present. But land of the same kind had been lately redeemed by a simple kind of draining, now well known in Cumberland; and with capital, Roland’s barren moors might become a noble property. But capital, where was that to come from? Nature gives us all except the means to turn her into marketable account. As old Plantas saith so wittily, “Day, night, water, sun, and moon, are to be had gratis; for everything else—down with your dust!”

CHAPTER LX.

Nothing has been heard of Uncle Jack. When we moved to the tower, the Captain gave him an invitation—more, I suspect, out of compliment to my mother than from the unbidden impulse of his own inclinations. But Mr Tibbets politely declined it. During his stay at the brick house, he had received and written a vast number of letters—some of those he received, indeed, were left at the village post-office, under the alphabetical addresses of A B or X Y. For no misfortune ever paralyzed the energies of Uncle Jack. In the winter of adversity he vanished, it is true, but even in vanishing he vegetated still. He resembled those *algæ*, termed the *Prolococcus nivalis*, which give a rose-colour to the Polar snows that conceal them, and flourish unsuspected amidst the general dissolution of Nature. Uncle Jack, then, was as lively and sanguine as ever—though he began to let fall vague hints of intentions to abandon the general course of his fellow creatures, and to set up business henceforth purely on his own

account; wherewith my father—to the great shock of my belief in his philanthropy—expressed himself much pleased. And I strongly suspect that, when Uncle Jack wrapped himself up in his new double Saxony, and went off at last, he carried with him something more than my father’s good wishes in aid of his conversion to egotistical philosophy.

“That man will do yet,” said my father, as the last glimpse was caught of Uncle Jack standing up on the stage-coach box, beside the driver—partly to wave his hand to us as we stood at the gate, and partly to array himself more commodiously in a box coat, with six capes, which the coachman had lent him.

“Do you think so, sir!” said I, doubtfully. “May I ask why?”

MR CAXTON.—On the cat principle—that he tumbles so lightly. You may throw him down from St Paul’s, and the next time you see him he will be scrambling a-top of the Monument.

PISISTRATUS.—But a cat the most

viparious is limited to nine lives—and Uncle Jack must be now far gone in his eighth.

MR CAXTON—(not heeding that answer, for he has got his hand in his waistcoat.)—The earth, according to Apuleius, in his *Treatise on the Philosophy of Plato*, was produced from right-angled triangles; but fire and air from the scalene triangle—the angles of which, I need not say, are very different from those of a right-angled triangle. Now I think there are people in the world of whom one can only judge rightly according to those mathematical principles applied to their original construction; for, if air or fire predominates in our natures, we are scalene triangles;—if earth, right-angled. Now, as air is so notably manifested in Jack's conformation, he is, *volens volens*, produced in conformity with his preponderating element. He is a scalene triangle, and must be judged, accordingly, upon irregular, lop-sided principles; whereas you and I, commonplace mortals, are produced, like the earth, which is our preponderating element, with our triangles all right-angled, comfortable, and complete—for which blessing let us thank Providence, and be charitable to those who are necessarily windy and gaseous, from that unlucky scalene triangle upon which they have had the misfortune to be constructed, and which, you perceive, is quite at variance with the mathematical constitution of the earth!

PISISTRATUS.—Sir, I am very happy to hear so simple, easy, and intelligible an explanation of Uncle Jack's peculiarities; and I only hope that, for the future, the sides of his scalene triangle may never be produced to our rectangular conformations.

MR CAXTON—(descending from his stilt, with an air as mildly reproachful as if I had been cavilking at the virtues of Socrates.)—You don't do your uncle justice, Pisistratus: he is a very clever man; and I am sure that, in spite of his scalene misfortune, he would be an honest one—that is, (added Mr Caxton, correcting himself,) not romantically or heroically honest—but honest as men go—if he could but keep his head long enough above water; but, you see, when the

best man in the world is engaged in the process of sinking, he catches hold of whatever comes in his way, and drowns the very friend that is swimming to save him.

PISISTRATUS.—Perfectly true, sir; but Uncle Jack makes it his business to be *always* sinking!

MR CAXTON—(with naïveté.)—And how could it be otherwise, when he has been carrying all his fellow creatures in his breeches' pockets! Now he has got rid of that dead weight, I should not be surprised if he swam like a cork.

PISISTRATUS—(who, since the *Anti-Capitalist*, has become a strong *Anti-Jackian*.)—But if, sir, you really think Uncle Jack's love for his fellow-creatures is genuine, that is surely not the worst part of him!

MR CAXTON.—O literal ratiocinator, and dull to the true logic of Attic irony, can't you comprehend that an affection may be genuine as felt by the man, yet its nature be spurious in relation to others. A man may genuinely believe he loves his fellow creatures, when he roasts them like Torquemada, or guillotines them like St Just! Happily Jack's scalene triangle, being more produced from air than from fire, does not give to his philanthropy the inflammatory character which distinguishes the benevolence of inquisitors and revolutionists. The philanthropy, therefore, takes a more flatulent and innocent form, and expends its strength in mounting paper balloons, out of which Jack pitches himself, with all the fellow creatures he can coax into sailing with him. No doubt Uncle Jack's philanthropy is sincere, when he cuts the string and soars up out of sight; but the sincerity will not much mend their bruises when himself and fellow creatures come tumbling down, neck and heels. It must be a very wide heart that can take in all mankind—and of a very strong fibre, to bear so much stretching. Such hearts there are, Heaven be thanked!—and all praise to them! Jack's is not of that quality. He is a scalene triangle. He is not a circle! And yet, if he would but let it rest, it is a good heart—a very good heart," continued my father, warming into a tenderness quite infantine, all things considered.

"Poor Jack! that was prettily said of him—'That if he were a dog, and he had no home but a dog-kennel, he would turn out to give me the best of the straw!' Poor brother Jack!"

So the discussion was dropped; and, in the meanwhile, Uncle Jack, like the short-faced gentleman in the SPECTATOR, "*distinguished himself* by a profound silence."

CHAPTER LXI.

Blanche has contrived to associate herself, if not with my more active diversions—in running over the country, and making friends with the farmers—still in all my more leisurely and domestic pursuits. There is about her a silent charm that it is very hard to define—but it seems to arise from a kind of innate sympathy with the moods and humours of those she loves. If one is gay, there is a cheerful ring in her silver laugh that seems gladness itself; if one is sad, and creeps away into a corner to bury one's head in one's hands, and muse—by-and-by—and just at the right moment—when one has mused one's fill, and the heart wants something to refresh and restore it, one feels two innocent arms round one's neck—looks up—and lo! Blanche's soft eyes, full of wistful compassionate kindness; though she has the tact not to question—it is enough for her to sorrow with your sorrow—she cares not to know more. A strange child!—fearless, and yet seemingly fond of things that inspire children with fear—fond of tales of fay, sprite, and ghost—which Mrs Primmins draws fresh and new from her memory, as a conjuror draws pancakes hot and hot from a hat. And yet so sure is Blanche of her own innocence, that they never trouble her dreams in her lone little room, full of caliginous corners and nooks, with the winds moaning round the desolate ruins, and the casements rattling hoarse in the dungeon-like wall. She would have no dread to walk through the ghostly keep in the dark, or cross the churchyard, what time,

"By the moon's doubtful and malignant light,"

the grave-stones look so spectral, and the shade from the yew-trees lies so still on the sward. When the brows of Roland are gloomiest, and the compression of his lips makes sorrow look

sternest, be sure that Blanche is couched at his feet, waiting the moment when, with some heavy sigh, the muscles relax, and she is sure of the smile if she climbs to his knee. It is pretty to chance on her gliding up broken turret stairs, or standing hushed in the recess of shattered windowless casements, and you wonder what thoughts of vague awe and solemn pleasure can be at work under that still little brow.

She has a quick comprehension of all that is taught to her; she already tasks to the full my mother's educational arts. My father has had to rummage his library for books, to feed (or extinguish) her desire for "farther information;" and has promised lessons in French and Italian—at some golden time in the shadowy "By-and-By,"—which are received so gratefully that one might think Blanche mistook *Telemachus* and *Novelle Morali* for baby-houses and dolls. Heaven send her through French and Italian with better success than attended Mr Caxton's lessons in Greek to Pisistratus! She has an ear for music, which my mother, who is no bad judge, declares to be exquisite. Luckily there is an old Italian settled in a town ten miles off, who is said to be an excellent music master, and who comes the round of the neighbouring squirearchy twice a-week. I have taught her to draw—an accomplishment in which I am not without skill—and she has already taken a sketch from nature, which, barring the perspective, is not so amiss; indeed, she has caught the notion of "idealising" (which promises future originality) from her own natural instincts, and given to the old wye-elm, that hangs over the stream, just the bough that it wanted to dip into the water, and soften off the hard lines. My only fear is, that Blanche should become too dreamy and

thoughtful. Poor child, she has no one to play with! So I look out, and get her a dog—frisky and young, who abhors sedentary occupations—a spaniel, small and coal-black, with ears sweeping the ground. I baptise him “Juba,” in honour of Addison’s Cato, and in consideration of his sable curls and Mauritanian complexion. Blanche does not seem so eerie and elf-like, while gliding through the ruins, when Juba barks by her side, and scares the birds from the ivy.

One day I had been pacing to and fro the hall, which was deserted; and the sight of the armour and portraits—dumb evidences of the active and adventurous lives of the old inhabitants, which seemed to reprove my own inactive obscurity—had set me off on one of those Pegasus hobbies on which youth mounts to the skies—delivering maidens on rocks, and killing Gorgons and monsters—when Juba bounded in, and Blanche came after him, her straw hat in her hand.

BLANCHE.—I thought you were here, Sisty: may I stay?

PISISTRATUS.—Why, my dear child, the day is so fine, that instead of losing it in-doors, you ought to be running in the fields with Juba.

JUBA.—Bow—wow!

BLANCHE.—Will you come too? If Sisty stays in, Blanche does not care for the butterfly!

Pisistratus, seeing that the thread of his day-dreams is broken, consents with an air of resignation. Just as they gain the door, Blanche pauses, and looks as if there were something on her mind.

PISISTRATUS.—What now, Blanche? Why are you making knots in that ribbon, and writing invisible characters on the floor with the point of that busy little foot?

BLANCHE—(*mysteriously*).—I have found a new room, Sisty. Do you think we may look into it?

PISISTRATUS.—Certainly, unless any Bluebeard of your acquaintance told you not. Where is it?

BLANCHE.—Up stairs—to the left.

PISISTRATUS.—That little old door, going down two stone steps, which is always kept locked?

BLANCHE.—Yes! it is not locked to-day. The door was ajar, and I

peeped in; but I would not do more till I came and asked you if you thought it would not be wrong.

PISISTRATUS.—Very good in you, my discreet little cousin. I have no doubt it is a ghost-trap; however, with Juba’s protection, I think we might venture together.

Pisistratus, Blanche, and Juba, ascend the stairs, and turn off down a dark passage to the left, away from the rooms in use. We reach the arch-pointed door of oak planks nailed roughly together; we push it open, and perceive that a small stair winds down from the room: it is just over Roland’s chamber.

The room has a damp smell, and has probably been left open to be aired, for the wind comes through the unbarred casement, and a billet burns on the hearth. The place has that attractive, fascinating air which belongs to a lumber room, than which I know nothing that so captivates the interest and fancy of young people. What treasures, to them, often lie hid in those quaint odds and ends which the elder generations have discarded as rubbish! All children are by nature antiquarians and relic-hunters. Still there is an order and precision with which the articles in that room are stowed away that belies the true notion of lumber—none of the mildew and dust which give such mournful interest to things abandoned to decay.

In one corner are piled up cases, and military-looking trunks of outlandish aspect, with R. D. C. in brass nails on their sides. From these we turn with involuntary respect, and call off Juba, who has wedged himself behind in pursuit of some imaginary mouse. But in the other corner is what seems to me a child’s cradle—not an English one evidently—it is of wood, seemingly Spanish rosewood, with a rail-work at the back, of twisted columns; and I should scarcely have known it to be a cradle but for the fairy-like quilt and the tiny pillows, which proclaimed its uses.

On the wall above the cradle were arranged sundry little articles, that had, perhaps, once made the joy of a child’s heart—broken toys with the paint rubbed off, a tin sword and trumpet, and a few tattered books,

mostly in Spanish—by their shape and look, doubtless, children's books. Near these stood, on the floor, a picture with its face to the wall. Juba had chased the mouse that his fancy still insisted on creating, behind this picture, and, as he abruptly drew back, it fell into the hands I stretched forth to receive it. I turned the face to the light, and was surprised to see merely an old family portrait; it was that of a gentleman in the flowered vest and stiff ruff which referred the date of his existence to the reign of Elizabeth—a man with a bold and noble countenance. On the corner was placed a faded coat of arms, beneath which was inscribed, "HERBERT DE CAXTON, Esq : AUR : ÆTAT : 35."

On the back of the canvass I observed, as I now replaced the picture against the wall, a label in Roland's handwriting, though in a younger and more running hand than he now wrote. The words were these:—"The best and bravest of our line. He charged by Sidney's side on the field of Zutphen; he fought in Drake's ship against the armament of Spain. If ever I have a——" The rest of the label seemed to have been torn off.

I turned away, and felt a remorseful shame that I had so far gratified my curiosity,—if by so harsh a name the powerful interest that had absorbed me must be called. I looked round for Blanche; she had retreated from my side to the door, and, with her hands before her eyes, was weeping. As I stole towards her, my glance fell on a book that lay on a chair near the casement, and beside those relics of an infancy once pure and serene. By the old-fashioned silver clasps I recognised Roland's bible. I felt almost as if I had been guilty of profanation in my thoughtless intrusion. I drew away Blanche, and we descended the stairs noiselessly, and not till we were on our favourite spot, amidst a heap of ruins on the fendal justice-hill, did I seek to kiss away her tears and ask the cause.

"My poor brother," sobbed Blanche; "they must have been his

—and we shall never, never see him again!—and poor papa's bible, which he reads when he is very, very sad! I did not weep enough when my brother died. I know better what death is now! Poor papa, poor papa! Don't die, too, Sister!"

There was no running after butterflies that morning; and it was long before I could soothe Blanche. Indeed, she bore the traces of dejection in her soft looks for many, many days; and she often asked me, sighingly, "Don't you think it was very wrong in me to take you there?" Poor little Blanche, true daughter of Eve, she would not let me bear my due share of the blame; she would have it all in Adam's primitive way of justice,— "The woman tempted me, and I did eat." And since then Blanche has seemed more fond than ever of Roland, and comparatively deserts me, to nestle close to him, and closer, till he looks up and says, "My child, you are pale; go and run after the butterflies;" and she says now to him, not to me,— "Come too!" drawing him out into the sunshine with a hand that will not loose its hold.

Of all Roland's line this Herbert de Caxton was "the best and bravest!" yet he had never named that ancestor to me—never put any forefather in comparison with the dubious and mythical Sir William. I now remembered once, that, in going over the pedigree, I had been struck by the name of Herbert—the only Herbert in the scroll—and had asked, "What of him, uncle?" and Roland had muttered something inaudible and turned away. And I remembered also, that in Roland's room there was the mark in the wall where a picture of that size had once hung. It had been removed thence before we first came, but must have hung there for years to have left that mark on the wall;—perhaps suspended by Bolt, during Roland's long Continental absence. "If ever I have a——" What were the missing words? Alas, did they not relate to the son—missed for ever, evidently not forgotten still?

CHAPTER LXII.

My uncle sate on one side the fireplace, my mother on the other; and I,

at a small table between them, prepared to note down the results of their

conference; for they had met in high council, to assess their joint fortunes—determine what should be brought into the common stock, and set apart for the civil list, and what should be laid aside as a sinking fund. Now my mother, true woman as she was, had a womanly love of show in her own quiet way—of making “a genteel figure” in the eyes of the neighbourhood—of seeing that sixpence not only went as far as sixpence ought to go, but that, in the going, it should emit a mild but imposing splendour—not, indeed, a gaudy flash—a startling Borealian coruscation, which is scarcely within the modest and placid idiosyncrasies of sixpence—but a gleam of gentle and benign light, just to show where a sixpence had been, and allow you time to say, “Behold,” before

“The jaws of darkness did devour it up.”

Thus, as I once before took occasion to apprise the reader, we had always held a very respectable position in the neighbourhood round our square brick house; been as sociable as my father’s habits would permit; given our little tea-parties, and our occasional dinners, and, without attempting to vie with our richer associates, there had always been so exquisite a neatness, so notable a house-keeping, so thoughtful a disposition, in short, of all the properties indigenous to a well-spent sixpence, in my mother’s management, that there was not an old maid within seven miles of us who did not pronounce our tea-parties to be perfect; and the great Mrs Rollick, who gave forty guineas a-year to a professed cook and housekeeper, used regularly, whenever we dined at Rollick Hall, to call across the table to my mother, (who therewith blushed up to her ears,) to apologise for the strawberry jelly. It is true that when, on returning home, my mother adverted to that flattering and delicate compliment, in a tone that revealed the self-conceit of the human heart, my father—whether to sober his Kitty’s vanity into a proper and Christian mortification of spirit, or from that strange shrewdness which belonged to him—would remark that Mrs Rollick was of a querulous nature; that the compliment was meant not to please my

mother, but to spite the professed cook and housekeeper, to whom the butler would be sure to repeat the invidious apology.

In settling at the tower, and assuming the head of its establishment, my mother was naturally anxious that, poor battered invalid though the tower was, it should still put its best leg foremost. Sundry cards, despite the thinness of the neighbourhood, had been left at the door; various invitations, which my uncle had hitherto declined, had greeted his occupation of the ancestral ruin, and had become more numerous since the news of our arrival had gone abroad; so that my mother saw before her a very suitable field for her hospitable accomplishments—a reasonable ground for her ambition that the tower should hold up its head, as became a tower that held the head of the family.

But not to wrong thee, O dear mother, as thou sittest there, opposite the grim captain, so fair and so neat,—with thine apron as white, and thy hair as trim and as sheen, and thy morning cap, with its ribbons of blue, as coquettishly arranged as if thou hadst a fear that the least negligence on thy part might lose thee the heart of thine Austin—not to wrong thee by setting down to frivolous motives alone thy feminine visions of the social amenities of life, I know that thine heart, in its provident tenderness, was quite as much interested as ever thy vanities could be, in the hospitable thoughts on which thou wert intent. For, first and foremost, it was the wish of thy soul that thine Austin might, as little as possible, be reminded of the change in his fortunes,—might miss as little as possible those interruptions to his abstracted scholarly moods, at which, it is true, he used to fret and to pshaw and to cry *Papæ!* but which nevertheless always did him good, and freshened up the stream of his thoughts. And, next, it was the conviction of thine understanding that a little society, and boon companionship, and the proud pleasure of showing his ruins, and presiding at the hall of his forefathers, would take Roland out of those gloomy reveries into which he still fell at times. And, thirdly, for us young people, ought not Blanche to find

companions in children of her own sex and age? Already in those large black eyes there was something melancholy and brooding, as there is in the eyes of all children who live only with their elders; and for Pisistratus, with his altered prospects, and the one great gnawing memory at his heart—which he tried to conceal from himself, but which a mother (and a mother who had loved) saw at a glance—what could be better than such union and interchange with the world around us, small as that world might be, which woman, sweet

blender and blender of all social links, might artfully effect?—So that thou didst not go like the awful Florentine,

“Sopra lor vanita che par persona,

‘over thin shadows that mocked the substance of real forms,’ but rather it was the real forms that appeared as shadows or *causa*.

What a digression!—can I never tell my story in a plain straightforward way? Certainly I was born under the Cancer, and all my movements are circumlocutory, sideways, and crab-like.

CHAPTER LXIII.

“I think, Roland,” said my mother, “that the establishment is settled. Bolt, who is equal to three men at least; Primmins, cook and housekeeper; Molly a good stirring girl—and willing, (though I’ve had some difficulty in persuading her, poor thing, to submit not to be called Anna Maria!) Their wages are but a small item, my dear Roland.”

“Hem!” said Roland, “since we can’t do with fewer servants at less wages, I suppose we must call it small—”

“It is so,” said my mother with mild positiveness. “And, indeed, what with the game and fish, and the garden and poultry-yard, and your own mutton, our housekeeping will be next to nothing.”

“Hem!” again said the thrifty Roland, with a slight inflection of the beetle brows. “It may be next to nothing, ma’am—sister—just as a butcher’s shop may be next to Northumberland House, but there is a vast deal between nothing and that next neighbour you have given it.”

This speech was so like one of my father’s;—so naïve an imitation of that subtle reasoner’s use of the rhetorical figure called ANTANACLASIS, (or repetition of the same words in a different sense,) that I laughed and my mother smiled. But she smiled reverently, not thinking of the ANTANACLASIS, as, laying her hand on Roland’s arm, she replied in the yet more formidable figure of speech called EPIPHONEMA, (or exclamation,) “Yet, with all your economy, you would have had us—”

“Tut!” cried my uncle, parrying the EPIPHONEMA with a masterly APOSIOPESIS (or breaking off;) “tut! if you had done what I wished, I should have had more pleasure for my money!”

My poor mother’s rhetorical armoury supplied no weapon to meet that artful APOSIOPESIS, so she dropped the rhetoric altogether, and went on with that “unadorned eloquence” natural to her, as to other great financial reformers:—“Well, Roland, but I am a good housewife, I assure you, and—don’t scold; but that you never do.—I mean don’t look as if you would like to scold; the fact is, that, even after setting aside £100 a-year for our little parties—”

“Little parties!—a hundred a-year!” cried the Captain aghast.

My mother pursued her way remorselessly,—“Which we can well afford; and without counting your half-pay, which you must keep for pocket-money and your wardrobe and Blanche’s, I calculate that we can allow Pisistratus £150 a-year, which, with the scholarship he is to get, will keep him at Cambridge,” (at that, seeing the scholarship was as yet amidst the Pleasures of Hope, I shook my head doubtfully;) “and,” continued my mother, not heeding that sign of dissent, “we shall still have something to lay by.”

The Captain’s face assumed a ludicrous expression of compassion and horror; he evidently thought my mother’s misfortunes had turned her head.

His tormentor continued.

“For,” said my mother, with a

pretty calculating shake of her head, and a movement of the right forefinger towards the five fingers of the left hand, "three hundred and seventy pounds—the interest of Austin's fortune—and fifty pounds that we may reckon for the rent of our house, make £420 a-year. Add your £330 a-year from the farm, sheep-walk, and cottages that you let, and the total is £750. Now with all we get for nothing for our housekeeping, as I said before, we can do very well with five hundred a-year, and indeed make a handsome figure. So, after allowing Sixty £150, we still have £100 to lay by for *Blanche*."

"Stop, stop, stop!" cried the Captain, in great agitation; "who told you that I had £330 a-year?"

"Why, Bolt—don't be angry with him."

"Bolt is a blockhead. From £330 a-year take £200, and the remainder is all my income, besides my half-pay."

My mother opened her eyes, and so did I.

"To that £130 add, if you please, £130 of your own. All that you have over, my dear sister, is yours or Austin's, or your boy's; but not a shilling can go to give luxuries to a miserly, battered old soldier. Do you understand me?"

"No, Roland," said my mother, "I don't understand you at all. Does not your property bring in £330 a-year?"

"Yes, but it has a debt of £200 a-year on it," said the Captain, gloomily and reluctantly.

"Oh, Roland!" cried my mother tenderly, and approaching so near that, had my father been in the room, I am sure she would have been bold enough to kiss the stern Captain, though I never saw him look sterner and less kissable. "Oh, Roland!" cried my mother, concluding that famous *EPHONEMA* which my uncle's *APOSIOPREIS* had before nipped in the bud, "and yet you would have made us, who are twice as rich, rob you of this little all!"

"Ah!" said Roland, trying to smile, "but I should have had my own way then, and starved you shockingly. No talk then of 'little parties,' and such-like. But you must not now turn

the tables against me, nor bring your £420 a-year as a set-off to my £130."

"Why," said my mother generously, "you forget the money's worth that you contribute—all that your grounds supply, and all that we save by it. I am sure that that's worth a yearly £300 at the least."

"Madam—sister," said the Captain, "I'm sure you don't want to hurt my feelings. All I have to say is, that, if you add to what I bring an equal sum—to keep up the poor old ruin—it is the utmost that I can allow, and the rest is not more than *Piastratus* can spend."

So saying, the Captain rose, bowed, and before either of us could stop him, hobbled out of the room.

"Dear me, Sixty!" said my mother, wringing her hands, "I have certainly displeased him. How could I guess he had so large a debt on the property?"

"Did not he pay his son's debts? Is not that the reason that—"

"Ah," interrupted my mother, almost crying, "and it was that which ruffled him, and I not to guess it? What shall I do?"

"Set to work at a new calculation, dear mother, and let him have his own way."

"But then," said my mother, "your uncle will mope himself to death, and your father will have no relaxation, while you see that he has lost his former object in his books. And *Blanche*—and you too. If we were only to contribute what dear Roland does, I do not see how, with £260 a-year, we could ever bring our neighbours round us! I wonder what Austin would say! I have half a mind—no, I'll go and look over the week-books with *Primmins*."

My mother went her way sorrowfully, and I was left alone.

Then I looked on the stately old hall, grand in its forlorn decay. And the dreams I had begun to cherish at my heart swept over me, and hurried me along, far, far away into the golden land, whither *Hope* beckons Youth. To restore my father's fortunes—reweave the links of that broken ambition which had knit his genius with the world—rebuild these fallen walls—cultivate those barren moors—revive the ancient

name—glad the old soldier's age—and be to *both* the brothers what Roland had lost—a son! These were my dreams; and when I woke from them,

lo! they had left behind an intense purpose, a resolute object. Dream, O youth—dream manfully and nobly, and thy dreams shall be prophets!

CHAPTER LXIV.

LETTER FROM PISISTRATUS CAXTON, TO ALBERT TREVANION, ESQ., M.P.

(The confession of a youth who, in the Old World, finds himself one too many.)

“My dear Mr Trevanion,—I thank you cordially, and so we do all, for your reply to my letter, informing you of the villainous traps through which we have passed—not indeed with whole skins, but still whole in life and limb—which considering that the traps were three, and the teeth sharp, was more than we could reasonably expect. We have taken to the wastes, like wise foxes as we are, and I do not think a bait can be found that will again snare the fox paternal. As for the fox filial, it is different, and I am about to prove to you that he is burning to redeem the family disgrace. Ah! my dear Mr Trevanion, if you are busy with ‘blue books’ when this letter reaches you, stop here, and put it aside for some rare moment of leisure. I am about to open my heart to you, and ask you, who know the world so well, to aid me in an escape from those *flammanitia moenia*, wherewith I find that world begirt and enclosed. For look you, sir, you and my father were right when you both agreed that the mere book life was not meant for me. And yet what is not book life, to a young man who would make his way through the ordinary and conventional paths to fortune? All the professions are so book-lined, book-hemmed, book-choked, that wherever these strong hands of mine stretch towards action, they find themselves met by octavo ramparts, flanked with quarto crenellations. For first, this college life, opening to scholarships, and ending, perchance, as you political economists would desire, in Malthusian fellowships—premiums for celibacy—consider what manner of thing it is!

“Three years, book upon book,—a great Dead Sea before one, three years long, and all the apples that grow on the shore full of the ashes of pica and primer! Those three years ended,

the fellowship, it may be, won,—still books—books—if the whole world does not close at the college gates. Do I, from scholar, effloresce into literary man, author by profession?—books—books! Do I go into the law?—books—books. *Ars longa, vita brevis*, which, paraphrased, means that it is slow work before one fags one's way to a brief! Do I turn doctor? Why, what but books can kill time, until, at the age of forty, a lucky chance may permit me to kill something else? The church? (for which, indeed, I don't profess to be good enough,)—that is book life *par excellence*, whether, inglorious and poor, I wander through long lines of divines and fathers; or, ambitious of bishopricks, I amend the corruptions, not of the human heart, but of a Greek text, and through defiles of scholiasts and commentators win my way to the See. In short, barring the noble profession of arms—which you know, after all, is not precisely the road to fortune—can you tell me any means by which one may escape these eternal books, this mental clock-work, and corporeal lethargy. Where can this passion for life that runs riot through my veins find its vent? Where can these stalwart limbs, and this broad chest, grow of value and worth, in this hot-bed of cerebral inflammation and dyspeptic intellect? I know what is in me; I know I have the qualities that should go with stalwart limbs and broad chest. I have some plain common sense, some promptitude and keenness, some pleasure in hardy danger, some fortitude in bearing pain—qualities for which I bless Heaven, for they are qualities good and useful in private life. But in the forum of men, in the market of fortune, are they not *flocci, nauci, nihili*?

“In a word, dear sir and friend, in

this crowded Old World, there is not the same room that our bold forefathers found for men to walk about, and jostle their neighbours. No; they must sit down like boys at their form, and work out their tasks, with rounded shoulders and aching fingers. There has been a pastoral age, and a hunting age, and a fighting age. Now we have arrived at the age sedentary. Men who sit longest carry all before them: puny delicate fellows, with hands just strong enough to wield a pen, eyes so bleared by the midnight lamp that they see no joy in that buxom sun, (which draws me forth into the fields, as life draws the living,) and digestive organs worn and macerated by the relentless flagellation of the brain. Certainly, if this is to be the Reign of Mind, it is idle to repine, and kick against the pricks; but is it true that all these qualities of action that are within me are to go for nothing! If I were rich, and happy in mind and circumstance, well and good; I should shoot, hunt, farm, travel, enjoy life, and snap my fingers at ambition. If I were so poor and so humbly bred that I could turn gamekeeper or whipper-in, as pauper gentlemen virtually did of old, well and good too; I should exhaust this troublesome vitality of mine, by nightly battles with poachers, and leaps over double dykes and stone walls. If I were so depressed of spirit that I could live without remorse on my father's small means, and exclaim with Claudian, 'The earth gives me feasts that cost nothing,' well and good too; it were a life to suit a vegetable, or a very minor poet. But as it is!—here I open another leaf of my heart to you! To say that, being poor, I want to make a fortune, is to say that I am an Englishman. To attach ourselves to a thing positive, belongs to our practical race. Even in our dreams, if we build castles in the air, they are not *Castles of Indolence*,—indeed they have very little of the castle about them, and look much more like Hoare's Bank on the east side of Temple Bar! I desire, then, to make a fortune. But I differ from my countrymen, first, by desiring only what you rich men would call but a *small* fortune; secondly, in wishing that I may not

spend my whole life in that said fortune-making. Just see, now, how I am placed.

"Under ordinary circumstances, I must begin by taking from my father a large slice of an income that will ill spare paring. According to my calculation, my parents and my uncle want all they have got—and the subtraction of the yearly sum on which Pisistratus is to live, till he can live by his own labours, would be so much taken from the decent comforts of his kindred. If I return to Cambridge, with all economy, I must thus narrow still more the *res angusta domi*—and when Cambridge is over, and I am turned loose upon the world—failing, as is likely enough, of the support of a fellowship—how many years must I work, or rather, alas! not work, at the bar (which, after all, seems my best calling) before I can in my turn provide for those who, till then, rob themselves for me?—till I have arrived at middle life, and they are old and worn out—till the chink of the golden bowl sounds but hollow at the ebbing well! I would wish that, if I can make money, those I love best may enjoy it while enjoyment is yet left to them; that my father shall see *The History of Human Error*, complete, bound in russia on his shelves; that my mother shall have the innocent pleasures that content her, before age steals the light from her happy smile; that before Roland's hair is snow-white, (alas! the snows there thicken fast,) he shall lean on my arm, while we settle together where the ruin shall be repaired or where left to the owls; and where the dreary bleak waste around shall laugh with the gleam of corn:—for you know the nature of this Cumberland soil—you, who possess much of it, and have won so many fair acres from the wild;—you know that my uncle's land, now (save a single farm) scarce worth a shilling an acre, needs but capital to become an estate more lucrative than ever his ancestors owned. You know that, for you have applied your capital to the same kind of land, and, in doing so, what blessings—which you scarcely think of in your London library—you have effected!—what mouths you feed, what hands you employ! I have calculated that my uncle's moors, which now scarce

maintain two or three shepherds, could, manured by money, maintain two hundred families by their labour. All this is worth trying for! therefore Pisistratus wants to make money. Not so much! he does not require millions—a few spare thousand pounds would go a long way; and with a modest capital to begin with, Roland should become a true squire, a real landowner, not the mere lord of a desert. Now then, dear sir, advise me how I may, with such qualities as I possess, arrive at that capital—ay, and before it is too late—so that money-making may not last till my grave.

“Turning in despair from this civilised world of ours, I have cast my eyes to a world far older,—and yet more to a world in its giant childhood. India here,—Australia there!—what say you, sir—you who will see dispassionately those things that float before my eyes through a golden haze, looming large in the distance? Such is my confidence in your judgment that you have but to say, ‘Fool, give up thine *El Dorados* and stay at home,—stick to the books and the desk—annihilate that redundancy of animal life that is in thee—grow a mental machine. Thy physical gifts are of no avail to thee; take thy place among the slaves of the Lamp,” and I will obey without a murmur. But if I am right—if I have in me attributes that here find no market; if my repinings are but the instincts

of nature, that, out of this decrepid civilisation, desire vent for growth in the young stir of some more rude and vigorous social system—then give me, I pray, that advice which may clothe my idea in some practical and tangible embodiments. Have I made myself understood?

“Rarely do we see a newspaper here, but occasionally one finds its way from the parsonage; and I have lately rejoiced at a paragraph that spoke of your speedy entrance into the administration as a thing certain. I write to you before you are a minister; and you see what I seek is not in the way of official patronage: A niche in an office!—oh, to me that were worse than all. Yet I did labour hard with you, but—*that* was different! I write to you thus frankly, knowing your warm noble heart—and as if you were my father. Allow me to add my humble but earnest congratulations on Miss Trevanion’s approaching marriage with one worthy, if not of her, at least of her station. I do so as becomes one whom you have allowed to retain the right to pray for the happiness of you and yours.

“My dear Mr Trevanion, this is a long letter, and I dare not even read it over, lest if I do, I should not send it. Take it with all its faults, and judge of it with that kindness with which you have judged ever

Your grateful and devoted servant,

“PISISTRATUS CAXTON.”

LETTER FROM ALBERT TREVANION, ESQ., M.P. TO PISISTRATUS CAXTON.

Library of the House of Commons, Tuesday Night.

“My dear Pisistratus,—***** is up! we are in for it for two mortal hours. I take flight to the library, and devote those hours to you. Don’t be conceited, but that picture of yourself which you have placed before me has struck me with all the force of an original. The state of mind which you describe so vividly must be a very common one, in our era of civilisation, yet I have never before seen it made so prominent and life-like. You have been in my thoughts all day. Yes, how many young men must there be like you, in this Old World, able, intelligent, active, and persevering enough, yet not adapt-

ed for success in any of our conventional professions—‘mute, inglorious Raleighs.’ Your letter, young artist, is an illustration of the philosophy of colonising. I comprehend better, after reading it, the old Greek colonisation,—the sending out not only the paupers, the refuse of an over-populated state, but a large proportion of a better class—fellows full of pith and sap, and exuberant vitality, like yourself, blending in those wise *kleruckias* a certain portion of the aristocratic with the more democratic element; not turning a rabble loose upon a new soil, but planting in the foreign allotments all the rudiments of a harmonious

state, analogous to that in the mother country—not only getting rid of hungry craving mouths, but furnishing vent for a waste surplus of intelligence and courage, which at home is really not needed, and more often comes to ill than to good;—here only menaces our artificial embankments, but there, carried off in an aqueduct, might give life to a desert.

“For my part, in my ideal of colonisation, I should like that each exportation of human beings had, as of old, its leaders and chiefs—not so appointed from the mere quality of rank, often, indeed, taken from the humbler classes—but still men to whom a certain degree of education should give promptitude, quickness, *adaptability*—men in whom their followers can confide. The Greeks understood that. Nay, as the colony makes progress—as its principal town rises into the dignity of a capital—a *polis* that needs a polity—I sometimes think it might be wise to go still farther, and not only transplant to it a high standard of civilisation, but draw it more closely into connexion with the parent state, and render the passage of spare intellect, education, and *civility*, to and fro, more facile, by draughting off thither the spare scions of royalty itself. I know that many of my more ‘liberal’ friends would pooh-pooch this notion; but I am sure that the colony altogether, when arrived to a state that would bear the importation, would thrive all the better for it. And when the day shall come (as to all healthful colonies it must come sooner or later) in which the settlement has grown an independent state, we may thereby have laid the seeds of a constitution and a civilisation similar to our own—with self-developed forms of monarchy and aristocracy, though of a simpler growth than old societies accept, and not left a strange motley chaos of struggling democracy—an uncouth livid giant, at which the Frankenstein may well tremble—not because it is a giant, but because it is a giant half completed.*

Depend on it, the New World will be friendly or hostile to the Old, *not in proportion to the kinship of race, but in proportion to the similarity of manners and institutions*—a mighty truth, to which we colonisers have been blind.

“Passing from these more distant speculations to this positive present before us, you see already, from what I have said, that I sympathise with your aspirations—that I construe them as you would have me;—looking to your nature and to your objects, I give you my advice in a word—EMIGRATE!

“My advice is, however, founded on one hypothesis—viz., that you are perfectly sincere—you will be contented with a rough life, and with a moderate fortune at the end of your probation. Don’t dream of emigrating if you want to make a million, or the tenth part of a million. Don’t dream of emigrating, unless you can *enjoy* its hardships,—to *bear* them is not enough!

“Australia is the land for you, as you seem to surmise. Australia is the land for two classes of emigrants: 1st, The man who has nothing but his wits, and plenty of them; 2dly, The man who has a small capital, and who is contented to spend ten years in trebling it. I assume that you belong to the latter class. Take out £3000, and before you are thirty years old, you may return with £10,000 or £12,000. If that satisfies you, think seriously of Australia. By coach, tomorrow, I will send you down all the best books and reports on the subject; and I will get you what detailed information I can from the Colonial Office. Having read these, and thought over them dispassionately, spend some months yet among the sheep-walks of Cumberland; learn all you can, from all the shepherds you can find—from Thyrsis to Menalcas. Do more; fit yourself in every way for a life in the Bush, where the philosophy of the division of labour is not yet arrived at. Learn to

* These pages were sent to press before the author had seen Mr Wakefield’s recent work on Colonisation, wherein the views here expressed are enforced with great earnestness and conspicuous sagacity. The author is not the less pleased at this coincidence of opinion, because he has the misfortune to dissent from certain other parts of Mr Wakefield’s elaborate theory.

turn your hand to everything. Be something of a smith, something of a carpenter—do the best you can with the fewest tools; make yourself an excellent shot; break in all the wild horses and ponies you can borrow and beg. Even if you want to do none of these things when in your settlement, the having learned to do them will fit you for many other things not now foreseen. *De-fine-gentlemanise* yourself from the crown of your head to the sole of your foot, and become the greater aristocrat for so doing; for he is more than an aristocrat, he is a king, who suffices in all things for himself—who is his own master, because he wants no *valetaille*. I think Seneca has expressed that thought before me; and I would quote the passage, but the book, I fear, is not in the library of the House of Commons. But now—(cheers, by Jove. I suppose ***** is down! Ah! it is so; and C— is up, and that cheer followed a sharp hit at me. How I wish I were your age, and going to Australia with you!) But now—to resume my suspended period—but now to the important point—capital. You must take that, unless you go as a shepherd, and then goodbye to the idea of £10,000 in ten years. So, you see, it appears at the first blush that you must still come to your father; but, you will say, with this difference, that you borrow the capital, with every chance of repaying it, instead of frittering away the income year after year till you are eight-and-thirty or forty at least. Still, Pistratus, you don't, in this, gain your object at a leap; and my dear old friend ought not to lose his son and his money too. You say you write to me as to your own father. You know I hate professions; and if you did not mean what you say, you have offended me mortally. As a father, then, I take a father's rights, and speak plainly. A friend of mine, Mr Bolding, a clergyman, has a son—a wild fellow, who is likely to get into all sorts of scrapes in England, but with plenty of good in him, notwithstanding—frank, bold—not wanting in talent, but rather in prudence—easily tempted and led away into extravagance. He would make a capi-

tal colonist, (no such temptations in the Bush,) if tied to a youth like you. Now I propose, with your leave, that his father shall advance him £1500—which shall not, however, be placed in his hands, but in yours, as head partner in the firm. You, on your side, shall advance the same sum of £1500, which you shall borrow from me, for three years without interest. At the end of that time interest shall commence, and the capital, with the interest on the said first three years, shall be repaid to me, or my executors, on your return. After you have been a year or two in the Bush, and felt your way, and learned your business, you may then safely borrow £1500 more from your father; and, in the meanwhile, you and your partner will have had together the full sum of £3000 to commence with. You see in this proposal I make you no gift, and I run no risk, even by your death. If you die, insolvent, I will promise to come on your father, poor fellow!—for small joy and small care will he have then in what may be left of his fortune. There—I have said all; and I will never forgive you if you reject an aid that will serve you so much, and cost me so little.

“I accept your congratulations on Fanny's engagement with Lord Castleton. When you return from Australia you will still be a young man, she (though about your own years) almost a middle-aged woman, with her head full of pomps and vanities. All girls have a short period of girlhood in common; but when they enter womanhood, the woman becomes the woman of her class. As for me, and the office assigned to me by report, you know what I said when we parted, and—but here J— comes, and tells me that ‘I am expected to speak, and answer N—, who is just up, brimful of malice,’—the House crowded, and hungering for personalities. So I, the man of the Old World, gird up my loins, and leave you with a sigh, to the fresh youth of the New—

‘Ne tibi sit duros acuisse in prelia dentes.’

“Yours affectionately,
“ALBERT TREVANION.”

CHAPTER LXV.

So, reader, thou art now at the secret of my heart.

Wonder not that I, a bookman's son, and, at certain periods of my life, a bookman myself, though of lowly grade in that venerable class,—wonder not that I should thus, in that transition stage between youth and manhood, have turned impatiently from books.—Most students, at one time or other in their existence, have felt the imperious demand of that restless principle in man's nature, which calls upon each son of Adam to contribute his share to the vast treasury of human deeds. And though great scholars are not necessarily, nor usually, men of action,—yet the men of action whom History presents to our survey, have rarely been without a certain degree of scholarly nurture. For the ideas which books quicken, books cannot always satisfy. And though the royal pupil of Aristotle slept with Homer under his pillow, it was not that he might dream of composing epics, but of conquering new Ilions in the East. Many a man, how little soever resembling Alexander, may still have the conqueror's aim in an object that action only can achieve, and the book under his pillow may be the strongest antidote to his repose. And how the stern Destinies that shall govern the man weave their first delicate tissues amidst the earliest associations of the child!—Those idle tales with which the old credulous nurse had beguiled my infancy—tales of wonder, knight-errantry, and adventure, had left behind them seeds long latent—seeds that might never have sprung up above the soil—but that my boyhood was so early put under the burning-glass, and in the quick forcing-house, of the London world. There, even amidst books and study,—lively observation, and petulant ambition, broke forth from the lush foliage of romance—that fruitless leafiness of poetic youth! And there passion, which is a revolution in all the elements of individual man, had called a new state of

being, turbulent and eager, out of the old habits and conventional forms it had buried,—ashes that speak where the fire has been. Far from me, as from any mind of some manliness, be the attempt to create interest by dwelling at length on the struggles against a rash and misplaced attachment, which it was my duty to overcome; but all such love, as I have before implied, is a terrible unsettler:—

“Where once fairies dance, no grass doth ever grow.”

To re-enter boyhood, go with meek docility through its disciplined routine,—how hard had I found that return, amidst the cloistered monotony of college! My love for my father, and my submission to his wish, had indeed given some animation to objects otherwise distasteful; but, now that my return to the University must be attended with positive privation to those at home, the idea became utterly hateful and repugnant. Under pretence that I found myself, on trial, not yet sufficiently prepared to do credit to my father's name, I had easily obtained leave to lose the ensuing college term, and pursue my studies at home. This gave me time to prepare my plans, and bring round—how shall I ever bring round to my adventurous views those whom I propose to desert? Hard it is to get on in the world—very hard! But the most painful step in the way is that which starts from the threshold of a beloved home.

How—ah, how, indeed! “No, Blanche, you cannot join me to-day; I am going out for many hours. So it will be late before I can be home.”

Home!—the word chokes me! Juba slinks back to his young mistress, disconsolate; Blanche gazes at me ruefully from our favourite hill-top, and the flowers she has been gathering fall unheeded from her basket. I hear my mother's voice singing low, as she sits at work by her open casement. How—ah, how, indeed!

ANCIENT PRACTICE OF PAINTING.

We are beginning to find out that the "dark ages" were not so utterly dark as they have been represented. We ascertain that there was not that universal blight upon the human mind which it has been the practice of historians to contrast with the flourishing condition of their own times. Nay, if we are now to take that measure which those historians adopted, we should estimate their own era with as disparaging a comparison with the present. But the inventions of our own days—the great advance of arts and sciences—so far from having a tendency to depreciate, throw a light upon, and acknowledge the value of, those of the middle ages. The appreciation is becoming general. We are old enough to remember the time when it was thought of little moment to block up with low unseemly edifices, or mutilate for any purpose, those amazing works of mediæval genius, our Gothic religious structures. We need but refer to the dates on the mural deformities in most of our old churches and cathedrals. Who, that will turn his eye in disgust from such monstrosities of taste, to the decorations they have misplaced and mutilated, and to the general aspect, of an indestructible character, of our minsters, will not rather ask, which were the dark ages—those of the builders and founders, or those of the obliterators and defilers? It is astonishing that such wondrous magnificence should ever have been viewed with indifference, and still more astonishing that disfigurement and desecration should have been suffered; yet men thought themselves wise in those days, and learned, and ingenious. And so they were; but in respect of arts they were dark enough—and the spirit of Puritanism was indeed a blight infecting that darkness; and the effects of that blight have not yet passed away. It may appear strange that, after a long period of worse than neglect, we not only appreciate, but such is our admiration of those works of past genius, that we

imitate them, and study them for a discovery of the canons of the art which we think we cannot with impunity set aside. We here speak of those large and conspicuous monuments of the mind of the middle ages, but the increasing admiration leads to discoveries of yet more hidden treasures. The genius that designed the structures was as busily and as devotionally employed in every kind of decoration; and with a surprising unity of feeling; and as if with one sole object, to carry out the new Christian principle—to make significant a "beauty of holiness" in all outward things, that men might look to with an awe and reverence—and learn. The sanctity of that one religious art—architecture—demanded that nothing without or within should be left "common" or "unclean," but that in the whole and minutest parts this precept should be legible and manifest—"Do all to the glory of God." All art was significant of the religion for which all art, all science was pursued. The workers of those days laboured with a loving and pious toil, and lifted up their works to an unseen and all-seeing eye, and not to the applause of men; for who was there to value, or to understand, even when in some degree they felt the influence of the skill which designed and executed such infinite variety of parts, to the manifestation of one great purpose?

We must no longer speak of the middle ages as a period of universal intellectual darkness. If it were so, it would be a miracle, contrary to the intention of miracle; and the thought has in it a kind of blasphemy, which would weaken the sustaining arm of Providence, and imply an unholy rest. We do not believe in the possibility of the human race universally retrograding. We trust that there is always something doing for the future as well as for the present; something for progression, neither acceptable nor perceived by the present generation—from whose sight it is, as

Original Treatises on the Arts of Painting. Preceded by a General Introduction, with Translations, Prefaces, and Notes. By MRS MERRIFIELD. 2 vols.

it were, hidden—buried as seed in the earth, to spring up in its proper abundance, and in its due time. We want a history of the human mind, sifted from the large doings—from events which fascinate us to read of, born as we are to be active, taking interest in things of a bold violence, that have really benefited the world but little, at least in the sense in which we have accepted them. The rise of one nation, the subjugation of another; dynasties, the dominion of the sword—these are the themes of histories. But in reality all these historical actions, viewed for their own purpose, are of little value; while out of all the turbulence an unintended good has been the result. There has been throughout some quiet and unobserved work going on, whose influence, felt more and more by degrees, has at length become predominant, showing that the stirring events and characters which had figured the scenes and amused spectators, were but the underplots and subordinate *persons* of a greater and more serious drama. Since the overthrow of heathenism, the world's drama, still going on, is the development of Christianity; and doubtless even now, however sometimes with a seeming contrary action, every invention, every extension of knowledge—all arts, all sciences, are working to that end. It is strange, but true, that our very wars have furthered civilisation. The Crusades, worthless and fruitless as regards their ostensible object, have ameliorated the condition and softened the manners of our own and other nations.

In the fall of heathenism, fell the arts of heathenism; not, indeed, to be entirely obliterated—not for ever, but for a time. Their continuance would have been one of imitation: such imitation would have little suited the new condition of mankind; they were therefore removed, and hidden for awhile, that the new principle should develop itself unshackled. The arts had to arise from, and to be rebuilt upon, this new principle: all in them that would have interfered with this great purpose was allowed to be set aside, to be resumed only in after times, when that new principle should be safely and permanently established. It was only by degrees that the old

buried art showed itself, and that the new was permitted to resume some of the old perfection. It may be that even yet the two streams, from such dissimilar sources, have not, in their fulness and plenitude, united: the characteristic beauty which they bear is of body and of soul; but they bear them separately, severally. What will the meeting of the waters be? and may we yet hope to see it? If it was required that there should be a kind of submerged world of heathenism, the germs of the true and beautiful would not necessarily perish. The church was, in fact, the ark of safety, to which all that intellect had effected, all arts, all sciences, all learning, fled for refuge. And as was the ark among the dark waters, so was the church and the treasures it bore providentially preserved amid the storms without that darkened and howled around it. What heathenism was to the middle ages, in respect of the hidden treasures, the middle ages are or have been to us. Their arts, their sciences, in their real beauty, have been hidden; they have had, indeed, invisible but effective virtues—the darkness, the blindness, has been ours. We have been doing the work of our age, and are now discovering the good that was in theirs, and how much we are indebted to them for our own advancement. Let us imagine for a moment all that was then done obliterated, never to have been done, we should now have to do the work of the so-called "dark ages." It would be impossible to start up what we are without them. As we reflect, their works present themselves to us in every direction. Look where we will, we shall see that the church has been the school of mankind, in which all knowledge was preserved, and from which new sources of knowledge have arisen. She was the salt of the earth, to rescue it from rankness. The germ of life was in her in the winter of the times. When the wars of the Roses would have made our England a howling wilderness, there were places and persons unprofaned and respected by the murderer, the ravisher, the spoiler. When the nobles, the great barons throughout Europe, were little better than plunderers, and robbers even on the highway—Robin Hood,

without that outlaw's fabulous virtue and honest humanity—what was then doing within the walls of convents and monasteries? What were then the monks about? Embodying laws of peace, and, with a faith in the future improvement of mankind, cultivating sciences; planning and building up in idea new society, foreseeing its wants, and for its sake pursuing the useful arts; inventing, contriving, constructing, and decorating all, and preparing even the outward face of the world, by their wondrous structures, their practical application of their knowledge, more worthily to receive a people whom it was their hope, their faith, to bring out of a state of turbulence into peace. So far as the church was concerned in governments, it is astonishing how, when the body of the state was mutilated and dislocated, she kept the heart sound; so that where it might seem tyranny would have overwhelmed all, she made, and she preserved those wholesome laws to which we now owe our liberty and every social advancement. But it is in the light of the arts and sciences our present purpose directs us to view their doings. Let us take one fact—walk the streets of even our inferior provincial towns, see not only the comforts which, in their dwellings, surround the inhabitants, but the magnificence of the shops with their glass fronts. Whence are they? The first skill, the first invention, arose from the study of ecclesiastics, and was practised by cloistered monks. Monastic institutions grew out of the church; we speak of them as one. It would not be very difficult, in fact, to trace every useful invention, in its first principle, to the same source. But with a great portion of mankind it would not be pleasing so to trace their means of enjoyment. They have been habituated to think, or at least to feel, otherwise. History has been too often written by men either averse to religion itself, or inimical to churchmen. History, such as it has been put into the hands of children, for the rudiments of their education, has taught them to hiss falsehoods against the church, the priesthood. The "rapacity" of churchmen is an early lesson. Nor can we wonder if men so educated grow up with a pre-

judice, and, when they begin to scramble themselves for what they can get in the world's active concerns, and know something of their own natures, are little inclined to cast the film from their eyes, and more fairly to unravel the mysteries of historical events. Were they in candour to make the attempt, they would see rapacity elsewhere; and that, in times more irreverent than the middle ages, the churchmen have not been the plunderers, but the plundered. The church has been the nurse of art, of knowledge, of science. Let those who are accustomed to see light but a little way beyond them, and to think all a blank darkness out of the illumination of their own day, consider how they have often seen, in many a dark and stormy night, little lights shining through a great distance, and hailed them as notices of a warm and living virtue of domestic and industrial peace; and then let them see, if they will have it that the middle ages were so dark, the similitude; when the light in many a monastic cell shone brightly upon the depth of that night, and dotted the general gloom with as living a light; when monks, when churchmen, were making plans for the minsters that we now gaze at with so much astonishment—were transcribing, were illuminating works of sacred use, were registering their discoveries in art, their "secreti"—and at the same time, were not unobservant of the highest office to watch and keep alive in their own and others' hearts the sacred fire, which still we trust burns, and will burn more and more, sending forth its light into surrounding darkness. We would speak of a general character, as we from our hearts believe it to be the true one—not asserting that there were no instances, as examples from which hostile writers might draw plausible inferences to justify their prejudice. The fairest spots are overshadowed by the passing clouds of a general storm, though there may yet be lights of safety in many a dwelling. The history of the arts is the history of civilisation, and these arts were preserved or originated in monastic institutions. If the monks were legislators, were physicians, were architects, painters, sculptors, it was because all

the learning of the age was centered in them. "Neither Frederic Barbarossa, John king of Bavaria, nor Philip the Hardy of France, could read; nor could Theodoric or Charlemagne write. Of the barons whose names are affixed to Magna Charta, very few could write."

We suspect that Mrs Merrifield has fallen into a common error, propagated by historians such as Robertson, with regard to this ignorance of letters. It was not only "usual for persons who could not write to make the sign of the cross, in confirmation of a charter," but for those who could. If a little more had been accurately ascertained of the feelings and manners of the periods in question, it would have been seen that the signature of the cross, instead of the name, was more according to the dignity of the signing person and the sanctity of the act—in fact, a better security for the full performance of the contract. We are not quite sure that "pro ignorantia literarum" implies so much as an inability to write a name; for, writing being then not the kind of clerkship which it now is, but in documents of moment, especially an artistic affair, it may not be very wonderful if "persons of the highest rank" were unable to compete with the practised hands, and were unwilling to show, and to the deterioration of the outward beauty of the documents, their inferiority in calligraphy. But, after all, the "innumerable proofs," between the eight and twelfth centuries, amount only to four.

That of Tassilo duke of Bavaria, by its wording, may express the ornamental character, "Quod manu propria, ut potui, characteres chirographe inchoando depinxi coram iudicibus atque optimatibus meis." If, however, this Duke of Bavaria was so poor a scribe, he was at least the founder of a convent that made full amends for his deficiency—one of whose nuns, Diemudis, was the most indefatigable transcriber of any age. An amazing list of her calligraphic handicraft is extant, almost incredible, if we did not know the patient zeal of those days of fervent piety. Those who are desirous to obtain better information than is commonly received on the subject of the learning, as well as the piety of the middle ages, will be amply repaid by consulting Mr Mait-

land's "Dark Ages," in which the historians are refuted to their shame, and the charge of ignorance is most fairly retorted. In his very interesting volume, this list of Diemudis may be seen. The works copied are indeed religious works, which some of our historians may have looked upon with a prejudice, and as proofs of the darkness of the times. Mr Maitland's book will undeceive any who are of that opinion, containing, as it does, so many proofs, in original letters and discourses, of erudition, perfect acquaintance with the sacred Scriptures, of eloquence and intellectual acuteness. Whatever books these "ignorant" monks and ecclesiastics possessed, there is one invention of a time included by most censurers of the "dark ages" in that invidious term, the absence of which would have deprived this "enlightened" age of half the books it possesses, of half the knowledge of the "reading public," and of we know not how many other inventions to which it may have been the unacknowledged parent: we are grateful enough to acknowledge that, without it, we should not be now writing these remarks, and should certainly lose many readers—the invention of spectacles. There are notices of them in A. D. 1299. It is said on a monument in the church of Sta. Maria Maggiore, at Florence, that Salvino degli Armati, who died in 1317, invented them. "Indeed, P. Marahese attributes the invention of spectacles to Padre Alesandro," (a Dominican and miniature painter;) "but the memorial of him in the Chronicle of St Katherine, at Pisa, proves that he had seen spectacles made before he made them himself; and that, with a cheerful and willing heart, he communicated all he knew."

"The proof," says Mrs Merrifield, "that Europe is indebted to religious communities for the preservation of the arts during the dark ages, rests on the fact that the most ancient examples of Christian art consist of the remains of mural pictures in churches, of illuminations in sacred books, and of vessels for the use of the church and the altar, and on the absence of all similar decorations on buildings and utensils devoted to secular uses during the same period—to which may be added, that many of the early

treatises on painting were the work of ecclesiastics, as well as the paintings themselves. A similar remark may be made with regard to architecture, many of the earliest professors of which were monks." We believe Mrs Merrifield here is short of the fact; and that, where the monks were not the builders, they were in almost all instances the designers. Their architecture, indeed, and all that pertained to it, was a Christian book to teach; their designs contained Christian lessons, which the knowledge of ecclesiastics could alone supply. "Painting was essentially a religious occupation; the early professors of the art believed that they had an especial mission to make known the works and miracles of God to the common people who were unacquainted with letters:—'Agli uomini grossi che non sanno lettere.' Actuated by this sentiment, it is not surprising that so many of the Italian painters should have been members of monastic establishments. It has been observed that the different religious orders selected some particular branch of the art, which they practised with great success in the convents of their respective orders. Thus the Gesuati and Umiliati attached themselves to painting on glass and architecture, the Olivetani to tarsia work, the Benedictines and Camaldolites to painting generally; and the monks of Monte Casino to miniature painting; while the Dominicans appear to have practised all the various branches of the fine arts, (with the exception of mosaic,) and to have produced artists who excelled in each." Their devotion to the arts was, indeed, a religious devotion; their treatises commence with most earnest prayers, and solemn dedication of themselves and their works to the Holy Trinity; and not unfrequently with a long exordium, introducing the creation and fall of man, as we see in the prefaces of Theophilus and Cennino Cennini.

Whilst the eleventh, twelfth, and thirteenth centuries saw the erection of magnificent cathedrals, (our own York, Salisbury, and Westminster were built in the thirteenth,) the manners of the people were yet rude: one plate served for man and wife; there were no wooden-handled knives; a house did not contain more than

two drinking-cups. There were neither wax nor tallow candles; clothes were of leather, unlined. Had the middle and lower classes, in our day, no better dwellings than were the houses belonging to those conditions so late as the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries, we dare not to conjecture how much worse would be their moral condition. "In the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries, the houses of the English, of the middle and lower classes, consisted in general of a ground-floor only, divided into two apartments—namely a hall, into which the principal door opened, and which was their room for cooking, eating, and receiving visitors; and a chamber adjoining the hall, and opening out of it, which was the private apartment of the females of the family, and the bed-room at night. The greater part of the houses in London were built after this plan." The more wealthy classes were not very much better lodged; the principal difference being an upper floor, the access to which was by a flight of steps outside. As arts advanced, manners refined: the Crusades had their domestic as well as warlike effects; they induced a taste for dress, and general luxury; and the Saracens were ready examples for imitation. It was then, and when commercial enterprise enriched a few cities, the arts of the monks began to be appreciated; but they did not readily assume a secular character—painting and other decorations were in design either religious, or historical with a religious reference or moral. It is curious that clocks were not found in convents after they had been among the articles of domestic furniture in castles and palaces. Perhaps, this may be an instance of a devotional spirit of the monks, who may have thought it an impiety to relax the discipline of reckoning time by the repetition of Ave Marias, Pater-nosters and Misereres. They were, however, generally adopted about the latter half of the fifteenth century.

To those who are at all advanced in life, and who must themselves remember a very different state of society from the present, and the introduction of our present luxuries and comforts into houses, and alteration of habits and manners, it must seem but

a step backwards into comparative barbarism. A very few centuries take us back to paper windows; and even they were removable as furniture, not attached to the house. We have ourselves heard an old person say, that he remembered the time when there were only two carriages kept in a city, the second in importance in England—who now in that city would task himself to count the number? Nor was our own country singular in the deficiencies of the luxuries of life. The changes were general and simultaneous; and this is extraordinary, that the revival of arts and literature was not confined to one country or one place, but arose as it were from one general impulse, and simultaneously, among people under varieties of climate, circumstances, and manners.

It is time we should say something of the book which has led us to make this somewhat long introduction. It consists of two volumes, containing original treatises, dating from the twelfth to the eighteenth centuries, on the arts of painting in oil, miniature, mosaic, and on glass; of gilding, dyeing, the preparation of colours and of artificial gems, by Mrs Merrifield, whose valuable translation of Cennino Cennini has been reviewed in the pages of *Maga*. Mrs Merrifield is likewise the authoress of an excellent little volume on fresco painting, very opportunely published. The present work is the result of a commission from the Government to proceed to Italy, to collect MSS., and every possible information respecting the processes and methods of oil-painting adopted by the Italians. As the Original Treatises discovered, and now published, contain much other matter besides that which relates to painting in oil, the work is more comprehensive than the first purpose of the commission would have made it. The introduction, which occupies nearly two-thirds of the first volume, is a very able performance; in it is a comprehensive view of the history of the fine arts. The conclusions drawn from the documents, the result in detail of her search and labours, are so clearly laid before the reader, with ample proofs of each particular fact and inference, as greatly to facilitate the reader in his inquiry into the

documents themselves. He will find that Mrs Merrifield, by her arrangement of the parts, and bringing them to bear upon her purpose, has saved him that trouble which the nature of the work would otherwise have necessitated. Besides that her introduction contains a separate and complete treatise on each branch of art, the preliminary observations, heading each document, render its contents most tangible. At the end of the second volume is an index, which in a work of this kind it is most desirable to possess—the want of which in Mr Eastlake's excellent *Materials for a History of Oil-painting* we have often had occasion to regret; and we do hope that, in his forthcoming work on the Italian practice, he will make amends for this defect by an index which will embrace the contents of the "Materials." We have ourselves spent much time, that might have been saved by an index, in turning over the pages for passages to which we wished to refer, for that work is one strictly of reference, although interesting in the first reading.

The documents consist of the following MSS.—the manuscripts of Jehan Le Begue, of St Audemar, of Erachus, of Alcherius, in the first volume. In the second—the Bolognese, Marciana, Paduan, Volpato, and Brussels manuscripts; extracts from an original manuscript by Sig. Gio. O'Kelly Edwards; extracts from a dissertation read by Sig. Pietro Edwards, in the academy of fine arts at Venice, on the propriety of restoring the public pictures.

As these several MSS. open to us new sources of information, most important in establishing certain facts, from whence the art of painting among us may enter upon great and important changes, it may not be altogether unprofitable to give some short account of them in their order.

The manuscript of Jehan Le Begue, "a licentiate in the law, and notary of the masters of the mint in Paris," was composed by him in the year 1431, in his sixty-third year. It is, however, professedly a compilation from works of Jehan Alcherius, or Alcerius, of whom little is known, nor is it certain that he was a painter. His work probably preceded Le

Begue's about twenty years. Alcherius himself was a collector of recipes, from various sources, during thirty years, and twenty years afterwards his MSS. came into the hands of Le Begue.

The manuscript of Petrus de St Audemar, according to Mr Eastlake, may be of the end of the thirteenth or beginning of the fourteenth century. He is supposed to have been a native of France, (Pierre de St Omer.) Some of the recipes are found in the "Clavicula," attributed to the twelfth century; but this is no argument against the date, for it was at all times the practice to make selections from former "secreti."

The manuscripts of Eraclius consist of three books—the first two metrical, the third in prose. Nothing is known of the author. "Two ancient copies only of the MS. of Eraclius have been hitherto discovered, and it is somewhat singular that both are bound up with the MSS. of Theophilus." It is not easy to fix a date to Eraclius. Mrs Merrifield thinks "that the metrical parts only constituted the Treatise 'de coloribus et artibus Romanorum' of Eraclius, and that this part is more ancient than a great part of the third book."

Manuscripts of Alcherius.—These are of two dates, 1398, and again corrected 1411, after his return from Bologna, "according to further information, which he subsequently received by means of several authentic books treating of such subjects, and otherwise." These are the Le Begue manuscripts.

"The Bolognese manuscript is of the fifteenth century. It is a small volume in duodecimo on cotton paper, and is preserved in the library of the R. R. Canonici Regolari, in the convent of St Salvatore in Bologna." There is no name of the author—it is written sometimes "in Italianised Latin, and sometimes Italian, with a mixture of Latin words, as was usual at that period." It has no precise date. It is an interesting notice of all the decorative arts practised in Bologna at that period, and contains a systematically arranged collection of recipes.

The Marciana manuscript is of the sixteenth century, in the library of St

Marco at Venice. The recipes are in the Tuscan dialect, and some are but little known. They appear to have been compiled for the use of a convent, by some monk or lay brother, who, in his capacity of physician to the infirmary, prepared both medicaments, varnishes, and pigments. Names of artists are mentioned which show that the author lived at the beginning or middle of the sixteenth century.

The Paduan manuscript, Mrs Merrifield asserts to be Venetian. It is in quarto, on paper, without date; but the handwriting is of the seventeenth century. It shows a manifest deviation from the practice established in the Marciana MS.—the introduction of spirit of turpentine as a diluent, and mastic varnish, instead of the hard varnishes of amber and sandarac. In it we find that "oil-paintings had begun to suffer from the effects of age; and that they required, or it was believed that they required, to be washed with some corrosive liquid, and to be revarnished. Directions, or rather recipes, for both these processes are given." Some of the recipes are in Latin, supposed "secreti," and therefore given in that language.

The Volpato manuscript.—The author, a painter, Giovanni Baptista Volpato, of Bassano, was born 1633—a pupil of Novelli, who had been a pupil of Tintoretto. A work from a MS. of Volpato was announced for publication at Vicenza in 1685, but it is believed that it has not been published. The MS. now first brought to light by Mrs Merrifield was lent to her, with permission to copy, by Sig. Basseggio, librarian and president of the Athenæum of Bassano. There is good reason to believe that it was written during the latter end of seventeenth, or beginning of eighteenth century.

The Brussels manuscript.—This now published is a portion of a MS. preserved in a public library of Brussels, written by Pierre Le Brun, contemporary with the Caracci and Rubens; its date is 1635.

Sig. Edwards's manuscript is written by the son of Sig. Pietro Edwards, who was employed by the Venetian and Austrian governments in the restoration of the pictures in Venice. He died in 1821. His son, Sig.

O'Kelly Edwards, wrote an account of the method of restoration, with interesting matters respecting the public pictures generally. Mrs Merrifield has taken extracts, the work not being permitted to be published without the permission of the Academy of Venice, which was refused.

There follow also extracts from a dissertation read by Sig. Pietro Edwards to the Academy of Fine Arts at Venice, on the propriety of restoring the public pictures.

Besides these documentary papers, Mrs Merrifield extended her inquiries among the best modern painters, copiers, and restorers, and has recorded their opinions: we cannot call them more than opinions, for there is no certain conclusion, on any one point of inquiry, to be drawn from her conferences with these persons. They give, indeed, their information, such as it is, clearly and decidedly enough, but they are at disagreement with each other. It is creditable to foreign artists to add, that only in one instance was any reluctance shown to be communicative.

It will have been observed that these documents go back far enough in time, and down to a sufficiently late date; it should be presumed, therefore, that in them will be found every particular of practice from the change of method, from the tempera to painting in oil—such as it was after “the discovery” of Van Eyck. But if we are to conclude that the discovery of Van Eyck is actually contained in these documentary “secreti,” it must be admitted to have been rather a discovery of application than of material.

There is no positive distinct statement to the effect that this and this did Van Eyck, or where is the identical recipe which he introduced into Italy. This is perhaps no proof, nor cause of reasonable conjecture, that the materials of his method are not set forth in some of these MS.,—on the contrary, it may have been the cause of their not being set down as Van Eyck's, upon the assumption that a new practice and application only was introduced. Indeed it will be scarcely thought, now that so much has been brought to light, that any vehicle for pigments has been kept back by the several writers of the MSS. If it then be

asked what is the conclusion to be drawn—what the really valuable result of these commissions, and the indefatigable research of such able persons as Mr Eastlake, Mr Hendrie, and Mrs Merrifield—it may be answered that they all conclude in one and the same view—that the practice of the best masters of the best time consisted in the use of olio-resinous varnishes. We should have said an olio-resinous varnish, and that amber—were it not for the proof that sandarac and amber were chiefly the *two* substances—that they were frequently synonymous the one for the other, and that they were not unfrequently both used together. Nor can it be denied that there were occasionally other additions. Mr Eastlake places great confidence in the *olio d'abruzzo*, which, not without a fair show of evidence, he concludes (and we think in this Mrs Merrifield agrees with him) to have been the varnish used by Correggio, according to Armenini. But we are nowhere as yet assured that it was used by Correggio as a vehicle.

If we remember rightly, there is a passage in Mr Eastlake's book which has a tendency to alarm our modern painters, and perhaps make some abstain from the use of the old olio-resinous medium. He speaks somewhere of its liability to crack, to come away in pieces, but after a long lapse of time. We could have wished he had been more explicit on this point: it would have been well to have shown the difference, if there be any, as we feel somewhat confident there must be, between the effect of olio-resinous varnishes used over the surface of a picture, and as mixed with the colours in the painting. If we are not mistaken, he refers to some of the old tempera paintings before Van Eyck's time, covered with the varnish, and particularly to those of the old Byzantine school. We do not ourselves remember to have ever seen on old pictures such changes, though we have seen them to a lamentable and obliterative degree on pictures painted within the last fifty years in oil and mastic varnish. We throw out these observations because it may attract the notice of Mr Eastlake, before his long-expected volume on the Italian practice comes

from the press. It may be doubtful if Van Eyck had himself, at first, that entire confidence in his materials which time has shown they deserved—for parts of his most elaborate and famous picture were put in in distemper and varnished over—yet we are led to believe that the peculiar effect of his medium was the preservation of colours in their original purity. It should be mentioned, also, that one improvement supposed to have been introduced by Van Eyck, or rather the Van Eycks, was the dryer—the substitution of white copperas for lead: and this appears to have been adopted from chemical knowledge, it having been shown that, whereas oils take up the lead, no portion of the copperas becomes incorporated with the oils, that substance only facilitating the absorption of oxygen.

Although these MS. treatises do not go farther back than the twelfth century, assuming that to be the date of the one by Eraclius, yet there is reason to suppose that the earliest treatises are compilations of the recipes, the *secreti*, of still earlier ages. They become thus more interesting as links which, though broken here and there, indicate the character of the chain in the history of arts, which may be still left to complete without any material deviation from the original pattern. That character was undoubtedly religious, but it is not true that every other show of art was held in contempt, as some maintain. The goldsmith, the jeweller, the workers in glass and all kinds of metal, whose recipes may be found in these volumes of Mrs Merrifield, showed as much skill, (and a far better taste in design) somewhat out of the line of religious ornament, as any of the last two centuries. Even in the ninth century, among the gifts of the King of Mercia to a monastery, we find a golden curtain, on which is wrought the taking of Troy, and a gilded cup which is chased over all the outside with savage vine-dressers, fighting with serpents. We can imagine it a work of which a Benvenuto Cellini need not have been ashamed.

A woodcut in page xxx. of the introduction, and which Mrs Merrifield has adopted to ornament the cover, represents "a writer of the fifteenth century." It is taken from

a manuscript in the Bibliothèque at Paris. It is not only curious as showing what an important and laborious art writing was in those days, and what machinery it required, but for the religious mark which designates the character of the writing—in the corner is a painting of the crucifixion. Mrs Merrifield had told us, that, in a catalogue of the sale of "furniture of Contarini, the rich Venetian trader, who resided at St Botolph's in London in 1481, or in that of a nobleman in 1572," neither looking-glasses nor chairs are mentioned! Yet in this woodcut there is not only a chair, but exactly the one which has been recently reintroduced in modern furnishing. Surely the date 1572 would throw some excuse upon that of 1481—and offer a fair conjecture that there must have been some peculiar cause for the omission. We must have sufficient proof of chairs at the later date. Does the writer in this cut sit alone?—the room is not even indicated—or was he one of many sitting together in the Scriptorium? Mr Maitland thinks that, in later times, the Scriptorium was a small cell, that would only hold one person—not so in earlier times. We quote a passage from his book upon the subject: "But the Scriptorium of earlier times was obviously an apartment capable of containing many persons; and in which many persons did, in fact, work together in a very business-like manner, at the transcription of books. The first of these points is implied in a very curious document, which is one of the very few extant specimens of French Visigothic MS. in uncial characters, and belongs to the eighth century. It is a short form of consecration, or benediction, barbarously entitled '*Orationem in Scriptoris*,' and is to the following effect, 'Vouchsafe, O Lord, to bless this Scriptorium of thy servants, and all that dwell therein, that, whatsoever sacred writings shall be here read or written by them, they may receive with understanding, and bring the same to good effect, through our Lord,' " &c. We can imagine that we see the impress of this prayer in the representation, in the corner of the woodcut of which we have been speaking. Mrs Merrifield enumerates to a large extent the works of such

writers: many of them must have been extremely beautiful. "The choral books belonging to the cathedral of Ferrara are thirty in number, twenty-two of which are twenty-six inches long, by eighteen in breadth, and the remaining eight smaller. They were begun in 1477, and completed in 1535. The most interesting of these books, for the beauty of the characters, as well as for the miniatures, were executed by Jacopo Filippo d'Argenta, Frate Evangelista da Reggio, a Franciscan, Andrea delle Verze, Giovanni Vendramin of Padua, and Martino di Georgio da Modena. The parchment on which these books are written is in excellent preservation. It is worthy of remark, that great part of the parchment or vellum for these books was brought from Germany, or at least was manufactured by Germans. There is an entry in the records of the cathedral, for the year 1477, of a sum of money paid to M. Alberto da Lamagna, for 265 skins of vellum; of another sum paid in 1501, for 60 skins, to Piero Ibero, also a German; and to Creste, another German, for 50 skins, furnished by them on account of these books." Calligraphy and miniature-painting were sister arts: so highly were both esteemed, that the right hands of the writer and miniature-painters, who completed the choral books of Ferrara, and those of the monastery degli Angeli in Florence, are preserved in a casket with the utmost veneration. "The best miniature-painter of the tenth century was Godemann, who was chaplain of the Bishop of Winchester, from A.D. 963 to 984, and afterwards Abbot of Thornley. His Benedictinal, ornamented with thirty beautiful miniatures, is in the possession of the Duke of Devonshire. In the eleventh century, schools of painting were formed at Hildesheim and Paderborn, and the art was exercised by ecclesiastics of the higher rank." Francesco dai Libri, so called from his constant employment in illuminating MS., was one of the most eminent *miniatori* of the fifteenth century. What Vasari says of him is quite delightful, whether it conveys the sentiment of Vasari himself or of Francesco—that, having lived to a great age, "he died contented and happy, because, in

addition to the peace of mind which he derived from his own virtues, he left a son who was a better painter than himself." We doubt if this total absence of jealousy is a very general parental virtue. The passage reminds us of the noble-hearted Achilles, whose ghost in the shades below anxiously inquired respecting his son if he excelled in glory, and being answered in the affirmative, stalked away rejoicing greatly. It may not be universally known, that the word miniature is derived from minium, red lead, with which the initial letters were written, or perhaps more commonly painted: hence our Rubrics.

Mosaic painting was for some time the rival of oil-painting. It was much esteemed at Venice, where the damp affected other kinds of painting. It was introduced unquestionably by the Greeks. It afforded work for several centuries in the decoration of the church of St Mark, commencing from the eleventh century.

This department of art was not without its jealousies. The Zuceati were charged by their rivals with having filled up deficiencies in their work with other painting, and though Titian vindicated them, and is supposed to have assisted them in designs, the Venetian government decreed that they should re-execute the work at their own cost, which nevertheless was not done. Mosaic workers did not always work from the designs of others; some, and these not inconsiderable, painters applied themselves to this art. There were great "secreti" in the working in mosaic, which even now may be useful. The most important of these of working in mosaic was that of Agnolo, the son of Taddeo Gaddi, who, in 1346, repaired some of the mosaics executed by Andrea Tafi in the roof of St Giovanni at Florence. He fixed the cubes of the glass so firmly into the ground, with a stucco composed of wax and mastic melted together, that neither the roof nor the vaulting had received any injury from water from the period of its completion until the time of Vasari. May not our slate and mortar system be happily superseded? Mrs Merrifield takes occasion to redeem from his prison, to which, in her preface to the translation of Cennino Cennini, she

had condemned, that earnest old man, upon the authority of the subscription from the prison of the Stinche—showing that it was the domicile of the transcriber, not the author. Vasari asserts that Cennino Cennini, to whom the secret of mosaic work was transmitted from Agnolo Gaddi, left a treatise on the subject. No such work has been yet found; but as there are other MSS. of the author, the treatise may be yet forthcoming. There is an anecdote which shows there may be better gold than comes from the mint. Alesso Baldovinetto, who spared no pains to learn the best methods of working in mosaic, learned much of the art from a German traveller to whom he had given a lodging. Thus, having been well informed, he worked with great success. At eighty years of age, feeling the natural infirmities fast approaching, he sought a retreat in the hospital of St Paul. "It is related that, in order to insure himself a better reception, he took with him to his apartments in the hospital a large chest, which was thought to contain money; and, in this belief, the officers of the hospital treated him with the greatest respect and attention. But their disappointment may be imagined, when, on opening the chest, after the decease of the aged artist, they found nothing but drawings on paper, and a small book which taught the art of making the mosaics, (*Pietre del Mosaic*) the stucco, and the method of working. At the present time, we should have considered this little book a greater treasure than the money which was so much desired." We here have another delightful passage from Vasari, which will readily be accepted as the old man's excuse. "It was no wonder that they did not find money, for Alesso was so bountiful, that everything he possessed was as much at the service of his friends as if it had been their own." The introductory remarks on mosaic may be well worth the builder's and architect's attention, now that great improvements have been made in the making of glass, and that it is rendered so cheap; whilst duty was according to weight, the great art was to make it as thin as possible, hence the greater nicety and expense in the manufacture. To make thick, strong, or, in the language

of mosaic art, cubes of glass for ornamental purposes, and as a preservative from weather, is a desideratum of the present day.

Few people will interest themselves about Tarsia work, of which Vasari speaks slightly, that it was fittest for those persons who have more patience than skill in design. An art, however, of some antiquity may yet be very commonly seen in the inlaid work of various woods in our Tunbridge ware. Indeed, the art is even now becoming more important in its application to furniture: our fashionable tables are a kind of Tarsia work.

The history of painting on glass is extremely interesting, and has engaged the attention of many writers. France and Germany have taken the lead in this art, particularly the former; less attention has perhaps been paid to its rise in Italy than the subject deserves. The art itself is so exquisitely beautiful, and its application as a religious ornament so impressive, that we rejoice to see its revival. Mrs Merrifield enlarges much upon the subject, and very happily, though her commission to Italy did not send her to a country where the best materials may be collected. Specimens of painted glass in our own country, both as to design and colour, are so admirable—some, indeed, may vie with painting in oil of the best time, with regard to drawing and effect—that we could wish a commission to collect and publish the coloured specimens that are now unknown, excepting to the curious in the art. Glass painting had attained great perfection in France in the eleventh century. It was likewise much cultivated in our own country; the windows of Lincoln cathedral show early specimens of great beauty. Glass windows were introduced into England as early as A.D. 674, by ecclesiastics, for decoration of their churches. In private houses, glass was extremely rare in the middle ages; it was not in common use till the reign of Henry VIII. It was the custom to remove windows as furniture. Before the introduction of glass, thin parchment stretched on frames, and varnished, and not unfrequently painted, protected the interior of the houses from the weather.

We have always understood that, for the great improvement in glass-painting, and that which rendered the cinque-cento style so beautiful, we are indebted to John Van Eyck; before his time every variation in colour required a separate piece. The painting on glass, as on canvass, and burning in different tints and on colours on one surface, has been generally considered the discovery of the inventor of oil-painting. Mrs Merrifield rather thinks that at least a portion of this improvement is to be ascribed to Fra Giacomo da Ulmo, who found out that a transparent yellow might be given to the glass by silver—the origin of the invention being the letting fall from his sleeve a silver button into the furnace, which being closed, and the silver fused, a yellow stain had been imparted to the glass. Pottery and glass-making are nearly allied; it would be curious, if there be a fair ground for the supposition that the manufacture of glass was brought from Tyre to Venice. “In the fourteenth century the Venetians had still a colony at Tyre.” The Venetian glass, however, was deficient in transparency; hence probably the Venetian practice of using black glass, which, by juxtaposition in small pieces, would certainly tend to give the appearance of greater transparency to the coloured.

We know not if there has been any great advance in the art of gilding, from early times to the present, though that of gold-beating has been brought to far greater perfection. Gold was extensively used at a very early period in all kinds of decoration, and in the fifteenth century was lavishly employed on pictures. Seven thousand leaves of gold were used on the chapel of S. Jacopo de Pistoia. The gold, as well as some of the expensive colours, was commonly provided by the parties for whom pictures were painted. On mural paintings, leaves of tinfoil, covered with a yellow varnish, were substituted for gold. It would be curious to seek how some modern uses are indebted to the publication of old recipes. “In order to economise gold, the old masters had another invention,

called ‘porporino,’ a composition made of quicksilver, tin, and sulphur, which produced a yellow metallic powder, that was employed instead of gold. The Bolognese MS. devotes a whole chapter to this subject. A substance of a similar nature is now in use in England, and is employed as a substitute for gold in coloured woodcuts and chromo-lithographs.” Wax was used as a mordant in gilding. Its use as a vehicle in painting has been much discussed; it was known to the ancients as encaustic, and, in another form, has been strongly recommended by a modern painter of great ability, whose works are fair tests of its efficiency; and if we may believe the assertions with regard to the ancient practice of Greek and mediæval painters, there may be little reason to doubt its durability. But as it was certainly known and discarded by the old masters, even before the invention of Van Eyck in oil painting, we should reasonably conclude that it was inferior to other vehicles. There is a picture by Andrea Mantegna at Milan, painted in wax, on which Mrs Merrifield makes the following remarks:—“The picture is very perfect, the colours bright, and the touches sharp. The darks are laid on very thick, but the paint appears to have run into spots or streaks, as if it had been touched with something which had touched the surface. It is said, however, that it has never been repaired, and its authenticity is stated to be undoubted. It is evident that the wax has been used liquid, for if the colours had been fused by the application of heat, the sharpness and precision of touch for which this picture, in common with other paintings of this period, is remarkable, would have been lost and melted down. The vehicle, whatever it was, appeared to me to have been as manageable as that of Van Eyck.” Mrs Merrifield refers to Mr Eastlake’s *Materials* for the fullest account of all that pertains to wax-painting. We would refer also to his *Reports* of the Commission on the Fine Arts for further detail.*

After some interesting accounts of

* In the third Report a recipe is given by Mr Eastlake, as communicated by “Mr John King of Bristol,” who is spoken of as a “chemist.” The recipe itself, in the VOL. LXV.—NO. CCCXII.

statue-painting, the propriety of which has been so ably discussed by Mr Eastlake, and a few words on implements used in painting, Mrs Merrifield treats of leather, niello, and dyeing. The first of these leads her to lament the practice of the monks "during the dark ages;" who, to the supposed loss of many classic works, found out that, according to the old proverb, there is "nothing like leather." We would recommend her to become a little more acquainted with the real history of the monks during "the dark ages," their actual habits and manners, rather than trust, as we fear has been the case, to authors who have only misrepresented them. She will find matter even as interesting as the documents discovered respecting their arts and inventions. However there may be cause for lamenting the misuse of parchments which had been written on, and their conversion into waistcoats for warriors, and sandals for monks, there was no need to fit the said sandals on "the sleek and well-fed monks;" for certainly, if they were as described, they would have worn out the fewer, as "sleek and well-fed" means but fat and lazy. It would be hard to find any now who, equally with them, were given to fasting and prayer. Indeed, the very arts which they practised, into which Mrs Merrifield has made research, should, we think, rescue them from the common ill report.

Leather was used for hangings, at first only behind the seats of the owner of the house, subsequently round the room, and stamped and gilt, and ornamented with tinfoil. We doubt if our modern papers, even the "artistic," are an improvement. The old principle in furniture was richness of effect, a depth, a home-warmth both in substance and colour; the modern inferior taste is, or has been recently, for all that is light, gaudy, and flimsy. We should not be sorry to see the revival of leather hangings, as, in point

of richness and look of comfort—a great thing in a room—far superior to paper. There is perhaps no very great beauty in niello, nor much cause for regret that it has fallen into disuse; yet, unimportant as it is in itself, it is the parent of the most delightful, the most useful invention—engraving. Nigellum or niello was known to the ancients, and practised during the middle ages: it is only known now by specimens in museums. Yet we think there has been an attempt to revive it in Russia. We have seen a specimen, but it was very coarsely executed.

Dyeing appears, during the middle ages, to have been the trade of the Jews. It is not ascertained at what period it was introduced into England. It is said that, in the reign of Henry III., woollen cloth was worn white, for lack of the art of dyeing—though this is doubted, as, wool having been imported in the time of John, it might be implied that dyeing was known. Before the introduction of printing-blocks, the practice of painting linen cloth intended for wearing-apparel, with devices, flowers, and various ornaments, in imitation of embroidery, was common in England. To what great results has this little dress-vanity led! How much of our commercial prosperity has its very origin in a taste condemned by the serious as frivolous! The love of ornament is an instinct, and they are slanderers of Nature in all her works, and in man's inventive mind, who would insert it in the calendar of deadly sins. There is perhaps another love, the love of profit, of a more ambiguous character: we believe there are not a few who would have made a "drab creation" of this beautiful world, now from their cotton-printing mills sending forth, by millions upon millions of yards, this "frivolous vanity" to the ends of the earth. It may be questioned if Penn's merchandise, as the bales were unpacked, would have passed the custom-house of a

Report, is considered an improvement. We wish, however, to correct an error which somewhat disparages the scientific reputation of a deceased friend, whom we greatly esteemed for his many virtues, as well as for his enthusiasm, knowledge, and taste, in all that regarded art. Mr King was not a chemist, but an eminent surgeon of Clifton. Had he been a chemist, his recipe would have been drawn up with greater chemical correctness: it is certainly not *secundum artem chemicam*. We may here state that we have heard from him, that early in life he had received this recipe from an aged ecologist, as the veritable recipe of ancient times.

white conscience. Have poor Indians been as unscrupulously corrupted as cheated?

By far the greater portion of the introduction takes up the subject of oil-painting, which was the chief object of the commission. We have already spoken of the result, as well as of the little reliance to be placed upon the experience of modern painters and restorers in the country of the old masters. They flatly contradict each other. Even as to method, did Titian paint first with cold colours? One affirms, another denies. There is much evidence that the Venetian painters were more sparing than others in the use of ultramarine. Their principal blue, it appears, was *azzurro della Magna*, (German blue.) The receipts for making azures are numerous. Blue is the most important of our colours; it is well, therefore, that the attention of our colour-makers should be particularly directed to it. We have often felt sure, on looking at Venetian pictures, that the blues generally were not ultramarine—the beauty of which colour, great as it is, does not bear the mixture with a body of white lead with impunity—it must be used thin. One of the artists consulted said, “The Venetians never used ultramarine, which inclined too much to the violet.” Though he is wrong in “never,” for there is proof to the contrary, in reference to their general practice he may be right, as also for their cause of setting it aside. The very glowing, warm, general tones of the Venetians—of Titian and Giorgione especially—required a warmer blue, if we may be allowed to apply such an epithet—for we are aware that most classifiers of colours say that it is always cold; and we remember the old controversy on the subject, which Gainsborough endeavoured not unsuccessfully to decide, by painting his now celebrated picture, called the “Blue Boy.” Contrary to the opinion of many artists, we are inclined to agree with Mr Field, whose chemical knowledge and experience should have great weight, that the modern colour “Prussian blue,” if well prepared, is one of much value. It is certainly the most powerful—not, however, to be recommended for the clear azure of a sky. We should be glad to know the opinion of Mr Eastlake with

regard to the modern ultramarine, said to be made after an analysis of the real substance. Though it belongs not to his investigation of the old practice, a note upon the subject would be very acceptable. If our blues and our chromes are permanent colours, we have little to regret in the (supposed) loss of many used by the old masters.

It is curious that even colours were purchased of the “speziali,”—the apothecaries. It is well known how much we are indebted to medical science for many of the recipes in art, including those for the purification of oils and the manufacture of varnishes. “Sig. A. told me that, when he was at Venice, he made a point of going to the Piazza San Salvatore, where Titian used to purchase his colours, to see whether there were any “speziali” there still. He found one, and inquired of him if he had any old colours, such as were used by the old painters, and he was shown an orange-coloured pigment, which resembled a colour frequently found on Venetian pictures.” We have before us a document of payments so late as 1699, by which it appears that, with us also, the apothecary was the vender of painters’ materials. “1699.—Bob. Bayley, apothecary—for oil, gold, and colours, £61.” This was for painting a high cross. Blackness has sometimes been objected to in the colouring of the greatest of landscape painters, Gaspar Poussin. If the following statement may be relied upon, the cause of this occasional blemish, if it be one, may be conjectured. Sig. A. showed a black mirror, which he said had been used in painting by Bamboccio, (Peter Van Laer,) and that it had been “bequeathed by Bamboccio to Gaspar Poussin; by the latter to some other painter, until it ultimately came into the hands of Sig. A.” In pictures of an early time the darks are thick and substantial, the lights thin. This was reversed afterwards, excepting with regard to some dark blue, and other draperies, of which examples may be seen in Correggio. There is a peculiar impasto, however, of the Bolognese school, which seems to have escaped the notice of Mr Eastlake and Mrs Merrifield: it is mostly observable in Gaerdcino. The paint on the flesh, in heads, arms, &c., is fre-

quently greatly raised, as if modelled. We are curious to know something respecting this method—in what way the manipulation is managed.

We cannot credit the accounts given by all whom Mrs Merrifield consulted, that it was Titian's practice to lay by his pictures, after each painting, for months, and even years. This slow process implies a forbearance which can noways be reconciled with the fervour and usual impatience of genius. Without fastening him down to so systematic a necessity, we can easily believe that his pictures were long under his hand, from the repeated glazings so remarkable in his works. Exposure to the sun and air seems to have been universal. It is well known that, a short time after painting, a portion, probably a deleterious portion, of the oil rises to the surface. The atmosphere certainly takes up this, but the exposure must be frequent, for this greasiness will return. We strongly suspect that it is this deleterious exudation which destroys the purity of colours; and would recommend, from a long experience, the washing the surface of pictures, (we have used common sand for the purpose,) as often as any greasiness returns. A time will be ascertained when none recurs; and we think the picture is then pretty secure from any further change. In this case, a kind of abrasion does what time would in the end do; but, not waiting for time, we often varnish, and leave this deleterious part of the oil to do its mischief. Much stress has been laid on the grinding of colours. The Venetians were not very careful in this matter, excepting in their glazing colours. It is very evident that, for some purposes of effect, they purposely laid on their colours very coarsely ground, and scraped down for granulation. White lead, however, it is admitted, cannot be too finely ground, or too carefully made. It is *the* pigment that Titian was most solicitous about. There is a letter of his extant, in which he laments the death of the person who manufactured it for him. "The Italians, and especially the Venetians," says Mrs Merrifield, "were extremely careful in the preparation of their white lead, which was generally purified by washing." A recipe of Fra Fortunato of Rovigo,

recommends the grinding it with vinegar and washing it, repeating the operation: "You will then have a white lead, which will be as excellent for miniature painting as for painting in oil." With regard to the glazings of Titian, an almost incredible story is told by an artist, Sig. E. "He says that glazings are never permanent, and that nothing can make them so; and, as a proof, he told me there were in a certain palace several pictures by Titian, which had always been covered with glasses: that he was present when the glasses were removed for the time; when, to the surprise of every one present, the glazings were found to have evaporated from the pictures, and to have adhered to the inside of the glass. I considered this incredible, and it certainly appears to require proof, although it must be recollected that Lionardo da Vinci says, 'Il verde fatto dal rame, ancorchè tal color sia messo a olio, se ne va in fumo,'" &c. If the colour evaporated from the picture, it would certainly be retained by the glass; and this artist distinctly said, that all the glazings were fixed on the inside of the glass, exactly above the painting, and that the effect of the different colours on the glass was very singular. From that time, he added, he had left off glazing his pictures. This is the more strange, because painters of the Flemish school may be said to have commenced their pictures with glazing, and to have continued it throughout; yet we never heard of such a fact, though many of their pictures have been under glass.

We have elsewhere recommended, without knowing that it was an old practice, the use of white chalk and such substances with the colours, and are therefore pleased to find the following notice,—"White chalk, marble dust, gesso, the bone of cuttle-fish, alumen, and travertine, were occasionally used in white pigments. They were frequently mixed with transparent vegetable colours, to give them body:" it might be added to give them, by a semi-transparency, and that even to colours in their own nature opaque, a luminous quality.

Does "*grana in grano*," the Spanish term for the scarlet pigment, show the origin of the expression, "a rogue in grain." "Pierce Plowman, whose

Vision is supposed to have been written in 1350, in describing the dress of a lady richly clad, says, that her robe was of 'scarlet in grain;' that is, scarlet dyed with grana, the best and most durable red dye. The import of the words 'in grain,' was afterwards changed, and the term was applied generally to all colours with which cloths were dyed, which were considered to be permanent."

"Biadetto," the artificial carbonate of copper, is said to be the blue most resembling that found in Venetian pictures. Mrs Merrifield erroneously places coal among the black pigments. It is a brown, and we know of none so useful; it is deep, but not the hot brown, such as Vandyke brown, resembling that of Teniers: Mr Eastlake has shown that it was used by the Flemish and Dutch painters. We had long used it, before we were acquainted with so authoritative a recommendation.

We find many very useful observations on oils, as to their purification, and the methods of rendering them drying. As Mrs Merrifield offers in a note a new dryer, certainly a desideratum, we quote the passage, that trials of it may be made:—

"The most powerful of all dryers is perhaps chloride of lime in a dry state: a small quantity of this, added to clarified oil, will convert it into a solid. For this reason it must be employed very cautiously: if too much be used, it may burn the brushes, and injure the colours. It has the advantage of not darkening the oil, and its drying property appears to arise from its absorbing the watery particles of the oil. Chloride of calcium is equally efficacious as a dryer, but the small quantity of iron which it contains dissolves in the oil, and darkens it. It seems probable that, if the chloride of lime were judiciously employed, it might prove serviceable as a dryer; but as I am not aware that it has been tried as such by any person but myself, the utmost caution would be required, and some experiments would be necessary, in order to ascertain the smallest possible quantity which would answer the purpose intended."

We are surprised to find, in the Bolognese MS., olive oil mentioned as mixed with linseed oil in equal proportions, because we never yet heard of any successful experiment to render it drying. As it is the property of

olive oil to turn lighter, not, as other oils, darker, a proof of successful experiment would be valuable. Pacheco mentions "salad oil" with honey, in a mixture of flour paste for grounds; but this may have been nut-oil. Besides the passages in Vasari and Lomazzo, which attribute to Lionardo the use of distilled oil, there is the recipe in the *Secreti* of Alessio, which is conclusive as to the fact that linseed-oil was distilled and used to dilute amber varnish. We are aware that Mr Hendrie, in his valuable translation of Theophilus, strongly insists upon the superiority of distilled over other oil, but it does not appear ever to have been in general use.

The recommendation of amber varnish being the chief result of the commission, numerous authorities as well as recipes are given. "It appears to be mentioned in the Marciana MS., under the term 'carbone,' which has undoubtedly been written instead of 'caribe,' the Arabic and Persian term for amber." We would suggest the possibility that "carbone" may still be the right word, and mean amber, if it has been before mentioned in the MS.,—for one mode of making the varnish was to burn the amber to a "carbone," and then to grind it, as recommended in the recipe. In speaking of amber varnish as the result of Mrs Merrifield's research, we should be wrong in ascribing it to that alone; nor should we be doing justice to her own liberal and full acknowledgment of the prior recommendation of it by Mr Shelldrake in 1801, whose authority she quotes at much length, with detail of his experiments. "The use of amber varnish as a vehicle for painting, was revived and recommended so long ago as 1801, by Mr Shelldrake, in a paper published in the 19th volume of the *Transactions of the Society of Arts*. In these papers, Mr Shelldrake endeavours to prove that this varnish was used by the Italian painters; and as his opinion has been in a great measure confirmed by documentary evidence, his papers acquire additional interest from his having recorded the experiments made by himself in painting with this varnish."

The authority of Gerard Lairesse, given in a note, we think little of; for the work bearing his name was not

written by him, but after his death, by some who professed to give an account of his instructions. There is an amusing anecdote, which is introduced for the purpose of showing that varnish was in use; we insert it for its pleasantry:—

“As an indirect proof, but not the less valuable on that account, is the following anecdote, related by Luigi Crespi of his father, Guiseppe Maria Crespi, called *Lo Spagnuolo*. One day, Cardinal Lambertini was in our house, sitting for his portrait, which my father was painting, when one of my brothers entered the room, bringing a letter, just arrived by post, from another brother who was at Modena on business. The Cardinal took the letter, and, on opening it, said to my father, ‘Go on painting, and I will read it.’ Having opened the letter, he began to read quickly, inventing an imaginary letter, in which the absent son, with the greatest expressions of shame and humiliation, prostrated himself at the feet of his father, begging his pardon, and saying that he had found it impossible to disengage himself from a stringent promise of marrying a certain Signora Apollonia, whence But he had hardly proceeded thus far, when my father leaped on to his feet, knocking over palette, pencils, and chair; and *upsetting oil, varnish, and everything else which was on the little bench*; and uttering all kinds of exclamations. The Cardinal jumped at the same time, to quiet and pacify him, telling him, as well as he could for laughing, that it was all nonsense, and entirely an invention of his own. Meanwhile, my father was running round the room in despair, the Cardinal following him, and thus pleasantly ended the morning’s work. After this time, whenever his eminence came to see my father, before getting out of the carriage, he would whisper, ‘That he had no doubt Signora Apellonia was at home, and with him.’”

We refer the artist-reader to the work itself, for valuable matter on the subject of grounds; we have already trespassed too far to allow of our here entering minutely into the subject. Mr Eastlake and Mrs Merrifield, however, think a knowledge of grounds of the first importance. The evidence is in favour of white grounds, of size and gesso. De Piles thinks them, however, liable to crack. And in this place Mrs Merrifield narrates, on the authority of the French painter, M. Camille Rogier, to Sig. Cigogna, who inserted it in his *Inscrizioni Veneziane*,

a circumstance which strongly savours of the astute exchange of armour in the *Iliad*—brass for gold. Owing to the gesso or white tempera ground, it is said that the celebrated *Nozze di Cana*, by Paolo Veronese, was in such a condition as to render it necessary to line it very carefully, to prevent the paint scaling from the canvass. “But when, in 1815, the picture was about to be restored to Venice, according to the treaty, it was perceived that the colours crumbled off and fell into dust at the slightest movement. To continue the operation, therefore, was to expose one of the finest works of the Venetian school to certain destruction; and the committee decided that the picture of Paolo should remain at Paris, and that a painting of Lebrun’s should be sent to Venice in its stead.” “*Credat Judæus!*” If this were so—if the picture was really in that condition, how could it have been lined? and if it could, by any care, bear the necessary rough usage and removals of lining, would it not have borne careful conveyance? The French are able diplomatists. We think Mr Peel, and much less experienced liners, must laugh at the simplicity of the committee. Were they a committee on the Fine Arts? We have heard of valuable pictures having been smuggled into this country, with other pictures painted over them—if the proof which satisfied the committee, (if the story have any real foundation of truth,) had been a free pass through the custom-house, we have not the slightest doubt our picture-dealers would have readily supplied it, and have skilfully so attached dry colours as to peel off on the slightest shaking. We should rather give credence to the glazings of Titian flying off to the glass, than to this supposed danger of removal from the cause ascribed.

In now taking leave of Mrs Merrifield, we express our hope that, having so ably and so faithfully done the work confided to her by the Commission on the Fine Arts, she will not think her labours at an end; for we are quite sure that her judicious mind and clear style may be most profitably employed in the service of art, to whose practical advancement she has contributed so much.

TENNYSON'S POEMS.

THERE is no living poet who more justly demands of the critic a calm and accurate estimate of his claims than Alfred Tennyson; neither is there one whom it is more difficult accurately and dispassionately to estimate. Other living and poetical reputations seem tolerably well settled. The older bards belong already to the past. Wordsworth all the world consents to honour. Living, he already ranks with the greatest of our ancestors. His faults even are no longer canvassed; they are frankly admitted, and have ceased to disturb us. Every man of original genius has his mannerism more or less disagreeable; once thoroughly understood, it becomes our only care to forget it. No one now thinks of discovering that Wordsworth is occasionally, and especially when ecclesiastical themes overtake him, sadly prosaic; no one is now more annoyed by this than he is at the school divinity of Milton, or the tangled, elliptical, halter-skelter sentences into which the impetuous imagination of Shakspeare sometimes hurries him. Moore, another survivor of the magnates of the last generation, has judgment passed upon him with equal certainty and universality. He, with a somewhat different fate, has seen his fame collapse. He no longer stalks a giant in the land, but he has dwindled down to the most delightful of minstrel-pages that ever brought song and music into a lady's chamber. So exquisite are his songs, men willingly forget he ever attempted anything higher. We have no other remembrance of his *Lalla Rookh* than that he has embedded in it some of those gems of song—some of those charming lyrics which scarcely needed to be set to music; they are melody and verse in one. They sing themselves. If his fame has diminished, it has not tarnished. It has shrunk to a little

point, but that little point is bright as the diamond, and as imperishable. Of the poets more decidedly of our own age and generation, there are but few whom it would be thought worth while to estimate according to a high standard of excellence. The crowd we in general consent to praise with indulgence, because we do not look upon them as candidates for immortality, but merely for the honours of the day—a social renown, the applause of their contemporaries, the palm won in the race with living rivals.

Poetry of the very highest order, coupled with much affectation, much defective writing, many wilful blunders, renders Alfred Tennyson a very worthy and a very difficult subject for the critic. The extreme diversity and unequal merit of his compositions, make it a very perplexing business to form any general estimate of his writings. The conclusion the critic comes to at one moment he discards the next. He finds it impossible to satisfy himself, nor can ever quite determine in what measure praise and censure should be mixed. At one time he is so thoroughly charmed, so completely delighted with the poet's verse, that he is disposed to extol his author to the skies; he is as little inclined to any captious and disparaging criticism as lovers are, when they look, however closely, into the fair face which has enchanted them. At other times, the page before him will call up nothing but vexation and annoyance. Even the gleams of genuine poetry, amongst the confusion and elaborate triviality that afflict him, will only add to his displeasure. A heap of rubbish never looks so vile, or so disagreeable, as when a fresh flower is seen thrown upon it. Were Tennyson to be estimated by some half-dozen of his best pieces, he would be the compeer of Coleridge and of Wordsworth—if by a like number of his

Poems. By ALFRED TENNYSON. Fifth Edition.

The Princess: a Medley. By ALFRED TENNYSON.

worst performances, he would be raised very little above that nameless and unnumbered crowd of dilettanti versifiers, whose utmost ambition seems to be to see themselves in print, and then, as quickly as possible, to disappear—

“ One moment *black*, then gone for ever.”

This diversity of merit is not to be accounted for by the diverse nature of the subject-matter which the poet has at different times treated; for Mr Tennyson has given us the happiest specimens of the most different styles of composition, employed on a singular variety of topics. He has been grave and graceful, playful and even broadly comic, with complete success. As a finished portraiture of a peculiar state of mind—conceived with philosophic truth, and embellished with all the fascinating associations which it is the province of poetry to call around us—nothing could surpass the poem of the *Lotos Eaters*. For playfulness, and tender; amorous fancy—warm, but not too warm—spiritual, but not too spiritual—we shall go far before we find a rival to the *Talking Oak*, or to the *Day Dream*: what better ballad can heart desire than the *Lord of Burleigh*? And how well does a natural indignation speak out in the clear ringing verse of *Lady Clara Vere de Vere*! Specimens of the richly comic, as we have hinted, may here and there be found: we have one in our eye which we shall seek an opportunity for quoting. In harmonising metaphysical thought with poetic imagery and expression, he does not always succeed; on the contrary, some of his saddest failures arise from the abortive attempt; yet there are some admirable passages even of this description of writing.

It is not, therefore, the difference of style aimed at, or subject-matter adopted, which determines whether Tennyson shall be successful or not. Perhaps it will be said that the marked inequality in his compositions is sufficiently accounted for by the simple fact, that some were written at an earlier age than others; that some are the productions of his youth, and others of his maturity—that, in short, it is a mere question of dates.

There is indeed a very striking difference between those poems which commence the volume, and bear the date of 1830, and the other and greater number, which bear the date of 1832: the difference is so great, that we question whether, upon the whole, the fame of Mr Tennyson would not have been advanced by the omission altogether from his collected works of this first portion of his poems; for though much beauty would be lost, far more blemish would be got rid of. Still, however, as the same inequality pursues us in his later writings, and is evident even in his last production—*The Princess*—there remains something more to be explained than can be quite accounted for by the mere comparison of dates. This something more we find explained in a *bad school of taste*, under the influence of which Mr Tennyson commenced his poetic authorship. Above this influence he often rises, but he has never quite liberated himself from it. To this source we trace the affectations of many kinds which deface his writings—affectation of a super-refinement of meaning, ending in mere obscurity, or in sheer nonsense; affectation of antique simplicity ending in the most jejune triviality; experimental metres putting the ear to torture; or an utter disregard of all metre, of all the harmonies of verse, together with an incessant toil after originality of phrase; as if no new idea could be expressed unless each separate word bore also an aspect of novelty.

At the time when Tennyson commenced his career, poetry and poets were in a somewhat singular position. Never had there been so great a thirst for poetry—never had there existed so large a reading public with so decided a predilection for this species of literature; and rarely, if ever, has there arisen—at once the cause and effect of this public taste—so noble a band of contemporary poets as those who were just then retiring from the stage. The success which attended metrical composition was quite intoxicating. Poems, now gradually waning from the sight of all mankind, were rapturously welcomed as master-pieces. It seemed that the poet might dare anything. Meanwhile,

the novelty to which he was emboldened was rendered urgent and necessary; for, in addition to the old rivals of times long past, there was this band of poets, whose echoes were still ringing in the theatre, to be competed with. Was it any wonder that at such an epoch we should have Keats writing his *Endymion*, or Tennyson elaborating his incomprehensible ode *To Memory*, or inditing his foolish songs *To the Owl*, or torturing himself to unite old *balladry* with modern sentiment in his *Lady of Shalott*, for ever rhyming with that detested town of *Camelot*; or that he should have been stringing together fulsome, self-adulatory nonsense about *The Poet and the Poet's Mind*—or, in short, committing any conceivable extravagance in violation of sense, metre, and the English language? The young poet of this time was evidently carried off his feet. He had drunk so deep of those springs about Parnassus, that he had lost his footing on the solid ground. It did not follow that he and his compeers always soared above us because they could no longer walk on a level with us. Men, in a dream, think they are flying when they are only falling. They reeled much, these intellectual revelers. It is true that sober men discountenanced them, rebuked them, reminded them that liberty was not license, nor imagination another name for insanity; but there was still a considerable crowd of indiscriminate admirers to cheer and encourage them in their wildest freaks.

One tendency, gathered from these times, seems, all along and throughout his whole progress, to have beset our author—the reluctance to subside for a moment to the easy natural level of cultivated minds. He has a morbid horror of commonplace. He will be grotesque, if you will; absurd, infantine—anything but truly simple: when he girds himself for serious effort, he would give you the very essence of poetry, and nothing else. This wish to have it all blossoms, no stem or leaves, has perhaps been one cause why he has written no long work. It is a tendency which is, in some measure, honourable to him. Though it has assisted in betraying him into the errors we have already noticed, it

must be allowed that we are never in danger of being wearied with the monotony of commonplace.

It may be worth while to consider for a moment this characteristic—the wish to seize upon the essence, and the essence only, of poetry.

In our high intellectual industry, there goes on a certain division and subdivision of labour analogous to that which marks the progress of our commercial and manufacturing industry. The first men of genius were historians, poets, philosophers, all in one. If they wrote verse, they found a place in it for whatever could in any manner interest their contemporaries, whether it was matter of knowledge, or matter of passion. The theology of a people, and the agriculture of a people—chaos and night, and how to sow the fields—the progeny of gods, and the breeding of bulls—were alike materials for the poem. A Hesiod or a Gower chant all they know—science, or religion, or morality. The first epic is the first history. But the narrative here becomes too engrossing to admit of large admixtures of didactic matter. This is relegated to some other form of composition, and handed over to some other master of the art. The dramatic form carries on this division still further. The representation of the narrative relieves the poem of its historic character, and a dialogue which is to accompany action becomes necessarily devoted to the passions of life, or such strains of reflection as result from, and harmonise with, those passions. The lyric minstrel seizes upon these eliminated elements of passion and reflection, and adds thereto a greater liberty of imagination. At length comes that mere intellectual luxury of imaginative thought—that gathering in of beauty and emotion from all sources—that subtle blending of a thousand pleasing allusions and fitting images—exquisite for their own sake, and constituting what is considered as pre-eminently the poetical description of natural scenery, or the poetical delineation of human feeling.

But it is possible that this intellectual division of labour may be carried too far. This luxury of imaginative thought may be found supporting itself on the slenderest base imagin-

able of either incident or reflection, may be almost divorced from those first natural sources of interest which affect all mankind. Now, although this may be the most poetical element of the poem—though this subtle play of imagination may constitute, more than anything else, the difference between poetry and prose, it does not follow that a good poem can be constructed wholly of such materials. It does not even follow that, in a good poem, this is really the most essential part; for that which constitutes the specific distinction between prose and poetry may not be an ingredient so important as others which both prose and poetry have in common. It is the *hilt*, and its peculiar formation, which more particularly distinguishes the sword from any other cutting instrument; but the blade—the faculty of cutting which it shares in common with the most domestic knife—is, after all, the most important part, the most requisite property of the sword. A peculiar play of imagination is pre-eminently poetic, but thought, reflection, the genuine passions of man—these must still constitute the greater elements of the composition, whether it be prose or poem.

If, therefore, we carry this division of labour too far, we shall be in danger of carving elegant and elaborate hilts that have no blades, or but a sham one. We ask no one to write didactic or philosophic poems—we should entreat of them to abstain; we call on no man to describe again the culture of the sugarcane, (though it bids fair to become amongst us one of the lost arts,) or the breeding of sheep, in numerous verse; we hope no one will again fall into that singular error of imagining that the "art of poetry" must be a peculiarly appropriate subject for a poem, and the very topic that the spirit of a poetic reader was thirsting for. Art of poetry! what poetic nutriment will you extract from that? As well think to dine a man upon the art of cookery! It is quite right that what is best said in prose should be confined to prose; but neither must we divorce substantial thought, the broad passions of mankind, or a deep reflection, from the poetic form. This would be to build nothing but steeples, and minarets, and all the filigree of architec-

ture. We should have pillars and porticoes enough, but not a temple of any kind to enter into.

We often hear it asserted, on the one hand, that the taste for poetry has declined. We hear this, on the other hand, vigorously contested and denied. No, says the indignant champion of the muse, *verse* may have sunk much in estimation, and the ingenious labours of the rhymist may be put on a par, if you will, with the tricks of the juggler or the caprices of art. Difficulties conquered! Nonsense. We want good things executed. It is your folly if you do not choose the best means. The man who plays on his fiddle with one string only, shall have thanks if he plays well, but not because he plays on one string; if he could have played better, using the four, his thanks shall be diminished by so much. Yes, verse may be depreciated, but *poetry*—which grows perennial from the very heart of humanity—you may plough over the soil deep as you please, you will only make it grow the faster, and strike the deeper root. The answer is well, and yet there may be something left unexplained. If poetry has been deserting the highroads of human thought—if it has grown more limited as it has grown more subtle—there may be some ground for suspecting that the public will desert it. Without wishing to detract anything from the high merit of his best performances, we should refer to a great portion of the poetry of *Shelley* as an illustration of these remarks, and also to a considerable part of the poetry of *Keats*.

It is especially in the class of descriptive poetry, that we moderns have carried the over-refinement we are speaking of, to so remarkable an extent. The poets of Greece and Rome, it has been often observed, rarely, if ever, described natural scenery simply for its own sake. It was with their verse as with their paintings—the landscape was always a mere accessory, the main interest lying with the human or superhuman beings who inhabited it. The truth seems to be, that the pagan imagination was so full of its goddesses and nymphs, that these obscured the genuine impression which the scene itself would have pro-

duced. Not but that the ancient poet must have felt the charm of a beautiful or sublime scene; but instead of dwelling upon this natural charm, he turned immediately to what seemed a more worthy subject—to the supernatural beings with which superstition had peopled the scene. Scarcely could he see the wood for the dryads, or the river for those smooth naiads that were surely living in its lucid depths. And even if we suppose that these pagan faiths had lost their hold both of writer and of reader, it is still very easy to understand that simple nature—trees, and hills, and water—however pleasing to the beholder, might not be thought an appropriate subject, or one sufficiently important for an exclusive description. What is open to every one's eye, and familiar to every man's thought, is not the first, but the last topic to which literature resorts. Not till all others are exhausted does it betake itself to this. Just as the heroic in human existence would be sung and resung, long before a Fielding portrays the common life that is lying about him; so portents and prodigies, gods and satyrs, and Ovidian fables of metamorphosed damsels, would precede the description of groves and bays, verdure and water, and the light of heaven seen shining every day upon them.

Even the sacred poets and prophets amongst the Hebrews, who gave such sublime views of nature, always associated her with the presence of God. This, indeed, was the secret of their sublimity. With them nature was never seen alone. The clouds rolled about His else invisible path; the thunder was His, the hills were His; nature was the perpetual vesture of the Deity.

It is only in modern times that the scenery of nature has been allowed to speak for itself, to make its own impression, as the great representative of the Beautiful here below. But now, as this scenery is to be described, not by admeasurements, or the items of a catalogue, as so much land, so much water, so much timber, but by the deep, and varied, and often shadowy sentiments it calls forth, it is manifest that it must become a theme inexhaustible to the poet, and a theme also somewhat dangerous to him, as

tempting him more and more towards those refined, and vague, and evanescent feelings which are not found on the highways of human thought, and are known only to the experience of a few.

But to return more immediately to Mr Tennyson. We have said that, at the time when he commenced writing, poetry was in a certain feverish condition. The young poet had been spoilt—had grown over-confident. He was like Spencer's Knight in the Palace of Love, who sees written over every door, "Be bold! Be bold!" Only over one door does he read the salutary caution, "Be not too bold!" Public opinion, or the opinion of a large and powerful coterie, favoured his wildest excesses. That language was strained and distorted, was a sure sign of the original power of thought that was struggling through the imperfect medium. Obscurity was always honoured. People strained their eyes to watch their favourite as he careered amongst the clouds: if they lost sight of him, the fault was presumed to be in their own vision; they were not likely, therefore, to confess any inability to follow him. The young aspirants of the day even learnt to despise the trammels of their own art. The measure and melody of their verse was sacrificed to the irresistible afflatus which bore them onward. Metre was put to the torture,—at least our ears were tortured—in order that no iota of the heaven-breathed strain should be lost. They still wrote in verse, because verse alone could disguise the empty, meaningless phraseology they had enlisted in their service; but it was often a jingling rhythm, harsher to the ear than the most crabbed prose, which was retained as an excuse or concealment for that resplendent gibberish they had imported so largely into the English language. From a super-refinement of thought, altogether transcendental, they delighted to descend to an imitation of childish or antique simplicity. The natural level of cultivated thought was by all means to be avoided. If you were not in the clouds, you must be seen sitting amongst the buttercups.

Turn now to the opening and earlier poems in Mr Tennyson's volume;

they are considerably altered from the state in which they made their first appearance, but they still leave traces enough of the unfortunate influence we have attempted to describe. The best amongst them is a sort of gallery of portraits of fair ladies—Claribel, and Lillian, and Isabel, and Adeline, and Madeline, and others. From these might be extracted some few very beautiful lines, but none of them pleases as a whole. There is an air of effort and elaboration, coupled with much studied negligence, which prevents us from surrendering ourselves to the charms of any of these portraiture. The *Claribel*, with which the volume commences, might be a woman or a child for anything that the poem tells us; we only gather from the expression "low lieth," that she is dead, and ever her grave there rings a chime of words, which leave as little impression on the living ear as they would on the sleeper beneath. It was a pity—since alterations have been permitted—that the volume was still allowed to open with this mere monotonous chant. And why were these two absurd songs *To the Owl* still preserved? Was it to display a sort of moral courage, and as they were first written out of bravado to common sense, was it held a point of honour to persist in their republication? I, Tennyson, have written good things; therefore this, my nonsense, shall hold its ground in spite of the murmurs of gentle reader, or the anger of malignant critic! But we must not commence an inquisition of this kind, nor ask why this or that has been permitted to remain, for we should carry on such an inquiry to no little extent. We should make wide clearance in this first part of his volume. Here is a long *Ode to Memory*, which craves to be extinguished, which ought in charity to be forgotten. An utter failure throughout. We cannot read it again, to enable us to speak quite positively, but we do not think there is a single redeeming line in the whole of it. A dreary, shapeless, metaphysical mist lies over it; there is no object seen, and not a ray of beauty even colours the cloud. Then comes an odious piece of pedantry in the shape of "A Song." What metre, Greek or Roman, Russian or Chinese,

it was intended to imitate, we have no care to inquire: the man was writing English, and had no justifiable pretence for torturing our ear with verse like this:—

SONG.

"A spirit haunts the year's last hours,
Dwelling amid these yellowing bowers:
To himself he talks;
For at eventide, listening earnestly,
At his work you may hear him sob and
sigh,
In the walks.
Earthward he boweth the heavy stalks
Of the mouldering flowers."

Of the *Lady of Shalott* we have already hinted our opinion. They must be far gone in dilettantism who can make an especial favourite of such a caprice as this—with its intolerable vagueness, and its irritating repetition, every verse ending with the "*Lady of Shalott*," which must always rhyme with "*Camelot*." We cannot conceive what charm Mr Tennyson could find in this species of odious iteration, which he nevertheless repeatedly inflicts upon us. It matters not what precedent he may insist upon—whether he quotes the authority of Theocritus, or the worthy example of old English ballad-makers—the annoyance is none the less. In a poem called *The Sisters*, we have the verse framed after this fashion:—

"We were two daughters of one race;
She was the fairest in the face:
The wind is blowing in turret and tree.
They were together, and she fell;
Therefore revenge became me well.
O the earl was fair to see!"

And so we go on to the end of the chapter, with "The wind is blowing in turret and tree," and "The earl was fair to see," brought in, no matter how, but always in the same place. The rest of the verse is not so abundantly clear as to be well able to afford this interventional jingle, which is indeed no better than the *fal la la!* or *tol de rol!* of facetious drinking-songs. These have their purpose, being framed expressly for people in that condition when they want noise, and noise only, when the absence of all sense is rather a merit; but what earthly use, or beauty, or purpose there can be in the melancholy iterations of Mr Tennyson, we cannot understand. Certainly we agree here with Hotspur—we would rather hear "a kitten cry

Mew, than one of these same metre ballad-mongers."

Oriana is fashioned on the same plan:—

"My heart is wasted with my woe,
Oriana.
There is no rest for me below,
Oriana."

As if some miserable dog were baying the moon with the name of *Oriana*.

Mariana in the Moated Grange is not by any means improved by this habit of repetition, every stanza ending with the same lines, and those not too skillfully constructed:—

"She only said, 'My life is dreary;
He cometh not,' she said!
She said, 'I am weary, weary;
I would that I were dead!'"

This piece of *Mariana* has been very much extolled; the praise we should allot to it would seem cold after the applause it has frequently received. The descriptive powers of Tennyson are, in his happiest moments, unrivalled; on these occasions there is no one of whom it may be said more accurately, that his words paint the scene; but the description here and in the subsequent piece, *Mariana in the South*, has always appeared to us too studied to be entirely pleasing. We have tried to feel it, but we could not.

For instances of graver faults of style, and in productions of higher aim, we should point, amongst others, to *The Palace of Art*, *The Vision of Sin*, *The Dream of Fair Women*. In all of these, verses of great merit may be found, but the larger part is very faulty. An obscurity, the result sometimes of too great condensation of style, and a jerking spasmodic movement, constantly mar the effect. From *The Palace of Art* we quote, almost at hazard, the following lines. The soul has built her palace, has hung it with pictures, and placed therein certain great bells, (a sort of music we do not envy her,) that swing of themselves. It is then finely said of her—

"She took her throne,
She sat betwixt the shining oriel
To sing her songs alone."

After this the strain thus proceeds:—

"No nightingale delighteth to prolong
Her low preamble all alone,
More than my soul to hear her echoed song
Throb through the ribbed stone;

"Singing and murmuring in her feastful
mirth,
Trying to feel herself alive;
Lord over nature, lord of the visible earth,
Lord of the senses five.

"Communing with herself: 'All these are
mine;

And let the world have peace or wars,
'Tis one to me.' She—when young night divine
Crown'd dying day with stars,

"Making sweet close of his delicious toils—
Lit light in wreaths and anadems,
And pure quintessences of precious oils
In hallow'd moons of gems,

"To mimic heaven; and clapt her hands, and
cried,

'I marvel if my still delight
In this great house, so royal, rich, and wide,
Be flattered to the height.

"From shape to shape at first within the
womb,

'The brain is modell'd,' she began,
'And through all phases of all thought I come
Into the perfect man.

"All nature widens upward, evermore
The simpler essence lower lies;
More complex is more perfect, owning more
Discourse, more widely wise.'

"Then of the moral instinct would she prate,
And of the rising from the dead,
As hers by right of full-accomplish'd Fate;
And at the last she said—"

Now this surely is not writing which can commend itself to the judgment of any impartial critic. One cannot possibly admire this medley of topics, moral and physiological, thrown pell-mell together, and mingled with descriptions which are themselves a puzzle to understand. To hear one's own voice "throbbing through the ribbed stone," is a startling novelty in acoustics, and the lighting up of the apartment is far from being a lucid affair. We can understand "the wreaths and anadems;" our experience of an illumination-night in the streets of London, where little lamps or jets of gas, assume these festive shapes, comes to our aid; but "moons of gems" would form such globes as even the purest quintessence of the most precious oil must fail to render very luminous.

The Vision of Sin commences after this fashion:—

"I had a vision when the night was late:
A youth came riding toward a palace-gate;
He rode a horse with wings, that would have
flown,
But that his heavy rider kept him down.

And from the palace came a child of sin,
And took him by the curls, and led him in,
Where sat a company with heated eyes,
Expecting when a fountain should arise."

Thus it commences, and thus it proceeds for some time, in the same very intelligible strain. It is our fault, perhaps, that we cannot interpret the vision; but we confess that we can make nothing of it till the measure suddenly changes, and we have a bitter, mocking, sardonic song, a sort of devil's drinking-song, through which some species of meaning becomes evident enough.

In a vision of sin we may count upon a little mystery; but we should expect to find all clear and beautiful in *A Dream of Fair Women*. But here, too, everything is singularly misty. Those who have witnessed that ingenious exhibition called *The Dissolving Views*, will recollect that gay and gaudy obscurity which intervenes at the change of each picture; they will remember that they passed half their time looking upon a canvass covered with indistinct forms, and strangely mingled colours. Just for a few minutes the picture stands out bright and well defined as need be, then it breaks up, and confuses its dim fragments with the colours of some other picture, which is now struggling to make itself visible. Half our time is spent amongst mingled shadows of the two, the eye in vain attempting to trace any perfect outline. Precisely such a sensation the perusal of this, and some other of the poems of Tennyson, produces on the reader. For a moment the scene brightens out into the most palpable distinctness, but for the greater part we are gazing on a glittering mist, where there is more colour than form, and where the colours themselves are flung one upon the other in lawless profusion. In the *Dream of Fair Women*, the form of Cleopatra stands forth magnificently; it is almost the only portion of the poem that has the great charm of distinctness, or which fixes itself permanently on the memory.

We cannot bring ourselves to quote line after line, and verse after verse, of what we hold to be bad and unreadable: we have given some examples, and mentioned a considerable number

of the pieces, on which we should found a certain vote of censure; the intelligent reader can easily check our judgment by his own,—confirm or dispute it. We turn to what is a more grateful task. Well known as these poems are, we must be permitted to give a few specimens of those happy efforts which have secured, we believe, to Tennyson, in spite of the defects we have pointed out, an enduring place amongst the poets of England. We shall make our selection so as to illustrate his success in very different styles, and on different topics. We shall make this selection from the volume of *The Poems*, and then dwell separately, and somewhat more at large, upon *The Princess*, which is comparatively a late publication.

We cannot pass by our especial favourite, *The Lotos-Eaters*. This is poetry of the very highest order—in every way charming—subject and treatment both. The state of mind described, is one which every cultivated mind will understand and enter into, and which a poet, in particular, must thoroughly sympathise with—that lassitude which is content to look upon the swift-flowing current of life, and let it flow, refusing to embark thereon—a lassitude which is not wholly torpor, which has mental energy enough to cull a justification for itself from all its stores of philosophy—a lassitude charming as the last thought, before sleep quite folds us in its safe and tried oblivion. No need to eat of the Lotos, or to be cast upon the enchanted island, to feel this gentle despondency, this resignation made up of resistless indolence and well-reasoned despair. Yet these are circumstances which add greatly to the poetry of our picture. To the band of weary navigators who had disembarked upon this land—

"Where all things always seemed the same—
The mild-eyed melancholy Lotos-eaters came.

IV.

"Branches they bore of that enchanted stem,
Laden with flower and fruit, whereof they gave
To each; but whose did receive of them,
And taste, to him the gushing of the wave,
Far, far away, did seem to mourn and rave
On alien shores; and if his fellow spake,
His voice was thin, as voices from the grave;

And deep asleep he seemed, yet all awake,
And music in his ears his beating heart did
make.

V.

"They sat them down upon the yellow sand,
Between the sun and moon, upon the shore ;
And sweet it was to dream of Fatherland,
Of child, and wife, and slave ; but evermore
Most weary seemed the sea, weary the oar,
Weary the wandering fields of barren foam.
Then some one said, ' We will return no
more ;'

And all at once they sang, ' Our island home
Is far beyond the wave ; we will no longer
roam.' "

CHORIC SONG.

I.

" There is sweet music here, that softer falls
Than petals from blown roses on the grass,
Or night-dews on still waters between walls
Of shadowy granite, in a gleaming pass ;
Music that gentlier on the spirit lies,
Than tir'd eyelids upon tir'd eyes ;
Music that brings sweet sleep down from the
blissful skies.

Here are cool mosses deep,
And through the moss the ivies creep,
And in the stream the long-leav'd flowers
weep,
And from the craggy ledge the poppy hangs
in sleep.

II.

" Why are we weighed upon with heaviness,
And utterly consumed with sharp distress,
While all things else have rest from weariness ?

All things have rest : why should we toil
alone ?

We only toil, who are the first of things,
And make perpetual moan,
Still from one sorrow to another thrown :
Nor ever fold our wings,
And cease from wanderings,
Nor steep our brows in slumber's holy balm ;
Nor hearken what the inner spirit sings,—
' There is no joy but calm !'

Why should we only toil, the roof and crown
of things ?

IV.

" Hateful is the dark-blue sky,
Vaulted o'er the dark-blue sea.
Death is the end of life : ah ! why
Should life all labour be ?
Let us alone. Time driveth onward fast,
And in a little while our lips are dumb.
Let us alone. What is it that will last ?
All things are taken from us, and become
Portions and parcels of the dreadful past.
Let us alone. What pleasure can we have
To war with evil ? Is there any peace
In ever climbing up the climbing wave ?
All things have rest, and ripen toward the
grave

In silence,—ripen, fall, and cease :
Give us long rest or death, dark death, or
dreamful ease ! "

VI.

" Dear is the memory of our wedded lives,
And dear the last embraces of our wives,

And their warm tears : but all hath suffer'd
change ;

For surely now our household hearths are cold :
Our sons inherit us : our looks are strange :
And we should come like ghosts to trouble joy.
Or else the island princes over-bold
Have eat our substance, and the minstrel sings
Before them of the ten years' war in Troy,
And our great deeds, as half-forgotten things.
Is there confusion in the little isle ?
Let what is broken so remain.

The gods are hard to reconcile :
'Tis hard to settle order once again.
There is confusion worse than death,
Trouble on trouble, pain on pain,
Long labour unto aged breath. "

VIII.

" We have had enough of action, and of
motion, we,
Roll'd to starboard, roll'd to larboard, when
the surge was seething free,
Where the wallowing monster spouted his
foam-fountains in the sea.
Let us swear an oath, and keep it with an
equal mind,
In the hollow Lotos-land to live and lie re-
clined
On the hills like gods together, careless of
mankind. "

As at once a companion and coun-
terpart to this picture, we have a
noble strain from *Ulysses*, who, having
reached his island-home and kingdom,
pants again for enterprise— for wider
fields of thought and action.

" It little profits that an idle king,
By this still hearth, among these barren crags,
Match'd with an aged wife, I mete and dole
Unequal laws unto a savage race,
That hoard, and sleep, and feed, and know
not me.

I cannot rest from travel : I will drink
Life to the lees : all times I have enjoyed
Greatly, have suffered greatly.

I am become a name ;

For, always roaming with a hungry heart,
Much have I seen and known ; cities of men,
And manners, climates, councils, govern-
ments ;
And drunk delight of battle with my peers,
Far on the ringing plains of windy Troy.
I am a part of all that I have met ;
Yet all experience is an arch wherethrough
Gleams that untravell'd world, whose margin
fades
For ever and for ever when I move.

" This is my son, mine own Telemachus,
To whom I leave the sceptre and the isle—
Well-loved of me, discerning to fulfil
This labour, by slow prudence to make mild
A rugged people, and through soft degrees
Subdue them to the useful and the good.
Most blameless is he, centred in the sphere
Of common duties, decent not to fail
In offices of tenderness, and pay

Meet adoration to my household gods
When I am gone. He works his work, I
mine.

There lies the port: the vessel puffs his sail:
There gloom the dark-blue seas. My mariners,
Souls that have toiled, and wrought, and
thought with me—

That ever with a frolic welcome took
The thunder and the sunshine, and opposed
Free hearts, free foreheads—you and I are old;
Old age hath yet his honour and his toil;
Death closes all: but something ere the end,
Some work of noble note, may yet be done,
Not unbecoming men that strove with gods.
The lights begin to twinkle from the rocks:
The long day wanes: the slow moon climbs:
The deep

Moans round with many voices. Come, my
friends,

'Tis not too late to seek a newer world.
Push off, and, sitting well in order, smite
The sounding furrows; for my purpose holds
To sail beyond the sunset, and the baths
Of all the western stars, until I die."

St Simeon Stylites is a poem strongly and justly conceived, and written throughout with sustained and equable power. Those who have objected to it, that it is not the portrait of any *Christian* even of that distant age and that Eastern clime, have perhaps not sufficiently consulted their ecclesiastical history, or sufficiently reflected how almost inevitably the practice of penances and self-inflictions leads to the idea that these are, in fact, a sort of present payment for the future joys of heaven. Such an idea most assuredly prevailed amongst the Eastern eremites, of whom our Simeon was a most noted example. But we cannot quote from this, or from *The Two Voices*, or from *Locksley Hall*, or from *Clara Vere de Vere*; for we wish now to select some specimen of the lighter, more playful, and graceful manner of our poet. We pause betwixt *The Day-Dream* and *The Talking Oak*; they are both admirable: we choose the latter—we rest under its friendly, sociable shade, and its most musical of boughs. The lover holds communion with the good old oak-tree, and finds him the most amiable as well as the most discreet of confidants. May every lover find his oak-tree talk as well, and as agreeably, and give a report as welcome of his absent fair one! On being questioned—

"If ever maid or spouse
As fair as my Olivia, came
To rest beneath thy boughs,"

The oak makes answer:—

- "O Walter, I have sheltered here
Whatever maiden grace
The good old summers, year by year,
Made ripe in summer-chase:
"Old summers, when the monk was fat,
And, issuing shorn and sleek,
Would twist his girdle tight, and pat
The girls upon the cheek;
"And I have shadow'd many a group
Of beauties, that were born
In teacup-times of hood and hoop,
Or while the patch was worn;
"And leg and arm, with love-knots gay,
About me leap'd and laugh'd
The modish Cupid of the day,
And shrill'd his tinsel shaft.
"I swear (and else may insects prick
Each leaf into a gall)
This girl for whom your heart is sick
Is three times worth them all;
"I swear by leaf, and wind, and rain,
(And hear me with thy ears.)
That though I circle in the grain
Five hundred rings of years—
"Yet since I first could cast a shade
Did never creature pass
So slightly, musically made,
So light upon the grass:
"For as to fairies, that will fit
To make the greensward fresh,
I hold them exquisitely knit,
But far too spare of flesh."

The lover proceeds to inquire when it was that Olivia last came to "sport beneath his boughs;" and the oak, who from his topmost branches could see over into Summer-place, and look, it seems, in at the windows, gives him full information. Yesterday her father had gone out—

- "But as for her, she staid at home,
And on the roof she went,
And down the way you use to come,
She look'd with discontent.
"She left the novel, half uncut,
Upon the rosewood shelf;
She left the new piano shut;
She could not please herself.
"Then ran she, gamesome as a colt,
And livelier than a lark;
She sent her voice through all the hold
Before her, and the park.
"A light wind chased her on the wing,
And in the chase grew wild;
As close as might be would he cling
About the darling child.
"But light as any wind that blows,
So fleetly did she stir,
The flower she touch'd on dipt and rose,
And turn'd to look at her.

"And here she came, and round me play'd,
And sang to me the whole
Of those three stanzas that you made
About my 'giant bole';

"And, in a fit of frolic mirth,
She strove to span my waist;
Alas! I was so broad of girth
I could not be embraced.

"I wish'd myself the fair young beech,
That here beside me stands,
That round me, clasping each in each,
She might have lock'd her hands."

It is all equally charming, but we can proceed no further. Of the comic, we have hinted that Mr Tennyson is not without some specimens, though, as will be easily imagined, it is not a vein in which he frequently indulges. *Will Waterproof's Lyrical Monologue* is not a piece much to our taste, yet that

"Head-waiter of the chophouse here,
To which I most resort,"

together with the scene in which he lives and moves, is very graphically brought before us in the following lines:—

"But thou wilt never move from hence,
The sphere thy fate allots:
Thy latter days, increased with pence,
Go down among the pots.
Thou battenest by the greasy gleam
In haunts of hungry sinners,
Old boxes, larded with the steam
Of thirty thousand dinners.

"We fret, we fume, would shift our skins,
Would quarrel with our lot;
Thy care is under-polish'd tins
To serve the hot-and-hot.
To come and go, and come again,
Returning like the pewit,
And watch'd by silent gentlemen
That trifle with the cruet."

But this is not the extract we promised our readers, nor the one we should select as the best illustration of our author's powers in this style. In a piece called *Walking to the Mail*, there occurs the following description of a certain college trick played on some miserly caitiff, who, no doubt, had richly deserved this application of *Lynch law*. It is not unlike the happiest manner of our old dramatists,—

"I was at school—a college in the south:
There lived a flay-flint near; we stole his fruit,
His hens, his eggs; but there was law for us;
We paid in person. He had a sow, sir: she
With meditative grunts of much content,
Lay great with pig, wallowing in sun and mud.
By night we dragg'd her to the college tower

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From her warm bed, and up the cork-screw
stair,
With hand and rope we haled the groaning
sow,
And on the leads we kept her till she pigg'd.
Large range of prospect had the mother sow,
And but for daily loss of one she lov'd,
As one by one we took them—but for this,
As never sow was higher in this world,
Might have been happy: but what lot is pure?
We took them all, till she was left alone
Upon her tower, the Niobe of swine,
And so returned unfarrow'd to her sty."

The Princess; a Medley, now claims our attention. This can no longer, perhaps, be regarded as a new publication, yet, being the latest of Mr Tennyson's, some account of it seems due from us. With what propriety he has entitled it "A Medley" is not fully seen till the whole of it has come before the reader; and it is at the close of the poem that the author, sympathising with that something of surprise which he is conscious of having excited, explains in part how he fell into that half-serious, half-bantering style, and that odd admixture of modern and mediæval times, of nineteenth century notions and chivalrous manners, which characterise it, and constitute it the medley that it is. Accident, it seems, must bear the blame, if blame there be. The poem grew, we are led to gather, from some chance sketch or momentary caprice. So we infer from the following lines,—

"Here closed our compound story, which
at first,
Perhaps, but meant to banter little maids
With mock heroics and with parody;
But slipt in some strange way, cross'd with
burlesque
From mock to earnest, even into tones
Of tragic."—

However it grew, it is a charming medley; and that purposed anachronism which runs throughout, blending new and old, new theory and old romance, lends to it a perpetual piquancy. Speaking more immediately and critically of its poetic merit, what struck us on its perusal was this, that the *pictures* it presents are the most vivid imaginable; that here there is an originality and brilliancy of diction which quite illuminates the page; that everything which addresses itself to the eye stands out in the brightest light before us; but that, where the author falls into *reflection* and *sentiment*, he is not equal to himself; that

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here a slow creeping mist seems occasionally to steal over the page; so that, although the poem is not long, there are yet many passages which might be omitted with advantage. As to that peculiar abrupt style of narrative which the author adopts, it has, at all events, the merit of extreme brevity, and must find its full justification, we presume, in that half-burlesque character which is impressed upon the whole poem.

The subject is a pleasing one—a gentle banter of “the rights of woman,” as sometimes proclaimed by certain fair revolutionists. The feminine republic is dissolved, as might be expected, by the entrance of Love. He is not exactly elected first president of the republic; he has a shorter way of his own of arriving at despotic power, and domineers and scatters at the same time. In vain the sex band themselves together in Amazonian clubs, sections, or communities; he no sooner appears than each one drops the hand of his neighbour, and every heart is solitary.

The poem opens, oddly enough, with the sketch of a baronet's park, which has been given up for the day to some mechanics' institute. They hold a scientific gala there. Rapidly, and with touches of sprightly fancy, is the whole scene brought before us—the holiday multitude, and the busy amateurs of experimental philosophy.

“Somewhat lower down,
A man with knobs and wires and vials fired
A cannon : Echo answered in her sleep
From hollow fields : and here were telescopes
For azure views ; and there a group of girls
In circle waited, whom the electric shock
Dislinked with shrieks and laughter : round
the lake

A little clock-work steamer paddling plied,
And shook the lilies : perched about the knolls,
A dozen angry models jetted steam ;
A petty railway ran ; a fire-balloon
Rose gem-like up before the dusky groves,
And dropt a parachute and pass'd :
And there, through twenty posts of telegraph,
They flash'd a saucy message to and fro
Between the mimic stations ; so that sport
With science hand in hand went : otherwhere
Pure sport : a herd of boys with clamour
bowl'd

And stamp'd the wicket ; babies roll'd about
Like tumbled fruit in grass ; and men and
maids

Arrang'd a country-dance, and flew through
light
And shadow.”

Here we are introduced to Lilia, the

baronet's young and pretty daughter. She, in a sprightly fashion that would, however, have daunted no admirer, rails at the sex masculine, and asserts, at all points, the equality of woman.

“Convention beats them down ;
It is but bringing up ; no more than that :
You men have done it ; how I hate you all !
O were I some great princess, I would build
Far off from men a college of my own,
And I would teach them all things ; you
would see.”

And one said, smiling, ‘Pretty were the
sight,
If our old halls could change their sex, and
flaunt

With prudes for proctors, dowagers for deans,
And sweet girl-graduates in their golden hair.

Yet I fear,
If there were many Lilies in the brood,
However deep you might embower the nest,
Some boy would spy it.’

“At this upon the sword
She tapt her tiny silken-sandal'd foot :
‘That's your light way ; but I would make it
death

For any male thing but to peep at us.’
Petulant she spoke, and at herself she laugh'd ;
A rosebud set with little wifful thorns,
And sweet as English air could make her, she.”

Hereupon the poet, who is one of the party, tells a tale of a princess who did what Lilia threatened—who founded a college of sweet girls, to be brought up in high contempt and stern equality of the now domineering sex. This royal and beautiful champion of the rights of woman had been betrothed to a certain neighbouring prince; and the poet, assuming the character of this prince, tells the tale in the first person.

Of course, the royal foundress of a college, where no men are permitted to make their appearance, scouts the idea of being bound by any such pre-contract. The prince, however, cannot so easily resign the lady. He sets forth, with two companions, Cyril and Florian. The three disguise themselves in feminine apparel, and thus gain admittance into this palace-college of fair damsels.

“There at a board, by tome and paper, sat,
With two tame leopards couch'd beside her
throne,

All beauty compass'd in a female form,
The princess ; liker to the inhabitant
Of some clear planet close upon the sun,
Than our man's earth. She rose her height
and said :

‘We give you welcome ; not without re-
dound

Of fame and profit unto yourselves ye come,
The first-fruits of the stranger : avertime,

And that full voice which circles round the grave
Will rank you nobly, mingled up with me.
What! are the ladies of your land so tall?
'We of the court,' said Cyril. 'From the court!'

She answered; 'then ye know the prince?'
And he,

'The climax of his age: as tho' there were
One rose in all the world—your highness that—
He worships your ideal.' And she replied:
'We did not think in our own hall to hear
This barren verbiage, current among men—
Light coin, the tinsel clink of compliment:
We think not of him. When we set our hand
To this great work, we purposed with ourselves
Never to wed. You likewise will do well,
Ladies, in entering here, to cast and fling
The tricks which make us toys of men, that so,
Some future time, if so indeed you will,
You may with those self-styled our lords ally
Your fortunes, justlier balanced, scale with
scale.'

At these high words, we, conscious of ourselves,
Perused the matting."

In this banter is not unfairly expressed a sort of reasoning we have sometimes heard gravely maintained. We women will not be "the toys of men." We renounce the toilette and all those charms which the mirror reflects and teaches; we will be the equal friends of men, not bound to them by the ties of a silly fondness, or such as a passing imagination creates. Good. But as the natural attraction between the sexes must, under some shape, still exist, it may be worth while for these female theorists to consider, whether a little folly and love, is not a better combination, than much philosophy and a coarser passion; for such, they may depend upon it, is the alternative which life presents to us. Love and imagination are inextricably combined; in our old English the same word, *Fancy*, expressed them both.

Strange to say, the princess has selected two *widows*, (both of whom have children, and one an infant,)—Lady Blanche and Lady Psyche—for the chief assistants, or tutors, in her new establishment. Our hopeful pupils put themselves under the tuition of Lady Psyche, who proves to be a sister of one of them, Florian. This leads to their discovery. After Lady Psyche has delivered a somewhat tedious lecture, she recognises her brother.

"My brother! O," she said;
'What do you here? And in this dress? And these?'

Why, who are these? a wolf within the fold!
A pack of wolves! the Lord be gracious to me!
A plot, a plot, a plot to ruin all!"

All three appeal to Psyche's feelings. The appeal is effectual, though the reader will probably think it rather wearisome: it is one of those passages he will wish were abridged. The lady promises silence, on the condition that they will steal away, as soon as may be, from the forbidden ground on which they have entered.

The princess now rides out,—

"To take

The dip of certain strata in the north."

The new pupils are summoned to attend her.

"She stood

Among her maidens higher by the head,
Her back against a pillar, her foot on one
Of those tame leopards. Kitten-like it rolled,
And paw'd about her sandal. I drew near:
My heart beat thick with passion and with
awe;
And from my breast the involuntary sigh
Broke, as she smote me with the light of
eyes,
That lent my knee desire to kneel, and shook
My pulses, till to horse we climb, and so
Went forth in long retinue, following up
The river, as it narrow'd to the hills."

Here the disguised prince has an opportunity of furtively alluding to his suit, and to his precontract—even ventures to speak of the despair which her cruel resolution will inflict upon him.

"'Poor boy,' she said, 'can he not read—no books?'

Quoit, tennis-ball—no games? nor deals in that

Which men delight in, martial exercises?

To nurse a blind ideal like a girl,

Methinks he seems no better than a girl;

As girls were once, as we ourselves have been.

We had our dreams, perhaps he mixed with them;

We touch on our dead self, nor shun to do it,
Being other—since we learn our meaning here,

To uplift the woman's fall'n divinity
Upon an even pedestal with man."

Well, after the geological survey, and much hammering and clinking, and "chattering of stony names," the party sit down to a sort of picnic. And here Cyril, flushed with the wine, and forgetful of his womanly part, breaks out into a merry stave "unmeet for ladies."

"'Forbear,' the princess cried, 'Forbear, Sir,' I—

And, heated through and through with wrath and love,

I smote him on the breast ; he started up ;
There rose a shriek as of a city sack'd."

That "sir," that manly blow, had revealed all; there was a general fight. The princess, Ida, in the tumult is thrown, horse and rider, into a stream. The prince is, of course, there to save; but it avails him nothing. He is afterwards brought before her, she sitting in state, "eight mighty daughters of the plough" attending as her guard. She thus tauntingly dismisses him:—

"You have done well, and like a gentleman,
And like a prince; you have our thanks
for all:

And you look well too in your woman's dress;
Well have you done and like a gentleman.
You have saved our life; we owe you bitter
thanks:

Better have died and spilt our bones in the
flood;

Then men had said—but now—

You that have dared to break our bound,
and gull'd

Our tutors, wrong'd, and lied, and thwarted
us—

I wed with thee! I bound by precontract,
Your bride, your bond-slave! *not tho' all the
gold*

*That veins the world were packed to make
your crown,*

And every spoken tongue should lord you."

Then those eight mighty daughters of the plough usher them out of the palace. We shall get into too long a story if we attempt to narrate all the events that follow. The king, the father of the prince, comes with an army to seek and liberate his son. Arac, brother of the princess, comes also with an army to her protection. The prince and Arac, with a certain number of champions on either side, enter the lists; and in the *mêlée*, the prince is dangerously wounded. Then compassion rises in the noble nature of Ida; she takes the wounded prince into her palace, tends upon him, restores him. She loves; and the college is for ever broken up—disbanded; and the "rights of woman" resolve into that greatest of all her rights—a heart-affection, a life-service, the devotion of one who is ever both her subject and her prince.

This account will be sufficient to render intelligible the few further extracts we wish to make. Lady Psyche, not having revealed to her chief these "wolves" whom she had detected, was in some measure a sharer in their guilt. She fled from

the palace; but the Princess Ida retained her infant child. This incident is made the occasion of some very charming poetry, both when the mother laments the loss of her child, and when she regains possession of it.

"Ah me, my babe, my blossom, ah my
child!

My one sweet child, whom I shall see no more;
For now will cruel Ida keep her back;
And either she will die for want of care,
Or sicken with ill usage, when they say
The child is hers; and they will beat my girl,
Remembering her mother. O my flower!
Or they will take her, they will make her
hard;

And she will pass me by in after-life
With some cold reverence, worse than were
she dead.

But I will go and sit beside the doors,
And make a wild petition night and day,
Until they hate to hear me, like a wind
Wailing for ever, till they open to me,
And lay my little blossom at my feet,
My babe, my sweet Aglaia, my one child:
And I will take her up and go my way,
And satisfy my soul with kissing her."

After the combat between Arac and the prince, when all parties had congregated on what had been the field of battle, this child is lying on the grass—

"Psyche ever stole

A little nearer, till the babe that by us,
*Half-lapt in glowing gauze and golden brocade,
Lay like a new-fallen meteor on the grass,
Unobserved for, spied its mother, and began
A blind and babbling laughter, and to dance
Its body, and reach its falling innocent arms,
And lazy lingering fingers.* She the appeal
Brook'd not, but clamouring out, 'Mine—
mine—not yours;
It is not yours, but mine: give me the child,'
Ceased all in tremble: piteous was the cry."

Cyril, wounded in the fight, raises himself on his knee, and implores of the princess to restore the child to her. She relents, but does not give it to the mother, to whom she is not yet reconciled—gives it, however, to Cyril.

"Take it, sir," and so

Laid the soft babe in his hard-mailed hands,
Who turn'd half round to Psyche, as she
sprang

To embrace it, with an eye that swam in thanks,
Then felt it sound and whole from head to
foot,

And hugg'd, and never hugg'd it close enough;
And in her hunger mouth'd and mumbled it,
And hid her bosom with it; after that
Put on more calm."

The two kings are well sketched out—the father of Ida, and the father

of our prince. Here is the first ; a weak, indulgent, fidgetty old man, who is very much perplexed when the prince makes his appearance to demand fulfilment of the marriage contract.

" His name was Gama ; crack'd and small in voice ;
A little dry old man, without a star,
Not like a king ! Three days he feasted us,
And on the fourth I spoke of why we came,
And my betroth'd. ' You do us, Prince,' he said,
Airing a snowy hand and signet gem,
' All honour. We remember love ourselves
In our sweet youth : there did a compact pass
Long summers back, a kind of ceremony—
I think the year in which our olives failed.
I would you had her, Prince, with all my heart ;—
With my full heart ! but there were widows here,
Two widows, Lady Psycho, Lady Blanche ;
They fed her theories, in and out of place,
Maintaining that with equal husbandry
The woman were an equal to the man.
They harp'd on this ; with this our banquets rang ;
Our dances broke and hugged in knots of talk ;
Nothing but this : my very ears were hot
To hear them. Last my daughter begg'd a boon,
A certain summer-palace which I have
Hard by your father's frontier : I said No,
Yet, being an easy man, gave it.' "

The other royal personage is of another build, and talks in another tone—a rough old warrior king, who speaks through his beard. And he speaks with a rough sense too : very little respect has he for these novel "rights of women."

" Boy,

The bearing and the training of a child
Is woman's wisdom."

And when his son counsels peaceful modes of winning his bride, and deprecates war, the old king says:—

" Tut, you know them not, the girls :
They prize hard knocks, and to be won by force.

Boy, there's no rose that's half so dear to them

As he that does the thing they dare not do,—
Breathing and sounding beauteous battle, comes

With the air of trumpets round him, and leaps in

Among the women, snares them by the score,
Flatter'd and fluster'd, wins, tho' dash'd with death,

He reddens what he kisses : thus I won
Your mother, a good mother, a good wife,
Worth winning ; but this firebrand—gentleness

To such as her ! If Cyril spake her true,
To catch a dragon in a cherry net,
And trip a tigress with a gossamer,
Were wisdom to it.' "

With one charming picture we must close our extracts, or we shall go far to have it said that, with the exception of scattered single lines and phrases, we have pillaged the poem of every beautiful passage it contains. Here is a peep into the garden on the college-walks of our maiden university :

" There

One walked, reciting by herself, and one
In this hand held a volume as to read,
And smooth'd a petted peacock down with that.
Some to a low song oar'd a shallop by,
Or under arches of the marble bridge
Hung, shadow'd from the heat."

It may be observed that we have quoted no passages from this poem, such as we might deem faulty, or vapid, or in any way transgressing the rules of good taste. It does not follow that it would have been impossible to do so. But on the chapter of his faults we had already said enough. Mr Tennyson is not a writer on whose uniform good taste we learn to have a full reliance ; on the contrary, he makes us wince very often ; but he is a writer who pleases much, where he does please, and we learn at length to blink the fault, in favour of that genius which soon after appears to redeem it.

Has this poet ceased from his labours, or may we yet expect from him some more prolonged strain, some work fully commensurate to the undoubted powers he possesses ? It were in vain to prophesy. This last performance, *The Princess*, took, we believe, his admirers by surprise. It was not exactly what they had expected from him—not of so high an order. Judging by some intimations he himself has given us, we should not be disposed to anticipate any such effort from Mr Tennyson. Should he, however, contradict this anticipation, no one will welcome the future epic, or drama, or story, or whatever it may be, more cordially than ourselves. Meanwhile, if he rests here, he will have added one name more to that list of English poets, who have succeeded in establishing a permanent reputation on a few brief performances—a list which includes such names as Gray, and Collins, and Coleridge.

ARISTOCRATIC ANNALS.

HERE are three books analogous in subject, and nearly coincident in publication, but of diverse character and execution. We believe the vein to be rather a new one, and it is odd that three writers should simultaneously begin to work it. Mr Craik claims a slight precedence in date; his work differs more from the other two than they from each other, and is altogether of a higher class. He is very exact and erudite—at times almost too much so for the promise of amusement held out by his attractive title-page. In his preface he explains, that it is with facts alone he professes to deal, and that he “aspires in nowise to the airy splendours of fiction. The romance of the peerage which he undertakes to detail is only the romantic portion of the history of the peerage.” He has adopted the right course; any other, by destroying the reality of his book, would have deteriorated its value. And the events he deals with are too curious and remarkable to be improved by imaginative embellishment. He is occasionally over-liberal of genealogical and other details, which few persons, excepting those to whose ancestors they relate, will care much about; but as a whole, his book possesses powerful interest, and as he goes on—for he promises four or five more volumes—that interest is likely to rise. Of the two volumes already published, the second is more interesting than the first. Both will surely be eagerly read by the class to which they more particularly refer, but probably neither will be so generally popular as Mr Peter Burke's compilation of celebrated trials. Here we pass from historical to domestic romance. There is a peculiar and fascinating interest in records of criminal jurisprudence; an interest greatly en-

hanced when those records include names illustrious in our annals. Mr Peter Burke has done his work exceedingly well. He claims to have assembled, in one bulky volume, all the important trials connected with the aristocracy, not of a political nature, that have occurred during the last three centuries, “divested of forensic technicality and prolixity, and accompanied by brief historical and genealogical information as to the persons of note who figure in the cases.” He has been so judicious as to preserve, in most instances, in the exact words in which they were reported, the evidence of witnesses, the pleadings of counsel, and the summing up of the judges; thus presenting us with much quaint and curious narrative as it fell from the lips of the noble persons concerned, and with many eloquent and admirable speeches from the bar and the bench. The volume, wherever it be opened, instantly rivets attention. We can hardly speak so laudatorily of the third book under notice. “Flag is a big word in a pilot's mouth,” says Cooper's boat-swain, when Paul Jones forgets his incognito—and Burke is an imposing name to stand in initialless dignity on the back of Mr Colburn's demy octavo. The Burke here in question is well known as the manufacturer of a Dictionary of Peers, of a Baronetage, and so forth. As a relief from such mechanical occupation, he now strays into “those verdant and seductive by-ways of history, where marvellous adventure and romantic incident spring up, as sparkling flowers, beneath our feet.” The sparkle of the flowers in question is, as his readers will perceive, nothing to the sparkle of Mr Burke's style. *Ne sutor, &c.*, means, we apprehend, in this instance,

The Romance of the Peerage, or Curiosities of Family History. By GEORGE LILLIE CRAIK. Vols. I. and II. London: 1849.

Celebrated Trials connected with the Aristocracy in the Relations of Private Life. By PETER BURKE, Esq., of the Inner Temple, Barrister-at-Law. Pp. 505. London: 1849.

Anecdotes of the Aristocracy, and Episodes in Ancestral Story. By J. BERNARD BURKE, Esq. 2 Vols. London: 1849.

let not Burke, whose prename is Bernard, go beyond his directories. Instead of wandering into picturesque cross-roads, he should have pursued the highway, where his industry had already proved useful to the public, and doubtless profitable both to himself and to his worthy publisher. Better far have stuck to Macadam, instead of rambling amongst the daisies, where he really does not seem at home, and makes but a so-so appearance. Not that his book is dull or unamusing; it would have been difficult to make it that, with a subject so rich and materials so abundant. But it certainly owes little to the style, which, although quite of the ambitious order, is eminently mawkish. Of the legends, anecdotes, tales, and trials, composing the volumes, some of the most interesting are unduly compressed and slurred over, whilst others, less attractive, are wearisomely extended by diluted dialogues and insipid reflections. People do not expect namby-pamby in a book of this kind. They look for striking and amusing incidents, plainly and unpretendingly told. They do not want, for instance, such inflated truisms and sheer nonsense as are found at pages 194 to 196 of Mr Burke's first volume. We cite this passage at random out of many we have marked. We abstain from dissecting it, out of consideration for its author, who, we daresay, has done his best, and whose chief fault is, that he has done rather too much. We have read his book carefully through with considerable entertainment. It is full of good stories badly told. Fortunately, being chiefly a compilation, it abounds in long extracts from better writers than himself. But every now and then we come to a bit that makes us exclaim with the old woman in the church, "that's his own!"

The first section of Mr Craik's book extends over nearly a century, "that most picturesque of our English centuries which lies between the Reformation and the Great Rebellion," and owes its priority to its length and importance, not to chronological precedence, which is due rather to some of the narratives in the second volume. The history of the Lady Lettice Knollys, her marriages and her de-

scendants, occupies nearly the whole volume, including much interesting matter relative to various noble English families, as well as to Queen Elizabeth, Amy Robsart, Antonio Perez, and other characters well known in history or romance. Here there is temptation enough to linger; but we pass on to a most interesting chapter of the second volume, which illustrates, as well and more briefly, the merits of Mr Craik's book. It is entitled *The Old Percys*—a name than which none is more thoroughly English, none more suggestive of high and chivalrous qualities. Mr Craik begins by a tilt at Romeo's fallacy of there being nothing in a name, instead of which, he says, "names have been in all ages among the most potent things in the world. They have stirred and swayed mankind, and still do so, simply as names, without any meaning being attached to them. Of two sounds, designating or indicating the same thing, the one shall, by its associations, raise an emotion of the sublime, the other of the ridiculous. There can hardly be a stronger instance of this than we have in the two paternal names, the assumed and the genuine one, of the family at present possessing the Northumberland title. The former, Percy, is a name for poetry to conjure with; it is itself poetry of a high and epic tone, and may be said to move the English heart 'more than the sound of a trumpet,' as Sidney tells us his was moved whenever he heard the rude old ballad in which it is celebrated; but when Canning, or whoever else it was, in the *Anti-Jacobin* audaciously came out with—

' Duke Smithson of Northumberland
A vow to God did make,'

he set the town in a roar." The case is neatly made out, and the writer then investigates the etymology of the name of Percy. The popular version is, that a Scottish king, the great Malcolm Canmore, was slain in the latter part of the eleventh century whilst assaulting the castle of Alnwick, whose lord ran his spear into the monarch's eye, and thence derived the surname of Pierce-eye. This is so pretty and romantic a derivation that one is loath to relinquish

in our imagination the Percys were Percys only, and therefore desire Mauduin's death. Geoffrey, son of Mauduin, the Norman knight, accompanied John in his invasion of France, and became lord of the town of Percy in Flanders, in Lower Normandy, and thus became his surname—originally *seur-name* or *her-name*—an appellation derived from hereditary property. Two of the *de Percys* first in descent from Geoffrey, Edward William and Conqueror of England, where the elder of them became one of the greatest lords in the country. About a hundred and twenty baronies in Yorkshire, Lincolnshire, and other parts, are set down in Domesday Book as his property. He was, of course, a baron of the realm. His family name being probably reserved for occasions of fight and ceremony, he was familiarly known in his own day as *Gulienne* or *perous*—that is, Will with the Whiskers—which puts us in possession of at least one point in the personal appearance of this founder of the English house of Percy. Hence *Algonquin* became a common baptismal name among his descendants. . . . Will with the Whiskers must have been a good fellow, if it be true, as we are told by an old writer, that his wife, Emma de Peret, was the Saxon heiress of some of the lands bestowed upon him by the Conqueror, and that 'he wedded her in discharging of his conscience.' We here observe a variance between Mr Craik and Mr Bernard Burke, who devotes more than one chapter to anecdotes of the house of Percy, which he states to have enjoyed an uninterrupted male descent from the date of the Conquest to the death of Jocelyn Percy, the eleventh earl, in 1670. Mr Craik, on the other hand, whilst noticing that the line has thrice ended in a female, and been revived through the marriage of the heiress, fixes the date of the first of these extinctions and revivals in 1168, or rather later, about a century after the Conquest, when the death, without male heirs, of the third Lord Percy, left the wealth and honours of the house to his two daughters. Maud, the eldest, died without issue; Agnes, the younger, married Jocelyn of Loraine, whose house was

one of the most illustrious in Europe, bearing relationship with the dukes of Hainault, and collateral descents from the emperor Charlemagne, but when she took for her husband only an ostensible of his assuming her ancestral name. Mr Craik gives Collins' *Percy* as his authority; Mr Burke would probably refer us to his own; but we do not feel enough interest in the subject to attempt to decide where doctors of this eminence differ. Amongst his celebrated "*Percy* Cases," Mr Burke gives some curious particulars of the claim made by a Dutch trunkmaker to the titles and estates of the Percys, on the extinction of the male line in 1670. This man, whether the blood of the Percys flowed in his veins or not, showed no small share of the pluck and boldness for which that family was so long distinguished, by upholding his pretensions for fifteen years—at first against the Dowager Countess of Northumberland, and afterwards against the proud and powerful Duke of Somerset, who had married the heiress, Lady Elizabeth Percy. When it is remembered that this occurred in the reign of Charles II., whose tribunals were not renowned for their equity, (and when a long perse was often better than the clearest right,) and that the influence and position of the countess and duke gave them incalculable advantages, it may be thought that the box-builder from Ireland was almost as bold a man as the Hotspur he claimed for an ancestor. He got hard measure from the House of Lords, and was rebuked for presuming to trouble it. He tried the courts of law, suing persons for scandal who had stated him to be an impostor—an indirect way of establishing his descent. After one of these trials, Lord Hailes, dissatisfied with the decision of the court, which was unfavourable to the plaintiff, is stated to have said to Lord Shaftesbury, when entering his coach—"I verily believe he (James Percy) hath as much right to the earldom of Northumberland as I have to this coach and horses, which I have bought and paid for." In the reign of James II., Percy again petitioned the Lords, but ineffectually. His final effort was in the first year of William and Mary, when his petition was read and referred to

a Committee of Privileges, whose report declared him insolent; and ultimately he was condemned to be brought "before the four courts in Westminster Hall, wearing a paper upon his breast, on which these words shall be written: THE FALSE AND IMPUDENT PRETENDER TO THE EARLDOM OF NORTHUMBERLAND." This was accordingly done, and, thus disgraced and branded as a cheat, the unfortunate trunkmaker was heard of no more.

Connected with the early years of the heiress whose rights were thus disputed, are some singularly romantic incidents, of which a long account is given by both Burkes. Before the Lady Elizabeth Percy attained the age of sixteen, she was thrice a wife, and twice a widow. She was not yet thirteen when the ceremony of marriage was performed between her and the Earl of Ogle, a boy of the same age, who died within the year, leaving the heiress of Northumberland to be competed for by new suitors. Amongst these was Thomas Thynne, Esq., of Longleat in Wiltshire, known, from his great wealth, as Tom of Ten Thousand, member of parliament for his county, a man of weight in the country, and living in a style of great magnificence. He had been an intimate friend of the Duke of York, afterwards James II., but, having quarrelled with that prince, he turned Whig, and courted the Duke of Monmouth, who frequently visited him at his sumptuous mansion of Longleat, and to whom he made a present of a team of Oldenburg carriage-horses of remarkable beauty. Thynne was soon the accepted suitor of Lady Elizabeth Percy, and they were married in 1681, but separated immediately after the ceremony on account of the youth of the bride, who went abroad for a tour on the Continent.

"It was then, as some say, that she first met Count Konigsmark at the court of Hanover; but in this notion there is a confusion both of dates and persons. The count, in fact, appears to have seen her in England, and to have paid his addresses to her before she gave her hand, or had it given for her, to Thynne. On his rejection, he left the country; but that they met on the Continent there is no evidence or likelihood. Charles John von Konigs-

mark was a Swede by birth, but was sprung from a German family, long settled in the district called the Mark of Brandenburg, on the coast of the Baltic. The name of Konigsmark is one of the most distinguished in the military annals of Sweden throughout a great part of the seventeenth century." — (*Celebrated Trials*, p. 41.)

Count Charles John did honour, at a very early age, to the warlike reputation of his family, upon whose scutcheon he was subsequently to cast the shadow of a foul suspicion. When eighteen years old, he greatly distinguished himself in a cruise against the Turks, undertaken in company with the Knights of Malta. Early in 1681, he returned to England, and the probabilities are that it was then, during Lady Elizabeth's widowhood, that he became an aspirant for her hand. Her second marriage apparently destroyed the chance of the desperate Swede, but without extinguishing his hopes. In the month of February 1682, the position of the three personages of the drama was as follows: Lady Elizabeth, or Lady Ogle, as she was styled, was abroad; Konigsmark had been lost sight of, having gone none knew whither; Tom Thynne, with the heiress of Northumberland his own by legal title, if not in actual possession, was at the zenith of his personal and political prosperity. His friend Monmouth was the idol of the mob, the Duke of York had gone to Scotland to avoid the storm raised by the absurd popish plot, and by the murder of Sir Edmundbury Godfrey; Shaftesbury had been released from the Tower, amidst acclamations and illuminations: party-spirit, in short, ran so high, and Thynne was so prominent a figure at the moment, that the crime to which he presently fell a victim has been thought by many to have been instigated by political enemies, at least as much as by a disappointed rival for the hand of the heiress of the Percys. Be that as it may, (and at this distance of time it were a hopeless undertaking to elucidate a deed which the tribunals and annalists of the day failed to clear up,) "on the night of Sunday, 12th February 1682, all the court end of London was startled by the news that Thynne had been shot passing along the public streets in his

coach. The spot was towards the eastern extremity of Pall-Mall, directly opposite to St Alban's Street,—no longer to be found, but which occupied nearly the same site with the covered passage now called the Opera Arcade. St Alban's Place, which was at its northern extremity, still preserves the memory of the old name. King Charles, at Whitehall, might almost have heard the report of the assassin's blunderbuss; and so might Dryden, sitting in his favourite front-room on the ground-floor of his house, on the south side of Gerrard Street, also hard by, more than a couple of furlongs distant." Sir John Reresby, the magistrate and memoir-writer, took an active share in the arrests and examinations that followed, and gives the details of the affair. He was at court that evening, and declares the king to have been greatly shocked at news of the murder—"not only for horror of the action itself, (which was shocking to his natural disposition,) but also for fear of the turn the anti-court party might give thereto." Three persons were arrested—a Pole, a German, and a Swedish lieutenant; and Borosky, the Pole, declared that he came to England by the desire of Count Konigsmark, signified to him through his Hamburg agent, and that on his arrival the count informed him what he had to do, supplied him with weapons, and put him under the orders of a German captain, by whose command he fired into Mr Thynne's carriage. The murderers were determined their enterprise should not miscarry for want of arms, and got together an arsenal. "There were a blunderbuss, two swords, two pair of pistols, three pocket-pistols, &c., tied up together in a sort of sea-bed, and delivered to Dr Dubartin, a German doctor, who received them at his own house." Active search was made for Konigsmark, who had arrived in England *incognito* some days before the murder, and after a while he was discovered in hiding at Gravesend. The Duke of Monmouth and Lord Cavendish were particularly active in the affair, and a reward of £200 was offered for the count's apprehension. He was carried before the king. "I happened," says Reresby, "to be present upon this occasion, and observed that

he appeared before his majesty with all the assurance imaginable. He was a fine person of a man, and I think his hair was the longest I ever saw." Nothing was elicited at this examination, which was very superficial, but on the 27th February the four accused persons were put on their trial at Hick's Hall. Konigsmark was acquitted for want of evidence, (that of his three accomplices and servants not being receivable against him,) and by reason also, says Mr Peter Burke, of the more than ordinarily artful and favourable summing up of Chief-Justice Pemberton, who seemed determined to save him. The others were hanged in Pall-Mall, and Borosky, who fired the blunderbuss, was suspended in chains at Mile End. Although Konigsmark slipped through the fingers of justice, the moral conviction of his guilt was so strong, and the popular feeling so violent against him, that he was glad to leave England in all haste. "The high-spirited Lord Cavendish," says Mr Bernard Burke, "the friend and companion of the murdered Thynne, indignant at what he deemed a shameful evasion of justice, offered to meet Konigsmark in any part of the world, charge the guilt of blood upon him, and prove it with his sword. Granger records that the challenge was accepted, and that the parties agreed to fight on the sands of Calais, but before the appointed time arrived, Konigsmark declined the encounter." Such backwardness is rather inconsistent with the count's high reputation for bravery—somewhat inexplicable in the leader of the Maltese boarders, and in the man who subsequently greatly distinguished himself at the siege of Cambray and Gerona, at Navarin and Modon, and at the battle of Argoo, where he was either killed in fight, or died of a pleurisy brought on by over-exertion. On this last point authorities differ. It is not improbable, however, notwithstanding his approved valour, that conscience may have made a coward of him in the instance referred to by Granger, and that the man who never flinched before the Turk's scimitar or the Spaniard's toledo, may have shunned crossing his sword with the vengeful blade of Cavendish.

If, as may be supposed, it was Konigsmark's intention, by the assassination of Mr Thynne, to clear the way for his own pretensions to the hand of Lady Elizabeth, that part of his scheme was frustrated by the discovery of his complicity in the crime. There could be no hope of a renewal of the favour with which the lady has been said to have regarded the handsome Swede previously to her contract with Thynne—the work apparently of her restless matchmaking grandmother and guardian, rather than the result of any inclination of her own. Twice married, and still a maid, the Lady Ogle returned to England immediately after the execution of her second husband's murderers, and soon (only two months afterwards, we are told) she was led to the altar, for the third time, by Charles Seymour, Duke of Somerset, commonly known as the Proud Duke of Somerset, by reason of his inordinate arrogance and self-esteem. He outlived her, and married Lady Charlotte Finch, daughter of the Earl of Winchelsea. "Madam," he is reported to have said, with infinite indignation, to this lady, when she once ventured to tap him familiarly on the shoulder with her fan—"Madam, my first wife was a Percy, and she never would have dared to take such liberty." The Proud Duke, who not unfrequently made himself a laughingstock by his fantastical assumption, attended the funerals of three sovereigns, and the coronation of five. On all such state occasions the precedence was his, the first peer of the realm (Duke of Norfolk) being a Roman Catholic. His only surviving son, out of seven borne him by his first duchess, left but one daughter, married to Sir Hugh Smithson, to whom the earldom of Northumberland descended, and who, in 1776, became the first duke of Northumberland.

Opposite the title-page of Mr Craik's second volume smiles the sweet face of Mary Tudor, the daughter, sister, and widow of kings, the wife of Charles Brandon, Duke of Suffolk, the grandmother of the hapless Lady Jane Grey. No English princess, so little remarkable for high mental qualities, occupies so conspicuous a place in our annals. Her life was a romance; and the portion of it passed in France, as the

bride of the infirm Louis XII., has been more than once availed of by the novelist. But the truth is here far too picturesque for embellishment. The utmost efforts of fiction could scarcely enhance the singularity of the chain of circumstances entwined with Mary's girlhood, in the course of which she was near becoming an empress, as she afterwards became a queen. In January 1506, when Mary was eight years old, Philip, Archduke of Austria, and, in right of his wife, King of Castile, was compelled by stress of weather to put in at Falmouth, during a voyage from the Netherlands to Spain, whereupon Henry VII. detained him at his court, and would not let him go till he had extorted his consent to a marriage between the infant princess and Prince Charles of Castile, afterwards the Emperor Charles V. Philip died in the autumn of the same year, but the marriage was not the less solemnised by proxy in London early in 1508, to the great contentment of Henry, to whose felicity, Bacon says, there was then nothing to be added. "Nevertheless, the marriage of Mary of England with the Spanish prince, though it had gone so far, went no farther; nor does her father seem to have counted upon the arrangement being carried out with absolute reliance. When he died, in 1509, he was found to have directed in his will that the sum of £50,000 should be bestowed as a dower with Mary, whenever she should be married either to Charles, King of Castile, or to any other foreign prince. In October 1513, after the capture of Tournay by Henry VIII., it was stipulated by a new treaty, concluded at Lisle, between him and Maximilian Emperor of Austria, that Charles should marry the Princess Mary at Calais before the 15th May next." The match, however, hung fire on the part of the Austrian, who had been tempted by the offer for his grandson of the French princess Renée, and although nothing came of this project, it enabled the King of France to connect himself as closely with the royal family of England, as he had been desirous of doing with that of Castile, but in another manner. His queen, Anne of Bretagne, died just about that time, and a few months afterwards the

decrepid valetudinarian of fifty-three proposed marriage with the blooming sister of Henry VIII., then in her seventeenth year. Mary, attaching apparently little importance to the contract with the Prince of Castile, had fixed her affections on the handsome and chivalrous Charles Brandon, her brother's favourite, and the best lance of his day.

"Le premier des rois fut un soldat heureux,"

says the French ballad; and Brandon, whose pedigree was a blank previously to his father's father, may be said to have had almost equal fortune. For if not a king himself, he was a queen's husband, and a king's brother-in-law. He must have been some years older than Mary, for he had already been twice married, and had been talked of as the proposed husband of various illustrious ladies, and amongst others, of the Archduchess Margaret of Austria, whose heart he is said to have won by his prowess in a tournament. At last Mary Tudor cast her eyes upon him, apparently with the full approval of her brother, whose most intimate friend Brandon long had been, and who now created him Duke of Suffolk, in anticipation of his marriage with his sister. Just then came Louis XII.'s offer. "The temptation of seeing his sister queen of France," says Mr Craik, "was not to be resisted by Henry; and the prospect of such an elevation may not perhaps have been without its seductions for the princess herself:" an illiberal supposition, refuted, if there be aught in physiognomy, by Mr Craik's own artist. The owner of those frank, fair features can never have preferred ambition to love, a decrepid French king to a gallant English duke. She consented, however, to the alliance; and if there were tears and overruling in the matter, they are certainly not upon the record. Old Louis—who, although not much past what is generally the full vigour of life, had already a foot in the grave—had planned the marriage as a matter of policy, but soon became exceedingly excited by the accounts he got of Mary's great beauty. A letter from the Earl of Worcester, sent to Paris as her proxy at the ceremony of marriage, to Cardinal Wolsey,

exhibits the French monarch in a fever of expectation, "devising new collars and goodly gear" for his bride. "He showed me," says the earl, "the goodliest and the richest sight of jewels that ever I saw. I assure you, all that I ever have seen is not to compare to fifty-six great pieces that I saw of diamonds and rubies, and seven of the greatest pearls that I have seen, besides a great number of other goodly diamonds, rubies, balais, and great pearls; and the worst of the second sort of stones to be priced, and cost two thousand ducats. There is ten or twelve of the principal stones that there hath been refused for one of them one hundred thousand ducats." It seemed as if Louis, diffident of his own powers of captivation, had resolved to buy his wife's affection with trinkets; and Lord Worcester, duly appreciating the glittering store, and overrating, perhaps, its power of conferring happiness, doubts not "but she will have a good life with him, with the grace of God." The respectable and uxorious old sovereign was too wise to hand over the entire treasure at once, and planned, as he told Worcester, to have "at many and divers times kisses and thanks for them." He accordingly doled them out in daily morsels, which, although minute enough when compared with the coffers' full of which Lord Worcester speaks, were yet sufficiently considerable to satisfy an ordinary appetite. On the day of their marriage, which took place at Abbéville, he gave her "a marvellous great pointed diamond, with a ruby almost two inches long, without fail." And the following day he bestowed upon her "a ruby two inches and a half long, and as big as a man's finger, hanging by two chains of gold at every end, without any foil; the value whereof few men could esteem." At the same time he packed off her English attendants, which at first greatly discomposed her, but after a time she appears to have become reconciled to it, when a new cause of embarrassment arose in the arrival at Paris of the Duke of Suffolk in the character of English ambassador. "The attachment understood to have so recently existed between her majesty and Suffolk was of course well-known in France. The story of the

English chroniclers is, that Suffolk was on this account regarded with general jealousy and dislike by the French; and the Duke of Bretagne, in particular, is charged with having actually sought his life.—(*Romance of the Peerage*, vol. ii. p. 245.) The Duke of Bretagne, also called the Dauphin, was son-in-law of Louis, and afterwards Francis I. One feels unwilling to credit the imputation cast on so chivalrous a king. Mr Burke generalises the matter, making no mention of Francis, and attributing the foul play to “the French, envious of the success of Brandon.” But Mr Burke, who will gossip by the hour about an apocryphal legend, huddles over the romantic career of Charles Brandon in half-a-dozen pages, and can hardly be looked upon as a serious authority. The alleged unfair attempt on Suffolk’s life occurred on the occasion of a tournament, which began at Paris, on Sunday 12th November, “before the king and queen, who were on a goodly stage; and the queen stood so that all men might see her, and wondered at her beauty, and the king was feeble, and lay upon a couch for weakness.” In this tourney, the Duke of Suffolk and Marquis of Dorset and other Englishmen bore a gallant part, doing, says a chronicler, “as well as the best of any other.” And a trifle better, too, judging from results; but old Hall, in his quaintness, is a friend to anything but exaggeration. And Suffolk himself, in a letter to Wolsey, after the tournament, merely says, with praiseworthy modesty, “blessed be God, all our Englishmen sped well, as I am sure ye shall hear by other.” He himself was the hero of the jousts. It was no bloodless contest, with bated weapons, but a right stern encounter, with sharp spears. “Divers,” says the cool chronicler, in a parenthesis, “were slain, and not spoken of.” The felony charged on Francis was, that on the second day of the tourney, when he himself, by reason of a hurt in the hand, was compelled to leave the lists, he “secretly had a certain German, who was the tallest and strongest man in all the court of France, brought and put in the place of another person, in the hope of giving Suffolk a check.” The bulky

champion met his match, and more. After several fierce encounters, “Suffolk, by pure strength, took his antagonist round the neck, and pummelled him so about the head that the blood issued out of his nose.” This “coventry” practice, then adopted, we believe, for the first time, settled the German, who was conveyed away in lamentable plight—by the dauphin, Hall affirms, and secretly, lest he should be known. The supposed motive of Francis, in seeking Suffolk’s life, was his passion for his father-in-law’s bride, which Brantome and other French writers have asserted to have been reciprocated by Mary—a base lying statement, there can be little doubt. There is every reason to believe the French queen’s conduct to have been irreproachable. At any rate, her husband found no fault with her, declaring, on the contrary, in a letter to Harry the Eighth, how greatly pleased and contented he was with her, and lauding at the same time, in the highest terms, his excellent cousin of Suffolk. Four days after writing this letter, and twelve weeks after his marriage, Louis, who was much troubled with gout, and who, for the sake of his young queen, had completely changed his habits, dining at the extravagantly late hour of noon, and remaining out of bed sometimes until nearly midnight, departed this life. Upon which event Mr Craik strikes another splinter out of the romantic lens through which we have always loved to contemplate Mary Tudor, by insinuating she may have been not quite pleased to lose the dazzling position of queen-consort of France; and that it would have been equally satisfactory to her if Suffolk and Louis had lingered a little longer—the one in the pangs of disappointed love, the other in those of the gout. But if a diadem had such charms for Mary, that of Spain was at her command, by Mr Craik’s own confession. “Both the Emperor Maximilian and Ferdinand of Spain would now have been glad to secure her hand for her old suitor the Prince of Castile.” Now, as ever, her behaviour was correct, proving both good sense and good feeling. She remained several weeks in Paris without giving the least indication of an intention to marry again, although Wolsey had no

sooner heard of her being a widow than he wrote to her on the subject of a second union. Of course, nobody expected she would allow the usual term of mourning to expire before bestowing her hand on Suffolk, for their mutual and long-standing attachment was well known. Exactly three months after the death of Louis, they were privately married. At the last moment Suffolk hesitated, through fear of offending Henry VIII.; and although Francis himself advised him to marry the queen, he still demurred, with a degree of irresolution hardly to have been expected in one of his adventurous character, until Mary herself took energetic measures, giving him four days, and no more, to make up his mind. Thus urged, he ran the risk, and had no cause to repent. Henry was easily reconciled to the marriage, which he had doubtless foreseen as inevitable; and Mary, the French queen, as she continued to sign herself, was happy with the husband of her choice until her early death at the age of thirty-five.

The nobility of Great Britain need no advocate to vaunt their virtues and exalt their fame. Ever foremost in the field and at the council-board, they long since achieved, and still maintain, the first place amongst the world's aristocracy. Their illustrious deeds are blazoned upon the page of history. Ready alike with purse and blade, they have never flinched from shedding their blood and expending their treasure in the cause of loyalty and patriotism. Measure them with the nobility of other countries, and they gain in grandeur by the comparison. Whilst in nearly every other European land the aristocracy is fallen, as in France, by its vices and heartlessness; degenerate and incapable, as in Spain; or, as in Russia, but lately emerged from barbarism, and with its reputation yet to make, the nobles of Great Britain proudly maintain their eminent position, not by factitious advantages alone, but because none more than they deserve it—because they are not more conspicuous for high rank and illustrious descent, than for dignified conduct and distinguished talents. We have heard of self-styled liberals scowling down from the gallery of the House of Lords

upon the distinguished assembly, and with an envious grimace pledging their utmost exertions to its extinction. Fortunately the renown of such gentlemen is not equal to their spite, or the British constitution, there can be little doubt, would soon be abrogated in favour of some hopeful scheme coined in a Brummagem mint. Fortunately there is still enough right feeling and good sense in the country to guard our institutions against Manchester machinations.

Accustomed as we have been of late years to meet all manner of radicalism and mischievous trash, in the disguise of polite literature, in weekly parts and monthly numbers, in half-guinea volumes and twopenny tracts, tricked out, gilt, and illustrated, just as a cunning quack coats his destructive pills in a morsel of shining tinsel, we took up Mr Peter Burke's book with a slight mistrust, which did not, however, survive the perusal of his preface. Therein he disclaims all intention of depreciating the character of the British aristocracy. Had such been his view, he says, it had been signally defeated by the statistics contained in his book, which proves to be a most triumphant vindication of the class referred to. "The volume embraces a period of three hundred years, and during the whole of that time we find but three peers convicted of murder: the very charge against them, if we except Lord Ferrers' crime—the act of a madman—and some cases of duelling, is unknown for more than two hundred years back. Moreover, setting aside these murders, and also the night-broils peculiar to the beginning of the last century, the aristocratic classes of society have scarcely a single instance on record against them of a base or degrading nature, beyond the misdemeanour of Lord Grey of Werke, and the misdeeds of two baronets. . . . The judgments pronounced against them are the judgments, not of felony, but of treason. Crimes they may have committed, but they are almost invariably the crimes, not of villany, but of misapplied honour and misguided devotion." Mr Burke steers clear of politics, and limits his investigations to the offences against society. The first trial he records took place in 1541—the last

occurred in 1846. Besides treasonable offences, he has excluded such cases as could not be given, even in outline, without manifest offence to his reader's delicacy. With these exceptions, he intimates that he has noticed all the trials connected with the aristocracy that have occurred during the last three centuries. We cannot contradict him, without more minute reference to authorities than we at this moment have opportunity to make; but we thought the criminal records of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries had been richer in this respect; and indeed his brother Bernard's book of anecdotes reminds us of two or three cases—that of the Countess of Strathmore, and of Mure of Auchindrane—which, it seems to us, would have been in their place in his collection. The trials given by Mr Peter Burke are thirty-three in number, and it is not uninteresting to sort them according to the offences. In many instances, it is to be observed, the members of the aristocracy concerned were sinned against, not sinning, as in the murder of Lord William Russell, the singular attempt to extort money from the second Duke of Marlborough, the recent action for breach of promise against Earl Ferrers. There are nine cases of murder, most of them of ancient date; five duel cases, beginning with Lord Mohun and terminating with the Earl of Cardigan; two trials for bigamy, (Beau Fielding and the Duchess of Kingston;) two parricides, and sundry brawls. First in the list is the trial of Sir Edmond Kneves, knight, of Norfolk, arraigned before the king's justices "for striking of one Master Clerc, of Norfolk, servant with the Earle of Surrey, within the king's house in the Tenice-court." Sir Edmond was found guilty, and condemned to lose his right hand. In cases of decapitation, a headsman and his aid, or two aids at most, have generally been found sufficient. The cutting off of a hand involved much more ceremony, and a far greater staff of officials. A curious list is given, from the state trials, of the persons in attendance to assist in Sir Edmond's mutilation. "First, the serjeant chyrurgion, with his instruments appertaining to his office; the serjeant of the woodyard, with the mallet and a

blocke, whereupon the hand should lie; the master cooke for the king, with the knife; the serjeant of the larder, to set the knife right on the joynt; the serjeant farrier, with his searing-yrons to seare the veines; the serjeant of the poultry, with a cocke, which cocke should have his head smitten off vpon the same blocke, and with the same knife; the yeoman of the chandry, with seare-clothes; the yeomen of the scullery, with a pan of fire to heat the yrons, a chafer of water to cool the ends of the yrons, and two fourmes for all officers to set their stuffe on; the serjeant of the seller, with wine, ale, and beere; the yeoman of the ewry, in the serjeant's steed, who was absent, with bason, ewre, and towels." A dozen persons or more to assist at poor Sir Edmond's *manumission*. Everybody remembers Sir Mungo Malagrowth's charitable visit to Lord Glenvarloch, when he had incurred a like penalty, and his description of the "pretty pageant" when one Tubbs or Stubbes lost his right hand for a "pasquinadoe" on Queen Elizabeth. Sir Edmond Kneves was more fortunate. When condemned, he prayed that the king, (Henry VIII.,) "of his benigne grace, would pardon him of his right hand, and take the left; for, (quoth he,) if my right hand be spared, I may hereafter doe such good service to his grace, as shall please him to appoint." A request which his majesty, "considering the gentle heart of the said Edmond, and the good report of lords and ladies," was graciously pleased to meet with a free pardon. Sir Edmond was a man of high rank and consideration, and his descendants obtained a peerage and a baronety, both now extinct.

Fifteen years later, under the reign of Queen Mary, happened the trial and execution of Lord Stourton and four of his servants, for the murder of William and John Hartgill. The motive was a private grudge. Lord Stourton was a zealous Catholic, and great interest was made with Mary to save his life, but in vain: she would only grant him the favour to be hung with a silken rope. Next comes "The great case of the poisoning of Sir Thomas Overbury," concerning which much has been written; and then the investigation of a base and

disgraceful conspiracy got up by Sir John Croke of Chilton, Baronet, to accuse the Reverend Robert Hawkins of felony. We pass on to the case of Lord Mohun—twice tried for homicide, and finally slain in a duel, in which his antagonist also perished. Cases of brawling—not the offence to which the word is now generally applied, and of which Doctors' Commons takes cognisance, but bloody brawls, with sword-thrusts and mortal wounds—were of frequent occurrence towards the close of the seventeenth century, and several of the more important trials they gave rise to are related by Mr Peter Burke. Lord Mohun was one of the most turbulent spirits of a period when gentlemen carried swords, frequented taverns, drank deep, and swore high, and when a fray, with bare steel and bloodshed, was as common an occurrence in London streets as is now the detection of a pick-pocket or the breaking-down of a hackney cab; when hot-headed young men—the worthy descendants of the Wild-rakes of a previous reign—met on tavern stairs, primed with good liquor, quarrelled about nothing, rushed into the street, and slew each other incontinently. After this fashion did Sir Charles Pym of Brymmore, Somersetshire, lose his life, after a dinner at the Swan, upon Fish Street Hill; his decease extinguishing the baronetcy, and terminating the male line of an ancient and honourable house. The cause of quarrel was trivial in the extreme—a very dog's quarrel, it may be called, for the whole ground of dispute was a plate of meat. However fashionable a house of entertainment the Swan upon Fish Street Hill may in those days have been deemed, its larder seems to have been conducted upon a most economical scale; for on the trial, a Mr Mirriday deposed that, upon going there to dine in company with Sir Charles and other gentlemen, and asking for meat, they were told they might have fish, but there was no meat save what was bespoke by Mr Rowland Walters, a person of station and family, who was dining with some friends in another room. The evidence on this trial, which is given at length, is curious as a quaint illustration of the manners of the

time. "He desired him (the tavern-keeper) to help us to a plate of it, if it might be got, which we had brought up stairs: after dinner we drank the gentlemen's health that sent it, and returned them thanks for it. A little while after, Sir Thomas Middleton went away, and about an hour after that, or thereabouts, Sir Charles Pym and the rest of us came down to go away; and when we were in the entry, Mr Cave met us, and asked Sir Charles how he liked the beef that was sent up—who answered, we did not know you sent it, for we have paid for it: then the boy that kept the bar told us that he did not reckon it in the bill; upon which Mr Cave seemed to take it ill; but, my lord, I cannot be positive whether Mr Bradshaw and Mr Palms were at any words. Then I took Mr Cave to one side into the entry, and he thought that I had a mind to fight him, but I did what I could to make an end of the quarrel. [Upon which the court highly commended Mr Mirriday.]" The quarrel continued, however, and Sir Charles Pym was run through the body by Mr Walters, "and fell down crinkling (writhing) immediately," deposed a Mr Fletcher, who saw the fight. It was urged in extenuation, that Sir Charles had previously run Walters eight inches into the thigh. "'Pray, my lord,' said Walters, 'let Sir Charles' sword be seen, all blood.' [But that gave no satisfaction on either side.]" So much malice was shown, that the jury would fain have returned a verdict of wilful murder; but Justice Allibone overruled their wish, and laid down the law, and they brought it in manslaughter. The sentence is not given; but such offences were then very leniently looked upon, and it is not likely to have been severe. Lord Mohun's two trials were of a different nature from this one; for in the first—for the murder of Mountford, the actor, which has been often told, and which arose out of an attempt to carry off Congreve's friend, Mrs Bracegirdle, the beautiful actress—the blow was struck by Captain Hill, who escaped, and Mohun was indicted for aiding and abetting. "My Lord Mohun," the murdered man deposed, "offered me no violence; but while I was talking with

my Lord Mohun, Hill struck me with his left hand, and with his right hand ran me through before I could put my hand to my sword." Not only in street squabbles, but in encounters of a more regular character, foul play appears to have been not unfrequent. There was strong suspicion of it in the duel in which Lord Mohun met his death. After he had received his mortal wound, his second, Major-General Macartney, is said to have basely stabbed the Duke of Hamilton, already grievously hurt. Colonel Hamilton, the Duke's second, "declared upon oath, before the Privy Council, that when the principals engaged, he and Macartney followed their example; that Macartney was immediately disarmed; but the colonel, seeing the duke fall upon his antagonist, threw away the swords, and ran to lift him up; that while he was employed in raising the Duke, Macartney, having taken up one of the swords, stabbed his grace over Hamilton's shoulder, and retired immediately." This was one of the accounts given of the affair. "According to some," says the author of *Anecdotes of the Aristocracy*, "Lord Mohun shortened his sword, and stabbed the wounded man to the heart while leaning on his shoulder, and unable to stand without support; others said that a servant of Lord Mohun's played the part attributed by the more credible accounts to Macartney." Some years later, Macartney stood his trial at the King's Bench; and as the jury found him guilty only of manslaughter, it is presumable they discredited Colonel Hamilton's evidence. The truth is now difficult to be ascertained, for the whole affair is mixed up with the fierce party-politics of the time. The Whigs are said to have instigated Mohun, "who had long laboured under the repute of being at once the tool and bully of the party," to provoke the duke, and force him into a quarrel. Mohun primed himself with wine, and took a public opportunity of insulting his grace, in order to make him the challenger: then, as the duke seemed disposed to stand upon his own high character, and treat the disreputable brawler with contempt, Mohun sent him a cartel

by the hands of the above-named Macartney, a fire-eater and scamp of his own kidney. The motive of Whig hatred of the duke was his recent appointment as ambassador extraordinary to the court of France, and their fear that he would favour the Pretender. During Macartney's absence in Holland, £800 were offered for his apprehension—£500 by the government of the day, and £300 by the Duchess of Hamilton; and Swift tells an anecdote of a gentleman who, being attacked by highwaymen, told them he was Macartney, "upon which they brought him to a justice of peace in hopes of a reward, and the rogues were sent to gaol."

But the most wanton and persevering brawler of that quarrelsome period was no less a person than Philip, seventh Earl of Pembroke, and fourth of Montgomery. Head-breaking and rib-piercing were his daily diversions: for in those days, when all gentlemen wore swords, the superabundant pugnacity of bloods about town did not exhale itself on such easy terms as in the present pacific age. Now, the utmost excesses of "fast" youths—whether right honourables or linen-shopmen—when, after a superabundance of claret or gin twist, a supper at an operadancer's, or a Newgate song at a night-tavern, they patrol the streets, on rollicking intent, never exceed a "round" with a cabman, the abstraction of a few knockers, or a "mill" with the police; and are sufficiently expiated by a night in the station-house, and a lecture and fine from Mr Jardine the next morning. But with the Pembrokes, and Mohuns, and Walters, when the liquor got uppermost, it was out bilbo directly, and a thrust at their neighbours' vitals. And, doubtless, the lenity of the judges encouraged such rapier-practice; for unless malice aforethought was proved beyond possibility of a doubt, the summing-up was usually very merciful for the prisoner, as in the trial of Walters for Sir Charles Pym's death, when Mr Baron Jenner told the jury that "he rather thought there was a little heat of wine amongst them," (the evidence said that nine or ten bottles had been drunk amongst six of them, which, in

the case of seasoned topera, as they doubtless were, might hardly be considered an exculpatory dose;) "and this whole action was carried on by nothing else but by a hot and sudden frolic; and he was very sorry that it should fall upon such a worthy gentleman." Between merciful judges and privilege of peerage, Lord Pembroke got scot-free, or nearly so, out of various scrapes which would have been very serious matters a century and a half later. The first note taken of his eccentricities is an entry in the Lords' journals, dated the 28th January 1678, recording that the house was that day informed by the Lord Chancellor, in the name of his majesty, of "the commitment of the Earl of Pembroke to the Tower of London, for uttering such horrid and blasphemous words, and other actions proved upon oath, as are not fit to be repeated in any Christian assembly." After four weeks' imprisonment, his lordship was set free upon his humble petition, in which he asked pardon of God, the King, and the House of Peers, and declared his health "much impaired by the long restraint." His convalescence was rather boisterous, for exactly one week after his release, a complaint was made to the house by Philip Rycant, Esq., to the effect that, on the evening of the preceding Saturday, "he being to visit a friend in the Strand, whilst he was at the door taking his leave, the Earl of Pembroke, coming by, came up to the door, and with his fist, without any provocation, struck the said Philip Rycant such a blow upon the eye as almost knocked it out; and afterwards knocked him down, and then fell upon him with such violence that he almost stifled him with his gripes, in the dirt; and likewise his lordship drew his sword, and was in danger of killing him, had he not slipped into the house, and the door been shut upon him." One cannot but admire the sort of ascending scale observable in this assault. The considerate Pembroke evidently shunned proceeding at once to extreme measures; so he first knocked the man's eye out, then punched his head, then tried a little gentle strangulation, and finally drew his sword to put the poor

wretch out of his misery. A mere assault and battery, however, was quite insufficient to dispel the steam accumulated during the month passed in the Tower. Twenty-four hours after the attack on Rycant, and before that ill-used person had time to lodge his complaint, the furious earl had got involved in an affair of a much more serious nature, for which he was brought to trial before the Peers, in Westminster Hall. The Lord High Steward appointed on the occasion was the Lord Chancellor, Lord Finch, afterwards Earl of Nottingham, for whose address to the prisoner we would gladly make room here, for it is a masterpiece of terse and dignified eloquence, and one of the most striking pages of Mr Peter Burke's compilation. The crime imputed to Lord Pembroke was the murder of one Nathaniel Cony, by striking, kicking, and stamping upon him; and the evidence for the prosecution was so strong that a verdict of guilty was inevitable. But it was brought in manslaughter, not murder; and the earl, claiming his privilege of peerage, was discharged. It is difficult to say what was considered murder at that time; nothing, apparently, short of homicide committed fasting, and after long and clearly established premeditation. A decanter of wine on the table, or the exchange of a few angry words, reduced the capital crime to a slight offence, got over by privilege of peerage or benefit of clergy. The death of Cony was the result of most brutal and unprovoked ill-treatment. "It was on Sunday the 3d of February," said the Attorney-General, Sir William Jones, in his quaint but able address to the peers, "that my Lord of Pembroke and his company were drinking at the house of one Long, in the Haymarket, (I am sorry to hear the day was no better employed by them,) and it was the misfortune of this poor gentleman, together with one Mr Goring, to come into this house to drink a bottle of wine." The said Goring was one of the chief witnesses for the prosecution, but his evidence was not very clear, for he had been excessively drunk at the time of the scuffle, and indeed poor Cony seems to have been the same; and it was his maudlin wretchedness

to see his friend home, and to take a parting-glass at Long's, "which it seems," said Goring, "was on the way," (he, the said Goring, being anything but confident of what had been *on* or *off* the way on the night in question)—that brought him into the dangerous society of Lord Pembroke. Goring got into dispute with the earl, received a glass of wine in his face, had his sword broken, lost his hat and periwig, and was hustled out of the room. "Whilst I was thrusting him out of doors," deposed Mr Richard Savage, one of Lord Pembroke's companions, "I saw my Lord of Pembroke strike Cony with his right hand, who immediately fell down, and then gave him a kick; and so upon that, finding him not stir, I took Mr Cony, being on the ground, (I and my lord together, for I was not strong enough to do it myself,) and laid him on the chairs, and covered him up warm, and so left him." The tender attention of covering him up warm, did not suffice to save the life of Cony, who had evidently, from his account and that of the medical men, received a vast deal more ill-usage than Savage chose to acknowledge. The earl got off, however, as already shown, and was in trouble again before the end of the same year—this time with a man of his own rank, Charles Sackville, Earl of Dorset, the wit and poet, who received a message late one night, to the effect that Lord Pembroke was desirous to speak with him at Lockel's tavern. After inquiring whether Pembroke were sober, and receiving an affirmative reply, Dorset went as requested, but only to be insulted by his very drunken lordship of Pembroke, who insisted on his fighting him forthwith for some imaginary affront. The matter came before the House of Peers, and the disputants were put under arrest in their respective dwellings, until Lord Pembroke,

declaring himself unconscious of all that had passed on the night in question, tendered apologies, and craved to be allowed to retire to his house at Wilton, whither he accordingly was permitted to go, and where he may possibly have remained—as no other frolics are related of him—until his death, which occurred three or four years afterwards.

Few of the remarkable trials given in the *Anecdotes of the Aristocracy* will obtain much attention from persons who have read Mr Peter Burke's book, whence most of them are borrowed and condensed, with here and there a slight alteration or addition. In a note towards the close of his second volume, Mr Bernard Burke somewhat tardily acknowledges his obligations to his brother. Considering the recent publication of the *Celebrated Trials, &c.*, it would perhaps have been judicious of him to have altogether omitted the criminal cases in question. As told by him, they do not constitute the best portion of his book, whose most interesting chapters, to our mind, are those including such wild old fragments as *A Curious Tradition, The Mysterious Story of Littlecot, An Irish Waterfiend*, and others of a similar kind. The short anecdotes are generally better than those that have been worked up into a sort of tale. Many of the stories have of course been already thrice told; but by persons who have not met with them, and who are not likely to take the trouble of hunting them up in old memoirs and magazines, they will be read with pleasure, and duly prized. And whilst Mr Craik's book may fairly claim to rank as history, and Mr Peter Burke's as a well-arranged and interesting compilation, it were hardly fair to refuse brother Bernard the modicum of praise usually awarded to a painstaking and amusing gossip.

THE LIFE OF THE SEA.

BY B. SIMMONS.

“ A very intelligent young lady, born and bred in the Orkney islands, who lately came to spend a season in this neighbourhood, told me nothing in the mainland scenery had so much disappointed her as woods and trees. She found them so dead and lifeless, that she never could help pining after the eternal motion and variety of the ocean. And so back she has gone; and I believe nothing will ever tempt her from the wind-swept *Orcades* again.”—SIR WALTER SCOTT. *Lockhart's Life*, vol. ii.—[Although it is of a female this striking anecdote is related, it has been thought more suitable to give the amplified expression of the sentiment in the stanzas a masculine application.]

I.

THESE grassy vales are warm and deep,
 Where apple-orchards wave and glow;
 Upon soft uplands whitening sheep
 Drift in long wreaths.—Below,
 Sun-fronting beds of garden-thyme, alive
 With the small humming merchants of the hive,
 And cottage-homes in every shady nook
 Where willows dip and kiss the dimples of the brook.

II.

But all too close against my face
 My thick breath feels these crowding trees,
 They crush me in their green embrace.—
 I miss the Life of Seas;
 The wild free life that round the flinty shores
 Of my bleak isles expanded Ocean pours—
 So free, so far, that, in the lull of even,
 Naught but the rising moon stands on your path to heaven.

III.

In summer's smile, in winter's strife,
 Unstirr'd, those hills are walls to me;
 I want the vast, all-various life
 Of the broad, circling Sea,—
 Each hour in morn, or noon, or midnight's range,
 That heaves or slumbers with exhaustless change,
 Dash'd to the skies—steep'd in blue morning's rays—
 Or back resparkling far Orion's lovely blaze.

IV.

I miss the madd'ning Life of Seas,
 When the red, angry sunset dies,
 And to the storm-lash'd *Orcades*
 Resound the Seaman's cries:
 Mid thick'ning night and fresh'ning gale, upon
 The stretch'd ear bursts Despair's appealing gun,
 O'er the low Reef that on the lee-beam raves
 With its down-crashing hills of wild, devouring waves.

V.

How then, at dim, exciting morn,
 Suspense will question—as the Dark
 Is clearing seaward—“ Has she worn
 The tempest through, that Bark?”

And, 'mid the Breakers, bulwarks parting fast,
 And wretches clinging to a shiver'd mast,
 Give funeral answer. Quick with ropes and yawl!
 Launch! and for life stretch out! they shall not perish all!

VI.

These inland love-bowers sweetly bloom,
 White with the hawthorn's summer snows;
 Along soft turf a purple gloom
 The elm at sunset throws:
 There the fond lover, listening for the sweet
 Half-soundless coming of his Maiden's feet,
 Thrills if the linnet's rustling pinions pass,
 Or some light leaf is blown rippling along the grass.

VII

But Love his pain as sweetly tells
 Beneath some cavern beetling hoar,
 Where silver sands and rosy shells
 Pave the smooth glistening shore—
 When all the winds are low, and to thy tender
 Accents, the wavelets, stealing in, make slender
 And tinkling cadence, wafting, every one,
 A golden smile to thee from the fast-sinking sun.

VIII.

Calm through the heavenly sea on high
 Comes out each white and quiet star—
 So calm up Ocean's floating sky
 Come, one-by one, afar,
 White quiet sails from the grim icy coasts
 That hear the battles of the Whaleing hosts,
 Whose homeward crews with feet and flutes in tune
 And spirits roughly blithe, make music to the moon.

IX.

Or if (like some) thou'st loved in vain,
 Or madly wooed the already Won,
 —Go when the Passion and the Pain
 Their havoc have begun,
 And dare the Thunder, rolling up behind
 The Deep, to match that hurricane of mind:
 Or to the sea-winds, raging on thy pale
 Grief-wasted cheek, pour forth as bitter-keen a tale.

X.

For in that sleepless, tumbling tide—
 When most thy fever'd spirits reel,
 Sick with desires unsatisfied,
 —Dwell life and balm to heal.
 Raise thy free Sail, and seek o'er ocean's breast
 —It boots not what—those rose-clouds in the West,
 And deem that thus thy spirit freed shall be,
 Ploughing the stars through seas of blue Eternity.

XI.

This mainland life I could not live,
 Nor die beneath a rookery's leaves,—
 But I my parting breath would give
 Where chainless Ocean heaves;

In some gray turret, where my fading sight
 Could see the Lighthouse flame into the night,
 Emblem of guidance and of hope, to save ;
 Type of the Rescuer bright who walked the howling wave.

XII.

Nor, dead, amid the charnel's breath
 Shall rise my tomb with lies befool'd,
 But, like the Greek who faced in death
 The sea in life he ruled,*
 High on some peak, wave-girded, will I sleep,
 My dirge sung ever by the choral deep ;
 There, sullen mourner ! oft at midnight lone
 Shall my familiar friend, the Thunder, come to groan.

XIII.

Soft Vales and sunny Hills, farewell !
 Long shall the friendship of your bowers
 Be sweet to me as is the smell
 Of their strange lovely flowers ;
 And each kind face, like every pleasant star
 Be bright to me though ever bright afar :
 True as the sea-bird's wing, I seek my home
 And its glad Life, once more, by boundless Ocean's foam !

LONDON CRIES.

BY B. SIMMONS.

I.

WHAT trifles mere are more than treasure,
 To curious, eager-hearted boys !
 I yet can single out the pleasure,
 From memory's store of childish joys,
 That thrill'd me when some gracious guest
 First spread before my dazzled eyes,
 In covers, crimson as the West,
 A glorious book of *London Cries*.

II.

For days that gift was not resign'd,
 As stumbling on I spelt and read ;
 It shared my cushion while I dined,—
 I took it up at night to bed ;
 At noon I conn'd it half-awake,
 Nor thought, while poring o'er the prize,
 How oft my head and heart should ache
 In listening yet to *London Cries*.

III.

Imprinted was the precious book
 By great John Harris, of St Paul's,
 (The Aldus of the nursery-nook ;)
 I still revere the shop's gray walls,
 Whose wealth of story-books had power
 To wake my longing boyhood's sighs :—
 But Fairy-land lost every flower
 Beneath your tempests—*London Cries* !

* Themistocles ;—his tomb was on the shore at Salamis.

IV.

I learn'd by rote each bawling word—
 And with a rapture turn'd the broad,
 Great staring woodcuts, dark and blarr'd,
 I never since derived from Claude.
 —That Cherry-seller's balanced scale,
 Poised nicely o'er his wares' rich dyes,
 Gave useful hints, of slight avail,
 To riper years 'mid London Cries.

V.

The Newsman wound his noisy horn,
 And told how slaughter'd friends and foes
 Lay heap'd, five thousand men, one morn,
 In thy red trenches, Badajoz.
 'Twas FAME, and had its fond abettors;
 Though some folk now would think it wise
 To change that F for other letters,
 And hear no more such London Cries.

VI.

Here chimed the tiny Sweep;—since then
 I've loved to drop that trifling balm,
 Prescribed, lost ELIA, by thy pen,
 Within his small half-perish'd palm.*
 And there the Milkmaid tripp'd and splash'd,
 —All milks that pump or pail supplies,
 (Save that with human kindness dash'd,)
 'Twas mine to quaff 'mid London Cries.

VII.

That Dustman—how he rang his bell,
 And yawn'd, and bellow'd “dust below!”
 I knew the very fellow's yell
 When first I heard it years ago.
 What fruits of toil, and tears, and trust,
 Of cunning hands, and studious eyes,
 Like Death, he daily sacks to dust,
 (Here goes *my* mite) 'mid London Cries!

VIII.

The most vociferous of the prints
 Was He who chaunted Savoys sweet,
 The same who stunn'd, a century since,
 That proud, poor room in Rider Street:
 When morning now awakes his note,
 Like bitter Swift, I often rise,
 And wish his wares were in that throat
 To stop at least *his* London Cries.†

* “If thou meetest one of those small gentry in thy early rambles, it is good to give him a penny—it is better to give him twopence. If it be stormy weather,” adds Lamb, in that tone of tender humour so exclusively his own—“If it be stormy weather, and to the proper troubles of his occupation a pair of kiber heels (no unusual accompaniment) be superadded, the demand on thy humanity will surely rise to a tester.”—ESSAYS BY ELIA—*The praise of Chimney Sweepers.*

† “Morning”—[in bed.] “Here is a restless dog crying ‘Cabbages and Savoys,’ plagues me every morning about this time. He is now at it. I wish his largest cabbage were sticking in his throat!”—*Journal to Stella*, 13th December 1712. Swift at this period (he was then at the loftiest summit of his importance and expectations, the caressed and hourly companion of Harley and Bolingbroke, and a chief stay of

IX.

That Orange-girl—far different powers
 Were hers from those that once could win
 His worthless heart whose arid hours
 Were fed with dew and light by Gwynn ;
 The dew of feelings fresh as day—
 The light of those surpassing eyes—
 The darkest raindrop has a ray,
 And Nell had hers 'mid London Cries. *

X.

Here sued the Violet-vender bland—
 It fills me now-a-days with gloom
 To meet, amid the swarming Strand,
 Her basket's magical perfume :
 —The close street spreads to woodland dells,
 Where early lost Affection's ties
 Are round me gathering violet-bells,
 —I'll rhyme no more of London Cries.

XI.

Yet ere I shut from Memory's sight
 That cherish'd book, those pictures rare—
 Be it recorded with delight
 The ORGAN-fiend was wanting there.
 Not till the Peace had closed our quarrels
 Could slaughter that machine devise
 (Made from his useless musket-barrels)
 To slay us 'mid our London Cries.

XII.

Why did not Martin in his Act
 Insert some punishment to suit
 This crime of being hourly rack'd
 To death by some melodious Brute ?
 From ten at morn to twelve at night
 His instrument the Savage plies,
 From him alone there's no respite,
 Since 'tis the Victim, here, that cries.

XIII.

Macanlay ! Talfourd ! Smythe ! Lord John !
 If ever yet your studies brown
 This pest has broken in upon,
 Arise and put the Monster down.
 By all distracted students feel
 When sense crash'd into nonsense dies
 Beneath that ruthless ORGAN's wheel,
 We call ! O hear our London Cries !

their ministry) lodged "in a single room, up two pair of stairs," "over against the house in Little Rider Street, where D.D. [Stella] had lodged."

* For several instances of the true untainted feeling displayed through life by this charming woman, see the pleasing memoirs of her, in Mrs Jamieson's *Beauties of the Court of King Charles II.*, 4to Edition, 1833.

CLAUDIA AND PUDENS.

WE gladly welcome this essay from the hand of an old friend, to whom Scotland is under great obligations. To Archdeacon Williams, so many years the esteemed and efficient head of our Edinburgh Academy, we are indebted for a large part of that increased energy and success with which our countrymen have latterly prosecuted the study of the classics; and he is more especially entitled to share with Professor Sandford, and a few others, the high praise of having awakened, in our native schools, an ardent love, and an accurate knowledge, of the higher Greek literature. We do not grudge to see, as the first fruits of Mr Williams's dignified retirement and well-earned leisure, a book devoted to an interesting passage in the antiquities of his own land.

The students of British history, particularly in its ecclesiastical branch, have long been familiar with the conjecture that Claudia, who is mentioned by St Paul, in his Second Epistle to Timothy, in the same verse with Pudens, and along with other Christian friends and brethren, may be identified in the epigrams of Martial as a lady of British birth or descent. The coincidences, even on the surface of the documents, are strong enough to justify the supposition. Claudia and Pudens are mentioned together by St Paul. Martial lived at Rome at the same time with the apostle; and Martial mentions first the marriage of a Pudens to Claudia, a foreigner, and next the amiable character of a matron Claudia, whom he describes as of British blood, and as the worthy wife of a holy husband. These obvious resemblances, with some other scattered rays of illustration, had been early observed by historians, and may be met with in all the common books on the subject, such as Thackeray and Giles. But the Archdeacon has entered deeper into the

matter, and with the aid of local discoveries long ago made, but hitherto not fully used, and his own critical comparison of circumstances lying far apart, but mutually bearing on each other, he has brought the case, as we think, to a satisfactory and successful result; and has, at the same time, thrown important light on the position and character of the British people of that early period.

It seems remarkable that neither Thackeray nor Giles has noticed the argument derived from the singular lapidary inscription found at Chichester in 1723, and described in Horsley's *Britannia Romana*. According to the probable reading of that monument it was erected by Pudens, the son of Pudentinus, under the authority of Cogidunus, a British king, who seems, according to a known custom, to have assumed the name of Claudius when admitted to participate in the rights of Roman citizenship, and who may be fairly identified with the Cogidunus of Tacitus, who received the command of some states in Britain, as part of a province of the empire, and whom the historian states that he remembered "as a most faithful ally of the Romans." The inscription is to be found in Dr Giles's appendix, but he seems ignorant of the inference which Dr Stukeley drew from it when it was first brought to light. From Dr Giles's plan, perhaps, we were wrong in expecting anything else than a compilation of the materials which were readiest at hand; but, even with our experience of his occasional love of paradox, we were not prepared for his attempt to cushion the question as to the conversion of the early Britons, by assuming the improbability "that the first teachers and the first converts to Christianity adopted the preposterous conduct of our modern missionaries, who, neglecting vice and misery of the deepest dye at home,

Claudia and Pudens. An Attempt to show that Claudia, mentioned in St Paul's Second Epistle to Timothy, was a British Princess. By JOHN WILLIAMS, A.M., OXON, Archdeacon of Cardigan, F.R.S.E., &c. Llandovery: William Rees. London: 1848. Longman & Co.

expend their own overflowing feelings, and exhaust the treasures of the benevolent, in carrying their deeds of charity to the Negro and the Hindoo." Differences of opinion may be entertained as to the mode in which some modern missions have been conducted; and those who think there should be no missions at all, are at liberty to say so. But, as a matter of fact, it seems strange that any one should be found to lay it down that either St Paul or his brethren, or their disciples, could confine themselves merely to vice and misery at home, or could have reconciled their consciences to so narrow a sphere of exertion, while the last words of their Master were still echoing in their ears, "Go ye, therefore, and teach ALL nations." The argument seems peculiarly absurd in the mouth of one who has edited, and with some success, the works of the venerable Bede—the worthy historian of those great changes which flowed from the Roman pontiff's resolution to look beyond vice and misery at home, and convey Christianity to the British shores; and who has also edited, we will not say so well, the remains of the excellent Boniface, whose undying fame rests on his self-devotion, in leaving his native land to seek the conversion of the German pagans.

If the only objection to the Britanic nativity of the Christian Claudia rested on the supposed indisposition of the apostles and their converts to diffuse the gospel over the remoter parts of the Roman empire, the case would be a clear one. But, even taking all difficulties into view, the probabilities in its favour are of a very decided character. The connexion between a Claudia and Pudens in Britain and a Pudens and Claudia in Rome, with the improbability that these names should be brought together in Paul's epistle in reference to other parties, goes far to support the conclusion; and it is aided by the collateral fact, that the name of Rufus—the friend of Martial's married Pair—has a connexion with the suspected Christianity of Pomponia, the wife of one of the Roman governors of Britain. But, without ourselves entering into details, we shall submit the summary which Mr Wil-

liams has made of the argument. The latter part of it relates to traditions or conjectures as to other parties, and as to ulterior consequences from the preceding theory, in reference to the early conversion of the Britons, which are deserving of serious attention, but in the accuracy of which we do not place equal confidence, though we think there is a general probability that a Christian matron of high rank and British birth would not forget the religious interests of her countrymen.

"We know, on certain evidence, that, in the year A.D. 67, there were at Rome two Christians named Claudia and Pudens. That a Roman, illustrious by birth and position, married a Claudia, a "stranger" or "foreigner," who was also a British maiden; that an inscription was found in the year 1723, at Chichester, testifying that the supreme ruler of that place was a Tib. Claud. Cogidunus; that a Roman, by name "Pudens, the son of Pudentinus, was a landholder under this ruler;" that it is impossible to account for such facts, without supposing a very close connexion between this British chief and his Roman subject; that the supposition that the Claudia of Martial, a British maiden, married to a Roman Pudens, was a daughter of this British chief, would clear all difficulties; that there was a British chief to whom, about the year A.D. 52, some states, either in or closely adjacent to the Roman Province, were given to be held by him in subjection to the Roman authority; that these states occupied, partly at least, the ground covered by the counties of Surrey and Sussex; that the capital of these states was "Regnum," the modern Chichester; that it is very probable that the Emperor Claudius, in accordance with his known practice and principles, gave also his own name to this British chief, called by Tacitus, Cogidunus; that, after the termination of the Claudian dynasty, it was impossible that any British chief adopted into the Roman community could have received the names "Tib. Claudius;" that during the same period there lived at Rome a Pomponia, a matron of high family, the wife of Aulus Plantius, who was the Roman governor of Britain, from the year A.D. 43 until the year 52; that this lady was accused of being a votary of a foreign superstition; that this foreign superstition was supposed by all the commentators of Tacitus, both British and Continental, to be the Christian religion; that a flourishing branch of the Gens

Pomponia, bore in that age the cognomen of Rufus; that the Christianity of Pomponia being once allowed, taken in connexion with the fact that she was the wife of A. Plautius, renders it highly probable that the daughter of Tib. Claudius Cogidunus, the friend of A. Plautius, if she went to Rome, would be placed under the protection of this Pomponia, would be educated like a Roman lady, and be thus made an eligible match for a Roman senator; and that, when fully adopted into the social system of Rome, she should take the cognomen Rufina, in honour of the cognomen of her patroness; and that, as her patroness was a Christian, she also, from the privileges annexed to her location in such a family, would herself become a Christian; that the British Claudia, married to the Roman Pudens, had a family, three sons and daughters certainly, perhaps six according to some commentators; that there are traditions in the Roman Church, that a Timotheus, a presbyter, a holy man and a saint, was a son of Pudens the Roman senator; that he was an important instrument in converting the Britons to the faith in Christ; that, intimately connected with the narrow circle of Christians then living at Rome, was an Aristobulus, to whom the Christian Claudia and Pudens of St Paul must have been well known; that the traditions of the Greek Church of the very earliest period record, that this Aristobulus was a successful preacher of Christianity in Britain; that there are British traditions that the return of the family of Caractacus into Britain was rendered famous by the fact that it brought with it into our island a band of Christian missionaries, of which an Aristobulus was a leader; that we may suppose that, upon Christian principles, the Christianised families of both Cogidunus and Caractacus should have forgotten, in their common faith, their provincial animosities, and have united in sending to their common countrymen the word of life, the gospel of love and peace."

We believe that the Archdeacon is perfectly correct in his assertion that the British were not then either so barbarous, or so lightly esteemed by the Romans, as has been sometimes supposed. The undoubted alliance between Pudens and Claudia, celebrated by Martial as a subject of joyous congratulation, and the analogous case of the kindred Gauls, who were cheerfully acknowledged to deserve all the privileges of imperial naturalisation, seem to leave no room for doubt upon

this question. Britain, therefore, we may assume, was, in the first century, both worthy and well prepared to receive any valuable boon of spiritual illumination which her friends at Rome might be ready to communicate.

But, while we so far go along with Mr Williams in his historical conjectures, we are not so much inclined to sympathise with him in some of the uses to which he wishes to put them. We rejoice to think that Christianity was largely diffused through Britain before the Saxon invasion. But we know too little of the British Church, except in the time of Pelagius, to have much confidence in her doctrine or discipline, or to regret deeply that the *English* people—for such is undoubtedly the fact—were for the most part Christianised, not by the British clergy, but by the missionaries of Rome. We question if the historians of the sister isle will admit, or if impartial critics will unhesitatingly adopt the Archdeacon's assertion, that "this British church sent forth her missionaries into Ireland, and conveyed into that most interesting island both the faith of Christ and the learning of ancient Rome." With every disposition to acknowledge the services of the Irish in the conversion of the Picts, and partially also of the Angles, we must have more evidence before we can allow to the British Church even the indirect merit of those exertions.

But the material point in this question is, whether it be true that the British clergy refused or declined to exert themselves in the conversion of their conquerors. That they did so, is indicated by the absence of any evidence of such an attempt; and it was expressly made a subject of reproach to them, in the conference with Augustine, that they would not preach "the way of life to the Angles." If this be the case,—and it is half admitted by Mr Williams, when he says, that "the Irish Church, the members of which were less hostile to the Saxon invaders than were the Christian Britons, sent back into Britain the true faith,"—then such a course, so directly at variance with the spirit of Christianity, however humanly excusable, was sufficient to

seal the doom of the church that practised it. It forms a remarkable contrast to the conduct of the Saxons themselves, who, when they in their turn were a prey to invasion, became the teachers of the very tyrants under whom they groaned, and even sent their missionaries into Scandinavia, to convert the countries which were the source of their sufferings. Nor were they in this respect without their reward. Their successful labours softened the oppression of their lot, and the sons of heathen and ruthless pirates became the beneficent and refined occupants of a Christian throne. If the British Church refused the opportunity afforded her, of at once converting and civilising her oppressors, she deserved her lot, and her advocates cannot now complain that the glory of founding Saxon Christianity must be awarded, not at all to her, but mainly to the Roman Gregory, who, whether from policy or piety, or both, entertained and perfected that missionary enterprise which influenced so beneficially the destiny of England and of Europe.

To us, and, we should think, to many men, it must be matter of little moment through what channel the stream of Christianity has been conveyed to us, if we possess it at our doors in purity and abundance. We would give the Pope his due, as well as others; but no antiquity of tradi-

tion, or dignity of authority, should restrain us from revising the doctrines transmitted to us, by a reference to the unerring standard of written truth. We adopt here the simple words and sound opinions of old Fuller: "We are indebted to God for his goodness in moving Gregory; Gregory's carefulness in sending Augustine; Augustine's forwardness in preaching here; but, above all, let us bless God's exceeding great favour that that doctrine which Augustine planted here but impure, and his successors made worse with watering, is since, by the happy Reformation, cleared and refined to the purity of the Scriptures."

This, however, is not an essential part of our present subject, and these feelings cannot interfere with our due appreciation of what Mr Williams has done to throw light on a most important subject of inquiry. If he gives us what he further promises,—a life of Julius Cæsar,—he will add a valuable contribution to the elucidation of British antiquities. The history and character of our Celtic fellow-countrymen, whether in the south, the north, or the west, have yet much need of illustration; and the task is well worthy of one who, with national predilections to stimulate his exertions, can bring to his aid the more refined taste and correcter reasoning which are cherished by a long familiarity with classical pursuits.

SIR ASTLEY COOPER.

PART I.

SIR ASTLEY COOPER died in his seventy-third year, on the 12th of February 1841—that is, upwards of eight years ago—and with him was extinguished a great light of the age. He was a thorough Englishman: his character being pre-eminently distinguished by simplicity, courage, good nature, and generosity. He was very straightforward, and of wonderful determination. His name will always be mentioned with the respect due to signal personal merit, as that of a truly illustrious surgeon and anatomist, devoting the whole powers of his mind and body, with a constancy and enthusiasm which never once flagged, to the advancement of his noble and beneficent profession. His personal exertions and sacrifices in the pursuit of science, were almost unprecedented; but he knew that they were producing results permanently benefiting his fellow-creatures, at the same time that he must have felt a natural exultation at the pre-eminence which they were securing to himself over all his rivals and contemporaries, both at home and abroad, and the prospect of his name being transmitted with honour to posterity. What an amount of relief from suffering he secured to others in his lifetime! not merely by his own masterly personal exertions, but by skilfully training many thousands of others* to—go, and do likewise, furnished by him with the principles of sound and enlightened surgical, anatomical, and physiological knowledge! And these principles he has embodied in his admirable writ-

ings, to train succeeding generations of surgeons, so as to assuage agony, and avert the sacrifice of life and limb. Let any one turn from this aspect of his character, and look at him in a personal and social point of view, and Sir Astley Cooper will be found, in all the varied relations of life—in its most difficult positions, in the face of every temptation—uniformly amiable, honourable, high-spirited, and of irreproachable morals. His manners fascinated all who came in contact with him; and his personal advantages were very great: tall, well-proportioned, of graceful carriage, of a presence unspeakably *assuring*†—with very handsome features, wearing ever a winning expression; of manners bland and courtly—without a tinge of sycophancy or affectation—the same to monarch, noble, peasant—in the hospital, the hovel, the castle, the palace. He was a patient, devoted teacher, during the time he was almost overpowered by the multiplicity of his harassing and lucrative professional engagements! Such was Sir Astley Cooper—a man whose memory is surely entitled to the best exertions of the ablest of biographers. Oh that a Southey could do by Astley Cooper as Southey did by Nelson!

“No one,” observes Mr Cooper, the nephew of Sir Astley, and author of the work now before us, “has hitherto attempted to render the history of any surgeon a matter of interest or amusement to the general public.”‡ We cannot deny the assertion, even after having perused the two volumes

Life of Sir Astley Cooper, interspersed with Sketches from his Note-Books of Distinguished Contemporary Characters. By BRANSLEY LAKE COOPER, Esq., F.R.S. 2 vols. London: 1843.

* “Sir Astley Cooper has, on one occasion, stated, in his memoranda, that he had educated *eight thousand surgeons*.”—*Memoirs*, vol. ii., p. 426.

† “From the period of Astley’s appointment to Guy’s,” says Dr Roots, in a communication to the author of this work, (vol. i., p. 315,) “until the moment of his latest breath, he was everything and all to the suffering and afflicted: his *name* was a host, but his *presence* brought confidence and comfort; and I have often observed, that on an operating day, should anything occur of an untoward character in the theatre, the moment Astley Cooper entered, and the instrument was in his hand, every difficulty was overcome, and safety generally ensued.”

‡ *Introd.* p. xi.

under consideration, which are the production of a gentleman who, after making the remark just quoted, proceeds truly to observe, that "no author has had so favourable an opportunity"—i. e. of rendering the history of a surgeon a matter of general interest—as himself, "for few medical men in this country have ever held so remarkable a position in the eyes of their countrymen, for so long a period, or endeared themselves by so many acts of conduct, independent of their profession, as Sir Astley Cooper."^{*}

Mr Bransby Cooper became the biographer of his uncle, at that uncle's own request,† who also left behind him rich materials for the purpose. We are reluctantly compelled to own that we cannot compliment Mr Cooper on the manner in which he has executed the task thus imposed upon him. He is an amiable and highly honourable man, every way worthy of the high estimation in which he was held by his distinguished kinsman, and whose glorious devotion to his profession he shares in no small degree. He is also an able man, and a surgeon of great reputation and eminence. He must, however, with the manliness which distinguishes his character, bear with us while we express our belief that he cannot himself be satisfied with the result of his labours, or the reception of them by the public. He evidently lacks the leading qualities of the biographer; who, at the same time that he has a true and hearty feeling for his subject, must not suffer it to overmaster him; who, conscious that he is writing for the public at large, instinctively perceives, as himself one of that public, what is likely to interest and instruct it—to hit the happy medium between personal and professional topics, and to make both subordinate to the development of THE MAN, so that we may not lose him among the incidents of his life. It is, again, extremely difficult for a man to be a good biographer of one who was of his own profession. He is apt to take too much, or too little, for granted; to regard that as generally interesting

which is so only to a very limited circle, and, often halting between two opinions—whether to write for the general or the special reader—to dissatisfy both. From one or two passages in his "Introduction," Mr Cooper seems to have felt some such embarrassment, ‡ and also to have experienced another difficulty—whether to write for those who had personally known Sir Astley or for strangers.§ Mr Cooper, again, though it may seem paradoxical to say so, knows really *too much* of Sir Astley—that is, has so identified himself with Sir Astley, his habits, feelings, character, and doings—as boy and man, as the affectionate admiring pupil, companion, and kinsman—that he has lost the power of removing himself, as it were, to such a distance from his subject as would enable him to view it in its true colours and just proportions. These disadvantages should have occasioned him to reflect very gravely on the responsibility which he was about to undertake, in committing to the press a memoir of Sir Astley Cooper. He did so sadly too precipitately. Within sixteen months' time he had completed his labours, and they were printed, ready for distribution to the public. This was an interval by no means too short for a master of his craft—a ready and experienced biographer, but ten times too short for one who was not such. A picture for posterity cannot be painted at a moment's notice, and in five minutes' time: which might perhaps suffice for a gaudy dash, which is glanced at for a moment, and forgotten for ever, or remembered only with feelings of displeasure and regret. Mr Cooper felt it necessary to put forward some excuses, which we must frankly tell him are insufficient. "Professional duties, engagements, and other circumstances of a more private nature," cannot "be accepted as an apology for the many defects to be found in these volumes."|| A memoir of Sir Astley Cooper, by Mr Bransby Cooper, ought never to have stood in need of such apologies. If he had not sufficient time at his command, he should have considerably delayed the preparation of the Memoir, or con-

^{*} *Introd.* p. xi. † *Ib.* p. ix. ‡ *Ib.* pp. x. xi. § *Ib.* || *Ib.* pp. xv. xvi.

mitted his materials to other hands, or subjected his performance to competent revision. As it is, we look in vain for discrimination, and subordination, and method. Topics are introduced which should have been discarded, or handled very, very differently. Innumerable communications from friends and associates of Sir Astley are incorporated into the work, in their writers' *ipsissima verba*; and this is positively treated by Mr Cooper as a matter of congratulation!* Again, the progress of the Memoir is continually interrupted by subsidiary memoirs of persons who had been casually or professionally connected with Sir Astley, but of whom the public at large knows nothing, nor cares for them one straw. We modify our complaint, on this score, as far as concerns the sketches of his contemporaries by Sir Astley himself, which are generally interesting and faithful, and occasionally very striking.—It grieves us to speak thus plainly of a gentleman so estimable and eminent as Mr Bransby Cooper, and justly enjoying so much influence and reputation; but, alas! *Maga* knows not friend from foe, the moment that she has seated herself in her critical chair. Unworthy would she be to sit there, as she has for now four hundred moons, were it otherwise.

The work before us came under our notice at the time when it was published—early in the year 1849; and the very first passage which attracted our attention was the following, lying on the threshold—in the first page of the Preface. It appeared to us to indicate a writer who had formed strange notions of the objects and uses of biography. Speaking of the “*moral benefit*” to be derived from perusing memoirs of those whose exertions had raised them to eminence, Mr Cooper proceeds to make these edifying and philosophical observations:—“Those who are in the meridian of their career, *endeavour to discover a gratifying parallel* in themselves; whilst the aged may still be reconciled to the result of their pilgrimage, if less

successful, by adopting the *comfortable (!) self-assurance* that the *frowns of fortune, or some unlooked-for fatality*, have alone prevented them from enjoying a similar distinction, or becoming equally useful members of society.”† Indeed! if *these* be the uses of biography,—thus to pander to a complacent overweening vanity, or “minister” poison to minds diseased, embittered, and darkened by disappointment and despair, let us have no more of it. No, no, Mr Cooper, such are not the uses of biography, which are to entertain, to interest, to instruct; and its “moral benefit” is to be found in teaching the successful in life humility, moderation, gratitude; and stimulating them to a more active discharge of their duties,—to higher attainments, and more beneficial uses of them on behalf of their fellow-creatures; and also to remind them that their sun, then glittering at its highest, is thenceforward to descend the horizon! And as for those who have failed to attain the objects of their hopes and wishes, the contemplation of others’ success should teach lessons of resignation and self-knowledge; set them upon tracing their *failure* to their *faults*—faults which have been avoided by him of whom they read; cause them to form a lower estimate of their own pretensions and capabilities; and if, after all, unable to account for failure, bow with cheerful resignation—not beneath the “frowns of fortune,” or yielding to “fatality,” but to the will of God, who gives or withholds honour as He pleaseth, and orders all the events of our lives with an infinite, an awful wisdom and equity. We regard this use of the words “frowns of fortune,” and “unlooked-for fatality,” as inconsiderate and objectionable, and capable of being misunderstood by younger readers. Mr Cooper is a gentleman of perfectly orthodox opinions and correct feeling, and all that we complain of, is his hasty use of unmeaning or objectionable phraseology. In the very next paragraph to that from which we have been quoting, he thus laudably expresses

* *Introd.* pp. xiv. xv.† *Preface*, pp. v. vi.

himself upon the subject. "It will be a useful lesson to observe that such distinction is the reward of early assiduous application, determined self-denial, unwearied industry, and high principle, without which, talents, however brilliant, will be of slight avail, or prove to be only the *ignes fatui* which betray to danger and destruction." And let us here place conspicuously before our readers—would that we could write in letters of gold!—the following pregnant sentences with which Sir Astley Cooper was wont, as President of the College of Surgeons, to address those who had successfully passed their arduous examination, in announcing to them that happy event:—

"Now, gentlemen, give me leave to tell you on what your success in life will depend.

"*Firstly*, upon a good and constantly increasing knowledge of your profession.

"*Secondly*, on an industrious discharge of its duties.

"*Thirdly*, upon the preservation of your moral character.

"Unless you possess the first, KNOWLEDGE, you ought not to succeed, and no honest man can wish you success.

"Without the second, INDUSTRY, no one will ever succeed.

"And unless you preserve your MORAL CHARACTER, even if it were possible that you could succeed, it would be impossible you could be happy." *

Peace to your ashes, good Sir Astley! honour to your memory, who from your high eminence addressed these words of warning and goodness to those who stood trembling and excited before you, and in whose memory those words were engraved for ever!

The passage which we have above first quoted from the preface of the work before us, was, we own, not without its weight in disinclining us to read that work with care, or notice it in *Maga*. Our attention, after so long an interval, was recalled to the work quite accidentally, and we have lately read it through, in an impartial spirit; rising from the perusal with a strong feeling of personal respect for Mr Cooper, and of regret that he had not given himself time to make more of his invaluable materials—thereby

doing something like justice to the memory of his illustrious relative, and making a strong effort, at the same time, to "render the history of a surgeon a matter of interest and amusement to the general public." While, however, we thus censure freely, let us do justice. Mr Cooper writes in the spirit of a gentleman, with singular frankness and fidelity. His manly expressions of affection and reverence for the memory of Sir Astley, are worthy of both. When, too, Mr Cooper chooses to make the effort, he can express himself with vigour and propriety, and comment very shrewdly and ably on events and characters. One of the chief faults in his book is that of showing himself to be too much immersed in his subject: he writes as though he were colloquially addressing, in the world at large, a party of hospital surgeons and students. For this defect, however, he scarcely deserves to be blamed; the existence of it is simply a matter of regret, to the discriminating and critical reader.

The two volumes before us are rich in materials for the biographer. We can hardly imagine the life of a public man more varied, interesting, and instructive, than that of the great surgeon who is gone; and we have resolved, after much consideration, to endeavour to present to our innumerable readers, (for are they not so?) as distinct and vivid a portraiture of Sir Astley Cooper as we are able, guided by Mr Bransby Cooper. If our readers aforesaid derive gratification from our labour of love, let them give their thanks to that gentleman alone, whose candour and fidelity are, we repeat it, above all praise. We are ourselves not of his craft, albeit not wholly ignorant thereof, knowing only so much of it as may perhaps enable us to select what will interest general readers. Many portions of these volumes we shall pass over altogether, as unsuitable for our purposes; and those with which we thus deal, we may indicate as we go along. And, finally, we shall present some of the results of our own limited personal knowledge and observation of the admirable deceased.

Astley Paston Cooper came of a

* Vol. ii. pp. 260, 261.

good family, long established in Norfolk, and there is reason for believing that there ran in his veins some of the blood of the immortal Sir Isaac Newton.* He was born on the 23d August 1768, at a manor-house called Brooke Hall, near Shottisham, in Norfolk. He was the sixth of ten children, and the fourth son. His father was the Rev. Samuel Cooper, D.D., (formerly a pensioner of Magdalen College, Cambridge,) then rector of Yelverton in that county, and afterwards perpetual curate of Great Yarmouth—a large cure of souls, numbering sixteen thousand, among whom he discharged his pastoral duties with exemplary faithfulness and vigilance, and was universally beloved and respected. He was also a magistrate, in which capacity he was conspicuous in suggesting and supporting schemes of public utility and benevolence. He was one of two sons of Mr Samuel Cooper, a surgeon at Norwich, a person of considerable professional reputation, and possessed of some literary pretensions. He left a handsome fortune to each of his sons, Samuel and William, and spent the evening of his life in the house of his elder son, at Yarmouth, but died at Dunston, in Norfolk, in 1785. The younger son became an eminent surgeon in London, and exercised, as will be presently seen, considerable influence on the fortunes of his celebrated nephew. Dr Cooper was the author of various works on the religious and political subjects principally discussed at that eventful period.† In the year 1761, while yet a curate, he married

a lady of large fortune, Maria Susannah, the eldest daughter and heiress of James Bransby, Esq., of Shottisham, who was descended from an ancient Yorkshire family, the head of which was Geoffrey de Brandesbee. She appears to have been a lovely woman, equally in person, mind, and character, and possessed also of some literary reputation, as the author of several works of fiction, of a moral and religious character. She was an exemplary and devoted mother, and exercised a powerful and salutary influence over all her children, especially her son Astley, the dawn of whose eminence she lived to see, with just maternal pride and exultation; dying in the year 1807, when he was in his thirtieth year. Several of her letters to him are given in these volumes, and they breathe a sweet spirit of piety and love. Thus, on both sides, he was well born, and his parents were also in affluent circumstances, enabling them to educate and provide satisfactorily for their large family.

Astley took his Christian name from his godfather, Sir Edward Astley, then M.P. for the county of Norfolk, and the grandfather of the present Lord Hastings. His second name, Paston, was the maiden name of his maternal grandmother, who was related to the Earl of Yarmouth. As his mother's delicate health would not admit of her nursing him, as she had nursed all her other children, the little Astley was sent, for that purpose, to a Mrs Love, the wife of a respectable farmer, a parishioner of Dr Cooper's; ‡

* His great-grandfather, Samuel Cooper, married Henrietta Maria Newton, the daughter of Thomas Newton, Esq., of Norwich, a relation—it is believed the nephew—of the great philosopher.—Vol. i., p. 1.

† His works are highly spoken of, and a list of them given, in the *Gentleman's Magazine*, vol. lxx., pp. 89, 177.

‡ Sir Astley Cooper always strongly reprobated the practice of a mother's neglecting to suckle her child, when able to do so; and we thank his biographer for giving us the following convincing and instructive passage from one of the illustrious surgeon's latest publications. We commend it to the attention of every fine lady mother, who may stand in need of the reproof:—"If a woman be healthy, and she has milk in her breast, there can be no question of the propriety of her giving suck. If such a question be put, the answer should be, that all animals, even those of the most ferocious character, show affection for their young—do not forsake them, but yield them their milk—do not neglect, but nurse and watch over them; and shall woman, the loveliest of Nature's creatures, possessed of reason as well as instinct, refuse that nourishment to her offspring which no other animal withholds, and hesitate to perform that duty which all of the mammalia class invariably discharge? Besides, it may be

and on returning home he received the zealous and affectionate attentions of his exemplary mother, who personally instructed him, as soon as he was able to profit by her exertions, in English grammar and history, for the latter of which he always evinced a partiality. He was initiated by his father into Greek and Latin; but his classical acquirements never enabled him to do more than read a little in Horace and the Greek Testament. As soon, in fact, as his boyish attention had ceased to be occupied with the classics, he seems to have bade them far ewell, and never, at any period of his life, did he renew or increase his acquaintance with them. His only other preceptor, at this early period, was Mr Larke, the village schoolmaster, who taught writing, arithmetic, and mathematics to Dr Cooper's children, of all of whom Astley seems to have done him the least credit. Astley was about thirteen years old when he ceased to receive the instructions of Mr Larke, and was of a gay, volatile disposition, full of fun and frolic, and utterly reckless of danger. He had a charming deportment from his earliest youth; his manners were so winning, and his disposition was so amiable, that he was a universal favourite, even with those who were most frequently the victims of his frolicsome pranks. Wherever danger was to be found, there was Astley sure to be—the leader in every mischievous expedition which he and his companions could desire. His adventurous disposition frequently placed his limbs, and even his life, in danger. He would often, for in-

stance, drive out the cows from a field, himself mounted on the back of the bull; and run along the eaves of lofty barns, from one of which he once fell, but luckily on some hay lying beneath. He once climbed to the roof of one of the aisles of the church, and, losing his hold, fell down, to the manifest danger of his life—escaping, however, with a few bruises only. Once he caught a horse grazing on a common, mounted him, and with his whip urged the animal to leap over a cow lying on the ground. Up jumped the cow at the moment of the startling transit, and overthrew both horse and rider; the latter breaking his collar-bone in the fall. If vicious and high-mettled horses were within his reach, he would fearlessly mount them, without saddle or bridle, guiding them with a stick only. Was there a garden or orchard to be robbed, young Astley was the chieftain to plan the expedition, and divide the spoil. "Who can say," observes his biographer,* "that the admiration and applause which young Astley obtained from his fellows for his intrepidity in these youthful exploits, were not, in truth, the elements of that love of superiority, and thirst for fame, which prevented him ever afterwards from being contented with any but the highest rank in every undertaking with which he associated himself?" There may be some truth in this remark; but let it also be borne in mind—(that youth may not be led astray by false notions)—that this love of adventure and defiance of danger have often been exhibited in early years, by those who have

truly said, that nursing the infant is most beneficial both to the mother and the child, and that women who have been previously delicate, often become strong and healthy while they suckle.

"A female of luxury and refinement is often in this respect a worse mother than the inhabitant of the meanest hovel, who nurses her children, and brings them up healthy under privations and bodily exertions to obtain subsistence, which might almost excuse her refusal.

"The frequent sight of the child, watching it at the breast, the repeated calls for attention, the dawn of each attack of disease, and the cause of its little cries, are constantly begetting feelings of affection, which a mother who does not suckle seldom feels in an equal degree, when she allows the care of her child to devolve upon another, and suffers her maternal feelings to give place to indolence or caprice, on the empty calls of a fashionable and luxurious life."

* Pp. 47-48.

turned out very differently from Astley Cooper, and proved themselves to be the silliest, most mischievous, and most degraded of mankind—the very curses of society.

One of the earliest incidents in young Astley's life, was one which exposed him to great danger. While playing with an elder brother, who happened to have an open knife in his hand, Astley ran heedlessly against it; the blade entering the lower part of his cheek, passing upwards, and being stopped only by the socket of the eye. The wound bled profusely, and the injury sustained was so great, as to keep him a close prisoner, and under surgical treatment, for a long time; and Sir Astley bore with him to the grave the scar which had been made by the wound. Two other incidents happening about the same time, when he was in his twelfth or thirteenth year, present young Astley in an interesting and striking point of view. Some of the scholars belonging to a boarding-school in the village, were playing together one day near a large pond, when the bell had summoned them to return to their duties. As they were going, one of them snatched off the hat of one of his companions, and flung it into the pond. The latter cried bitterly for the loss of his hat, and from fear of being punished for not returning with the others to school. At this moment came up a young gentleman dressed, according to the fashion of that day, in a scarlet coat, a three-cocked hat, a glazed black collar or stock, nankeen small-clothes, and white silk stockings, his hair hanging in ringlets down his back. This was no other than Astley Cooper, returning from a dancing-school held at a neighbouring inn, by a teacher of the art, who used to come from Norwich. Observing the trouble of the despoiled youngster, Astley inquired the cause; and having his attention directed to the hat in the water, he marched in with great deliberation, and succeeded in obtaining the hat, having waded above his knees, and presenting a somewhat droll object as he came out, his gay habiliments bedaubed with mud and water. The other circumstance alluded to is cer-

tainly very remarkable, when coupled with his subsequent career. One of his foster-brothers, while conducting a horse and cart conveying coals to some one in the village, unfortunately stumbled in front of the cart, the wheel of which passed over his thigh, and, among other severe injuries, lacerated the principal artery. The danger was of course imminent. The poor boy, sinking under the loss of blood, which the few bystanders ineffectually attempted to stop by applying handkerchiefs to the wound, was carried into his mother's house, whither young Astley, having heard of the accident, quickly followed. He alone, amidst the terror and confusion which prevailed, had his wits about him, and after a few moments' reflection took out his pocket handkerchief, encircled with it the thigh *above the wound*, and bound it round as tightly as possible, so as to form a ligature upon the wounded vessel. This stopped the bleeding, and kept the little sufferer alive till the arrival of a surgeon. The self-possession, decision, and sagacity, displayed by little Astley Cooper on this occasion, are above all praise, and must have produced a deep impression on the minds of his parents, and indeed upon any one who had heard of the occurrence. It is barely possible that he might have originally caught the hint through overhearing such subjects mentioned by his grandfather or his uncle, the surgeons. This is hardly likely; but, even were it so, it leaves the self-possessed and courageous youth entitled to our highest admiration. In after years, Sir Astley Cooper frequently spoke of this circumstance as a very remarkable event in his life, and that which had first bent his thoughts towards the profession of surgery.* This is very probable. The inward delight which he must have experienced at having saved the life of his foster-brother, and receiving the grateful thanks and praises of his foster-mother and her family, must have contributed to fix the occurrence in his mind, and to surround it with pleasing associations.

In the year 1781, Dr Cooper and his family quitted Brooke for Yar-

* Vol. i., p. 57.

month, on his being appointed to the perpetual curacy of the latter place. Astley was then in his thirteenth year. Sixty years afterwards, the great surgeon, who had a strong attachment to particular places, made a pilgrimage to the scene of his gay and happy boyhood at Brooke, at that time a pretty and retired village, and halloved by every early and tender association. He found it, however, strangely altered, as he gazed at it, doubtless with a moistened eye and a throbbing heart. Let him speak for himself; for he has left on record his impressions. Having dined at the village inn, he says,—

"I walked down the village, along an enclosed road, dull and shadowed by plantations on either side; instead of those commons and open spaces, ornamented here and there by clean cottages. The little mere* was so much smaller than in my imagination, that I could hardly believe my eyes; the great mere was half empty, and dwindled also to a paltry pond. On my right were the plantations of Mr Ketta, overshadowing the road, and for which numerous cottages had been sacrificed; on my left, cottages enclosed in gardens. Still proceeding to the scenes of my early years, on the right was a lodge leading to Mr Holmes's new house, and water with a boat on it—a fine mansion, but overlooking the lands of Mr Ketta. I then walked on to the vicar's, Mr Castell, but he was out. I looked for the church mere, and it was filled up, planted, and converted into a garden. I looked for the old Brooke Hall, the place of my nativity, and the seat of the happiness of my early years; for the road which led to it and its forecourt—its flower-gardens and kitchen-gardens, its stable-yard and coach-houses—and all were gone. The very place where they once were is forgotten. Here we had our boat, our swimming, our shooting—excellent partridge-shooting—in Brooke wood tolerable pheasant-shooting—woodcocks; in Seething Fen abundance of snipes—a good neighbourhood, seven miles from Norwich, almost another London, where my grandfather lived; we knew everybody, kept a carriage and chaise, saw much company, and were almost allowed to do as we liked; but the blank of all these gratifications now only remains.

* The once beautiful village is swallowed

up by two parks—cottages cut down to make land for them—commons enclosed," &c.

On the page opposite to that on which these remarks are written, Sir Astley has roughly sketched the village as it had stood in his childhood, and as he found it on the occasion of his revisiting it.

On reaching his new residence at Yarmouth, this apparently incorrigible Pickle betook himself with renewed energy to mischief and fun; "indulging more easily," says Mr Cooper, "and on a larger scale, in those levities, the offspring of a buoyant heart and thoughtless youth, which had already distinguished him in the more limited sphere which he had just quitted. . . . These irregularities, however, were never strictly opposed to the interests of virtue and honesty—nor, indeed, ever exhibited anything but repugnance to those mean, though less serious faults, which often intrude into schoolboy sports and occupations. They were, on the contrary, characterised by cheerfulness of temper, openness of character, sensibility of disposition, and every quality of an ingenuous mind."† Very soon after his arrival, his temerity led him into a most perilous adventure—one which might have been expected to cure his propensity to court danger.

"Soon after Dr Cooper's arrival in Yarmouth, the church underwent certain repairs, and Astley having constant access to the building from his influence with the sexton, used frequently to amuse himself by watching the progress of the improvements. Upon one occasion he ascended by a ladder to the ceiling of the chancel, (a height of seventy feet,) and with foolish temerity walked along one of the joists—a position of danger to which few but the workmen, who were accustomed to walk at such an elevation, would have dared voluntarily to expose themselves. While thus employed, his foot suddenly slipped, and he fell between the rafters of the ceiling. One of his legs, however, fortunately remained bent over the joist on which he had been walking, while the foot was caught beneath the next adjoining rafter, and by this entanglement alone he was preserved from

* A common term in Norfolk for an isolated piece of water.

† Vol. i., pp. 61, 62.

‡ *Ibid.*, pp. 69, 70.

instant destruction. He remained for some time suspended with his head downwards, and it was not until after repeated and violent efforts that he succeeded in jerking his body upwards, when, by catching hold of the rafter, he was enabled to recover his footing. I believe, from the manner in which Sir Astley used to refer to this adventure, that he always re-experienced to a great degree the horror which filled his mind at seeing the distance between him and the floor of the chancel, when he was thus suspended from its ceiling."—(Pp. 70-1.)

Very soon afterwards he nearly lost his life in an adventure on the sea, characterised by his usual semi-insane recklessness.* By-and-by he betook himself to pranks seriously annoying to his neighbours and town-folk—breaking lamps and windows, ringing the church bells at all hours, slyly altering the town clock, and so forth—whereby "Master Astley Cooper" became, as lawyers would style it, the "common vouchee" whenever any mischief had been perpetrated. Mr Cooper gives an account of several whimsical exploits of young Astley at this period, one of which we shall quote; but all display an amusing sense of the humorous on the part of their perpetrator.

"Having taken two pillows from his mother's bed, he carried them up to the spire of Yarmouth church, at a time when the wind was blowing from the north-east, and as soon as he had ascended as high as he could, he ripped them open, and, shaking out their contents, dispersed them in the air. The feathers were carried away by the wind, and fell far and wide over the surface of the marketplace, to the great astonishment of a large number of persons assembled there. The timid looked upon it as a phenomenon predictive of some calamity—the inquisitive formed a thousand conjectures—while some, curious in natural history, actually accounted for it by a gale of wind in the north blowing wild-fowl feathers from the island of St Paul's! It was not long, however, before the difficulty was cleared up in the doctor's house, where it at first gave rise to anything but those expressions of amusement which the explanation, when circulated through the town, is reported to have excited. I think my uncle used to say that some extraordinary account of the affair, before

the secret was discovered, found its way into the Norwich papers!"—(Pp. 73-4.)

On one occasion he was imprisoned in his own room by his father, as a punishment for a very thoughtless joke which had occasioned serious alarm to his mother. Shortly after locking the door upon the young scapegrace, his father, walking with a friend in his favourite walk near the house, was astonished at hearing, from above, a cry of "Sweep—sweep!" in the well-known voice of a neighbouring chimney-sweeper. On looking up, he beheld his hopeful *son* in the position of a sweep, who had reached the summit of the chimney! and was calling out to attract the attention of the passers-by in the street below. "Ah," quoth the good doctor to his friend, "there is my boy Astley, again! He is a sad rogue,—but, in spite of his roguery, I have no doubt that he will yet be a shining character!"†

Though thus partial to rough sports and adventures, he was, even at this early age, very susceptible of the effect of female beauty, and the charms of female society. A lad so handsome as he, and of such elegant and winning manners and address, could not fail to be a great favourite with the softer sex. So, indeed, he was. And as a proof of his attachment to *them*,—shortly after he had left Brooke for Yarmouth, being then only thirteen years old, he borrowed his father's horse, and rode a distance of forty-eight miles in one day, to pay, unknown to his parents, a visit to a girl of his own age, a Miss Wordsworth, the daughter of a clergyman residing in a village near that which the Coopers had quitted for Yarmouth. In after life, he never mentioned this little circumstance without lively emotion; and Mr Cooper expresses himself as at a loss to explain how this early intimacy had failed of leading to the future union of the youthful couple. Such was young Astley Cooper in his early years: blessed with an exemplary mother, who sedulously instilled into his mind, as into those of all her children, the precepts of virtue and religion; equally blessed with an amiable and pious father, and happy in the society of his brothers and sisters;

* Vol. i. pp. 71, 72.

† *Ibid.* p. 81.

with cheerful, buoyant animal spirits, whose exuberance led him into the pursuit of comparatively innocent adventure, untinged by mean or vicious characteristics; and exhibiting, under all his wild love of fun, an under-current of intellectual energy, warranting that prediction of future distinction which, as we have seen, was uttered by his father about the period of which we are speaking. It was not likely that a boy of this character should always remain satisfied with the position which he then occupied. He must have felt inward promptings to something worthy of the capabilities of which he was secretly conscious; and it is interesting and satisfactory to be able to point out the circumstances which determined him to enter that particular walk of life, and department in science, which he afterwards occupied with such transcendent distinction. The very interesting incident which first bent his thoughts in that direction has been already mentioned. It has been already stated that he had an uncle, Mr Samuel Cooper, an eminent surgeon in London, the senior surgeon of Guy's Hospital. This gentleman was in the habit of visiting his brother, Dr Cooper, at Yarmouth; and with his varied and animated conversation young Astley became more and more delighted, as he recounted the exciting incidents of London social and professional life. The uncle seems, in turn, to have been pleased with the vivacity and spirit of his nephew; and thus it was that Astley conceived an intense desire to repair to the great metropolitan scene of action, of which he was hearing so much, and could so easily imagine much more. It does not seem to have been any particular enthusiasm for surgery and anatomy that actuated him at this early period, but probably nothing more than a taste for pleasure and excitement,* which he felt could be gratified to an indefinite extent in London life. He had even committed himself to the adoption of his uncle's profession, without having indicated any desire to achieve excellence or eminence in it. The spark of ambition seems to have fallen into his ardent tempera-

ment, on witnessing the terrible operation for stone, performed by a Dr Donnee, of Norwich. This fact we have on his own authority.† In the year 1836, he payed a visit to Norwich, and on quitting it, wrote the following letter, enclosing £30 for the hospital, to Dr Yelloly.

"My dear Sir.—It was at the Norfolk and Norwich hospital that I first saw Dr Donnee operate, in a masterly manner; and it was this which inspired me with a strong impression of the utility of surgery, and led me to embark in it as my profession."

How mysterious the impulse which thus determines men to the adoption of particular pursuits!—some to music, others to poetry, to painting, to sculpture: some to the moral, others to the physical sciences: some to the art of war, others to divinity, law or physic; some to criticism and belles lettres, others to simple money-making. It is rarely that a man achieves real distinction in a pursuit which is forced upon him. He may follow it creditably, but eminence is generally out of the question: it is only where a man voluntarily adopts a walk in life, in accordance with inward promptings, that a likelihood of success and distinction is begotten. Dr Johnson observed that genius was great natural powers accidentally directed; but this can hardly be accepted as a true or sufficient definition. A man of wonderful musical or mathematical capabilities, may have his attention accidentally directed to a sphere of action where those capabilities will never have the opportunity of developing themselves. It would seem, in truth, as if Providence had implanted in many men great aptitudes and inclinations for particular pursuits, and given them special opportunities for gratifying such inclinations. Look, for instance, at a lad witnessing the operation to which we have alluded; nine out of ten would look on with dismay or disgust, and fly terrified from a scene which excites profound interest, and awakens all the mental powers of a youth standing beside him. And this was the case with Astley Cooper, whose enthusiasm for the profession

* Vol. i. p. 85.

† Vol. ii. p. 421.

surgery was kindled on witnessing one of its most formidable and appalling exhibitions.

Doubtless the two brothers—the parson and the surgeon—themselves sons of a surgeon of provincial celebrity, made short work of it as soon as they had ascertained young Astley's strong inclination for the profession of which his uncle was so eminent a member, and in which he possessed such facilities for advancing the interests of that nephew. It was therefore agreed that Astley, then in his sixteenth year, should become his uncle's articulated pupil. As, however, it was inconvenient for Mr Cooper to receive pupils into his own house, he effected an arrangement with a very eminent brother surgeon, Mr Cline, one of the surgeons of the neighbouring hospital, (St Thomas') by means of which young Astley became an inmate with the latter gentleman. This matter proved to have been, in one respect, managed very prudently. Mr Cooper intimates* that young Astley would have found his own mercurial disposition, and flighty habits, incompatible with those of his rough and imperious uncle, who was, moreover, a very severe disciplinarian. Mr Cline, on the other hand, was a man of easy and engaging manners, of amiable disposition, and perhaps the finest operating surgeon of the day. To these advantages, however, there were very dismal drawbacks, for he was both a Deist and a democrat of the wildest kind—associating, as might be expected, with those who entertained his own objectionable and dangerous opinions—with, amongst others, such notorious demagogues as Horne Tooke and Thelwall. It is probable† that Astley's worthy father and mother were ignorant of these unfavourable characteristics of Mr Cline, or they never would have consented to their son entering into such contaminating society. We shall here present our readers with a striking sketch, from the pencil of Sir Astley himself in after life, of the gentleman to whom his uncle, Mr Cooper—who could not have been ignorant of Mr Cline's disfiguring peculiarities—had thought proper to intrust his nephew:—

“Mr Cline was a man of excellent judgment, of great caution, of accurate knowledge; particularly taciturn abroad, yet open, friendly, and very conversable at home.

“In surgery, cool, safe, judicious, and cautious; in anatomy, sufficiently informed for teaching and practice. He wanted industry and professional zeal, liking other things better than the study and practice of his profession.

“In politics a democrat, living in friendship with Horne Tooke.

“In morals, thoroughly honest; in religion, a Deist.

“A good husband, son, and father.

“As a friend, sincere, but not active; as an enemy, most inveterate.

“He was mild in his manners, gentle in his conduct, humane in his disposition, but withal brave as a lion.

“His temper was scarcely ever ruffled.

“Towards the close of life he caught an ague, which lessened his powers of mind and body.”—(P. 98-99.)

The poisonous atmosphere which he breathed at Mr Cline's, produced effects upon young Astley's character which we shall witness by-and-by. They proved, happily, but temporary, owing to the strength of the wholesome principles which had been instilled into him by his revered parents. Mr Cooper gives us reason to believe that a mother's eye had been almost the earliest to detect traces of the deleterious influences to which her son had become subject in London; and perhaps the following little extract, from a letter of this good lady to her gay son, may bring tender recollections of similar warnings received by himself, into the mind of many a reader:—

“‘Remember, my dear child,’ says Mrs Cooper to him, after one of his visits to Yarmouth, ‘wherever you go, and whatever you do, that the happiness of your parents depends on the principles and conduct of their children. Remember, also, I entreat, and may your conversation be influenced by the remembrance, that there are subjects which ought always to be considered as sacred, and on no account to be treated with levity.’”—(P. 96.)

Astley took his departure from Yarmouth for London in the latter part of August 1784, being then in his sixteenth year. He experienced all

* Vol. i. p. 88.

† *Ibid.*, p. 100.

the emotion to be expected in a warm-hearted boy leaving an affectionate home, for his first encounter with the cold rough world. His own grief gave way, however, before the novelty and excitement of the scenes in which he found himself, much sooner than the intense solicitude and apprehension on his account, which were felt by the parents whom he had quitted! Mr Cooper shall sketch the personal appearance of Astley at this period; no one who ever saw Sir Astley Cooper will think what follows overstrained:—

“His manners and appearance at this period were winning and agreeable. Although only sixteen years of age, his figure, which had advanced to nearly its full stature, was no less distinguished for the elegance of its proportions, than its healthy manliness of character; his handsome and expressive countenance was illumined by the generous disposition and active mind, equally characteristic of him then as in after life; his conversation was brisk and animated, his voice and manner of address were in the highest degree pleasing and gentlemanly; while a soft and graceful ease, attendant on every action, rendered his society no less agreeable than his appearance prepossessing.”—(P. 90.)

The period of his arrival in London had been of course fixed with reference to the opening of the professional season—viz, in the month of October, when the lectures on medicine, surgery, anatomy, physiology, and their kindred sciences, commence at the hospitals, and, in some few instances, elsewhere. Mr Cline's house was in Jefferies' Square, St Mary Axe, in the eastern part of the metropolis; and in that house Mr Astley Cooper afterwards began himself to practise. His propensities for fun and frivolity burst out afresh the moment that he was established in his new quarters; and for some time he seemed on the point of being sucked into the vortex of dissipation, to perish in it. He quickly found himself in the midst of a host of young companions similarly disposed with himself, and began to indulge in those extravagances which had earned him notoriety in the country. One of his earliest adventures was the habiting himself in the uni-

form of an officer, and swaggering in it about town. One day, while thus masquerading, he lit upon his uncle in Bond Street; and, finding it too late to escape, resolved to brazen the matter out. Mr Cooper at once addressed him very sternly on his foolish conduct, but was thunderstruck at the reception which he met with.

“Astley, regarding him with feigned astonishment, and changing his voice, replied, that he must be making some mistake, for he did not understand to whom or what he was alluding. ‘Why,’ said Mr Cooper, ‘you don't mean to say that you are not my nephew, Astley Cooper!’ ‘Really, sir, I have not the pleasure of knowing any such person. My name is —— of the ——-th,’ replied the young scapegrace, naming, with unflinching boldness, the regiment of which he wore the uniform. Mr William Cooper apologised, although still unable to feel assured he was not being duped, and, bowing, passed on.”—(P. 401.)

As soon as the lecture-rooms were opened, young Cooper made a show of attention, but without feeling any real interest in them. His uncle, at the same time, (2d Oct., 1784,) proposed him as a member of the Physical Society, into which, on the 16th of the same month, he was admitted. This was the oldest and most distinguished society of the kind in London, numbering among its supporters and frequenters nearly all the leading members of the profession, who communicated and discussed topics on professional subjects at its meetings. The rules were very strict: and we find our newly admitted friend infringing them on the very first meeting ensuing that on which he had been introduced, as appears by the following entry in the journal of the society,—“October 23d, 1784. Mr &c., in the chair. Messrs Astley Cooper, &c., &c., fined sixpence each, for leaving the room without permission of the president.”*

It is hardly to be wondered at that so young and inexperienced a person should have found attendance at the meetings of the society very irksome; the matters discussed being necessarily beyond his comprehension. We find, therefore, that during the first session

* Vol. I., p. 106.

he was continually fined for non-attendance. The first paper which he communicated was, singularly enough, on cancer in the breast—a subject to which, throughout his life, he paid great attention, and on which he was earnestly engaged when death terminated his labours.* Whether he had selected this subject himself, or any one else had suggested it, does not appear; but the coincidence is curious and interesting. A very few months after Astley's introduction to the profession, he found the yoke of his stern and rigid uncle too heavy for him; and, in compliance with his own request, he was transferred as a pupil to Mr Cline, at the ensuing Christmas, (1784.) From that moment his character and conduct underwent a signal change for the better. This was partly to be traced to the stimulus which he derived from the superior fame of his new teacher, and the engaging character of his instructions and professional example. Certain, however, it is, that Astley Cooper had become quite a new man. "After six months," says he himself,† "I was articled to Mr Cline; and now I began to go into the dissecting-room, and to acquire knowledge, though still in a desultory way." His biographer states that "Astley Cooper seems at once to have thrown away his idleness, and all those trifling pursuits which had seduced him from his studies; and at the same time to have devoted himself to the acquisition of professional knowledge, as well by diligent labour in the dissecting-room, as by serious attention to the lectures on anatomy, and other subjects of study in the hospitals."‡ He had, at this time, barely entered his seventeenth year; and such was the rapidity of his progress that, by the ensuing spring, (1785,) he had become as distinguished for industry as formerly he had been notorious for idleness, and had obtained a knowledge of anatomy far surpassing that of any fellow-student of his own standing.§ His biographer institutes an interesting comparison between Astley Cooper and the great John Hunter, at the period of their respectively commencing their professional studies. Both

of them threatened, by their idle and dissipated conduct, to ruin their prospects, and blight the hopes of their friends; both, however, quickly reformed, and became pre-eminent for their devotion to the acquisition of professional knowledge, exhibiting many points of similarity in their noble pursuit of science. Astley Cooper, however, never disgraced his superior birth and station, by the coarser species of dissipation in which it would seem that the illustrious Hunter had once indulged—for illustrious indeed, as a physiologist and anatomist, was John Hunter; a powerful and original thinker, and an indefatigable searcher after physical truth. Mr Cline had the merit of being one of the earliest to appreciate the views of this distinguished philosopher, whose doctrines were long in making their way; || and Mr Cline's sagacious opinion on this subject, exercised a marked and beneficial influence on the mind of his gifted pupil, Astley Cooper. During Astley Cooper's second year of professional study, (1785-6,) he continued to make extraordinarily rapid progress in the study of anatomy, to which he had devoted himself with increasing energy; and his efforts, and his progress, attracted the attention of all who came within his sphere of action. From a very early period he saw, either by his own sagacity, or through that of his skilful and experienced tutor, Mr Cline, that an exact and familiar knowledge of anatomy was the only solid foundation on which to rest the superstructure of surgical skill.

"We now find him," says his biographer, "devoting himself with the most earnest activity to the acquisition of a knowledge of anatomy,—one of the most valuable departments of study to which the younger student can devote himself, and without a thorough knowledge of which, professional practice, whether in the hands of the surgeon or physician, can be little better than mere empiricism. The intense application which Astley Cooper devoted to this pursuit, in the early years of his pupilage, was not only useful, inasmuch as it furnished him with a correct knowledge of the structure of the human frame,—the form and situation of its various parts, and the varieties in

* Vol. i., p. 107. † *Ib.*, p. 112. ‡ *Ib.*, p. 113. -§ *Ib.*, p. 114. || *Ib.*, p. 94.

position to which they are occasionally liable,—but it paved the way for those numerous discoveries made by him in ‘pathological anatomy,’ which have already been, and must continue to be, the sources of so many advantages in the practice of our profession.”—(Pp. 117-118.)

He was chiefly stimulated to exertion in this department by the ambition to become a “demonstrator” of anatomy in the dissecting-room—an office greatly coveted, being “the first public professional capacity in which anatomical teachers of this country are engaged.”* Mr Cooper thus clearly indicates the duties of this important functionary:—

“There is scarcely any science, in the early study of which constant advice is so much required as in the study of anatomy. The textures which it is the business of the young anatomist to unravel are so delicate and complicated,—the filaments composing them so fine, and yet so important, that in following them from their sources to their places of destination, and tracing their various connexions, he is constantly in danger of overlooking or destroying some, and becoming bewildered in the investigation and pursuit of others. To direct and render assistance to the inexperienced student under these difficulties, it is the custom for one or more accomplished anatomists, *Demonstrators* as they are styled, to be constantly at hand.”—(Pp. 119-120.)

At the time of which we are speaking, a Mr Haighton, afterwards better known in the profession as Dr Haighton, was the demonstrator in the school presided over by Mr Cline; but he was extremely unpopular among the students, on account of his coarse repulsive manner and violent temper. Young Cooper's great affability and good nature, added to his known connexion with Mr Cline, his constant attendance in the dissecting-room, and his evident superiority in anatomical knowledge, caused him to be gradually more and more consulted by the students, instead of Mr Haighton, who was greatly his superior in years. Astley Cooper perfectly appreciated his position. “I was a great favourite,” says he,† “with the students, because I was affable, and showed that I was desirous of communicating what information I could, while Mr Haighton was the reverse of this.” Astley

Cooper knew that, in the event of Mr Haighton's surrendering his post, he himself was already in a position to aspire to be his successor, from his personal qualifications, his popularity, his growing reputation, and the influence which he derived through his uncle Mr Cooper and Mr Cline. Yet was the ambitious young anatomist barely in his eighteenth year!

Feeling the ground pretty firm beneath him—that he had already “become an efficient anatomist,” he began to attend Mr Cline in his visits to the patients in the hospital; exhibiting a watchful scrutiny on every such occasion, making notes of the cases, and seizing every opportunity which presented itself of testing the accuracy of Mr Cline's and his own conclusions, by means of *post-mortem* examinations. At the Physical Society, also, he had turned over quite a new leaf, being absent at only one meeting during the session, and taking so active a part in the business of the Society, that he was chosen one of the managing committee. At the close of his second session,—viz. in the summer of 1786—he went home as usual to Yarmouth, and was received by his exulting parents and friends with all the admiration which the rising young surgeon could have desired. His mother thus expresses herself in one of her letters to him at this time, in terms which the affectionate son must have cherished as precious indeed:—

“I cannot express the delight you gave your father and me, my dearest Astley, by the tenderness of your attentions, and the variety of your attainments. You seem to have improved every moment of your time, and to have soared not only beyond our expectations, but to the utmost height of our wishes. How much did it gratify me to observe the very great resemblance in person and mind you bear to your angelic sister!—the same sweet smile of complacency and affection, the same ever wakeful attention to alleviate pain and to communicate pleasure! Heaven grant that you may as much resemble her in every Christian grace as you do in every moral virtue.”—(P. 134.)

During his sojourn in the country, he seems to have devoted himself zealously to the acquisition of professional knowledge, and to have formed

* Vol. i. p. 119.

† P. 134.

an acquaintance with an able fellow-student, Mr Holland, who in the ensuing year became his companion at Mr Cline's, at whose residence they prosecuted their anatomical studies with the utmost zeal and system. During this session, Astley Cooper found time, amidst all his harassing engagements, to attend a course of lectures delivered by John Hunter, near Leicester Square. It required no slight amount of previous training, and scientific acquisition, to follow the illustrious lecturer through his deep, novel, and comprehensive disquisitions, enhanced as the difficulty was by his imperfect and unsatisfactory mode of expression and delivery. Nothing, however, could withstand the determination of Astley Cooper, who devoted all the powers of his mind to mastering the doctrines enunciated by Hunter, and confirming their truth by his own dissections. The results were such as to afford satisfaction to the high-spirited student for the remainder of his life; but of these matters we shall have occasion to speak hereafter. During this session, he caught the gaol-fever from a capital convict whom he visited in Newgate, and, but for the affectionate attentions of Mr Cline and his family, would, in all probability, have sunk under the attack. As soon as he could be safely removed, he was carried to his native county, and in a month or two's time was restored to health.

It was during this session that he seems to have commenced his experiments on living animals, for the purpose of advancing anatomical and physiological knowledge. The following incident we shall give in the language of Mr Holland, the companion above alluded to, of Astley Cooper:—

“I recollect one day being out with him, when a dog followed us, and accompanied us home, little foreseeing the fate that awaited him. He was confined for a few days, till we had ascertained that no owner would come to claim him, and then brought up to be the subject of various operations. The first of these was the tying one of the femoral arteries. When poor Chance, for so we appropriately named the dog, was sufficiently recovered from this, one of the humeral arteries was subjected to a similar process. After the lapse of a few weeks, the ill-

fated animal was killed, the vessels injected, and preparations were made from each of the limbs.”—(P. 142.)

It is impossible to peruse this paragraph without feelings of pain, akin to disgust, and even horror. The poor animal, which had trusted to the mercy, as it were to the honour and humanity, of man—was dealt with as though it had been a mere mass of inanimate matter! One's feelings revolt from the whole procedure: but the question after all is, whether reason, and the necessity of the case, afford any justification for such an act. If not, then it will be difficult, as the reader will hereafter see, to vindicate the memory of Sir Astley Cooper from the charge of systematic barbarity. On this subject, however, we shall content ourselves, for the present, with giving two passages from the work under consideration—one expressing very forcibly and closely the opinions of Mr Bransby Cooper, the other those of an eminent physician and friend of Mr Cooper, Dr Blundell.

“By this means only,” says Mr Cooper, speaking of experiments on living animals, “are theories proved erroneous or correct, new facts brought to light, important discoveries made in physiology, and sounder doctrines and more scientific modes of treatment arrived at. Nor is this all; for the surgeon's hand becomes tutored to act with steadiness, while he is under the influence of the natural abhorrence of giving pain to the subject of experiment, and he himself is thus schooled for the severer ordeal of operating on the human frame. I may mention another peculiar advantage in proof of the necessity of such apparent cruelty—that no practising on the dead body can accustom the mind of the surgeon to the physical phenomena presented to his notice in operations on the living. The detail of the various differences which exist under the two circumstances need hardly be explained, as there are few minds to which they will not readily present themselves.”—(P. 144.)

“They who object,” says Dr Blundell, “to the putting of animals to death for a scientific purpose, do not reflect that the death of an animal is a very different thing from that of man. To an animal, death is an eternal sleep; to man, it is the commencement of a new and untried state of existence. . . . Shall it be said that the objects of physiological science are not worth the sacrifice of a

few animals? Men are constantly forming the most erroneous estimates of the comparative importance of objects in this world. Of what importance is it now to mankind whether Antony or Augustus filled the Imperial chair? And what will it matter, a few centuries hence, whether England or France swept the ocean with her fleets? But mankind will always be equally interested in the great truths deducible from science, and in the inferences derived from physiological experiments. I will ask, then, whether the infliction of pain on the lower animals in experiments is not justified by the object for which those experiments are instituted,—namely, the advancement of physiological knowledge? Is not the infliction of pain, or even of death, on man, often justified by the end for which it is inflicted? Does not the general lead his troops to slaughter, to preserve the liberties of his country? It is not the infliction of pain or death for justifiable objects, but it is the taking a savage pleasure in the infliction of pain or death, which is reprehensible. . . . Here, then, we take our stand; we defend the sacrifice of animals in so far as it is calculated to contribute to the improvement of science; and, in those parts of physiological science immediately applicable to medical practice, we maintain that such a sacrifice is not only justifiable, but a sacred duty.” —(Pp. 145-6.)

We have ourselves thought much upon this painful and difficult subject, and are bound to say that we feel unable to answer the reasonings of these gentlemen. The animals have been placed within our power, by our common Maker, to take their labour, and their very lives, for our benefit—abstaining from the infliction of needless pain on those whom God has made susceptible of pain. *A righteous man regardeth the life of his beast*, (Proverbs, xii. 10.) that is to say, does not wantonly inflict pain upon it, or destroy it; but if a surgeon honestly believed that he could successfully perform an operation on a human being, so as to save life, if he first tried the operation upon a living animal, but could not without it, we apprehend, all sentimentality and prejudice apart, that he would be justified in making that experiment. *Are not five sparrows sold for two farthings, and not one of them is forgotten before God? But even the very hairs of your head are all numbered. Fear not*

therefore; ye are of more value than many sparrows.—(Luke, xii. 6, 7.) The reader need not be reminded whose awful words these are; nor shall we dilate upon the inferences to be drawn from them, with reference to the point under consideration.

Availing himself of a clause in his articles of pupillage, entitling him to spend one session in Edinburgh, he resolved to do so in the winter of 1787,—taking his departure for the north in the month of October. Seldom has a young English medical student gone to the Scottish metropolis under better auspices than those under which Astley Cooper found himself established there at the commencement of the medical year. He had letters of introduction to the most eminent men, not only in his own profession, but in the sister sciences. He was little more than nineteen years of age, and even then an admirable anatomist, and bent upon extracting, during his brief sojourn, every possible addition to his professional knowledge. He instantly set about his work in earnest, hiring a room for six shillings a week at No. 5 Bristo Street, close to the principal scene of his studies, and dining for a shilling a-day at a neighbouring eating-house. This he did, not from compulsory economy, for he was amply supplied with money, and free in spending it, but from a determination to put himself out of the way of temptation of any kind, and to pursue his studies without the chance of disturbance. His untiring zeal and assiduity, with his frequent manifestation of superior capacity and acquirements, very soon attracted the notice of his professors, and secured him their marked approbation. During the seven months which he spent there, he acquired a great addition to his knowledge and reputation. His acute and observant mind found peculiar pleasure in comparing English and Scottish methods of scientific procedure, and deriving thence new views and suggestions for future use. The chief professors whom he attended were, Dr Gregory, Dr Black, Dr Hamilton, and Dr Rutherford; and he always spoke of the advantages which their teaching and practice had conferred upon him with the highest

respect. Of Dr Gregory, Mr Cooper tells us several interesting anecdotes, illustrative of a rough but generous and noble character.* On the 1st December 1787, Astley Cooper was elected a member of the Royal Medical Society, the meetings of which he attended regularly; and so greatly distinguished himself in discussion, by his knowledge and ability, that on his departure he was offered the presidency if he would return. He always based his success, on these occasions, upon the novel and accurate doctrines and views which he had obtained from John Hunter and Mr Cline. His engaging manners made him a universal favourite at the college, as was evidenced by his fellow-students electing him the president of a society established to protect their rights against certain supposed usurpations of the professors. He was also elected a member of the Speculative Society, where he read a paper in support of Dr Berkeley's theory of the non-existence of matter. From the character of Sir Astley Cooper's mind and studies, we are not disposed to give him credit for being able to deal satisfactorily with such a subject, or, indeed, with anything metaphysical. Though a letter from Professor Alison† represents Astley Cooper as having "taken an interest in the metaphysical questions which then occupied much of the attention of the Edinburgh students," we suspect that for "metaphysical" should be substituted "political." He himself speaks thus frankly on the subject,—“Dugald Stewart was beyond my power of appreciation. *Metaphysics were foreign to my mind, which was never captivated by speculation.*”‡ Throughout his career he proved himself to have here taken a proper view of his capacity and tendency. He was pre-eminently a *practical* man, taught in that spirit, and enjoined the cultivation of it. “That is the way, sir,” he would say, “to learn your profession—look for yourself; never mind what other people may say—no opinion or theories can interfere with information acquired from dissection.”§ Again, in his great work on *Dislocations and Fractures*, he speaks in the same strain:—

“Young medical men find it so much easier a task to speculate than to observe, that they are too apt to be pleased with some sweeping theory, which saves them the trouble of observing the processes of nature; and they have afterwards, when they embark in their professional practice, not only everything still to learn, but also to abandon those false impressions which hypothesis is sure to create. Nothing is known in our profession by guess; and I do not believe that, from the first dawn of medical science to the present moment, a single correct idea has ever emanated from conjecture alone. It is right, therefore, that those who are studying their profession, should be aware that there is no short road to knowledge; that observations on the diseased living, examinations of the dead, and experiments upon living animals, are the only sources of true knowledge; and that deductions from these are the solid basis of legitimate theory.”—(P. 53.)

In one respect, he excelled all his Scottish companions—in the quickness and accuracy with which he judged of the nature of cases brought into the Infirmary—a power which he gratefully referred to the teaching and example of his gifted tutor Mr Cline.¶ The young English student became, indeed, so conspicuous for his professional acquirements and capabilities, that he was constantly consulted, in difficult cases, by his fellow-students, and even by the house-surgeons. This circumstance had a natural tendency to sharpen his observation of all the cases coming under his notice, and to develop his power of ready discrimination. This, however, was by no means his only obligation to the Scottish medical school; he was indebted to the peculiar *method* of its scholastic arrangements, for the correction of a great fault, of which he had become conscious—viz., the want of any systematic disposition of his multifarious acquirements. “This order,” says Mr Cooper, “was of the greatest importance to Sir Astley Cooper, and gave him not only a facility for acquiring fresh knowledge, but also stamped a value on the information he already possessed, but which, from its previous want of arrangement, was scarcely ever in a state to be applied to its full and appropriate use. The

* Vol. i. pp. 161, 164. † *Ib.* p. 213. ‡ *Ib.* p. 172. § Vol. ii. p. 53. ¶ Vol. i. p. 173.

correction of this fault, which gave him afterwards his well-known facility of using for each particular case that came before him, all his knowledge and experience that in any way could be brought to bear upon it, Sir Astley always attributed to the school of Edinburgh. If this advantage only had been gained, the seven months spent in that city were, indeed, well bestowed.*

At the close of the session, Astley Cooper determined, before quitting the country, to make the tour of the Highlands. He purchased, therefore, two horses, and hired a servant, and set off on his exhilarating and invigorating expedition without any companion. "I have heard him," says his biographer,† "describe the unalloyed delight with which he left the confinement of the capital to enter into the wild beauties of the mountain scenery. It seemed as if the whole world was before him, and that there were no limits to the extent of his range." He has left no record of the impressions which his tour had produced on his mind. On his return, while in the north of England, he suddenly found himself in a sad scrape: he had spent all his money, and was forced to dismiss his servant, sell one of his horses, and even to pawn his watch, to enable himself to return home!‡ This dire dilemma had been occasioned, it seems, by a grand entertainment, inconsiderately expensive, which he had given to his friends and acquaintance on quitting Edinburgh. He himself said, that this entertainment made a deep impression on his mind, and prevented him from ever falling into a similar difficulty.§ To this little incident may doubtless be referred a considerable change in his disposition with regard to pecuniary matters. When young, he was liberal, even to extravagance, and utterly careless about preserving any ratio between his expenditure and his means. Many

traits of his generosity are given in these volumes.

Astley Cooper always spoke of his sojourn in Scotland with satisfaction and gratitude: not only on account of the solid acquisition of professional knowledge which he had made there, and the generous cordiality and confidence with which he had been treated by both professors and students; but also of the social pleasures which he had enjoyed, in such few intervals of relaxation as his ravenous love of study permitted. He was, we repeat, formed for society. We have ourselves frequently seen him, and regard him as having been one of the handsomest and most fascinating men of our time. Not a trace was there in his symmetrical features, and their gay, frank expression, of the exhausting, repulsive labour of the dissecting-room and hospital. You would, in looking at him, have thought him a mere man of pleasure and fashion; so courtly and cheerful were his unaffected carriage, countenance, and manners. The instant that you were with him, you felt at your ease. How such a man must have enjoyed the social circles of Edinburgh! How many of its fair maidens' hearts must have fluttered when in proximity to their enchanting English visitor! Thus their views must have been darkened by regret at his departure. And let us place on record the impressions which the fair Athenians produced upon Astley Cooper. "He always spoke of the Edinburgh ladies with the highest encomiums; and used to maintain that they possessed an affability and simplicity of manners which he had not often found elsewhere, in conjunction with the superior intellectual attainments which at the same time generally distinguished them."§ But, in justice to their southern sisters, we must hint, though in anticipation, that he twice selected a wife from among them.

* Vol. i. pp. 174-175.

† *Ib.* p. 175.

‡ *Ib.* p. 178.

§ *Ib.* p. 172-3.

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COLONISATION—MR WAKEFIELD'S THEORY.

WE agree with those, and they are the majority of reflective minds, who, taking a survey of our half-peopled globe, and considering the peculiar position which England occupies on it—her great maritime power, her great commercial wants, her overflowing numbers, her overflowing wealth—have concluded that colonisation is a work to which she is especially called. She is called to it by her marked aptitude and capability for the task, as well as by an enlightened view of her own interests. Without too much national partiality, without overlooking our own faults, and that canker of a too money-loving, too money-making morality, which has eaten into our character, (though perhaps not more so than it has corroded the character of other European nations, who have quite as strong a passion for gold, without the same industry in obtaining it,) we may boldly say that the best seed-plot of the human race that now exists (let the best be estimated as it may by the moralist and the divine) is to be found in this island of Great Britain. To plant the unoccupied regions of the earth, or regions merely wandered over by scattered tribes of savages, who cannot be said to possess a soil which they do not use, by offsets from this island, is itself a good work. It is laying no ill foundation for the future nations that shall thus

arise, to secure to them the same language, the same literature, the same form of religion, the same polity, or, at all events, the same political temper (the love and obedience to a constitution) that we possess; to make native to them that literature in which the great Christian epic has been written, in which philosophy has spoken most temperately, and poetry most profusely, diversely, and vigorously. Nor will England fail to reap her own reward from this enterprise. In every part of the world an Englishman will find a home. It will be as if his own native soil had been extended, as if duplicates of his own native land had risen from the ocean. A commercial intercourse of the most advantageous character will spring up; the population and the wealth of the old country will find fresh fields of employment in the new; the old country will itself grow young again, and start in the race with her own children for competitors. Neither will the present age pass by without participating in the benefit, since its overcrowded population will be relieved by the departure of many who will exchange want for plenty, and dependency for hope. Whatever opinion may be held of the remedial efficacy against future pauperism of a system of emigration, it must be allowed that this present relief arrives most opportunely, as a

A View of the Art of Colonisation, with present reference to the British Empire; in Letters between a Statesman and a Colonist. Edited by (one of the writers) EDWARD GIBBON WAKEFIELD.

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balance' to that extraordinary pressure produced by the distress in Ireland, and the influx of its famine-stricken peasantry into other parts of the kingdom.

On this subject—the measure of permanent relief which colonisation will afford to this country by carrying off its surplus population—the degree in which emigration may be calculated upon as the future antagonist of pauperism—we would speak with caution. We are so far hopeful that we see here a great resource against the national evil of an unemployed population, but it is a resource which must be rightly understood and wisely taken advantage of; it is a great resource for an intelligent people; it comes in aid of that fundamental remedy, a good sound education for the people, moral and religious, but is no substitute for that most necessary of all measures. Misunderstood, and vaguely relied on by those who know not how properly to avail themselves of it, the prospect of emigration may even prove mischievous, by rendering the thoughtless and improvident still more reckless, still more improvident.

Granted, it may be said, that emigration supplies an outlet annually for a certain excess of population, it supplies, by that very reason, an additional and constant impulse to an increase of population. The old country may overflow, but it is always kept full, and to the brim. The restraint of prudence is relaxed. "We can feed ourselves; and, as to our children, are there not the colonies?" may be said by many an improvident pair. People even of the better sort, who would shrink from the idea of their children sinking into a lower grade of society than they themselves occupied, would find in emigration a vague provision for the future family—a provision which would often disappoint them, and which they would often fail in resolution to embrace.

Let it be borne in mind that, when we speak of the duty of restraining from improvident marriage, we are not inculcating any new morality founded upon the recent science of political economy. It is a duty as old as the love of a parent to his

child, and needs only for its enforcement an anticipation of this parental affection. No man who *has* married, and become a father, ever doubted of the existence of such a duty, or spoke slightly of it. Ask the Scotch peasant, ask the simplest Switzer, who knows nothing of reading-clubs or mechanics' institutes—who has perhaps never quitted his native valley, and all whose knowledge is the growth of his own roof-tree—what he thinks of the morality of him who becomes the father of a family he cannot rear, or must rear like wild beasts more than men—he will give you an answer that would satisfy the strictest Malthusian. The prudence that would avoid famine, the just and righteous fear of having hungry children about our knees—this is no new wisdom in the world, though, like all our old wisdom, it continually cries in vain in our streets. Now the operation of this, in every respect, moral restraint would be materially interfered with, if the notion should prevail, that in the colonies there existed (without any distinct knowledge how it was to be secured) an inexhaustible provision for human life. Numbers would marry, trusting to this resource, yet the offspring of such marriages might never reach their destined refuge, or reach it only after much suffering, and in the degraded condition of uneducated paupers. And men who have calculated that, at all events, without seeking aid from Government or the parish, they shall be able to send their child abroad, when the child has grown up, will hesitate to part with it. They had calculated what they would do, when parents, before they became such. They had not been able to anticipate that bond of parental affection which, we may observe in passing, is by no means weakest in the humblest ranks, but, on the contrary, until we reach the very lowest, seems to increase in strength as we descend in the social scale.

The fact is, that it is not as a distant provision for their children that the youthful pair should be taught to look on emigration. If it comes at all into their calculation, they should embrace it as a provision for them-

selves, and, through them, for their future offspring. They should carry their hopes at once to the climate which is to realise them. Marriage should be the period of emigration. At this period a man can readily leave his country, for he can leave his home. The newly married couple, as it is commonly said, and with no undue exaggeration, are all the world to each other. It is at this period that men have double the strength, for they have twice the hope, and exhilaration, and enterprise, that they have at any other epoch of their lives. That slender hoard, too, which will so soon be wasted in this country, which a few pleasures will drain, would carry them creditably into another, and lay the foundation for the utmost prosperity their birth and condition has led them to wish for. To the distant colony let them not devote their ill-fed and ill-taught children; but, going thither themselves, rear a healthy race for whom they will have no cares. If at this period of life it should become the fashion of the humbler classes to emigrate, it would be difficult to say how far our colonies might become a real, and effectual, and permanent resource against over-population. At all events, the mischievous influence we have been describing could never arise. We see not why England, if she learns rightly to use them, may not reap from her colonies all those advantages which the United States have been so frequently felicitated upon in their territories in the Far West. Much will depend on the current which public opinion takes. Presuming that Government discontinues entirely the old system of transportation, which must always render emigration extremely unpalatable; presuming that a steady, equitable rule is adopted in dealing with the unappropriated land, so that a moderate price, a speedy possession, and a secure title may be depended upon—we think it highly probable that colonisation will become very popular amongst us. The more that is learnt about the colonies, the more the imagination is familiarised with them by accounts of their climate, products, and the mode of life pursued in them, the less apparent, and the less fearful will their distance become, and the

more frequently will men find themselves carrying their hopes and enterprises in that direction. If, therefore, an intelligent and practicable view is taken of colonisation, we may re-echo, without scruple, the words of our thoughtful poet—

“Avant the fear
Of numbers crowded in their native soil,
To the prevention of all healthful growth
Through mutual injury! Rather in the law
Of increase, and the mandate from above,
Rejoice!—and ye have special cause for joy.
For, as the element of air affords
An easy passage to the industrious bees,
Fraught with their burdens, and a way as
smooth,
For those ordained to take their sounding
flight
From the thronged hive, and settle where
they list,
In fresh abodes—their labour to renew;
So the wide waters open to the power,
The will, the instincts, and the appointed
needs
Of Britain; do invite her to cast off
Her swarms, and in succession send them forth
Bound to establish new communities
On every shore whose aspect favours hope
Or bold adventure; promising to skill
And perseverance their deserved reward.”

Excursion, book 9.

How best to colonise; how far Government should undertake the regulation and control of the enterprise; how far leave it to the spirit and intelligence of private individuals, separate or banded together in groups, or companies; and especially under what terms it shall permit the occupation of the unappropriated soil—all these have become highly interesting topics of discussion.

For ourselves, we will at once frankly confess that we have no faith in any model colonies, in ideals of any description, or in any “*Art of colonisation.*” What has been done, may be done again; what America is doing every day on the banks of the Mississippi, England may do in her Australian continent. With regard more particularly to the last and most important matter that can affect a new settlement, the mode of dealing with the land, it appears to us that the duties of Government are few, simple, and imperative—as simple in their character as they are indispensable. A previous survey, a moderate price, lots large and small to suit all purchasers—these are what we should require. The land-jobber, who inter-

poses between Government and the emigrant, to make a cruel profit of the latter, must be kept out, either by laying a tax (as they do in America, under the denomination of the "Wild-land Tax,") on all land not reclaimed within a certain time, or by declaring the purchase forfeited, if, within that time, the soil is not cultivated. Government also must restrain its own hands from large grants to favoured individuals, who are no better than another species of land-jobbers. This, though a merely negative duty, will probably be the last performed, and the most imperfectly. Few readers are perhaps aware of the criminal ease with which the Government has been persuaded into lavish grants of land to persons who had, and could have, no immediate prospect of making use of it; enormous grants unjust to other settlers, and ruinous to the young colony, by dispersing the emigrants, interposing between them wide tracts of barren property. We ourselves read with no little surprise the following statement, which we extract from the work before us, Mr Wakefield's *Art of Colonisation* :—

"There are plenty of cases in which mischievous dispersion has taken place, but not one, to my knowledge, in which the great bulk of settlers had a choice between dispersion and concentration. In the founding of West Australia there was no choice. In disposing of the waste land, the Government began by granting 500,000 acres (nearly half as much as the great county of Norfolk) to one person. Then came the governor and a few other persons, with grants of immense extent. The first grantee took his principality at the landing-place; and the second, of course, could only choose his outside of this vast property. Then the property of the second grantee compelled the third to go further off for land; and the fourth again was driven still further into the wilderness. At length, though by a very brief process, an immense territory was appropriated by a few settlers, who were so effectually dispersed, that, as there were no roads or maps, scarcely one of them knew where he was. Each of them knew, indeed, that he was where he was positively; but his relative position—not to his neighbours, for he was alone in the wilderness, but to other settlers, to the seat of government, and even to the landing-place of the colony—was totally concealed from him. This

is, I believe, the most extreme case of dispersion on record. In the founding of South Africa by the Dutch, the dispersion of the first settlers, though superficially or acreably less, was as mischievous as at Swan River. The mischief shows itself in the fact, that two of the finest countries in the world are still poor and stagnant colonies. *But in all colonies, without exception, there has been impoverishing dispersion, arising from one and the same cause.*"—(P. 433.)

Two very different *ideals* of colonisation have often haunted the imaginations of speculative men, and coloured very diversely their views and projects on this subject. Both have their favourable aspects; neither is practicable. As is usual, the rough reality rides zig-zag between your ideals, touching at both in turns, but running parallel with neither.

With one party of reasoners, the ideal of a colony would be a miniature England, a little model of the old country, framed here, at home, and sent out (like certain ingeniously-constructed houses) to be erected forthwith upon the virgin soil. A portion of all classes would sally forth for their New Jerusalem. The church, with tower and steeple, the manor-house, the public library, the town-hall, the museum, and the hospital, would all simultaneously be reproduced. Science would have its representatives. Literature with its light luggage, thoughts and paper, would be sure to hover about the train. Nobility would import its antique honours into the new city, and, with escutcheon and coat of arms, traditionally connect it with knighthood and chivalry, Agincourt, and the Round Table. There would be physicians and divines, lawyers, and country gentlemen "who live at ease," as well as the artisan and ploughman, and all who work in wood and in iron. Dr Hind, the present Dean of Carlisle, in an elegantly written essay, incorporated in Mr Wakefield's book, proposes and advocates this mode of colonisation. After remarking on the greater success which apparently accompanied the schemes of the Greeks and Romans to found new communities, Dr Hind thus proceeds.—The italics, it may be as well to say, are his, not ours.

"The main cause of this difference may be stated in few words. We send out colonies of the limbs, without the belly and the head; of needy persons, many of them mere paupers, or even criminals; colonies made up of a *single class* of persons in the community, and that the most helpless, and the most unfit to perpetuate our national character, and to become the fathers of a race whose habits of thinking and feeling shall correspond to those which, in the mean time, we are cherishing at home. The ancients, on the contrary, sent out a *representation of the parent state—colonists from all ranks.*" And further on, after insisting on the propriety of appointing to the colony educated and accomplished clergymen, he says—"The same may be urged in respect of men of other professions and pursuits. The desirable consummation of the plan would be, that a specimen, or sample, as it were, of all that goes to make up society in the parent country, should *at once* be transferred to its colony. Instead of sending out bad seedlings, and watching their uncertain growth, let us try whether a perfect tree will not bear transplanting."

We apprehend that this project of "transplanting a perfect tree" is none of the most feasible. However the Greeks managed matters, we moderns find it absolutely necessary to begin "at the beginning," and with somewhat rude beginnings. If the Greeks had the art in the colony, as in the epic poem, of rushing in *medias res*—of starting with and from maturity—then indeed must colonisation be reckoned, as Dr Hind seems half to suspect, amongst the *artes perditæ*. Anything more lamentable than a number of cultivated men—"samples" of all kinds, physicians, and divines, and lawyers, with, of course, their several ladies—set down upon the uncultivated soil, on the long green grass, we cannot imagine. It seems to us quite right and unavoidable to send out "a single class," first—good stout "limbs," without much of "the belly"—which must mean, we presume, the idle folks, or much of "the head," which must mean the thinkers. That class, or those classes which cultivate the soil, and render the

what habitable, had better surely precede, and act as pioneers, before the gentry disembark from their ships. Other classes must follow as they are wanted, and find room and scope. What would the physician do with his elaborate skill and courtesy, without that congregation of idlers on whose ailments he rides and dines? What need yet of eloquent barrister, or are his fees forthcoming, when a new estate could be purchased with less money than would serve to defend the old one by his pleading? Who would attend to the man of science, and his latest experiments on magnetic currents, when every one is trying over again the very first experiment—how to live?—where corn will grow, and what the potato will yield? Even your clergy must be of a somewhat different stamp from the polished ecclesiastic, the bland potentate of our drawing-rooms. He must have something more natural—"some rough-cast and a little loam" about him, be serviceable, accessible. And the fair "sample" partners of all these classes, what is to become of them? As yet, pin-money is not. There is nothing refined and civilised; men talk of marriage as if for prayer-book purposes. Very gross ideas!

The ancients, says Dr Hind, "began by nominating to the honourable office of captain, or leader of the colony, one of the chief men, if not the chief man of the state—like the queen bee leading the workers. Monarchies provided a prince of the blood royal; an aristocracy its choicest nobleman; a democracy its most influential citizen." In order to entice some one of our gentry—some one of wealth, station, and cultivated mind, to act as "queen bee" of the colony—seeing that a prince of the blood royal, or a Duke of Northumberland, would be hard to catch—the Doctor proposes to bestow upon him a patent of nobility. Wealth he has already, and wealth would not bribe him, but honour might. We see nothing ridiculous whatever in the suggestion. A patent of nobility might be much worse bestowed; but, unless we err greatly in our notion of what colonisation really is, the bribe would be lamentably insufficient. The English

gentleman of fortune and of taste, who should leave his park and mansion in the county of Middlesex, to share the squabbles and discomforts of a crowd of emigrants—too often turbulent, anxious, and avaricious—would have well earned his earldom. He would be a sort of hero. Men of such a temper you may decorate with the strawberry leaf, but it is not the coronet, nor any possible bribe—nothing short of a certain thirst for noble enterprise can prompt them.

The other ideal of what colonisation might be is quite the reverse, presents a picture every way opposite to this of our classical dean. Many energetic and not uncultured spirits, wearied with the endless anxieties, cares, hypocrisies, and thousand artificialities of life, are delighted with the idea of breaking loose from the old trammels and conventionalities of civilisation. Their romance is to begin life afresh. Far from desiring to form a part of the little model-England, they would take from the Old World, if possible, nothing more than knowledge, seeds, and tools. To a fresh nature they would take a fresh heart, and a vigorous arm. Fields rescued by themselves from the waste should ripen under their own eyes. Thus, with a rude plenty, care and luxury alike cut off, no heartburnings, no vanity, a cultivated temper and coarse raiment—they and their families, and some neighbours of kindred dispositions, would really enjoy the earth, and the being God had given them. Not theirs the wish to see a matured society spring from the new soil. They regret to think that their own rustic community must inevitably advance, or decline, into some one of the old forms of civilisation; but they and their children, and perhaps their grandchildren, would be partakers of a peculiar and envied state of social existence, where the knowledge and amenity brought from the old country would be combined with the healthy toil and simple abundance of the new; where life would be unanxious, laborious, free; where there would be no talk of wars, nor politics, nor eternal remediless distress; but a disciplined humanity, in face of a kindly nature whose bounty had not yet been too severely taxed.

A charming ideal! which here and there is faintly and transiently realised. Here and there we catch a description of this simple, exhilarating, innocuously enterprising life, either in some Canadian settlement, or in the forests of America, or even in the *Bush* of Australia. There is rude health in all the family; housekeeping is a sort of perpetual pic-nic, full of amusing make-shifts; there is rudeness, but not barbarism; little upholstery, but wife and child are caressed with as much amenity and gentle fondness as in carpeted and curtained drawing-rooms. If the tin can should substitute the china cup, the tea is drunk with not the less urbanity. Such scenes we have caught a glimpse of in this or that writer. But alas! that which generally characterises the young settlement, let it be young as it may—that which would so wofully disappoint our pastoral and romantic emigrant, is precisely this: that, instead of leaving care behind them, the care to get rich, *to get on*, as it is disgustingly called—our colonists take a double portion of this commodity with them. Comparatively few seem to emigrate simply to live then and there more happily. They take land, as they would take a shop, to get a profit and be rich. And then, as for the little community and its public or common interests, it is the universal remark that, if politics in England are acrid enough, colonial politics are bitterness itself. The war is carried on with a personal hatred, and attended by personal injuries, unknown in the old country.

One would indeed think that people, fatigued with this anxious passion which plays so large a part in English life—this desire to advance, or secure, their social position—would seize the opportunity to escape from it, and rejoice in their ability to live in some degree of freedom and tranquillity. But no. The man commerce bred cares not to enjoy life and the day. He must make a profit out of himself; he must squeeze a profit out of others; he toils only for this purpose. If he has succeeded, in the new colony, in raising about him the requisite comforts of life—if he has been even rescued from threatened famine in England, and is now living and well housed, he and his family—you find

him full of discontent because of the "exorbitant wages" he has to pay to the fellow emigrants who assist him in gathering in his corn—full of discontent, because he cannot make the same profit of another man's labour *there* that he could have done in the old country—in that old country where he could not for his life have got so much land as the miserable rag upon his back would have covered. Such men carry out a heart to work, none to enjoy: they have not been cultivated for that. The first thing the colonist looks for is something to *export*. It was in vain that Adelaide boasted its charming climate and fruitful fields; it was on the point of being abandoned—so we hear—by many of its inhabitants, when some mines were discovered. There was then something that would sell in England, something to get rich with; so they that would have left the soil, stayed to work in the bowels of the earth. In *the Bush* you hear of the shepherds and small owners of sheep living, the year round, on "salt beef, tea, and damper," which last is an extemporised bread, an unleavened dough baked in such oven as the usual fire-place supplies. But fresh mutton, you exclaim, is plentiful enough; what need to diet themselves as if they were still in the hold of that vessel which brought them over? True, plentiful enough—it sells in Sydney at some three-halfpence a pound; but while the sheep lives it grows wool upon its back. For this wool it is bred. Sometimes it is boiled down bodily for its tallow, which also can be exported. Mutton-chops would be a waste; it would be a sin to think of them.

Set sail from England in whichever direction you will, East or West, over whichever ocean, the first thing you hear of, in respect to colonial society, is its proverbial "smartness"—an expression which signifies a determination to cheat you in every possible manner. The Old World, and the worst of it, is already there to welcome you. Nay, it has taken possession of the very soil before the spade of the emigrant can touch it. There lies the fresh land, fresh—so geologists say of Australia—as it came up at its last emergence from the ocean. You are first? No. The land-jobber is there before you. This foulest harpy from

the stock exchange has set its foot upon the greensward, and screeches at you its cry for *cent per cent!*

There is yet a third and later ideal of colonisation—the ideal of the political economist. With him colonisation presents itself under the especial aspect of a great *exploitation* of the earth. He is desirous that capital and labour should resort to those spots where they will be most productive. Thus the greatest possible amount of production will be generated between man and his terraqueous globe; capital and labour are with him the first elements of human prosperity; and to transfer these in due proportions, and as quickly as possible, to the new land, when they may be most profitably employed, is the main object of his legislation. Hitherto, it may be observed, the political economist has limited his efforts to the *undoing* what he conceives has been very unskillfully done by previous legislators. In this matter of emigration he steps forward as legislator himself. It is no longer for mere liberty and *laissez-faire* that he contends; he assumes a new character, and out of the theory of his science produces his system of rule and regulation. He knows how a small village becomes a great city; he will apply his knowledge, and by positive laws expedite the process. Let us see with what success he performs in this new character.

Mr Wakefield's system—for it is he who has the honour of originating this politico-economical scheme—consists in putting a price upon unoccupied land, and with the proceeds of the sale raising a *fund for the transmission of emigrant labourers*. This is, however, but a subordinate part of his project, which we mention thus separately, because, for a purpose of our own, we wish to distinguish it from the rest. This price must, moreover, (and here is the gist of the matter,) be that "sufficient price" which will *debar the labourer from becoming too soon a proprietor of land*, and thus deserting the service of the capitalist.

The object of Mr Wakefield, it will be seen at once, is to procure the speedy transmission in due proportion of capital and labour. The capitalist would afford the means of trans-

ferring the labourer to the scene of action; the labourer would be retained in that condition in order to invite and render profitable the wealth of the capitalist. The twofold object is good, and there is an apparent simplicity in the means devised, which, at first, is very captivating. There is nothing from which the colonial capitalist suffers so much as from the want of hired labour. He purchases land and finds no one to cultivate it; the few he can engage he cannot depend upon; the project of agricultural improvement which, if it be not completed, is utterly null and useless, is arrested in mid progress by the desertion of his workmen; or his capital is exhausted by the high wages he has paid before the necessary works can be brought to a termination. The capitalist has gone out, and left behind him that class of hired labourers without which his capital is useless. Meanwhile, in England, this very class is super-abundant; but it is not the class which spontaneously leaves the country, or can leave it. Mr Wakefield's scheme supplies the capitalist with the labour so essential to him, and relieves our parishes of their unemployed poor. But these emigrant labourers would soon extend themselves over the new country, as small proprietors,—Mr Wakefield checks this natural tendency by raising the price of land.

There is, we say, an apparent and captivating simplicity in the scheme; but we are persuaded that, the more closely it is examined, the more impracticable and perplexing it will reveal itself to be. As Mr Wakefield's system has made considerable progress in public opinion, and obtained the approval, not only of eager speculative minds, but of cool and calculating economists—as it has already exerted some influence, and may exert still more, upon our colonial legislation—and as we believe that the attempt to carry it out will give rise to nothing better than confusion and discontent, we think we shall be doing no ill service to the cause of colonisation by entering into some investigation of it.

We are compelled to make a division, or what to Mr Wakefield will appear a most unscientific *fracture*,

of the two parts of his scheme. We acquiesce in fixing a price upon unappropriated land, and with the proceeds of the sale forming a fund for the transmission and outfit of the poor emigrant. We do not say that these proceeds must necessarily supply *all* the fund that it may be thought advisable to spend in this matter, or that the price is to be regulated solely according to the wants of this emigration fund. But we do *not* acquiesce in the proposal to fix a price for the specific purpose of retarding the period at which the labourer may himself become a proprietor. The doctrine of "a sufficient price" (as it has been called, and for brevity's sake we shall adopt the name) we entirely eschew. To the imposing of an artificial value upon the land, for this purpose, we will be no parties. Simply to transport the labourer hence, shall be the object of our price, beyond such other reasons as may be given for selling at a certain moderate sum the waste land of the colonies, instead of disposing of it by free grant. This object may be shown to be equitable; it appeals to the common justice of mankind. But as to the longer or shorter term the hired labourer remains in the condition of hired labourer, for this the capitalist must take his chance. This must be determined, as it is in the old country, and as alone it can be determined amicably, by that current of circumstances over which neither party can exercise a direct control. To such collateral advantage as may accrue to the capitalist from even the price we should impose, he is welcome; only we do not legislate for this object—we neither give it, nor take it away.

The wild unappropriated land of our colonies belongs to the crown, to the state—it is, as Mr Wakefield says, "a valuable national property." In making use of this land, one main object would be to relieve the destitute of the old country; to give them, if possible, a share of it. What more just or more rational? To give, however, the soil itself to the very poor would be idle. They cannot reach it, they cannot travel to their new estate—they have no seeds, no tools, no stock of any kind wherewith to cultivate it. The gift would be a

mere mockery. We will sell it, then, to those who can transport themselves thither, and who have the necessary means for its cultivation, and the purchase-money shall be paid over to the very poor. By far the best way of paying over this purchase-money, which as a mere gift of so much coin would be all but worthless, and would be spent in a week, is by providing them with a free passage to the colony where they will permanently improve their condition; obtaining high wages, and probably, after a time, becoming proprietors themselves; and assisting in turn, by the purchase-money their own savings will have enabled them to pay, to bring over other emigrants to the new field of labour, and the new land of promise.

This is an equitable arrangement, and, what is more, the equity of it is level to the common sense of all mankind. It effects also certain desirable objects, though not such as our theorist has in view. It places the land in the possession of men who will and can cultivate it, and who, by paying a certain moderate price, have shown they were in earnest in the business; and it has transmitted, at their expense, labourers to the new soil. With the question, how long these shall continue labourers, it interferes not. It is a question, we think, no wise man would meddle with. Least of all does it represent that the capitalist has obtained any claim upon the services of the labourer, by having paid for his passage out: this payment was no gift of his; it was the poor man's share of the "national property." They meet in the colony as they would have met in England, each at liberty to do the best he can for himself.

Observe how the difficulties crowd upon us, when we enter upon the other and indeed the essential part of Mr Wakefield's scheme. The emigrant is not "too soon" to become a proprietor. What does this "too soon" mean? How long is he to be retained in the condition of hired labourer? How many years? Mr Wakefield never fixes a period. He could not. It must depend much upon the rapidity of immigration into the colony. If the second batch of immigrants is slow of coming in, the

first must be kept labourers the longer. If the stream of labour flow but scantily into this artificial canal, the locks must be opened the more rarely. But how is the "sufficient price" to be determined until this period be known? It is the sum the labourer can save from his wages, during this time, which must constitute the price of so much land as will support him and his family, and enable him to turn proprietor. Thus, in order to regulate the sufficient price, it will be necessary to find the average rate of wages, the average amount of savings that a labourer could make (which, again, must depend upon the price of provisions, and other necessities of life) during an unknown period!—and, in addition to this, to determine the average produce of so many acres of land. The apparent simplicity of the scheme resolves itself into an extreme complexity. The author of it, indeed, proposes a short method by which his sufficient price may be arrived at without these calculations: what that short method is, and how fallacious it would prove, we shall have occasion to show.

But granting that, in any manner, this "sufficient price" could be determined, the measure has an unjust and arbitrary character. It is not enough that such a scheme could be defended, and shown to be equitable, because for the general good, before some committee of legislators; if it offends the popular sense of justice it can never prosper. "I know," the humble emigrant might say—"I know there must be rich and poor in the world; there always have been, and always will be. To what is inevitable one learns to submit. If I am born poor there is no help for it, except what lies in my own ability and industry. But if you set about, by artificial regulations, in a new colony, where fruitful land is in abundance, to keep me poor, because I am so now, I rebel. This is not just. Do I not see the open land before me unowned, untouched? I well enough understood that, in old England, I could not take so much of any field as the merest shed would cover—not so much as I could burrow in. Long before I was born it had been all claimed, hedged, fenced in, and a title traced.

from ancestor to ancestor. Here, I am the ancestor!"

Tell such a man that a price is put upon the land in order that some companions whom he left starving in England may come over and partake the benefit of this unbroken soil,—he will see a plain justice here. He himself was, perhaps, brought over by the price paid by some precursor. What he received from one more prosperous, he returns to another less prosperous than himself. But tell him that a price is put upon the land, in order that he may serve a rich master the longer,—in order that he may be kept in a subordinate station, from which circumstances now permit him to escape—he will see no justice in the case. He will do everything in his power to evade your law; he will look upon your "sufficient price" as a cruel artificial barrier raised up against him; he will go and "squat" upon the land, without paying any price at all.

Indeed, the objection to his scheme, which Mr Wakefield seems to feel the strongest,—to which he give the least confident reply, is just this—that, equitable or not, it would be impossible to carry out his law into execution; that if the price were high enough to answer his purposes, the land, in colonial dialect, would be "squatted" on,—would be taken possession of without any payment whatever. A moderate price men will cheerfully pay for the greater security of title: Englishmen will not, for a slight matter, put themselves wittingly on the wrong side of the law. But, if coupled with a high price, there is a rankling feeling of injustice: they will be very apt to satisfy themselves with actual possession, and leave the legal title to follow as it may. It is true, as Mr Wakefield urges, the richer capitalists will by no means favour the squatter; they will be desirous of enforcing a law made for their especial benefit. But they will not form the majority. Popular opinion will be against them, and in favour of the squatter. It would not be very easy to have a police force, and an effective magistracy, at the outskirts of a settlement stretching out, in some cases, into an unexplored region. Besides, it is a conspicuous part of Mr Wakefield's plan to give

municipal or local governments to our colonies: these, as emanating from the British constitution, must need be more or less of a popular character; and we are persuaded that no such popular local government would uphold his "sufficient price," or tolerate the principle on which it was founded.

But, even if practicable, if carried out into complete execution, it remains to be considered whether the measure proposed would really have the effect contemplated by our theorist—that of supplying the capitalist with the labour he needs. With a certain number of *labourers* it might,—but of what character? It is not a remote possibility that will influence a common day-labourer to save his earnings. It is one of the terms of the proposition that high wages are to be given; for without these there would be no emigration, and certainly no fear of a too speedy promotion to the rank of proprietor. It follows, therefore, that you have a class of men earning high wages, and not under any strong stimulus to save—a class of men always found to be the most idle and refractory members of the community. A journeyman who has no pressing motive for a provident economy, and who earns high wages, is almost invariably a capricious unsteady workman, on whom no dependence can be placed; who will generally work just so many days in the week as are necessary to procure him the enjoyments he craves. One of these enjoyments is indolence itself,—a sottish, half-drunken indolence. Drinking is the coarse pleasure of most uneducated men: it is so even in the old country; and in a colony where there are still fewer amusements for the idle hour, it becomes almost the sole pleasure. How completely it is the reigning vice of our own colonies is known to all. Imagine a labourer in the receipt of high wages, little influenced by the remote prospect of becoming, by slow savings, a proprietor of land—and feeling, moreover, that he was retained in a dependent condition, arbitrarily, artificially, expressly for the service of the capitalist—what amount of *work* think you the capitalist-farmer would get from such a labourer? Not so much in seven years as he would

have had from him in two, if, at the end of that two, the man had calculated upon being himself a farmer.

Recollect that it is not slave labour, or convict labour, that we are here dealing with: it is the free labour of one man working for another man, at wages. He gets all the wages he can, and gives as little labour as he can. If the wages are high, and the inducement to save but feeble, he will probably earn by one day's work what will enable him to pass the two next in idleness and debauchery. What boon will Mr Wakefield have conferred upon the capitalist?

The theory of a "sufficient price" is, therefore, placed in this hopeless predicament:—1. It would be almost impossible to enforce it; and, 2. If enforced, it would fail of its purpose. It would supply the capitalist with inefficient, profligate, and idle workmen, on whose steady co-operation and assistance he could never calculate.

That it may be desirable to tempt the capitalist abroad by securing him an abundance of hired labour, something like that which lies at his door in England, we do not dispute. But the thing is impossible. You cannot manage this by direct legislation. You cannot combine in one settlement the advantages of a new and of an old country. It is not in the wit of man to bring together these two stages of society. Our political economist is in too great a haste to be rich: he forgets the many lessons he has given to others against bootless and mischievous intermeddling with the natural course of things. Meanwhile "the attempt will confound us,"—it will throw an unpopularity over the whole subject of emigration in the minds of the working classes. Already we hear it murmured that the land is to be made a monopoly for the rich; that the man of small substance is to be discouraged; that the sole object of the moneyed class is to make profit of the labours of others; and that they are bent upon creating, artificially, in the colony, those circumstances which put the workmen in their power in the old country. We would earnestly counsel those who are interested in the subject of emigration, to consider well before they teach or practise this new "art of colonisation."

Those who have not perused Mr Wakefield's book may, perhaps, entertain a suspicion that, in thus separating the objects for which a price is to be laid on land, admitting the one and rejecting the other, we are only engaging ourselves unnecessarily in a theoretical debate. If a price is to be affixed, the result, it may seem to them, is practically the same, whatever the object may be. But the practical result would be very different; for a very different price would be exacted, according to the object in view, as well as a very different motive assigned for imposing it. The price at which a considerable fund would be raised for the purpose of emigration, would be too low to answer the purpose of restraining the labourer from soon becoming a proprietor of land. Those, however, who are familiar with Mr Wakefield's book, know well that this last purpose forms the very substance of the plan it proposes; and that hitherto no price—although it has ranged as high as 40s. per acre—has been considered sufficiently high to effect the object of the theorist.

"There is but one object of a price," says Mr Wakefield, (p. 347,) "and about that there can be no mistake. The sole object of a price is to prevent labourers from turning into landowners too soon: the price must be sufficient for that one purpose, and no other." "The sufficient price," he says, (p. 339,) "has never yet been adopted by a colonising government." And a little further, (p. 341,) he thus continues: "There are but three places in which the price of new land has had the least chance of operating beneficially. These are South Australia, Australia Felix, and New Zealand. In none of these cases did the plan of granting with profusion precede that of selling; but in none of them did the price required prevent the cheapest land from being cheap enough to inflict on the colony all the evils of an extreme scarcity of labour for hire. In these cases, moreover, a large portion of the purchase-money of waste land was expended in conveying labourers from the mother-country to the colony. If this money had not been so spent, the proportion of land to people would have been very much greater than it was, and the price of new land still more completely inoperative. More facts might be cited to show the insufficiency of the highest price yet required for new land."

We will continue our first quotation from p. 347. The manner in which Mr Wakefield himself exposes the difficulties of fixing the "sufficient price," and the very inadequate expedient he points out for obviating, or avoiding, these difficulties, may throw some further light upon the matter.

"The sole object of a price is to prevent labourers from turning into landowners too soon: the price must be sufficient for that one purpose, and no other. The question is, What price would have that one effect? That must depend, first, on what is meant by 'too soon;' or on the proper duration of the term of the labourer's employment for hire; which again must depend upon the rate of the increase of population in the colony, especially by means of immigration, which would determine when the place of a labourer, turning out a landowner, would be filled by another labourer; and the rate of labour-emigration again must depend on the popularity of the colony at home, and on the distance between the mother-country and the colony, or the cost of passage for labouring people. Secondly, what price would have the desired effect, must depend on the rate of wages and cost of living in the colony, since according to these would be the labourer's power of saving the requisite capital for turning into a landowner: in proportion to the rate of wages, and the cost of living, would the requisite capital be saved in a longer or a shorter time. It depends, thirdly, on the soil and climate of the colony, which would determine the quantity of land required (on the average) by a labourer, in order to set himself up as a landowner. If the soil and climate were unfavourable to production, he would require more acres; if it were favourable, fewer acres would serve his purpose: in Trinidad, for example, ten acres would support him well; in South Africa, or New South Wales, he might require fifty or a hundred acres. But the variability in our wide colonial empire, not only of soil and climate, but of all the circumstances on which a sufficient price would depend, is so obvious, that no examples of it are needed. It follows, of course, that different colonies, and sometimes different groups of similar colonies, would require different prices. To name a price for all the colonies, would be as absurd as to fix the size of a coat for mankind.

"But, at least," I hear your Mr Mother-country say, 'name a price for some particular colony—a price founded on the elements of calculation which you

have stated.' I could do that, certainly, for some colony with which I happen to be particularly well acquainted, but I should do it doubtfully, and with hesitation; for, in truth, the elements of calculation are so many, and so complicated in their various relations to each other, that in depending on them exclusively there would be the utmost liability to error. A very complete and familiar knowledge of them in each case would be a useful general guide, would throw valuable light on the question, would serve to inform the legislator how far his theory and his practice were consistent or otherwise; but, in the main, he must rely, and if he had common sagacity he might solely and safely rely, upon no very elaborate calculation, but on experience, or the facts before his eyes. *He could always tell whether or not labour for hire was too scarce or too plentiful in the colony. If it were too plentiful, he would know that the price of new land was too high—that is, more than sufficient: if it were hurtfully scarce, he would know that the price was too low, or not sufficient. About which the labour was—whether too plentiful or too scarce—no legislature, hardly any individual, could be in doubt, so plain to the duller eye would be the facts by which to determine that question. If the lawgiver saw that the labour was scarce, and the price too low, he would raise the price; if he saw that labour was superabundant, and the price too high, he would lower the price; if he saw that labour was neither scarce nor superabundant, he would not alter the price, because he would see that it was neither too high nor too low, but sufficient.*"

Admirable machinery! No steam-engine could let its steam on, or off, with more precision. The legislature or governor "could always tell whether or not labour for hire was too scarce or too plentiful," and open or close his value accordingly. "No legislature, hardly any individual could be in doubt" about the matter! Indeed! when was hired labour ever thought too cheap—in other words, too plentiful—by the capitalist? When was it ever thought too dear—in other words, too scarce—by the labourer? Could the most ingenious man devise a question on which there would be more certainly two quite opposite and conflicting opinions? And suppose the legislature to have come to a decision—say that the labour was too scarce—there would still be this other question to decide,

whether to *lower* the price, in order to tempt emigrants, might not be as good a means of rendering labour more plentiful, as to *raise* the price in order to render it still more difficult for labourers to become landowners? Here there is surely scope for the most honest diversity of opinion. One party might very rationally advise to entice thither the stream of emigration:—"Let it flow more copiously," they might exclaim, "though we retain the waters for a shorter time;" while the party thoroughly imbued with the doctrine of the "sufficient price" would devise fresh dikes and dams, and watch the locks more narrowly.

In his "sufficient price," Mr Wakefield has discovered the secret spring that regulates the economical relations of society. He has his hand upon it. He, or his lawgiver, will henceforward regulate the supply of labour, and the remuneration of labour, upon scientific principles. Unenviable post! We should infinitely prefer the task of the philosopher in *Rasselas*, who fancied himself commissioned to distribute rain and sunshine, in just proportions, to all the farmers in the neighbourhood.

It is quite curious to observe how strong a faith our projector has in his theory of a sufficient price, and how singular a bias this has exerted on his mind in some other matters of speculation. He finds that slavery, both in olden and modern times, has been all owing to "cheapness of land." Could he have fixed his sufficient price upon the arable land in Chaldea, or about the cities of Athens and Rome, neither the patriarchs, nor the Greeks, nor the Romans, would have known the institution of slavery. "Slavery is evidently," he says, "a make-shift for hiring; a proceeding to which recourse is had only where hiring is impossible, or difficult. Slave labour is, on the whole, much more costly than the labour of hired freemen; and slavery is also full of moral and political evils, from which the method of hired labour is exempt. Slavery, therefore, is not preferred to the method of hiring: the method of hiring would be preferred if there was a choice."—(P. 324.) Most logical "therefore!" The mode of hiring is preferred by

those to whom experience has taught all this; but slavery, so far from being the "make-shift," is the first expedient. It is the first rude method which unscrupulous power adopts to engross the produce of the earth. The stronger make the weaker labour for them. "It happens," he continues, "wherever population is scanty in proportion to land." It happens wherever people prefer idleness to work, and have been able to coerce others to labour for them, whether land has been plentiful or not. Was it abundance of land, or the military spirit, that produced the amiable relationship between the Spartan and the Helot?—or was there any need of a "sufficient price" to limit the supply of good land in Egypt, which lay rigidly enough defined between the high and low margin of a river? Or could any governor, with his tariff of prices, have performed this duty more effectually than the Nile and the desert had done between them?

But the most amusing instance is still to follow. "It was the cheapness of land that caused *Las Casas* (the *Clarkson* or *Wilberforce* of his time, as respects the *Red Indians* of *America*) to invent the *African slave-trade*. It was the cheapness of land that brought *African slaves* to *Antigua* and *Barbadoes*."—(P. 328.) It was the cheapness of land! If land had been dearer, the *Spaniards* would have worked for themselves, and not have asked the *Red Indians* for their assistance! If land had been dearer in *Antigua* and *Barbadoes*, the climate would have lost its influence on *European frames*, and *Englishmen* would have laboured in their own *sugar plantations*!

Doubtless the difficulty of obtaining hired labour has been sometimes a reason, and sometimes an excuse, for the continuance of slavery. It is also true that the willingness of the discharged slave to work, as a hired labourer, is almost a necessary condition to the extinction of slavery. But, losing sight of all our amiable passions and propensities, to describe slavery as originating altogether in the scarcity of hired labour, (as if the slave had first had the offer made to him to work for wages, and had refused it,) and then to resolve this cause again into no other circumstance than the

"cheapness of land," is something like monomania.

In America, those states which have colonised so rapidly have not been the slave-holding states, nor have they needed slaves; nor has land been scarce; nor has much been done by the mere capitalist who goes to hire labour; but almost all by the man who goes there to labour himself, upon property of his own. And who, after all, we would ask, are the best of emigrants, in every new country where the land has yet to be reclaimed? Not those who seek the colony with an intention of making a fortune there, and returning to England; nor even those who go with some feeling that they shall be the Cæsars of the village; nor the easy capitalist, who expects, from the back of his ambling nag, to see his fields sprout with corn and grow populous with cattle. The best of emigrants, as pioneers of civilisation, are those who intend to settle and live on the land they shall have reduced to cultivation, who go to labour with their own hands on property they shall call their own. It is the labour of such men that has converted into corn-fields the dark forests of America. That ardent and indefatigable industry which has been so often admired in the peasant proprietor—the man who has all the hardy habits of the peasant and all the pride of proprietorship—is never more wanted, never more at home, than in the new colony. We have a sympathy with these men—we like their hearty toil, their guiltless enterprise. This is not the class of men we would disgust; yet it is precisely this class who go forth with their little store of wealth in their hand, or with hope soon to realise it, whom the "sufficient price" of Mr Wakefield would deter from entering the colony, or convert, when there, into unwilling, discontented, uncertain labourers.

The rights of every class must, of course, be determined by a reference to the welfare of the whole community. The poorer settler must have his claims decided, and limited, according to rules which embrace the interest of the empire at large. We hope we shall not be misunderstood on so plain a matter as this. We do not contemplate the settler as arriving on the

new land unfettered by any allegiance he owes to the old country. He belongs to civilised England; carries with him the knowledge and the implements which her civilisation has procured him; lives under her protection, and must submit to her laws. But in limiting the rights of the settler in a land spreading open before him—where nothing has taken possession of the soil but the fertilising rain, and the broad sunshine playing idly on its surface—you must make out a clear case, a case of claims paramount to his own, a case which appeals to that sense of justice common to the multitude, which will bear examination, which readily forces itself upon an honest conviction. It must not be a mere speculative measure, a subtle theory, hard for a plain man to understand—benevolently meant, but intricate in its operation, and precarious in its result—that should come betwixt him and the free bounty of nature. Not of such materials can you make the fence that is to coop him up in one corner of a new-found continent. Laudable it may be, this experiment to adjust with scientific accuracy the proportion of capital and labour; but a man with no peculiar passion for political economy, will hardly like to be made the subject of this experiment, or that a scientific interest should keep his feet from the wilderness, or his spade from the unowned soil. It would be an ungracious act of parliament, to say the least of it, whose preamble should run thus—"Whereas it is expedient that the labouring population emigrating from England should be 'prevented from turning too soon into landowners,' and thus cultivating the soil for themselves instead of for others, Be it enacted," &c. &c.

Although this theory of a "sufficient price" is the chief topic of Mr Wakefield's book, yet there are many other subjects of interest discussed, and many valuable suggestions thrown out in it; and if we have felt ourselves compelled to enter our protest against his main theory, we are by no means unwilling to confess our share of obligation to one who has made colonisation the subject of so much study, and who has called to it the attention of so many others. It was he who, struck with the gross error that had

been committed of stocking certain of our colonies with too large a proportion of the male sex, first pointed out that the period of marriage was the most appropriate period for emigration. Do not wait till want drives out the half-famished children, but let the young married couple start whilst yet healthy and vigorous, and not broken down by poverty. Some might be disposed to object that these will do well enough in England. They might, but their children might not. It is wise to take the stream of population a little higher up, where it yet runs clear; not to wait till the waters have become sluggish and polluted.

In a literary point of view, Mr Wakefield's book is an extremely entertaining one. It is difficult to believe what we are told in the preface, and hear with regret, that it was written in ill health, so elastic a spirit is observable throughout. The work assumes the form of letters passing between a statesman, who is in search of information and theory on the subject of colonisation, and a colonist who has both to give. One would naturally conclude, from the letters themselves, that both sets were written by the same author, and that the correspondence was but one of those well-understood literary artifices by which the exposition of certain truths or opinions is rendered more clear or interesting. The letters of the statesman have that constrained fictitious aspect which responses framed merely for the carrying on of the discussion are almost sure to acquire. At all events, it was hardly necessary for Mr Wakefield to describe himself in the title-page as "one of the writers;" since the part of the statesman, in the correspondence, is merely to ask questions at the proper time, to put an objection just where it ought to be answered, and give other the like promptings to the colonist.

With many readers it will add not a little to the piquancy of the work, that a considerable part is occupied in a sharp controversy with the Colonial Office and its present chief. Mr Wakefield does not spare his adversaries; he seems rather to rejoice in the wind and stir of controversy. What provocation he has received we do not know: the justice of his quarrel, therefore, we cannot pretend to

decide upon; but the manner in which he conducts it, is certainly not to our taste. For instance, at p. 35 and p. 302, there is a littleness of motive, a petty jealousy of him (Mr Wakefield) attributed to Lord Grey as the grounds of his public conduct—a sort of imputation which does not increase our respect for the person who makes it. But into this controversy with the Colonial Office we have no wish to enter. So far as it is of a personal character, we can have no motive to meddle with it; and so far as the system itself is attacked, of governing our colonies through this office, as at present constituted, there appears to be no longer any controversy whatever. It seems admitted, on all hands, that our colonies have outgrown the machinery of government here provided for them.

In the extract we lately made from Mr Wakefield's book, some of our readers were perhaps startled at meeting so strange an appellation as *Mr Mothercountry*. It is a generic name, which our writer gives to that gentleman of the Colonial Office (though it would seem more appropriate to one of the female sex) who for the time being really governs the colony, and is thus, in fact, the representative of the mother country. The *soubriquet* was adopted from a pamphlet of the late Mr Charles Buller, in which he very vividly describes the sort of government to which—owing to the frequent change of ministry, and the parliamentary duties of the Secretary of State—a colony is practically assigned. We wish we had space to quote enough from this pamphlet, to show in what a graphic manner Mr Buller gradually narrows and limits the ideas which the distant colonist entertains of the ruling mother country. "That mother country," he finally says, "which has been narrowed from the British isles into the Parliament, from the Parliament into the Executive Government, from the Executive Government into the Colonial Office, is not to be sought in the apartments of the Secretary of State, or his Parliamentary under-secretary. Where are we to look for it?" He finds it eventually in some back-room in the large house in Downing Street, where some unknown gentleman, punctual,

industrious, irresponsible, sits at his desk with his tape and his pigeon-holes about him. This is the original of Mr Mother-country.

That which immediately suggests itself as a substitute and a remedy for the inefficient government of Downing Street, is some form of local or municipal government. As Mr Wakefield justly observes, a local government, having jurisdiction over quite local or special matters, by no means implies any relinquishment by the imperial government of its requisite control over the colony. Neither does a municipal government imply a republican or democratic government. Mr Wakefield suggests that the constitution of a colony should be framed, as nearly as possible, on the model of our own—that there should be two chambers, and one of them hereditary. The extreme distance of many, of most of our colonies, absolutely precludes the possibility of their being efficiently governed by the English Colonial Office, or by functionaries (whether well or ill appointed) who have to receive all their instructions from that office. Throughout our colonies, the French system of centralisation is adopted, and that with a very inadequate machinery. And the evil extends with our increasing settlements; for where there is a "seat of government" established in a colony, with due legislative and executive powers, every part of that colony, however extensive it may be, has to look to that central power for the administration of its affairs.

"In our colonies," says Mr Wakefield, "government resides at what is called its seat; every colony has its Paris, or 'seat of government.' At this spot there is government; elsewhere little or none. Montreal, for example, is the Paris of Canada. Here, of course, as in the Paris of France, or in London, representatives of the people assemble to make laws, and the executive departments, with the cabinet of ministers, are established. But now mark the difference between England on the one hand, and France or Canada on the other. The laws of England being full of delegation of authority for local purposes, and for special purposes whether local or not, spread government all over the country; those of Canada or France in a great measure confine government to the capital and its immediate neigh-

bourhood. If people want to do something of a public nature in Caithness or Cornwall, there is an authority on the spot which will enable them to accomplish this object, without going or writing to a distant place. At Marseilles or Dunquerque you cannot alter a high road, or add a *gens-d'arme* to the police force, without a correspondence with Paris; at Gaspé and Niagara you could not, until lately, get anything of a public nature done, without authority from the seat of government. But what is the meaning, in this case, of a correspondence with Paris or Montreal! It is doubt, hesitation, and ignorant objection on the part of the distant authority; references backwards and forwards; putting off of decisions; delay without end; and for the applicants a great deal of trouble, alternate hope and fear, much vexation of spirit, and finally either a rough defeat of their object or evaporation by lapses of time. In France, accordingly, whatever may be the form of the general government, improvement, except at Paris, is imperceptibly slow; whilst in Old, and still more in New England, you can hardly shut your eyes anywhere without opening them on something new and good, produced by the operation of delegated government specially charged with making the improvement. In the colonies it is much worse than in France. The difficulty there is even to open a correspondence with the seat of government; to find somebody with whom to correspond. In France, at any rate, there is at the centre a very elaborate bureaucratic machinery, instituted with the design of supplying the whole country with government—the failure arises from the practical inadequacy of a central machinery for the purpose in view: but in our colonies, there is but little machinery at the seat of government for even pretending to operate at a distance. The occupants of the public offices at Montreal scarcely take more heed of Gaspé, which is five hundred miles off and very difficult of access, than if that part of Canada were in Newfoundland or Europe. Gaspé, therefore, until lately, when, on Lord Durham's recommendation, some machinery of local government was established in Canada, was almost without government, and one of the most barbarous places on the face of the earth. Every part of Canada not close to the seat of government was more or less like Gaspé. Every colony has numerous Gaspés. South Africa, save at Cape Town, is a Gaspé all over. All Australia Felix, being from five hundred to seven hundred miles distant from its seat of government at Sidney, and without a made road between

them, is a great Gaspé. In New Zealand, a country eight or nine hundred miles long, without roads, and colonised, as Sicily was of old, in many distinct settlements, all the settlements, except the one at which the government is seated, are miserable Gaspés as respects paucity of government. In each settlement, indeed, there is a meagre official establishment, and in one of the settlements there is a sort of lieutenant-governor; but these officers have no legislative functions, no authority to determine anything, no originating or constructive powers: they are mere executive organs of the general government at the capital, for administering general laws, and for carrying into effect such arbitrary instructions, which are not laws, as they may receive from the seat of government. The settlers, therefore, are always calling out for something which government alone could furnish. Take one example out of thousands. The settlers at Wellington in New Zealand, the principal settlement of the colony, wanted a light-house at the entrance of this harbour. To get a light-house was an object of the utmost importance to them. The company in England, which had founded the settlement, offered to advance the requisite funds on loan. *But the settlement had no constituted authority that could accept the loan and guarantee its repayment.* The company therefore asked the colonial office, whose authority over New Zealand is supreme, to undertake that the money should be properly laid out and ultimately repaid. But the colonial office, charged as it is with the general government of some forty distinct and distant communities, was utterly incapable of deciding whether or not the infant settlement ought to incur such a debt for such a purpose; it therefore proposed to refer the question to the general government of the colony at Auckland. But Auckland is several hundred miles distant from Wellington, and between these distant places there is no road at all—the only way of communication is by sea; and as there is no commercial intercourse between the places, communication by sea is either so costly, when, as has happened, a ship is engaged for the purpose of sending a message, or so rare, that the settlers at Wellington frequently receive later news from England than from the seat of their government: and moreover the attention of their government was known to be, at the time, absorbed with matters relating exclusively to the settlement in which the government resided. Nothing, therefore, was done; some ships have been lost for want of a lighthouse; and the most fre-

quented harbour of New Zealand is still without one.”—(P. 212.)

This is a long extract, but it could not be abridged, and the importance of the subject required it. Mr Wakefield has some remarks upon the necessity of supplying religious instruction and the means of public worship to our colonies, with which we cannot but cordially agree. But we rubbed our eyes, and read the following passage twice over, before we were quite sure that we had not misapprehended it: “I am in hopes of being able, when the proper time shall come for that part of my task, to persuade you that it would now be easy for England to plant *sectarian colonies*—that is, colonies with the strong attraction for superior emigrants, of a peculiar creed in each colony”—(P. 160.) We thought, that it was one of the chief boasts, and most fortunate characteristics of our age, that men of different sects, Presbyterians and Episcopalians, Independents and Baptists, had learned to live quietly together. It is a lesson that has been slowly learnt, and through much pain and tribulation. What is the meaning of this retrograde movement, this drafting us out again into separate corps? Possibly the fact of the whole settlement being of one sect of Christians may tend at first to promote harmony—although even this cannot be calculated upon; but differences of opinion are sure, in time, to creep in; and the ultimate consequence would be, that such a colony, in a future generation, would be especially afflicted with religious dissensions, and the spirit of persecution. It would have to learn again, through the old painful routine, the lesson of mutual toleration. We suspect that Mr Wakefield is so engrossed with his favourite subject of colonisation, that, if the Mormons were to make a good settlement of it, he would forgive them all their absurdities; perhaps congratulate them on their harmony of views.

We have hitherto regarded colonisation in its general, national, and legislative aspect: the following passage takes us into the heart of the business as it affects the individuals themselves, of all classes, who really think of emigrating. It is thus Mr

Wakefield describes "the charms of colonisation:"—

"Without having witnessed it, you cannot form a just conception of the pleasurable excitement which those enjoy who engage personally in the business of colonisation. The circumstances which produce these lively and pleasant feelings are, doubtless, counteracted by others productive of annoyance and pain; but, at the worst, there is a great deal of enjoyment for all classes of colonists, which the fixed inhabitants of an old country can with difficulty comprehend. The counteracting circumstances are so many impediments to colonisation, which we must examine presently. I will now endeavour to describe briefly the encouraging circumstances which put emigrants into a state of excitement, similar to that occasioned by opium, wine, or winning at play, but with benefit instead of fatal injury to the moral and physical man.

"When a man, of whatever condition, has finally determined to emigrate, there is no longer any room in his mind for thought about the circumstances that surround him: his life is for some time an unbroken and happydream of the imagination. The labourer—whose dream is generally realised—thinks of light work and high wages, good victuals in abundance, beer and tobacco at pleasure, and getting in time to be a master in his trade, or to having a farm of his own. The novelty of the passage would be a delight to him, were it not for the ennui arising from want of occupation. On his arrival at the colony, all goes well with him. He finds himself a person of great value, a sort of personage, and can indulge almost any inclination that seizes him. If he is a brute, as many emigrant labourers are, through being brutally brought up from infancy to manhood, he lives, to use his own expression, 'like a fighting cock,' till gross enjoyment carries him off the scene. If he is of the better sort, by nature and education, he works hard, saves money, and becomes a man of property—perhaps builds himself a nice house, glories with his now grand and happy wife in counting the children, the more the merrier, and cannot find anything on earth to complain of, but the exorbitant wages he has to pay. The change for this class of men being from pauperism, or next door to it, to plenty and property, is indescribably, to our apprehensions almost inconceivably, agreeable.

"But the classes who can hardly imagine the pleasant feelings which emigration provides for the well-disposed pauper, have pleasant feelings of their own when they emigrate, which are per-

haps more lively in proportion to the greater susceptibility of a more cultivated mind to the sensations of mental pain and pleasure. Emigrants of cultivated mind, from the moment when they determine to be colonists, have their dreams, which, though far from being always, or ever fully realised, are, I have been told by hundreds of this class, very delightful indeed. They think with great pleasure of getting away from the disagreeable position of anxiety, perhaps of wearing dependence, in which the universal and excessive competition of this country has placed them. But it is on the future that their imagination exclusively seizes. They can think in earnest about nothing but the colony. I have known a man of this class, who had been too careless of money here, begin, as soon as he had resolved on emigration, to save sixpence, and take care of bits of string, saying 'everything will be of use there.' There! it is common for people whose thoughts are fixed 'there,' to break themselves all at once of a confirmed habit—that of reading their favourite newspaper every day. All the newspapers of the old country are now equally uninteresting to them. If one falls in their way, they perhaps turn with alacrity to the shipping lists, and advertisements of passenger ships, or even to an account of the sale of Australian wool, or New Zealand flax; but they cannot see either the parliamentary debate, or the leading article which used to embody their own opinions, or the reports, accidents, and offences, of which they used to spell every word. Their reading now is confined to letters and newspapers from the colony, and books relating to it. They can hardly talk about anything that does not relate to 'there.'"—(P. 127.)

A man is far gone, indeed, when he has given up his *Times*! This zeal for emigration amongst the better classes, and especially amongst educated youths, who find the avenues to wealth blocked up in their own country, is, we apprehend, peculiar to our day, and amongst the most novel aspects which the subject of colonisation assumes. How many of these latter find their imaginations travelling even to the antipodes! *Where shall we colonise?* is a question canvassed in many a family, sometimes half in jest, half in earnest, till it leads to the actual departure of the boldest or most restless of the circle. Books are brought down and consulted; from the ponderous folio of

Captain Cook's voyages—which, with its rude but most illustrative of prints, was the amusement of their childhood, when they would have thought a habitation in the moon as probable a business as one in New Zealand—to the last hot-pressed journal of a residence in Sydney; and every colony in turn is examined and discussed. Here climate is so delicious you may sleep without hazard in the open air. Sleep! yes, if the mosquitoes let you. Mosquitoes—oh! Another reads with delight of the noble breed of horses that now run wild in Australia, and of the bold horsemanship of those who drive in the herd of bullocks from their extensive pasturage, when it is necessary to assemble in order to number and to mark them. The name of the thing does not sound so romantic as that of a buffalo-hunt; but, armed with your tremendous whip, from the back of a horse whom you turn and wind at pleasure, to drive your not over-tractable bullocks, must task a good seat, and a steady hand, and a quick eye. A third dwells with a quieter delight on the beautiful scenery, and the pastoral life so suitable to it, which New Zealand will disclose. Valleys green as the meadows of Devonshire, hills as picturesque as those of Scotland, and the sky of Italy over all! and the aborigines friendly, peaceable. Yes, murmurs one, until they eat you. Faugh! but they are reformed in that particular. Besides, Dr Dieffenbach says, here, that "they find Europeans salt and disagreeable." Probably they had been masticating some tough old sailor, who had fed on junk all his life, and they found him salt enough. But let no one in his love of science suggest this explanation to them; let us rest under the odium of being salt and disagreeable.

These aborigines—one would certainly wish they were out of the way. Wild men! Wild—one cannot have fellowship with them. Men—one cannot shoot them. In Australia they are said to be not much wiser than baboons—one wishes they were altogether baboons, or altogether men. In New Zealand they are, upon the whole, a docile, simple people. The missionaries are schooling them as they would little children. A very

simple people! They had heard of horses and of horsemanship; it was some tradition handed down from their great discoverer, Captain Cook. When lately some portly swine were landed on the island, they concluded *these* were the famous horses men rode upon in England. "They rode two of them to death." Probably, by that time, they suspected there was some error in the case.

Hapless aborigines! How it comes to pass we cannot stop to inquire, but certain it is they never prosper in any union with the white man. They get his gin, they get his gunpowder, and, here and there, some travesty of his religion. This is the best bargain they make where they are most fortunate. The two first gifts of the white man, at all events, add nothing to the amenity of character, and happen to be precisely the gifts they could most vividly appreciate. Our civilisation seems to have no other effect than to break up the sort of rude harmony which existed in their previous barbarism. They imitate, they do not emulate; what they see of us they do not understand. That ridiculous exhibition, so often described, which they make with our costume—a naked man with hat and feathers stuck upon his head; or, better still, converting a pair of leathers into a glistening helmet, the two legs hanging down at the back, where the flowing horse-hair is wont to fall—is a perfect emblem of what they have gained in mind and character from our civilisation.

These poor New Zealanders are losing—what think you says Dr Dieffenbach?—their digestion; getting dyspeptic. The missionaries have tamed them down; they eat more, fight less, and die faster. One of the "brethren," not the least intelligent to our mind, has introduced cricket as a substitute for their war-dances and other fooleries they had abolished.

When we want the soil which such aborigines are loosely tenanting, we must, we presume, displace them. There is no help for it. But, in all other cases, we could wish the white man would leave these dark children of the earth alone. If there exists another Tahiti, such as it was when Cook discovered it, such as we read of

it under the old name of Otaheite, we hope that some eternal mist, drawn in a wide circle round the island, will shroud it from all future navigators. Were we some great mariner, and had discovered such an island, and had eaten of the bread-fruit of the hospitable native, and reclined under their peaceful trees, and seen their youths and maidens crowned with green boughs, sporting like fishes in their beautiful clear seas, no mermaid happier—we should know but of one way to prove our gratitude—to close our lips for ever on the discovery we had made. If there exist in some untraversed region of the ocean another such spot, and if there are still any genii, or jins, or whatever sea-fairies may be called, left behind in the world, we beseech of them to protect it from all prying circumnavigators. Let them raise bewildering mists, or scare the helmsman with imaginary breakers, or sit cross-legged upon the binnacle, and bewitch the compass—anyhow let them protect their charge. We could almost believe, from this moment, in the existence of such spirits or genii, having found so great a task for them.

We have no space to go back to other graver topics connected with colonisation which we have passed on our road. On one topic we had not, certainly, intended to be altogether

silent. But it is perhaps better as it is; for the subject of transportation is so extensive, and so complicate, and so inevitably introduces the whole review of what we call secondary punishments—of our penal code, in short—that it were preferable to treat it apart. It would be very unsatisfactory merely to state a string of conclusions, without being able to throw up any defences against those objections which, in a subject so full of controversy, they would be sure to provoke.

In fine, we trust to no ideals, no theory or art of colonisation. Neither do we make any extraordinary or novel demands on Government. A great work is going on, but it will be best performed by simple means. We ask from the Government that it should survey and apportion the land, and secure its possession to the honest emigrant, and that it should delegate to the new settlement such powers of self-government as are necessary to its internal improvement. These, however, are important duties, and embrace much. The rest, with the exception of such liberality as may be thought advisable, in addition to the fund raised by the sale of waste land, for the despatch and outfit of the poor labourer or artisan—the rest must be left to the free spirit of Englishmen, whether going single or in groups and societies.

THE REACTION, OR FOREIGN CONSERVATISM.

Boston, February 1849.

It is the sage remark of Montesquieu, that, under a government of laws, liberty consists simply in the power of doing what we ought to will, and in freedom from any constraint to do what we ought not to will. The true conservative not only accepts this maxim, but he gives it completeness by prescribing a pure religion as the standard of what a people ought to will, and as the only sober guide of conscience. And this may be added as a corollary, that so long as a free people is substantially Christian, their conscience coinciding with absolute right, their liberty, so far as affected by popular causes, will preserve itself from fatal disorders. Such a people, possessed of liberty, will know it and be content. But where the popular conscience is morbid, they may have liberty without knowing it. They will fancy that they ought to will what they are not permitted to will, and the most wholesome restraints of wise laws will appear tyrannical. For such a people there can be no cure, till they are restored to a healthy conscience. A despotism successfully established over them, and then moderately maintained, and benevolently administered, is the only thing that can save them from self-destruction.

I was not writing at random, then, my Basil, when I said in my last letter that the first want of France is a national conscience. As a nation, the French lack the moral sense. What sign of moral life have they shown for the last fifty years? The root of bitterness in the body politic of France, is the astonishing infidelity of the people. Whatever be the causes, the fact is not to be denied: the land whose crown was once, by courtesy, *must Christian*, must draw on courtesy and charity too, if it be now called Christian at all. The spirit of unbelief is national. It is the spirit of French literature—of the French press—of the French academy—of the French senate; I had almost added of the French church: and if I hesitate, it is not so much because I doubt

the corrupting influences of the French priesthood, as because they are no longer Gallican priests, but simply the emissaries of Ultramontaniam. There is no longer a French church. The Revolution made an end of that. When Napoleon, walking at Malmaison, heard the bells of Ruel, he was overpowered with a sense of the value of such associations as they revived in his own heart, and forthwith he opened the churches which had so long been the sepulchres of a nation's faith, convinced that they served a purpose in government, if only as a cheap police. He opened the churches, but he could not restore the church of France. He could do no more than enthrone surviving Ultramontaniam in her ancient seats, and that by a manœuvre, which made it a creature and a slave of his ambition. When it revolted, he talked of Gallican liberties, but only for political purposes. Nor did the Restoration do any better. The church of St Louis was defunct. Gallican immunities were indeed asserted on paper; but, in effect, the Jesuits gained the day. The Orleans usurpation carried things further; for the priesthood, severed from the state, became more Ultramontane from apparent necessity, and lost, accordingly, their feeble hold on the remaining respect of the French people. Who was not startled, when the once devout Lamartine talked of "the new Christianity" of Liberty and Equality over the ruins of the Orleans dynasty, and thus betrayed the irreligion into which he had been repelled by the Christianity of French ecclesiastics! Thus always uncongenial to the national character, Ultramontaniam has coated, like quicksilver, and eaten away those golden liberties which St Louis consecrated his life to preserve, and with which have perished the life and power of Christianity in France.

The history of France is emphatically a religious history. Every student must be struck with it. To understand even the history of its court, one must get at least a line of what is meant by

and Molinism, and Ultramontanism, and the whole tissue of isms which they have created. No historian gives us an exemption from this amount of polemical information. The school of Michelet is as forward as that of de Maistre, in claiming a "religious mission" for France among the nations; and de Stael and Chateaubriand are impressed with the same idea. Her *publicists*, as well as her statesmen, have been always, in their own way, theologians; and, from Louis IX. to Louis XVI., the spirit of theology was, in some form or other, the spirit of every reign. Not only the Mazarins, but the Pompadours also, have made religion part of their craft; and religion became so entirely political under Louis XV., that irreligion was easily made political in its stead. In the court of France, in fact, theology has been the common trade; the trade of Condé and of Guise, of Huguenot and Papist, of Jansenist and Jesuit, of philosopher and poet, of harlots, and almost of lap-dogs. Even Robespierre must legislate upon the "consoling principle of an *Être Suprême*," and Napoleon elevates himself into "the eldest son of the church." "A peculiar characteristic of this monarchy," says de Maistre, "is that it possesses a certain theocratic element, special to itself, which has given it fourteen centuries of duration." This element has given its colour to reigns and revolutions alike; and if one admit the necessity of religion to the perpetuity of a state, it deserves our attention, in the light of whatever contending parties have advanced upon the subject.

Let us begin with the revolutionists themselves. In the month of June 1844, Monsieur Quinet, "of the college of France," stood in his lecture-room, venting his little utmost against the "impassioned leaven of Reaction," which he declared to be fermenting in French society. His audience was literally the youth of nations; for, as I gather from his oratory, it embraced not only his countrymen, but, besides them, Poles, Russians, Italians, Germans, Hungarians, Spaniards, Portuguese, and a sprinkling of negroes. Upon this interesting assembly, in which

black spirits and white must have maintained the proportion, and something of the appearance, of their corresponding ebony and ivory in the key-board of a pianoforte, and which he had tuned to his liking by a series of preparatory exercises, he played, as a grand *finale*, a most brilliant experimental quick-step, which satisfied him that every chord vibrated in harmony with his own sweet voice. He was closing his instructions, and addressed his pupils, not as disciples, but as friends. His great object seems to have been to convince them of their own importance, as the illuminated school of a new gospel of which he is himself the dispenser, and through which, he promised them, they would become, with him, the regenerators of the world. Having fully indoctrinated them with his new Christianity, it was necessary to work them into fury against the old. He had already established the unity of politics and religion; he had shown, very artfully, that Christianity had identified itself with Ultramontanism, and that France must perish if it should triumph; and he had only to convince them of danger from that quarter, to influence the combustible spirits of his credulous hearers to the heat which his purpose required. This he did by bellowing *Reaction*, and anathematizing Schlegel and de Maistre.

You were mistaken then, my Basil, in supposing this word *Reaction* altogether a bugbear, and in understanding it with reference only to the counter-spirit in favour of legitimacy, which has been generated by the revolution of last year. You see it was the hobgoblin of a certain class of fanatics, long before Louis Philippe had received his notice to quit. It was an "impassioned leaven" in French society five years ago, in the heated imagination, or else in the artful theory, of Quinet. What was really the case? There was, in his sober opinion, as much danger from the reaction at that time as from the Great Turk, and no more. He merely used it as an academic man-of-straw to play at foils with. He held it up to contempt as an exploded folly, and then pretended it was a living danger, only to increase his own reputation for

daring, and to quicken the development of antagonist principles. He little dreamed the manikin would come to life, and show fight for the Bourbons and legitimacy. He cried *Wolf* for his own purposes, and the actual barking of the pack must be a terrible retribution! The reaction of 1848 must have come upon the professors like doomsday. I can conceive of him, at present, only as of Friar Bacon, when he stumbled upon the discovery of gunpowder. A moment since, he stood in his laboratory compounding the genuine elixir of life, and assuring his gaping disciples of the success of his experiment; but there has been a sudden detonation, and if the professor has miraculously escaped, it is only to find chaos come again, his admiring auditors blown to atoms, and nothing remaining of his philosophical trituration, except his smutty self, and a very bad smell. I speak of him as the personification of his system. Personally, he has been a gainer by the revolution. Guizot put him out of his place, and the Republic has put him back; but the Reaction is upon him, and his theories are already resolved into their original gases. "The college of France" may soon come to a similar dissolution.

Let us look for a while at foreign conservatism through Monsieur Quinet's glasses. I have introduced you to de Maistre, and de Maistre is to him what the Pope was to Luther. Quinet is, in his own way, another reformer; in fact, he announces his system, in its relations to Protestantism, as another noon risen upon mid-day. The theological character of foreign politics is as prominent in his writings as in those of his antagonists. Thus, to illustrate the character of the French Revolution, he takes us to the Council of Trent; and to demolish French Tories, he attacks Ultramontanism. This is indeed philosophical, considering the actual history of Europe, and the affinities of its Conservative party. Action and reaction are always equal. The cold infidelity of Great Britain was met by the cool

reason of Butler, and sufficiently counteracted by even the frigid apologies of Watson, and the mechanical faith of Paley. But the passionate unbelief of the Encyclopædists produced the unbalanced credulity of the reaction; and Diderot, d'Alembert, and Voltaire, have almost, by fatality, involved the noble spirits of their correctors in that wrongheaded habit of believing, which shows its vigorous weakness in the mild Ballanche and the wavering Lamennais, and develops all its weak vigour in de Maistre and de Bonald. Thus it happens that Mons. Quinet gives to his published lectures the title of *Ultramontanism*; for he prefers to meet his antagonists on the untenable field of their superstition, and there to win a virtual victory over their philosophical and political wisdom. His book has reached me through the translation of Mr Cocks,* who has kindly favoured the literature of England with several similar importations from "the College of France," and who seems to be the chosen mouthpiece of the benevolent author himself, in addressing the besotted self-sufficiency of John Bull. So far, indeed, as it discusses *Ultramontanism* in itself, the work may have its use. It shows, with some force and more vociferation, that it has been the death of Spain, and of every state in which it has been allowed to work; and that, moreover, it has been the persevering foe of law, of science, and of morality. This is a true bill; but of him, as of his master Michelet, it may be said with emphasis, *Tout, jusqu'à la vérité, trompe dans ses écrits*. It does not follow, as he would argue, that political wisdom and Christian truth fall with Ultramontanism; nor does he prove it be so, by proving that de Maistre and others have thought so. The school of the Reaction are convicted of a mistake, into which their masters in Great Britain never fell. That is all that Quinet has gained, though he crows lustily for victory, and proceeds to construct his own political religion, as if Christianity were confessedly

* *Ultramontanism; or the Roman Church and Modern Society*. By E. QUINET, of the College of France. Translated from the French. Third edition, with the author's approbation, by C. COCKS, B.L. London: John Chapman. 1846.

defunct. As to the style of the Professor, so far as I can judge it from a tumid and verbose translation, it is not wanting in the hectic brilliancy of rhetoric raised to fever-heat, or of French run mad. Even its argument, I doubt not, sounded logical and satisfactory, when its slender postulate of truth was set off with oratorical sophistry, enforced with professorial shrugs of the shoulders, or driven home with conclusive raps upon the auxiliary *tabatière*. But the inanimate logic, as it lies coffined in the version of Mr Cocks, looks very revolting. In fact, stripped of its false ornament, all its practical part is simply the revolutionism of the Chartists. Worse stuff was never declaimed to a subterranean conclave of insurgent operatives by a drunken Barabbas, with Tom Paine for his text, and a faggot of pikes for his rostrum. The results have been too immediate for even Mons. Quinet's ambition. From hearing sedition in the "College of France," his motley and party-coloured audience has broken up to enforce it behind the barricades. They turned revolutionists against reaction *in posse*, and reaction *in esse* is the very natural consequence.

"Every nation, like every individual, has received a certain mission, which it must fulfil. France exercises over Europe a real magistracy, which cannot be denied, and she was at the head of its religious system." So says de Maistre, and so far his bitter enemy is agreed. But, says de Maistre, "She has shamefully abused her mission; and since she has used her influence to contradict her vocation, and to debauch the morals of Europe, it is not surprising that she is restored to herself by terrible remedies." Here speaks the spirit of Reaction, and Quinet immediately shows fight. In his view she has but carried out her vocation. The Revolution was a glorious outbreak towards a new universal principle. In the jargon of his own sect, "it was a revolution differing from all preceding revolutions, ancient or modern, precisely in this, that it was the deliverance of a nation from the bonds and limits of her church, into the spirit of universality." The spirit of the national church, he maintains, had become Ultramontane; had

lost its hold on men's minds; had made way for the ascendancy of philosophy, and had tacitly yielded the sceptre of her sway over the intelligence and the conscience to Rousseau and Voltaire. Nor does the Professor admit that subsequent events have restored that sceptre. On the contrary, he appeals to his auditors in asserting that the priesthood have ceased to guide the French conscience. His audience applauds, and the enraptured Quinet catches up the response like an auctioneer. He is charmed with his young friends. He is sure the reaction will never seduce them into travelling to heaven by the old sterile roads. As for the *réactionnaires*, no language can convey his contempt for them. "After this nation," says he, "has been communing with the spirit of the universe upon Sinai, conversing face to face with God, they propose to her to descend from her vast conceptions, and to creep, crestfallen, into the spirit of sect." Thus he contrasts the catholicity of Pantheism with the catholicity of Romanism; and thus, with the instinct of a bulldog, does he fasten upon the weak points of foreign Conservatism, or hold it by the nose, a baited victim, in spite of its massive sinews and its generous indignation. This plan is a cunning one. He sinks the Conservative principles of the Reaction, and gives prominence only to its Ultramontanism. He shows that modern Ultramontanism is the creature of the Council of Trent, and reviews the history of Europe as connected with that Council. He proves the pernicious results of that Council in every state which has acknowledged it; shows that not preservation but ruin has been its inevitable effect upon national character; and so congratulates France for having broken loose from it in the great Revolution. He then deprecates its attempted resuscitation by Schlegel and de Maistre, and, falling back upon the "religious vocation" of France, exhorts his auditors to work it out in the spirit of his own evangel. This new gospel, it is almost needless to add, is that detestable impiety which was so singularly religious in the revolution of last February, profaning the name of the Redeemer to sanctify its brutal

excesses, and pretending to find in the spirit of his gospel the elements of its furious Liberty and Equality. In the true sentiment of that revolution, an ideal portrait of the Messiah is elaborately engraved for the title-page of Mr Cock's translation! So a French quack adorns his shop with a gilded bust of Hippocrates! It is a significant hint of the humble origin of a system which, it must be understood, owes its present dignity and importance entirely to the genius of Mons. Quinet.

That the Reaction is thus identified with Ultramontaniam, is a fact which its leading spirits would be the very last to deny. The necessity of religion to the prosperity of France is their fundamental principle; and religion being, in their minds, inseparable from Romanism, they will not see its defects; and their blind faith, like chloroform, makes them absolutely insensible to the sharp point of the weak spear with which Quinet pierces them. And it is but fair to suppose that Quinet and his colleagues are equally honest in considering Christianity and Ultramontaniam synonymous. They see that the old religion of France has become, historically, a corrupt thing, and they propose a fresh Christianity in its place. Of one thing I am sure—they do not over-estimate the political importance of the Council of Trent. Let it be fairly traced in its connexions with kingdoms, with science, with letters, and with the conscience of nations, and it will be seen that Quinet is not far from correct, in taking it as the turning-point of the history of Europe. It produced Ultramontaniam, or rather changed it from an abstraction into an organised system; and Ultramontaniam, in its new shape, gave birth to the Jesuits. Christendom saw a new creed proposed as the bond of unity, and a new race of apostles propagating it with intrigue and with crime, and, in some places, with fire and sword. In proportion as the states of Europe incorporated Ultramontaniam with their political institutions, they withered and perished. Old Romanism was one thing, and modern Ultramontaniam another. Kingdoms that flourished while they were but Romanised, have perished since they became Tridentine.

Among English writers this distinction has not been generally made. Coleridge seems to have observed it, and has incidentally employed it in treating of another subject. But foreign literature is full of it, either tacitly implied or openly avowed, in different ways. Ultramontaniam is, in Europe, a political and not merely a theological word,—its meaning results from its history. Before the Tridentine epoch, the national churches of Europe were still seven candlesticks, in which glittered the seven stars of an essential personality and individual completeness. The "Church of Rome" still meant the Roman See, and, vast as were its usurpations over the national churches, it had neither reduced them to absolute unity in theology, nor absorbed their individuality into its own. The Roman Church, as we now understand it, was created by the Council of Trent, by a consolidation of national churches, and the quiet substitution of the creed of Pius IV. for the ancient creeds, as a test of unity. This fact explains the position of the Reformed before and after that extraordinary assembly. Till its final epoch, they had never fully settled their relations to the Papal See. The history of England is full of illustrations of this fact. Old Grostete of Lincoln spurned the authority of the Pope, but continued in all his functions as an English bishop till his death, in the thirteenth century. Wycliffe, in the fourteenth, was still more remarkable for resisting the papal pretensions, yet he died in the full exercise of his pastoral office, while elevating the host at Childermas. Henry VIII. himself had the benefit of masses for his pious soul at Notre Dame; and his friend Erasmus lived on easy terms with the Reformed, and yet never broke with the Vatican. Even the English prayer-book, under Elizabeth, was sanctioned by papal authority, with the proviso of her recognition of the supremacy, and for twelve years of her reign the popish party lived in communion with the Reformed Church of England. During all this period the dogmas of popes were fearlessly controverted by Cisalpine theologians, who still owned their supremacy in a qualified sense, and who boldly

appealed to a future council against the decisions of the See of Rome. Ultramontaniam had then, indeed, its home beyond the mountains, and when it came bellowing over its barrier, it was often met as "the Tinchel cows the game." But modern Ultramontaniam is another thing. It is an organised system, swallowing up the nationalities of constituent churches, and giving them the absolute unity of an individual Roman church, in which Jesuitism is the circulating life-blood, and the Italian consistory the heart and head together. Such was the prodigy hatched during the seventeen years of Tridentine incubation. It appeared at the close of those interminable sessions, so different from all that had been anticipated, that it startled all Europe. It had quietly changed everything, and made Rome the sole church of Southern Europe. Quinet has not failed to present this fact very strongly. "That Council," says he, "had not, like its predecessors, its roots in all nations; it did not assemble about it the representatives of all Christendom. Its spirit was to give full sanction to the idea, which certain popes of the middle ages had established, of their pre-eminence over œumenical assemblies. Thenceforward, what had been the effect of a particular genius, became the very constitution of the church. The great adroitness consisted in making the change without anywhere speaking of it. The church which was before tempered by assemblies convoked from all the earth, became an absolute monarchy. From that moment the ecclesiastical world is silent. The meeting of councils is closed, no more discussions, no more solemn deliberations; everything is regulated by bulls, letters, and ordinances. Popedom usurps all Christendom; the book of life is shut; for three centuries not one page has been added." One would think the school of the Reaction would feel the force of this as efficiently urged, even in spite of their towering disgust at the proceedings for which they are employed. In fact, their own maxims may be turned against them with great power,

in this matter of Ultramontaniam. De Maistre, in his argument for unwritten constitutions, speaks of the creeds of the church as furnishing no exception to his rule; for these, he argues, are not *codes of belief*, but they partake the nature of hymns—they have rhythmical beauty, they are chanted in solemn services, they are confessed to God upon the harp and organ. Now this is indeed true of those three ancient creeds which are still chanted in the service of the Church of England; but the creed of Pius IV., which is the distinguishing creed of the Roman church, is absolutely nothing else than a *code of belief*, and is the only creed in Christendom which lacks that rhythmical glory which he considers a test of truth! Even Quinet notices this liturgic impotence of the Ultramontane religion. "The Roman church," he says, "has lost in literature, together with the ideal of Christianity, the sentiment of her own poetry. What has become of the burning accents of Ambrose and Paulinus? Urban VIII. writes pagan verses to the Cavalier Berni;* and instead of *Stabat mater* or *Sakularis hostia*, the princes of the church compose mythological sonnets, at the very moment when Luther is thundering *Ein feste Burg ist unser Gott*, that *Te Deum* of the Reformation."

No wonder France was reluctant to acknowledge a Council which had thus imposed a new creed on Christendom, and which dictated a new organisation to the ancient churches of Southern Europe. While other nations subscribed with artful evasions, she hesitated and submitted, but gave no formal assent. Rome had come over the Alps to absorb her, and she was loth to yield her birthright. She stood long in what Schlegel calls "a disguised half-schism," struggling against dissolution, the last lump to melt away in the Tridentine element. But where now is the church which St Louis left to France, strong in her anti-papal bulwarks? Where now are those bulwarks, the labour of his life, and the chief glory of a name which even Rome has canonised? As for Spain, Ultra-

* Mr. Maistre means Bernini, and is a ninny for not saying so. But Mr. Cocke's translation of Bernini—p. 144.

montanism was riveted upon her by the Inquisition, and she is twice dead. One sees no more the churches of Western Christendom, fortified by Pragmatic Sanctions, and treated with as younger sisters, even by domineering Rome! They have disappeared; and the only light that lingers in their places is the sad sepulchral flame that owes its existence to decay.

Such is Ultramontanism. Follow its history, in connexion with political events in France, and you cannot fail to charge it with all the responsibility of French infidelity, and, consequently, of the present lamentable condition of the nation. Thrice has the spirit of France been in deadly collision with it—in the fire, in the wind, and in the earthquake. Its first antagonists were the Huguenots, and over them it triumphed by the persecutions of Louis XIV., following up the policy of Catherine de Medicis. It was next confronted by Jansenism under Louis XV., and that it overcame by intrigue and by ridicule. Under Louis XVI. it was obliged to meet the atheism of the Encyclopædists, which it had itself produced, and which terribly visited upon its head its own infernal inventions. To overwhelm the Port-Royalists, it had resorted to low caricatures and epigrams, and to philosophical satires upon their piety. Voltaire took from these the hint of his first warfare against Christianity. This was first a joke and a song, and then *Ca Ira* and *A la lanterne*; first the popguns of wit, then the open battery of *Ecrasez l'infâme*, and then the exploding mine of revolution. It merely reversed the stratagems of Ultramontanism, which began in massacre, and finished its triumphs with a jest; and both together have stamped the nation with its indelible character of half tiger and half monkey. The origin of such an issue of infamy cannot be concealed. France owes it all to her conduct in the crisis of the Reformation. Had the Gallic Church, under Henry of Navarre, fully copied the example of England, or had she even carried out her own instincts, repudiating the Council of Trent, and falling back upon the Pragmatic Sanction for a full defence of her independence, how different would have been her history, and that of the monarchy

to which she would have proved a lasting support! Let the difference between Henri Quatre and Louis Quatorze, between Sully and Richelieu, illustrate the reply. Or it may be imagined, by comparing the campaigns of Cevennes with the peaceful mission of Fenelon to the Huguenots of Saintonge. Where now both church and state appear the mere materials of ambition to such as Mazarin and Dubois, or where even the purer genius of such as Bossuet and Massillon is exhibited in humiliating and disgraceful associations, the places of history might have been adorned by such bright spirits as were immured at Port-Royal, or such virtue as sketched the ideal kingdom of *Télémaque*, and rendered illustrious a life of uncomplaining sorrow in the pastoral chair of Cambrai. Where the court can boast one Bourdaloue, there would have been, beside him, not a few like Pascal; and in the rural parishes there would have been many such as Arnauld and Nicole, training in simple piety and loyal worth the successive generations of a contented people. As for the palace, it would never have been haunted by the dark spirit of Jesuitism, which has so often hid itself in the robes of royalty, and reigned in the sovereign's name; and the people would have known it only as a fearful thing beyond the Pyrenees, whose ear was always in the confessional, and whose hand was ever upon the secret wires of the terrible Inquisition. The capital would have been a citadel of law, and the kingdom still a Christian state. Its history might have lacked a "Grand Monarque," and certainly a Napoleon; but then there would have been no *dragonnades*, and possibly no Dubarrydom; no *Encyclopædie*, and no *Ca Ira*! The bell of St Germain l'Auxerrois would have retained its bloody memory as the tocsin of St Bartholomew's massacre, but it would never have sounded its second peal of infamy as the signal for storming the Tuileries, and for opening those successive vials of avenging woe, in which France is expiating her follies and her crimes.

Bossuet, in his funeral oration upon Queen Henrietta, unhappily for his own cause, has challenged a comparison between the histories of France

and England, which, if he were living in our days, he would hardly renew with pleasure. The Anglican Reformation was rashly charged by him with all the responsibility of the Great Rebellion; but facts have proved that revolutions are by no means confined to anti-papal countries, while history may be safely appealed to by Englishmen, in deciding as to the kind of religion which has best encountered the excesses of rebellion, and most effectually cured the disease. The Anglican Church survived the Great Rebellion, with fidelity to itself: the Gallic Church perished in the Revolution. Before the vainglorious taunt of Bossuet had passed from the memory of living men, all those causes were at work in France, which bred the whirlwind of infidelity, and which insured a revolution, not of fanaticism, but of atheism. The real power of the two churches, in moulding the character of a people, and retaining the loyalty of its noblest intellect, became, then, singularly apparent. In France, it was superstition to believe in God. In France, philosophers were afraid to own a great First Cause. In France, noblemen were ashamed to confess a conscience. In France, bishops and cardinals were foremost in apostasy, and claimed their sacerdotal rank only to become the high-priests of atheistic orgies. It is needless to cite, in comparison, the conduct of parallel classes during the Great Rebellion in England; while, at the very moment in which these things were transacting, the brightest genius in her Imperial Parliament could proclaim himself not only a believer, but a crusader for Christianity. It was a noble answer to the ghost of poor Bossuet, when such a man as Burke, addressing a gentleman of France, declared the adhesion of England to her Reformed religion to be not the result of indifference but of zeal; when he proudly contrasted the intelligent faith of his countrymen with the fanatical impiety of the French; and when, with a dignity to which sarcasm has seldom attained, he reminded a nation of atheists, that there was a people, every whit its peer, which still exulted in the Christian name, and among whom

religion, so far from being relegated to provinces, and the firesides of peasants, still sat in the first rank of the legislature, and "reared its mitred front" in the very face of the throne. The withering rebuke of such a boast must be measured by the standard of the time when it was given. In Paris, the mitre had just been made the ornament of an ass, which bore in mockery, upon its back, the vessels of the holy sacrament, and dragged a Bible at its tail.

Thus the colossal genius of Burke stood before the world, in that war of elements, trampling the irreligion of France beneath his feet, like the Archangel thrusting Satan to his bottomless abyss. The spectacle was not lost. It was that beautiful and sublime exhibition of moral grandeur that quickened the noblest minds in Europe to imitative virtue, and produced the school of the Reaction. It was rather the spirit of British faith, and law, and loyalty, personified in him. The same spirit had been felt in France before: it had moulded the genius of Montesquieu, abstractly; but Burke was its mighty concrete, and he wrote himself like a photograph upon kindred intellect throughout the world. Before his day, the character of English liberty had been laboriously studied and mechanically learned; but he, as its living representative and embodiment, made himself the procreant author of an intellectual family. I fear you will regard this as a theory of my own, but I would not have ventured to say this on my mere surmise. One whose religion identifies him with Ultramontanism has made the acknowledgment before me. I refer to the English editor and translator of Schlegel's *Philosophy of History*. According to him, Schlegel at Vienna, and Goerres at Munich, were "the supreme oracles of that illustrious school of liberal conservatives, which numbered, besides those eminent Germans, a Baron von Haller in Switzerland, a Viscount de Bonald in France, a Count Henri de Merode in Belgium, and a Count de Maistre in Piedmont."* From the writings of these great men, in a greater or less degree, he augurs the future political regeneration of Europe; and yet, strongly

* *Literary Life of Frederick von Schlegel.* By James Burton Robertson, Esq.

warped as he is away from England, and towards Rome, as the source of all moral and national good, he does not conceal the fact that this splendid school of the Reaction was "founded by our great Burke." My hopes from the writings of these men are not so sanguine: but, so far as they are true to their original, they have been already of great service. They may hereafter be made still more powerful for good; and if, at the same time, the rising school of Conservatism, which begins to make itself felt in America, shall impart its wholesome influences to an off-shoot of England, so vast already, and of such grand importance to the future, then, and not till then, will be duly estimated the real greatness of those splendid services which Burke was created to perform, not for his country only, but for the human race.

Perhaps it could hardly have been otherwise; but it must always be deplored that the Conservatism of England was reproduced on the Continent in connexion with the Christianity of Ultramontaniam. The conservatism of de Stael and of Chateaubriand, though repudiated by the *réactionnaires*, is indeed worthy of honourable mention, as their characters will ever be of all admiration; yet it must be owned to be deficient in force, and by no means executive. It was the Conservatism of impulse—the Conservatism of genius, but not the Conservatism of profound philosophy and energetic benevolence. The spirit that breathes in the *Génie du Christianisme* is always beautiful, and often devout, yet it has been justly censured, as recommending less the truth than the beauty of the religion of Jesus Christ; and though it doubtless did something to reproduce the religious sentiment, it seems to have effected nothing in behalf of religious principle. Its author would have fulfilled a nobler mission had he taught his countrymen, in sober prose, their radical defects in morality, and

their absolute lack of a conscience. The Conservatives of the Reaction have at least attempted greater things. They have bluntly told the French nation that they must reform; they have set themselves to produce again the believing spirit: their mistake has been, that they have confounded faith with superstition, and taken the cause of the Jesuits into the cause of their country and their God. Nothing could have been more fatal. It arms against them such characters as Michelet,* with his *Priests, Women, and Families*, and makes even Quinet formidable with his lectures on "the Jesuits and Ultramontaniam." Yet it must be urged in their behalf, that they have been pardonably foolish, for they drew their error with their mother's milk; and when even faith was ridiculed as credulity, it was an extravagance almost virtuous to rush into superstition. Such is the dilemma of a good man in Continental Europe: his choice lies between the extremes of corrupt faith and philosophic unbelief. This was the misfortune of poor Frederick Schlegel; and, disgusted with the hollow rationalism of Germany, he became a Papist, in order to profess himself a Christian. The mistake was magnanimously made. We cannot but admire the man who eats the book of Roman infallibility, in his hunger for the bread of everlasting life. Even Chateaubriand must claim our sympathies on this ground. Our feelings are with such errorists—our convictions of truth remain unaltered; and we cannot but lament the fatality which has thus attended European Conservatism like its shadow, and exposed it to successful assaults from its foes. I have shown how they use their opportunity. And no wonder, when this substitution of Ultramontaniam for Christianity has involved de Maistre in an elaborate defence of the Inquisition—debased the Conservatism of de Bonald to slavish absolutism;† and when true to its dead-

* See *Blackwood* for August 1845.

† Mr Robertson says of de Bonald, "As long as this great writer deals in general propositions, he seldom errs; but when he comes to apply his principles to practice, then the political prejudices in which he was bred lead him sometimes into exaggerations and errors." For "political prejudices" substitute *Ultramontaniam*, and Mr Robertson has characterised the whole school of the Reaction.

ening influence upon the conscience, it implicated von Haller in the infamous perjury which, though committed under the sanction of a Romish bishop, led to his ignominious expulsion from the sovereign council at Berne. Chateaubriand has not escaped an infection from the same atmosphere. It taints his writings. In such a work as the *Génie du Christianisme*, denounced as it is by the Ultramontanists generally, there is much that is not wholesome. The eloquent champion of faith wields the glaive as stoutly for fables as for eternal verities. The poet makes beauty drag decay in her train, and ties a dead corpse to the wings of immortality. Truth itself, in his apology, though brought out in grand relief, is sculptured on a sepulchre full of dead men's bones; and, unhappily, while we draw near to examine the perfection of his ideal, we find ourselves repelled by a lurking scent of putrefaction.

The career of de Maistre is, in epitome, that of his school. Disgusted with Jacobinism, and naturally delighting in paradox, it seemed to afford him relief to avow himself a papist, in an age of atheism. He was not only the author of the reactionary movement, but his character was itself the product of Reaction. Driven with his king to Sardinia, in 1792, by the invasion of Piedmont, his philosophical contempt for the revolutionists was exhibited in his *Considerations sur la France*, from which, in a former letter, I have made so long a quotation. In this work—in some respects his best—his Ultramontanism is far from extravagant: and not only his religious principles as they were then, but also the effect which everything English was then producing on his mind, is clearly seen in a comment upon the English Church, which, as it passed his review, and was printed again in 1817 with no retraction, must be regarded as somewhat extraordinary. "If ever Christians reunite," says he, "as all things make it their interest to do, it would seem that the movement must take rise in the Church of England. Calvinism was French work, and consequently an exaggerated production. We are pushed too far away by the

sectarians of so unsubstantial a religion, and there is no mean by which they may comprehend us: but the Church of England, which touches us with one hand, touches with the other a class whom we cannot reach; and although, in a certain point of view, she may thus appear the butt of two parties, (as being herself rebellious, though preaching authority,) yet in other respects she is most precious, and may be considered as one of those chemical *intermédiaes*, which are capable of producing a union between elements dissociable in themselves." He seldom shows such moderation; for the Greek and Anglican churches he specially hates. In 1804 he was sent ambassador to St Petersburg; and there he resided till 1817, fulfilling his diplomatic duties with that zeal for his master, and that devotion to conservative interests, which are the spirit of his writings. There he published, in 1814, the pithy *Essai sur le principe générateur des Constitutions*, in which he reduced to an abstract form the doctrines of his former treatise on France. His style is peculiarly relishable, sometimes even sportive; but its main maxims are laid down with a dictatorial dignity and sternness, which associate the tractate, in the minds of many, with the writings of Montesquieu. This essay, so little known in England, has found an able translator and editor in America, who commends it to his countrymen as an antidote to those interpretations which are put upon our constitutional law by the political disciples of Rousseau. I commend the simple fact to your consideration, as a sign of the more earnest tone of thinking, on such matters, which is beginning to be felt among us. The fault of the essay is its practical part, or those applications into which his growing Ultramontanism diverted his sound theories. His principles are often capable of being turned upon himself, as I have noticed in the matter of creeds. His genius also found a congenial amusement in translating Plutarch's *Delays of Divine Justice*, which he accompanied with learned notes, illustrating the influence of Christianity upon a heathen mind. On his return from St Petersburg in 1817, appeared his

violent Ultramontane work, *Du Pape*, in which he most ingeniously, but very sophistically, uses in support of the papacy an elaborate argument, drawn from the good which an overruling Providence has accomplished, by the very usurpations and tyrannies of the Roman See. As if this were not enough, however, he closes his life and labours with another work, the *Soirées de St Petersbourg*, in which, with bewitching eloquence, he expends all his powers of varied learning, and pointed sarcasm, and splendid sophistry, upon questions which have but the one point of turning everything to the account of his grand theory of church and state. Thus, from first to last, he identifies his political and moral philosophy with religious dogmas essentially ruinous to liberty, and which, during three centuries, have wasted every kingdom in which they have gained ascendancy. To the direct purpose of uprooting the little that remained of Gallicanism, he devoted a treatise, which accompanies his work *Du Pape*, and of which the first book is entitled, *De l'Esprit d'opposition nourri en France contre le Saint-Siège*. Its points may be stated in a simple sentence from the works of his coadjutor, Frederick Schlegel, who, in a few words, gives the theory which has been the great mistake of the Reaction. "The disguised half-schism of the Gallican church," says he,—"*not less fatal in its historical effects than the open schism of the Greeks*—has contributed very materially towards the decline of religion in France, down to the period of the Restoration."* He illustrates it by the disputes of Louis XIV. with the court of Rome, but forgets to say anything of his extermination of the Huguenots. In one sense, however, he is right. It was precisely the half-schism to which the mischief is attributable. This half-way work it was that enabled Louis XIV. to assert the Gallican theory against a semi-Protestant pope, for the very purpose of fostering genuine Ultramontanism and favouring the Jesuits; while under another pontiff he could repudiate Gallican-

ism, and force the clergy to retract what he had forced them to adopt! The schism of England was doubtless "an open schism," in the opinion of Schlegel, and if so, it should have been followed, on his theory, by worse effects; but Schlegel lives too long after the days of Bossuet to bring her example into view. The natural appeal would have been to that example, as its history is cotemporary; but he adroitly diverts attention from so instructive a parallel, and cunningly drags in "the open schism of the Greeks!" Thus, against a bristling front of facts, he drives his theory that France has not been Romish enough, and lends all his energies to render her less Gallican and more Tridentine. Were he now alive, he might see reason to amend his doctrine in the condition of Rome itself! But the condition of France is quite as conclusive. Since the Restoration, the French Church has been growing more and more Ultramontane, and the people are worse and worse. Gallicanism is extinct, but results are all against the Reactionary theory. France has no more a la Vendée; there will be no more Chouans; the present Church is incapable of reviving such things. It makes the infidels. I know there is less show of rampant atheism just now than formerly; but if there is less of paroxysm, there is less of life. France dies of a chronic atheism. The Abbé Bonnetat, writing in 1845 on *The Religious and Moral Wants of the French Population*, expresses nothing but contempt for the alleged improvement in religious feeling. According to him, almost a tenth of the male population, in any given district, not only do not believe in God, but glory in their unbelief. Half of all the rest make no secret of their infidelity as to the immortality of the soul; and their wives are equally sceptical, to the curse of their children's children! "The residue believe," says the Abbé, "only in the sense of not denying. They affirm nothing, but, as compared with the others, they lack the science of misbelief." To go on with his melancholy picture, the divine and salutary

* *Philosophy of History.*

institution of the Lord's day no longer effects its purpose. In towns, the working classes and tradespeople scarcely ever enter the churches. In the rural districts, a tenth of the people never go to church at all; and of the rest, one half may hear a mass on the five great festivals, while the other half, though more frequent in attendance, are very irregular. One Sunday they perform the duty perfunctorily; the next they work in the fields; the next they stay at home, amuse themselves, and forget religion as part of "dull care." The young folk, in many places, receive their first and last communion at twelve or fourteen, and that is the end of their conformity. A worse feature yet in the domestic manners, resulting from this state of religion, is the fact that girls and boys are brought up very much in the same way, and are thrown promiscuously together, spending their evenings where they choose. Parents have ceased to ask their children—*Why were you not at church? Were you at vespers? Were you at mass?* and in fact are the first to corrupt their offspring, by their brutal irreligion, and coarse language, and shameless behaviour.*

Such is the moral picture of France. The Abbé has brightened his mass of shadow with here and there a reflection of light, but there is no mistaking his work for a Claude Lorraine. France is in a moral eclipse, and her portrait presents, of necessity, the *chiaro scuro* of a Rembrandt. One needs no more than these confessions of a French ecclesiastic to account for her false and fickle notions of liberty, and for her interminable *émeutes* and revolutions. Yet if Quinet has not wholly invented his assertions, the Conservatism of France is pledged to prescribe as remedies the same old poison from which the disease results. It would take the Christianity of the nation, at its last gasp, and dose it anew with Ultramontanism. They have adopted the sound principle, that Christianity moulds a people to enlightened notions of liberty, but they

seem not to know that it does this by acting directly upon the conscience; and hence their political system is spoiled by their fatal substitution, for pure Christianity, of that spurious religion whose great defect is precisely this, that it does not undertake to cleanse and cure the conscience, but only to subject it, mechanically, to irrational authority. Montesquieu, in asserting the importance of Christianity, without question failed to detect this essential defect in Popery, but he instinctively taught his countrymen, by memorable example, to eschew Ultramontanism. In the closing scene of a life which, with all its blemishes, was a great life, and, in comparison with his times, a good one, he accepted with reverence the ministrations of his parish priest, but repulsed from his deathbed, with aversion and disgust, the officious and intrusive Jesuits.† De Maistre is more devout than Montesquieu, but he is less jealous of liberty, and his ideas of "what a people ought to will" are limited, if not illiberal. His more moderate ally, Ballanche, has not unjustly characterised him as "not, like Providence, merciful, but, like destiny, inexorable." It is impossible that a Conservatism, of which such is the sovereign genius, should achieve anything for the restoration of such a country as France. I have, indeed, predicted the restoration of the Bourbons, according to de Maistre's principles, by the sheer tenacity of life which belongs to a hereditary claim, and by which it outlasts all other pretensions. But I cannot think that either he or his disciples have done much to bring it about; and still less do I imagine that their system, as a system, can give permanence to the monarchy or prosperity to the state. On the contrary, let Mons. Berryer, or the Comte de Montalembert, attempt the settlement of the kingdom on the theory of the *réactionnaires*, and they will speedily bring it to that full stop which Heaven at last adjudges to princes as well as to people, "who show themselves untutored by

* *De l'Etat et des besoins Religieux et Moraux des Populations en France*: par M. l'Abbé J. BONNETAT. Paris. 1845.

† See *Blackwood*, October 1845.

calamity, and rebels to experience." They will, at best, prolong the era of revolutions to some indefinite epoch of futurity, and consign the nation to a fever, which will return periodically, like a tertian, and wear it out by shakings.

It will be well, then, if the imperial farce that must precede "the legitimate drama" shall prove somewhat protracted. The Legitimists, meantime, may become convinced of the blunder of the Reaction, and resolve upon a wiser and more sound conservatism. De Maistre hazards some predictions in his works, on which he stakes the soundness of his theories, and for which he challenges derision and contempt to his doctrines, if they fail. The position of *Pio Nono*, from the very outset of his career, has stultified those theories already; and if he remains permanently where he now is, it will be to good-breeding alone that de Maistre will owe his preservation from the contempt he has invoked, by staking his reputation on the conservative character of that very court of Rome, from which the democratic wildfire, that has inflamed all Europe, has proceeded! In any conceivable settlement of the Roman States, the Pontiff will hardly be to Europe what he has been during the former years of this century; and if he is to sink to a mere patriarchal primate, the grand dream of ultramontanism is dissipated.* It is to be hoped, then, that the restoration may be deferred till the Legitimists have been effectually taught the grand fallacy of ultramontane conservatism; and that Henry V. will ascend the throne, cured of the hereditary plague of his immediate ancestors, and willing to revert, for his example, to his great name-

sake, Henri Quatre. He will need another Sully to restore France to a sound mind. His cause demands a minister who will not trust it to the tide of impulse on which it will come in, but who will labour with prudence and with foresight, to gain an anchorage before the ebb. Give but a minister to the restoration capable of that kind of patient and practical forecast, which sent Peter to the dock-yards; and let him begin with the parochial schools, to mould a new race of Frenchmen under the influences of true religion; and let him have the seventeen years which Louis Philippe wasted on steam-ships and bastions, and Montpensier marriages; and then, if it be "men that constitute a state," there is yet a future of hope for France. And forgive me for adding, Basil, that if England shall reverse this policy, and make the national schools the sources of disaffection to the national religion—then may she expect to see her Oxford and Cambridge degraded to such seats of sedition as "the College of France," and their ingenuous youth converted from gownsmen into blouse-men, under such *savans* as Quinet. Remember, too, in connexion with what I have written, that Ireland is the most ultramontane of all nations under heaven, and you will be able to estimate the value of government measures for its relief! May God open the eyes of all who seek the prosperity of the British empire to the primary importance of a wholesome national religion, retaining its hold on the national heart, and moulding the national conscience to the grand political wisdom of the proverb—"My son, fear the Lord and the king, and meddle not with them that are given to change." Yours,

ERNEST.

* "Le Souverain Pontife est la base nécessaire, unique, et exclusive du Christianisme. . . . Si les événements contrarient ce que j'avance, j'appelle sur ma mémoire le mépris et les risées de la postérité."—*Du Pape*, chap. v. p. 268.

MADAME D'ARBOUVILLE'S "VILLAGE DOCTOR."

THE readers of *Blackwood* can hardly have forgotten a charming French tale, of which an abridged translation appeared, under the title of "*An Unpublished French Novel*," in the number of the Magazine for December 1847. In the brief notice prefixed to it, we mentioned the existence of a companion story by the same authoress, which had obtained wider circulation than its fellow, through arbitrary transfer to the pages of a French periodical; and which, on that account, although of more convenient length than the *Histoire Hollandaise*, we abstained from reproducing. Having thus drawn attention to one of the most pleasing tales we in any language are acquainted with, we fully expected speedily to meet with it in an English version. Not having done so, our vivid recollection of the great merits of "*Le Médecin du Village*" now induces us to revoke our first decision—the more readily that we have repeatedly been solicited to give the English public an opportunity of appreciating a tale unprocureable in the form in which it was originally printed, and which few persons in this country are likely to have read in the *Revue des Deux Mondes*. The exquisite delineation of the erring, but meekly penitent Anunciata, and of the long-suffering and enthusiastically pious Christine, may well inspire a wish to become acquainted with other productions of the same delicate and graceful pen. The simple story of the *Village Doctor* will not disappoint expectation. We ourselves, deeply sensible of the fascinations of the Countess d'Arbouville's style, consider it her happiest effort; and although we once hinted a doubt of the probability of its crowning incident, we forget to play the critic when under the influence of her touching pathos and delightful diction. In our present capacity of translators we feel but too strongly the impossibility of rendering the artless elegance of her style, which flows on, smooth, fresh, and sparkling, like a summer streamlet over golden sands. And, with all her apparent simplicity, Madame d'Arbouville is a cunning artist, playing with skilful hand upon the chords of the heart, which vibrate at her lightest touch. The effects she produces are the more striking because seemingly unsought. But her merits will be better exhibited by this second specimen of her writings than by any praise we could lavish; and we therefore proceed, without further preamble, to the narrative of Eva Meredith's sorrows, as given by her humble friend,

THE VILLAGE DOCTOR.

"What is that?" exclaimed several persons assembled in the dining-room of the château of Bury.

The Countess of Moncar had just inherited, from a distant and slightly regretted relation, an ancient château which she had never seen, although it was at barely fifteen leagues from her habitual summer residence. One of the most elegant, and almost one of the prettiest women in Paris, Madame de Moncar was but moderately attached to the country. Quitting the capital at the end of June, to return thither early in October, she usually took with her some of the companions of her winter gales, and a few young men, selected amongst her most assiduous partners. Madame de Moncar

was married to a man much older than herself, who did not always protect her by his presence. Without abusing the great liberty she enjoyed, she was gracefully coquettish, elegantly frivolous, pleased with trifles—with a compliment, an amiable word, an hour's triumph—loving a ball for the pleasure of adorning herself, fond of admiration, and not sorry to inspire love. When some grave old aunt ventured a sage remonstrance—"Mon Dieu!" she replied; "do let me laugh and take life gaily. It is far less dangerous than to listen in solitude to the beating of one's heart. For my part, I do not know if I even have a heart!" She spoke the truth, and really was uncertain upon that point. Desirous to remain so, she

thought it prudent to leave herself no time for reflection.

One fine morning in September, the countess and her guests set out for the unknown château, intending to pass the day there. A cross road, reputed practicable, was to reduce the journey to twelve leagues. The cross road proved execrable: the travellers lost their way in the forest; a carriage broke down; in short, it was not till mid-day that the party, much fatigued, and but moderately gratified by the picturesque beauties of the scenery, reached the château of Burcy, whose aspect was scarcely such as to console them for the annoyances of the journey. It was a large sombre building with dingy walls. In its front a garden, then out of cultivation, descended from terrace to terrace; for the château, built upon the slope of a wooded hill, had no level ground in its vicinity. On all sides it was hemmed in by mountains, the trees upon which sprang up amidst rocks, and had a dark and gloomy foliage that saddened the eyesight. Man's neglect added to the natural wild disorder of the scene. Madame de Moncar stood motionless and disconcerted upon the threshold of her newly-acquired mansion.

"This is very unlike a party of pleasure," said she; "I could weep at sight of this dismal abode. Nevertheless here are noble trees, lofty rocks, a roaring cataract; doubtless, there is a certain beauty in all that; but it is of too grave an order for my humour," added she with a smile. "Let us go in and view the interior."

The hungry guests, eager to see if the cook, who had been sent forward upon the previous day, as an advanced guard, had safely arrived, willingly assented. Having obtained the agreeable certainty that an abundant breakfast would soon be upon the table, they rambled through the château. The old-fashioned furniture with tattered coverings, the arm-chairs with three legs, the tottering tables, the discordant sounds of a piano, which for a good score of years had not felt a finger, afforded abundant food for jest and merriment. Gaiety returned. Instead of grumbling at the inconveniences of this uncomfort-

able mansion, it was agreed to laugh at everything. Moreover, for these young and idle persons, the expedition was a sort of event, an almost perilous campaign, whose originality appealed to the imagination. A fagot was lighted beneath the wide chimney of the drawing-room; but clouds of smoke were the result, and the company took refuge in the pleasure grounds. The aspect of the gardens was strange enough; the stone-benches were covered with moss, the walls of the terraces, crumbling in many places, left space between their ill-joined stones for the growth of numerous wild plants, which sprang out erect and lofty, or trailed with flexible grace towards the earth. The walks were overgrown and obliterated by grass; the parterres, reserved for garden flowers, were invaded by wild ones, which grow wherever the heavens afford a drop of water and a ray of sun; the insipid bearbine enveloped and stifled in its envious embrace the beautiful rose of Provence; the blackberry mingled its acrid fruits with the red clusters of the currant-bush; ferns, wild mint with its faint perfume, thistles with their thorny crowns, grew beside a few forgotten lilies. When the company entered the enclosure, numbers of the smaller animals, alarmed at the unaccustomed intrusion, darted into the long grass, and the startled birds flew chirping from branch to branch. Silence, for many years the undisturbed tenant of this peaceful spot, fled at the sound of human voices and of joyous laughter. The solitude was appreciated by none—none grew pensive under its influence; it was recklessly broken and profaned. The conversation ran upon the gay evenings of the past season, and was interspersed with amiable allusions, expressive looks, covert compliments, with all the thousand nothings, in short, resorted to by persons desirous to please each other, but who have not yet acquired the right to be serious.

The steward, after long search for a breakfast-bell along the dilapidated walls of the château, at last made up his mind to shout from the steps that the meal was ready—the half-smile with which he accompanied the announcement, proving that, like his

bettors, he resigned himself for one day to a deviation from his habits of etiquette and propriety. Soon a merry party surrounded the board. The gloom of the château, its desert site and uncheery aspect, were all forgotten; the conversation was general and well sustained; the health of the lady of the castle—the fairy whose presence converted the crazy old edifice into an enchanted palace, was drunk by all present. Suddenly all eyes were turned to the windows of the dining-room.

"What is that?" exclaimed several of the guests.

A small carriage of green wicker-work, with great wheels as high as the body of the vehicle, passed before the windows, and stopped at the door. It was drawn by a gray horse, short and punchy, whose eyes seemed in danger from the shafts, which, from their point of junction with the carriage, sloped obliquely upwards. The hood of the little cabriolet was brought forward, concealing its contents, with the exception of two arms covered with the sleeves of a blue *blouse*, and of a whip which fluttered about the ears of the gray horse.

"*Mon Dieu!*" exclaimed Madame de Moncar, "I forgot to tell you I was obliged to invite the village doctor to our breakfast. The old man was formerly of some service to my uncle's family, and I have seen him once or twice. Be not alarmed at the addition to our party: he is very taciturn. After a few civil words, we may forget his presence; besides, I do not suppose he will remain very long."

At this moment the dining-room door opened, and Dr Barnaby entered. He was a little old man, feeble and insignificant-looking, of calm and gentle countenance. His gray hairs were collected into a cue, according to a bygone fashion; a dash of powder whitened his temples, and extended to his furrowed brow. He wore a black coat, and steel buckles to his breeches. Over one arm hung a riding-coat of puce-coloured taffety. In the opposite hand he carried his hat and a thick cane. His whole appearance proved that he had taken unusual pains with his toilet; but his black stockings and coat were stained with

mud, as if the poor old man had fallen into a ditch. He paused at the door, astonished at the presence of so many persons. For an instant, a tinge of embarrassment appeared upon his face; but recovering himself, he silently saluted the company. The strange manner of his entrance gave the guests a violent inclination to laugh, which they repressed more or less successfully. Madame de Moncar alone, in her character of mistress of the house, and incapable of failing in politeness, perfectly preserved her gravity.

"Dear me, doctor! have you had an overturn?" was her first inquiry.

Before replying, Dr Barnaby glanced at all these young people in the midst of whom he found himself, and, simple and artless though his physiognomy was, he could not but guess the cause of their hilarity. He replied quietly:

"I have not been overturned. A poor carter fell under the wheels of his vehicle; I was passing, and I helped him up." And the doctor took possession of a chair left vacant for him at the table. Unfolding his napkin, he passed a corner through the buttonhole of his coat, and spread out the rest over his waistcoat and knees. At these preparations, smiles hovered upon the lips of many of the guests, and a whisper or two broke the silence; but this time the doctor did not raise his eyes. Perhaps he observed nothing.

"Is there much sickness in the village?" inquired Madame de Moncar, whilst they were helping the new comer.

"Yes, madam, a good deal."

"This is an unhealthy neighbourhood?"

"No, madam."

"But the sickness. What causes it?"

"The heat of the sun in harvest time, and the cold and wet of winter."

One of the guests, affecting great gravity, joined in the conversation.

"So that in this healthy district, sir, people are ill all the year round?"

The doctor raised his little gray eyes to the speaker's face, looked at him, hesitated, and seemed either to check or to seek a reply. Madame de Moncar kindly came to his relief.

"I know," she said, "that you are

here the guardian genius of all who suffer."

"Oh, you are too good," replied the old man, apparently much engrossed with the slice of pastry upon his plate. Then the gay party left Dr Barnaby to himself, and the conversation flowed in its previous channel. If any notice was taken of the peaceable old man, it was in the form of some slight sarcasm, which, mingled with other discourse, would pass, it was thought, unperceived by its object. Not that these young men and women were generally otherwise than polite and kind-hearted; but upon that day the journey, the breakfast, the merriment and slight excitement that had attended all the events of the morning, had brought on a sort of heedless gaiety and communicative mockery, which rendered them pitiless to the victim whom chance had thrown in their way. The doctor continued quietly to eat, without looking up, or uttering a word, or seeming to hear one; they voted him deaf and dumb, and he was no restraint upon the conversation.

When the guests rose from table, Dr Barnaby took a step or two backwards, and allowed each man to select the lady he wished to take into the drawing-room. One of Madame de Moncar's friends remaining without a cavalier, the village doctor timidly advanced, and offered her his hand—not his arm. His fingers scarcely touched hers as he proceeded, his body slightly bent in sign of respect, with measured steps towards the drawing-room. Fresh smiles greeted his entrance, but not a cloud appeared upon the placid countenance of the old man, who was now voted blind, as well as deaf and dumb. Quitting his companion, Dr Barnaby selected the smallest, humblest-looking chair in the room, placed it in a corner, at some distance from everybody else, put his stick between his knees, crossed his hands upon the knob, and rested his chin upon his hands. In this meditative attitude he remained silent, and from time to time his eyes closed, as if a gentle slumber, which he neither invoked nor repelled, were stealing over him.

"Madame de Moncar!" cried one of the guests, "I presume it is not your intention to inhabit this ruin in a desert?"

"Certainly I have no such project. But here are lofty trees and wild woods. M. de Moncar may very likely be tempted to pass a few weeks here in the shooting season."

"In that case you must pull down and rebuild; clear, alter, and improve!"

"Let us make a plan!" cried the young countess. "Let us mark out the future garden of my domains."

It was decreed that this party of pleasure should be unsuccessful. At that moment a heavy cloud burst, and a close fine rain began to fall. Impossible to leave the house.

"How very vexatious!" cried Madame de Moncar. "What shall we do with ourselves? The horses require several hours' rest. It will evidently be a wet afternoon. For a week to come, the grass, which overgrows everything, will not be dry enough to walk upon; all the strings of the piano are broken; there is not a book within ten leagues. This room is wretchedly dismal. What can we do with ourselves?"

The party, lately so joyous, was gradually losing its gaiety. The blithe laugh and arch whisper were succeeded by dull silence. The guests sauntered to the windows and examined the sky, but the sky remained dark and cloud-laden. Their hopes of a walk were completely blighted. They established themselves as comfortably as they could upon the old chairs and settees, and tried to revive the conversation; but there are thoughts which, like flowers, require a little sun, and which will not flourish under a bleak sky. All these young heads appeared to droop, oppressed by the storm, like the poplars in the garden, which bowed their tops at the will of the wind. A tedious hour dragged by.

The lady of the castle, a little disheartened by the failure of her party of pleasure, leaned languidly upon a window-sill, and gazed vaguely at the prospect without.

"There," said she — "yonder, upon the hill, is a white cottage that must come down: it hides the view."

"The white cottage!" cried the doctor. For upwards of an hour Dr Barnaby had been mute and motion-

less upon his chair. Mirth and weariness, sun and rain, had succeeded each other without eliciting a syllable from his lips. His presence was forgotten by everybody: every eye turned quickly upon him when he uttered these three words—"The white cottage!"

"What interest do you take in it, doctor?" asked the countess.

"*Mon Dieu, madame!* Pray forget that I spoke. The cottage will come down, undoubtedly, since such is your good pleasure."

"But why should you regret the old shed?"

"I—*Mon Dieu!* it was inhabited by persons I loved—and—"

"And they think of returning to it, doctor?"

"They are long since dead, madam; they died when I was young!" And the old man gazed mournfully at the white cottage, which rose amongst the trees upon the hill-side, like a daisy in a green field. There was a brief silence.

"Madam," said one of the guests in a low voice to Madame de Moncar, "there is mystery here. Observe the melancholy of our Esculapius. Some pathetic drama has been enacted in yonder house; a tale of love, perhaps. Ask the doctor to tell it us."

"Yes, yes!" was murmured on all sides, "a tale, a story! And should it prove of little interest, at any rate the narrator will divert us."

"Not so, gentlemen," replied Madame de Moncar, in the same suppressed voice. "If I ask Dr Barnaby to tell us the history of the white cottage, it is on the express condition that no one laughs." All having promised to be serious and well-behaved, Madame de Moncar approached the old man. "Doctor," said she, seating herself beside him, "that house, I plainly see, is connected with some reminiscences of former days, stored precious in your memory. Will you tell it us? I should be grieved to cause you a regret which it is in my power to spare you; the house shall remain, if you tell me why you love it."

Dr Barnaby seemed surprised, and remained silent. The countess drew still nearer to him. "Dear doctor!" said she, "see what wretched weather; how dreary everything looks. You

are the senior of us all; tell us a tale. Make us forget rain, and fog, and cold."

Dr Barnaby looked at the countess with great astonishment.

"There is no tale," he said. "What occurred in the cottage is very simple, and has no interest but for me, who loved the young people: strangers would not call it a tale. And I am unaccustomed to speak before many listeners. Besides, what I should tell you is sad, and you came to amuse yourselves." And again the doctor rested his chin upon his stick.

"Dear doctor," resumed the countess, "the white cottage shall stand, if you say why you love it."

The old man appeared somewhat moved; he crossed and uncrossed his legs; took out his snuff-box, returned it to his pocket without opening it; then, looking at the countess—"You will not pull it down?" he said, indicating with his thin and tremulous hand the habitation visible at the horizon.

"I promise you I will not."

"Well, so be it; I will do that much for them; I will save the house in which they were happy."

"Ladies," continued the old man, "I am but a poor speaker; but I believe that even the least eloquent succeeded in making themselves understood when they tell what they have seen. This story, I warn you beforehand, is not gay. To dance and to sing, people send for a musician; they call in the physician when they suffer, and are near to death."

A circle was formed round Dr Barnaby, who, his hands still crossed upon his cane, quietly commenced the following narrative, to an audience prepared beforehand to smile at his discourse.

"It was a long time ago, when I was young—for I, too, have been young! Youth is a fortune that belongs to all the world—to the poor as well as to the rich—but which abides with none. I had just passed my examination; I had taken my physician's degree, and I returned to my village to exercise my wonderful talents, well convinced that, thanks to me, men would now cease to die.

My village is not far from here. From the little window of my room, I beheld yonder white house upon

the opposite side to that you now discern. You certainly would not find my village handsome. In my eyes, it was superb; I was born there, and I loved it. We all see with our own eyes the things we love. God suffers us to be sometimes a little blind; for He well knows that in this lower world a clear sight is not always profitable. To me, then, this neighbourhood appeared smiling and pleasant, and I lived happily. The white cottage alone, each morning when I opened my shutters, impressed me disagreeably: it was always closed, still and sad like a forsaken thing. Never had I seen its windows open and shut, or its door ajar; never had I known its inhospitable garden-gate give passage to human being. Your uncle, madam, who had no occasion for a cottage so near his chateau, sought to let it; but the rent was rather higher than anybody here was rich enough to give. It remained empty, therefore, whilst in the hamlet every window exhibited two or three children's faces peering through the branches of gilliflower at the first noise in the street. But one morning, on getting up, I was quite astonished to see a long ladder resting against the cottage wall; a painter was painting the window-shutters green, whilst a maid-servant polished the panes, and a gardener hoed the flower-beds.

"All the better," said I to myself; "a good roof like that, which covers no one, is so much lost."

From day to day the house improved in appearance. Pots of flowers veiled the nudity of the walls; the parterres were planted, the walks weeded and gravelled, and muslin curtains, white as snow, shone in the sun-rays. One day a post-chaise rattled through the village, and drove up to the little house. Who were the strangers? None knew, and all desired to learn. For a long time nothing transpired without of what passed within the dwelling. The rose-trees bloomed, and the fresh-laid lawn grew verdant; still nothing was known. Many were the commentaries upon the mystery. They were adventurers concealing themselves—they were a young man and his mistress—in short, everything was guessed except

the truth. The truth is so simple, that one does not always think of it; once the mind is in movement, it seeks to the right and to the left, and often forgets to look straight before it. The mystery gave me little concern. No matter who is there, thought I; they are human, therefore they will not be long without suffering, and then they will send for me. I waited patiently.

At last one morning a messenger came from Mr William Meredith, to request me to call upon him. I put on my best coat, and, endeavouring to assume a gravity suitable to my profession, I traversed the village, not without some little pride at my importance. That day many envied me. The villagers stood at their doors to see me pass. "He is going to the white cottage!" they said; whilst I, avoiding all appearance of haste and vulgar curiosity, walked deliberately, nodding to my peasant neighbours. "Good-day, my friends," I said; "I will see you by-and-by; this morning I am busy." And thus I reached the hill-side.

On entering the sitting-room of the mysterious house, the scene I beheld rejoiced my eyesight. Everything was so simple and elegant. Flowers, the chief ornament of the apartment, were so tastefully arranged, that gold would not better have embellished the modest interior. White muslin was at the windows, white calico on the chairs—that was all; but there were roses and jessamine, and flowers of all kinds, as in a garden. The light was softened by the curtains, the atmosphere was fragrant; and a young girl or woman, fair and fresh as all that surrounded her, reclined upon a sofa, and welcomed me with a smile. A handsome young man, seated near her upon an ottoman, rose when the servant announced Dr Barnaby.

"Sir," said he, with a strong foreign accent, "I have heard so much of your skill that I expected to see an old man."

"I have studied diligently, sir," I replied. "I am deeply impressed with the importance and responsibility of my calling: you may confide in me."

"'Tis well," he said. "I recommend my wife to your best care. Her present state demands advice and precaution. She was born in a distant

land: for my sake she has quitted family and friends. I can bring but my affection to her aid, for I am without experience. I reckon upon you, sir. If possible, preserve her from all suffering."

As he spoke, the young man fixed upon his wife a look so full of love, that the large blue eyes of the beautiful foreigner glistened with tears of gratitude. She dropped the tiny cap she was embroidering, and her two hands clasped the hand of her husband. I looked at them, and I ought to have found their lot enviable, but, somehow or other, the contrary was the case. I felt sad; I could not tell why. I had often seen persons weep, of whom I said—They are happy! I saw William Meredith and his wife smile, and I could not help thinking they had much sorrow. I seated myself near my charming patient. Never have I seen anything so lovely as that sweet face, shaded by long ringlets of fair hair.

"What is your age, madam?"

"Seventeen."

"Is the climate of your native country very different from ours?"

"I was born in America—at New Orleans. Oh! the sun is far brighter than here."

Doubtless she feared she had uttered a regret, for she added—

"But every country is beautiful when one is in one's husband's house, with him, and awaiting his child!"

Her gaze sought that of William Meredith; then, in a tongue I did not understand, she spoke a few words which sounded so soft that they must have been words of love.

After a short visit I took my leave, promising to return. I did return, and, at the end of two months, I was almost the friend of this young couple. Mr and Mrs Meredith were not selfish in their happiness; they found time to think of others. They saw that to the poor village doctor, whose sole society was that of peasants, those days were festivals upon which he passed an hour in hearing the language of cities. They encouraged me to frequent them—talked to me of their travels, and soon, with the prompt confidence characterising youth, they told me their story. It was the girl-wife who spoke:—

"Doctor," she said, "yonder, beyond the seas, I have father, sisters, family, friends, whom I long loved, until the day when I loved William. But then I shut my heart to those who repulsed my lover. William's father forbade him to wed me, because he was too noble for the daughter of an American planter. My father forbade me to love William, because he was too proud to give his daughter to a man whose family refused her a welcome. They tried to separate us; but we loved each other. Long did we weep and supplicate, and implore the pity of those to whom we owed obedience; they remained inflexible, and we loved! Doctor, did you ever love? I would you had, that you might be indulgent to us. We were secretly married, and we fled to France. Oh how beautiful the ocean appeared in those early days of our affection! The sea was hospitable to the fugitives. Wanderers upon the waves, we passed happy days in the shadow of our vessel's sails, anticipating pardon from our friends, and dreaming a bright future. Alas! we were too sanguine. They pursued us; and, upon pretext of some irregularity of form in our clandestine marriage, William's family cruelly thought to separate us. We found concealment in the midst of these mountains and forests. Under a name which is not ours we live unknown. My father has not forgiven—he has cursed me! That is the reason, doctor, why I cannot always smile, even with my dear William by my side."

How those two loved each other! Never have I seen a being more completely wrapped up in another than was Eva Meredith in her husband! Whatever her occupation, she always so placed herself, that, on raising her eyes, she had William before them. She never read but in the book he was reading. Her head against his shoulder, her eyes followed the lines on which William's eyes were fixed; she wished the same thoughts to strike them at the same moment; and, when I crossed the garden to reach their door, I smiled always to see upon the gravel the trace of Eva's little foot close to the mark of William's boot. What a difference between the deserted old house you see yonder, and

the pretty dwelling of my young friends! What sweet flowers covered the walls! What bright nosegays decked the tables! How many charming books were there, full of tales of love that resembled their love! How gay the birds that sang around them! How good it was to live there, and to be loved a little by those who loved each other so much! But those are right who say that happy days are not long upon this earth, and that, in respect of happiness, God gives but a little at a time.

One morning Eva Meredith appeared to suffer. I questioned her with all the interest I felt for her. She answered me abruptly.

"Do not feel my pulse, doctor," she said; "it is my heart that beats too quick. Think me childish if you will, but I am sad this morning. William is going away. He is going to the town beyond the mountain, to receive money."

"And when will he return?" inquired I, gently.

She smiled, almost blushed, and then, with a look that seemed to say, Do not laugh at me, she replied, "*This evening!*"

Notwithstanding her imploring glance, I could not repress a smile. Just then a servant brought Mr Meredith's horse to the door. Eva rose from her seat, went out into the garden, approached the horse, and, whilst stroking his mane, bowed her head upon the animal's neck, perhaps to conceal the tear that fell from her eyes. William came out, threw himself lightly into the saddle, and gently raised his wife's head.

"Silly girl!" said he, with love in his eyes and voice. And he kissed her brow.

"William, we have never yet been so many hours apart!"

Mr Meredith stooped his head towards that of Eva, and imprinted a second kiss upon her beautiful golden hair; then he touched his horse's flank with the spur, and set off at a gallop. I am convinced that he, too, was a little moved. Nothing is so contagious as the weakness of those we love; tears summon tears, and it is no very laudable courage that keeps our eyes dry by the side of a weeping friend. I turned my steps homeward,

and, once more in my cottage, I set myself to meditate on the happiness of loving. I asked myself if an Eva would ever cheer my poor dwelling. I did not think of examining whether I were worthy to be loved. When we behold two beings thus devoted to each other, we easily discern that it is not for good and various reasons that they love so well; they love because it is necessary, inevitable; they love on account of their own hearts, not of those of others. Well, I thought how I might seek and find a heart that had need to love, just as, in my morning walks, I might have thought to meet, by the road-side, some flower of sweet perfume. Thus did I muse, although it is perhaps a wrong feeling which makes us, at sight of others' bliss, deplore the happiness we do not ourselves possess. Is not a little envy there? and if joy could be stolen like gold, should we not then be near a larceny?

The day passed, and I had just completed my frugal supper, when I received a message from Mrs Meredith, begging me to visit her. In five minutes I was at the door of the white cottage. I found Eva, still alone, seated on a sofa, without work or book, pale and trembling. "Come, doctor, come," said she, in her soft voice; "I can remain alone no longer; see how late it is!—he should have been home two hours ago, and has not yet returned!"

I was surprised at Mr Meredith's prolonged absence; but, to comfort his wife, I replied quietly, "How can we tell the time necessary to transact his business? They may have made him wait; the notary was perhaps absent. There were papers to draw up and sign."

"Ah, doctor, I was sure you would find words of consolation! I needed to hear some one tell me that it is foolish to tremble thus! Gracious heaven, how long the day has been! Doctor, are there really persons who live alone? Do they not die immediately, as if robbed of half the atmosphere essential to life? But there is eight o'clock!" Eight o'clock was indeed striking. I could not imagine why William was not back. At all hazards I said to Mrs Meredith, "Madam, the sun is hardly set; it is

still daylight, and the evening is beautiful; come and visit your flowers. If we walk down the road, we shall doubtless meet your husband."

She took my arm, and we walked towards the gate of the little garden. I endeavoured to turn her attention to surrounding objects. At first she replied, as a child obeys. But I felt that her thoughts went not with her words. Her anxious gaze was fixed upon the little green gate, which had remained open since William's departure. Leaning upon the paling, she suffered me to talk on, smiling from time to time, by way of thanks; for, as the evening wore away, she lacked courage to answer me. Gray tints succeeded the red sunset, foreshadowing the arrival of night. Gloom gathered around us. The road, hitherto visible like a white line winding through the forest, disappeared in the dark shade of the lofty trees, and the village clock struck nine. Eva started. I myself felt every stroke vibrate upon my heart. I pitied the poor woman's uneasiness.

"Remember, madam," I replied, (she had not spoken, but I answered the anxiety visible in her features,) "remember that Mr Meredith must return at a walk; the roads through the forest are not in a state to admit fast riding." I said this to encourage her; but the truth is, I knew not how to explain William's absence. Knowing the distance, I also knew that I could have gone twice to the town and back since his departure. The evening dew began to penetrate our clothes, and especially Eva's thin muslin dress. Again I drew her arm through mine and led her towards the house. She followed unresistingly; her gentle nature was submissive even in affliction. She walked slowly, her head bowed, her eyes fixed on the tracks left by the gallop of her husband's horse. How melancholy it was, that evening walk, still without William! In vain we listened: there reigned around us the profound stillness of a summer night in the country. How greatly does a feeling of uneasiness increase under such circumstances. We entered the house. Eva seated herself on the sofa, her hands clasped upon her knees, her head sunk upon her bosom.

There was a lamp on the chimney-piece, whose light fell full upon her face. I shall never forget its suffering expression. She was pale, very pale—her brow and cheeks exactly the same colour; her hair, relaxed by the night-damp, fell in disorder upon her shoulders. Tears filled her eyes, and the quivering of her colourless lips showed how violent was the effort by which she avoided shedding them. She was so young that her face resembled that of a child forbidden to cry.

I was greatly troubled, and knew not what to say or how to look. Suddenly I remembered (it was a doctor's thought) that Eva, engrossed by her uneasiness, had taken nothing since morning, and her situation rendered it imprudent to prolong this fast. At my first reference to the subject she raised her eyes to mine with a reproachful expression, and the motion of her eyelids caused two tears to flow down her cheeks.

"For your child's sake, madam," said I.

"Ah, you are right!" she murmured, and she passed into the dining-room; but there the little table was laid for two, and at that moment this trifle so saddened me as to deprive me of speech and motion. My increasing uneasiness rendered me quite awkward; I had not the wit to say what I did not think. The silence was prolonged; "and yet," said I to myself, "I am here to console her; she sent for me for that purpose. There must be fifty ways of explaining this delay—let me find one." I sought, and sought—and still I remained silent, inwardly cursing the poverty of invention of a poor village doctor. Eva, her head resting on her hand, forgot to eat. Suddenly she turned to me and burst out sobbing.

"Ah, doctor!" she exclaimed, "I see plainly that you too are uneasy."

"Not so, madam—indeed not so," replied I, speaking at random. "Why should I be uneasy? He has doubtless dined with the notary. The roads are safe, and no one knows that he went for money."

I had inadvertently revealed one of my secret causes of uneasiness. I knew that a band of foreign reapers had that morning passed through the

village, on their way to a neighbouring department.

Eva uttered a cry.

"Robbers! robbers!" she exclaimed. "I never thought of that danger."

"But, madam, I only mention it to tell you it does not exist."

"Oh! the thought struck you, doctor, because you thought the misfortune possible! William, my own William! why did you leave me?" cried she, weeping bitterly.

I was in despair at my blunder, and I felt my eyes fill with tears. My mistress gave me an idea.

"Mrs Meredith," I said, "I cannot see you torment yourself thus, and remain by your side unable to console you. I will go and seek your husband; I will follow at random one of the paths through the forest; I will search everywhere and shout his name, and go, if necessary, to the town itself."

"Oh, thanks, thanks, kind friend!" cried Eva Meredith, "take the gardener with you and the servant; search in all directions!"

We hurried back into the drawing-room, and Eva rang quickly and repeatedly. All the inhabitants of the cottage opened at the same time the different doors of the apartment. "Follow Dr Barnaby," cried Mrs Meredith.

At that moment a horse's gallop was distinctly heard upon the gravel of the garden. Eva uttered a cry of happiness that went home to every heart. Never shall I forget the divine expression of joy that illumined her face, still inundated with tears. She and I, we flew to the house-door. The moon, passing from behind a cloud, threw her full light upon a riderless and foam-covered horse, whose bridle dragged upon the ground, and whose dusty flanks were galled by the empty stirrups. A second cry, this time of intensest horror, burst from Eva's breast; then she turned towards me, her eyes fixed, her mouth half open, her arms hanging powerless.

The servants were in consternation.

"Get torches, my friends!" cried I, "and follow me! Madam, we shall soon return, I hope, and your husband with us. He has re-

ceived some slight hurt, a strained ankle, perhaps. Keep up your courage. We will soon be back."

"I go with you!" murmured Eva Meredith in a choking voice.

"Impossible!" I cried. "We must go fast, perhaps far, and in your state—it would be risking your life, and that of your child—"

"I go with you!" repeated Eva.

Then did I feel how cruel was this poor woman's isolation! Had a father, a mother been there, they would have ordered her to stay, they would have retained her by force; but she was alone upon the earth, and to all my hurried entreaties she still replied in a hollow voice: "I go with you!"

We set out. The moon was again darkened by dense clouds; there was light neither in the heavens nor on the earth. The uncertain radiance of our torches barely showed us the path. A servant went in front, lowering his torch to the right and to the left, to illumine the ditches and bushes bordering the road. Behind him Mrs Meredith, the gardener, and myself followed with our eyes the stream of light. From time to time we raised our voices and called Mr Meredith. After us a stifled sob murmured the name of William, as if a heart had reckoned on the instinct of love to hear its tears better than our shouts. We reached the forest. Rain began to fall, and the drops pattered upon the foliage with a mournful noise, as if everything around us wept. Eva's thin dress was soon soaked with the cold flood. The water streamed from her hair over her face. She bruised her feet against the stones of the road, and repeatedly stumbled and fell upon her knees; but she rose again with the energy of despair, and pushed forwards. It was agonising to behold her. I scarcely dared look at her, lest I should see her fall dead before my eyes. At last—we were moving in silence, fatigued and discouraged—Mrs Meredith pushed us suddenly aside, sprang forward and plunged into the bushes. We followed her, and, upon raising the torches—alas! she was on her knees beside the body of William, who was stretched motionless upon the ground,

his eyes glazed and his brow covered with blood which flowed from a wound in the left temple.

"Doctor?" said Eva to me. That one word expressed—"Does William live?"

I stooped and felt the pulse of William Meredith; I placed my hand on his heart and remained silent. Eva still gazed at me; but, when my silence was prolonged, I saw her bend, waver, and then, without word or cry, fall senseless upon her husband's corpse.

"But, ladies," said Dr Barnaby, turning to his audience, "the sun shines again; you can go out now. Let us leave this sad story where it is."

Madame de Moncar approached the old physician. "Doctor," said she, "I implore you to continue; only look at us, and you will not doubt the interest with which we listen."

There were no more smiles of mockery upon the young faces that surrounded the village doctor. In some of their eyes he might even distinguish the glistening of tears. He resumed his narrative.

"Mrs Meredith was carried home, and remained for several hours senseless upon her bed. I felt it at once a duty and a cruelty to use every effort to recall her to life. I dreaded the agonising scenes that would follow this state of immobility. I remained beside the poor woman, bathing her temples with fresh water, and awaiting with anxiety the sad and yet the happy moment of returning consciousness. I was mistaken in my anticipations, for I had never witnessed great grief. Eva half opened her eyes and immediately closed them again; no tear escaped from beneath their lids. She remained cold, motionless, silent; and, but for the heart which again throbbed beneath my hand, I should have deemed her dead. Sad is it to behold a sorrow which one feels is beyond consolation! Silence, I thought, seemed like a want of pity for this unfortunate creature: on the other hand, verbal condolence was a mockery of so mighty a grief. I had found no words to calm her uneasiness; could I hope to be more eloquent in the

hour of her great suffering? I took the safest course, that of profound silence. I will remain here, I thought, and minister to the physical sufferings, as is my duty; but I will be mute and passive, even as a faithful dog would lie down at her feet. My mind once made up, I felt calmer; I let her live a life which resembled death. After a few hours, however, I put a spoonful of a potion to her lips. Eva slowly averted her head. In a few moments I again offered her the drug.

"Drink, madam," I said, gently touching her lips with the spoon. They remained closed.

"Madam, your child!" I persisted, in a low voice.

Eva opened her eyes, raised herself with effort upon her elbow, swallowed the medicine, and fell back upon her pillow.

"I must wait," she murmured, "till another life is detached from mine!"

Thenceforward Mrs Meredith spoke no more, but she mechanically followed all my prescriptions. Stretched upon her bed of suffering, she seemed constantly to sleep; but at whatever moment I said to her, even in my lowest whisper, "Drink this," she instantly obeyed; thus proving to me that the soul kept its weary watch in that motionless body, without a single instant of oblivion and repose.

There were none beside myself to attend to the interment of William. Nothing positive was ever known as to the cause of his death. The sum he was to bring from the town was not found upon him; perhaps he had been robbed and murdered; perhaps the money, which was in notes, had fallen from his pocket when he was thrown from his horse, and, as it was some time before any thought of seeking it, the heavy rain and trampled mud might account for its disappearance. A fruitless investigation was made and soon dropped. I endeavoured to learn from Eva Meredith if her family, or that of her husband, should not be written to. I had difficulty in obtaining an answer. At last she gave me to understand that I had merely to inform their agent, who would do whatever was needful. I

hoped that, at least from England, some communication would arrive, decisive of this poor creature's future lot. But no; day followed day, and none seemed to know that the widow of William Meredith lived in utter isolation, in a poor French village. To endeavour to bring back Eva to the sense of her existence, I urged her to leave her bed. Upon the morrow I found her up, dressed in black; but she was the ghost of the beautiful Eva Meredith. Her hair was parted in bands upon her pale forehead, and she sat near a window, motionless as she had lain in bed.

I passed long silent evenings with her, a book in my hand for apparent occupation. Each day, on my arrival, I addressed to her a few words of sympathy. She replied by a thankful look; then we remained silent. I waited an opportunity to open a conversation; but my awkwardness and my respect for her grief prevented my finding one, or suffered it to escape when it occurred. Little by little I grew accustomed to this mute intercourse; and, besides, what could I have said to her? My chief object was to prevent her feeling quite alone in the world; and, obscure as was the prop remaining, it still was something. I went to see her merely that my presence might say, "I am here."

It was a singular epoch in my life, and had a great influence on my future existence. Had I not shown so much regret at the threatened destruction of the white cottage, I would hurry to the conclusion of this narrative. But you have insisted upon knowing why that building is hallowed to me, and I must tell you therefore what I have thought and felt beneath its humble roof. Forgive me, ladies, if my words are grave. It is good for youth to be sometimes a little saddened; it has so much time before it to laugh and to forget.

The son of a rich peasant, I was sent to Paris to complete my studies. During four years passed in that great city, I retained the awkwardness of my manners, the simplicity of my language, but I rapidly lost the ingenuousness of my sentiments. I returned to these mountains, almost learned, but almost incredulous in all those points of faith which enable a

man to pass his life contentedly beneath a thatched roof, in the society of his wife and children, without caring to look beyond the cross above the village cemetery.

Whilst contemplating the love of William and of Eva, I had reverted to my former simple peasant-nature. I began to dream of a virtuous, affectionate wife, diligent and frugal, embellishing my house by her care and order. I saw myself proud of the gentle severity of her features, revealing to all the chaste and faithful spouse. Very different were these reveries from those that haunted me at Paris after joyous evenings spent with my comrades. Suddenly, horrible calamity descended like a thunderbolt upon Eva Meredith. This time I was slower to appreciate the lesson I daily received. Eva sat constantly at the window, her sad gaze fixed upon the heavens. The attitude, common in persons of meditative mood, attracted my attention but little. Her persistence in it at last struck me. My book open upon my knees, I looked at Mrs Meredith; and well assured she would not detect my gaze, I examined her attentively. She still gazed at the sky—my eyes followed the direction of hers. "Ah," I said to myself with a half smile, "she thinks to rejoin him *there!*" Then I resumed my book, thinking how fortunate it was for the weakness of women that such thoughts came to the relief of their sorrows.

I have already told you that my student's life had put evil thoughts into my head. Every day, however, I saw Eva in the same attitude, and every day my reflections were recalled to the same subject. Little by little I came to think her dream a good one, and to regret I could not credit its reality. The soul, heaven, eternal life, all that the old priest had formerly taught me, glided through my imagination as I sat at eventide before the open window. "The doctrine of the old *curé*," I said to myself, "was more comforting than the cold realities science has revealed to me." Then I looked at Eva, who still looked to heaven, whilst the bells of the village church sounded sweetly in the distance, and the rays of the setting sun made the steeple-cross glitter against

the sky. I often returned to sit opposite the poor widow, persevering in her grief as in her holy hopes.

"What!" I thought, "can so much love address itself to a few particles of dust, already mingled with the mould; are all these sighs wasted on empty air? William departed in the freshness of his age, his affections yet vivid, his heart in its early bloom. She loved him but a year, one little year—and is all over for her? Above our heads is there nothing but void? Love—that sentiment so strong within us—is it but a flame placed in the obscure prison of our body, where it shines, burns, and is finally extinguished by the fall of the frail wall surrounding it? Is a little dust all that remains of our loves, and hopes, and passions—of all that moves, agitates, and exalts us?"

There was deep silence in the recesses of my soul. I had ceased to think. I was as if slumbering between what I no longer denied, and what I did not yet believe. At last, one night, when Eva joined her hands to pray, beneath the most beautiful starlit sky possible to behold, I know not how it was, but I found my hands also clasped, and my lips opened to murmur a prayer. Then, by a happy chance, and for the first time, Eva Meredith looked round, as if a secret instinct had whispered her that my soul harmonised with hers.

"Thanks," said she, holding out her hand, "keep him in your memory, and pray for him sometimes."

"Oh, madam!" I exclaimed, "may we all meet again in a better world, whether our lives have been long or short, happy or full of trial."

"The immortal soul of William looks down upon us!" she replied in a grave voice, whilst her gaze, at once sad and bright, reverted to the star-spangled heavens.

Since that evening, when performing the duties of my profession, I have often witnessed death; but never without speaking, to the sorrowing survivors, a few consoling words on a better life than this one; and those words were words of conviction.

At last, a month after these incidents, Eva Meredith gave birth to a son. When they brought her her child,—*"William!"* exclaimed the

poor widow; and tears, soothing tears too long denied to her grief, escaped in torrents from her eyes. The child bore that much-loved name of William, and a little cradle was placed close to the mother's bed. Then Eva's gaze, long directed to heaven, returned earthwards. She looked to her child now, as she had previously looked to her God. She bent over him to seek his father's features. Providence had permitted an exact resemblance between William and the son he was fated not to see. A great change occurred around us. Eva, who had consented to live until her child's existence was detached from hers, was now, I could plainly see, willing to live on, because she felt that this little being needed the protection of her love. She passed the days and evenings seated beside his cradle; and when I went to see her, oh! then she questioned me as to what she should do for him, she explained what he had suffered, and asked what could be done to save him from pain. For her child she feared the heat of a ray of sun, the chill of the lightest breeze. Bending over him, she shielded him with her body, and warmed him with her kisses. One day, I almost thought I saw her smile at him. But she never would sing, whilst rocking his cradle, to lull him to sleep; she called one of her women, and said, "Sing to my son that he may sleep." Then she listened, letting her tears flow softly upon little William's brow. Poor child! he was handsome, gentle, easy to rear. But, as if his mother's sorrow had affected him even before his birth, the child was melancholy: he seldom cried, but he never smiled: he was quiet; and at that age quiet seems to denote suffering. I fancied that all the tears shed over the cradle froze that poor little soul. I would fain have seen William's arms twined caressingly round his mother's neck. I would have had him return the kisses lavished upon him. "But what am I thinking about?" I then said to myself; "is it reasonable to expect that a little creature, not yet a year upon the earth, should understand that it is sent hither to love and console this woman?"

It was, I assure you, a touching sight to behold this young mother, pale, feeble, and who had once renounced

existence, clinging again to life for the sake of a little child which could not even say "Thanks, dear mother!" What a marvel is the human heart! Of how small a thing it makes much! Give it but a grain of sand, and it elevates a mountain; at its latest throbb show it but an atom to love, and again its pulses revive; it stops for good only when all is void around it, and when even the shadow of its affections has vanished from the earth!

Time rolled on, and I received a letter from an uncle, my sole surviving relative. My uncle, a member of the faculty of Montpellier, summoned me to his side, to complete in that learned town my initiation into the secrets of my art. This letter, in form an invitation, was in fact an order. I had to set out. One morning, my heart big when I thought of the isolation in which I left the widow and the orphan, I repaired to the white cottage to take leave of Eva Meredith. I know not whether an additional shade of sadness came over her features when I told her I was about to make a long absence. Since the death of William Meredith such profound melancholy dwelt upon her countenance that a smile would have been the sole perceptible variation: sadness was always there.

"You leave us?" she exclaimed; "your care is so useful to my child!"

The poor lonely woman forgot to regret the departure of her last friend; the mother lamented the loss of the physician useful to her son. I did not complain. To be useful is the sweet recompense of the devoted.

"Adieu!" she said, holding out her hand. "Wherever you go, may God bless you; and should it be His will to afflict you, may He at least afford you the sympathy of a heart compassionate as your own."

I bowed over the hand of Eva Meredith; and I departed, deeply moved.

The child was in the garden in front of the house, lying upon the grass, in the sun. I took him in my arms and kissed him repeatedly; I looked at him long, attentively, sadly, and a tear started to my eyes. "Oh, no, no! I must be mistaken!" I murmured, and I hurried from the white cottage.

"Good heavens, doctor!" simultaneously exclaimed all Dr Barnaby's audience, "what did you apprehend?"

"Suffer me to finish my story my own way," replied the village doctor; "everything shall be told in its turn. I relate these events in the order in which they occurred."

On my arrival at Montpellier, I was exceedingly well received by my uncle; who declared, however, that he could neither lodge nor feed me, nor lend me money, and that as a stranger, without a name, I must not hope for a patient in a town so full of celebrated physicians.

"Then I will return to my village, uncle," replied I.

"By no means!" was his answer. "I have got you a lucrative and respectable situation. An old Englishman, rich, gouty, and restless, wishes to have a doctor to live with him, an intelligent young man who will take charge of his health under the superintendence of an older physician. I have proposed you—you have been accepted; let us go to him."

We betook ourselves immediately to the residence of Lord James Kysington, a large and handsome house, full of servants, where, after waiting some time, first in the anteroom, and then in the parlours, we were at last ushered into the presence of the noble invalid. Seated in a large arm-chair was an old man of cold and severe aspect, whose white hair contrasted oddly with his eyebrows, still of a jet black. He was tall and thin, as far as I could judge through the folds of a large cloth coat, made like a dressing-gown. His hands disappeared under his cuffs, and his feet were wrapped in the skin of a white bear. A number of medicine vials were upon a table beside him.

"My lord, this is my nephew, Dr Barnaby."

Lord Kysington bowed; that is to say, he looked at me, and made a scarcely perceptible movement with his head.

"He is well versed in his profession, and I doubt not that his care will be most beneficial to your lordship."

A second movement of the head was the sole reply vouchsafed.

"Moreover," continued my relation, "having had a tolerably good education, he can read to your lordship, or write under your dictation."

"I shall be obliged to him," replied Lord Kysington, breaking silence at last, and then closing his eyes, either from fatigue, or as a hint that the conversation was to drop. I glanced around me. Near the window sat a lady, very elegantly dressed, who continued her embroidery without once raising her eyes, as if we were not worthy her notice. Upon the carpet at her feet a little boy amused himself with toys. The lady, although young, did not at first strike me as pretty—because she had black hair and eyes; and to be pretty, according to my notion, was to be fair, like Eva Meredith; and moreover, in my inexperience, I held beauty impossible without a certain air of goodness. It was long before I could admit the beauty of this woman, whose brow was haughty, her look disdainful, and her mouth unsmiling. Like Lord Kysington, she was tall, thin, rather pale. In character they were too much alike to suit each other well. Formal and taciturn, they lived together without affection, almost without converse. The child, too, had been taught silence; he walked on tiptoe, and at the least noise a severe look from his mother or from Lord Kysington changed him into a statue.

It was too late to return to my village; but it is never too late to regret what one has loved and lost. My heart ached when I thought of my cottage, my valley, my liberty.

What I learned concerning the cheerless family I had entered was as follows:—Lord James Kysington had come to Montpellier for his health, deteriorated by the climate of India. Second son of the Duke of Kysington, and a lord only by courtesy, he owed to talent and not to inheritance his fortune and his political position in the House of Commons. Lady Mary was the wife of his youngest brother; and Lord James, free to dispose of his fortune, had named her son his heir.

Towards me his lordship was most punctiliously polite. A bow thanked me for every service I rendered him. I read aloud for hours together, un-

interrupted either by the sombre old man, whom I put to sleep, or by the young woman, who did not listen to me, or by the child, who trembled in his uncle's presence. I had never led so melancholy a life, and yet, as you know, ladies, the little white cottage had long ceased to be gay; but the silence of misfortune implies such grave reflections, that words are insufficient to express them. One feels the life of the soul under the stillness of the body. In my new abode it was the silence of a void.

One day that Lord James dozed and Lady Mary was engrossed with embroidery, little Harry climbed upon my knee, as I sat apart at the farther end of the room, and began to question me with the artless curiosity of his age. In my turn, and without reflecting on what I said, I questioned him concerning his family.

"Have you any brothers or sisters?" I inquired.

"I have a very pretty little sister."

"What is her name," asked I, absently, glancing at the newspaper in my hand.

"She has a beautiful name. Guess it, Doctor."

I know not what I was thinking about. In my village I had heard none but the names of peasants, hardly applicable to Lady Mary's daughter. Mrs Meredith was the only lady I had known, and the child repeating, "Guess, guess!" I replied at random,

"Eva, perhaps?"

We were speaking very low; but when the name of Eva escaped my lips, Lord James opened his eyes quickly, and raised himself in his chair, Lady Mary dropped her needle and turned sharply towards me. I was confounded at the effect I had produced; I looked alternately at Lord James and at Lady Mary, without daring to utter another word. Some minutes passed: Lord James again let his head fall back and closed his eyes, Lady Mary resumed her needle, Harry and I ceased our conversation. I reflected for some time upon this strange incident, until at last, all around me having sunk into the usual monotonous calm, I rose to leave the room. Lady Mary pushed away her embroidery frame, passed

before me, and made me sign to follow. When we were both in another room she shut the door, and raising her head, with the imperious air which was the most habitual expression of her features: "Dr Barnaby," said she, "be so good as never again to pronounce the name that just now escaped your lips. It is a name Lord James Kysington must not hear." She bowed slightly, and re-entered her brother-in-law's apartment.

Thoughts innumerable crowded upon my mind. This Eva, whose name was not to be spoken, could it be Eva Meredith? Was she Lord Kysington's daughter-in-law? Was I in the house of William's father? I hoped, but still I doubted; for, after all, if there was but one Eva in the world for me, in England the name was, doubtless, by no means uncommon. But the thought that I was perhaps with the family of Eva Meredith, living with the woman who robbed the widow and the orphan of their inheritance, this thought was present to me by day and by night. In my dreams I beheld the return of Eva and her son to the paternal residence, in consequence of the pardon I had implored and obtained for them. But when I raised my eyes, the cold impassible physiognomy of Lord Kysington froze all the hopes of my heart. I applied myself to the examination of that countenance as if I had never before seen it; I analysed its features and lines to find a trace of sensibility. I sought the heart I so gladly would have touched. Alas! I found it not. But I had so good a cause that I was not to be discouraged. "Pshaw!" I said to myself, "what matters the expression of the face? why heed the external envelope? May not the darkest coffer contain bright gold? Must all that is within us reveal itself at a glance? Does not every man of the world learn to separate his mind and his thoughts from the habitual expression of his countenance?"

I resolved to clear up my doubts, but how to do so was the difficulty. Impossible to question Lady Mary or Lord James; the servants were French, and had but lately come to the house. An English valet-de-chambre had just been despatched to

London on a confidential mission. I directed my investigations to Lord James Kysington. The severe expression of his countenance ceased to intimidate me. I said to myself:—"When the forester meets with a tree apparently dead, he strikes his axe into the trunk to see whether sap does not still survive beneath the withered bark; in like manner will I strike at the heart, and see whether life be not somewhere hidden." And I only waited an opportunity.

To await an opportunity with impatience is to accelerate its coming. Instead of depending on circumstances we subjugate them. One night Lord James sent for me. He was in pain. After administering the necessary remedies, I remained by his bedside, to watch their effect. The room was dark; a single wax candle showed the outline of objects, without illuminating them. The pale and noble head of Lord James was thrown back upon his pillow. His eyes were shut, according to his custom when suffering, as if he concentrated his moral energies within him. He never complained, but lay stretched out in his bed, straight and motionless as a king's statue upon a marble tomb. In general he got somebody to read to him, hoping either to distract his thoughts from his pains, or to be lulled to sleep by the monotonous sound.

Upon that night he made sign to me with his meagre hand to take a book and read, but I sought one in vain; books and newspapers had all been removed to the drawing-room; the doors were locked, and unless I rang and aroused the house, a book was not to be had. Lord James made a gesture of impatience, then one of resignation, and beckoned me to resume my seat by his side. We remained for some time without speaking, almost in darkness, the silence broken only by the ticking of the clock. Sleep came not. Suddenly Lord James opened his eyes.

"Speak to me," he said. "Tell me something; whatever you like."

His eyes closed, and he waited. My heart beat violently. The moment had come.

"My lord," said I, "I greatly fear I know nothing that will interest your

lordship. I can speak but of myself, of the events of my life,—and the history of the great ones of the earth were necessary to fix your attention. What can a peasant have to say, who has lived contented with little, in obscurity and repose? I have scarcely quitted my village, my lord. It is a pretty mountain hamlet, where even those not born there might well be pleased to dwell. Near it is a country house, which I have known inhabited by rich people, who could have left it if they liked, but who remained, because the woods were thick, the paths bordered with flowers, the streams bright and rapid in their rocky beds. Alas! they were two in that house—and soon a poor woman was there alone, until the birth of her son. My lord, she is a countrywoman of yours, an English-woman, of beauty such as is seldom seen either in England or in France; good as, besides her, only the angels in heaven can be! She had just completed her eighteenth year when I left her, fatherless, motherless, and already widowed of an adored husband; she is feeble, delicate, almost ill, and yet she must live;—who would protect that little child? Oh! my lord, there are very unhappy beings in this world! To be unhappy in middle life or old age, is doubtless sad, but still you have pleasant memories of the past to remind you that you have had your day, your share, your happiness; but to weep before you are eighteen is far sadder, for nothing can bring back the dead, and the future is dim with tears. Poor creature! We see a beggar by the roadside suffering from cold and hunger, and we give him alms, and look upon him without pain, because it is in our power to relieve him; but this unhappy, broken-hearted woman, the only relief to give her would be to love her—and none are there to bestow that alms upon her!

"Ah! my lord, if you knew what a fine young man her husband was!—hardly three-and-twenty; a noble countenance, a lofty brow—like your own, intelligent and proud; dark blue eyes, rather pensive, rather sad. I knew why they were sad. He loved his father and his native land, and he was doomed to exile from both!

And how good and graceful was his smile! Ah! how he would have smiled at his little child, had he lived long enough to see it. He loved it even before it was born: he took pleasure in looking at the cradle that awaited it. Poor, poor young man!—I saw him on a stormy night, in the dark forest, stretched upon the wet earth, motionless, lifeless, his garments covered with mud, his temple shattered, blood escaping in torrents from his wound. I saw—alas! I saw William —"

"You saw my son's death!" cried Lord James, raising himself like a spectre in the midst of his pillows, and fixing me with eyes so distended and piercing, that I started back alarmed. But notwithstanding the darkness, I thought I saw a tear moisten the old man's eyelids.

"My lord," I replied, "I was present at your son's death, and at the birth of his child!"

There was an instant's silence. Lord James looked steadfastly at me. At last he made a movement; his trembling hand sought mine, pressed it, then his fingers relaxed their grasp, and he fell back upon the bed.

"Enough, sir, enough: I suffer, I need repose. Leave me."

I bowed, and retired.

Before I was out of the room, Lord James had relapsed into his habitual position; into silence and immobility.

I will not detail to you my numerous and respectful representations to Lord James Kysington, his indecision and secret anxiety, and how at last his paternal love, awakened by the details of the horrible catastrophe, his pride of race, revived by the hope of leaving an heir to his name, triumphed over his bitter resentment. Three months after the scene I have described, I awaited, on the threshold of the house at Montpellier, the arrival of Eva Meredith and her son, summoned to their family and to the resumption of all their rights. It was a proud and happy day for me.

Lady Mary, perfect mistress of herself, had concealed her joy when family dissensions had made her son heir to her wealthy brother. Still better did she conceal her regret and anger when Eva Meredith, or rather

Eva Kysington, was reconciled with her father-in-law. Not a cloud appeared upon Lady Mary's marble forehead. But beneath this external calm how many evil passions fermented!

When the carriage of Eva Meredith (I will still give her that name) entered the court-yard of the house, I was there to receive her. Eva held out her hand—"Thanks, thanks, my friend!" she murmured. She wiped the tears that trembled in her eyes, and taking her boy, now three years old, and of great beauty, by the hand, she entered her new abode. "I am afraid!" she said. She was still the weak woman, broken by affliction, pale, sad, and beautiful, incredulous of earthly hopes, but firm in heavenly faith. I walked by her side; and as she ascended the steps, her gentle countenance bedewed with tears, her slender and feeble form inclined towards the balustrade, her extended arm assisting the child, who walked still more slowly than herself, Lady Mary and her son appeared at the door. Lady Mary wore a brown velvet dress, rich bracelets encircled her arms, a slender gold chain bound her brow, which in truth was of those on which a diadem sits well. She advanced with an assured step, her head high, her glance full of pride. Such was the first meeting of the two mothers.

"You are welcome, madam," said Lady Mary, bowing to Eva Meredith.

Eva tried to smile, and answered by a few affectionate words. How could she forbode hatred, she who only knew love? We proceeded to Lord James's room. Mrs Meredith, scarcely able to support herself, entered first, took a few steps, and knelt beside her father-in-law's arm-chair. Taking her child in her arms, she placed him on Lord James Kysington's knee.

"His son!" she said. Then the poor woman wept and was silent.

Long did Lord James gaze upon the child. As he gradually recognised the features of the son he had lost, his eyes became moist, and their expression affectionate. There came a moment when, forgetting his age, lapse of time, and past misfortune, he dreamed himself back to the happy day when he first pressed his infant son to his heart. "William, William!"

he murmured. "My daughter!" added he, extending his hand to Eva Meredith.

My eyes filled with tears. Eva had a family, a protector, a fortune. I was happy; perhaps that was why I wept.

The child remained quiet upon his grandfather's knees, and showed neither pleasure nor fear.

"Will you love me?" said the old man.

The child raised its head, but did not answer.

"Do you hear? I will be your father."

"I will be your father," the child gently repeated.

"Excuse him," said his mother; "he has always been alone. He is very young; the presence of many persons intimidates him. By-and-by, my lord, he will better understand your kind words."

But I looked at the child; I examined him in silence; I recalled my former gloomy apprehensions. Alas! those apprehensions now became a certainty; the terrible shock experienced by Eva Meredith during her pregnancy had had fatal consequences for her child, and a mother only, in her youth, her love, and her inexperience, could have remained so long ignorant of her misfortune.

At the same time with myself Lady Mary looked at the child. I shall never forget the expression of her countenance. She stood erect, and the piercing gaze she fixed upon little William seemed to read his very soul. As she gazed, her eyes sparkled, her mouth was half-opened as by a smile—she breathed short and thick, like one oppressed by great and sudden joy. She looked, looked—hope, doubt, expectation, replaced each other on her face. At last her hatred was clear-sighted, an internal cry of triumph burst from her heart, but was checked ere it reached her lips. She drew herself up, let fall a disdainful glance upon Eva, her vanquished enemy, and resumed her usual calm.

Lord James, fatigued by the emotions of the day, dismissed us and remained alone all the evening.

Upon the morrow, after an agitated night, when I entered Lord James's

room, all the family were already assembled around him, and Lady Mary had little William on her knees: it was the tiger clutching its prey.

"What a beautiful child!" she said. "See, my lord, these fair and silken locks! how brilliant they are in the sunshine! But, dear Eva, is your son always so silent? does he never exhibit the vivacity and gaiety of his age?"

"He is always sad," replied Mrs Meredith. "Alas! with me he could hardly learn to laugh."

"We will try to amuse and cheer him," said Lady Mary. "Come, my dear child, kiss your grandfather! hold out your arms, and tell him you love him."

William did not stir.

"Do you not know how? Harry, my love, kiss your uncle, and set your cousin a good example."

Harry jumped upon Lord James's knees, threw both arms round his neck, and said, "I love you, uncle!"

"Now it is your turn, my dear William," said Lady Mary.

William stirred not, and did not even look at his grandfather.

A tear coursed down Eva Meredith's cheek.

"'Tis my fault," she said. "I have brought up my child badly." And, taking William upon her lap, her tears fell upon his face: he felt them not, but slumbered upon his mother's heavy heart.

"Try to make William less shy," said Lord James to his daughter-in-law.

"I will try," replied Eva, in her submissive tones, like those of an obedient child. "I will try; and perhaps I shall succeed, if Lady Mary will kindly tell me how she rendered her son so happy and so gay." Then the disconsolate mother looked at Harry, who was at play near his uncle's chair, and her eyes reverted to her poor sleeping child. "He suffered even before his birth," she murmured; "we have both been very unhappy! but I will try to weep no more, that William may be cheerful like other children."

Two days elapsed, two painful days, full of secret trouble and ill-concealed uneasiness. Lord James's brow was care-laden; at times his look questioned me. I averted my eyes to

avoid answering. On the morning of the third day, Lady Mary came into the room with a number of playthings for the children. Harry seized a sword, and ran about the room, shouting for joy. William remained motionless, holding in his little hand the toys that were given to him, but not attempting to use them; he did not even look at them.

"Here, my lord," said Lady Mary to her brother, "give this book to your grandson; perhaps his attention will be roused by the pictures it contains." And she led William to Lord James. The child was passive; he walked, stopped, and remained like a statue where he was placed. Lord James opened the book. All eyes turned towards the group formed by the old man and his grandson. Lord James was gloomy, silent, severe; he slowly turned several pages, stopping at every picture, and looking at William, whose vacant gaze was not directed to the book. Lord James turned a few more pages; then his hand ceased to move; the book fell from his knees to the ground, and an irksome silence reigned in the apartment. Lady Mary approached me, bent forward as if to whisper in my ear, and in a voice loud enough to be heard by all—

"The child is an idiot, doctor!" she said.

A shriek answered her. Eva started up as if she had received a blow; and seizing her son, whom she pressed convulsively to her breast—

"Idiot!" she exclaimed, her indignant glance flashing, for the first time, with a vivid brilliance; "idiot!" she repeated, "because he has been unhappy all his life, because he has seen but tears since his eyes first opened! because he knows not how to play like your son, who has always had joy around him! Ah! madam, you insult misfortune! Come, my child!" cried Eva, all in tears. "Come, let us leave these pitiless hearts, that find none but cruel words to console our misery!"

And the unhappy mother carried off her boy to her apartment. I followed. She set William down, and knelt before the little child. "My son! my son!" she cried.

William went close to her, and

rested his head on his mother's shoulder.

"Doctor!" cried Eva, "he loves me—you see he does! He comes when I call him; he kisses me! His caresses have sufficed for my tranquillity—for my sad happiness! My God! was it not then enough? Speak to me, my son, reassure me! Find a consoling word, a single word for your despairing mother! Till now I have asked nothing of you but to remind me of your father, and leave me silence to weep. To-day, William, you must give me words! See you not my tears—my terror? Dear child, so beautiful, so like your father, speak, speak to me!"

Alas! alas! the child remained motionless, without sign of fear or intelligence; a smile only, a smile horrible to behold, fitted across his features. Eva hid her face in both hands, and remained kneeling upon the ground. For a long time no noise was heard save the sound of her sobs. Then I prayed heaven to inspire me with consoling thoughts, such as might give a ray of hope to this poor mother. I spoke of the future, of expected cure, of change possible—even probable. But hope is no friend to falsehood. Where she does not exist her phantom cannot penetrate. A terrible blow, a mortal one, had been struck, and Eva Meredith saw all the truth.

From that day forwards, only one child was to be seen each morning in Lord James Kysington's room. Two women came thither, but only one of them seemed to live—the other was silent as the tomb. One said, "My son!" the other never spoke of her child; one carried her head high, the other bowed hers upon her breast, the better to hide her tears; one was blooming and brilliant, the other pale and a mourner. The struggle was at an end. Lady Mary triumphed. It was cruel how they let Harry play before Eva Meredith's eyes. Careless of her anguish, they brought him to repeat his lessons in his uncle's presence; they vaunted his progress. The ambitious mother calculated everything to consolidate her success; and, whilst abounding in honeyed words and feigned consolation, she tortured Eva Meredith's heart each moment in the

day. Lord James, smitten in his dearest hopes, had resumed the cold impassibility which I now saw formed the foundation of his character. Strictly courteous to his daughter-in-law, he had no word of affection for her: only as the mother of his grandson, could the daughter of the American planter find a place in his heart. And he considered the child as no longer in existence. Lord James Kysington was more gloomy and taciturn than ever, regretting, perhaps, to have yielded to my importunities, and to have ruffled his old age by a painful and profitless emotion.

A year elapsed; then a sad day came, when Lord James sent for Eva Meredith, and signed to her to be seated beside his arm-chair.

"Listen to me, madam," he said, "listen with courage. I will act frankly with you, and conceal nothing. I am old and ill, and must arrange my affairs. The task is painful both for you and for me. I will not refer to my anger at my son's marriage; your misfortune disarmed me—I called you to my side, and I desired to behold and to love in your son William, the heir of my fortune, the pivot of my dreams of future ambition. Alas! madam, fate was cruel to us! My son's widow and orphan shall have all that can insure them an honourable existence; but, sole master of a fortune due to my own exertions, I adopt my nephew, and look upon him henceforward as my sole heir. I am about to return to London, whither my affairs call me. Come with me, madam—my house is yours—I shall be happy to see you there."

Eva (she afterwards told me so) felt, for the first time, her despondency replaced by courage. She had the strength that is given by a noble pride: she raised her head, and if her brow was less haughty than that of Lady Mary, on the other hand it had all the dignity of misfortune.

"Go, my lord," she answered, "go; I shall not accompany you. I will not witness the usurpation of my son's rights! You are in haste to condemn, my lord. Who can foresee the future! You are in haste to despair—mercy of God!"

"The future," replied Lord James, "at my age, is bounded by

ing day. What I would be certain to do I must do at once and without delay."

"Act as you think proper," replied Eva. "I return to the dwelling where I was happy with my husband. I return thither with your grandson, William Kysington; of that name, his sole inheritance, you cannot deprive him; and though the world should know it but by reading it on his tomb, your name, my lord, is the name of my son!"

A week later, Eva Meredith descended the stairs of the hotel, holding her son by the hand, as she had done when she entered this fatal house. Lady Mary was a little behind her, a few steps higher up: the numerous servants, sad and silent, beheld with regret the departure of the gentle creature thus driven from the paternal roof. When she quitted this abode, Eva quitted the only beings she knew upon the earth, the only persons whose pity she had a right to claim—the world was before her, an immense wilderness. It was Hagar going forth into the desert.

"This is horrible, doctor!" cried Dr Barnaby's audience. "Is it possible there are persons so utterly unhappy? What! you witnessed all this yourself?"

"I have not yet told you all," replied the village doctor; "let me get to the end."

Shortly after Eva Meredith's departure, Lord James went to London. Once more my own master, I gave up all idea of further study; I had enough learning for my village, and in haste I returned thither. Once more I sat opposite to Eva in the little white house, as I had done two years before. But how greatly had intervening events increased her misfortune! We no longer dared talk of the future, that unknown moment of which we all have so great need, and without which our present joys appear too feeble, and our misfortunes too great.

Never did I witness grief nobler in its simplicity, calmer in its intensity, than that of Eva Meredith. She forgot not to pray to the God who chastened her. For her, God was the being in whose hands are the springs of hope, when earthly hopes are extinct. Her look of faith remained fixed upon

her child's brow, as if awaiting the arrival of the soul her prayers invoked. I cannot describe the courageous patience of that mother speaking to her son, who listened without understanding. I cannot tell you all the treasures of love, of thought, of ingenious narrative she displayed before that torpid intelligence, which repeated, like an echo, the last of her gentle words. She explained to him heaven, God, the angels; she endeavoured to make him pray, and joined his hands, but she could not make him raise his eyes to heaven. In all possible shapes she tried to give him the first lessons of childhood; she read to him, spoke to him, placed pictures before his eyes—had recourse to music as a substitute for words. One day, making a terrible effort, she told William the story of his father's death; she hoped, expected a tear. The child fell asleep whilst yet she spoke: tears were shed, but they fell from the eyes of Eva Meredith.

Thus did she exhaust herself by vain efforts, by a persevering struggle. That she might not cease to hope, she continued to toil; but to William's eyes pictures were merely colours; to his ears words were but noise. The child, however, grew in stature and in beauty. One who had seen him but for an instant would have taken the immobility of his countenance for placidity. But that prolonged and continued calm, that absence of all grief, of all tears, had a strange and sad effect upon us. Suffering must indeed be inherent in our nature, since William's eternal smile made every one say, "The poor idiot!" Mothers know not the happiness concealed in the tears of their child. A tear is a regret, a desire, a fear; it is life, in short, which begins to be understood. Alas! William was content with everything. All day long he seemed to sleep with his eyes open; anger, weariness, impatience, were alike unknown to him. He had but one instinct: he knew his mother—he even loved her. He took pleasure in resting on her knees, on her shoulder; he kissed her. When I kept him long away from her, he manifested a sort of anxiety. I took him back to his mother; he showed no joy, but he was again tranquil. This tenderness, this faint glimmering of William's heart,

was Eva's life. It gave her strength to strive, to hope, to wait. If her words were not understood, at least her kisses were! How often she took her son's head in her hands and kissed his forehead, as long and fervently as if she hoped her love would warm and vivify his frozen soul! How often did she dream a miracle whilst clasping her son in her arms, and pressing his still heart to her burning bosom! Often she lingered at night in the village church. (Eva Meredith was of a Roman Catholic family.) Kneeling upon the cold stone before the Virgin's altar, she invoked the marble statue of Mary, holding her child in her arms, "O virgin!" she said, "my boy is inanimate as that image of thy Son! Ask of God a soul for my child!"

She was charitable to all the poor children of the village, giving them bread and clothes, and saying to them, "Pray for him." She consoled afflicted mothers, in the secret hope that consolation would come at last to her. She dried the tears of others, to enjoy the belief that one day she also would cease to weep. In all the country round, she was loved, blessed, venerated. She knew it, and she offered up to Heaven, not with pride but with hope, the blessings of the unfortunate in exchange for the recovery of her son. She loved to watch William's sleep; then he was handsome and like other children. For an instant, for a second perhaps, she forgot; and whilst contemplating those regular features, those golden locks, those long lashes which threw their shadow on his rose-tinted cheek, she felt a mother's joy, almost a mother's pride. God has moments of mercy even for those he has condemned to suffer.

Thus passed the first years of William's childhood. He attained the age of eight years. Then a sad change, which could not escape my attentive observation, occurred in Eva Meredith. Either that her son's growth made his want of intelligence more striking, or that she was like a workman who has laboured all day, and sinks at eve beneath the load of toil, Eva ceased to hope; her soul seemed to abandon the task undertaken, and to recoil with weariness upon itself, asking only resignation. She laid aside the books, the engravings, the music, all the

means, in short, that she had called to her aid; she grew silent and desponding; only, if that were possible, she was more affectionate than ever to her son. As she lost hope in his cure, she felt the more strongly that her child had but her in the world; and she asked a miracle of her heart—an increase of the love she bore him. She became her son's servant—his slave; her whole thoughts were concentrated in his wellbeing. If she felt cold, she sought a warmer covering for William; was she hungry, it was for William she gathered the fruits of her garden; did she suffer from fatigue, for him she selected the easiest chair and the softest cushions; she attended to her own sensations only to guess those of her son. She still displayed activity, though she no longer harboured hope.

When William was eleven years old, the last phase of Eva Meredith's existence began. Remarkably tall and strong for his age, he ceased to need that hourly care required by early childhood: he was no longer the infant sleeping on his mother's knees; he walked alone in the garden; he rode on horseback with me, and accompanied me in my distant visits; in short the bird, although wingless, left the nest. His misfortune was in no way shocking or painful to behold. He was of exceeding beauty, silent, unnaturally calm—his eyes expressing nothing but repose, his mouth ignorant of a smile: he was not awkward, or disagreeable, or importunate: it was a mind sleeping beside yours, asking no question, making no reply. The incessant maternal care which had served to occupy Mrs Meredith, and to divert her mind from dwelling on her sorrows, became unnecessary, and she resumed her seat at the window, whence she beheld the village and the church-steeple—at that same window where she had so long wept her husband. Hope and occupation successively failed her, and nothing was left her but to wait and watch, by day and by night, like the lamp that ever burns beneath cathedral vaults.

But her forces were exhausted. In the midst of this grief which had returned to its starting-point, to

silence and immobility, after having in vain essayed exertion, courage, hope, Eva Meredith fell into a decline. In spite of all the resources of my art, I beheld her grow weak and thin. How apply a remedy, when the sickness is of the soul?

The poor foreigner! she needed her native sun and a little happiness to warm her; but the ray of sun and the ray of joy were alike wanting. It was long before she perceived her danger, because she thought not of herself; but when at last she was unable to leave her arm-chair, she was compelled to understand. I will not describe to you all her anguish at the thought of leaving William without a guide, without friend or protector—of leaving him alone in the midst of strangers, he who needed to be cherished and led by the hand like a child. Oh, how she struggled for life! with what avidity she swallowed the potions I prepared! how many times she tried to believe in a cure, whilst all the time the disease progressed! Then she kept William more at home,—she could no longer bear to lose sight of him.

"Remain with me," she said; and William, always content near his mother, seated himself at her feet. She looked at him long, until a flood of tears prevented her distinguishing his gentle countenance; then she drew him still nearer to her, and pressed him to her heart. "Oh!" she exclaimed, in a kind of delirium, "if my soul, on leaving my body, might become the soul of my child, how happy should I be to die!" No amount of suffering could make her wholly despair of divine mercy, and when all human possibility disappeared, this loving heart had gentle dreams out of which it reconstructed hopes. But how sad it was, alas! to see the poor mother slowly perishing before the eyes of her son, of a son who understood not death, and who smiled when she embraced him.

"He will not regret me," she said: "he will not weep: he will not remember." And she remained motionless, in mute contemplation of her child. Her hand then sometimes sought mine: "You love him, dear doctor?" she murmured.

"I will never quit him," replied I,

"so long as he has no better friends than myself." God in heaven, and the poor village doctor upon earth, were the two guardians to whom she confided her son.

Faith is a great thing! This woman, widowed, disinherited, dying, an idiot child at her side, was yet saved from that utter despair which brings blasphemy to the lips of death. An invisible friend was near her, on whom she seemed to rest, listening sometimes to holy words, which she alone could hear.

One morning she sent for me early. She had been unable to get up. With her wan, transparent hand she showed me a sheet of paper on which a few lines were written.

"Doctor," she said, in her gentlest tones, "I have not strength to continue; finish this letter!"

I read as follows:—

"My Lord,—I write to you for the last time. Whilst health is restored to your old age, I suffer and am about to die. I leave your grandson, William Kysington, without a protector. My Lord, this last letter is to recall him to your memory; I ask for him a place in your heart rather than a share of your fortune. Of all the things of this world, he has understood but one—his mother's love; and now she must leave him for ever! Love him, my Lord,—love is the only sentiment he can comprehend."

She could write no more. I added:—

"Mrs William Kysington has but few days to live. What are Lord James Kysington's orders with respect to the child who bears his name?"

"The Doctor Barnaby."

This letter was sent to London, and we waited. Eva kept her bed. William, seated near her, held her hand in his: his mother smiled sadly upon him, whilst I, at the other side of the bed, prepared potions to assuage her pains. Again she began to talk to her son, as if no longer despairing that, after her death, some of her words might recur to his memory. She gave the child all the advice, all the instructions she would have given to an intelligent being. Then she turned to me—"Who knows, doctor," she said, "one day, perhaps, he will find my words at the bottom of his heart!"

Three more weeks elapsed. Death

approached, and submissive as was the Christian soul of Eva, she yet felt the anguish of separation and the solemn awe of the future. The village priest came to see her, and when he left her I met him and took his hand.

"You will pray for her," I said.

"I have entreated *her* to pray for *me!*" was his reply.

It was Eva Meredith's last day. The sun had set: the window, near which she so long had sat, was open: she could see from her bed the landscape she had loved. She held her son in her arms and kissed his face and hair, weeping sadly. "Poor child! what will become of you? Oh!" she said, with tender earnestness, "listen to me, William:—I am dying! Your father is dead also; you are alone; you must pray to the Lord. I bequeath you to Him who watches over the sparrow upon the house-top; He will shield the orphan. Dear child, look at me! listen to me! Try to understand that I die, that one day you may remember me!" And the poor mother, unable to speak longer, still found strength to embrace her child.

At that moment an unaccustomed noise reached my ears. The wheels of a carriage grated upon the gravel of the garden drive. I ran to the door. Lord James Kysington and Lady Mary entered the house.

"I got your letter," said Lord James. "I was setting out for Italy, and it was not much off my road to come myself and settle the future destiny of William Meredith: so here I am. Mrs William?—"

"Mrs William Kysington still lives, my lord," I replied.

It was with a painful sensation that I saw this calm, cold, austere man approach Eva's chamber, followed by the haughty woman who came to witness what for her was a happy event—the death of her former rival! They entered the modest little room, so different from the sumptuous apartments of their Montpellier hotel. They drew near the bed, beneath whose white curtains Eva, pale but still beautiful, held her son upon her heart. They stood, one on the right, the other on the left of that ~~scene~~ suffering, without finding a word,

affection to console the poor woman who looked up at them. They barely gave utterance to a few formal and unmeaning phrases. Averting their eyes from the painful spectacle of death, and persuading themselves that Eva Meredith neither saw nor heard, they passively awaited her spirit's departure—their countenances not even feigning an expression of condolence or regret. Eva fixed her dying gaze upon them, and sudden terror seized the heart which had almost ceased to throb. She comprehended, for the first time, the secret sentiments of Lady Mary, the profound indifference and egotism of Lord James; she understood at last that they were enemies rather than protectors of her son. Despair and terror portrayed themselves on her pallid face. She made no attempt to soften those soulless beings. By a convulsive movement she drew William still closer to her heart, and, collecting her last strength—

"My child, my poor child!" she cried, "you have no support upon earth; but God above is good. My God! succour my child!"

With this cry of love, with this supreme prayer, she breathed out her life: her arms opened, her lips were motionless on William's cheek. Since she no longer embraced her son, there could be no doubt she was dead—dead before the eyes of those who to the very last had refused to comfort her affliction—dead without giving Lady Mary the uneasiness of hearing her plead the cause of her son—dead, leaving her a complete and decided victory.

There was a moment of solemn silence: none moved or spoke. Death makes an impression upon the haughtiest. Lady Mary and Lord James Kysington knelt beside their victim's bed. In a few minutes Lord James arose. "Take the child from his mother's room," he said, "and come with me, doctor; I will explain to you my intentions respecting him."

For two hours William had been resting on the shoulder of Eva Meredith, his heart against her heart, his lips pressed to hers, receiving her kisses and her tears. I approached ~~him~~ without expending useless

words, I endeavoured to raise and lead him from the room; but he resisted, and his arms clasped his mother more closely. This resistance, the first the poor child had ever offered to living creature, touched my very soul. On my renewing the attempt, however, William yielded; he made a movement and turned towards me, and I saw his beautiful countenance suffused with tears. Until that day, William had never wept. I was greatly startled and moved, and I let the child throw himself again upon his mother's corpse.

"Take him away," said Lord James.

"My lord," I exclaimed, "he weeps! Ah, check not his tears!"

I bent over the child, and heard him sob.

"William! dear William!" I cried, anxiously taking his hand, "why do you weep, William?"

For the second time he turned his head towards me; then, with a gentle look, full of sorrow, "My mother is dead," he replied.

I have not words to tell you what I felt. William's eyes were now intelligent: his tears were sad and significant; and his voice was broken as when the heart suffers. I uttered a cry; I almost knelt down beside Eva's bed.

"Ah! you were right, Eva!" I exclaimed, "not to despair of the mercy of God!"

Lord James himself had started. Lady Mary was as pale as Eva.

"Mother! mother!" cried William, in tones that filled my heart with joy; and then, repeating the words of Eva Meredith—those words which she had so truly said he would find at the bottom of his heart—the child exclaimed aloud,

"I am dying, my son. Your father is dead; you are alone upon the earth; you must pray to the Lord!"

I pressed gently with my hand upon William's shoulder; he obeyed the impulse, knelt down, joined his trembling hands—this time it was of his own accord—and, raising to heaven a look full of life and feeling: "My God! have pity on me!" he murmured.

I took Eva's cold hand. "Oh mother! mother of many sorrows!" I exclaimed, "can you hear your

child? do you behold him from above? Be happy! your son is saved!"

Dead at Lady Mary's feet, Eva made her rival tremble; for it was not I who led William from the room, it was Lord James Kysington who carried out his grandson in his arms.

I have little to add, ladies. William recovered his reason and departed with Lord James. Reinstated in his rights, he was subsequently his grandfather's sole heir. Science has recorded a few rare instances of intelligence revived by a violent moral shock. Thus does the fact I have related find a natural explanation. But the good women of the village, who had attended Eva Meredith during her illness, and had heard her fervent prayers, were convinced that, even as she had asked of Heaven, the soul of the mother had passed into the body of the child.

"She was so good," said they, "that God could refuse her nothing." This artless belief took firm root in the country. No one mourned Mrs Meredith as dead.

"She still lives," said the people of the hamlet: "speak to her son, and she will answer you."

And when Lord William Kysington, in possession of his grandfather's property, sent each year abundant alms to the village that had witnessed his birth and his mother's death, the poor folks exclaimed—"There is Mrs Meredith's kind soul thinking of us still! Ah, when she goes to heaven, it will be great pity for poor people!"

We do not strew flowers upon her tomb, but upon the steps of the altar of the Virgin, where she so often prayed to Mary to send a soul to her son. When taking thither their wreaths of wild blossoms, the villagers say to each other—"When she prayed so fervently, the good Virgin answered her softly: 'I will give thy soul to thy child!'"

The *cure* has suffered our peasants to retain this touching superstition; and I myself, when Lord William came to see me, when he fixed upon me his eyes, so like his mother's—when his voice, which had a well-known accent, said, as Mrs Meredith was wont to say—"Dear Doctor, I

thank you!" Then,—smile, ladies, if you will—I wept, and I believed, like all the village, that Eva Meredith was before me.

She, whose existence was but a long series of sorrows, has left behind her a sweet, consoling memory, which has nothing painful for those who loved her.

In thinking of her we think of the mercy of God, and those who have hope in their hearts, hope with the greater confidence.

But it is very late, ladies—your carriages have long been at the door. Pardon this long story: at my age it is difficult to be concise in speaking of the events of one's youth. Forgive the old man for having made you smile when he arrived, and weep before he departed."

These last words were spoken in the kindest and most paternal tone, whilst a half-smile glided across Dr Barnaby's lips. All his auditors now crowded round him, eager to express

their thanks. But Dr Barnaby got up, made straight for his riding-coat of puce-coloured taffety, which hung across a chair back, and, whilst one of the young men helped him to put it on—"Farewell, gentlemen; farewell, ladies," said the village doctor. "My chaise is ready; it is dark, the road is bad; good-night: I must be gone."

When Dr Barnaby was installed in his cabriolet of green wicker-work, and the little gray cob, tickled by the whip, was about to set off, Madame de Moncar stepped quickly forward, and leaning towards the doctor, whilst she placed one foot on the step of his vehicle, she said, in quite a low voice—

"Doctor, I make you a present of the white cottage, and I will have it fitted up as it was when you loved Eva Meredith!"

Then she ran back into the house. The carriages and the green chaise departed in different directions.

NATIONAL EDUCATION IN SCOTLAND.

THE subject of the Parochial School System of Scotland claims some attention at the present moment. Following up certain ominous proceedings of other parties high in authority, Lord Melgund, M.P. for Greenock, has given notice of a motion for the appointment of a select committee of the House of Commons to consider the expediency of a fundamental revision of that system. The question here involved is one of national importance; and the family and other ties by which Lord Melgund is connected with the Government, are likely, we fear, to secure for his proposed innovations on that institution which has been hitherto, perhaps, the pre-eminent glory of Scotland, a certain degree of favour.

It may be of some use to preface the few observations we have to offer on the Scottish system, and the proposed alterations of it, by a brief recapitulation of some of the more prominent methods and statistics of popular education in other countries, taken chiefly from a very carefully pre-

pared and important Appendix to the Privy Council committee's *Minutes* for 1847-8. The information was obtained through the Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, from the Governments of the principal states of Europe and America.

The cost of public instruction is defrayed by different means in different countries—means varying, however, more in detail than in principle. In Prussia, a regular school-rate, varying from 3d. to 6d. per month, according to circumstances, is levied upon all who have children; but this is supplemented by a grant from the state budget which, for elementary schools alone, amounted in 1845 to £37,000. A similar practice prevails not only in the other countries of Central Europe, but in Pennsylvania, where it was introduced by the German emigrants, and, of late years, also in some other parts of the United States. The income of schools in the Austrian Empire is derived from a variety of sources, of which school-money constitutes little more than

one-third; the remainder, as far as we can understand the technical phraseology of the report, being partly derived from old endowments, partly from provincial revenues, and partly from the imperial treasury. In Holland, the governments of the towns and provinces are charged with the cost of maintaining their own schools, aided by grants from the state. On the first year that separate accounts were kept for the northern provinces, after their separation from Belgium, the sum raised in this way amounted (in a population of 2,450,000) to no less than £76,317. In Belgium, where the funds are derived from old foundations and local endowments, aided by the government, two-fifths of the scholars received, in 1840, their education gratuitously; but the provision seems to be not very complete, for in that year, out of 2510 communes, 163 were without any school.

As to *management*, there appears to be no country in Europe in which public instruction is not directed by a department of the government. No regular system of superintendence, however, has yet been established in the United States. In Prussia, there is a minister of public instruction, who is also at the head of church affairs, and under whom are local consistories and school inspectors, one of the latter being always the superintendant or bishop of the district. In Würtemberg, each school is inspected by the clergyman of the confession to which the schoolmaster belongs, and is subject to the control of the presbytery. In the Grand-duchy of Baden, the minister of the interior has charge of the department of education. The local school authority is commonly a parochial committee, consisting of clergy and laymen combined. The parish clergyman is the regular school inspector, but where there are different confessions, each clergyman inspects the school of his own church. Certain functionaries, called "Visitors" and "County Authorities," are also intrusted with special powers. In Lombardy, the direction is committed to a chief inspector, with a number of subordinates, and the parish clergy. (By *clergy*, of course, throughout these details, must usually be understood Roman Catholic priests.)

In Holland, every province was in 1814 divided into educational districts, with a school inspector for each district, and provincial school commissions chosen from the leading inhabitants, to which were afterwards added provincial "juries." In Russia, public instruction is superintended by the government.

The details regarding *religious instruction* are not so full as we should have wished. The great difficulty as regards this appears, however, in most of the European states to be met by the establishment of separate schools for the different sects. In Würtemberg, "if, in a community of different religious confessions, the minority comprises sixty families, they may claim the establishment and support of a school of their own confession, at the expense of the whole community." The ecclesiastical authorities of the various sects are not, however, independent of, but merely associated with, the state functionaries, whose sanction is indispensable for the catechisms and school-books in use in every school. Such, at least, is said to be the case in Würtemberg; and, as far as we can judge from the not very precise statements made on this subject, the rule appears to be universal. Roman Catholic, Protestant, Greek Church, and Jewish schools are, in the Austrian empire, alike established by law, according to the necessities of each province and district. But in the state of New York (and we believe a like practice prevails in other parts of the Union) the sectarian difficulty is overcome in a different way. By a recent act of the legislature, it is provided that "no school shall be entitled to a portion of the school-moneys, in which the religious sectarian doctrine or tenet of any particular Christians, or other religious sect, shall be taught, inculcated, or practised."

The only other particulars we shall notice relate to school attendance. It must be premised that, in the countries of central Europe, the attendance of every child at the elementary schools is compulsory—the only alternative being private instruction. *Fines and imprisonment are employed to enforce this regulation.* Free education is also provided, at the general

expense, for those unable to pay the school fees.

In Prussia, the proportion of those enjoying school education was to the population, in 1846, as 1 to 6.

In Bavaria, in 1844, nearly as 1 to 4.

In the Austrian empire, as 1 to 9 for boys, and as 1 to 12 for girls; but in Upper and Lower Austria, as 1 to 6 for boys, and as 1 to 7 for girls.

In Holland, 1 in 8 received, in 1846, public instruction.

In Sweden, in 1843, the proportion was no more than as 1 to 165 of the population.

In Belgium, in 1840, it was as 1 to 9.

In Russia, the number attending schools of all kinds, including the universities, amounted, in 1846, to 195,819, which, in a population of 60,000,000, gives a proportion of less than 1 to 300 of the inhabitants.

In Pennsylvania, in 1840, 1 in 5 of the population had the advantage of instruction in common schools; in New York, on the first of January 1847, nearly 1 in 16; in Massachusetts, about 1 in 6½ of the population.

It is impossible to read these details without two reflections especially being immediately suggested to the mind. One of these is the necessary connexion between the success of any system of national education and the special circumstances of each individual state to which it may be applied. To introduce the Prussian system into Scotland, with any prospect of its working here as well as it does there, one would require to change the whole character of the government, and the whole habits, nay, the very nature of the people, to make Scotchmen Prussians and Scotland Prussia.

But there is a still more important reflection forced upon us. How little mere secular education, apart from that which we hold to be an indispensable accompaniment to it—sound religious education—avails for the elevation of the people, let these statistics, read in the light of recent events, tell! The murderers of Count La-tour were all well-educated persons,

after that fashion which it has been proposed to introduce into this country as the national system. They had all been at schools—at schools from which religious instruction, however, was either excluded, or worse than excluded.

But, to come to National Education in Scotland. On this subject there are two questions wholly distinct from each other, which at present occupy some attention. The one relates to the long-tried and approved parochial system, the other to the plans, professedly of a supplementary character, recently introduced by a committee of the Privy Council, which constitutes a government board for the application of the parliamentary grant, now voted annually for some years, for educational purposes. In a pamphlet* lately published by Lord Melgund, which is of some importance now, as indicating the views with which his motion in parliament is introduced, these two questions have, we think, been unfairly confounded: with the former we have particular concern at present.

We agree, however, with Lord Melgund in condemning utterly the procedure of the Privy Council in regard to those schools which are at this moment rising up in almost every parish in Scotland, not for the purpose, even ostensibly, of supplying destitute localities with the means of education, but as parts of an ecclesiastical system, whose avowed object is to supersede in all its departments the Established Church. These schools receive much the greater part (in fact nearly two-thirds) of the whole sum voted for education in Scotland; that is to say, about two-thirds of the parliamentary grant, intended to promote general education in this part of the kingdom, is by the Privy Council diverted altogether from its proper object, and applied to purposes exclusively and avowedly sectarian.

This is an abuse which cannot be too severely reprobated. Lord Melgund, in his pamphlet, with some justice calls attention to the strictly exclusive character of the Free Church—an exclusiveness to which the Estab-

* *Remarks on the Government Scheme of National Education in Scotland, 1848.*

lished Church affords no parallel—to the fact that it is an irresponsible body, with whose affairs no man not a member has any more right to interfere, than he has with those of a railway company to which he does not belong. It is not, however, on this ground alone, or chiefly, that the Privy Council's proceedings in regard to the Free Church schools are objectionable.

Out of the sum of £5463 granted, according to the committee's minutes last issued, to Scotland, in 1847, no less than £3485 was apportioned to Free Church schools. Let us inquire on what conditions, in what circumstances, so large a proportion of the fund at the disposal of the committee has been thus expended. If this sum had been appropriated *bonâ fide* for educational purposes, to aid in building schools in localities previously unprovided with them, perhaps no very serious exception could have been taken to the, in that case, comparatively trivial circumstance, that the persons by whom the money was to be applied happened to be dissenters from the Established Church,—dissenters whose doctrinal standards are the same as those recognised by law. In this case, it might with some reason have been said by defenders of the Privy Council, "Why should these localities remain without schools of any kind, merely because the Free Churchmen have been the only parties zealous enough to obtain for them this boon?"

But what are the facts? Even on the face of the minutes of council themselves, it appears that at least the greater part of the large grant in question has been given to aid in erecting schools where there was no pretence at all of destitution—in localities already amply supplied with the means of education, including both parochial and non-parochial schools; and has been given, therefore, not for the purpose of supplementing, but for the purpose of SUPPLANTING existing institutions; not for the advancement of education, but for the advancement of Free Churchism.

An assertion of so serious a nature

as this requires proof, and proof is easily given.

In the return in the minutes of council for 1847-8, of the grants for education in Scotland, sixteen of the schools aided are marked F. C. S., (Free Church of Scotland;) and there is, in the case of most of these, a return as to the existing school accommodation of the district, an inquiry on this subject being always and very properly made—oftener, as appears, however, made than attended to. The following are some of the returns, taken almost at random:—

Brighton in Polmont.—Population of school district, 3584: existing schools—"The parish school, Establishment, (attended by 150 scholars;) Redding Muir, Establishment, (100;) Redding village, Establishment and Free Church, (80;) Redding Muir, Methodist, (40)."^{*} Grant to Free Church, £143.

Dalkeith.—Population, 6000: existing school accommodation—"The parochial or grammar school, and other schools, partially supported by the Duke of Buccleuch." No further particulars. Grant to Free Church, £248.—In the following instance, a notable attempt is made to manufacture a case of crying destitution:—

Ellon.—Population, 3000: existing schools—"The parochial school is situate about a quarter of a mile distant, at the eastern extremity of the old town; the new school will be at the western extremity of the new town!" In consideration, however, of the "one-fourth mile," coupled with the interesting topographical information that this is the exact distance between the eastern extremity of the old and the western extremity [or "west-end"] of the new town of Ellon, and, doubtless, for other grave reasons not expressed, £162 is subscribed to the funds of the Free Church.

These are average examples of all the cases. Everybody, indeed, knows what the practice of the Free Secession has been in choosing sites, alike for their churches and for their

^{*} We observe, however, that by the Parliamentary Returns of 1834, the school accommodation was even then considerably greater than is here stated. The greatest number attending the parish school was 246, and non-parochial schools 443; which, to the population there given of 3210, was nearly a proportion of 1 in 5 of the inhabitants—a larger proportion than in Prussia!

schools. Their endeavour has been to plant both as near as possible to the parish church and the parish school,—a most natural, and, for their purposes, wise arrangement; but an arrangement, one would imagine, which ought not to have been countenanced by the Privy Council. That body might have been expected to reply to such an application as that from Polmont parish—“The funds at our disposal are intended to supply deficiencies in the means of education. We cannot recognise your case as one of destitution. As a public body, administering public money, it is not permitted to us to agree with you in setting aside the parochial schools, and the other schools in the district as of no account, merely because they are not under your sectarian control. You are applying for our aid, not to supplement, but to supersede existing educational institutions; and this is an object to which we could not contribute without a gross misappropriation of the national funds.” In having, instead of returning this answer to the promoters of the proposed new school in Polmont, sent them £143, the Privy Council's committee have, be it noticed, established a precedent which is not likely to be left unimproved: indeed the Free Church are said to have about 500 similar applications ready.*

The practical evils of such a course are obvious. “Suppose,” (say the parish schoolmasters, in their memorial to Lord John Russell,)—“suppose

the people of the parishes where these schools shall be established wished to be divided betwixt the parochial schools and those of the Free Church, instead of resorting exclusively to the former, *are they likely to be better educated in consequence of the change?* Is it not rather to be feared that, instead of one efficient, two comparatively inefficient schools will in consequence be established in a great number of parishes? At all events, the loss resulting from the injury done to the old and tried system is certain; the advantages of the new system are problematical; and the sacrifice of the former to the latter, therefore, seems to us to be inexpedient and unwise.”†

That “old and tried system” is, however, exposed to other perils. Lord Melgund not only finds fault with the above and other abuses of the Privy Council's scheme of education, but with the original parochial system; and not only suggests that that recent scheme should be reorganised, but that the whole system of national education in Scotland should undergo a thorough revisal. Let us come at once to that reform which it appears to be the chief aim of his pamphlet to recommend, and of his motion to effect; which is of a very sweeping and fundamental character, and which, in a word, consists in the severance of the subsisting connexion between the parochial schools and the Established Church.

It is not necessary at present to go back to the origin of the ecclesiastical

* They have taken care to sound the committee on the subject, and have received an answer encouraging enough. The following extract is from their report of a deputation to the Lord President:—“2. In regard to applications for annual grants under the minutes, it was asked—What evidence will ordinarily be required to satisfy the Committee of the Privy Council that any particular school is needed in the district in which it stands, and that it ought to be recognised as entitled to its fair share of the grant equally with others similarly situated? Supposing, in any given school, all the other conditions, as to pecuniary resources, the qualifications of teachers, &c., satisfactorily complied with, will it be held enough to have the report of the Government inspector or inspectors that a sufficient number of children (say 50 or 60 in the country, and 90 or 100 in towns) either are actually in attendance upon the school, or engaged to attend, *without the question being raised as to the contiguity of other schools of a different denomination, or the amount of vacant accommodation in such schools?* In reply, it was stated that the Committee of Privy Council could not limit their discretion in judging of the comparative urgency of applications; their lordships were disposed to receive representations, and to inquire as to the sufficiency of the existing school accommodation; and they would also consider any other ground which might be urged for the erection of a new school where a school or schools had been previously established.”—*Minutes for 1847-8*, vol. 1, p. lxiv.

† *Schoolmasters' Memorial*, p. 3.

institutions of Scotland. The question is, not what the law is, but what the law ought to be; and we shall here assume that, whatever may be the vested interests of the Church in the parish schools, it is competent for parliament to consider the propriety, in existing circumstances, of introducing a new national system of education, irrespective altogether of historical considerations. By thus arguing the question on its merits, to the exclusion of historical associations, we deprive ourselves of many pleas against a change which appear relevant and cogent to friends of the Church whose judgment is entitled to the highest respect. But we take the ground which, if the matter be discussed at all, will doubtless be taken by most of those who engage in the controversy, and on which, doubtless, the result will be made ultimately to depend.

The parish-school system of Scotland may be described in a few words. In every parish, at the present day, there is (except in the case of some of the large towns) at least one school,* which, with the teacher's house, has been erected, and is kept up by the heritors, or landed proprietors, of each parish; by whom also a salary is provided for the schoolmaster, which, exclusive of house and garden, at present varies, according to circumstances, from £25 the minimum, to £34 the maximum allowance. This certainly most inadequate remuneration is supplemented partly by school fees—which, however, are fixed at a low rate, and always dispensed with in cases of necessity—partly by the schoolmaster being allowed to hold, in conjunction with his school, the offices of heritors' and session clerk, which yield, on an average, to each about £14 more, (*Remarks*, p. 15;) and partly, though in comparatively few parishes, by local foundations. In 1834, the number of parochial schools was

1,047; and the emoluments of the teachers amounted for the whole (excluding the augmentations from the Dick Bequest) to £55,399: of this sum £29,642 being salaries, £20,717 school fees, and £4,979 other emoluments.†

With regard to management: the election of the teacher is vested in the heritors (*the sole rate-payers*) and minister of the parish. Before admission to his office, however, the schoolmaster-elect must pass a strict examination before the presbytery of the bounds, as to his qualifications to teach the elementary branches of education, and such of the higher branches as either the heritors on the one hand, or the presbytery ‡ on the other hand, may think necessary in every case; and must profess his adherence to the Established Church by signing the Confession of Faith and formula. The parish minister acts as the regular school-inspector: and every presbytery is bound to hold an annual examination of all the schools within its jurisdiction, usually conducted in the presence of the leading inhabitants, and to make returns to the supreme ecclesiastical court of the attendance, the branches taught, the progress of the scholars, and the efficiency of the teachers. It must be here added that, although thus placed under the superintendence of the national church, and although based on the principles of the national faith, the parish schools are acknowledged to be free from anything which, in Scotland at least, could be called a *sectarian* character. Lord Melgund frankly admits that “the teachers and presbyteries appear to have dealt liberally by all classes of Dissenters in religious matters, and certainly cannot be reproached with having given offence by dogmatical teaching, or by attempts to proselytise—(*Remarks*, p. 24;) and adduces some proofs in support of this view, with which we

* In many parishes side schools are built and endowed, in addition to the parish school, from the same funds: the salary in these cases being fixed by the Act at about £17.

† *Parliamentary Inquiry*, 1837, *Appendix*.

‡ That the presbytery has the power of insisting upon qualifications supplementary to those prescribed by the heritors, was decided, we think about a dozen years ago, in the case of Sprouston.

shall content ourselves, though they might easily be multiplied. About twelve years ago, a series of queries was sent to all the parish schools, containing, among many others, the following,—"Do children attend the school without reference to the religious persuasion of their parents?" and, as quoted by Lord Melgund, out of 924 answers, 915 were in the affirmative.—(*Remarks*, p. 27.) "It is but justice to the present teachers," said the Rev. Dr Taylor of the Secession Church to the House of Lords' Committee, in 1848, (*Remarks*, p. 34.) "to say that, as far as my knowledge goes, they do not generally attempt to proselytise or interfere with the religious opinions of the children." Mr John Gibson, the Government inspector, states, that not only the children of orthodox Dissenters, but even Roman Catholic children, find these schools non-sectarian. "Roman Catholic children (he says) have been wont to attend the schools of the Church of Scotland in the Highlands and Islands. This they seem to have done in consequence of the manner in which these schools have been conducted in reference to the Roman Catholic population."—(*Remarks*, p. 32.) With respect, indeed, to the great body of dissenters from the Established Church, there can be no difficulty. The Catechism taught in the parish schools, and, with the exception of the Bible, the only textbook insisted upon by the church, is a religious standard acknowledged by them all, and is taught almost as generally in the non-parochial as in the parochial schools.

Our answer to Lord Melgund's prin-

cipal reason for a fundamental revival of this the present parochial school system of Scotland is, that that reason is founded on a great delusion. The reason may be thus stated, that while the parish schools, however useful as far as they go, are confessedly inadequate to the increased population, their present constitution stands in the way of the introduction into Scotland of a general system of national education.—(See *Remarks*, p. 35 and *passim*.)

It may be here noticed, in passing, that rather more than enough is perhaps sometimes said as to the inadequacy of the provision for education made in the parish schools. The population has certainly enormously increased since 1696; but so has the wealth of the country, and so also, along with the power, has the desire increased, of compensating, by voluntary efforts, for the growing disproportion between the legal provision and the actual wants of the people in regard to education. In a great measure, the parish schools continue to serve efficiently some of the main purposes contemplated in their institution. In a great measure, they still afford a legal provision for education, *as far as legal provision is absolutely necessary*.*

That a strictly national system of education is on many accounts desirable, no one will doubt, any more than that the connexion between the parish schools and the National Church is, in the present state of opinion in the country, an insuperable obstacle to any such material extension of the present machinery, as would constitute a strictly national educational system. But whether the necessity or propriety

* The Church herself, to a considerable extent, supplements deficiencies in the legal school provision by means of her "Education Scheme," whose object and efficiency may be partly gathered from the two first sentences of the last report of the managing committee :—

"The schools under the charge of your committee (as has often been stated) are intended to form auxiliaries to the parish schools, not to compete or interfere with these admirable institutions; and, accordingly, are never planted except where, owing to local peculiarities, it is impossible that all the youth of the district requiring instruction can be gathered into one place. While much needed, your schools continue to be most useful; and, indeed, by the divine blessing, they appear to have been rendered eminently beneficial.

"The number of schools under the care of your committee may be reported of thus :—Those situated in the Highlands and Islands, 125; those in the Lowlands, 64; and those planted at the expense of the Church of Scotland's Ladies' Gaelic School Society, and placed under your committee's charge, 20: in all, 209."

of an alteration of the present system be an inference from these premises is a different question. Our answer to Lord Melgund here is, that to remove the parish schools from the superintendence of the Church would not have the smallest effect in facilitating arrangements for the purpose which Lord Melgund and others profess—doubtless, sincerely—to have so much at heart, and that, upon the whole, a national system of education for Scotland, of a more general description than the one already in operation, is, at least in present circumstances, *wholly impracticable* on any conditions or terms, after any fashion, or mode, or plan whatsoever. It is right that this should be distinctly understood. If Lord Melgund believes that the only or even the principal difficulty in the way of his utopian scheme of a strictly national system for this country, which shall unite all sects and parties, is the connexion between the parish school and the parish church, he must be extremely ignorant of the state of public opinion in Scotland, where, in fact, any such scheme is, on every account, notoriously out of the question.

Whether, with all its defects, the present system is not better than no system at all, is therefore a question deserving the serious consideration even of those who are most inimical to it. We would venture here to suggest, that if the existing system is to be interfered with, that interference should not at least be attempted until a *strictly national substitute* for it has been actually agreed upon. But it is vain to talk thus. The education system of 1696, already established, to which the people have long been habituated, and whose value they have had the best means of appreciating, is the only approximation to a national system which would now be tolerated for a moment, and, if it were set aside, could not be replaced by any other.

In the first place, the Church herself would not consent to any scheme which deprived her of her present securities for the "godly upbringing" of the children of her own communion. Abolish in the parish schools the tests and rights of supervision which she now possesses, and she must seek, in

schools raised by voluntary contribution, the means of carrying out her principles on the subject of education.

It is equally well known, that neither would the dissenters agree among themselves as to a national system of education. Of these members of the community, a large proportion would object to any system which excluded the Bible and the Shorter Catechism from the schools; and another large proportion—all who are voluntaries—would be equally bound, on their own principles, to oppose any plan which did not exclude the Bible and the Shorter Catechism—the latter class holding that the state cannot, without sin, interfere in any way in the religious instruction of the people, as strongly as the former class holds such interference to be the duty of the state. But this is not all. Thus, for instance, the Free seceders have shown, in the most unequivocal manner, that their objection is not only to the parish schools, as at present organised, but to all schools not under their own special superintendence.

What the views of the present rate-payers would be remains to be seen. The endowment of the parish schools cannot be called national. It comes exclusively out of the pockets of the landed gentry and other heritors of the country, who, as far as we are aware, have never as a class expressed any dissatisfaction with its present application, or any wish to interfere at all with the general ecclesiastical system with which it is connected. How far their concurrence to a radical alteration in the appropriation of funds, for which they originally consented to assess themselves on specified conditions, could be secured, we do not know; but we have strong suspicions that not the least of the difficulties would arise from this quarter, which is not usually taken into account. In short, let the question be put to the test. Propose a substitute for the enactment of 1696. Draw up a bill in which the details of a workable national system of education are intelligibly set forth, and let that system be what it will, liberal or illiberal, exclusive or catholic—a system in which all sects are endowed, as in many of the German states, or from which all religious instruction is

excluded, as in America—let it be the wisest, most comprehensive, most flexible scheme ever devised—and see the result: see whether the true difficulty in setting in motion a more extended and more strictly national system of education than at present exists, lies in the connexion between the parish schools and the Established Church, which an act of parliament might remedy any day, or in causes which no strong-handed measure of the legislature can reach—in the irremediable differences of opinion on the subject of education, and on the subject of religion, and on the subject of national endowments, prevalent at this day in Scotland, to a degree, and with complications, perhaps, nowhere else to be found in the world.

We consider it unnecessary to say anything as to the only other reason alleged by Lord Melgund for an interference with the present management of the parish schools—namely, the practical injustice suffered by dissenters from the Established Church, by the exclusive character of that management. We almost hope we misinterpret his lordship's statement, in attributing to him an objection which is nowhere announced in explicit terms, but which seems to us to be not the less obviously suggested. The objection, however, is a common one. Thus, as quoted by Lord Melgund himself, the Rev. Dr Taylor stated before the Lords' Committee, that the "Dissenters desired the reform of the parish schools less on account of the education of the children, than to open a field of employment for persons who wish to be schoolmasters, and are members of congregations not belonging to the Established Church;" and that "Dissenters consider it a grievance, or badge of inferiority, and an act of injustice, that they should be excluded from holding office in schools which are national institutions."

We think it needless to enter upon this topic, for if the reason here alleged be valid as against the parish schools, it is also valid as against the parish churches—against, in a word, the whole system of the national religious Establishment; and we trust that the time is not yet come when the propriety of overthrowing that institution, and—for all must stand or

fall together—those of the sister kingdoms, admits of serious discussion. It is worthy of notice, however, in passing, not only that such is at bottom the true state of the question, but that, with almost the whole of the advocates of a change, it is acknowledged to be so; and that that change, like the similar proposed innovations in the universities, and like the Lord Advocate's Marriage and Registration Bills, is mainly desired, when desired at all, as an important step towards the gradual accomplishment of an ulterior object, which it is not yet expedient to seek by open and straightforward means.

Before concluding this protest against the sweeping measures proposed by Lord Melgund and the party which he represents, it is right to take some notice of another question. Is the school system of Scotland incapable of any alteration whatever for the better? Granting that its fundamental principles ought to remain intact, may it not, and should it not, be rendered more efficient in the details of its administration, by the aid of the legislature?

One matter of detail which has been often pointed out as calling for legislative interference, is the difficulty, under the present law, of relieving parishes from the burden of incompetent schoolmasters, and particularly of schoolmasters who have become unfit for their duties by age or infirmity. Unhappily there are no retiring allowances provided in the parochial school system of Scotland. The consequence is, that it depends upon the mere liberality of the heritors—who however, to their honour, are seldom found wanting in such cases—whether a man who has outlived his usefulness shall continue to exercise his functions. For this evil it is very desirable that the obvious remedy should be furnished; and we think that there are no insurmountable practical difficulties to arrangements on the subject being carried into effect. It might also be proper to give greater facilities to presbyteries in dismissing teachers for wilful neglect of duty—a contingency which it is right to mention is both of very rare occurrence, and is best provided against by care in the selection, on

the part of the heritors, and in the rigorous exercise by presbyteries of their large powers of examination and rejection, when the appointments are originally made.

With regard to the existing salaries, their inadequacy has been already insisted upon. Nor, for many reasons, can we accept the recently propounded—if it can be said to be propounded—for its terms are not a little ambiguous—plan of the Privy Council's Committee for their augmentation as any remedy whatever. That plan—not to speak of more serious objections to it—includes certain conditions which are so framed, as practically to exclude from participation in the grant all parishes except the wealthiest and most liberal, which, of course, least need it. It is enough to mention here, that one of the conditions on which this grant, in every case, depends, is the *voluntary* concurrence of the heritors themselves in the payment of a considerable proportion of any addition to the present salary. We, of course, wish, that eventually some truly practicable means may be adopted to secure for the parish schoolmasters, throughout the country, allowances more in proportion than their present pittance to the importance—which can hardly be overrated—of their duties, and, we may add, to their merits.

These matters of detail admit, we repeat, of improvement. It is desirable that something should be done in the case of both. Better, however, a hundredfold, that things should remain altogether as they are, than that the principles lying at the foundation of the system should be shaken. It is to be hoped that the Church will be true to herself in regard to the question of pecuniary aid either from government, or by government legislation; refusing for its sake to compromise in the least degree her sacred rights—or let us rather call them her

sacred duties—of superintendence. Better to be poor than not pure.

One word more. Alarming as is the proposal of the member for Greenock, we have to state, with great regret, that it does no more than confirm apprehensions for the safety of a system hitherto found to work well, which have been awakened by actual proceedings already adopted. It is impossible that any one can have watched the gradual development of the plan, in regard particularly, though not exclusively, to Scotland, of that anomalous board, the Privy Council's Committee on Education, without being persuaded that they are, we do not say intended, but, at least, most nicely adapted to the eventual attainment of the very same object which Lord Melgund would accomplish *per saltum*. The every-day increasing claims of the Board to a right of interference with the internal management of all schools, its assumption of apparently unlimited legislative powers, and its continual indications of special hostility to the parochial school system, constitute an ominous combination of unfavourable circumstances. Even in the act of ostensibly aiding, it is secretly undermining that system. It is not only weakening its efficiency by the encouragement of rival schools—*rival* in the strictest sense of the term—but, by its grants to the parish schools themselves, on the conditions now exacted, it is purchasing the power, and preparing the way, for an eventual absorption of these schools in a comprehensive system to be under its own exclusive control, and to be regulated by principles at direct variance with those under the influence of which, in the schools of Scotland, have been for nearly two centuries brought up a people—we may say it with some pride—not behind any other in intelligence, or in moral and religious worth.

ARARAT AND THE ARMENIAN HIGHLANDS.

It were a worthy and novel undertaking for a man of science, enterprise, and letters, to explore and describe in succession the most celebrated of the earth's mountains. And we know of no person better fitted for such a task, and likely to accomplish it with more honour to himself and advantage to the world, than the persevering traveller and able writer, the title of whose latest work heads this page. Has he allotted himself that task? We cannot say; but what he has already done looks like its commencement, and he has time before him to follow the path upon which he has so successfully and creditably entered. In Dr Moritz Wagner we have an instance of a strong natural bent forcing its way in defiance of obstacles. Compelled by the pressure of peculiar circumstances to abandon his academical studies at Augsburg before they were completed, and to devote himself to commercial pursuits, he entered a merchant's house at Marseilles. Business took him to Algiers, and his visit to that country, then in the early years of French occupation, roused beyond the possibility of restraint the ardent thirst for travel and knowledge which had always been one of his characteristics. Abandoning trade, he returned to Germany and devoted himself to the study of natural history, and especially to that of zoology, which he had cultivated in his youth. In 1836, being then in his twenty-ninth year, he started from Paris for Algeria, where he travelled for two years, sharing, in the capacity of member of a scientific commission, in the second and successful expedition to Constantina. It is a peculiarity, and we esteem it laudable, of many German travellers of the more reflective and scientific class, that they do not rush into type before the dust of the journey is shaken from

their feet, but take time to digest and elaborate the history of their researches. Thus it was not until three years after his return to Europe, that Dr Wagner sent forth from his studious retirement at Augsburg an account of his African experiences, in a book which still keeps the place it at once took as the best upon that subject in the German language.* The work had not long been issued to the public, when its author again girded himself for the road. This time his footsteps were turned eastwards; Asia was his goal: he passed three busy and active years in Turkey and Russia, Circassia and Armenia. The strictly scientific results of this long period of observant travel and diligent research are reserved for a great work, now upon the anvil. To the general reader Dr Wagner addressed, a few months ago, two volumes of remarkable spirit and interest, which we recently noticed; and he now comes forward with a third, in its way equally able and attractive. The apparent analogy between the subjects of the two books, as treating of contiguous countries and nations, but slightly cloaks their real contrast. The two mountain ranges, whose world-renowned names figure on their title-pages, are, although geographically adjacent to each other, as far apart as the antipodes in their history and associations, and in the character of their inhabitants. Of the one the traditions are biblical, of the other pagan and mythological. Upon a crag of Caucasus Prometheus howls, and Medea culls poison at its base; upon Ararat's summit the ark reposes, and Noah, stepping forth upon the soaked and steaming earth, founds the village of Arguri, and plants the first vine in its valley. In modern days the contrast is not less striking. Amongst the Caucasian cliffs the rattle of musketry, the howl of war-

Reise nach dem Ararat und dem Hochland Armenien, von Dr MORITZ WAGNER. Mit einem Anhang: Beiträge zur Naturgeschichte des Hochlandes Armenien. Stuttgart und Tübingen, 1848.

* *Reise in der Regenschatt Algier in den Jahren 1836-8. 3 volumes. Leipzig, 1841.*

like fanatics, the glitter of Mahomedan mail, the charging hoofs of chivalrous squadrons, the wave of rich robes and the gleam of costly weapons purchased with the flesh and blood of Circassia's comely daughters. "Curse upon the Muscovite! Freedom or death!" is here the cry. Upon Ararat's skirts how different the scene and sounds! Cloisters and churches, monks and bishops, precious relics and sainted sites, the monotonous chant of priests and the prayer-bell's musical clang, the holy well of Jacob and the vestiges of Noah's floating caravan.* Dr Wagner esteems his journey to Armenia one of the most interesting episodes of his three years' Asiatic wanderings. In the preface to its record, he pays a handsome and well-deserved tribute to the enterprise of English travellers—to the names of Ker Porter, Wilbraham, Fraser, Hamilton, Ainsworth, and many others—who have contributed more, he says, to our geographical knowledge of Asia, than the learned travellers of all the other nations of Europe. He himself, he modestly and truly intimates, has added in the present volume to the store of information.

"When I undertook, in the year 1843, a journey to Russian Armenia, Mount Ararat was the object I had particularly in view. Various circumstances then compelled me to content myself with a visit to the north side of that mountain. But in the following year, during my journey to Turkish Armenia and Persia, it was vouchsafed me to explore the previously entirely unknown south side of the Ararat group, and to abide upon Turkish and Persian territory, in the vicinity of the mighty boundary-stone of three great empires. The striking position of Ararat, almost equidistant from China and from the Iberian peninsula, from the ice-bound Lena in the high

northern latitudes of Siberia, and from the slimy current of the Ganges in Southern Hindostan, has at all periods attracted the attention of geographers. For years I had harboured the ardent wish to visit the mysterious mountain. Towering in the centre of the Old Continent, an image of the fire whose mighty remains extend to the regions of eternal ice, Ararat is indicated by Jewish and Armenian tradition as the peak of refuge, round which the deluge roared, unable to overflow it. From the summit of the gigantic cone descended the pairs of all creatures, whose descendants people the earth."

On Ararat, as in many other places, tradition and science disagree. Diluvial traces are sought there in vain. On the other hand, evidences of volcanic devastation on every side abound; and a wish to investigate this, and to ascertain the details of the subterranean commotion that had destroyed Arguri three years previously, was one of the principal motives of Dr Wagner's visit to Armenia. Towards the middle of May he started from Tefflis, the most important town of the Russian trans-Caucasian provinces, accompanied by Abowian, a well-educated Armenian and accomplished linguist, and attended by Ivan, the doctor's Cossack, a sharp fellow, and a faithful servant after his kind, but, like all his countrymen, an inveterate thief. Their vehicle was a Russian *telega*, or posting carriage, springless, and a perfect bone-setter on the indifferent roads of Armenia. They travelled in company with that well-known original and indefatigable traveller, General Baron Von Hallberg,† of whose appearance, and of the sensation it excited in the streets of Erivan, Dr Wagner gives an amusing account:—

"Amongst the travellers was a strange

* The Armenian Christians abound in traditions respecting Noah and his ark. We have already mentioned the one relating to Arguri, which he is said to have founded, and which should therefore have been the oldest village in the world, up to its destruction in 1840 by an earthquake and volcanic eruption, of which Dr Wagner gives an interesting account. The simple and credulous Christians of Armenia believe that fragments of the ark are still to be found upon Ararat.

† This eccentric old soldier and author, who calls himself the Hermit of Gaunting, from the name of an estate he possesses, is not more remarkable for the oddity of his dress and appearance, than for the peculiarities and affected roughness of his literary style, and for the overstrained originality of many of his views. In his own country he is cited as a contrast to Prince Puckler Muskau, the dilettante and silver-fork tourist *par excellence*, whose affectation, by no means less remarkable than that of the

figure, around which the inquisitive mob assembled, with expressions of the utmost wonderment. It was that of an old man, hard upon eighty, but who, nevertheless, sprang into the carriage, and took his seat beside a young Russian lady, with an air of juvenile vigour. From his chin and furrowed cheeks fell a venerable gray beard, half concealing the diamond-studded order of St Anna, which hung round his neck, whilst upon his left breast four or five other stars and crosses glittered from under the black Russian caftan, and his bald head was covered by a red Turkish fez, to the front of which a leathern peak was sewn. 'Who can he be?' murmured the curious Armenians and Tartars, who could not reconcile the old gentleman's brilliant decorations with his coachman's caftan and Turkish cap. 'Certainly a general, or perhaps a great lord from the emperor's court—a man of the first *teckin*!'—'Or mayhap a foreign ambassador!' quoth others. 'Since he wears the fez, he must come from Stamboul.' A Munich *gamis* would have enlightened the good folks of Erivan. The interesting stranger, as some of my readers may already have conjectured, was no other than Baron Von Hallberg of Munich, (known also as the Hermit of Gauting,) my much-respected countryman. I made the acquaintance of this remarkable man, and great traveller, in 1836, at Algiers, where we passed many a cheerful day together, in the society of some jovial fellow-countrymen. After a lapse of seven years, I again met him at Teflis, and we travelled together to Armenia. Since our parting at the foot of Atlas, he had visited the pyramids of Egypt, and the ruined temples of Heliopolis, and now the unwearied traveller thirsted after a sight of the capital of Persia's kings. He had come down the Wolga, and over the Caucasus, and was about to cross the Persian frontier."

At Pipls, the chief town of a circle, and residence of its captain, Dr Wag-

ner was struck by the appearance of a handsome modern building; and soon he learned, to his astonishment, that it was a district-school erected by the former governor, General Von Rosen. A school in this wild district, scantily peopled with rude Tartars and Armenians, seemed as much out of place as a circulating library in an Ojibbeway village. He proceeded forthwith to visit the seminary, whose folding-doors stood invitingly open. The spacious halls were unfurnished and untenanted; over the mouldy walls spiders spread their webs with impunity; the air was damp, the windows were broken, and a great lizard scuttled out of sight upon the traveller's intrusion. There were neither benches nor desks, teachers nor pupils. Nor had there ever been any of these, said a Cossack lieutenant, whose horses were feeding in the court-yard. The school-house was a mere impromptu in honour of the Russian emperor. In many countries, when the sovereign travels, his progress is celebrated by triumphal arches, garlands, and illuminations. In Russia it is different. Nicholas is known to prefer use to ornament, and when he visits the remote provinces of his vast dominions, his lieutenants and governors strain their ingenuity to make him credit the advance of civilisation and the prosperity of his subjects. The property-men are set to work, and edifices spring up, more solid, but, at present, scarcely more useful than the pasteboard mansions on a theatrical stage. On his approach to Teflis, the school was run up in all haste, and plans and schemes were shown for the education of Tartar and Armenian. Languages and every branch of knowledge were

baron, is quite of the opposite description. Von Hallberg's works are numerous, and of various merit. One of his most recent publications is a "*Journey through England*," (Stuttgart, 1841.) The chief motive of his travels is apparently a love of locomotion and novelty. When travelling with Dr Wagner, he took little interest in his companion's geological and botanical investigations, and directed his attention to men rather than to things. After passing the town of Pipls, three days' journey from Teflis, the country and climate assumed a very German aspect, strongly reminding the travellers of the vicinity of the Hartz Mountains. "It is folly," exclaimed old Baron Hallberg, almost angrily, "perfect folly, to travel a couple of thousand miles to visit a country as like Germany as one egg is to another." "I really pitied the old man, who had daily to support the rude jolting of the Russian *telega*, besides suffering greatly from the assaults of vermin, and who found so little matter here with to fill his journal."—*Reise nach dem Ararat*, &c., p. 15.

to be taught, and money was to be given to the people to induce them to send their children to the hall of learning. "The project was splendid," said the Cossack officer to Dr Wagner, "but there the matter rested. No sooner had the Emperor seen the school-house, and expressed his satisfaction, than the hands of masons and carpenters seemed suddenly crippled. Not another ruble reached Pipis for the prosecution of the philanthropical work, the architect took himself off, and we took possession of the empty house. The courtyard is convenient for our horses, and in the hot summer days my Cossacks find pleasant lying in the large cool halls." Not all the acuteness, foresight, and far-sightedness, and many kingly qualities, which combine to render Nicholas the most remarkable of existing monarchs, can protect from such impositions as this the sovereign of so extensive a country as Russia. In vain may the czar, indefatigable upon the road, visit the remotest corners of his dominions; unless he do so incognito, after the fashion of Haroun Alraschid, he will still be cheated. The governing part of the population, the civil and military officials, conspire to deceive him; and the governed dare not reveal the truth, for their masters have abundant means at their disposal to punish an indiscretion. "Life is delightful in this country," said Mr Ivanoff, a Russian district overseer in Armenia, as he reclined upon his divan, wrapped in a silken caftan, sipping coffee and smoking a cigar; "how absurd of people in Russia to look upon Caucasus as a murder-hole, and to pity those who have to cross it, as if they were going straight to purgatory! I reckon one vegetates here very durably, and he who complains is either an ass, a rascal, or a liar. You see, my house is tolerably comfortable, my table not bad. I have four-and-twenty saddle-horses in my stable, superb beasts, fit for a prince's stud, and to crown all, I am loved and honoured by the twenty thousand human beings over whom I rule as the sardar's representative." Ivanoff's frank avowal of his satisfaction contrasted with the hypocritical complaints of many of his colleagues, who, whilst filling their pockets and

consuming the fat of the land, affect to consider residence in trans-Caucasus the most cruel of inflictions. "Truly," says Dr Wagner, "nothing was wanting to the comfort of life in Mr Ivanoff's dwelling: convenient furniture, a capital kitchen, wine from France, cigars from the Havannah, horses of the best breeds of Arabia, Persia, and Turkistan—all these things have their value, and yet, to procure them, Mr Ivanoff had a salary of only six hundred paper rubles, (about six-and-twenty pounds sterling!) He had a tolerably pretty wife, on whom he doated, and to whom he brought all manner of presents whenever he returned from the Erivan bazaar, which he visited generally once a-week. Trinkets and silken stuffs and rich carpets—whatever, in short, the little woman fancied—she at once got, and if not to be had at Erivan, it was written for to Teflis. . . . When Ivanoff rode forth in his official capacity, it was with a following of twenty horsemen, all belonging to his household, and with a banner waving before him. What a life! comfort, riches, oriental pomp, and despotic power! Who would not be chief of a Russian district in Armenia?" All this upon ten shillings a-week! It was more astounding even than the school-house at Pipis. Abowian, as yet inexperienced in Russian ways, regarded the riddle as unsolvable. Ivanoff confessed he had nothing beside his salary. How then did he maintain this princely existence? He assured the travellers he was beloved by his people, and the Armenian peasants confirmed the assurance. Extortion and violent plunder could not therefore be the means employed. It was not till some days later, and in another district, that Dr Wagner elucidated the mystery. He saw a long procession of Armenian and Tartar peasants proceeding to the house of Ivanoff's official brother. They were gift-laden; one led a horse, another a sheep, a third dragged a stately goat by the horns, and forced the bearded mountaineer to kneel before the Russian's corpulent wife, who received the animals, the eggs, milk, cakes, and other offerings, as well in coin as in kind, quite as matter of course. Nay, she even looked sour and sulky, as though the

tribute were scanty; and Dr Wagner, who was an unobserved witness of the scene, heard her say to the leader of the deputation, (probably the mayor of some Armenian village:) "Think yourselves lucky to get off so cheaply, for if it were known that the *tchuma* is amongst you! . . ." The shrewd doctor caught at this menacing phrase, as a possible key to what had so greatly puzzled him. The meaning of the Russian word *tchuma*, which, upon the man to whom it was addressed, seemed to have the effect of a thunder-bolt, being unknown to him, he inquired it of his companion. *Tchuma* means the PLAGUE. This frightful disease the governor of the trans-Caucasian provinces, stimulated by stringent orders from St Petersburg, makes it his constant effort to extirpate at any price from the territory under his rule. Let a district-overseer report a village infected, and forthwith it is placed in the most rigid quarantine by means of a circle of Cossack pickets; for months the unlucky inhabitants are deprived of communication with the surrounding country; their agriculture is suspended, their crops rot in the ground, and they lack the necessaries of life. All their clothes, bedding, blankets, everything capable of conveying infection, are burned without reserve, and the compensation allowed does not repay a tithe of the loss. Hence the terrible power of the district-overseer: a word suffices; he will declare the village infected! The first death from fever, or any other endemic, furnishes him with a pretext. At the least threat of this nature, the peasants, apprehending ruin, hasten to sacrifice part of their substance, and to avert the evil by gifts to the great man, who is maintained in opulence and luxury by these illegitimate imposts. Here was the secret of Ivanoff's five-and-twenty horses and other little comforts. Nevertheless he was liked in the country, for he did not over-drive the willing brute he lived upon, neither did he hoard like his colleagues, but spent his money freely and generously. And the poor peasants brought him their contributions unasked and almost gladly, eager to keep him in good humour, and fearful of changing him for a severer taskmaster. Suppose Czar Nicholas on a

visit to his Armenian provinces, and how can it be expected that the poor ignorant wretches who offer up their sheep and chickens as ransom from the plague-spot, will dare carry to his august feet a complaint against their tyrants? They may have heard of his justice, and feel confidence in it—for it is well known that the emperor is prompt and terrible in his chastisement of oppressive and unjust officials, when he can detect them—and yet they will hesitate to risk greater evils by trying to get rid of those that already afflict them. The *esprit-de-corps* of Russian *employés* is notorious, and a disgraced governor or overseer may generally reckon pretty confidently on his successor for vengeance upon those who denounced him. The corruption, according to Dr Wagner, extends to the very highest; and men of rank and birth, princes and general officers, are no more exempt from it than the understrapper with a few hundred rubles per annum. "One crow does not pick out another's eyes," says the German proverb. But in spite of his officers' cunning and caution, the emperor can hardly visit his distant provinces without detecting abuses and getting rid of illusions. One of these was dispelled when he, for the first time, beheld, upon his journey to Russian Armenia in 1837, the much-vaunted fortifications of Erivan's citadel. Count Paskewitch's pompous bulletins had led him to expect something very different from the feeble walls, composed of volcanic stones, loosely cemented with mud and straw, upon whose conqueror a proud title had been bestowed. The result of all the emperor's observations at that time had great influence—so says Dr Wagner—upon his subsequent policy. His love of peace, and his moderation with respect to Asiatic conquest, were confirmed by the impression he then received. Of this the doctor was assured by many well-informed and trustworthy persons in the trans-Caucasus. "This country needs much improvement," said Nicholas to a high official who accompanied him through the monotonous, thinly-peopled, and scantily-tilled wildernesses, and through the indigent towns and villages of Armenia. His desire for conquest was cooled, and his wish to consolidate

and improve what he already possessed was strengthened tenfold. Everywhere upon the south-eastern frontier of Russia Dr Wagner traced evidence of this latter feeling. But he also beheld forts on a scale and of a construction hinting offensive as well as defensive projects on the part of their builder. One of them was in process of erection at Erivan, to replace the crazy edifice already referred to. In 1843, the progress of the works was slow, for another expensive citadel was building on the Turkish frontier, and it was desirable to limit the annual outlay for this item. And a hostile demonstration against Russia, from Persians beyond the river Araxes, was the last thing to be apprehended.

"The great new fortress is far less intended for a defence than for a storehouse and place of muster for a Russian army of operations against the Persian frontier provinces, whose conquest the Emperor Nicholas undoubtedly bequeaths to his successors. The formidable constructions at Sevastopol, Nicolajeff, and Gumri, are to answer the same end against Turkey as that of Erivan against Persia. These frontier forts are the sword of Damocles, which the emperor—not greedy of conquest himself, but far-calculating for the future—suspends over the heads of his Moslem neighbours, to be drawn from its scabbard under more favourable circumstances by a warlike son or grandson."

The appearance of the forts in question gives a show of reason to Dr Wagner's prognostications. Gumri—or Alexandropol, as the Russians have re-baptised the contiguous town—is built on a rocky eminence, whose crags serve it in some measure for walls. It contains barracks, casemates, storehouses, and hospitals, all as strong as they are spacious, and which could be defended as detached citadels, supposing an enemy to have mastered the walls and rocky outworks. It is adapted for an army of sixty thousand men, and is so roomy, that in case of a sudden inroad of the Pasha of Kara—who, if war broke out, could probably bring an army to the river Arpatschai before the Russians could assemble one at Tefflis, and march to the frontier—not only the whole population of Alexandropol, (in 1843 about 6000 souls,) but the entire peasantry of the surrounding

country would find shelter within its walls. Its natural and artificial strength is so great, that a small garrison might laugh at the attacks of Turks and Persians.

"From these turrets," said the mustached Russian major who showed me all that was worth seeing in the fortress of Gumri, 'our eagle will one day wing its victorious flight.' If the Russians ever conquer Asiatic Turkey, the first step will undoubtedly be taken from this spot, and therefore has the sagacious emperor commanded no expense to be spared in the perfection of the works. 'The power of Russia is patient as time, vast as space,' once exclaimed a renowned orator in the tribune of the French Chamber. Persons who assert that Nicholas has no ambition, that all thirst of conquest is foreign to his character, are perhaps right; but greatly do those err who believe that he contents him with playing the part of the first Tory in Europe, and thinks only of closing the Russian frontier to liberal ideas, of drilling his guards and passing brilliant reviews. The works done, doing, and planned, at Nicolajeff, Sevastopol, Gumri, Erivan, prove the potent monarch to have ulterior views. For himself, he may be content not to enlarge the enormous territory within whose limits his voice is law. So long as he lives, perhaps, no ukase will silence the Hattis-scherif of the padishah beyond the Arpatschai. But under the shadow of this much-vaunted moderation and love of peace, the prudent emperor forgets not to clear the road of conquest into Asia, and to leave it broad, smooth, and convenient for some succeeding Romanoff."

Such speculations as these, proceeding from a man who has travelled, with slow step and observant eye, every inch of the ground to which he refers, and to whom a clear head, reflective habits, and much communion with the people of the country, have given peculiar facilities for the formation of a sound judgment, are of high interest and value. Dr Wagner is no dogmatist, but a close and candid reasoner, abounding in facts to support what he advances, and having at his fingers' ends all that has been written not only in his own country, but in England and elsewhere, on the subject of Russia and her emperor, of her policy and her eastern neighbours. And it is to the credit of his impartiality that his writings afford no clue to his own political

predilections. He stigmatises abuses wherever he meets them, and from whatever cause proceeding; but whilst showing due sympathy with the gallant Circassians and long-suffering Armenians, he wholly eschews the insane propagandism so rife in the writings of many of his countrymen. He is evidently not of opinion that autocrat and oppressor are always synonymous, and that absolutism is essentially the worst tyranny.

A preferable site having been found for the new fort of Erivan, the old one was still standing at the period of Dr Wagner's visit. He gives an amusing account of its interior, and especially of the apartments of the ex-sardar, Hussein Khan, whose walls were painted in fresco, an art still quite in its infancy amongst the Persians. The pictures, as might be expected, were rather grotesque than graceful in their execution.

"The subject of one of them is the history of Jussuf (Joseph) in Egypt, based upon the Arabian tradition. Zuleikha, the wife of Potiphar—so runs the Moslem legend—had become the laughing-stock of the ladies of Pharaoh's court, by the failure of her attempt to seduce the beautiful Joseph. To revenge herself, she invited all those court-dames to visit her, and commanded Joseph to hand them fruit and sherbet. But when the women beheld him, they were so bewitched by his beauty, that they bit their fingers instead of the pomegranates. This is the moment selected by the Persian artist. One of the ladies is seen to swoon from surprise, and Zuleikha triumphs at this incident, and at the confusion of the scoffers."

There was considerable license in the subjects of some of the other pictures, one of which was intended to turn the Armenian Christians into ridicule, by representing their priests and bishops in profane society and riotous revel. Amongst the portraits, one of the last sardar of Erivan represented him with a gloomy and forbidding countenance—an expression which, if true to life, was by no means in conformity with his character.

"Hussein Khan was esteemed, even by the Armenians, as an able ruler. He was a brave warrior, a great protector of the fine arts, and tolerably moderate and

just in his actions. In the struggle with the Russians he exhibited the utmost personal gallantry, but his example had no effect upon his cowardly soldiery. Without his knowledge his brother had attempted to have the Russian general murdered. When, after the surrender of the citadel, they both fell into the hands of the Russians, Count Paskewitch was inclined to take his revenge, by excluding the sardar's brother, as an assassin, from the benefits of the capitulation. But the firm bearing and cold resignation of the Persian, when brought before his conqueror, moved the latter to mercy. 'Every nation,' said the prisoner to Count Paskewitch, (the words were repeated to Dr Wagner by an eye-witness of the interview,) 'has its own way of making war. With us Persians, all means are held good and praiseworthy by which we can injure our foe. Thy death would have profited us, by spreading confusion and alarm amongst thy troops, and we should have availed ourselves of the circumstance for an attack. And if I sought to kill thee, it was solely in the interest of my sovereign's cause. If you desire revenge, you are free to take it. I am in your power, and shall know how to meet my fate.' This calm courage made a great impression upon the staff of general Paskewitch, (although the Persian noble was a man of very bad reputation,) and the Russian commander generously gave him enemy his life, and ultimately his freedom."

The sardar's harem has less decoration than the state apartments. Formerly its walls were covered with frescos, mosaic work, and porcelain ornaments of many colours; but since the Russians took possession all these have disappeared, leaving the walls bare and white. During the czar's short stay at Erivan, he inhabited one of these rooms, and wrote, with his own hand, in firm, well-formed characters, his name upon the wall. The signature is now framed and glazed. In many houses where the emperor passed a night, when upon his travels, he left a similar memento of his presence, sometimes adding a few friendly words for his host.

From Erivan Dr Wagner started for the far-famed Armenian convent of Eshmiadzini; his journey enlivened, or at least saved from complete monotony, by the eccentricities of his Cossack attendant. Ivan, warmed by a glass of *wodka*, and no way affected by the jolting, which to his

master was martyrdom, basked in the morning sun, and chanted a ditty of the Don, from time to time turning round his mustached physiognomy, and looking at the doctor as for applause. An active, cunning fellow, with a marvellous facility for making himself understood, even by people of whose language he knew not a syllable, Dr Wagner was, upon the whole, well contented with him, although utterly unable to break him of stealing. He never left his night's quarters without booty of some kind, although his master always warned the host to keep a sharp eye upon his fingers. But when anything was to be pilfered, the Don-Cossack's sleight of hand threw into the shade that of the renowned Houdin himself. Even from the wretched Jesides, who have scarcely anything to call their own, he carried off a pot of buttermilk rather than depart empty-handed.

"Carefully as I locked away from him my little stock of travelling money, he nevertheless found some inexplicable means of getting at it. At last I adopted the plan of counting it every evening before his eyes, and making him answerable for all deficiencies. Still, from time to time, something was missing, and Ivan employed his utmost eloquence to convince me of the culpability of the Armenian drivers whom I occasionally had in my service. I never could catch him in the fact; but one evening I examined his clothes, and found a packet of silver rubles in a secret pocket. Whereupon the Cossack, with a devout grimace, which sat comically enough upon his sly features, held up his ten fingers in the air, and swore, by all the saints of the Russian calendar, that he had economised the sum out of his wages, and had hidden it for fear of an attack by robbers."

The doctor pardoned his servant's speculations more easily than his blunders—one of which, that occurred upon the road to Erivan, was certainly provoking enough to so eager a naturalist. On the lonely banks of a canal, apparently the work of nature rather than of man, (although local traditions maintain the contrary,) one of the outlets of the alpine lake of Chenk-sha, or Blue Water, Dr Wagner encountered some Armenian anglers, who had secured a rich store of extremely curious fish. He purchased a dozen specimens, and on

arriving at the next posting station, he bade his Cossack put them in a leathern bottle of spirits of wine, whilst he himself, armed with the geological hammer, availed himself of the short halt to explore some adjacent rocks. On his return, he found Ivan hard at work executing his orders, in obedience to which this Fair-service from the Don had duly immersed the ichthyological curiosities in alcohol, but had previously *cut them in pieces*, "in order that on arriving at Erivan, they might taste more strongly of the pickle."

Eshmiadzini is about fifteen miles from Erivan, across the plain of the Araxes, a monotonous stony flat, offering little worthy of note. Dr Wagner had expected, in the church and residence of the chief of the Armenian Christians, a stately and imposing edifice, something after the fashion of Strassburg cathedral; and he wondered greatly not to behold its turrets or spire rising in the distance long before he came within sound of its bells. In this, as in various other instances during his travels, by indulging his imagination, he stored up for himself a disappointment. A clumsy stunted dome, a mud-walled convent, ugly environs, a miserable village, black pigs wallowing in a pool of mud—such was the scene that met his disgusted vision. The people were worthy of the place, but from them he had not expected much. He had seen enough of the Armenian priesthood at Teflis, in Constantinople, and elsewhere, to appreciate them at their just value. Some dirty, stupid-looking monks lounged about the convent entrance, gossiping and vermin-hunting. The travellers were conducted into a large room, where the archbishops held their conclaves. Five of these dignitaries were seated at a long table, dressed in blue robes with loose sleeves, and with cowls over their heads. The one in a red velvet arm-chair, at the head of the table, represented the absent patriarch. He was a handsome man, with an imposing beard, of which he was very vain. Laying his hand upon his heart, with an assumption of great dignity, he addressed a few words of flattering welcome to Dr Wagner, of whose coming he had been forewarned by

the Russian general Neidhardt. "We have long expected you," he said. "The whole of our clergy rejoice to welcome within their walls a man of your merit and reputation." The compliment, although laconic, was not ill turned, but it was thoroughly insincere. An eruption of Ararat, or a troop of Kurdish robbers at their gates, were scarcely a more unwelcome sight to the reverend inmates of Eshmiadzini than is the arrival of a literary traveller. They well know that little good can be written about them, and that even Parrot, habitually so lenient in his judgments, gave but an unflattering sketch of the Armenian priesthood. European learning is an evil odour in their nostrils, and naturalists, especially, they look upon as freethinkers and unbelievers, condemned beyond redemption to an eternal penalty. Moreover, the holy fraternity are accustomed to measure the importance of their visitors by the Russian standard of military rank and decorations, and Dr Wagner's plain coat excited not their respect. With wondering eyes they examined the unassuming stranger, and asked each other in whispers how the governor-general could possibly have taken the trouble to announce the advent of an individual without epaulets or embroidered uniform, without *tschin* or orders. "When I at last left the room, to visit the church and other buildings, Archbishop Barsech (the patriarch's substitute) accompanied me, and seemed disposed to act as my cicerone, but suddenly bethinking himself, he deemed it perhaps beneath his dignity, for he hastily retired. I was escorted by an archimandrite, and Abowian by a young Russian official. Barsech's absence was doubly agreeable to me, as permitting me to examine at leisure all parts of the convent, and to ask many questions which the patriarch's reverend vicar might have deemed scarcely becoming."

The attention of the various English travellers who have written about Armenia has been chiefly directed to its southern portion, to the regions adjacent to the great alpine lakes of Urmia and Van. The northern parts of Upper Armenia, north of Mount

Ararat, and adjacent to Caucasus, have received the notice of several French and German writers. But most of these took travellers' license to embellish the places they wrote about; or else the change for the worse since their visits, now of rather ancient date, has been most grievous. In the second half of the seventeenth century, three Frenchmen, Tavernier, Chardin, and Tournefort, gave glowing accounts of the prosperity and opulence of Eshmiadzini. At the time of Tavernier's visit, (1655,) large caravans of traders and merchandise were frequently upon the road, bringing wealth to the country and numerous pilgrims to the church, many of these being opulent Armenian merchants, whose generous offerings enriched the shrine. Tavernier was astonished at the treasures of Eshmiadzini, which apparently had then not suffered from the spoliating attacks of Turks and Persians. The church was fitted up with the utmost luxury, and the conventional life was not without its pleasures and diversions, relieving the wearisome monotony that now characterises it. In honour of Monsieur Tavernier and of his travelling companions, the Christian merchants of the caravan, the patriarch gave a grand bull-fight, in which eight bulls were exhibited and two killed. Tournefort wrote in raptures of the fertility and excellent cultivation of the environs of the convent, dividing his praise between the rich adornments of the church and the blooming parterres of the garden, and winding up by declaring Eshmiadzini a picture of paradise. Dr Wagner, who, before visiting a country, makes a point of reading all that has been written of it, had perused these glowing descriptions, and was duly disappointed in consequence.

"Good heavens!" he exclaims, in intense disgust, "how little do those enthusiastic descriptions agree with what is now to be seen! To-day the convent garden is small, run to waste, miserably stocked. Instead of pinks and amarantus, which rejoiced the senses of the lucky Tournefort, I could discern in this Armenian 'paradise' naught besides turnips and cabbages, with here and there a stunted, unhealthy-looking mulberry or apricot tree, and the melancholy wild olive, with its flavourless fruits. No shade

from the sun, nothing pleasant to the eye. And neither the interior of the convent nor that of the church exhibit any traces of the splendour vaunted by the old travellers. In the patriarch's reception-chamber, the windows are prettily painted in the Persian style; and here my guide expected, but in vain, to see me struck with wonder and admiration. In the same room is a bust of the Emperor Nicholas, dating, doubtless, from the early years of his reign, for it has no mustaches, and the breast wants breadth. In the next apartment, where the patriarch daily receives the higher clergy of the establishment, is a Madonna, after Raphael, so exquisitely embroidered in silk, that at a short distance it appears a painting. This piece of needlework was sent to the patriarch from Hindostan, by a pious Armenian woman. Then there is an ivory bass-relief of Abraham's sacrifice; and on the walls are depicted horrible scenes of martyrdom, especially the sufferings of St Gregory, buried alive in a deep well. A most artistically carved arm-chair, occupied by the patriarch upon state occasions, was also sent, only a few years ago, from Hindostan, whence, and from other foreign communities of Armenian Christians, far more gifts are received than from Tefflis and other neighbouring places inhabited by many rich Armenians. Behind this arm-chair is a full-length portrait of the Czar of all the Russias, of whom the prelates never speak but in a tone of anxious humility."

The church of Eshmiadzimi is rich in monkish legends and precious relics. It contains an altar, through which is a passage into subterranean excavations, and which stands on the exact spot where the Saviour is said to have appeared to St Gregory, armed with a club, and to have hurled the heathen gods and evil spirits into the chasm. To this day, when, as often happens, the wind whistles through the vaults, the bigoted and ignorant monks believe they hear the howling of the tortured demons. Eshmiadzimi's relics are renowned far and wide amongst the scattered Armenian congregations of the East.

"The chamber of relics, situated on the south-east side of the church, contains, besides the right hand of St Gregory, (with the possession of this relic, the dignity of the Catholicos is indissolubly connected,) and a portion of the skull of St Hripsime, a bit of Noah's ark, and the lance with which Christ's side was pierced. I expressed a wish to see these

relics, to which the archimandrite replied that their exhibition could take place only with great ceremonies, with prayers and choral singing, for which a small pecuniary sacrifice was necessary. 'Two ducats,' he whispered in my ear. Curious though I was to have a close view of the lance and the piece of the ark, and to ascertain what effect the lapse of so many centuries had had upon them, I thought the price too high, and as the worthy archimandrite looked inquiringly in my face, I told him dryly, that for the sight of a piece of wood, however old and holy, a poor German naturalist had no ducats to spare."

The first stone of the church of Eshmiadzimi was laid by St Gregory in the year 302, since which date it has frequently been partially restored, and more than once entirely rebuilt, and now exhibits a very motley architecture. The convent library would doubtless afford an Armenian scholar much curious information concerning its history. This library long lay in dusty heaps in a dark hole, probably to protect it from the Vandalic outrage of Persian, Kurd, and Turkish plunderers. When Erivan was annexed to Russia, and law restored to the land, a room was cleared for it, and a good many volumes were ranged upon shelves; but a large number, Dr Wagner informs us, still are heaped in frightful disorder upon the floor. At the time of his visit, the confusion in this celebrated library was as great as if French marauders had had the run of it.

"I can aver, as an eye-witness," says the doctor, who gladly reverts to his African adventures, "that after the storming of Constantina, when the scientific commission visited the house of Ben-Aissa, the library of that wealthy Kurugi, which had been ransacked by the conquerors, presented not a picture of worse desolation than the library of the patriarch of Armenia's residence. I asked the monk-librarian, who accompanied me, to show me amongst the historical works the book of Meeses of Chorene. The answer was, he could not find it. The learned guardian of the library knew not where to seek even this best-known and most popular of Armenian books of history! I then inquired the number of the manuscripts. The monk replied shortly, he did not know it!"

Well might the viceroyent of the

Armenian pope—which the Catholicos in fact is, although his title is improperly rendered by foreigners as patriarch—and his brother archbishops, feel misgivings at sight of the quiet-looking German, who replied to their welcome by a gravely ironical compliment on their many virtues and distinguished reputation; and who now, having got them upon paper, draws, quarters, and dissects them with a merciless scalpel. Whatever their previous experience of note-taking travellers, it was insufficient to guard them from imprudence, and they allowed Dr Wagner to witness an examination of the pupils in their clerical seminary. Here proof was quickly elicited of the almost incredible ignorance of scholars and teachers. The oldest lad in the school, which included young men eighteen and twenty years old, was unable to decline the Russian noun *matj*, (mother,) although, for years past, an archimandrite had officiated as professor of that language. The professor came to the assistance of his embarrassed pupil, (whom Abowian questioned,) and managed to prove beyond possibility of doubt, that he himself did not know the Russian declensions.

“I now requested Mr Abowian to ask the boys the simplest possible questions, as, for instance, how many days the year has. Not one of them could answer, although many were already bearded men. And from these dunces are selected archbishops for all Armenia! The instruction in this convent-seminary is limited to mechanical learning by rote, and to a heedless and unmeaning repetition of prayers and Scripture passages. The scholars are well drilled in respect of fasts; and for the slightest offence against external order, for unsteadiness during mass, or the like, they are cruelly chastised with blows. It is not surprising if such treatment extinguishes all vivacity of intellect. It needs but a glance at the pale, thin, stolid countenances of the lads, to discern the hideous effects of their slavish, mind-destroying education. With deep disgust I left the school.”

The absurd hours kept in the convent doubtless contribute to the unhealthy appearance of these nursling priests. Nothing can be more ridiculous and ill-judged, or more indicative of barbarous stupidity and bigotry, than the

system adopted at Eshmiadzini. At one in the morning church-service begins, attended by every one but the patriarch. The archbishops and bishops read prayers and portions of Scripture; the archimandrites, deacons, and seminarists sing. This service lasts from three to four hours, and as every one stands during its whole duration, it is productive of no slight fatigue. On returning to their cells and dormitories, those priests who have private resources take refreshment before retiring to sleep; but the younger portion of the congregation, who have greatest need of such sustenance, are generally penniless, and must wait till ten in the forenoon before obtaining a scanty meal of soup or milk, followed by rice or fish. During the long fasts even the fish is suppressed. To break a fast in Armenia is a most heinous sin, far exceeding theft in enormity. In the day-time, school; in the afternoon and evening, more chanting and praying; then to bed, to be again roused at midnight—such is the joyless wearisome life of the inmates of Eshmiadzini. No study of science or history, no cultivation of the fine arts, varies the monotony of their tedious existence. Instrumental music is unknown amongst them.

Whatever contributes to the cheerfulness or elegance of seclusion is rigidly banished and prohibited. “Nowhere,” says Dr Wagner, “does an educated European find life so tiresome as amongst Armenian monks, in comparison with whom even Italy’s monachism appears genial and agreeable.”

The election of the patriarch occurred in April 1843, and Dr Wagner, in Teflis at the time, had fully intended witnessing the ceremony; but a sudden outbreak of the plague, in the province of Erivan, delayed his visit to Eshmiadzini, as he had no wish to risk a forty days’ quarantine before he should be allowed to re-enter Georgia. He gives some account of the ceremony at second-hand, which is less interesting, however, than his narrative of preceding circumstances. The choice of the Gregorian congregations fell upon Narses, archbishop of Kischewan, a prelate noted for piety, intemperance, and patriotism, and so popular, both with priests and

laymen, by reason of his mild and amiable character, that he would have been elected ten years previously, on the death of old Jephrem (Ephraim)—the venerable patriarch of whom Parrot and Dubois make mention—but for a serious dispute with Count Paskewitch.

“ In the time of the war between Russia and Persia, when the crooked sabres of Aderbidjan’s Tartars had driven the Cossack lances across the Araxes, a short pause ensued in the operations of the campaign, Count Paskewitch awaiting reinforcements from the interior of Russia before crossing the Araxes and marching upon Tauris. A division of the Persian army, chiefly Kurds and Tartars, attempted to surprise Eshmiadzini; but the reverend tenants were on their guard, and intrenched themselves behind their lofty earthen walls. Besieged and sorely pressed by the wild hordes, Narses (then archbishop of Eshmiadzini) sent a courier to a Russian colonel, who lay, with a few battalions, a short day’s journey distant. This colonel was an Armenian by birth, and entertained a child-like veneration for Archbishop Narses. Unable to resist the latter’s earnest entreaty for assistance, he made a forced march upon the convent, although he had been strictly forbidden by his general to quit his position without express orders. Meanwhile the Persians had been reinforced by a detachment of Abbas Mirza’s regular troops, and were five times the strength of their advancing foe. In front of Eshmiadzini the Russians suffered a defeat, and the fault was imputed to Archbishop Narses, whose priestly influence had moved the colonel to disregard the orders of his chief. By imperial command, Narses was removed from Eshmiadzini, and sent as archbishop to Kischenew. But in 1843, when, in spite of his disgrace with the emperor, the venerated prelate received the unanimous suffrages of the electors, convoked at Eshmiadzini, Nicholas would not oppose the manifest wish of priests and laymen, but confirmed the election. Once more the sun of imperial grace and favour shone full upon Narses. He was sent for to St Petersburg, was received with the utmost distinction, and soon the star of the first class of the order of St Anna glittered upon his blue caftan. In the autumn of 1844 he crossed the Caucasus, met a joyful reception at Teflis, and, amidst sound of bells and song of priests, re-entered, as spiritual chief of Armenian Christendom, the old convent upon the Araxes, which, sixteen years previously, he had quitted almost as an exile. Narses

is eighty years old; his intellects, which long preserved their healthy tone, have latterly, it is said, become weakened.”

The election here referred to was one of particular significance and importance. There has been no lack of schism in the Armenian church. Ambitious priests and false patriarchs have at various periods started up and found adherents. For several centuries, one of these sham patriarchates had its seat on an island in the lake of Van, and maintained itself independent of the Eshmiadzini synod. These Armenian anti-popes never, however, obtained a very widely-spread influence, and latterly that which they did enjoy sensibly dwindled. “ The mother-church of Ararat gradually resumed its undivided authority and privileges, and, in 1843, Eshmiadzini witnessed, what for many years it had not seen, the presence within its walls of deputies from almost all the Gregorian congregations of the East, united at the historical centre of their country for the choice of a spiritual shepherd.”

With his usual shrewdness Dr Wagner analyses Russian policy in Armenia, and for a moment dwells admiringly on its depth, foresight, and activity. We have already heard him express his conviction that under the emperor’s present moderation, lurk vast designs of future conquest, which he will bequeath as a legacy to his descendants, should time and circumstances prevent their execution by himself. This is the doctor’s fixed idea, and he certainly makes out a good case in its support. He has shown us the extensive forts that are to serve as depots and places of muster for the Russian armies, which, according to his theory and belief, will sooner or later assail Turkey and Persia. He now turns to the consideration of the support the Russians may expect beyond their own frontier. He extols the wisdom of the emperor’s conduct towards his Armenian subjects, and points out the ulterior advantages to be derived from it by Russia. We shall conclude our article by an extract from this curious chapter of a very interesting book.

“ In Asia, the Islam nations and governments daily decline, whilst the Chris-

tian elements daily assume greater weight; these are not yet strong enough to found a dominion of their own; but, as auxiliaries to a conquering European power, they would be of high importance. When, after the triumphant entrance of Paskevitch's army into the capital of Aderbidjan, Feth Ali Shah trembled on his throne, and submissively subscribed the conditions of peace dictated to him by the Russian general, many thought that Russia had been extraordinarily generous to her humbled foe: she might just as easily have kept the conquered district of Aderbidjan for herself, or have compelled the Persian king to give up the beautiful provinces of Gilan and Masendran. The portion of Armenia with which she contented herself is no very enticing possession, either for its size or for its fertility, but it includes within its limits the Gregorian mother-church; and its temporal ruler disposes of the spiritual weapons of the Catholicos and of the synod, whose religious influence extends whithersoever Armenians dwell. In its last treaty of peace with Turkey and Persia, the Russian government tacitly but fully recognised the value of this territory, so sacred to all Armenians. It was also prudent enough to annex to the country on the left bank of the Araxes, where Eshmiadzini is situated, a portion of the territory on the right bank of that stream, and to secure a part of Ararat itself—the north side of the mountain, viewed with such holy reverence by the Armenian people, with the convent of St Jacob, since overwhelmed by the eruption of 1840. These districts compose the really classic ground of the Armenian-Gregorian church history. No spot in the entire Orient is more attractive and hallowed to the religious feelings of the Armenians—not even the grave of the Redeemer at Jerusalem, or the renowned convent of John the Baptist on the eastern Euphrates. The annual number of pilgrims to Eshmiadzini, although not so great as when Tavernier and Chardin explored that neighbourhood, is still very considerable; and at Easter it is by no means rare to find collected there pious travellers from the Ganges, the Indus, the Don, the Jordan, and the

Nile. Both the Shah and the Porte well know the importance of Russian occupation of that territory, as the point where all the religious sympathies of the Armenians concentrate. As viceroy of Aderbidjan, Abbas Mirza always made much of the Catholicos and the synod, and sought to win them to the Persian interest. And long did the warlike prince urge his royal father rather once more to try the fortune of arms, than to suffer a territory to be wrenched from him, less valuable from the revenue it yielded than from the religious power it gave over the Christian subjects of Persia."

The treaty of cession concluded, the Shah did all in his power to discourage the emigration of Armenian Christians into Russian Armenia, and his example was followed by the Porte; but the labour of both was in vain. Permission for such emigration was stipulated by the treaty, and the only real check upon it was mistrust of Russia, whose intolerant reputation made many Armenian priests suspect an intention of proselytising. But Russia, cruel and unsparing to her Roman Catholics, whose spiritual chief is out of the reach of her direct influence, showed herself tolerant and considerate towards the Armenian church, in which she discerned, according to Dr Wagner, a most useful instrument for her projects of future aggrandisement: and, on occasion of the election of 1843, the Russian government particularly insisted that the new patriarch should be named by the voices of all the Armenian congregations in the entire East. Flattered by this invitation to direct co-operation, the Armenian priesthood of Constantinople, who, last of all, still recused the authority of the Eshmiadzini synod, suffered themselves to be won over, and sent their delegates to the convocation. For Russia it was another triumph, for Turkey a fresh vexation.

LEGITIMACY IN FRANCE.

UNDER the circumstances of the strange anomaly presented by the actual condition of France, which never better deserved its title of a republic without republicans, it may fairly become a matter of speculation, in how much a return to monarchical institutions possesses a degree of probability in the future, and, more especially, how far the principles of legitimacy stand a chance of assuming, hereafter, a supremacy in France. We say "a matter of speculation," in as much as the *uncertain* must ever remain the presiding genius of the chances of a revolutionary epoch: and, in such times, it would be more than presumption to attempt to prophesy upon a nation's destinies. But still there are signs of the times in France, which are of sufficient importance to be chronicled; curious facts, that cannot but attract attention; and revelations that possess a deep interest—all bearing upon the possible restoration of the exiled prince of the elder branch of the Bourbons; and, as far as regards this eventuality—and who can any more say it shall not be than they can say it shall?—the chances appear not so unequal in the balance held by the hand of fate—they may be considered worthy of notice and comment.

It would be scarcely correct, however, to speak of such a *possible* eventuality as the realisation of the prospects of a Legitimate party. As a *party*, properly so called, in the language of political and revolutionary struggle, the legitimists of France can scarcely be said to exist, even although a stanch but small nucleus, professing decidedly legitimist principles, may be found among a certain body of men, chiefly belonging to the old families of France, in private life. During the reign of the Orleans branch, the legitimists gradually dwindled into comparative obscurity—almost every family which professed

to entertain legitimist opinions having attached itself, openly or in an underhand manner, to the existing order of things, by means of some one of its members: and even in the present day they have pursued the same line of policy—a policy which wears now, however, a more respectable garb, inasmuch as it is professedly based upon the seemingly patriotic and disinterested maxim, "*Français avant tout*," which, in declaring the revolution that caused the fall of Louis Philippe the work of the "finger of God," and in accepting a government founded upon a nation's universal suffrage, as preferable to that of a "usurping king," they have adopted as the device of chivalry, to influence every action of their lives in such a juncture. In fact, with this appearance of more straightforward patriotism, they bide their time in faith and patience, and, with a feeling almost allied to superstition, repudiate every idea of political intrigue, much more of any conspiracy against the existing order of things.

But, if this passive position of the old legitimists does not permit them to assume the attitude of a decided *party*, or even of bearing properly such a designation, it must not be supposed that the cause of legitimacy is dead, or even dormant, in France. Far from it. The present state of legitimacy in France, however, must be studied less among the avowed legitimists, who have long given themselves the name, than in the dispersed and floating elements pervading the mass of the nation. The preference of the great majority of the country for monarchical institutions, or, at all events, its strong anti-revolutionary feeling, and aversion to the republican rule, after the sad experience of much misery and misfortune—and from its despair of the realisation of that "hope deferred," in the restoration of confidence and prosperity, which "maketh

the heart sick"—are facts which cannot be denied by any man of unprejudiced feelings and sincere convictions. By degrees, then, feelings have been latterly assuming a form favourable to the cause of legitimacy: and that such sentiments now notoriously exist in the hearts of a great proportion of the country at large can scarcely be disputed. They are based, it is true, in no ways, among the mass, upon any political opinions or philosophical principles—they spring up from a desire of having a "something" at the head of the state which may be the type of stability, and thus the representative of confidence, peace, and restored prosperity: and this "something" is best embodied, in the minds of men, in the person of a young prince, who represents the apparently most stable form of monarchical government—that founded on legitimacy. They arise from no personal attachment to the elder branch of the Bourbons, or to the Duke of Bordeaux individually, but solely from a desire to return to monarchical government, and from the growing conviction that, among the many pretenders to the supreme power in France, were a monarchy to be established, the sole one who presents a firmer hope of stability—who represents a principle, and who thus best offers to be pilot to the *terra firma* of a "promised land" to those who are still tossing hither and thither upon the waves of revolution, with storms eternally menacing a still more complete shipwreck on the horizon—is he who bases his pretensions upon the long-scouted theory of legitimacy. To this form of hoped-for stability, then, men now begin to attach themselves more and more, in their aspirations for the future; and thus legitimist expectations, predilections, sympathies—call them what you will—grow, increase, spread like a banian tree, which still ever plants its dropping branches, and takes root farther and farther still; and they thus implant themselves more and more, on all sides, on the soil of the revolution. We speak here of a great proportion of men of *all classes* in France. At the same time, it is very clear that a conviction is daily gaining more ground, that, in the possible or prob-

able revolutionary chances, spite of the popularity of the President in the capital, the *prestige* more or less attached to his name, and the party supposed to be connected with his interests, the balance chiefly lies between the republic as it is and Henry V. Even the ultra-republicans and Socialists appear to feel this so strongly, that, in a pamphlet entitled "*La République ou Henri V.—quelques mots à Bonaparte*," a certain Monsieur Pertus, a violent Socialist and adherent of the so-called democratic and social republic, has given, in powerful language, the reasons of the party why the destinies of France may be supposed to lie between these two alternatives only, and why Louis Napoleon, should he put forward his pretensions to an ultimate permanency of power, would probably meet with an utter defeat from the nation at large. The immediate interests of the younger Bourbon branch are entirely set out of sight in the political combinations upon which men speculate in France: adherents they have none: they exist not in men's minds, much less in their hearts: they are never spoken of.

It is evident, then, to every observing eye, that the cause of legitimacy is daily gaining ground in France; although it must be admitted that, with all this, attachment to the person of the exiled prince of the elder branch of the Bourbons, to the family, or even to legitimist principles in theory, has as yet had little to do. But that even this personal attachment has been growing gradually and steadily in men's minds, as a natural consequence, may also be seen. To this latter feeling two men have contributed by their writings—the one a friend, the other an avowed enemy to the ancient dynasty—and perhaps the latter far the most powerfully. The strange circumstances, which have produced results that may have a powerful influence on the future destinies of the country, are worthy of record. A singular fate has been attached to the two small books here alluded to, more especially in the case of that written by a stanch republican, naturally hostile to monarchies and princes; and, on that account, although it is posterior in date of publi-

cation, it may be as well first to direct our attention to this latter.

In sight of the struggle, which is continually going on in newspapers, pamphlets, printed notices, and every other form of publication, between the Socialists and Red-Republicans on the one hand, and the "friends of order" on the other—a struggle carried on by the former not only with the utmost violence and virulence, but with every most desperate weapon of calumny, falsehood, distorted fact, and perverted reasoning—in sight of the propagandising efforts, made by these same men, to demoralise and debauch the army from its allegiance to the country by every underhand corrupting poison—it is quite "refreshing" to the spirit, to use a hackneyed phrase, to greet a few words of conviction in favour of those considered the enemies of the republic, penned, in spite of previous prepossessions and firm opinions, by an honest-hearted republican. To men of real and genuine convictions all honour is due, more especially in the confusion of party intrigue and reckless personal ambition of these revolutionary times, even although they be our adversaries: respect may be shown them, even if they appear to us mistaken. Unhappily, such men seem in France to be but few. But if we find them firm and honest in the expression of their convictions, even when in open *opposition* to their preconceived notions, and to the direct tendency of their political opinions, a tribute of especial admiration may be given them. And such a tribute may be frankly and willingly bestowed upon M. Charles Didier, for his little book entitled *Une visite au Duc de Bordeaux*,—a book which has lately excited considerable sensation in France, not so much as a curious historical document, giving a simple but charming account of the life, manners, appearance, and attitude in exile of such prominent historical figures as the Duke of Bordeaux, and that patient and pious victim of revolutions, the Duchess d'Angoulême; but, in the eyes of the legitimists, as a striking refutation of various calumnies attached to the person, as well as the education and opinions of the young prince, and the highest eulogium of their monarch—in the eyes of all, as a

"feeler," (in spite of the intentions of the author,) in the obscure chances of the future.

Had not the character of Monsieur Charles Didier stood so high, and had not his almost rough honesty, and perhaps *naïveté* of nature, been so generally acknowledged by rightly-thinking men, doubts might have been entertained, on the one hand, whether he was really acting in good faith in his character as a republican; had not his talent, discernment, and good sense been sufficiently appreciated in public as well as private life—in his literary and lately political career, as well as among his acquaintances—suspicions might have been excited, on the other, that he had been led into delusions by artful manoeuvre. But neither of these suppositions are admissible. Due credit must be given to his good faith in the one respect, and to his enlightenment of mind and clear-sightedness in the other. Such an explanation becomes necessary for a full appreciation of the contents of this remarkable little book. To a French reader it would be needless, for M. Didier is well known.

As has already been said, the sensation produced by this work has been great: and there can be little doubt that the effect which the publication will produce must necessarily have a very considerable influence upon a great portion of the nation, in the present state of France.

Under such circumstances, and with such probable results, which could not but be partly apparent to the author himself, the production of such a book by a well-known, staunch, and honest republican, such as M. Charles Didier, requires some explanation. It was well known among the party that M. Didier had been sent upon a *quasi-diplomatic* mission to Germany, in the first days of the French revolution; it was afterwards rumoured that, upon some occasion, he had paid a visit to the members of the exiled family of France in their retreat in Austria—and, upon these *data*, M. Didier became the object of various calumnies and misrepresentations. His enemies declared that he had been sent expressly as a spy upon the ex-royal family. But it was more especially his *soi-disant* friends and allies, the

republicans *de la veille*, who attached a host of unfounded misrepresentations to the objects and results of his journey. While some attacked him as a traitor, who had betrayed his trust, and deserted his cause, by caballing with the exiled family, others published accounts in their journals, as if emanating from his mouth, which affixed not only the greatest ridicule and scorn to the person and manners of the Duke of Bordeaux, but the hatred and contempt of all "true patriots" to his supposed opinions. It was to refute these calumnies, then, and to deny these perversions of truth, that M. Didier at last found himself reluctantly compelled to publish a simple account of his "*Visite au Duc de Bordeaux*." He complains, with much *naïveté*, in a species of preface, that he has been forced to this step, which he himself looks upon as an indiscretion, by his own party, since, although the whole affair appears in his eyes little more than "much ado about nothing," by such means alone, in declaring the whole truth, he can establish simple facts. The very same sentiment, he says—that, probably, of delicacy—which enjoined his silence at first, now, combined with a love of truth, enjoins his giving publicity to an account in which he affirms that all is truth, simple truth, and no more nor less than the truth. It was as a republican that he presented himself, he goes on to say, and as a republican that he was received. In support of his words, although refuting all pretensions to discuss politics, he gives his republican "*profession de foi*." "I have been thus driven," he continues, "to paint, from nature, an interior of an exiled family, which struck me by its politeness and dignity. Such was the task before me; and I have accomplished it conscientiously, without any regard for persons, and without any sacrifice of opinion. The prestige of rank has exercised no influence on me. I have been simply true." And what has been the result? The supposed friends of M. Didier, the arch-republicans, have forced him, an ardent republican himself—a republican *de l'avant-veille*, as he calls himself, but genuine and sincere—to forward the cause of legitimacy, to publishing an eulo-

gium, of the most striking description, of the young prince who represents legitimacy in France. Dreamers might almost see the hand of Providence in this result of factious calumny.

It is needless, here, to follow M. Didier into the details of the mission given him by Lamartine, when minister of foreign affairs, of which he explains neither the cause nor the purposes, although he dwells at some length upon the cause of his journey through Austria, Hungary, Croatia, and a part of Germany, and more especially upon the dates of his progress, probably with the intention of refuting the calumny which asserted that he was officially sent as a spy upon the ex-royal family of the elder branch. It may be remarked, however, *en passant*, that he speaks not over-well of the Austrian revolutionists, with whom he mixed, and that he readily acknowledges the veritable anti-revolutionary spirit of the army and the masses. On the conclusion of his mission, and his return to France by the north of Italy, he heard by chance, on his passage to Trieste, for the first time, he declares, that not far from his road lay the chateau of Frohsdorf, and that this same chateau of Frohsdorf was inhabited by the exiled family of France. It was only many months afterwards, however, when he returned to Germany, for his own pleasure and information, and as "*simple voyageur*," that having received, by chance, a letter from a friend in Paris for the Duc de Lévis, one of the faithful adherents attached to the little court of the exiled Bourbons, he determined to profit by it, in order to visit Frohsdorf on his way once more from Vienna to the north of Italy. Before commencing the recital of this passage of his journey, M. Didier again deprecates any purpose but that of interest and curiosity, and enters into very minute details, to prove that he made no mystery or concealment of his intention.

It would lead to too great diffuseness also to enter into M. Didier's description (however prettily written) of his journey through Baden, (near Vienna,) Wiener Neustadt; of the deserted and abandoned railroad from thence to Oldenburg in Hungary, on

which "the station-houses were closed, the signals motionless, and the grass grew between the rails"—all communication having been cut off on account of the war. The description, however, of the habitation of the exiled family of French princes offers a more lively interest in an historical point of view. We shall quote M. Didier:—

"Frohsdorf is an old feudal estate, which, from the hands of some Austrian family, the name of which I do not know, passed, under the Restoration, into those of Madame Caroline Murat, the ex-queen of Naples. By her it was sold to the Duchesse d'Angoulême, under the name of the Duke of Blacas. The domain, administered by a steward, is not vast as a princely domain; but the habitation is spacious, although scarcely sufficing for the number of the inhabitants. It is surrounded on all sides by a dry moat, which is, more properly speaking, only a long area for the kitchen and household offices, crossed by a stone bridge in face of the principal entrance. I do not know whether any other exists: I believe not. The chateau has nothing feudal, much less royal, in appearance. It is a great white German house, the pointed roof of which is crowned with chimneys and garret-windows, and ornamented in the middle with a triangular gable. The ground-floor is on a level with the bridge, and is surmounted by two stories. The façade presents nine windows, those of the second floor being small and square, the others of reasonable dimensions: one alone, immediately above the doorway, which is large and arched, is ornamented by a balcony, and flanked by flattened pillars. These pillars, and the gable above, are the only portions of the façade which have the appearance of any architectural design. A great round tower flanks the western side: it descends into the moat; but, unfortunately, is truncated, and cut off at the level of the roof. In this tower is the chapel: behind is the park, terminated by a *jardin Anglais*, both of which are of no considerable size. A little further is a broken hill, planted with green trees, upon which is built the *Maison de Garde*, a pretty little house, which any Parisian family would occupy with pleasure. A little further, and as if to terminate the view, is a ruin, which marks, I believe, the limits of the estate. The site is stern, and impressed with a certain melancholy. To the west lies a vast plain, at the extremity of which rises, in all its magnificence, the chain of mountains which separates Styria from the

Archduchy of Austria. The horizon was dentellated by the mountain points; and the snow, with which the highest was covered, sparkled in the sun with the frozen fire of its thousand diamonds. On the east the aspect was different: on this side, and at musket-shot distance, runs a long hill of no prepossessing appearance, although wooded, upon the summit of which runs the limit of the Hungarian frontiers, guarded, when I was there, by armed peasants. The town of Oldenburg may be seen from it.

Frohsdorf is thus very near the Hungarian frontier—so near, that such an abode is not without its dangers in the present war. In case of an attack, the few troops in the village—the last in Austria on this side—would prove a very insufficient defence. But, accustomed to the vicissitudes of exile, hardened by adversity, and with confidence in God, or their destinies, the inhabitants of Frohsdorf appeared to me to pay no heed to a peril, the possibility of which they could not deny. The entrance of the chateau is cold and sad as that of a convent; and in the court, narrow and deep, is an air of dampness. Such, at least, was my impression. On the right, in the entrance-hall, is the porter's lodge, and near the door is suspended a great bill indicating the hours of departure and arrival of the trains—the only sign of communication between this solitude and the world beyond. I asked, in French, for the Duke of Levis; and it was in French I was answered; for, from the cellars to the garrets, even to the veriest drudge, all is French. I was conducted, with much politeness, to a large bedroom looking on the country, where lay on the table some French newspapers. M. de Levis joined me immediately."

After some conversation, which naturally turned upon the position of France, in which M. Didier was surprised to find the Duc de Levis "*si bien au fait des choses et des hommes*,"—the Duke quitted him to ask when it would please the Duc de Bordeaux to receive the stranger, and returned shortly to say that it would immediately. The following is curious in the mouth of the republican:—

"I was ignorant what title to give to the prince; and, having come to seek him under his own roof, I was naturally desirous to do what was customary, neither more nor less. I asked M. de Levis. 'There is no etiquette here,' he replied; 'we are exiles. We address the prince, however, as *Monsieur*.' I

took the hint; and, although little accustomed to the language of courts, I hope I did what was *convenable* under the circumstances. I ought to confess, at the same time, that I was afterwards less happy with the Duchess of Bordeaux, and the Duchess of Angoulême, to whom I sometimes gave the title of 'Highness.' Now, it struck me afterwards, that this title, which was a deference on my part, must have appeared to them both a want of respect, and a direct denial of their supposed rights; to the one, because she considers herself queen since her marriage with the descendant of Henri IV., who, in her eyes, is necessarily Henri V.; to the other, because she considers herself to have been queen also in virtue of the abdication of Charles X.; and the fact is, that, even in her presence, the inhabitants of Frohsdorf call her, among themselves, the Queen."

The most remarkable part of the book, in a political point of view—that, in fact, which has produced in France the sensation already alluded to among all parties—now follows. We must quote M. Didier verbally:—

"*Monsieur le Duc de Bordeaux* occupies the ground-floor of the chateau. He received me in a study simply furnished, which looks out upon the distant hills of Hungary. I remarked a collection of guns, and an arm-chair entirely made of deer-skin, the horns forming the arms and back. The prince was standing by a writing-table, placed in the middle of the room, with one hand resting upon his arm-chair. He neither sat down, nor bade me be seated, at first; and his reception of me was not exempt from a sort of solemnity. In a word, he received me *en roi*. Habituated to the visits of his partisans, and of his partisans alone, I was a novelty to him. He knew no more of me than my opinions, and some works, the matter of which could evidently not be to his taste. Perhaps he expected to find in me one of those furious democrats, who, to use a common phrase, *mettent les pieds dans les plats*, and supposed that I might attack him coarsely. Hence his reserve at first. It was very evident that he stood on the defensive, and waited to see me advance. His inquiring and somewhat strained look expressed, at least so I read it, what I have here said. After a few trivial remarks, the necessary preamble of every visit, and especially of such a one, he begged me to be seated, and the conversation commenced. As far as I can recollect, the following was the first serious remark I addressed to him,—' *Monsieur*, I am ignorant, and

God alone can know, what destinies are reserved for you in the future; but if you have a chance of reigning one day in France, which, for my own part, I do not desire, the chance is this: If, by any impossibility, France, exhausted by her experiments, at the end of her resources, no longer finds in the elective power the stability she seeks—if discouragement and misreckoning cause her to turn her eyes towards the hereditary principle as the most stable basis of authority—it is you who represent this principle; and in that case France herself will seek you out. Till then you have but one thing to do—to await events.' The Duke of Bordeaux listened to me with attention; as I spoke, his rigidity visibly relaxed; the ice was broken. He answered me without hesitation, that I had interpreted his own thoughts; that he never would undertake anything against the established powers; that he never would put himself forward, and that he had no personal ambition; but that he considered himself, in fact, the principle of order and stability; and that he would leave this principle untouched, were it only for the future peace of France; that this principle constituted his whole power; that he had no other; that he would always find sufficient force in himself to fulfil his duty, whatever it might be, and that God would then stand by him. 'If ever I return to France,' he added, 'it would be to promote conciliation; and I believe that I alone am able to effect that object fully.'"

"There was a sincerity in the words of the young prince," pursues M. Didier, "which brought conviction to the heart."

Although frank and open in speaking of his personal opinions, the Duke of Bordeaux seems to have been very reserved when speaking of *men*, and he evidently appears to have made M. Didier talk more than he talked himself. Upon this expression of opinions M. Didier makes the following remarks:—

"The Duke of Bordeaux is far from entertaining the principles of Charles X., and, to cite one example, the grandson repudiates all those forms—that etiquette, and that extreme respect paid to the royal person—which played so great a part in the House of Bourbon, and on which the grandfather laid so much stress. He disregards all these pompons inanities, and goes so far in this respect that he is determined, should he ever mount

upon the throne of France, to have no court." And further, "The Duke of Bordeaux directs his attention to all the questions of the day; he studies them all thoroughly; he is acquainted with all the theories respecting labour. During his stay in England, he carefully visited its chief manufactories." And again — "Two questions principally occupy his mind—the administrative organisation of France, by the commune, and the social problem of the working classes. On this latter point he appeared to be imbued with social errors, and labouring under illusions. He attributes religious sentiments to the working classes of Paris, which they are far from entertaining, at least in the sense he attached to the words, and is not fully aware of the extent of their repugnance for the *drapeau blanc*." It must not be forgotten, that M. Didier does not take into account the progress of reactionary ideas in the few last months. M. Didier states, that he told the Prince this bitter truth; and was listened to with calmness and placidity. "He would have made, I am convinced," continues the republican visitor, in a sort of *resumé*, "an excellent constitutional monarch. The very disposition of his mind, with his natural qualities, seem all adapted to such government; and his education has been directed with such ideas. Party-spirit represents him as an *absolutist*; and such he appears to the crowd in the distance of his exile. The truth is, that there is not perhaps in Europe a more sincere constitutionalist than he—I should call him also a religious liberal, without his devotion degenerating, as has been said, into bigotry." He then proceeds with a statement of his conviction in the moderate liberal ideas of the young prince, "which his forefathers might have condemned as those of a political heretic." "Many intrigues," continues the honest republican, "have been set on foot in his name, but I would wager boldly that he is mixed up in none, that he is ignorant of all, would disavow all. As much as his mother (the Duchess of Berri) was fond of adventure, is he averse to anything of the kind. He would not have a drop of blood shed for him. I do not blame him, in

this appreciation of his character—quite the contrary; I only mean to say that this merit is not great, perhaps, inasmuch as it is in him a matter of temperament." "He possesses," pursues M. Didier, "good sense, candour, an excessive kindness of heart, and an uncontrollable, I may say, uncontested natural generosity. He is an honest man, in the full force of the expression." What greater eulogium could the republican pass on his political adversary? The only words of blame which he let fall may be comprised in the following remark. "He seems to want a directing spirit; and perhaps wants resolution. His is a cultivated rather than an inventive mind: he probably conceives more than he creates, and receives more than he gives."

In justice to Monsieur Didier, who might appear to arrogate to himself a degree of discernment which went beyond all probable limits, we must not omit to note his own remarks, when, in another passage, he speaks of his own *impressions*. "It would be a ridiculous presumption, or very idle to imagine, that I could have captivated the confidence of the prince, or penetrated his secret character. I am far from putting forward so ridiculous a pretension. What was I to him? A stranger; at most a curious visitor. He evidently only said to me just what he wished to say, went only as far as he intended to go, and made me speak more than he spoke himself. I should have wished that it had been the contrary; but I was, of course, not the master of the conversation." And again he says, "God alone reads the heart! To him alone belongs the secret of men's consciences. But still I think I can take upon myself to affirm, that all the words of the prince were sincere."

On the person of the young prince M. Didier has the following—and although there may be, in truth, something of the Lord Burleigh shake of the head in the extreme complication of discernment contained in the first phrase, yet the impression evidently made upon the mind of the republican, by the appearance of the exiled heir of the throne of France, bears none the less the stamp of truthfulness:— "His physiognomy reveals an extreme

uprightness of heart and mind, and a lively sentiment of duty and justice, united to a love of all that is good. In person he is of middle stature, and inclined to be stout; but he is far from having that obesity with which he is generally supposed, and I myself believed him, to be afflicted. The fall he had from his horse at Kirchberg, some years ago, has left traces of the accident. He walks heavily, and, when once seated, has difficulty in rising; but they say that he looks well on horseback. He has silky fair hair, and although rather full, and marked with the Bourbon type, his face is agreeable, frank, open, sympathetic, with an air of youth and health—the air, in fact, of his 28 years. He wears a *collier de barbe* and a slight mustache. His eyes are of a limpid blue, lively and soft at the same time; he listens well, and inquires constantly: he looks at you so straight and fixedly in the face, that I should consider it impossible for any one to look *him* in the face and lie. As to himself, one look suffices to assure you of his veracity.”

The following remarks about the habits of the young prince are not without their historical interest, and complete the eulogium forced from the mouth of the republican. “His life is far from being an idle one; before and after breakfast he reads several letters, several newspapers, and reports, often of a very voluminous description, relative to the different questions which are the order of the day in France; then he gives a few hours of the afternoon to exercise. He scrupulously observes his religious duties, attending divine service two or three times a-week in the chapel of the chateau, and every Sunday at the parish church. He writes with considerable grace, and his letters are remarkable for their correctness and elegance.”

Perhaps the most striking, and certainly the most touching, part of the book of M. Charles Didier, is that in which he speaks of the Duchess d'Angoulême. It belongs not exactly to the subject of legitimacy or its prospects in France; but the interest attached to it is so full of pathos, and, in an historical point of view, so considerable, that we cannot refrain from quoting a few words of the

author's account of his interview with this remarkable princess.

M. Didier seems to have hesitated about being introduced to the aged duchess. He was naturally scrupulous as to the effect which might be produced upon the mind of this victim of revolutions, by the presentation of one of those republicans, to the very name of whom, the disastrous calamities of her early life must have inspired her with an unconquerable horror. But he was led on by the Duc de Levis, “not without a degree of uneasiness,” and his reception by the austere princess, in her plain dark attire, and in her severely simple room, was as amiable as could be expected from one naturally stern, reserved, and cold almost to harshness in manner. M. Didier appears to have been inexpressibly touched by her appearance, as well as by her kindly reception of him. It is thus that he speaks of the poor “*orphéline du Temple*.” —“All party hatred must be extinguished in the presence of the reverses of fortune she has undergone. I had before me the woman who has suffered what woman never suffered here below, can never suffer again. What matter that she be princess? She is no less the daughter and the sister, thrice proscribed! She belongs no less to a human family. This is certainly the most striking historical figure in Europe. She produced the most profound impression upon me, and I could not conceal the emotion that thrilled through me. My heart was divided betwixt respect and pity. I seemed to see before me one of those victims of fatality, immortalised by antique art. Only Christian resignation has impressed upon the daughter of Louis XVI. a more touching stamp, and raised her on this Christian elevation far above the types of antiquity.” What a homage is this, complete as it is pathetic, from the mouth of the descendant of the enemies of her race! The duchess seems to have questioned M. Didier much about that country which he would have imagined she must have abhorred, but which, he tells us, she cherishes with love resembling that of a spaniel to the master whose hand has beaten him. He speaks more than once of her extreme devotion, and indeed of that of the whole

group of exiles, to their fatherland. Another trait, which calls for respect and admiration in the aged princess, lies in the moderation and tolerance which M. Didier records of her. "She spoke of France with tact and reserve, made inquiries as to the religious sentiments of the people of Paris, and mentioned, with feelings of admiration, the death of the Archbishop of Paris on the barricades of June. His was the only name of which she proffered mention." And when the conversation was made to turn upon the Orleans branch, now exiled in its turn, she was silent about Louis Philippe, but spoke in kind and affectionate terms of his family, and of the Duchess of Orleans; and when M. Didier addressed her with the words, "It is impossible, Madame, but that you must have seen, in the fall of Louis Philippe, the finger of God," she replied in words characteristic of that type of Christian resignation, "It is in all!" "The answer," pursues the narrator, "was given with the utmost simplicity, and without my being able to discover in it the least leaven of bitterness." "It may be boldly asserted that there was no gall in this heart, which has offered, as holocaust to God, all its griefs and all its passions. Religion is now the principal occupation, the only consolation, of a life tried by unparalleled adversity." When still further M. Didier—indiscreetly, it appears to us—pressed the point by saying, "But you must own, Madame, that in spite of your Christian magnanimity, the day you heard the news was not one of the most unhappy of your life." "She held her peace, but with an air which seemed to say, 'You ask too much.'"

After giving his testimony as to the extreme politeness of the Duchess d'Angoulême, and recording instances of her boundless charity, "immense," he says, "for her present revenue," M. Didier has the following touching description of the apartments of the aged princess. "The Duchess of Angoulême lives in the midst of the *souvenirs* of her youth—and yet what *souvenirs*! Far from flying from them, she seems to cherish them; as if she found a strange funereal pleasure in filling each day the cup of bitterness, in

order each day to drain it to the dregs. In her bedroom, which is of an austerity almost cloistral, she has around her only objects which must recall to her the tragic scenes of her childhood,—the portraits of her father, her mother, and her mother's friend, the Princess of Lamballe; near her bed, which is without curtains, a *prideu* filled with relics sacred to her, such as the black waistcoat which her father wore in going to the scaffold, and the lace kerchief which her mother was forced to mend with her own hands before appearing at the Revolutionary Tribunal. She alone has the key of these sad memorials; and once a-year, on the 21st of January, she takes them out from the shrine which encloses them, and lays them before her, as if in order to live more nearly with the beloved dead who wore them. On that day she sheds her tears in the most complete retirement: she sanctifies the bloody anniversary by solitude and prayer."

On this subject there is yet more touching matter, which would lead us, however, too far. For the same reason we cannot follow the details into which M. Didier enters respecting the Duke of Lévis, the young Duke of Blacas, M. de Montbel, and other adherents of the exiled family: they must be passed over, as not of immediate interest. The following words, however, are sufficiently remarkable in the mouth of the republican:—"I found them all not only polite and well-informed, but most reasonable upon political topics. They are no democrats, assuredly, but they are men of sense, who have advanced with the progress of the age, and are fully aware of the new needs and new interests of Europe in general, and of France in particular. They are no conspirators; that I will answer for."

M. Didier is pressed to stop the night; but, hurried in his journey, only remains to dinner; and it is in the drawing-room, before dinner, that he is presented to the young Duchess of Bordeaux. This figure in the group of royal exiles, although of less importance as regards the prosperity of legitimacy in France, and of the attachment which the family may hereafter command, is worth record-

ing also, as an interesting historical portrait.

"This princess," pursues M. Didier, "is daughter of the late Duke of Modena. She speaks French with a mixed accent, half Italian, half German, which reveals her double origin, as German princess born in Italy. She is, I believe, two years older than her husband. She is slim, and rather thin, but of an elegant figure, with beautiful black wavy hair, dark eyes, full of life and spirit. A natural defect slightly impairs the effect of her mouth when she speaks, which is a pity, for, with this exception, she is a very pretty woman. She wore a white evening dress, with naked arms, and a velvet scarf upon her shoulders. Her toilet was, perhaps, too simple—a reproach rarely to be made—that is to say, with too little of personal *coquetterie* in it: it was easy to see that no Parisian *femme de chambre* had superintended the arrangement. Hers is evidently a *nature distinguée*. I was told she was of a kindly, easy disposition, and well educated; she was evidently desirous of pleasing. Although a princess of ancient race, she appeared to me to be timid; but her embarrassment was not without its charm of grace. Proud of her alliance with the descendant of Louis XIV., she has the highest opinion of her husband; and her love for him amounts, I was told, to adoration. She thinks him irresistible; and, more impatient than he, but impatient far more for him than for herself, she is firmly convinced that he has but to show himself, in order to subjugate all the world as he has subjugated her. In this lie all her political opinions; that is to say, her politics are those of the heart."

It is to be regretted, perhaps, that we have not space for the anecdotes of the moderation and good sense of the Duke of Bordeaux, which M. Didier records, as collected from the mouths of his adherents, and which must necessarily complete, upon the minds of the great portion of the French nation, the impression made by the rest of the book. But we must now hurry on.

The dinner of the exiled princely family is described by the republican visitor as simple, although served with a certain state. He sits by the side of the Duchess of Angoulême, whose every word is one of "politeness, courtesy, or forbearance." "The Duchess of Bordeaux," he says, "continually fixed her eyes upon me, as

with a look of wonder. In truth, the position was a strange one—a French republican sitting at the table of a prescribed French prince, and eating out of plate engraved with the royal arms of France!" The evening passes, in this little court, almost as in a private family in some French chateau. Billiards, tapestry-work, conversation, occupy the various personages. The republican again converses with the prince, who listens to contradiction with the utmost good-humour. When he departs, the whole family express, in their last words, their longing for that country which he is about to revisit so soon, but from which they are exiled.

We have dwelt upon the book of M. Didier at considerable length, not only on account of its historical interest, but on account of the strange circumstances which induced its publication, its startling result, the sensation it has created, and the ultimate effect it may produce in France in paving the way for legitimacy, by attaching interest and admiration to the person of its representative—perhaps, also, because it does honour to the sincerity of the author, and to the more honest republican party to which he belongs. But we have thus excluded ourselves from the possibility of giving more than a brief notice of the other book alluded to above, that of the Vicomte d'Arincourt, although, in truth, it merits, in all respects, a far more extended observation, as a frank and straightforward expression of the sentiments of the legitimists. We must confine ourselves, then, principally to the circumstances which, independently of its merits, have given the little book so great a notoriety in France, and carried it on to the almost unexampled honours of a forty-eighth edition. They are curious enough in themselves, and bear some analogy to those which have determined the publication and the success of the book of M. Didier, inasmuch as it was the ardency of republicanism which forced upon the public notice a book, likely to forward the cause of legitimacy in France. The little work of M. d'Arincourt is written, however, avowedly upon legitimist principles, and for the purpose of awakening the attention of the nation to the cause of

the man whom the author looks upon as the ultimate saviour of the troubled country. This legitimist book, under the title of "*Dieu le veut*," written after the bloody days of June, might, in spite of the vigour of its language, and the justice and good sense of most of its reasonings and remarks, never have emerged so prominently from the inundation of political pamphlets which floods republican France; had it not pleased the government, pushed on by the clamours of a more violent party, to seize the work, and bring the author to trial. The affair made a considerable sensation in August last; the court of justice was crowded: the interest excited was great. The passages more particularly incriminated were, that which likened the republic to the plague; that which said the sovereignty of the people, when not a bloody truth, was a ridiculous mystification; and that which contained the words, "the Republic will have proved to be the necessary transition from a revolutionary tempest to a social regeneration. In the general movement of men's minds is written the happy advent of the chosen of Providence. He draws nearer! he will come!" After the defence of his own counsel, M. d'Arincourt himself rose and supported, in a striking speech, the honesty of his intentions and his designs as a *bon citoyen*, without bating one iota of his legitimist principles. The result was a unanimous verdict of "not guilty" from the jury. A burst of applause, which no authority could check, resounded through the court. It was from the common classes, also, that came the approbation: workmen shouted in the court, "*Dieu le veut! Dieu le veut!*" to the rythm of the famous "*des lampions!*" and, on the morrow, delegates of the *dames de la Halle*, and of the artisans of Paris came, with *bouquets*, to felicitate the author on his acquittal. We will not lay an unnecessary weight upon this move-

ment of a portion of the lower classes, which may arise from the sentiments of a small minority, although perhaps more considerable than seems to be generally supposed. The result, however, of the trial has been to spread the book through the country in its almost interminable editions, and thus to spread more and more abroad those legitimist feelings, which, we confidently assert are daily more and more gaining ground throughout France, and which may one day, in case of another revolution, that may be brought upon the country by the excesses of the ultra party, bear their fruits. At all events the destiny of these two books, in furthering the cause of legitimacy, in the one case contrary to the opinions of the author, in the other by the very means intended to check and even crush it, is singular enough.

Whatever may be written upon the dark pages of a nation's future, it is very evident that "Legitimacy in France" has made considerable ground among the masses. It cannot, certainly, be said to have been from the influence of convictions, or, in the general herd, from any reliance upon theories of legitimacy, properly speaking. It has arisen from disgust and distrust of other governments; from the sad experience of the miseries occasioned to the country by the present revolution; from despair in the stability of a republican rule, with insurrection always growling beneath the surface; from hope in a greater stability and confidence under a legitimate monarchy. Legitimacy, then, can but grow and flourish in France in the chances of revolutions; and if it triumphs, it will be by the excesses of its enemies, and the restless subversive attempts of the ultra-republican party. But again: who can say confidently that it will triumph? Still more: who shall dare, in the present state of France, to say that it *shall not*?

THE COLLEGE.—A SKETCH IN VERSE.

"Scinditur incertum studia in contraria vulgus."

OFT has some fair inquirer bid me say,
 What tasks, what sports beguile the gownsman's day ;
 What cares are ours—by what light arts we try
 To teach our sober-footed hours to fly.
 List, then, ye belles, who, nursed in golden ease,
 No arts need study, but the arts to please ;
 Who need no science, while with skill ye know
 To wield the weapons which your charms bestow—
 With grace to thread the dance's mazy throng—
 To strike the tuneful chords, and swell the song—
 To rouse man's sterner spirit to his toil,
 And cheer its harshness with a grateful smile.
 Thus my weak muse a bolder flight shall raise,
 Lured by the glorious hope of Beauty's praise.

Soon as the clouds divide, and dawning day
 Tints the quadrangle with its earliest ray,
 The porter, wearied with his watchings late,
 Half opes his eyelids and the wicket gate ;
 And many a yawning gyp comes slipshod in,
 To wake his master ere the bells begin.

Round yon gray walls, enchained by slumber's spell,
 Each son of learning snores within his cell.
 For though long vigils the pale student keep,
 E'en learning's self, we know, must sometimes sleep—
 So morn shall see him, with a brightened face,
 Fresh as a giant, to resume his race.
 But hark ! the chimes of yonder chapel-tower
 Sound the arrival of the unwelcome hour.
 Now drowsy Lentulus his head half rears,
 To mumble curses on the Dean he fears.
 What though his gyp exhort him, ere too late,
 To seek the chapel and avert his fate ?
 Who, when secure his downy sheets between,
 Recks of the threatenings of an angry Dean !
 Slow rolling round he bids his mentor go
 And bear his warnings to the shades below.
 Soon shall he, summoned to the well-known room,*
 Repent his recklessness and learn his doom,
 Within the walls a dull constraint to know,
 And many a midnight jollity forego.
 Far happier he, to whom the harsh-tongued bell
 Sounds, as it should, his murdered slumber's knell.
 Cold he contemns, and, shuffling on his clothes,
 Boldly stalks forth, nor heeds his redd'ning nose.
 Straight o'er the grass-plot cuts his dewy line
 In mad defiance of the College fine ;
 Breathless with hurry gains the closing grate,
 And thanks his stars he was not just too late.
 His name prick'd off upon the marker's roll,
 No twinge of conscience racks his easy soul,
 While tutor's wines and Dean's soft smiles repay
 His prompt submission to the College sway.

* *Videlicet*—the Dean's apartment ; a visit to which frequently concludes by the visitor's finding himself "gated," i. e., obliged to be within the college walls by 10 o'clock at night ; by this he is prevented from partaking in suppers, or other nocturnal festivities, in any other college or in lodgings.

The service o'er, by Cam's dull bank of sedge
 He strides, while hunger gains a keener edge ;
 (Though fasting walks I cannot loathe too much,
 Since such my custom, my advice be such.)
 For him, who straight returns, what horrors wait !
 How chill and comfortless his chamber's state.
 The crackling fuel only serves too well
 To show the cold it vainly strives to quell ;
 While the grim bedmaker provokes the dust,
 And soot-born atoms, which his tomes encrust :
 Awhile suspended high in air they soar,
 Then, sinking, seek the shelves on which they slept before.
 Down bolt his commons and his scalding tea,
 Then off to lectures in pedantic glee.
 He notes each artifice and master-stroke—
 Each musty parallel and mustier joke ;
 Snaps up the driblets to his share consigned,
 And as he cram'd his body crams his mind ;
 Then seeks at home digestion for his lore,
 And slams in Folly's face the twice-barred door.

This hour, perchance, sees Lentulus descend
 To seek the chamber of some jovial friend—
 Yawn o'er the topics of the passing day,
 Or damn the losses of his last night's play ;
 While well he augurs from the clattering plates,
 The glad intelligence that breakfast waits.

From Memory's store the sportive muse may glean
 The charms that gild awhile the careless scene—
 The song, the anecdote, the bet, the joke,
 The steaming viands, and the circling smoke—
 The racy cider-cup, or brisk champagne,
 Long prompt the merriment and rouse the strain ;
 Till Pleasure, sated of the loaded board,
 Seeks what amusement fresher scenes afford.
 Some prove their skill in fence—some love to box—
 Some thirst for vengeance on the dastard fox ;
 Each by his fav'rite sport's enchanting power,
 Cheats of its tediousness the flying hour.

Now the dull court a short siesta takes,
 For scarce a footstep her still echo wakes,
 Save where the prowling duns their victim scout,
 And seize the spendthrift wretch that dares steal out.

Come, let us wander to the river's bank,
 And learn what charm collects yon breathless rank ;
 The hope or horror pictured in each face
 Marks the excitement of the coming race.
 Hark ! o'er the waters booms the sound of strife ;
 Now the hush'd voices leap at once to life ;
 Now to their toil the striving oarsmen bend ;
 Now their gay hues the flaunting banners blend ;
 Now leap the wavedrops from the flashing oar ;
 Now the woods echo to the madd'ning roar ;
 Now hot th' enthusiastic crowd pursue,
 And scream hoarse praises on the unflinching crew ;
 Now in one last wild chance each arm is strained ;
 One panting struggle more—the goal is gained.

A scene like this, what stream can boast beside?
 Scarce rival Isis on her fairer tide.*
 But think not thus could live the rower's power,
 Save long privation steeled him for the hour.
 The couch relinquished at the voice of morn,
 The toilsome exercise, the cup forsworn,
 The frugal dinner, and scarce-tasted wine—
 Are these no sacrifice at glory's shrine?
 Thus with new trophies shall his walls be graced—
 Each limb new strengthened, and each nerve new braced.

Some idlers to the pavements keep their feet,
 And strut and ogle all the passing street.
 And if 'tis Sunday's noon, on King's Parade,†
 See the smug tradesman too and leering maid;
 See the trim shop-boy cast his envious eye
 On Topling's waistcoat and on Sprightly's tie,
 Bravely resolved to hoard his labour's fruit,
 And ape their fancies in his next new suit.

But now the sounding clocks in haste recall
 Each hungry straggler to his College hall;
 For Alma Mater well her nursing rears,
 Nor cheats his gullet, while she fills his ears.
 Heavens! what a clatter rends the steam-fraught air—
 How waiters jostle, and how Freshmen stare!
 One thought here strikes me—and the thought is sad—
 The carving for the most part is but bad.
 See the torn turkey and the mangled goose!
 See the hack'd sirloin and the spattered juice!
 Ah! can the College well her charge fulfil,
 Who thus neglects the *petit-maitre's* skill?
 The tutor proves each pupil on the books—
 Why not give equal license to the cooks?
 As the grave lecturer, with scrupulous care,
 Tries how his class picks up its learned fare—
 From Wisdom's banquet makes the dullard fast—
 Denied admittance till his trial's past—
 So the slow Freshman on a crust should starve,
 Till practice taught him nobler food to carve:
 Then Grants's sons a useful fame should know,
 And shame with skill each dinner-table beau.

High on the dais, and more richly stored,
 Well has old custom placed the Fellow's board:
 Thus shall the student feel his fire increased
 By brave ambition for the well-graced feast—
 Mark the sleek merriment of rev'rend Dons,
 And learn how science well rewards her sons.
 But spare, my muse, to pierce the sacred gloom
 That veils the mysteries of the Fellows' room;
 Nor hint how Dons, their untasked hours to pass,
 Like Cato, warm their virtues with the glass. ‡

* Be not indignant, ye broader waves of Thames and Isis! In the number of contending barks, and the excitement of the spectators of the strife, Cam may, with all due modesty, boast herself unequalled. To the swiftness of her champion galleys ye have yourselves often borne witness.

† The most fashionable promenade for the "spectantes" and "spectandi" of Cambridge.

‡ "Narratur et prisici Catonis
 Sepe mere caluisse virtus."—HORACE, *Odes*.

Once more, at sound of chapel chime, repairs
 The surpliced scholar to his vesper prayers ;
 For discipline this tribute at his hands,
 First and last duty of the day, demands.
 Then each, as diligence or mirth invite,
 Careful improves or thriftless wastes the night.

Stand in the midst, and with observant eye
 Each chamber's tenant at his task descry.
 Here the harsh mandate of the Dean enthral
 Some prayerless pris'ner to the College walls,
 Who in the novel's pages seeks to find
 A brief oblivion for his angry mind.
 Haply the smoke-wreathed meerschau shall supply
 An evenness of soul which they deny.
 Charm ! that alike can soothing pleasure bring
 To sage or savage, mendicant or king ;
 Sov'reign to blunt the pangs of torturing pain,
 Or clear the mazes of the student's brain !
 Swift at thy word, amidst the soul's misrule,
 Content resumes her sway, and rage grows cool.

Here pores the student, till his aching sight
 No more can brook the glimmering taper's light ;
 Then Slumber's links their nerveless captive bind,
 While Fancy's magic mocks his fevered mind ;
 Then a dim train of years unborn sweeps by
 In glorious vision on his raptured eye :
 See Fortune's stateliest sons in homage bow,
 And fling vain lustre o'er his toilworn brow !
 Away, ye drivellers ! dare ye speak to him
 Of cheek grown bloodless, or of eye grown dim ?
 Who heeds the sunken cheek, or wasted frame,
 While Hope shouts " Onward ! to undying fame."

Glance further, if thine eye can pierce the mist
 Raised round the votaries of Loo and Whist ;
 Scarce such kind Venus round her offspring flung
 To bear him viewless through the Punic throng ;*
 Scarce such floats round old Skiddaw's crown of snow,
 And veils its grimness from the plains below.
 Here, too, gay Lentulus conspicuous sits,
 Chief light and oracle of circling wits.
 Who with such careless grace the trick can take,
 Or fling with such untrembling hand his stake ?
 But though with well-feigned ease his glass he sips,
 And puffs the balmy cloud from smiling lips,
 Care broods within—his soul alone regards
 His ebbing pocket and the varying cards ;
 While one resolve his saddened spirit fills—
 The diminution of his next term's bills.

Lamp after lamp expires as night grows late,
 And feet less frequent rattle at the gate.
 The wearied student now rakes out his fire—
 The host grows dull, and yawning guests retire—
 Till, all its labours and its follies o'er,
 The silent College sinks to sleep once more.

Thus roll the hours, thus roll the weeks away,
 Till terms expiring bring the long-feared day,

* VIRGIL, *Æneid*, i. 415.

When rake and student equal terror know—
 That lest he's plucked, this lest he pass too low.
 Though different epochs mark their wide careers,
 And serve for reck'ning points through fleeting years—
 To this a tripos or a Senate's grace,
 To that a fox-hunt, ball, or steeple-chase,—
 When three short years of toil or sloth are past,
 This common bugbear scares them all at last.

The doors flung wide, the boards and benches set,
 The nervous candidates for fame are met.
 See yon poor wretch, just shivering from his bed,
 Gnaw at his nails and scratch his empty head ;
 With lengthened visage o'er each question pore,
 And ransack all his memory for its store.
 This Euclid argued, or this Newton taught—
 Thus Butler reasoned, or thus Paley thought ;
 With many a weapon of the learned strife,
 Prized for an hour, then flung aside for life.
 Ah ! what avails him now his vaunted art,
 To stride the steed, or guide the tandem-cart ?
 His loved *ecarté*, or his gainful whist ?
 What snobs he pommelled, or what maidens kissed ?
 His ball-room elegance, his modish air,
 And easy impudence, that charmed the fair ?
 Ah ! what avails him that to Fashion's fame
 Admiring *boudoirs* echoed forth his name ?
 All would he yield, if all could buy one look,
 Though but a moment's, o'er the once-scorned book.
 —Enough, enough, once let the scene suffice ;
 Bid me not, Fancy, brave its horrors twice.
 The wrangler's glory in his well-earned fame,
 The prizeman's triumph, and the pluck'd man's shame,
 With all fair Learning's well-bestowed rewards,
 Are they not fitting themes for nobler bards ?
 Poor *Lentulus*, twice plucked, some happy day
 Just shuffles through, and dubs himself *B. A.* ;
 Thanks heaven, flings by his cap and gown, and shuns
 A place made odious by remorseless duns.
 Not so the wrangler,—him the Fellows' room
 Shall boast its ornament for years to come ;
 Till some snug rectory to his lot may fall,
 Or e'en (his fondest wish) a *prebend's* stall :
 Then burst triumphant on th' admiring town
 The full-fledged honours of his Doctor's gown.

Yes, *Granta*, thus thy sacred shades among
 Join grave and thoughtless in one motley throng.
 Forgive my muse, if aught her trifling air
 Seems to throw scorn upon thy kindly care.
 Long may thy sons, with heaven-directed hand,
 Spread wide the glories of a grateful land—
 Uphold their country's and their sovereign's cause—
 Adorn her church, or wield her rev'rend laws ;
 By virtue's might her senate's counsel sway,
 And scare red Faction powerless from his prey.

And ye, who, thriftless of your life's best days,
 Have sought but Pleasure in fair Learning's ways,
 Though nice reformers of the sophists' school
 Mock the old maxims of Collegiate rule,
 Deem them not worthless, because oft abused,
 Nor sneer at blessings, which yourselves refused.—U. T.

JACK MOONLIGHT.

SOME time ago, on the way from Glasgow to Liverpool, amongst the confusion and bustle in the railway terminus at Greenock, I was interested by seeing what struck me more by contrast with the rest of the scene, but, from old associations, would have drawn my attention at any time. Passengers, porters, and trucks were meeting from both directions; ladies and gentlemen anxious about their handboxes and portmanteaus; one engine puffing off its steam, and another screaming as it departed. Through the midst of all, a group of six seamen, from a third-class carriage, were lugging along their bags and hammocks, dingy and odorous with genuine tar in all its modifications. Five of the party, of different heights, ages, and sizes, were as dark-brown mahogany-colour, in face, throat, and hands, as some long sea-voyage had made them, evidently through latitudes where the wind blows the sun, if the sun doesn't burn the wind. One was a fine, stout, middle-aged man, with immense whiskers and a cap of Manilla grass, a large blue jacket, with a gorgeous India handkerchief stuffed in its capacious outside pocket, and brown trousers, with boots, whom I at once set down for the boatswain of some good East-Indiaman. The sixth was a woolly-pated negro lad, about nineteen or twenty, dressed in sailor's clothes with the rest, but with his characteristically shapeless feet cramped up in a pair of Wellingtons, in which he stumped along, while his companions had the usual easy roll of their calling. The fellow was black as a coal, thick-lipped and flat-nosed; but if, like most negroes, he had only kept grinning, it would not have seemed so ridiculous as the gravity of his whole air. Some young ladies standing near, with parasols spread to save their fair complexions from the sun, said to each other, "Oh, do look at the foreign sailors!" I knew, however, without requiring to hear a single word from them, that they were nothing else but the regular true-blue English tars; such, indeed, as you seldom find belonging to even the

slister kingdoms. A Scotchman or an Irishman may make a good sailor, and, for the theory of the thing, why, they are probably "six and half-a-dosen;" but, somehow, there appears to be in the English sea-dog a peculiar capacity of developing the appropriate ideal character—that frank, bluff, hearty *abandon*, and mixture of practical skill with worldly simplicity, which mark the oceanic man. All dogs can swim, but only water-dogs have the foot webbed and the hair shaggy. The Englishman is the only one you can thoroughly salt, and make all his bread biscuit, so that he can both be a boy at fifty, and yet chew all the hardships of experience without getting conscious of his wisdom.

So I reflected, at any rate, half joke, half earnest, while hastening to the Liverpool steamer, which lay broadside to the quay, and, betwixt letting off steam and getting it up, was blowing like a mighty whale come up to breathe. The passengers were streaming up the plank, across by her paddle-boxes, as it were so many Jonahs going into its belly; amongst whom I was glad to see my nautical friends taking a shorter cut to the steerage, and establishing themselves with a sort of half-at-home expression in their sunburnt weathery faces. In a little while the "City of Glasgow" was swimming out of the firth, with short quick blows of her huge fins, that grew into longer and longer strokes as they revolved in the swells of the sea; the jib was set out over her sharp nose to steady her, and the column of smoke from her funnel, blown out by the wind, was left, in her speed, upon the larboard quarter, to compare its dark-brown shadow with the white furrow behind. At the beginning of the long summer evening the round moon rose, white and beautiful, opposite the blue peaks of Arran, shining with sunset. By that time the steamer's crowded and lumbered decks had got somewhat settled into order; the splash of the paddles, and the clank of the engine, leaping up and down at the window of its house, kept up a kind of quiet, by contrast, in spite of the different

noises going on around. Amongst such, a nuisance apparently inseparable from and peculiar to steamboats, is a blind fiddler, whose everlasting infernal scrape, squeaking away on the foredeck, one cannot help blending with the thump and shudder of those emetic machines on a large scale, and considering it not the least element in producing the disagreeable phenomena so well known on board of them. One of these said floating musicians, who thus wander probably in imitation of Arion, and in revenge for his fate, was now performing to the groups near the paddle-boxes. Beyond them, however, by the steamer's patent iron windlass, there was a quiet space at the bow, where, in a short time, I perceived the figures of the sailors relieved against the brisk sea-view above the insignificant bowsprit. I went forward out of the privileged regions to smoke a cigar, and found the two elder ones sitting over the windlass in conversation with another seafaring passenger, evidently less thoroughbred, however. The rest were walking backwards and forwards to a side, with the quick rolling walk, limited in extent, so characteristic of the genus *nauta*—the negro turning his head now and then to grin as he heard the music, but otherwise above mixing in the rabble of already disconsolate-looking people behind. He was plainly considered by his shipmates, and considered himself, on a footing of perfect equality: his skin was no odium to the men of the sea, whose lot he had no doubt shared, whatever it might have been in the cabin. Their bedding was already spread under shelter of the half top-gallant fore-castle at the heel of the bowsprit, amongst spars and coils of rope. Although sailors are understood to go half-fare in steamers, they no doubt preferred the accommodation thus chosen. It was amusing to notice how the regular, long-sea, wind-and-canvas men seemed to look down upon the hermaphrodites of the "funnel-boat," and were evidently regarded by them as superior beings; nor did they hold much communication together.

While standing near, I made a remark or two to the eldest of the seamen, whom I had marked down for

the leader of the little nautical band; and it was not difficult to break ice with the frank tar. He was more intelligent and polished than is usual even with the superior class of his vocation, having seen more countries of the globe, and their peculiarities, than would set up a dozen writers of travels. They had all sailed together in the same vessels for several voyages: had been last to Calcutta, Singapore, and Canton, in a large Liverpool Indiaman, to which they were returning after a trip, during the interval, on some affair of the boatswain's at Glasgow; and, curiously enough, they had made a cruise up Loch Lomond, none of them having seen a fresh-water lake of any size before. In the mean time, while the negro passed up and down with his companions before me, I had been remarking that his naked breast, seen through the half-open check shirt, was tattooed over with a singular device, in conspicuous red and blue colours: indeed, without something or other of the sort he could scarcely have been a sailor, for the barbarians of the sea and those of the American forest have a good deal in common. This peculiar ornament of the sable young mariner I at length observed upon to the boatswain. "Jack Moonlight!" said the seaman, turning round, "come here, my son: show the gentleman your papers, will ye?" The black grinned, looked flattered, as I thought, and, opening his shirt, revealed to me the whole of his insignia. In the middle was what appeared meant for a broken ring-bolt; above that a crown; below an anchor; on one side the broad arrow of the dock-yard, and on the other the figures of 1838. "My sartificates, sar, is dat?" said the negro, showing his white teeth. "That's his figure-head, sir," said one of the younger sailors, "but he's got a different mark abaft, ye know, Mr Wilson!" "Never mind, Dick," said the boatswain; "the one scores out the other, my lad." The black looked grave again, and they resumed their walk. "What's his name, did you say?" I inquired,—"Moonlight?" "Yes, sir; Jack Moonlight it is." *Ut lucus a non lucendo*, thought I: rather a preternatural moonlight—a sort of dark-

lantern! "Why, who christened him that?" I said. "Well, sir," replied the boatswain, "the whole ship's company, I think: the second mate threw a ship's-bucket of gulf-stream water over his head, too, for a blessing; and the black cook, being skilled that way, gave him the marks. *Jack* is his christen name, sir—*Moonlight* is what we call his on-christen one." "There's a entire yarn about it, sir," remarked the other sailor. "I wish you would tell it me!" said I to the boatswain, seating myself on the windlass, while his two companions looked to him with an expression of the same desire. "Why, sir," said the bluff foremast officer, hitching up his trousers, and looking first at one boot and then at the other, "I'm not the best hand myself at laying up the strands of a matter; but however, as I was first whistle in the concern, why, you shall have the rights of it. You see, sir," continued he, "we were lying at that time inside the Havannah, opposight the Mole—the *Mary Jane* of Bristol, Captain Drew, a ship o' seven hundred tons. 'Twas in the year '88, I think, Tom?" "Ay, ay, Mr Wilson," replied the other sailor, "'tis logged correct enough on Jack Moonlight's breast." "She was round from Jamaica for some little matter to fill up," continued the boatswain, "so we didn't leave the cable long betwixt wind and water; but, two nights before the *Mary Jane* sailed, a large Portuguese schooner came in, and brought up within thirty fathoms of our starboard quarter, slam on to us, so as we looked into her cabin windows, but nothing else. She'd got the American flag flying, and a Yankee mate that answered sometimes, 'twas said, for the skipper; but by the looks of her, and a large barracoon being a'most right in a line with her bowsprit, we hadn't no doubt what she was after. The first night, by the lights and the noise, we considered they landed a pretty few score of blacks, fresh from the Guinea coast and a stew in the middle passage. And all the time there was the Spanish guard-boats, and the court sitting every few days to look after such tricks, and saying they kept a watch the devil himself couldn't shirk.

There was a British cruiser off the Floridas, too, but we reckoned she'd been blown up the Gulf by a hurricane the morning before. Next night was bright moonlight, so they were all quiet till two bells of the third watch; then they began to ship off their *bales* again, as they call 'em—the moon being on the set, and the schooner in a shadow from the warehouses. 'Twas all of a sort o' smothered bustle aboard of her, for the sailmaker and I was keeping our hour of the anchor-watch. I was only rated able seaman at that time in the *Mary Jane*. Well, the shadow of the schooner came almost as far as the currents about our rudder, and I was looking over the quarter, when I thought I saw a trail shining in it, as if something was swimming towards us. 'Sailmaker,' says I, 'is that the shark, d'ye think, that they say is fed alongside of one o' them slavers here for a sentry?' 'Where?' said the sailmaker, and 'Look,' says I. Just that moment what did I see but the woolly black head of a nigger come out into the stroak of white water, 'twixt our counter and the schooner's shadow, swimming as quiet as possible to get round into ours! 'Keep quiet, mate,' I said; 'don't frighten the poor fellow! He's contrived to slink off, I'll bet you, in the row!' Next we heard him scrambling up into the mizen chains, then his head peeps over the bulwarks, but neither of us turned about, so he crept along to the fore-castle, where the scuttle was off, and the men all fast in their hammocks. Down he dives in a moment. The sailmaker and I slipped along to see what he'd do. Right under the fok'sle ladder was the trap of the cook's coal-hole, with a ring-bolt in it for lifting; and just when we looked over, there was the nigger, as naked as ye please, a heaving of it up to stow himself away, without asking where. As soon as he was gone, and the trap closed, 'Why,' said the sailmaker, 'he's but a boy.' 'He's a smart chap, though, sure enough, sailmaker!' says I. 'But what pauls me, is how quick he picked out the fittest berth in the ship. Why, old Dido won't know but what it's his wife Nancy's son, all blacked over with the coals!' 'Well, bo,' says the sailmaker, laughing. 'we mustn't let the

black doctor get down amongst his gear, on no account, till the ship's clear away to sea!" *Doctor*, you know, sir—that's what we call the cook at sea. 'Never fear, mate,' says I, 'I'll manage old Dido myself, else he'd blow the whole concern amongst them confounded planters in the cabin.' This Dido, you must understand, sir, was the black cook of the *Mary Jane*: his name, by rights, was Di'dorus Thomson; but he'd been cook's mate of the *Dido* frigate for two or three years before, and always called himself Dido—though I've heard 'twas a woman's name instead of a man's. He was a Yankee nigger, as black as his own coals, and had married a Bristol woman. She had one son, but he was as white as herself; so 'twas a joke in the ship against old Dido, how he'd contrived to wash his youngster so clean, and take all the dirt on himself. We run the rig on him about his horns, too, and the white skin under his paint, till the poor fellow was afraid to look in a glass for fear of seeing the devil.

"Next morning, before we began to get up anchor, the cook turns out of his hammock at six o'clock to light the galley fire, and down he comes again to the fore-castle to get coals out of his hold. 'Twas just alongside of my hammock, so I looked over, and says I, 'Hullo, doctor! hold on a minute till I give ye a bit of advice.' 'Mine yar own bus'ness, Jack Wilson,' says the cross-grained old beggar, as he was. 'Dido,' says I, 'who d'ye think I see goin' down your trap last night?' 'Golly!' says he, 'don't know; who was dat, Jack—eh?' and he lets go of the trap-lid. 'Why, Dido,' I told him, 'twas the devil himself!' 'O Lard!' says the nigger, giving a jump, 'what dat gen'leman want dere? Steal coal for bad place! O Lard!—Hish!' says he, whispering into my hammock, 'tell me, Jack Wilson, he black or white—eh?' 'Oh, black!' I said; 'as black as the slaver astarn.' 'O Lard! O Lard! black man's own dibble!' says old Dido; 'what's I to do for cap'en's breakfast, Jack!' 'Why, see if you haven't a few chips o' wood, doctor,' says I, 'till we get out o' this infernal port. Don't they know how to lay the old un amorg your folks in the

States, Dido?' I said, for I'd seen the thing tried. 'Golly! yis!' says the nigger; 'leave some bake yam on stone, with little rum in de pumpkin—'at's how to do!' 'Very good!' says I; 'well, whatever you've got handy, Dido, lower it down to him, and I daressay he'll clear out by to-morrow.' 'Why, what the dibble, Jack!' says he again, scratching his woolly head, 'feed him in 'e ship, won't he stay—eh?' 'Oh, for that matter, Dido,' says I, 'just you send down a sample of the ship's biscuit, with a fid of hard junk, and d—me if he stay long!' A good laugh I had, too, in my hammock, to see the cook follow my advice: he daren't open his hatch more than enough to shove down a line with some grub at the end of it, as much as would have provisioned half a dozen; so I knew there was a stopper clapped on the spot for that day.

"When we began to get up anchor, a boat belonging to the schooner pulled round us, and they seemed to want to look through and through us, for them slavers has a nat'ral aversion to an English ship. They gave a squint or two at old black Dido, and he swore at 'em in exchange for it like a trooper: 'tis hard to say, for a good slack jaw, and all the dirty abuse afloat, whether a Yankee nigger, or a Billingsgate fishwoman, or a Plymouth Point lady, is the worst to stand. I do believe, if we'd been an hour later of sailing, they'd have had a search-warrant aboard of us, with a couple of Spanish guardos, and either pretended they'd lost a fair-bought slave, or got us perhaps condemned for the very thing they were themselves. However, off we went, and by the first dog-watch we'd dropped the land to sou'-west, with stunsails on the larboard side, and the breeze on our quarter.

"Next morning again the black cook gives me a shake in my hammock, and says he, 'Mus' have some coal now, Jack; he gone now, surely—eh, lad?' 'Go to the devil, you black fool,' says I, 'can't ye let a fellow sleep out his watch without doing your work for you?' 'O Golly,' says the cook in a rage, 'I sarve you out for dis, you damn tarry black-guard! Don't b'lieb no dibble ever dere! I water you tea dis blessed

mornin' for dis!' 'Look out for squalls, then, doctor,' says I; and he lifts the trap, and began to go down the ladder, shaking his black fist at me. 'Good b'ye, Dido!' says I, 'make my respects to the old un!' 'O you darty willain!' he sings out from the hole; and then I heard him knocking about amongst his lumber, till all of a sudden he gave a roar. Up springs the young nigger from under hatches, up the ladder and through the trap, then up the fok'sle steps again, and out on deck, and I heard him running aft to the quarter-deck, where the mate was singing out to set another stunsail. Down fell the trap-lid over the coal-hole, and old Dido was caught like a mouse. If it hadn't been for our breakfast, I daresay we'd have left him there for a spell; but when the doctor got out he was as cowed as you please. 'Jack Wilson,' says he to me, 'you say quite right—him black dibble dere sure 'naff, Jack! see him go up in flash 'o fire out of de coal, den all as dark as — Hullo, 'mates,' says he, 'you laugh, eh? Bery funny though, too—ho-ho-ho!' so he turned to grinning at it till the tears ran out of the big whites of his eyes. 'What does the parson say, doctor?' asks an old salt out of his ham-mock—'stick close to the devil, and he'll flee from ye!' 'Ho-ho-ho!' roars old Dido; 'bery good—ho-ho-ho!' says he; 'old dibble not so bery frightenful after all, now I see he right black!' 'I say, though, old boy,' puts in the foremastman again, 'I doesn't like to hear ye laugh at the devil that way—ye don't know what may turn up—'tis good seaman-ship, as I reckon, never to make an enemy of a port on a lee-shore, cook!' 'Ay, ay, old ship,' said another; 'but who looks for seaman's ways from a cook?—ye can't expect it!' 'I tar'ble 'fraid of white dibble, though, lads,' said old Dido, giving an impudent grin. 'Well, if so be,' says the old salt, 'take my word for it, ye'd better keep a look-out for him—that's all. White or black, allecolours has their good words to keep, an' bad ones brings their bad luck, mate!'

"Well, sir, as for the young run-away, 'twas all of a kick-up on the quarterdeck about him; he couldn't speak a word of English, but he hung

on the mate's feet like one for bare life. Just then the captain came on deck with two lady passengers, to take a look of the morning; the poor fellow was spar-naked, and the ladies made a dive below again. The captain saw the slave-brand on his shoulder, and he twigged the whole matter at once; so he told the mate to get him a pair of trousers, and a shirt, and put him to help the cook. Dido laughed louder than ever when he found out the devil wasn't so black as he was painted; and he was for indopting the youngster, by way of a sort o' jury son. However, the whole of the fok'sle took a fancy to him, considering him a kind of right to all hands. He was christened Jack, as I said before, and instead of hanging on, cook's mate, he was put up to something more seaman-like. By the time the Mary Jane got home, black Jack could set a stunsail, or furl a royal. We got Dido to give him a regular-bult certificate on his breast, of his being free to blue water, footing paid, and under the British union-jack, which 'twas the same as you saw just now, sir."

"Well," said I, "but you haven't explained why he was called by such a curious appellation as Moonlight, though?"

"Hold on a bit, sir," said the boat-swain, "that's not the whole affair from end to end, yet. The next voyage I sailed again in the Mary Jane to Jamaica, for I always had a way of sticking to the same ship, when I could. I remember Dido, the cook, had a quarrel with his wife, Nancy; and one of the first nights we were at sea, he told black Jack, before all the fok'sle, how he meant to leave him all his savings, which everybody knew was no small thing, for Dido never spent any of his wages, and many a good cask of slush the old nigger had pocketed the worth of. We made a fine run of it that time down the Trades, till we got into the latitude of the Bahamas, and there the ship stuck like a log, with blue water round her, as hot as blazes, and as smooth as glass, or a bowl of oil. Once or twice we had a black squall that sent her on a bit, or another that drove her back, with a heavy swell, and now and then a light air, which

we made the most of—setting stunsails, and hauling 'em down again in a plash of rain. But, altogether, we thought we'd never get out of them horse latitudes at all, having run over much to west'ard, till we saw the line of the Gulf Stream treading away on the sea line to nor'west, as plain as on a chart. There was a confounded devil of a shark alongside, that stuck by us all through, one of the largest I ever clapped eyes on. Every night we saw him cruising away astarn, as green as glass, down through the blue water; and in the morning, there he was under the counter, with his back fin above, and two little pilot-fish swimming off and on round about. He wouldn't take the bait either; and every man forud said there was some one to lose his mess before long; however, the cook made a dead set to hook the infernal old monster, and at last he did contrive to get him fast, with a piece of pork large enough for supper to the larboard watch. All hands tailed on to the line, and with mach ado we got his snout over the taffrail, till one could look down his throat, and his tail was like to smash in the stern windows; when of a sudden, snap goes the rope where it spliced to the chain, down went the shark into the water with a tremendous splash, and got clear off, hook, chain, bait an' all. We saw no more of him, though; and by sunset we had a bit of a light breeze, that began to take us off pleasantly.

"We had had full moon nearly the night before, and this night, I remember, 'twas the very pearl of moonlight—the water all of a ripple sparkling in it, almost as blue as by day; the sky full o' white light; and the moon as large as the capstan-head, but brighter than silver. You might ha' said you saw the very rays of it come down to the bellies of the sails, and sticking on the same plank in the deck for an hour at a time, as the ship surged ahead. Old Dido, the cook, had a fashion of coming upon deck of a moonlight night, in warm latitudes, to sleep on top o' the spars; he would lie with his black face full under it, like a lizard basking in the sun. Many a time the men advised him against it, at any rate to cover his face; for, if it would'nt spoil, they

said, he might wake up blind, or with his mouth pulled down to his shoulder, and out of his mind to boot. It wasn't the first time neither, sir, I've known a fellow moonstruck in the tropics, for 'tis another guess matter altogether from your hazy bit o' white paper yonder: why, if you hang a fish in it for an hour or two, 'twill stink like a lucifer match, and be poison to eat. Well, sir, that night, sure enough, up comes Dido with a rug to lie upon, and turns in upon the spars under the bulwarks, and in five minutes he was fast asleep, snoring with his face to the moon. So the watch, being tricky inclined ways on account of the breeze, took into their heads to give him a fright. One got hold of a paint-pot out of the half-deck, and lent him a wipe of white paint with the brush all over his face; Dido only gave a grunt, and was as fast as ever. The next thing was to grease his wool, and plaster it up in shape of a couple o' horns. Then they drew a bucket of water, and set it on the deck alongside, for him to see himself. When our watch came on deck, at eight bells, the moon was as bright as ever in the west, and the cook stretched out like Happy Tom on the spars, with his face slued round to meet it. In a little the breeze began to fall, and the light canvass to flap aloft, till she was all of a shiver, and the topsails sticking in to the masts, and shaking out again, with a clap that made the boom-irons rattle. At last she wouldn't answer her wheel, and the mate had the courses hauled up in the trails; 'twas a dead calm once more, and the blue water only swelled in the moonlight, like one sheet of rear-admiral's flags a-washing in a silver steep,—that's the likest thing I can fancy. When the ship lay still, up gets the black doctor, half asleep, and I daresay he had been laying in a cargo of Jamaica rum overnight: the bucket was just under his nose as he looked down to see where he was, and the moon shining into it. I heard him roar out, 'O de dibble!' and out he sprang to larboard, over the bulwarks, into the water. 'Man overboard, ahoy!' I sang out, and the whole watch came running from aft and forud to look over. 'Oh Christ!' says one

o' the men, pointing with his finger—'Look.' Dido's head was just rising alongside; but just under the ship's counter what did we see but the black back-fin of the shark, coming slowly round, as them creatures do when they're not quite sure of anything that gives 'em the start. 'The shark! the shark!' said every one; 'he's gone, by ——' 'Down with the quarter-boat, men!' sings out the mate, and he ran to one of the falls to let it go. The young nigger, Jack, was amongst the rest of us; in a moment he off with his hat and shoes, took the cook's big carving-knife out of the galley at his back, and was overboard in a moment. He was the best swimmer I ever chanced to see, and the most fearless: the moonlight showed everything as plain as day, and he watched his time to jump right in where the shark's back-fin could be seen coming quicker along, with a wake shining down in the water at both fins and tail. Old Dido was striking out like a good un, and hailing for a rope, but he knew nothing at all of the shark. As for young Jack, he said afterwards he felt his feet come full slap on the fish's back, and then he laid out to swim under him and give him the length of his knife close by the jaw, when he'd turn up to bite—for 'twas what the youngsters along the Guinea coast were trained to do every day on the edge of the surf. However, curious enough, there wasn't another sign of this confounded old sea-tiger felt or seen again; no doubt he got a fright and went straight off under the keel; at any rate the boat was alongside of

the cook and Jack next minute, and picked 'em both up safe. Jack swore he heard the chain at the shark's snout rattle, as he was slueing round his head within half a fathom of old Dido, and just as he pounced upon the bloody devil's back-bone; the next moment it was clear water below his feet, and he saw the white bells rise from a lump of green going down under the ship's bends, as large as the gig, with its belly glancing like silver. If so, I daresay the cook's legs would have stuck on his own hook before they were swallowed; but, anyhow, the old nigger was ready to believe in the devil as long as he lived. The whole matter gave poor Dido a shake he never got the better of; at the end of the voyage he vowed he'd live ashore the rest of his days, to be clear of all sorts o' devilry. Whether it didn't agree with him or not, I can't say, but he knocked off the hooks in a short time altogether, and left young Jack the most of his arnings, on the bargain of hailing by his name ever after. 'Twas a joke the men both in the *Mary Jane* and the old *Rajah* got up, when the story was told, to call the cook Dido Moonlight, because, after all, 'twas the death of him: and when Jack shipped with the rest of us here aboard of the *Rajah*, having seen Dido to the ground, why, all hands christened him over again Jack Moonlight; though to look at him now, I daresay, sir, you wouldn't well fancy how such things as black Jack's face and moonlight was logged together, unless the world went by contrairies!"

MOONLIGHT MEMORIES.

BY B. SIMMONS.

I.

THEY say Deceit and Change divide
The empire of this world below;
That, whelm'd by Time's resistless tide,
Love's fountain ebbs, no more to flow.
Dawn-brow'd MADONNA, deem not so,
While to my truth you Moon in heaven
I loved thee by, so long ago.
Is still a faithful "witness" given!

II.

All brightly round, that mellow Moon
Rose o'er thy bright, serene abode,
When first to win thy smiles' sweet boon
My tears of stormy passion flowed.
Where Woodburn's larches veil'd our road,
I sued thy cheek's averted grace,
And, while its lustre paled and glowed,
Drank the blest sunshine of thy face.

III.

And when the darkening Fate, that throw
Its waste of seas between us, Sweet,
With reflux wave restored me to
The soundless music of thy feet,
How wild my heart's delighted beat,
Once more beneath the mulberry bough,
To see the branching shadows fleet
Before thy bright approaching brow!

IV.

Then rose again the Moon's sweet charm,
Not in her full and orbéd glow,
But young and sparkling as thy form
That moved a sister-moon below.
The rose-breeze round thee loved to blow—
Blue Evening o'er thee bent and smiled—
Rejoicing Nature seemed to know,
And own, her wildly-gracious child.

V.

Forth came the Stars, as if to keep
Fond watch along thy sinless way;
While thy pure eyes, through Ether deep,
Sought out lone Hesper's diamond ray,
Half shy, half sad, to hear me say,
That haply, mid the tearless bliss
Of that far world we yet should stray,
When we have burst the bonds of this.

VI.

Too short and shining were those hours
I loved, enchanted, by thy side!
Hoarding the wealth of myrtle-flowers
That in thy dazzling bosom died.
Sweet Loiterer by Glenarra's tide,
Dost thou not sometimes breathe a
prayer
For Him who never failed to glide
At eve to watch and worship there!

VII.

Fate's storms again have swept the scene,
And, for that fair Moon's summer gleam,
Through winter's snow clouds drifting keen
I hail at midnight now her beam.
Soft may its light this moment stream,
My folded Flower! upon thy rest,
And, melting through thy placid dream,
This heart's unshaken faith attest.

VIII.

Yes—Rainbow of my ruined youth,
Now shining o'er the wreck in vain!
Thy rosy tints of grace and truth
Life's evening clouds shall long retain.
My very doom has less of pain
To feel that, ere from Time's dark river
Thy form or soul could take one stain,
Despair between us came for ever.

IX.

And if, as sages still avow,
The rites once paid on hill and grove
To Beings beautiful as thou,
To Dian, Hebe, and to Love,
Were so imperishably wove
Of fancies lovely and elysian,
Their spirit to this hour must rove
The earth a blest abiding vision;*

X.

Then surely round that mountain rude,
And Bridgeton's rill and pathway lone,
In years to come, when thou, the Wood,
And thy fond Worshipper are gone,
Each suppliant prayer, each ardent tone,
Each vow the heart could once supply,
Whose every pulse was there thine own,
In many an evening breeze will sigh.

* It was the fanciful opinion of Hume that the purer Divinities of pagan worship, and the system of the Homeric Olympus, were so lastingly beautiful, that somewhere or other they must, to this hour, continue to exist.

AUSTRIA AND HUNGARY.

We have been so much accustomed to regard the Austrian empire as one German nation, that we sometimes forget of how many separate kingdoms and principalities it consists, and of how many different and disunited races its population is composed. It may not, therefore, be unnecessary to recall attention to the fact that the Austrian dominions of the last three hundred years—the Austrian empire of our times—consists of three kingdoms and many minor principalities, inhabited by five distinct races, whose native tongues are unintelligible to each other, and who have no common language in which they can communicate; who are divided by religious differences; who preserve their distinctive characteristics, customs, and feelings; whose sentiments are mutually unfriendly, and who are, to this day, unmixed in blood. The Germans, the Italians, the Majjars or Hungarians, the Slaves, and the Wallacks, are distinct and alien races—without community of origin, of language, of religion, or of sentiments. Except the memory of triumphs and disasters common to them all, their allegiance to one sovereign is now, as it was three centuries ago, the only bond that unites them. Yet, in all the vicissitudes of fortune—some of them disastrous—which this empire has survived, these nations and races have held together. The inference is inevitable—whatever may have been its defects, that form of government could not have been altogether unfit for its purposes, which so many different kingdoms and races united to support and maintain.

It would be a mistake, however, to assume that these various states were

under one form of government. There were almost as many forms of government as there were principalities; but they were all monarchical, and one sovereign happened to become the monarch of the whole. The house of Hapsburg, in which the imperial crown of Germany, the regal crowns of Hungary, Bohemia, and Lombardy, and the ducal crowns of Austria, Styria, the Tyrol, and nearly a dozen other principalities, became hereditary, acquired their possessions, not by conquest, but by election, succession, or other legitimate titles* recognised by the people. The descendants of Rodolph thus became the sovereigns of many separate states, each of which retained, as a matter of right, its own constitution. The sovereign, his chief advisers, and the principal officers of state at his court, were usually Germans by birth, or by education and predilection; but the constitution of each state—the internal administration, and those parts of the machinery of government with which the people came more immediately into contact—were their own. In some we find the monarchy elective, as in Hungary, Bohemia, and Styria; in all we find diets of representatives or delegates, chosen by certain classes of the people, without whose concurrence taxes could not be imposed, troops levied, or legislative measures enacted; and we find municipal institutions founded on a broad basis of representation. In none of them was the form of government originally despotic.

To the unquestionable titles by which they acquired their crowns—titles by which the pride of nation or of race was not wounded—and to the more or less perfect preservation, in

* Chiefly by marriage with princesses who were heirs to these kingdoms and principalities. It was thus that Hungary, Bohemia, and the Tyrol were acquired. Hence the lines—

"Bella gerant alii; tu, felix Austria, nube:
Nam quæ Mars alius, dat tibi regna Venus."

You, Austria, wed as others wage their wars;
And crowns to Venus owe, as they to Mars.

It was by marriage that the Saxon emperor, Otho the Great, acquired Lombardy for the German empire.

each state, of its national institutions and privileges—to the enjoyment by each people of their laws, their language, customs, and prejudices—the princes of the house of Hapsburg owed the allegiance of subjects who had little else in common. There, as elsewhere in continental Europe, the sovereign long continued to encroach upon the rights of his subjects, and at length usurped an authority not recognised by the laws of his different possessions, or consistent with the conditions on which he had received their crowns. These usurpations were frequently resisted, and not unfrequently by force of arms. Belgium asserted her independence, and was permanently separated from Austria. But, in such contests, the sovereign of many separate states had obvious advantages. His subjects, divided by differences of race, language, religion, and sentiment, were incapable of combining against him; and however solicitous each people might be to preserve their own liberties and privileges, they were not prepared to resist encroachments on those of a neighbouring people, for whom they had no friendly feeling. The Austrians and Italians were ready to assert the emperor's authority in Hungary or Bohemia, the Hungarians and Bohemians to put down resistance in Lombardy. Even in the same kingdom the races were not united. In Hungary, the Slave was sometimes ready to aid the emperor against the Magyar, the German against the Slave. The disunion which was a source of weakness to the empire was a source of strength to the emperor.

Partly by compulsory changes, effected according to constitutional forms, partly by undisguised usurpations, in which these forms were disregarded, the emperors were thus enabled to extend the prerogative of the crown, to abridge the liberties of their subjects in each of their possessions, and, in some of them, to subvert the national institutions.

In the Hereditary States of Austria, the power of the emperor has long been absolute. The strength of Bohemia was broken, and her spirit subdued, by the confiscations and proscriptions that followed upon the defeat of the Protestants, near Prague,

in the religious wars of Frederick II.; and for many years her diet has been subservient. Lombardy, the prize of contending armies—German, Spanish, and French—passing from hand to hand, has been regarded as a conquered country; and, with the forms of a popular representation, has been governed as an Austrian province. Hungary alone has preserved her independence and her constitution. But these usurpations were not always injurious to the great body of the people; on the contrary, they were often beneficial. In most of these states, a great part of the population was subject to a dominant class, or nobles, who alone had a share in the government, or possessed constitutional rights, and who exercised an arbitrary jurisdiction over the peasants. The crown, jealous of the power of the aristocracy, afforded the peasants some protection against the oppressions of their immediate superiors. A large body of the people in each state, therefore, saw with satisfaction, or without resentment, the increasing power of the crown, the abridgment of rights and privileges which armed their masters with the power to oppress them, and the subversion of a constitution from which they derived no advantage. If the usurpations of the crown threatened to alienate the nobles, they promised to conciliate the humbler classes.

On the other hand, every noble was a soldier. The wars in which the emperor was engaged, while they forced him occasionally to cultivate the good-will of the aristocracy, on which he was chiefly dependent for his military resources, fostered military habits of submission, and feelings of feudal allegiance to the sovereign. Military service was the road to distinction—military glory the ruling passion. The crown was the fountain of honour, to which all who sought it repaired. A splendid court had its usual attractions; and the nobles of the different races and nations, rivals for the favour of the prince, sought to outdo each other in proofs of devotion to his person and service. Thus it was, that, notwithstanding the usurpations of the emperor, and the resistance they excited, his foreign enemies generally found all classes of his sub-

jects united to defend the dignity of his crown, and the integrity of his dominions.

Still there was nothing to bind together the various parts of this curious fabric, except the accident of allegiance to one sovereign. This was but a precarious bond of union; and the imperial government has, therefore, been unremitting in its efforts to amalgamate the different parts into one whole. The Germans were but a small minority of the emperor's subjects, but the imperial government, the growth of their soil, reflected their mind; and it does not appear to have entered the Austrian mind to conceive that a more intimate union could be accomplished in any other way than by extending the institutions of the Hereditary States to all parts of the empire, and thus ultimately converting the Italians, the Majjars, and the Slaves, into Austrian Germans.

This policy has been eminently unsuccessful in Hungary, where it has frequently been resisted by force of arms; but its failure is not to be attributed solely to the freedom of the institutions of that country, or to the love of independence, and the feelings of nationality which have been conspicuous in her history. The imperial government, while it resisted the usurpations of the see of Rome in secular matters, asserted its spiritual supremacy with unscrupulous zeal. Every one is acquainted with the history of the Reformation in Bohemia—its early manifestations, its progress, its unsuccessful contests, and its suppression by military force, by confiscations and proscriptions, extending to half the property and the proprietors in that kingdom; but perhaps it is not so generally known, or remembered, that the Majjars early embraced the Reformed doctrines of the school of Calvin, which, even now, when more than half their numbers have become Roman Catholics, is known in Hungary as "the Majjar faith." The history of religious persecution, everywhere a chronicle of misery and crime, has few pages so revolting as that which tells of the persecutions of the Protestants of Hungary, under her Roman Catholic kings of the house of Austria. It was in the name of persecuted Protestant-

ism that resistance to Austrian autocracy was organised; it was not less in defence of their religion than of their liberties that the nation took up arms. Yet there was a time when the Majjars, at least as tenacious of their nationality as any other people in the empire, might perhaps have been Germanised—had certainly made considerable advances towards a more intimate union with Austria. Maria Theresa, assailed without provocation by Prussia—in violation of justice and of the faith of treaties, by France, Bavaria, Saxony, Sardinia, and Spain, and aided only by England and the United Provinces—was in imminent danger of losing the greater part of her dominions. Guided by the instinct of a woman's heart, and yielding to its impulse, she set at naught the remonstrances of her Austrian counsellors, and relied on the loyalty of the Hungarians. Proceeding to Presburg, she appeared at the meeting of the diet, told the assembled nobles the difficulties and dangers by which she was surrounded, and threw herself, her child, and her cause, upon their generosity. At that appeal every sabre leapt from its scabbard, and the shout, "Moriatur pro rege nostro, Maria Theresâ!" called all Hungary to arms. The tide of invasion was rolled back beyond the Alps and the Rhine, and the empire was saved.

"On avait vu," says Montesquieu, "la maison d'Autriche travailler sans relâche à opprimer la noblesse Hongroise; elle ignorait de quel prix elle lui serait un jour. Elle cherchait chez ces peuples de l'argent, qui n'y était pas; elle ne voyait pas les hommes, qui y étaient. Lorsque tant de princes partageaient entre eux ces états, toutes les pièces de la monarchie, immobiles et sans action, tombaient, pour ainsi dire, les unes sur les autres. Il n'y avait de vie que dans cette noblesse, qui s'indigna, oublia tout pour combattre, et cru qu'il était de sa gloire de périr et de pardonner."

The nobles of Hungary had fallen by thousands; many families had been ruined; all had been impoverished by a war of seven years, which they had prosecuted at their private charge; but their queen had not forgotten how much she owed them. She treated them with a kindness

more gratifying than the highest distinction; acquired their confidence by confiding in them; taught them to speak the language of her court; made their residence in her capital agreeable to them; promoted alliances between the noble families of Hungary and Austria; obtained from their devotion concessions which her predecessors had failed to extort by force; and prepared the way for a more intimate union between two nations which had hitherto regarded each other with aversion.

M. A. de Gerando has discovered, in the portrait-galleries of the Hungarian magnates, amusing traces of some of the means by which the clever empress-queen extended Austrian influence and authority into Hungary.

"Il est curieux," (he says), "de voir, dans les châteaux de Hongrie, les galeries de portraits de famille. Aussi haut que l'on remonte, ce ne sont d'abord que de graves figures orientales. Les hommes ont la mine héroïque, comme on se représente ces hardis cavaliers, qui invariablement finissaient par se faire tuer dans quelque action contre les Turcs; les femmes sont austères et tristes ainsi qu'elles devaient l'être en effet. A partir de Marie-Thérèse, tout change et la physionomie et l'expression des personnages. On voit bien que ceux-là ont paru à la cour de Vienne, et y ont appris les belles manières. Le contraste est frappant dans le portrait du magnat qui le premier épousa une Allemande. Le Hongrois, seul, occupe un coin de la toile. Il est debout, digne, la main gauche sur la poignée de son sabre recourbée; la droite tient une masse d'armes. De formidables éperons sont cloués à ses bottines jaunes. Il porte un long dolman galonné, et une culotte de hussard brodée d'or. Sur son épaule est attachée une riche pelisse, ou une peau de tigre. Sa moustache noire pend à la turque, et de grands cheveux tombent en boucles sur son cou. Il y a du barbare dans cet homme-là. Sa femme, assise, en robe de cour, est au milieu du tableau. Elle règne et elle domine. Près de son fauteuil se tiennent les enfants, qui ont déjà les yeux bleus et les lèvres Autrichiennes. Les enfants sont à elle, à elle seule. Ils sont poudrés comme elle, lui ressemblent, l'entourent, et lui parlent. Ils parlent l'Allemand, bien entendu."—(Pp. 17-18.)

The son and successor of Maria Theresa, Joseph II., attempted, in his summary way, by arbitrary edicts promising liberty and equality, to subvert

the constitution of every country he governed, and to extend to them all one uniform despotic system, founded on that of Austria. To him Hungary is indebted for the first gleam of religious toleration; but his hasty and despotic attempts to suppress national distinctions, national institutions and languages, provoked a fierce and armed resistance in Hungary, and in other portions of his dominions, and more than revived all the old aversion to Austria. His more prudent successor made concessions to the spirit of independence, and the love of national institutions, which Joseph had so deeply wounded. Leopold regained the Hungarians; but Belgium, already alienated in spirit, never again gave her heart to the emperor; and he never lost sight of the uniformity of system that Maria Theresa had done so much to promote, and which Joseph, in his haste to accomplish it, had for the moment made unattainable. From the days of Ferdinand I. until now, the attempt to assimilate the forms and system of government, in every part of their possessions, to the more arbitrary Austrian model, has been steadily pursued throughout the reigns of all the princes of the house of Hapsburg. These persevering efforts to extend the power of the crown by subverting national institutions, and thus to obliterate so many separate nationalities, have aroused for their defence a spirit that promises to perpetuate them.

Feelings of community of race and language, which had slumbered for many generations, have been revived with singular intensity. Italy for the Italians—Germany for the Germans—a new Slavonic empire for the western Slaves—the union of all the Sclavonic nations under the empire of the Czar—are cries which have had power to shake thrones, and may hereafter dismember empires.

The separation between the different members of the Austrian empire, which the havoc of war could not effect in three centuries, a few years of peace and prosperity have threatened to accomplish. The energies that were so long concentrated on war, have now, for more than thirty years, been directed to the development of intellectual and material resources. The

ambition that sought its gratification in the field, now seeks to acquire influence in the administration, and power to sway the opinions of men. The love of national independence, that repelled foreign aggression, has become a longing for personal liberty, that refuses to submit to arbitrary power. The road to distinction no longer leads to the court, but to the popular assembly; for the rewards conferred by the voice of the people have become more precious than any honours the sovereign can bestow. The duty of allegiance to the crown has become a question of reciprocal obligations, and has ceased to rest upon divine right. The only bond that held the Austrian empire together has thus been loosened, and the parts are in danger of falling asunder.

Lombardy, which was united to the German empire nine hundred years ago, renounced its allegiance, and refused to be Austrian. Bohemia, a part of the old German empire, inhabited chiefly by a Slavonic race, has been dreaming of Pan-sclavism. Carried away by poetical rhapsodies, poured forth in profusion by a Lutheran preacher at Pesth, and calculated, if not designed, to promote foreign influence and ascendancy, she has awoke from her dreams to find herself engaged in a sanguinary conflict, which was terminated by the bombardment and submission of her capital. Vienna, after having twice forced her emperor to fly from his capital, has been taken by storm, and is held in subjection by a garrison, whose stragglers are nightly thinned by assassins. Hungary, (to which we propose chiefly to direct our attention,) whose blood has been shed like water in defence of the house of Hapsburg—whose chivalry has more than once saved the empire—whom Napoleon, at the head of a victorious army in Vienna, was unable to scare, or to seduce from her allegiance to her fugitive king—whose population is more sincerely attached to monarchy than perhaps any other people in Europe, except ourselves, is in arms against the emperor of Austria. All the fierce tribes by which the Magjars are encircled have been let loose upon them, and, in the name of the emperor, the atrocities of Galicia, which chilled Europe with horror, have been

renewed in Pannonia. The army of the Emperor of Austria has invaded the territories of the King of Hungary, occupies the capital, ravages the towns and villages, expels and denounces the constituted authorities of the kingdom, abrogates the laws, and boasts of its victories over his faithful subjects, as if they had been anarchists who sought to overturn his throne.

The people of this country have long entertained towards Austria feelings of kindness and respect. We may smile at her proverbial slowness; we may marvel at the desperate efforts she has made to stand still, while every one else was pressing forward; the curiously graduated system of education, by which she metes out to each class the modicum of knowledge which all must accept, and none may exceed—her protective custom-houses, which destroy her commerce—her quarantines against political contagion, which they cannot exclude—her system of passports, with all its complications and vexations, and the tedious formalities of her tardy functionaries,—may sometimes be subjects of ridicule. But, though the young may have looked with scorn, the more thoughtful amongst us have looked with complacency on the social repose and general comfort—on the absence of continual jostling and struggling in all the roads of life—produced by a system, unsuited to our national tastes and tempers, no doubt, but which, till a few months ago, appeared to be in perfect harmony with the character of the Austrian German. We respect her courage, her constancy in adversity. We admire the sturdy obstinacy with which she has so often stood up to fight another round, and has finally triumphed after she appeared to be beaten. We call to mind the services she rendered to Christian civilisation in times past. We remember that her interests have generally concurred with our own—have rarely been opposed to them. We cannot forget the long and arduous struggles, in which England and Austria have stood side by side, in defence of the liberties of nations, or the glorious achievements by which those liberties were preserved. It is because we would retain unimpaired

the feelings which these recollections inspire, because we consider the power and the character of Austria essential to the welfare of Europe, that we look with alarm on the course she has pursued towards Hungary.

The time has not yet come when the whole course of the events connected with this unnatural contest can be accurately known. The silence maintained and imposed by Austria may have withheld, or suppressed, explanations that would justify or palliate much of what wears a worse than doubtful aspect. But the authentic information now accessible to the public cannot fail to cause deep anxiety to all who care for the reputation of the imperial government—to all who desire to see monarchy come pure out of the furnace in which it is now being tried. The desire to enforce its hereditary policy of a uniform patriarchal system would not justify, in the eyes of Englishmen, an alliance with anarchy to put down constitutional monarchy in Hungary, or an attempt to cover, with the blood and dust of civil war, the departure of the imperial government from solemn engagements entered into by the emperor.

The nature of the relations by which Hungary is connected with Austria—the origin and progress of their present quarrel, and the objects for which the Hungarians are contending—appear to have been very generally misunderstood, not in this country only, but in a great part of Europe. Men whom we might expect to find better informed, seem to imagine that Hungary is an Austrian province in rebellion against the emperor, and that the origin and tendency of the movement was republican. The reverse of all this is true. Hungary is not, and never was, a province of Austria; but has been and is, both *de jure* and *de facto*, an independent kingdom. The Emperor of Austria is also King of Hungary, but, as Emperor of Austria, has neither sovereign right nor jurisdiction in Hungary. The Hungarians assert, and apparently with truth, that they took up arms to repel unprovoked aggression, and to defend their constitutional monarchy as by law established; that their objects are therefore purely conservative, and

their principles monarchical; and that it is false and calumnious to accuse them of having contemplated or desired to found a republic—a form of government foreign to their sentiments, and incompatible with their social condition.

The kingdom of Hungary (Hungary) founded by the Majjars in the tenth century, had for several generations been distinguished amongst the nations of Europe, when another pagan tribe from the same stock—issuing like them from the Mongolian plains, and turning the Black Sea by the south, as they had done by the north—crossed the Bosphorus, overturned the throne of the Cæsars, and established on its ruins an Asiatic empire, which became the terror of Christendom. The Majjars, converted to Christianity, encountered on the banks of the Danube this cognate race, converted to Islamism, and became the first bulwark of Christian Europe against the Turks. The deserts of Central Asia, which had sent forth the warlike tribe that threatened Eastern Europe with subjugation, had also furnished the prowess that was destined to arrest their progress. The court of Hungary had long been the resort of men of learning and science; the chivalry of Europe had flocked to her camps, where military ardour was never disappointed of a combat, or religious zeal of an opportunity to slaughter infidels. In 1526, Ludovic, King of Hungary and Bohemia, with the flower of the Hungarian chivalry, fell fighting with the Turks at the disastrous battle of Mohacs—the Flodden field of Hungary. The monarchy was then elective, but when the late king left heirs of his body the election was but a matter of form. When the monarch died without leaving an heir of his body, the nation freely exercised its right of election, and on more than one such occasion had chosen their king from amongst the members of princely houses in other parts of Europe. In this manner Charles Robert, of the Neapolitan branch of the house of Anjou and Ladislas, King of Bohemia, son of Casimir King of Poland, and father of Ludovic who fell at Mohacs, had been placed upon the throne. Ludovic died without issue, and he was the last male of his line—it therefore became necessary to choose a

king from some other house. Ferdinand, brother of the Emperor Charles V., had married his cousin Anne, daughter of Ladislas, and sister of Ludovic the late King of Hungary and Bohemia. His personal character, his connexion with the royal family of Hungary, and the support he might expect from the emperor in the war against the Turks, prevailed over the national antipathy to Austria, and he was elected to the vacant throne, though not without a contest. He was crowned according to the ancient customs of Hungary, and at his coronation took the oath which had been administered on similar occasions to his predecessors. He thereby bound himself to govern according to the laws, and to maintain and defend the constitution and the territory of Hungary. He was likewise elected King of Bohemia, after subscribing a document, by which he renounced every other claim to the crown than that which he derived from his election. The emperor surrendered to him the crown of Austria, and these three crowns were thus, for the first time, united in a prince of the house of Hapsburg. These states were altogether independent one of another, had their separate laws, institutions, and customs, and had no other bond of connexion than the accidental union of the crowns in one person—a union which might at any time, on the demise of the crown, have been dissolved. It resembled, in this respect, the union of the crowns of Great Britain and Hanover in the persons of our own sovereigns, that it left the kingdoms both *de jure* and *de facto* independent of each other. In 1558, Ferdinand was elected Emperor of Germany; but as emperor he could claim no jurisdiction in Hungary, which was not then, and never was, included in the German empire. The monarchy of Hungary continued to be elective, and the nation continued to give a preference to the heirs of the late monarch. The princes of the house of Hapsburg, who succeeded to the throne of Austria, were thus successively elected to that of Hun-

gary; were separately crowned in that kingdom, according to its ancient customs; and at their coronation took the same oath that Ferdinand had taken.

In 1687 the states of Hungary decreed that the throne, which had hitherto been filled by election, should thenceforward be hereditary in the male heirs of the house of Hapsburg; and in 1723, the diet, by agreeing to the Pragmatic sanction of Charles III. of Hungary, (the Emperor Charles VI. of Germany,) extended the right of succession to the female descendants of that prince. These two measures were intended, and calculated, to perpetuate the union of the two crowns in the same person. The order of succession to the crown of Hungary was thus definitively settled by statute, and could not legally be departed from, unless with the concurrence both of the diet and of the sovereign. So long, therefore, as the crown of Austria was transmitted in the same order of succession as that in which the crown of Hungary had been settled, the union would be preserved; but any deviation in Austria from the order fixed by law in Hungary would lead to a separation of the crowns, unless the Hungarian diet could be induced to consent to a new settlement. Thus we have seen the crowns of Great Britain and Hanover united for four generations, and separated in the fifth, because one was settled on heirs male or female, the other on heirs male only.

An attempt has been made, with reference to recent events, to found on the Pragmatic Sanction pretensions that might derogate from the absolute independence of Hungary; but the articles of the Hungarian diet* of 1790 appear to be fatal to any such pretensions. By Article 10 of that year it is declared, that "Hungary is a country free and independent in her entire system of legislation and of government; that she is not subject to any other people, or any other state, but that she shall have her own separate existence, and her own constitution, and shall consequently

* The acts passed by the diet are numbered by articles, as those of our parliament are by chapters. Each of these articles, when it has received the royal assent, becomes a statute of the kingdom, in the same manner as with us, and of course equally binds the sovereign and his subjects.

be governed by kings crowned according to her national laws and customs." By Article 12 of the same diet it was declared, that the power to enact, to interpret, and to abrogate the laws, was vested conjointly in the king, legitimately crowned, and the diet; and that no attempt should ever be made to govern by edicts or arbitrary acts. By Article 13 it was decreed, that the diet should be called together once every three years at the least. By Article 19 it was declared, that imposts could not be levied at the king's pleasure, but must be freely voted by the two tables (houses) from one diet to another. All these acts received the formal assent of Leopold II., and thus became statutes of the kingdom.

The successors of Leopold—Francis II., and Ferdinand, who has recently abdicated—received the crown of Hungary on the conditions implied in the coronation oath, which was administered to them in the usual manner, and by which they bound themselves to respect and maintain the constitution as by law established, and to govern according to the statutes. The question whether the late emperor should be addressed Ferdinand I. or Ferdinand V. was a subject of debate in the diet while Mr Paget was at Presburg, and he gives the following account of the proceedings:—

"The bill now brought up from the deputies, and to which the degree of importance attached by all parties appeared ridiculous to a stranger, had reference to the appellation of the new king. . . . The matter, however, was not so unimportant as it may appear; the fact is, he is Emperor Ferdinand I. of Austria, and King Ferdinand V. of Hungary; and unless Hungary had ceased to be an independent country, which the greatest courtier would not dare to insinuate, there could be no question as to his proper title. The magnates, however, thought otherwise: it was understood that the court desired that the style of Ferdinand I. should be used, and the magnates were too anxious to please not to desire the same thing. The deputies had now for the fourth time sent up the same bill, insisting on the title of Ferdinand V.; and for the fourth time the magnates were now about to reject it. . . . At the moment when the magnates were as firm as rocks on

the wrong side, the court took the wise course of showing its contempt for such supporters, by sending down a proclamation 'We Ferdinand V., by the grace of God, King of Hungary, &c. &c.'"

It must not be supposed that these articles of 1790 conferred upon the diet any new powers, or implied any new concessions on the part of the king. They were declaratory acts, framed for the purpose of exacting from Leopold II. securities against a renewal of the arbitrary proceedings to which Joseph had resorted; and they merely reasserted what the Hungarian constitution had provided long before the election of Ferdinand I.—what had for several generations been the law of the land.

The Hungarians were not satisfied with having obtained from Leopold a formal renunciation of Joseph's illegal pretensions. They felt, and the cabinet admitted, that the ancient institutions of Hungary—which had with difficulty been preserved, and which for some generations had been deteriorating rather than improving under the influence of the Austrian government—were no longer suited to the altered circumstances of the country, to the growing intelligence and advancing civilisation of its inhabitants. But they desired to effect all necessary ameliorations cautiously and deliberately. They were neither enamoured of the republican doctrines of France, nor disposed to engage in destructive reforms for the purpose of framing a new constitution. They desired to improve, not to destroy, that which they possessed. They would probably have preferred to effect the necessary ameliorations in each department successively; but they feared the direction that might be given by the influence of the crown, to any gradual modification of the existing institutions that might be attempted. By the constitution of Hungary, the diet is precluded from discussing any measures that have not been brought before it in the royal propositions, or king's speech—unless cases of particular grievances which may be brought before the diet by individual members. To engage in a course of successive reforms would have exposed the diet to the danger of being arrested

in its progress, as soon as it had passed such measures as were acceptable to the cabinet. They therefore named a commission, including the most enlightened and the ablest men in the country, to report on the whole legislation of Hungary in all its branches. This great national commission was formed of seven committees, or sub-commissions, each of which undertook to report on one department. The committees were—1st, That on the Urbarial code, or the condition of the peasants, and their relations to the proprietors: 2d, On the army, and all that related to it: 3d, On public policy, including the powers and jurisdiction of the diet, and of its different component parts: 4th, On matters ecclesiastical and literary, including education: 5th, On commerce: 6th, On the civil and criminal codes: and 7th, On contributions, including the whole system of taxation, and everything connected with the public revenue. The reports of this national commission, which are known as the "*Operata systematica commissionis regnicolaris*," recommended comprehensive ameliorations of the laws, and were creditable to the intelligence, science, statesmanship, and good sense of the commissions. The reports upon the commercial and the criminal codes, more especially, attracted the attention and the admiration of some of the ablest men in Germany.

From this time forward, each succeeding diet endeavoured to get the recommendations of the commission introduced into the royal propositions. The cabinet never refused—often promised to comply with this demand, but always deferred the discussion. Probably it was not averse to some of the measures proposed, or at least not unwilling to adopt them in part. The projected reform of the Urbarial code would have tended to increase the revenue, and to facilitate its collection; but it would at the same time have imposed upon the nobles new burdens, and required of them considerable sacrifices—and, before submitting to these, they were desirous to secure a more efficient control over the national expenditure, and ameliorations of the Austrian commercial system, which, by heavy duties, had depreciated the value of the agricultural

produce that furnished their incomes. The diet, therefore, desired to get the *operata systematica* considered as a whole; the cabinet, and the party in Hungary which supported it, sought to restrict the diet to the discussion of such changes only as were calculated to benefit Austria.

When Francis II., who had for some years been Palatine of Hungary, ascended the throne of that kingdom and of Austria in 1792, there was no question as to the independence of Hungary, which had been so fully recognised by his father. The usual oath was administered to him at his coronation, which was conducted in the usual manner; and in his reply to the address of the Hungarian diet, on his accession, he showed no disposition to invade the constitutional rights of the Hungarians. "I affirm," he said, "with sincerity, that I will not allow myself to be surpassed in the affection we owe to each other. Tell your citizens that, faithful to my character, I shall be the guardian of the constitution: my will shall be no other than that of the law, and my efforts shall have no other guides than honour, good faith, and unalterable confidence in the magnanimous Hungarian nation." To these sentiments the diet responded by voting all the supplies, and the troops, demanded of them by the king.

In 1796, the diet was again called together, to be informed that, "attacked by the impious and insidious French nation, the king felt the necessity of consulting his faithful states of Hungary, remembering that, under Maria Theresa, Hungary had saved the monarchy." The diet voted a contingent of 50,000 men, and undertook to provision the Austrian army, amounting to 340,000 soldiers. It urged the government to propose the consideration of the *operata systematica*; but the cabinet replied that it must consult and reflect; and, in the mean time, the diet was dissolved after only nineteen sittings. These proceedings produced a general feeling of discontent in Hungary, which threatened to become embarrassing; but the success of the French armies aroused the military spirit and loyalty of the Hungarians, and the appointment, at the same time, of the amali-

cable and enlightened Archbæke Joseph to the dignity of Palatine of Hungary, in which he retained for fifty years the respect and affection of all parties, tended to preserve their attachment, though it did not silence their complaints.

When the diet met in 1802, the peace of Amiens had been concluded.

"Until now," (said the king in his answer to the address,) "circumstances have not permitted my government to attend to anything but the war, which has afforded you an occasion to shew your zeal and your fidelity. With commendable generosity, you have voted the contingents and the subsidies which the situation of the empire demanded; and the remembrance of your devotion shall never be extinguished in my heart, or in the hearts of my family. But, now that peace is concluded, I desire to extend my solicitude to the kingdom of Hungary—to the country which has most effectually aided me in the wars I have had to sustain—which, by its extent, its population, its fertility, the noble character and the value of its inhabitants, is the chief bulwark of the monarchy. My desire is to arrange with the states of Hungary the means of increasing her prosperity, and to merit the thanks of the nation."

But the peace of Amiens proved to be a hollow truce, and this flattering communication became the prelude to renewed demands for men and money. To hasten the votes on the supplies, the diet was informed that it would be dissolved in two months. In the debate which ensued, one of the members uttered the sentiments of the nation, when he said—"It is plain that the king calls us together only when he wants soldiers and supplies. He knows that, after all, we have too much honour to allow the majesty of the King of Hungary to be insulted by his enemies." The impost was increased, and the contingent raised to 64,000 men; but the consideration of the measures recommended by the great national commission, though promised, was deferred by the king. The diet of 1805 resembled that of 1802—the same promises ending in similar disappointment.

The diet of 1807 was more remarkable. To the usual demands was added the royal proposition, that the "insurrection," or *levée en masse*, should

be organised, and ready to march at the first signal. The patience of the nation was exhausted. The diet represented to the king, in firm but respectful addresses, the disorder in the finances produced by the amount of paper-money issued in disregard of their remonstrances, and called upon the government to repair the evil. They said that, during many years, the country had done enough to prove its fidelity to the sovereign, whose royal promises had not been fulfilled; and that henceforth the Hungarians could not expend their lives and fortunes in the defence of his hereditary states, unless he seriously took in hand the interests of their native country. They demanded the revision of the commercial system, and liberty freely to export the produce of the country, and freely to import the productions of other countries. They complained of a new depreciation of the currency, demanded a reduction of the duty on salt, (the produce of their own mines,) which had recently been augmented, and denounced "the injustice of paralysing the industry of a people, while requiring of them great sacrifices."

The justice of these representations was admitted, but no satisfactory answer was returned; and the murmurs at Presburg became loud enough to cause alarm at Vienna. The advance of Napoleon to the frontiers of Hungary turned the current of the national feeling. It was now the sacred soil of Hungary that was threatened with desecration, and the diet not only voted all the subsidies and 20,000 recruits, but the whole body of the nobles or freemen spontaneously offered one-sixth of their incomes, and a *levée en masse* was decreed for three years. Napoleon's attempts to detach the Hungarians from the cause of their king were unavailing, and their devotion to his person was never more conspicuous than when he had lost the power to reward it.

In 1811 the royal propositions, in addition to the usual demands, requested the diet to vote an extraordinary supply of twelve millions of florins, and to guarantee Austrian paper money to the amount of one hundred millions, (about ten millions sterling.) The diet called for the

account of the previous expenditure, and were told that the details of the budget were secrets of state. This answer excited the greatest indignation, and they refused to vote any extraordinary supply till the accounts were produced. They complained that the finances of Hungary were administered by Austrians—foreigners, who were excluded by law from a voice in their affairs—and that the cabinet of the emperor had illegally mixed up the finances of Hungary with those of the hereditary states of Austria. Some members of the diet even threatened to impeach the ministers. In their addresses to the throne, the financial administration of the imperial government was roughly handled; and the cabinet, perceiving that the debates at Presburg had inconveniently directed attention, even in the Hereditary States, to financial questions, hastily withdrew their propositions.

The peace of 1815 restored to Europe the repose she had long desired, and to Hungary many of her sons who had long been absent. In the midst of war, her diet had never ceased to attend to the internal administration of the country, to the improvement of her resources, and the advancement of her population in material prosperity and intelligence. All the comprehensive measures prepared with this view had been postponed or neglected by the king, acting by the advice of his Austrian cabinet, and supported by a powerful party of the magnates of Hungary. But though her hopes had been disappointed, Hungary had never failed, in any moment of difficulty or danger, to apply her whole power and resources to the defence of the empire. She never sought, in the embarrassments, the defeat, and misfortunes of Austria, an opportunity to extort from her king the justice he had denied to her prayers. She never for a moment swerved from devoted allegiance to her constitutional monarch. "After all, she had too much honour to allow the majesty of the King of Hungary to be insulted by his enemies." She forgave the frequent delays and refusals, by which the most salutary measures had been frustrated or rejected, because she knew that the

thoughts and the energies of her sovereign and his Austrian cabinet had been directed to the defence of the empire, and the preservation of its independence. But now that these were no longer threatened, that the good cause for which she had fought with so much gallantry and devotion had triumphed, she had a right to expect a grateful return for her services—or at least that the promises, on the faith of which she had lavished her blood and her treasure in defence of her king and of his Austrian dominions, would be fulfilled. But the republican outbreak in France had led to long years of war and desolation; the triumph of monarchy and order over anarchy had at length been achieved, and men had not only abjured the doctrines from which so much evil had sprung, but monarchs had learned to look with distrust on every form of government that permitted the expression of public opinion, or acknowledged the right of the people to be heard. Even the mixed government of England, to which order owed its triumph, was regarded as a danger and a snare to other countries. The Holy Alliance was formed, and the Austrian cabinet, which for more than twenty years had flattered the hopes of Hungary when it wanted her assistance, now boldly resolved to govern that kingdom without the aid of its diet. In vain did the county assemblies call for the convocation of the national parliament, which the king was bound, by the laws he had sworn to observe, to summon every three years. Their addresses were not even honoured with an answer. In 1822, an attempt was made to levy imposts and troops by royal edicts. The comitats (county assemblies) refused to enforce them. In 1823, bodies of troops were sent—first to overawe, and then to coerce them. The county officers concealed their archives and official seals, and dispersed. Royal commissioners were appointed to perform their functions, and were almost everywhere resisted. The whole administration of the country, civil and judicial, was in confusion; and, after an unseemly and damaging contest, the cabinet found it necessary, in 1825, to give way, and to summon the diet, after an interval of twelve years.

One personal anecdote will convey a more correct impression of the feelings with which the Hungarians, who were most attached to the emperor-king, viewed these proceedings, than any detail we could give. John Nemet, Director Causarum Regalium of Hungary, at a personal interview with the king, denounced the proceedings of the cabinet. "Do you know," said the irritated monarch, "that I am emperor and king; that you may lose your head?" "I know," replied Nemet, "that my life is in your majesty's hands; but the liberty of my country, and the honour of my sovereign, are dearer to me than my life."

When the diet met in 1825, the king, in his reply to the address, admitted that "things had happened which ought not to have occurred, and which should not occur again." The diet did not conceal its resentment. The comitat of Zala, through its representatives, demanded the names of the traitors who had misled the king; and the representatives of all the other counties supported the proposition. One of the royal commissioners came in tears to apologise to the diet; another, who attempted to justify himself on the ground of obedience to the king, was told that a faithful subject honoured his sovereign when he reminded him of his duty. The articles of 1790 were declared to have been openly violated, and the diet complained that the public security had been outraged by arrests and prosecutions, founded on anonymous denunciations. The address to the king, in which they set forth their grievances, concluded with the following petition:—

"Convinced that these acts do not emanate from your Majesty, but that they proceed from a system constantly pursued for several centuries, we entreat your Majesty henceforth not to listen to evil counsels—to despise anonymous denunciations—not to exact any impost or any levy of soldiers without the concurrence of the diet—to reinstate the citizens disgraced for having legally resisted the royal commissioners, and regularly to convoke the states, with whom you share the sovereign power."

In his answer, Francis blamed the diet for their proceedings, but wisely

conceded their demands. By article 8d of 1825, he engaged to observe the fundamental laws of the kingdom. By article 4th, never to levy subsidies without the concurrence of the diet; by article 5th, to convoke the diet every three years.

The attempt of Francis II. to subvert the constitution of Hungary terminated, as the similar attempt of Joseph II. had terminated thirty-five years before—in renewed acknowledgments of the independence of Hungary, and the constitutional rights of the Hungarians.

After three centuries of contention, the cabinet of Vienna now appeared to have abandoned the hope it had so long entertained, of imposing upon Hungary the patriarchal system of Austria. Relinquishing the attempt to enforce illegal edicts, it relied upon means more in accordance with the practice of constitutional governments. It could command a majority at the table of Magnates, and it endeavoured, by influencing the elections, to strengthen its party in the Deputies. But in this kind of warfare the cabinet of an absolute monarch were far less skilful than the popular leaders of a representative assembly. The attempts to influence the elections by corrupt means were generally unsuccessful, and, when exposed, exhibited the government in a light odious to a people tenacious of their liberties and distrustful of Austria.

There had long been two parties in the diet, of which one, from supporting the views of the court, was considered Austrian; the other, from its avowed desire to develop the popular institutions and separate nationality of Hungary, was considered Hungarian, and took the designation of the patriotic party. There was thus a government party and an opposition, which, in 1827, was systematically organised. But as Hungary had not a separate ministry, responsible to the diet, that could be removed from office by its votes, there was little ground for the usual imputation of a struggle for place. The patriotic party could expect no favour from the court; their opposition was, therefore, so far disinterested, and was, in fact, founded upon the instructions of the counties they represented.

It must appear extraordinary that the majority of an assembly composed of nobles, of which nine-tenths of the members were elected by hereditary nobles or freeholders, should advocate opinions so liberal as to alarm even the Austrian government. A great majority of the electors, it is true, though rejoicing in the designation of nobles, were men who tilled the soil with their own hands; but they are truly described by Mr Paget as "generally a proud, unruly set of fellows, with higher notions of privilege and power than of right and justice; but brave, patriotic, and hospitable in the highest degree." After describing the national character of the Magjars, he adds,—

"It is scarcely necessary to say that, with such dispositions, the Magyar is strongly inclined to conservatism; he hates new-fangled notions and foreign fashions, and considers it a sufficient condemnation to say, 'not even my grandfather ever heard of such things.'"

To suppose that these men had republican tendencies would, of course, be absurd; and as the patriotic party in the diet represented their opinions, we may be well assured that they were not such as, to any party in this country, would appear dangerous from excess of liberality.

To the government of Austria, however, nothing caused greater uneasiness than attempts to consolidate and improve the popular institutions of Hungary, or to foster feelings of separate nationality, which it had been the constant aim of its policy to obliterate. Determined to maintain, at all hazards, her own patriarchal system, Austria saw Hungary already separated from the Hereditary States by the form of her institutions and by national feelings, and dreaded the wider separation which the onward march of the one, and the stationary policy of the other, must produce. In superficial extent, Hungary is nearly half the empire—in population, more than one-third. The separation of the crowns would reduce Austria to the rank of a second-rate power; and Hungary separated from Austria, and surrounded by despotic governments jealous of her constitutional freedom, could not be safe. Not only an Aus-

trian, but a patriotic Hungarian, might therefore resist, as perilous to his country, any course of legislation that appeared to lead towards such a result. If Hungary continued to advance in material prosperity and intelligence, and succeeded in giving to her constitution a basis so broad as to insure a just distribution of the public burdens, and to unite all classes of her population in its support, she must ultimately separate from Austria, or Austria must abandon her stationary policy, and advance in the same direction. It was impossible that two contiguous countries, of extent and resources so nearly equal, governed on principles so different, and daily increasing the distance between them, should long continue to have their separate administrations conducted by one cabinet, or could long be held together by their allegiance to the same sovereign. To give permanence to their connexion, it was necessary that Austria should advance, or that Hungary should stand still. But the condition and circumstances of more than one-half of her population made it indispensable to her safety—to her internal tranquillity, her material prosperity, and social order—that Hungary should go forward. The nobles, holding their lands by tenure of military service, bore no part of the public burdens during peace. The peasants, though they were no longer serfs, and had acquired an acknowledged and valuable interest in the lands they held from the proprietors, for which they were indebted to Maria Theresa, were yet subject to all manner of arbitrary oppressions. They had been promised ameliorations of their condition as early as 1790; but these promises had not yet been fulfilled. In the mean time, the peasants had been left to endure their grievances, and did not endure them without murmuring. The more intelligent and enlightened nobles felt the danger, and sought to remedy the evil, and hitherto without success. But it is unjust to attribute to Austrian influence all the opposition encountered by those who sought to ameliorate the condition of the peasants. Men who had hitherto been exempted from all public imposts, and who considered it humiliating to

be taxed, resisted the equalisation of the burdens; men who had been taught to consider the peasant as a creature of an inferior race, shrank from giving him civil rights equal to their own. Nevertheless, in 1835, measures were passed which greatly improved the position of the oppressed classes. We cannot stop to trace the course of legislation, or to point out the wisdom and disinterested humanity that distinguished the leaders in this movement. Amongst them stands conspicuous the name of Szechenyi, to whom his country owes an everlasting debt of gratitude. Alas! that a mind like his, whose leading characteristic was practical good sense, that rejected every visionary project, should now be wandering amidst its own morbid creations in an unreal world. Several of the wealthier nobles put beyond all question the sincerity of the opinions they had maintained, by voluntarily inscribing their names in the list of persons subject to be taxed; and thus shared the public burdens with their peasants.

Writing after the acts of 1835 had been passed, Mr Paget thus describes the feelings of the peasants,—

“I know that the Hungarian peasant feels that he is oppressed; and if justice be not speedily rendered him, I fear much he will wrest it—perhaps somewhat rudely too—from the trembling grasp of the factitious power which has so long withheld it from him.”—(Vol i., p. 313.)

The elective franchise was still withheld from a man born a peasant, whatever might be his stake in the country. He was not equal with the noble before the law; and, what was perhaps still more grievous to him, he continued to bear the whole burden of taxation, local and national. The noble contributed nothing. Besides the labour and produce he gave to his proprietor as rent for his land, the peasant paid tithes to the church, and a head-tax and property-tax to the government. He paid the whole charges for the administration of justice, which he could rarely obtain; for the municipal government, in the election of which he had no vote; for the maintenance of public buildings, from many of which he was excluded; and by much the greater part of the

expenses of the army, in which he was forced to serve, without a hope of promotion. He alone made and repaired the roads and bridges, and he alone paid tolls on passing them. On him alone were soldiers quartered, and he had to furnish them, not only with lodgings in the midst of his family, but with fuel, cooking, stable-room, and fodder, at about one halfpenny a-day, often not paid, and to sell his hay to the government, for the use of the troops, at a fixed price, not equal to one-fourth of its value in the market. At the same time, a noble who tilled the ground like the peasant—who was perhaps not more intelligent, not more industrious—had a hereditary privilege of exemption from all these burdens, and enjoyed a share in the government of the country.

The revolt of the Ruthene peasants of Galicia in 1846, who had massacred whole families of the Polish nobles, and the belief that the Austrian government had encouraged the revolt, had been slow to put it down, and had rewarded its leaders, produced agitation amongst the peasants in Hungary, and the greatest anxiety in the minds of the nobles. They felt that the fate of Galicia might be their own, if the peasants should at any time lose hope and patience, or if the Austrian government should be brought to adopt, in Hungary, the policy attributed to it in Galicia. In short, it was plain that, so long as the grievances of the peasants remained unredressed, there could be no security for Hungary. But these grievances could not be redressed without imposing new burdens on the nobles, and, at the same time, restricting their privileges. If they were to tax themselves, they required an efficient control over the public expenditure, and a relaxation of the Austrian commercial system, which prevented the development of the country's resources.

The diet had been summoned for November 1847; and in June of that year, the patriotic party put forth an exposition of its views preparatory to the elections, which, in Hungary, are renewed for every triennial meeting of the diet. In that document, a translation of which is now before us, they declare, that “our grievances, so

often set forth, after a long course of years, during which we have demanded, urged, and endured, have to this day remained unredressed." After enumerating some of these grievances, they proceed to state their demands—

"1st, The equal distribution of the public burdens amongst all the citizens; that the diet should decide on the employment of the public revenue, and that it should be accounted for by responsible administrators.

"2d, Participation, by the citizens not noble, in the legislation, and in municipal rights.

"3d, Civil equality.

"4th, The abolition, by a compulsory law, of the labour and dues exacted from the peasants, with indemnity to the proprietors.

"5th, Security to property and to credit by the abolition of *arbitraire*, (the right of heirs to recover lands alienated by sale.)"

They go on to declare that they will endeavour to promote all that tends to the material and intellectual development of the country, and especially public instruction: That, in carrying out these views, they will never forget the relations which, in terms of the Pragmatic Sanction, exist between Hungary and the Hereditary States of Austria: That they hold firmly to article 10, of 1790, by which the royal word, sanctified by an oath, guarantees the independence of Hungary: That they do not desire to place the interests of the country in contradiction with the unity or security of the monarchy, but they regard as contrary to the laws, and to justice, that the interests of Hungary should be made subordinate to those of any other country: That they are ready, in justice and sincerity, to accommodate all questions on which the interests of Hungary and Austria may be opposed, but they will never consent to let the interests and constitution of Hungary be sacrificed to unity of the system of government, "which certain persons are fond of citing as the leading maxim, instead of the unity of the monarchy."

"That unity in the system of government," they assert, "was the point from which the cabinet set out when, during the last quarter of the past century, it attacked our nationality and our civil liberty, promising us material benefits in place of constitutional advantages. It was to this

unity in the system of government that the constitution of the Hereditary States of Austria was sacrificed, and it was on the basis of absolute power that the unity of the government was developed."

They declare that they consider it their first and most sacred duty to preserve their constitution, and to strengthen it more and more by giving it a larger and more secure basis; and they conclude by expressing their persuasion "that, if the Hereditary States had still enjoyed their ancient liberties, or if, in accordance with the demands of the age, they were again to take their place amongst constitutional nations, our interests and theirs, which now are often divided, sometimes even opposed, would be more easily reconciled. The different parts of the empire would be bound together by greater unity of interests, and by greater mutual confidence, and thus the monarchy, growing in material and intellectual power, would encounter in greater security the storms to which times and circumstances may expose it."

The diet which met in November 1847, had scarcely completed the ordinary forms and routine business with which the session commences, when all Europe was thrown into a revolutionary ferment, from the Mediterranean to the Baltic, from the Atlantic to the Black Sea. The revolution of February in Paris, was followed by that of March at Vienna, by the expulsion of the Austrians from Milan, and by Slavonic insurrections in Prague and Cracow. Constitutional Hungary alone remained tranquil. Surrounded by revolutions, incited by daily reports of republican triumphs, Hungary preserved her composure, her allegiance, and her internal peace. At a moment when republican doctrines found favour with a powerful party in every other portion of the emperor's dominions, the diet of Hungary, with the full concurrence of the Archduke Palatine, peacefully and unanimously passed those acts which the national party had prepared and announced some months before the storms had arisen that shook the thrones of Europe. At Paris, Berlin, Naples, Rome, Vienna, and in almost every minor capital of

Germany and Italy, it became a question whether monarchy was to be preserved, or whether social order was to be overthrown. In Hungary no such questions ever arose or could arise. True to their conservative principles, and firm in their allegiance to their king, the nobles of Hungary sought by constitutional means, in the midst of general anarchy, the same ameliorations of their constitution which, in the midst of general tranquillity, they had already demanded. But the emperor had, in the mean time, conceded constitutional government, and a responsible ministry, to the revolutionary party in the Hereditary States, and the change which had thus been effected required a modification of the relations between Hungary and the imperial government. By the laws of Hungary, no foreigner could hold office in her administration; and, by the same laws, every Austrian was a foreigner. These laws had been respected; Austrians had not been appointed to offices in the Hungarian administration. No act of the government of Hungary, no communication from the king to the diet, had ever been countersigned by an Austrian minister. A ministry responsible to the parliament of Austria, and not responsible to the parliament of Hungary, could not administer the government of the latter country; and the same ministry could not be responsible to both parliaments. If Hungary was not to be incorporated with Austria, it was necessary that she should have a separate ministry, responsible only to her own diet. An act providing such a ministry was passed unanimously, in both houses of the diet, with the full concurrence of the Archduke Palatine.

To complete the administration of the kingdom, and to preserve and maintain the due influence of the crown in the constitution, it was demanded, on the part of the crown, that the powers of the Palatine or viceroy should be extended; and having found a precedent—a preliminary almost as necessary in the diet of Hungary as in the parliament of Great Britain and Ireland—an act was passed without opposition, giving the Palatine, in the absence of the king, full powers to act in the name and on behalf of the sovereign.

By unanimous votes of both houses, the diet not only established perfect equality of civil rights and public burdens amongst all classes, denominations, and races in Hungary and its provinces, and perfect toleration for every form of religious worship, but, with a generosity perhaps unparalleled in the history of nations, and which must extort the admiration even of those who may question the wisdom of the measure, the nobles of Hungary abolished their own right to exact either labour or produce in return for the lands held by urbarial tenure, and thus transferred to the peasants the absolute ownership, free and for ever, of nearly half the cultivated land in the kingdom, reserving to the original proprietors of the soil such compensation as the government might award from the public funds of Hungary. More than five hundred thousand peasant families were thus invested with the absolute ownership of from thirty to sixty acres of land each, or about twenty millions of acres amongst them. The elective franchise was extended to every man possessed of capital or property of the value of thirty pounds, or an annual income of ten pounds—to every man who has received a diploma from a university, and to every artisan who employs an apprentice. With the concurrence of both countries, Hungary and Transylvania were united, and their diets, hitherto separate, were incorporated. The number of representatives which Croatia was to send to the diet was increased from three to eighteen, while the internal institutions of that province remained unchanged; and Hungary undertook to compensate the proprietors for the lands surrendered to the peasants, to an extent greatly exceeding the proportion of that burden which would fall on the public funds of the province. The complaints of the Croats, that the Majjars desired to impose their own language upon the Slavonic population, were considered, and every reasonable ground of complaint removed. Corresponding advantages were extended to the other Slavonic tribes, and the fundamental laws of the kingdom, except in so far as they were modified by these acts, remained unchanged.

The whole of the acts passed in

March 1848 received the royal assent, which, on the 11th of April, the emperor personally confirmed at Presburg in the midst of the diet. These acts then became statutes of the kingdom, in accordance with which the new responsible Hungarian ministry was formed, and commenced the performance of its duties with the full concurrence of the emperor-king and the aid of the Archduke Palatine. The changes that had been effected were received with gratitude by the peasants, and with entire satisfaction, not only by the population of Hungary Proper, but also by that of all the Slavonic provinces. From Croatia, more especially, the expression of satisfaction was loud, and apparently sincere.

"If," says Prince Ladaslas Teleki, "the concessions of the emperor-king to the spirit of modern times had been sincerely made, if his advisers had honestly abandoned all idea of returning to the past, Hungary would now be in the enjoyment of the peace she merited. The people who but yesterday held out the hand of brotherhood, would have proceeded, in peace and harmony, on the way of advancement which was opened to them, and civilisation, in its glory and its strength, would have established itself in the centre of Eastern Europe. But the reactionary movement commenced at Vienna the very day liberty was established there. The recognised rights of Hungary were considered but as forced concessions, which must be destroyed at any price—even at the price of her blood. Could there be surer means of attaining that end than dividing and weakening her by civil war? It was not understood that honest conduct towards a loyal nation would more certainly secure her attachment, than attempts to revive a power that could not be re-established. Neither was it understood that the interests of Hungary demanded that she should seek, in a cordial union with constitutional Austria, securities for her independence and her liberties."

A party at the Austrian court, opposed to all concessions, and desirous still to revert to the patriarchal system that had been overturned, saw in the established constitutional freedom of Hungary the greatest impediment to the success of their plans. Seeking everywhere the means of producing a reaction, it found in Croatia a party

which had been endeavouring to get up a Slavonic movement in favour of what they called Illyrian nationality, and which was therefore opposed to Magyar ascendancy in Hungary. The peculiar organisation of the military frontier, which extends from the Adriatic to the frontiers of Russia, and which is in fact a military colony in Hungary, under the immediate influence and authority of Austria, and composed almost exclusively of a Slavonic population, afforded facilities for exciting disturbances in Hungary. But it was necessary to provide leaders for the Slavonic revolt against the Hungarians. Baron Joseph Jellachich, colonel of a Croat regiment in the army of Italy, was selected by the agitators for reaction as a man fitted by his position, his character, and military talents, as well as by his ambition, to perform this duty in Croatia. He was named Ban of that province, without consulting the Hungarian ministry, whose countersignature was necessary to legalise the nomination. This was the first breach of faith committed by the imperial government; but the Hungarian ministry, desirous to avoid causes of difference, acquiesced in the appointment, and invited the Ban to put himself in communication with them. His first act was to interdict the Croat magistrates from holding any communication with the government of Hungary, of which Croatia is a province, declaring that the Croat revolt was encouraged by the king. On the representation of the Hungarian ministry, the king, in an autograph letter, dated 29th May, reprobated the proceedings of the Ban, and summoned him to Innspruck. On the 10th of June, by a royal ordinance, he was suspended from all his functions, civil and military; but Jellachich retained his position, and declared that he was acting in accordance with the real wishes and instructions of his sovereign, while these public ordinances were extorted by compulsion. At the same time, and by similar means, a revolt of the Serbes on the Lower Danube was organised by Stephen Suplikacs, another colonel of a frontier regiment, aided by the Greek patriarch. Several counties, some of which were principally inhabited by Hungarians, Wallacks, and

Germans, were declared to have been formed into a Serbe Vayoodat or government, which was to be in alliance with Croatia. The Serbes, joined by bands from Turkish Servia, attacked the neighbouring Hungarian villages, slaughtered the inhabitants, and plundered the country. But this did not prevent Jellachich, who had been denounced and charged with high treason, or the Greek patriarch Rajacis, the accomplice of Supliacs, from being received by the emperor and his brother, the Archduke Francis Charles, at Innsbruck. In a letter, dated the 4th of June, addressed to the frontier regiments stationed in Italy, Jellachich declared that the imperial family of Austria encouraged the insurrections against the Hungarians. Meanwhile the Serbes were carrying on a war of extermination, massacring the inhabitants, burning towns and villages, even when they encountered no resistance; and a force was collected on the frontiers of Croatia with the manifest intention of invading Hungary.

"In such a crisis," says Count L. Teleki, "the Hungarian government experienced the most painful feelings. Condemned to inaction while entire populations were being exterminated, it acquired the sad conviction that the Austrian ministry only kept the national troops out of the country, and abandoned Hungary to the protection of foreign troops, through connivance with the enemy."

The revolt continued to be pushed forward in the name of the emperor-king, and the diet was about to be opened. The Hungarian ministers, therefore, entreated his majesty to open the diet in person, in order by his presence to prove the falsehood of the enemies of Hungary; but the invitation had no effect.

The new national assembly of Hungary, returned for the first time by the suffrage of all classes of the nation, was opened at Pesth, when it was found that, with scarcely an exception, all the members of the diet, formerly elected by the nobles, had been again returned—so calmly had the people exercised their newly-acquired privileges. On the 2d of July the Archduke Palatine, who had been unanimously chosen by the diet

on the presentation of the king, alluded in his opening speech to a revolt in Croatia, and to the proceedings of armed bands in the counties of the Lower Danube. His Imperial Highness made the following statement:—

"His majesty the king has seen with profound grief, after having spontaneously sanctioned the laws voted by the last diet, because they were favourable to the development of the country, that agitators, especially in Croatia and the Lower Danube, had excited against each other the inhabitants of different creeds and races, by false reports and vain alarms, and had urged them to resist the laws and the legislative authority, asserting that they were not the free expression of his majesty's will. Some have gone so far to encourage the revolt, as to pretend that their resistance is made in the interest of the royal family, and with the knowledge and consent of his majesty. For the purpose, therefore, of tranquillising the inhabitants of those countries, I declare, in the name of his majesty, their lord and king, that his majesty is firmly resolved to protect the unity and the inviolability of the royal crown of Hungary, against all attack from without or disturbance in the interior of the kingdom, and to carry out the laws which he has sanctioned. At the same time that his majesty would not allow any infraction of the lawful rights of his subjects, he blames, and in this all the members of the royal family agree with him, the audacity of those who have dared to pretend that illegal acts are compatible with the wishes of his majesty, or were done in the interest of the royal family. His majesty sanctioned, with the greatest satisfaction, the incorporation of Transylvania with Hungary, not only because he thus gratified the ardent desire of his beloved people—both Hungarians and Transylvanians—but also because the union of the two countries will give a more firm support to the throne and to liberty, by the combined development of their power and their prosperity."

The diet, rejoiced by these assurances, immediately sent a deputation to entreat the king to repair to Pesth, as the only means of disabusing the minds of the Croats and Serbes, who were made to believe that his public acts were the result of coercion. The prayer of the deputation was refused. The Servian insurrection continued to gain ground; the Austrian troops stationed in Hungary, for the defence of the coun-

try, refused to obey the government, and at length a communication to the Hungarian ministry, dated the 29th of June, three days prior to the speech of the Archduke Palatine, announced the intention of the Austrian ministry to put an end to the neutrality it had hitherto observed, and to support Croatia openly. All the Hungarians were then convinced that their constitution, and the independence of the country, must be defended by force of arms. But the ministry and the diet would not depart from the constitutional and legal course. A levy of 200,000 men was decreed, as well as an issue of bank-notes to cover the deficits; and the acts were presented for the royal assent by the Prime Minister and the Minister of Justice: but a long time elapsed before any reply could be obtained. In the mean time the situation of the country every day became worse, and another deputation was sent to the king, headed by the president of the Chamber of Deputies, to obtain the royal assent to the laws already presented; the recall of the Hungarian troops of the line, quartered everywhere except in Hungary; and orders to the foreign troops stationed in that country to discharge their duty faithfully. Finally the king was again entreated to come into his kingdom, to restore to her peace and order. The deputation received an evasive reply. But at the same time, and while the two ministers were at Vienna, the king, without acquainting them, despatched, on the 31st of August, a letter to the Palatine, directing him to send several members of the Hungarian ministry to Vienna, for the purpose of concerting measures with the Austrian ministry, to consolidate and insure the unity of the government and of the monarchy, and to open negotiations with the Croats for the reconciliation of their differences. But the king declared it to be an indispensable condition that the Ban Jellachich—who in the end of May had been denounced as a traitor—should take a part in the conferences; that all preparations for war should cease on both sides; and that the districts of the military frontier, which have always formed part of Hungary,

should be provisionally subject to the Austrian ministry. *In this same document* a communication was made to the Hungarian ministry, of a note of the Austrian government, on the relations to be established between Austria and Hungary. It was stated "that the provisions of the law of 1848, by which the Archduke Palatine had been appointed depository of the royal authority, and chief of the executive power in the absence of the king—and by which a responsible ministry had been conceded to Hungary, detaching from the central government of Vienna the administration of war, finance, and commerce—were contrary to the Pragmatic Sanction, opposed to the legal relations between Austria and Hungary, and detrimental alike to the interests of Hungary and Austria. These concessions were declared illegal and of none effect, under the pretext that they had not been consented to by the responsible Austrian ministry; and although they had been sanctioned by the royal word on the 11th of April, and again formally recognised in the speech from the throne on the 2d July, it was announced that these laws were to be considerably modified, in order that a central power might be established at Vienna."

Never, we venture to say, was a discreditable breach of public faith palliated on pretexts more futile. Hungary is as independent of the Hereditary States as the Hereditary States are of Hungary; and, in matters relating to Hungary, the ministers of Austria, responsible or irresponsible, have no more right to interfere between the King and his Hungarian ministers, or Hungarian diet, than these have to interfere between the Emperor of Austria and his Austrian ministers, in matters relating to the Hereditary States. The pretension to submit the decisions of the Hungarian diet, sanctioned by the King, to the approval or disapproval of the Austrian ministers, is too absurd to have been resorted to in good faith. The truth appears to be, that the successes of the gallant veteran Radetzki, and of the Austrian army in Italy, which has so well sustained its ancient repu-

tation, had emboldened the Austrian government to retrace the steps that had been taken by the emperor. Trusting to the movements hitherto successful in Croatia and the Danubian provinces of Hungary,—to the absence of the Hungarian army, and of all efficient preparation for defence on the part of the Hungarian government, and elated with military success in Italy,—the Austrian ministers resumed their intention to subvert the constitution of Hungary, and to fuse the various parts of the emperor's dominions into one whole. Their avidity to accomplish this object prevented their perceiving the stain they were affixing to the character of the empire, and the honour of the emperor; or the injury they were thereby inflicting on the cause of monarchy all over the world. "Honour and good faith, if driven from every other asylum, ought to find a refuge in the breasts of princes." And the ministers who sully the honour of their confiding prince, do more to injure monarchy, and therefore to endanger the peace and security of society, than the rabble who shout for Socialism.

The Austrian ministry did not halt in their course. They made the emperor-king recall, on the 4th September, the decree which suspended Jellachich from all his dignities, as a person accused of high treason. This was done on the pretext that the accusations against the Ban were false, and that he had exhibited undeviating fidelity to the house of Austria. He was reinstated in all his offices at a moment when he was encamped with his army on the frontiers of Hungary, preparing to invade that kingdom. In consequence of this proceeding, the Hungarian ministry, which had been appointed in March, gave in their resignation. The Palatine, by virtue of his full powers, called upon Count Louis Bathianyí to form a new ministry. All hope of a peaceful adjustment seemed to be at an end; but, as a last resource, a deputation of the Hungarian deputies was sent to propose to the representatives of Austria, that the two countries should mutually guarantee to each other their constitutions and their independence. The deputation was not received.

Count Louis Bathianyí undertook

the direction of affairs, upon the condition that Jellachich, whose troops had already invaded Hungary, should be ordered to retire beyond the boundary. The king replied, that this condition could not be accepted before the other ministers were known.

But Jellachich had passed the Drave with an army of Croats and Austrian regiments. His course was marked by plunder and devastation; and so little was Hungary prepared for resistance, that he advanced to the lake of Balaton without firing a shot. The Archduke Palatine took the command of the Hungarian forces, hastily collected to oppose the Ban; but, after an ineffectual attempt at reconciliation, he set off for Vienna, whence he sent the Hungarians his resignation.

The die was now cast, and the diet appealed to the nation. The people rose *en masse*. The Hungarian regiments of the line declared for their country. Count Lemberg had been appointed by the king to the command of all the troops stationed in Hungary; but the diet could no longer leave the country at the mercy of the sovereign who had identified himself with the proceedings of its enemies, and they declared the appointment illegal, on the ground that it was not countersigned, as the laws required, by one of the ministers. They called upon the authorities, the citizens, the army, and Count Lemberg himself, to obey this decree under pain of high treason. Regardless of this proceeding, Count Lemberg hastened to Pest, and arrived at a moment when the people were flocking from all parts of the country to oppose the army of Jellachich. A cry was raised that the gates of Buda were about to be closed by order of the count, who was at this time recognised by the populace as he passed the bridge towards Buda, and brutally murdered. It was the act of an infuriated mob, for which it is not difficult to account, but which nothing can justify. The diet immediately ordered the murderers to be brought to trial, but they had absconded. This was the only act of popular violence committed in the capital of Hungary.

On the 29th of September, Jellachich was defeated in a battle fought within twelve miles of Pesth. The Ban fled, abandoning to their fate the

detached corps of his army; and the Croat rearguard, ten thousand strong, surrendered, with Generals Roth and Philipovits, who commanded it.

In detailing the events subsequent to the 11th of April 1848, we have followed the Hungarian manifesto, published in Paris by Count Ladeelas Teleki, whose character is a sufficient security for the fidelity of his statements; and the English translation of that document by Mr Brown, which is understood to have been executed under the Count's own eye. But we have not relied upon the Count alone, nor even upon the official documents he has printed. We have availed ourselves of other sources of information equally authentic. One of the documents, which had previously been transmitted to us from another quarter, and which, we perceive, has also been printed by the Count, is so remarkable, both because of the persons from whom it emanates, and the statements it contains, that, although somewhat lengthy, we think it right to give it entire.

The Roman-Catholic Clergy of Hungary to his Apostolic Majesty, Ferdinand V., King of Hungary.

Representation presented to the Emperor-King, in the name of the Clergy, by the Archbishop of Gran, Primate of Hungary, and by the Archbishop of Erlaw.

"Sire! Penetrated with feelings of the most profound sorrow at the sight of the innumerable calamities and the internal evils which desolate our unhappy country, we respectfully address your Majesty, in the hope that you may listen with favour to the voice of those, who, after having proved their inviolable fidelity to your Majesty, believe it to be their duty, as heads of the Hungarian Church, at last to break silence, and to bear to the foot of the throne their just complaints, for the interests of the church, of the country, and of the monarchy.

"Sire!—We refuse to believe that your Majesty is correctly informed of the present state of Hungary. We are convinced that your Majesty, in consequence of your being so far away from our unfortunate country, knows neither the misfortunes which overwhelm her, nor the evils which immediately threaten her, and which place the throne itself in danger, unless your Majesty applies a prompt and efficacious remedy, by attending to nothing but the dictates of your own good heart.

"Hungary is actually in the saddest and most deplorable situation. In the south, an entire race, although enjoying all the civil and political rights recognised in Hungary, has been in open insurrection for several months, excited and led astray by a party which seems to have adopted the frightful mission of exterminating the Majjar and German races, which have constantly been the strongest and surest support of your Majesty's throne. Numberless thriving towns and villages have become a prey to the flames, and have been totally destroyed; thousands of Majjar and German subjects are wandering about without food or shelter, or have fallen victims to indescribable cruelty—for it is revolting to repeat the frightful atrocities by which the popular rage, let loose by diabolical excitement, ventures to display itself.

"These horrors were, however, but the prelude to still greater evils, which were about to fall upon our country. God forbid that we should afflict your Majesty with the hideous picture of all our misfortunes! Suffice it to say, that the different races who inhabit your kingdom of Hungary, stirred up, excited one against the other by infernal intrigues, only distinguish themselves by pillage, incendiarism, and murder, perpetrated with the greatest refinement of atrocity.

"Sire!—The Hungarian nation, heretofore the firmest bulwark of Christianity and civilisation against the incessant attacks of barbarism, often experienced rude shocks in that protracted struggle for life and death; but at no period did these gather over her head so many and so terrible tempests, never was she entangled in the meshes of so perfidious an intrigue, never had she to submit to treatment so cruel, and at the same time so cowardly—and yet, oh! profound sorrow! all these horrors are committed in the name, and, as they assure us, by the order of your Majesty.

"Yes, Sire! it is under your government, and in the name of your Majesty, that our flourishing towns are bombarded, sacked, and destroyed. In the name of your Majesty, they butcher the Majjars and Germans. Yes, sire! all this is done; and they incessantly repeat it, in the name and by the order of your Majesty, who nevertheless has proved, in a manner so authentic and so recent, your benevolent and paternal intentions towards Hungary. In the name of your Majesty, who in the last Diet of Presburg, yielding to the wishes of the Hungarian nation, and to the exigencies of the time, consented—
—and con-

firm by your royal word and oath, the foundation of a new constitution, established on the still broader foundation of a perfectly independent government.

"It is for this reason that the Hungarian nation, deeply grateful to your Majesty, accustomed also to receive from her king nothing but proofs of goodness really paternal, when he listens only to the dictates of his own heart, refuses to believe, and we her chief pastors also refuse to believe, that your Majesty either knows, or sees with indifference, still less approves the infamous manner in which the enemies of our country, and of our liberties, compromise the kingly majesty, arming the populations against each other, shaking the very foundations of the constitution, frustrating legally established powers, seeking even to destroy in the hearts of all the love of subjects for their sovereign, by saying that your Majesty wishes to withdraw from your faithful Hungarians the concessions solemnly sworn to and sanctioned in the diet; and, finally, to wrest from the country her character of a free and independent kingdom.

"Already, Sire! have these new laws and liberties, giving the surest guarantees for the freedom of the people, struck root so deeply in the hearts of the nation, that public opinion makes it our duty to represent to your Majesty, that the Hungarian people could not but lose that devotion and veneration, consecrated and proved on so many occasions, up to the present time, if it was attempted to make them believe that the violation of the laws, and of the government sanctioned and established by your majesty, is committed with the consent of the king.

"But if, on the one hand, we are strongly convinced that your majesty has taken no part in the intrigues so basely woven against the Hungarian people, we are not the less persuaded, that that people, taking arms to defend their liberty, have stood on legal ground, and that in obeying instinctively the supreme law of nations, which demands the safety of all, they have at the same time saved the dignity of the throne and the monarchy, greatly compromised by advisers as dangerous as they are rash.

Sire! We, the chief pastors of the greatest part of the Hungarian people, know better than any others their noble sentiments; and we venture to assert, in accordance with history, that there does not exist a people more faithful to their monarchs than the Hungarians, when they are governed according to their laws.

"We guarantee to your majesty, that

this people, such faithful observers of order and of the civil laws in the midst of the present turmoils, desire nothing but the peaceable enjoyment of the liberties granted and sanctioned by the throne.

"In this deep conviction, moved also by the sacred interests of the country and the good of the church, which sees in your majesty her first and principal defender, we, the bishops of Hungary, humbly entreat your majesty patiently to look upon our country now in danger. Let your majesty deign to think a moment upon the lamentable situation in which this wretched country is at present, where thousands of your innocent subjects, who formerly all lived together in peace and brotherhood on all sides, notwithstanding difference of races, now find themselves plunged into the most frightful misery by their civil wars.

"The blood of the people is flowing in torrents—thousands of your majesty's faithful subjects are, some massacred, others wandering about without shelter, and reduced to beggary—our towns, our villages, are nothing but heaps of ashes—the clash of arms has driven the faithful people from our temples, which have become deserted—the mourning church weeps over the fall of religion, and the education of the people is interrupted and abandoned.

"The frightful spectre of wretchedness increases, and develops itself every day under a thousand hideous forms. The morality, and with it the happiness of the people, disappear in the gulf of civil war.

"But let your majesty also deign to reflect upon the terrible consequences of these civil wars; not only as regards their influence on the moral and substantial interests of the people, but also as regards their influence upon the security and stability of the monarchy. Let your majesty hasten to speak one of those powerful words which calm tempests!—the flood rises, the waves are gathering, and threaten to engulf the throne!

"Let a barrier be speedily raised against those passions excited and let loose with infernal art amongst populations hitherto so peaceable. How is it possible to make people who have been inspired with the most frightful thirst—that of blood—return within the limits of order, justice, and moderation!

"Who will restore to the regal majesty the original purity of its brilliancy, of its splendour, after having dragged that majesty in the mire of the most evil passions! Who will restore faith and confidence in the royal word and oath! Who will render an account to the tribunal of

the living God, of the thousands of individuals who have fallen, and fall every day, innocent victims to the fury of civil war!

"Sire! our duty as faithful subjects, the good of the country, and the honour of our religion, have inspired us to make these humble but sincere remonstrances, and have bid us raise our voices! So, let us hope, that your majesty will not merely receive our sentiments, but that, mindful of the solemn oath that you took on the day of your coronation, in the face of heaven, not only to defend the liberties of the people, but to extend them still further—that, mindful of this oath, to which you appeal so often and so solemnly, you will remove from your royal person the terrible responsibility that these impious and bloody wars heap upon the throne, and that you will tear off the tissue of vile falsehoods with which pernicious advisers beset you, by hastening, with prompt and strong resolution, to recall peace and order to our country, which was always the firmest prop of your throne, in order that, with Divine assistance, that country, so severely tried, may again see prosperous days; in order that, in the midst of profound peace, she may raise a monument of eternal gratitude to the justice and paternal benevolence of her king.

"Signed at Pesth, the 26th Oct. 1848,

"THE BISHOPS OF THE CATHOLIC CHURCH OF HUNGARY."

The Roman Catholic hierarchy of Hungary, it must be kept in mind, have at all times been in close connexion with the Roman Catholic court of Austria, and have almost uniformly supported its views. The Archbishop of Gran, Primate of Hungary, possesses greater wealth and higher privileges than perhaps any magnate in Hungary.

In this unhappy quarrel Hungary has never demanded more than was

voluntarily conceded to her by the Emperor-King on the 11th of April 1848. All she has required has been that faith should be kept with her; that the laws passed by her diet, and sanctioned by her king, should be observed. On the other hand, she is required by Austria to renounce the concessions then made to her by her sovereign—to relinquish the independence she has enjoyed for nine centuries, and to exchange the constitution she has cherished, fought for, loved, and defended, during seven hundred years, for the experimental constitution which is to be tried in Austria, and which has already been rejected by several of the provinces. This contest is but another form of the old quarrel—an attempt on the part of Austria to enforce, at any price, uniformity of system; and a determination on the part of Hungary, at any cost, to resist it.

We hope next month to resume the consideration of this subject, to which, in the midst of so many stirring and important events in countries nearer home and better known, it appears to us that too little attention has been directed. We believe that a speedy adjustment of the differences between Austria and Hungary, on terms which shall cordially reunite them, is of the utmost importance to the peace of Europe—and that the complications arising out of those differences will increase the difficulty of arriving at such a solution, the longer it is delayed. We believe that Austria, distracted by a multiplicity of counsels, has committed a great error, which is dangerous to the stability of her position as a first-rate power; and we should consider her descent from that position a calamity to Europe.

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THE CAXTONS.—PART XIII.

CHAPTER LXVI.

ST CHRYSOSTOM, in his work on The Priesthood, defends deceit, if for a good purpose, by many Scriptural examples; ends his first book by asserting that it is often necessary, and that much benefit may arise from it; and begins his second book by saying that it ought not to be called *deceit*, but "good management."

Good management, then, let me call the innocent arts by which I now sought to insinuate my project into favour and assent with my unsuspecting family. And first I began with Roland. I easily induced him to read some of the books, full of the charm of Australian life, which Trevanion had sent me; and so happily did those descriptions suit his own erratic tastes, and the free, half-savage man that lay rough and large within that soldierly nature, that he himself, as it were, seemed to suggest my own ardent desire—sighed, as the careworn Trevanion had done, that "he was not my age," and blew the flame that consumed me with his own willing breath. So that when at last—wandering one day over the wild moors—I said, knowing his hatred of law and lawyers—

"Alas, uncle, that nothing should be left for me but the bar!"

Captain Roland struck his cane into the peat, and exclaimed, "Zounds, sir, the bar and lying, with truth and a world fresh from God before you!"

"Your hand, uncle—we understand each other. Now help me with those two quiet hearts at home!"

"Plague on my tongue! what have I done?" said the Captain, looking aghast. Then, after musing a little time, he turned his dark eye on me and growled out, "I suspect, young sir, you have been laying a trap for me; and I have fallen into it, like an old fool as I am."

"Oh, sir, if you prefer the bar!—"

"Rogue!"

"Or, indeed, I might perhaps get a clerkship in a merchant's office?"

"If you do, I will scratch you out of the pedigree!"

"Huzza then for Australasia!"

"Well, well, well," said my uncle,

"With a smile on his lip and a tear in his eye;"

"the old sea-king's blood will force its way—a soldier or a rover, there is no other choice for you. We shall mourn and miss you; but who can chain the young eagles to the eyrie?"

I had a harder task with my father, who at first seemed to listen to me as if I had been talking of an excursion to the moon. But I threw in a dexterous dose of the old Greek *Cleruchia*—cited by Trevanion—which set him off full trot on his hobby, till, after a short excursion to Eubœa and the Chersonese, he was fairly lost amidst the Ionian colonies of Asia Minor. I then gradually and artfully decoyed him into his favourite science of Ethnology; and while he was speculating on the origin of the American savages, and considering the rival claims of Cimmerians, Israelites, and Scandi-

navians, I said quietly,—“And you, sir, who think that all human improvement depends on the mixture of races—you, whose whole theory is an absolute sermon upon emigration, and the transplanting and interpollity of our species—you, sir, should be the last man to chain your son, your elder son, to the soil, while your younger is the very missionary of rovers.”

“Pisistratus,” said my father, “your reason by synecdoche—ornamental, but illogical;” and therewith, resolved to hear no more, my father rose and retreated into his study.

But his observation, now quickened, began from that day to follow my moods and humours—then he himself grew silent and thoughtful, and finally he took to long conferences with Roland. The result was that, one evening in spring, as I lay listless amidst the weeds and fern that sprang up through the melancholy ruins, I felt a hand on my shoulder; and my father, seating himself beside me on a fragment of stone, said earnestly—“Pisistratus, let us talk—I had hoped better things from your study of Robert Hall.”

“Nay, dear father, the medicine did me great good: I have not repined since, and I look steadfastly and cheerfully on life. But Robert Hall fulfilled his mission, and I would fulfil mine.”

“Is there no mission in thy native land, O planeticose and exallotriote spirit?”* asked my father, with compassionate rebuke.

“Alas, yes! But what the impulse of genius is to the great, the instinct of vocation is to the mediocre. In every man there is a magnet; in that thing which the man can do best there is a loadstone.”

“Papa!” said my father, opening his eyes; “and are no loadstones to

be found for you nearer than the great Australasian Bight?”

“Ah, sir, if you resort to irony, I can say no more!” My father looked down on me tenderly, as I hung my head moody and abashed.

“Son,” said he, “do you think that there is any real jest at my heart when the matter discussed is whether you are to put wide seas and long years between us?” I pressed nearer to his side, and made no answer.

“But I have noted you of late,” continued my father, “and I have observed that your old studies are grown distasteful to you; and I have talked with Roland, and I see that your desire is deeper than a boy’s mere whim. And then I have asked myself what prospect I can hold out at home to induce you to be contented here, and I see none; and therefore I should say to you, ‘Go thy ways, and God shield thee,’—but, Pisistratus, your mother?”

“Ah, sir, that is indeed the question! and there indeed I shrink. But, after all, whatever I were—whether toiling at the bar, or in some public office—I should be still so much from home and her. And then you, sir—she loves you so entirely, that —”

“No,” interrupted my father; “you can advance no arguments like these to touch a mother’s heart. There is but one argument that comes home there—Is it for your good to leave her? If so, there will be no need of farther words. But let us not decide that question hastily; let you and I be together the next two months. Bring your books and sit with me; when you want to go out, tap me on the shoulder and say ‘Come.’ At the end of those two months, I will say to you ‘Go,’ or ‘Stay.’ And you will trust me; and if I say the last, you will submit?”

“Oh yes, sir, yes.”

CHAPTER LXVII.

This compact made, my father roused himself from all his studies—devoted his whole thoughts to me—sought with all his gentle wisdom to wean me imperceptibly from my own

fixed tyrannical idea, ranged through his wide pharmacy of books for such medicaments as might alter the system of my thoughts. And little thought he that his very tenderness

* Words coined by Mr Caxton from *ελαστικός*, disposed to roaming, and *εξαιλλοτριότης*, to export, to alienate.

and wisdom worked against him, for at each new instance of either my heart called aloud, "Is it not that thy tenderness may be repaid, and thy wisdom be known abroad, that I go from thee into the strange land, O my father?"

And the two months expired, and my father saw that the magnet had turned unalterably to the loadstone in the great Australasian Bight; and he said to me, "Go, and comfort your mother. I have told her your wish, and authorised it by my consent, for I believe now that it is for your good."

I found my mother in the little room which she had appropriated to herself, next my father's study. And in that room there was a pathos which I have no words to express; for my mother's meek, gentle, womanly soul, spoke there, so that it was as the Home of Home. The care with which she had transplanted from the Brick House, and lovingly arranged, all the humble memorials of old times, dear to her affections—the black silhouette of my father's profile cut in paper, in the full pomp of academics, cap and gown, (how had he ever consented to sit for it!) framed and glazed in the place of honour over the little hearth; and boyish sketches of mine at the Hellenic Institute, first essays in sepia and Indian ink, to animate the walls, and bring her back, when she sat there in the twilight musing alone, to sunny hours when Sisty and the young mother threw daisies at each other;—and, covered with a great glass shade, and dusted each day with her own hand, the flower-pot Sisty had bought with the proceeds of the do-

mino-box, on that memorable occasion on which he had learned "how bad deeds are repaired with good." There, in one corner, stood the little cottage piano, which I remembered all my life—old-fashioned, and with the jingling voice of approaching decrepitude, but still associated with such melodies as, after childhood, we hear never more! And in the modest hanging shelves which looked so gay with ribbons, and tassels, and silken cords—my mother's own library, saying more to the heart than all the cold wise poets whose souls my father invoked in his grand Heraclea. The Bible over which, with eyes yet untainted to read, I had hung in vague awe and love, as it lay open on my mother's lap, while her sweet voice, then only serious, was made the oracle of its truths. And my first lesson-books were there, all hoarded. And bound in blue and gold, but elaborately papered up, *Couper's Poems*—a gift from my father in the days of courtship—sacred treasure which not even I had the privilege to touch; and which my mother took out only in the great crosses and trials of conjugal life, whenever some word less kind than usual had dropped unawares from her scholar's absent lips. Ah! all these poor household gods, all seemed to look on me with mild anger; and from all came a voice to my soul, "Cruel, dost thou forsake us!" And amongst them sat my mother, desolate as Rachel, and weeping silently.

"Mother! mother!" I cried, falling on her neck, "forgive me, it is past, I cannot leave you!"

CHAPTER LXVIII.

"No—no! it is for your good—Austin says so. Go—it is but the first shock."

Then to my mother I opened the sluices of that deep I had concealed from scholar and soldier. To her I poured all the wild, restless thoughts which wandered through the ruins of love destroyed—to her I confessed what to myself I had scarcely before avowed. And when the picture of that, the darker, side of my mind was shown, it was with a prouder

face, and less broken voice, that I spoke of the manlier hopes and nobler aims that gleamed across the wrecks and the desert, and showed me my escape.

"Did you not once say, mother, that you had felt it like a remorse that my father's genius passed so noiselessly away, half accusing the happiness you gave him for the death of his ambition in the content of his mind? Did you not feel a new object in life when the ambition

revived at last, and you thought you heard the applause of the world murmuring round your scholar's cell? Did you not share in the day-dreams your brother conjured up, and say, 'If my brother could be the means of raising *him* in the world!' and when you thought we had found the way to fame and fortune, did you not sob out from your full heart, 'And it is *my* brother who will pay back to *his* son—all—all he gave up for me?'"

"I cannot bear this, Sisty!—cease, cease!"

"No; for do you not yet understand me? Will it not be better still, if *your son*—yours—restore to your Austin all that he lost, no matter how? If through your son, mother, you do indeed make the world hear of your

husband's genius—restore the spring to his mind, the glory to his pursuits—if you rebuild even that vaunted ancestral name, which is glory to our poor sonless Roland—if your son can restore the decay of generations, and reconstruct from the dust the whole house into which you have entered, its meek presiding angel—ah, mother, if this can be done, it will be your work; for unless you can share my ambition—unless you can dry those eyes, and smile in my face, and bid me go, with a cheerful voice—all my courage melts from my heart, and again I say I cannot leave you!"

Then my mother folded her arms round me, and we both wept, and could not speak—but we were both happy.

CHAPTER LXIX.

Now the worst was over, and my mother was the most heroic of us all. So I began to prepare myself in good earnest; and I followed Trevanion's instructions with a perseverance, which I could never, at that young day, have thrown into the dead life of books. I was in a good school amongst our Cumberland sheepwalks, to learn those simple elements of rural art which belong to the pastoral state. Mr Sidney, in his admirable *Australian Hand-Book*, recommends young gentlemen who think of becoming settlers in the Bush to bivouac for three months on Salisbury Plain. That book was not then written, or I might have taken the advice; meanwhile I think, with due respect to such authority, that I went through a preparatory training quite as useful in seasoning the future emigrant. I associated readily with the kindly peasants and craftsmen, who became my teachers. With what pride I presented my father with a desk and my mother with a work-box, fashioned by my own hands! I made Bolt a lock for his plate-chest. And (that last was *my* magnum opus, my great masterpiece) I repaired and absolutely set going an old turret clock in the tower, that had stood at two P.M. since the memory of man. I loved to think, each time the hour

sounded, that those who heard its deep chime would remember me. But the flocks were my main care. The sheep that I tended and helped to shear, and the lamb that I hooked out of the great marsh, and the three venerable ewes that I nursed through a mysterious sort of murrain, which puzzled all the neighbourhood—are they not written in thy loving chronicles, O House of Caxton!

And now, since much of the success of my experiment must depend on the friendly terms I could establish with my intended partner, I wrote to Trevanion, begging him to get the young gentleman who was to join me, and whose capital I was to administer, to come and visit us. Trevanion complied, and there arrived a tall fellow somewhat more than six feet high, answering to the name of Guy Bolding, in a cut-away sporting-coat, with a dog-whistle tied to the button-hole; drab shorts and gaiters, and a waistcoat with all manner of strange furtive pockets. Guy Bolding had lived a year and a half at Oxford as a "fast man;" so "fast" had he lived that there was scarcely a tradesman at Oxford into whose books he had not contrived to run.

His father was compelled to withdraw him from the university, at

which he had already had the honour of being plucked for the little go: and the young gentleman, on being asked for what profession he was fit, had replied with conscious pride, "That he could tool a coach!" In despair, the sire, who owed his living to Trevanion, had asked the statesman's advice, and the advice had fixed me with a partner in expatriation.

My first feeling, in greeting the fast man, was certainly that of deep disappointment and strong repugnance. But I was determined not to be too fastidious; and, having a lucky knack of suiting myself pretty well to all tempers, (without which a man had better not think of loadstones in the great Australasian Bight,) I contrived, before the first week was out, to establish so many points of connexion between us that we became the best friends in the world. Indeed, it would have been my fault if we had not, for Guy Bolding, with all his faults, was one of those excellent creatures who are nobody's enemies but their own. His good humour was inexhaustible. Not a hardship or privation came amiss to him. He had a phrase "Such fun!" that always came to his lips when another man would have cursed and groaned. If we lost our way in the great trackless moors, missed our dinner, and were half-famished, Guy rubbed hands that would have felled an ox, and chuckled out "Such fun!" If we stuck in a bog, if we were caught in a thunder-storm, if we were pitched head over heels by the wild colts we undertook to break in, Guy Bolding's only elegy was "Such fun!" That grand shibboleth of philosophy only forsook him at the sight of an open book. I don't think that at that time, he could have found "fun" even in Don Quixote. This hilarious temperament had no insensibility; a kinder heart never beat,—but, to be sure, it beat to a strange, restless, tarantula sort of measure, which kept it in a perpetual dance. It made him one of those officiously good fellows who are never quiet themselves, and never let any one else be quiet if they can help it. But Guy's great fault, in this prudent world, was his absolute incontinence of money. If you had turned an

Euphrates of gold into his pockets at morning, it would have been as dry as the great Sahara by twelve at noon. What he did with the money was a mystery as much to himself as to every one else. His father said in a letter to me, that "he had seen him shying at sparrows with half-crowns!" That such a young man could come to no good in England, seemed perfectly clear. Still, it is recorded of many great men, who did not end their days in a workhouse, that they were equally non-retentive of money. Schiller, when he had nothing else to give away, gave the clothes from his back, and Goldsmith the blankets from his bed. Tender hands found it necessary to pick Beethoven's pockets at home before he walked out. Great heroes, who have made no scruple of robbing the whole world, have been just as lavish as poor poets and musicians. Alexander, in parcelling out his spoils, left himself "hope!" And as for Julius Cæsar, he was two millions in debt when he shied his last half-crown at the sparrows in Gaul. Encouraged by these illustrious examples, I had hopes of Guy Bolding; and the more as he was so aware of his own infirmity that he was perfectly contented with the arrangement which made me treasurer of his capital, and even besought me, on no account, let him beg ever so hard, to permit his own money to come in his own way. In fact, I contrived to gain a great ascendancy over his simple, generous, thoughtless nature; and by artful appeals to his affections—to all he owed to his father for many bootless sacrifices, and to the duty of providing a little dowry for his infant sister, whose meditated portion had half gone to pay his college debts—I at last succeeded in fixing into his mind an object to save for.

Three other companions did I select for our Cleruchia. The first was the son of our old shepherd, who had lately married, but was not yet encumbered with children,—a good shepherd, and an intelligent, steady fellow. The second was a very different character; he had been the dread of the whole squirearchy. A more bold and dexterous poacher did not exist. Now my acquaintance with this latter person, named

Will Peterson, and more popularly "Will o' the Wisp," had commenced thus:—Bolt had managed to rear, in a small copse about a mile from the house—and which was the only bit of ground in my uncle's domains that might by courtesy be called "a wood"—a young colony of pheasants, that he dignified by the title of a "preserve." This colony was audaciously despoiled and grievously depopulated, in spite of two watchers who, with Bolt, guarded for seven nights successively the slumbers of the infant settlement. So insolent was the assault that bang, bang went the felonious gun—behind, before—within but a few yards of the sentinels—and the gunner was off, and the prey seized, before they could rush to the spot. The boldness and skill of the enemy soon proclaimed him, to the experienced watchers, to be Will o' the Wisp; and so great was the dread of this fellow's strength and courage, and so complete their despair of being a match for his swiftness and cunning, that after the seventh night the watchers refused to go out any longer; and poor Bolt himself was confined to his bed by an attack of what a doctor would have called rheumatism, and a moralist, rage. My indignation and sympathy were greatly excited by this meriting failure, and my interest romantically aroused by the anecdotes I had heard of Will o' the Wisp; accordingly, armed with a thick bludgeon, I stole out at night, and took my way to the copse. The leaves were not off the trees, and how the poacher contrived to see his victims I know not; but five shots did he fire, and not in vain, without allowing me to catch a glimpse of him. I then retreated to the outskirts of the copse, and waited patiently by an angle, which commanded two sides of the wood. Just as the dawn began to peep, I saw my man emerge within twenty yards of me. I held my breath, suffered him to get a few steps from the wood, crept on so as to intercept his retreat, and then pounce—such a bound! My hand was on his shoulder—prrr, prrr—no oel was ever more lubricate. He slid from me like a thing immaterial, and was off over the moors with a swiftness which might well have baffled any clodhopper—

a race whose calves are generally absorbed in the soles of their hobnail shoes. But the Hellenic Institute, with its classical gymnasium, had trained its pupils in all bodily exercises; and though the Will o' the Wisp was swift for a clodhopper, he was no match at running for any youth who has spent his boyhood in the discipline of cricket, prisoner's bars, and hunt-the-hare. I reached him at length, and brought him to bay.

"Stand back," said he, panting, and taking aim with his gun; "it is loaded."

"Yes," said I; "but though you're a brave poacher, you dare not fire at your fellow man. Give up the gun this instant."

My address took him by surprise; he did not fire. I struck up the barrel, and closed on him. We grappled pretty tightly, and in the wrestle the gun went off. The man loosened his hold. "Lord ha' mercy, I have not hurt you!" he said falling.

"My good fellow—no," said I; "and now let us throw aside gun and bludgeon, and fight it out like Englishmen, or else let us sit down and talk it over like friends."

The Will o' the Wisp scratched its head and laughed.

"Well, you're a queer one," quoth it. And the poacher dropped the gun and sat down.

We did talk it over, and I obtained Peterson's promise to respect the preserve henceforth, and we thereon grew so cordial that he walked home with me, and even presented me, shyly and apologetically, with the five pheasants he had shot. From that time I sought him out. He was a young fellow not four-and-twenty, who had taken to poaching from the wild sport of the thing, and from some confused notions that he had a license from Nature to poach. I soon found out that he was meant for better things than to spend six months of the twelve in prison, and finish his life on the gallows after killing a gamekeeper. That seemed to me his most probable destiny in the Old World, so I talked him into a burning desire for the New one: and a most valuable aid in the Bush he proved too.

My third selection was in a personage who could bring little physical

strength to help us, but who had more mind (though with a wrong twist in it) than all the others put together.

A worthy couple in the village had a son, who being slight and puny, compared to the Cumberland breed, was shouldered out of the market of agricultural labour, and went off, yet a boy, to a manufacturing town. Now about the age of thirty, this mechanic, disabled for his work by a long illness, came home to recover; and in a short time we heard of nothing but the pestilential doctrines with which he was either shocking or infecting our primitive villagers. According to report, Corcyra itself never engendered a democrat more awful. The poor man was really very ill, and his parents very poor; but his unfortunate doctrines dried up all the streams of charity that usually flowed through our kindly hamlet. The clergyman (an excellent man, but of the old school) walked by the house as if it were tabooed. The apothecary said "Miles Square ought to have wine," but he did not send him any. The farmers held his name in execration, for he had incited all their labourers to strike for another shilling a-week. And but for the old tower, Miles Square would soon have found his way to the only republic in which he could obtain that democratic fraternisation for which he sighed—the grave being, I suspect, the sole commonwealth which attains that dead flat of social equality, that life in its every principle so heartily abhors.

My uncle went to see Miles Square, and came back the colour of purple. Miles Square had preached him a long sermon on the unholiness of war. "Even in defence of your king and country!" had roared the Captain; and Miles Square had replied with a remark upon kings, in general, that the Captain could not have repeated without expecting to see the old tower fall about his ears; and with an observation about the country, in particular, to the effect that "the country would be much better off if it were conquered!" On hearing the report of these loyal and patriotic replies, my father said, "Papæ!" and, roused out of his usual philosophical indifference, went himself to visit Miles Square. My father returned as pale

as my uncle had been purple. "And to think," said he mournfully, "that in the town whence this man comes, there are, he tells me, ten thousand other of God's creatures who speed the work of civilisation while execrating its laws!"

But neither father nor uncle made any opposition when, with a basket laden with wine and arrowroot, and a neat little Bible, bound in brown, my mother took her way to the excommunicated cottage. Her visit was as signal a failure as those that preceded it. Miles Square refused the basket; 'he was not going to accept alms, and eat the bread of charity;' and on my mother meekly suggesting that, 'if Mr Miles Square would condescend to look into the Bible, he would see that even charity was no sin in giver or recipient,' Mr Miles Square had undertaken to prove 'that, according to the Bible, he had as much a right to my mother's property as she had—that all things should be in common—and that, when things were in common, what became of charity? No; he could not eat my uncle's arrowroot, and drink his wine, while my uncle was improperly withholding from him and his fellow-creatures so many unprofitable acres: the land belonged to the people.' It was now the turn of Pisistratus to go. He went once, and he went often. Miles Square and Pisistratus wrangled and argued—argued and wrangled—and ended by taking a fancy to each other; for this poor Miles Square was not half so bad as his doctrines. His errors arose from intense sympathy with the sufferings he had witnessed, amidst the misery which accompanies the reign of *millocratism*, and from the vague aspirations of a half-taught, impassioned, earnest nature. By degrees, I persuaded him to drink the wine and eat the arrowroot, *en attendant* that millennium which was to restore the land to the people. And then my mother came again and softened his heart, and, for the first time in his life, let into its cold crotchets the warm light of human gratitude. I lent him some books, amongst others a few volumes on Australia. A passage in one of the latter, in which it was said "that an intelligent mechanic usually made his way in the colony,

even as a shepherd, better than a dull agricultural labourer," caught hold of his fancy, and seduced his aspirations into a healthful direction. Finally, as he recovered, he entreated me to let him accompany me. And as I may not have to return to Miles Square, I think it right here to state, that he did go with me to Australia, and did succeed, first as a shepherd, and, on saving money, as a landowner; and that, in spite of his opinions on the unholiness of war, he was no sooner in possession of a comfortable log homestead, than he defended it with uncommon gallyantry against an attack of the aborigines,

whose right to the soil was, to say the least of it, as good as his claim to my uncle's acres; that he commemorated his subsequent acquisition of a fresh allotment, with the stock on it, by a little pamphlet, published at Sydney, on the *Sanctity of the Rights of Property*; and that, when I left the colony, having been much pestered by two refractory "helps" that he had added to his establishment, he had just distinguished himself by a very anti-levelling lecture upon the duties of servants to their employers. What would the Old World have done for this man!

CHAPTER LXX.

I had not been in haste to conclude my arrangements, for, independently of my wish to render myself acquainted with the small useful crafts that might be necessary to me in a life that makes the individual man a state in himself, I naturally desired to habituate my kindred to the idea of our separation, and to plan and provide for them all such substitutes or distractions, in compensation for my loss, as my fertile imagination could suggest. And first, for the sake of Blanche, Roland, and my mother, I talked the Captain into reluctant sanction of his sister-in-law's proposal, to unite their incomes and share alike, without considering which party brought the larger proportion into the firm. I represented to him that, unless he made that sacrifice of his pride, my mother would be wholly without those little notable uses and objects—those small household pleasures—so dear to woman; that all society in the neighbourhood would be impossible, and that my mother's time would hang so heavily on her hands that her only resource would be to muse on the absent one and fret. Nay, if he persisted in so false a pride, I told him, fairly, that I should urge my father to leave the tower. These representations succeeded; and hospitality had commenced in the old hall, and a knot of gossips had centred round my mother—groups of laughing children had relaxed the still brow of Blanche—and the Captain himself was a more cheerful and social man. My

next point was to engage my father in the completion of the Great Book. "Ah, sir," said I, "give me an inducement to toil, a reward for my industry. Let me think, in each tempting pleasure, each costly vice—No, no; I will save for the Great Book! and the memory of the father shall still keep the son from error. Ah, look you, sir! Mr Trevanion offered me the loan of the £1500 necessary to commence with; but you generously and at once said—'No; you must not begin life under the load of debt.' And I knew you were right, and yielded—yielded the more gratefully, that I could not but forfeit something of the just pride of manhood in incurring such an obligation to the father of—Miss Trevanion. Therefore I have taken that sum from you—a sum that would almost have sufficed to establish your younger and worthier child in the world for ever. To that child let me repay it, otherwise I will not take it. Let me hold it as a trust for the Great Book; and promise me that the Great Book shall be ready when your wanderer returns, and accounts for the missing talent."

And my father pished a little, and rubbed off the dew that had gathered on his spectacles. But I would not leave him in peace till he had given me this word that the Great Book should go on à *pas du géant*—nay, till I had seen him sit down to it with good heart, and the wheel went round again in the quiet mechanism of that gentle life.

Finally, and as the culminating acme of my diplomacy, I effected the purchase of the neighbouring apothecary's practice and good-will for Squills, upon terms which he willingly subscribed to; for the poor man had pined at the loss of his favourite patients, though, Heaven knows, they did not add much to his income. And as for my father, there was no man who diverted him more than Squills, though he accused him of being a materialist, and set his whole spiritual pack of sages to worry and bark at him, from Plato and Zeno to Reid and Abraham Tucker.

Thus, although I have very loosely intimated the flight of time, more than a whole year elapsed from the date of our settlement at the tower and that affixed for my departure.

In the meanwhile, despite the rarity amongst us of that phenomenon a newspaper, we were not so utterly cut off from the sounds of the far-booming world beyond, but what the intelligence of a change in the administration, and the appointment of Mr Trevanion to one of the great offices of state, reached our ears. I had kept up no correspondence with Trevanion subsequent to the letter that occasioned Guy Bolding's visit; I wrote now to congratulate him: his reply was short and hurried.

Intelligence that startled me more, and more deeply moved my heart, was conveyed to me some three months or so before my departure, by Trevanion's steward. The ill health of Lord Castleton had deferred his marriage, intended originally to be celebrated as soon as he came of age. He left the university with the honours of "a double-first class;" and his constitution appeared to rally

from the effects of studies more severe to him, than they might have been to a man of quicker and more brilliant capacities—when a feverish cold, caught at a county meeting, in which his first public appearance was so creditable as fully to justify the warmest hopes of his party, produced inflammation of the lungs, and ended fatally. The startling contrast forced on my mind—here sudden death, and cold clay—there youth in its first flower, princely rank, boundless wealth, the sanguine expectation of an illustrious career, and the prospect of that happiness which smiled from the eyes of Fanny—that contrast impressed me with a strange awe: death seems so near to us when it strikes those whom life most flatters and caresses. Whence is that curious sympathy that we all have with the possessors of worldly greatness, when the hour-glass is shaken and the scythe descends? If the famous meeting between Diogenes and Alexander had taken place not before, but after, the achievements which gave to Alexander the name of Great, the cynic would not, perhaps, have envied the hero his pleasures or his splendours, the charms of Statira, or the tiara of the Mede; but if, the day after, a cry had gone forth, "Alexander the Great is dead!" verily I believe that Diogenes would have coiled himself up in his tub, and felt that, with the shadow of the stately hero, something of glory and of warmth had gone from that sun, which it should darken never more. In the nature of man, the humblest or the hardest, there is a something that lives in all of the Beautiful or the Fortunate, which hope and desire have appropriated, even in the vanities of a childish dream.

CHAPTER LXXI.

"Why are you here all alone, cousin? How cold and still it is amongst the graves!"

"Sit down beside me, Blanche; it is not colder in the churchyard than on the village green."

And Blanche sate down beside me, nestled close to me, and leant her head upon my shoulder. We were both long silent. It was an evening in the early spring, clear and serene—the

roseate streaks were fading gradually from the dark gray of long, narrow, fantastic clouds. Tall, leafless poplars, that stood in orderly level line, on the lowland between the churchyard and the hill, with its crown of ruins, left their sharp summits distinct against the sky. But the shadows coiled dull and heavy round the evergreens that skirted the churchyard, so that their outline was vague and con-

fused; and there was a depth in their gloomy stillness, broken only when the thrush flew out from the lower bushes, and the thick laurel leaves stirred reluctantly, and again were rigid in repose. There is a certain melancholy in the evenings of early spring which is among those influences of nature the most universally recognised, the most difficult to explain. The silent stir of reviving life, which does not yet betray signs in the bud and blossom—only in a softer clearness in the air, a more lingering pause in the slowly lengthening day; a more delicate freshness and balm in the twilight atmosphere; a more lively yet still unquiet note from the birds, settling down into their coverts;—the vague sense under all that hush, which still outwardly wears the bleak sterility of winter—of the busy change, hourly, momentarily, at work—renewing the youth of the world, reclothing with vigorous bloom the skeletons of things—all these messages from the heart of Nature to the heart of Man may well affect and move us. But why with melancholy? No thought on our part connects and construes the low, gentle voices. It is not *thought* that replies and reasons: it is *feeling* that hears and dreams. Examine not, O child of man!—examine not that mysterious melancholy with the hard eyes of thy reason; thou canst not impale it on the spikes of thy thorny logic, nor describe its enchanted circle by problems conned from thy schools. Borderer thyself of two worlds—the Dead and the Living—give thine ear to the tones, bow thy soul to the shadows, that steal, in the season of change, from the dim Border Land.

BLANCHE (*in a whisper*).—What are you thinking of?—speak, pray!

PISISTRATUS.—I was not thinking, Blanche; or, if I were, the thought is gone at the mere effort to seize or detain it.

BLANCHE (*after a pause*).—I know what you mean. It is the same with me often—so often, when I am sitting by myself, quite still. It is just like

the story Primmins was telling us the other evening, how there was a woman in her village who saw things and people in a piece of crystal, not bigger than my hand:* they passed along as large as life, but they were only pictures in the crystal. Since I heard the story, when aunt asks me what I am thinking of, I long to say, "I'm not thinking! I am seeing pictures in the crystal!"

PISISTRATUS.—Tell my father that; it will please him. There is more philosophy in it than you are aware of, Blanche. There are wise men who have thought the whole world, "its pride, pomp, and circumstance," only a phantom image—a picture in the crystal.

BLANCHE.—And I shall see you—see us both, as we are sitting here—and that star which has just risen yonder—see it all in my crystal—when you are gone!—gone, cousin!

And Blanche's head drooped.

There was something so quiet and deep in the tenderness of this poor motherless child, that it did not affect one superficially, like a child's loud momentary affection, in which we know that the first toy will replace us. I kissed my little cousin's pale face, and said, "And I too, Blanche, have my crystal; and when I consult it, I shall be very angry if I see you and and fretting, or seated alone. For you must know, Blanche, that that is all selfishness. God made us, not to indulge only in crystal pictures, weave idle fancies, pine alone, and mourn over what we cannot help—but to be alert and active—givers of happiness. Now, Blanche, see what a trust I am going to bequeath you. You are to supply my place to all whom I leave. You are to bring sunshine wherever you glide with that shy, soft step—whether to your father, when you see his brows knit and his arms crossed, (that, indeed, you always do,) or to mine, when the volume drops from his hand—when he walks to and fro the room, restless, and murmuring to himself—then you are to steal up to him,

* In primitive villages in the west of England, the belief that the absent may be seen in a piece of crystal is, or was not many years ago, by no means an uncommon superstition. I have seen more than one of these magic mirrors, which Spenser, by the way, has beautifully described. They are about the size and shape of a swan's egg. It is not every one, however, who can be a crystal-seer; like second-sight, it is a special gift.

put your hand in his, lead him back to his books, and whisper, 'What will Sisty say if his younger brother, the Great Book, is not grown up when he comes back?'—And my poor mother, Blanche!—ah, how can I counsel you there—how tell you where to find comfort for her? Only, Blanche, steal into her heart and be her daughter. And, to fulfil this threefold trust, you must not content yourself with seeing pictures in the crystal—do you understand me?"

"Oh yes," said Blanche, raising her eyes, while the tears rolled from them, and folding her arms resolutely on her breast.

"And so," said I, "as we two, sitting in this quiet burial-ground, take new heart for the duties and cares of life, so see, Blanche, how the stars come out, one by one, to smile upon us, for they too, glorious orbs as they are, perform their appointed tasks. Things seem to approximate to God in proportion to their vitality and movement. Of all things, least inert and sullen should be the soul of man. How the grass grows up over the very graves—quickly it grows and greenly—but neither so quick and so green, my Blanche, as hope and comfort from human sorrows."

CHAPTER LXXII.

There is a beautiful and singular passage in Dante, (which has not perhaps attracted the attention it deserves,) wherein the stern Florentine defends Fortune from the popular accusations against her. According to him, she is an angelic power appointed by the Supreme Being to direct and order the course of human splendours; she obeys the will of God; she is blessed, and, hearing not those who blaspheme her, calm and aloft amongst the other angelic powers, revolves her spherical course, and rejoices in her beatitude.*

This is a conception very different from the popular notion which Aristophanes, in his true instinct of things popular, expresses by the sullen lips of his Plutus. That deity accounts for his blindness by saying, that "when a boy he had indiscreetly promised to visit only the good," and Jupiter was so envious of the good that he blinded the poor money-god. Whereon Chremylus asks him, whether, "if he recovered his sight, he would frequent the company of the good?" "Certainly," quoth Plutus, "for I have not seen them ever so long." "Nor I either," rejoins Chremylus pithily, "for all I can see out of both eyes!"

But that misanthropical answer of Chremylus is neither here nor there,

and only diverts us from the real question, and that is, "Whether Fortune be a heavenly, Christian angel, or a blind, blundering, old heathen deity?" For my part, I hold with Dante—for which, if I were so pleased, or if, at this period of my memoirs, I had half a dozen pages to spare, I could give many good reasons. One thing, however, is quite clear—that, whether Fortune be more like Plutus or an angel, it is no use abusing her—one may as well throw stones at a star. And I think if one looked narrowly at her operations, one might perceive that she gives every man a chance, at least once in his life; if he take and make the best of it, she will renew her visits; if not—*iter ad astra!* And therewith I am reminded of an incident quaintly narrated by Mariana in his "History of Spain," how the army of the Spanish kings got out of a sad hobble among the mountains at the pass of Lora, by the help of a shepherd, who showed them the way. "But," saith Mariana, parenthetically, "some do say the shepherd was an angel; for after he had shown the way, he was never seen more." That is, the angelic nature of the guide was proved by being only once seen, and disappearing after having got the army out of the hobble, leaving it to fight or run away, as it had most mind to.

* Dante here evidently associates Fortune with the planetary influences of judicial astrology. It is doubtful whether Schiller ever read Dante, but in one of his most thoughtful poems, he undertakes the same defence of Fortune, making the Fortunate a part of the Beautiful.

Now I look upon that shepherd, or angel, as a very good type of my fortune at least. The apparition showed me my way in the rocks to the great "Battle of Life;" after that,—hold fast and strike hard!

Behold me in London with Uncle Roland. My poor parents naturally wished to accompany me, and take the last glimpse of the adventurer on board ship; but I, knowing that the parting would seem less dreadful to them by the hearthstone, and while they could say, "He is with Roland—he is not yet gone from the land"—insisted on their staying behind; and so the farewell was spoken. But Roland, the old soldier, had so many practical instructions to give—could so help me in the choice of the outfit, and the preparations for the voyage, that I

could not refuse his companionship to the last. Guy Bolding, who had gone to take leave of his father, was to join me in town, as well as my humbler Cumberland colleagues.

As my uncle and I were both of one mind upon the question of economy, we took up our quarters at a lodging-house in the City; and there it was that I first made acquaintance with a part of London, of which few of my politer readers even pretend to be cognisant. I do not mean any sneer at the City itself, my dear alderman; that jest is worn out. I am not alluding to streets, courts, and lanes; what I mean may be seen at the west end, not so well as at the east, but still seen very fairly; I mean—
THE HOUSE-TOPS!

CHAPTER LXIII.

BEING A CHAPTER ON HOUSE-TOPS.

THE HOUSE-TOPS! what a soberising effect that prospect produces on the mind. But a great many requisites go towards the selection of the right point of survey. It is not enough to secure a lodging in the attic; you must not be fobbed off with a front attic that faces the street. First, your attic must be unequivocally a back attic; secondly, the house in which it is located must be slightly elevated above its neighbours; thirdly, the window must not lie slant on the roof, as is common with attics—in which case you only catch a peep of that leaden canopy which infatuated Londoners call the sky—but must be a window perpendicular, and not half blocked up by the parapets of that fosse called the gutter; and, lastly, the sight must be so humoured that you cannot catch a glimpse of the pavements: if you once see the world beneath, the whole charm of that world above is destroyed. Taking it for granted that you have secured these requisites, open your window, lean your chin on both hands, the elbows propped commodiously on the sill, and contemplate the extraordinary scene which spreads before you. You find it difficult to believe that life can be so tranquil on high, while it is so noisy and turbulent below. What

astonishing stillness! Eliot Warburton (seductive enchanter) recommends you to sail down the Nile if you want to lull the vexed spirit. It is easier and cheaper to hire an attic in Holborn! You don't have the crocodiles, but you have animals no less hallowed in Egypt—the cats! And how harmoniously the tranquil creatures blend with the prospect—how noiselessly they glide along at the distance, pause, peer about, and disappear. It is only from the attic that you can appreciate the picturesque which belongs to our domesticated tiger-kin! The goat should be seen on the Alps, and the cat on the house-top.

By degrees the curious eye takes the scenery in detail: and first, what fantastic variety in the heights and shapes of the chimney-pots! Some all level in a row, uniform and respectable, but quite uninteresting; others, again, rising out of all proportion, and imperatively tasking the reason to conjecture why they are so aspiring. Reason answers that it is but a homely expedient to give freer vent to the smoke; whereon Imagination steps in, and represents to you all the fretting, and fuming, and worry, and care, which the owners of that chimney, now the tallest of all, en-

dured, before, by building it higher, they got rid of the vapours! You see the distress of the cook, when the sooty invader rushed down, "like a wolf on the fold," full spring on the Sunday joint. You hear the exclamations of the mistress, (perhaps a bride,—house newly furnished,) when, with white apron and cap, she ventured into the drawing-room, and was straightway saluted by a joyous dance of those monads, called vulgarly *smuts*. You feel manly indignation at the brute of a bridegroom, who rushes out from the door, with the smuts dancing after him, and swears, "Smoked out again—By the Arch-smoker himself, I'll go and dine at the club!" All this might well have been, till the chimney-pot was raised a few feet nearer heaven; and now perhaps that long-suffering family owns the happiest home in the Row. Such contrivances to get rid of the smoke! It is not every one who merely heightens his chimney; others clap on the hollow tormentor all sorts of odd headgear and cowls. Here patent contrivances act the purpose of weathercocks, swaying to and fro with the wind; there others stand as fixed as if by a "*sic jubeo*" they had settled the business. But of all those houses that, in the street, one passes by, unsuspecting of what's the matter within, there is not one in a hundred but what there has been the devil to do, to cure the chimneys of smoking! At that reflection, Philosophy dismisses the subject; and decides that, whether one lives in a hut or a palace, the first thing to do is to look to the hearth—and get rid of the vapours.

New beauties demand us. What endless undulations in the various declivities and ascents: here a slant, there a zig-zag! With what majestic disdain yon roof rises up to the left!—Doubtless, a palace of Genii or Gin, (which last is the proper Arabic word for those builders of halls out of nothing, employed by Aladdin.) Seeing only the roof of that palace boldly breaking the skyline—how serene your contemplations! Perhaps a star twinkles over it, and you muse on soft eyes far away; while below, at the threshold—No, phantoms, we see you not from our attic! Note, yonder, that precipitous fall—how ragged and

jagged the roof-scene descends in a gorge. He who would travel on foot through the pass of that defile, of which we see but the picturesque summits, stops his nose, averts his eyes, guards his pockets, and hurries along through the squalor of the grim London lazzaroni. But seen *above*, what a noble break in the skyline! It would be sacrilege to exchange that fine gorge for a dead flat of dull roof-tops. Look here—how delightful!—that desolate house with no roof at all—gutted and skinned by the last London fire! You can see the poor, green and white paper still clinging to the walls, and the chasm that once was a cupboard, and the shadows gathering black on the aperture that once was a hearth! Seen below, how quickly you would cross over the way! That great crack forbodes an avalanche; you would hold your breath, not to bring it down on your head. But seen *above*, what a compassionate inquisitive charm in the skeleton ruin! How your fancy runs riot—repeopling the chambers, hearing the last cheerful good-night of that destined Pompeii—creeping on tiptoe with the mother, when she gives her farewell look to the baby. Now all is midnight and silence; then the red, crawling serpent comes out. Lo! his breath; hark! his hiss. Now, spire after spire he winds and coils; now he soars up erect—crest superb, and forked tongue—the beautiful horror! Then the start from the sleep, and the doubtful awaking, and the run here and there, and the mother's rush to the cradle; the cry from the window, and the knock at the door, and the spring of those on high towards the stair that leads to safety below, and the smoke rushing up like the surge of a hell! And they run back stifled and blinded, and the floor heaves beneath them like a bark on the sea. Hark! the grating wheels thundering low; near and near comes the engine. Fix the ladders!—there! there! at the window, where the mother stands with the babe! Splash and hiss comes the water; pales, then flares out, the fire: foe defies foe; element, element. How sublime is the war! But the ladder, the ladder!—there at the window! All else are saved: the clerk and his books; the

lawyer, with that tin box of title-deeds; the landlord, with his policy of insurance; the miser, with his bank-notes and gold: all are saved—all, but the babe and the mother. What a crowd in the streets! how the light crimsons over the gazers, hundreds on hundreds! All those faces seem as one face, with fear. Not a man mounts the ladder. Yes, there—gallant fellow! God inspires—God shall speed thee! How plainly I see him!—his eyes are closed, his teeth set. The serpent leaps up, the forked tongue darts upon

him, and the rock of the breath wraps him round. The crowd has ebbed back like a sea, and the smoke rushes over them all. Ha! what dim forms are those on the ladder? Near and nearer—crash come the roof-tiles. Alas, and alas!—no; a cry of joy—a “Thank heaven!” and the women force their way through the men to come round the child and the mother. All is gone, save that skeleton ruin. But here, the rain is seen from *above*. O Art, study life from the roof-tops!

CHAPTER LXXIV.

I was again foiled in seeing Trevanion. It was the Easter recess, and he was at the house of one of his brother ministers, somewhere in the north of England. But Lady Ellinor was in London, and I was ushered into her presence. Nothing could be more cordial than her manner, though she was evidently much depressed in spirits, and looked wan and careworn.

After the kindest inquiries relative to my parents, and the Captain, she entered with much sympathy into my schemes and plans, which she said that Trevanion had confided to her. The sterling kindness that belonged to my old patron (despite his affected anger at my not accepting his proffered loan) had not only saved me and my fellow-adventurer all trouble as to allotment orders, but procured advice, as to choice of site and soil, from the best practical experience, which we found afterwards exceedingly useful. And as Lady Ellinor gave me the little packet of papers with Trevanion's shrewd notes on the margin, she said with a half sigh, “Albert bids me say, that he wishes he were as sanguine of his success in the cabinet as of yours in the Bush.” She then turned to her husband's rise and prospects, and her face began to change. Her eyes sparkled, the colour came to her cheeks—“But you are one of the few who know him,” she said, interrupting herself suddenly; “you know how he sacrifices all things—joy, leisure, health—to his country. There is not one selfish thought in his nature. And yet such envy—such obstacles still! and” (her eyes dropped on her dress,

and I perceived that she was in mourning, though the mourning was not deep,) “and,” she added, “it has pleased heaven to withdraw from his side one who would have been worthy his alliance.”

I felt for the proud woman, though her emotion seemed more that of pride than sorrow. And perhaps Lord Castleton's highest merit in her eyes had been that of ministering to her husband's power and her own ambition. I bowed my head in silence, and thought of Fanny. Did she, too, pine for the lost rank, or rather mourn the lost lover?

After a time, I said hesitatingly, “I scarcely presume to condole with you, Lady Ellinor; yet, believe me, few things ever shocked me like the death you allude to. I trust Miss Trevanion's health has not much suffered. Shall I not see her before I leave England?”

Lady Ellinor fixed her keen bright eyes searchingly on my countenance, and perhaps the gaze satisfied her, for she held out her hand to me with a frankness almost tender, and said—“Had I had a son, the dearest wish of my heart had been to see you wedded to my daughter.”

I started up—the blood rushed to my cheeks, and then left me pale as death. I looked reproachfully at Lady Ellinor, and the word “cruel” faltered on my lips.

“Yes,” continued Lady Ellinor, mournfully, “that was my real thought, my impulse of regret, when I first saw you. But, as it is, do not think me too hard and worldly, if I quote the

lofty old French proverb, *Noblesse oblige*. Listen to me, my young friend,—we may never meet again, and I would not have your father's son think unkindly of me with all my faults. From my first childhood I was ambitious—not as women usually are, of mere wealth and rank—but ambitious as noble men are, of power and fame. A woman can only indulge such ambition by investing it in another. It was not wealth, it was not rank, that attracted me to Albert Trevanion; it was the nature that dispenses with the wealth, and commands the rank. Nay," continued Lady Ellinor, in a voice that slightly trembled, "I may have seen in my youth, before I knew Trevanion, one (she paused a moment, and went on hurriedly)—one who wanted but ambition to have realised my ideal. Perhaps, even when I married—and it was said for love—I loved less with my whole heart than with my whole mind. I may say this now, for *now* every beat of this pulse is wholly and only true to him with whom I have schemed, and toiled, and aspired; with whom I have grown as one; with whom I have shared the struggle, and now partake the triumph—realising the visions of my youth."

Again the light broke from the dark eyes of this grand daughter of the world, who was so superb a type of that moral contradiction—an *ambitious woman*.

"I cannot tell you," resumed Lady Ellinor, softening, "how pleased I was when you came to live with us. Your father has perhaps spoken to you of me, and of our first acquaintance?"—

Lady Ellinor paused abruptly, and surveyed me as she paused. I was silent.

"Perhaps, too, he has blamed me?" she resumed, with a heightened colour.

"He never blamed you, Lady Ellinor!"

"He had a right to do so—though I doubt if he would have blamed me on the true ground. Yet, no; he never could have done me the wrong that your uncle did, when, long years ago, Mr de Caxton in a letter—the very bitterness of which disarmed all anger—

accused me of having trifled with Austin—nay, with himself! And *he*, at least, had *no* right to reproach me," continued Lady Ellinor warmly, and with a curve of her haughty lip, "for if I felt interest in his wild thirst for some romantic glory, it was but in the hope that, what made the one brother so restless, might at least wake the other to the ambition that would have become his intellect, and aroused his energies. But these are old tales of follies and delusions now no more: only this will I say, that I have ever felt in thinking of your father, and even of your sterner uncle, as if my conscience reminded me of a debt which I longed to discharge—if not to them, to their children. So when we knew you, believe me that your interests, your career, instantly became to me an object. But, mistaking you—when I saw your ardent industry bent on serious objects, and accompanied by a mind so fresh and buoyant; and, absorbed as I was in schemes or projects far beyond a woman's ordinary province of hearth and home—I never dreamed, while you were our guest—never dreamed of danger to you or Fanny. I wound you, pardon me; but I must vindicate myself. I repeat that, if we had a son to inherit our name, to bear the burthen which the world lays upon those who are born to influence the world's destinies, there is no one to whom Trevanion and myself would sooner have intrusted the happiness of a daughter. But my daughter is the sole representative of the mother's line, of the father's name: it is not her happiness alone that I have to consult, it is her duty—duty to her birthright, to the career of the noblest of England's patriots—duty, I may say, without exaggeration, to the country for the sake of which that career is run!"

"Say no more, Lady Ellinor; say no more. I understand you. I have no hope—I never had hope—it was a madness—it is over. It is but as a friend that I ask again, if I may see Miss Trevanion in your presence, before—before I go alone into this long exile. Ay, look in my face—you cannot fear my resolution, my honour, my truth. But once, Lady Ellinor, but once more! Do I ask in vain?"

Lady Ellinor was evidently much moved. I bent down almost in the attitude of kneeling; and, brushing away her tears with one hand, she laid the other on my head tenderly, and said in a very low voice—

“I entreat you not to ask me; I entreat you not to see my daughter. You have shown that you are not selfish—conquer yourself still. What if such an interview, however guarded you might be, were but to agitate, unnerve my child, unsettle her peace, prey upon”—

“Oh, do not speak thus—she did not share my feelings!”

“Could her mother own it if she did? Come, come, remember how young you both are. When you return, all these dreams will be forgotten; then we can meet as before—then I will be your second mother, and again your career shall be my care; for do not think that we shall leave you so long in this exile as you seem to forbode. No, no; it is but an absence—an excursion—not a search after fortune. Your fortune—confide that to us when you return!”

“And I am to see her no more?” I murmured, as I rose, and went silently towards the window to conceal my face. The great struggles in life are limited to moments. In the drooping of the head upon the bosom—in the pressure of the hand upon the brow—we may scarcely consume a second in our threescore years and ten; but what revolutions of our whole being may pass within us, while that single sand drops noiseless down to the bottom of the hour-glass.

I came back with a firm step to Lady Ellinor, and said calmly, “My reason tells me that you are right, and I submit. Forgive me! and do not think me ungrateful, and over proud, if I add, that you must leave me still the object in life that consoles and encourages me through all.”

“What object is that?” asked Lady Ellinor, hesitatingly.

“Independence for myself, and ease to those for whom life is still sweet. This is my twofold object; and the means to effect it must be my own heart and my own hands. And now convey all my thanks to your noble husband, and accept my warm prayers for yourself and *her*—whom I will not name. Farewell, Lady Ellinor.”

“No, do not leave me so hastily; I have many things to discuss with you—at least to ask of you. Tell me how your father bears his reverse?—tell me, at least, if there is aught he will suffer us to do for him? There are many appointments in Trevanion’s range of influence that would suit even the wilful indolence of a man of letters. Come, be frank with me!”

I could not resist so much kindness; so I sat down, and, as collectedly as I could, replied to Lady Ellinor’s questions, and sought to convince her that my father only felt his losses so far as they affected me, and that nothing in Trevanion’s power was likely to tempt him from his retreat, or calculated to compensate for a change in his habits. Turning at last from my parents, Lady Ellinor inquired for Roland, and, on learning that he was with me in town, expressed a strong desire to see him. I told her I would communicate her wish, and she then said thoughtfully—

“He has a son, I think, and I have heard that there is some unhappy dissension between them.”

“Who could have told you that?” I asked in surprise, knowing how closely Roland had kept the secret of his family afflictions.

“Oh, I heard so from some one who knew Captain Roland—I forget when and where I heard it—but is it not the fact?”

“My uncle Roland has no son.”

“How!”

“His son is dead.”

“How such a loss must grieve him!”

I did not speak.

“But is he sure that his son is dead! What joy if he were mistaken—if the son yet lived!”

“Nay, my uncle has a brave heart, and he is resigned;—but, pardon me, have you heard anything of that son?”

“I!—what should I hear? I would fain learn, however, from your uncle himself, what he might like to tell me of his sorrows—or if, indeed, there be any chance that”—

“That—what?”

“That—that his son still survives.”

“I think not,” said I; “and I doubt whether you will learn much from my uncle. Still there is something in your words that belies their apparent meaning, and makes me

suspect that you know more than you will say."

"Diplomatist!" said Lady Ellinor, half-smiling; but then, her facesetting into a seriousness almost severe, she added, "It is terrible to think that a father should hate his son!"

"Hate!—Roland *hate* hisson! What calumny is this?"

"He does not do so, then! Assure me of that; I shall be so glad to know that I have been misinformed."

"I can tell you this, and no more— for no more do I know—that if ever the soul of a father were wrapt up in a son—fear, hope, gladness, sorrow, all reflected back on a father's heart

from the shadows on a son's life— Roland was that father while the son lived still."

"I cannot disbelieve you," exclaimed Lady Ellinor, though in a tone of surprise. "Well, do let me see your uncle."

"I will do my best to induce him to visit you, and learn all that you evidently conceal from me."

Lady Ellinor evasively replied to this insinuation, and shortly afterwards I left that house in which I had known the happiness that brings the folly, and the grief that bequeaths the wisdom.

CHAPTER LXXV.

I had always felt a warm and almost filial affection for Lady Ellinor, independently of her relationship to Fanny, and of the gratitude with which her kindness inspired me: for there is an affection very peculiar in its nature, and very high in its degree, which results from the blending of two sentiments not often allied, —viz., pity and admiration. It was impossible not to admire the rare gifts and great qualities of Lady Ellinor, and not to feel pity for the cares, anxieties, and sorrows which tormented one who, with all the sensitiveness of woman, went forth into the rough world of man.

My father's confession had somewhat impaired my esteem for Lady Ellinor, and had left on my mind the uneasy impression that she *had* trifled with his deep, and Roland's impetuous, heart. The conversation that had just passed allowed me to judge her with more justice—allowed me to see that she had really shared the affection she had inspired in the student, but that ambition had been stronger than love—an ambition, it might be, irregular and not strictly feminine, but still of no vulgar nor sordid kind. I gathered, too, from her hints and allusions, her true excuse for Roland's misconception of her apparent interest in himself: she had but seen, in the wild energies of the elder brother, some agency by which to arouse the serener faculties of the younger. She had but sought, in the

strange comet that flashed before her, to fix a lever that might move the star. Nor could I withhold my reverence from the woman who, not being married precisely from love, had no sooner linked her nature to one worthy of it, than her whole life became as fondly devoted to her husband's as if he had been the object of her first romance and her earliest affections. If even her child was so secondary to her husband—if the fate of that child was but regarded by her as one to be rendered subservient to the grand destinies of Trevanion—still it was impossible to recognise the error of that conjugal devotion without admiring the wife, though one might condemn the mother. Turning from these meditations, I felt a lover's thrill of selfish joy, amidst all the mournful sorrow comprised in the thought that I should see Fanny no more. Was it true as Lady Ellinor implied, though delicately, that Fanny still cherished a remembrance of me—which a brief interview, a last farewell, might re-awaken too dangerously for her peace? Well, that was a thought that it became me not to indulge.

What could Lady Ellinor have heard of Roland and his son? Was it possible that the lost lived still? Asking myself these questions, I arrived at our lodgings, and saw the Captain himself before me, busied with the inspection of sundry specimens of the rude necessities an

Australian adventurer requires. There stood the old soldier, by the window, examining narrowly into the temper of hand-saw and tenor-saw, broad axe and drawing-knife; and as I came up to him, he looked at me from under his black brows, with gruff compassion, and said peevishly—

"Fine weapons these for the son of a gentleman!—one bit of steel in the shape of a sword were worth them all."

"Any weapon that conquers fate is noble in the hands of a brave man, uncle!"

"The boy has an answer for everything," quoth the Captain, smiling, as he took out his purse and paid the shopman.

When we were alone, I said to him—"Uncle, you must go and see Lady Ellinor; she desires me to tell you so."

"Pshaw!"

"You will not?"

"No!"

"Uncle, I think that she has something to say to you with regard to—to—pardon me!—to my cousin."

"To Blanche?"

"No, no—to the cousin I never saw."

Roland turned pale, and, sinking down on a chair, faltered out—"To him—to my son!"

"Yes; but I do not think it is news that will afflict you. Uncle, are you sure that my cousin is dead?"

"What!—how dare you!—who doubts it? Dead—dead to me for ever! Boy, would you have him live to dishonour these gray hairs!"

"Sir, sir, forgive me—uncle, forgive me: but, pray, go to see Lady Ellinor; for whatever she has to say, I repeat that I am sure it will be nothing to wound you."

"Nothing to wound me—yet relate to him!"

It is impossible to convey to the reader the despair that was in those words.

"Perhaps," said I, after a long pause, and in a low voice—for I was awe-stricken—"perhaps—if he be dead—he may have repented of all offence to you before he died."

"Repented!—ha, ha!"

"Or, if he be not dead"—

"Hush, boy—hush!"

"While there is life, there is hope of repentance."

"Look you, nephew," said the Captain, rising and folding his arms resolutely on his breast—"look you, I desired that that name might never be breathed. I have not cursed my son yet; could he come to life—the curse might fall! You do not know what torture your words have given me, just when I had opened my heart to another son, and found that son in you! With respect to the lost, I have now but one prayer, and you know it—the heartbroken prayer—that his name never more may come to my ears!"

As he closed these words, to which I ventured no reply, the Captain took long disordered strides across the room; and suddenly, as if the space imprisoned, or the air stifled him, he seized his hat, and hastened into the streets. Recovering my surprise and dismay, I ran after him; but he commanded me to leave him to his own thoughts, in a voice so stern, yet so sad, that I had no choice but to obey. I knew, by my own experience, how necessary is solitude in the moments when grief is strongest and thought most troubled.

CHAPTER LXXVI.

Hours elapsed, and the Captain had not returned home. I began to feel uneasy, and went forth in search of him, though I knew not whither to direct my steps. I thought it, however, at least probable, that he had not been able to resist visiting Lady Ellinor, so I went first to St James's Square. My suspicions were correct; the Captain had been there two hours before. Lady Ellinor herself had

gone out shortly after the Captain left. While the porter was giving me this information, a carriage stopped at the door, and a footman, stepping up, gave the porter a note and a small parcel, seemingly of books, saying simply, "From the Marquis of Castleton." At the sound of that name I turned hastily, and recognised Sir Sedley Beaudesert seated in the carriage, and looking out of the win-

dow with a dejected, moody expression of countenance, very different from his ordinary aspect, except when the rare sight of a gray hair, or a twinge of the toothache, reminded him that he was no longer twenty-five. Indeed, the change was so great that I exclaimed, dubiously—"Is that Sir Sedley Beaudesert?" The footman looked at me, and touching his hat said, with a condescending smile,—"Yes, sir—now the Marquis of Castleton."

Then, for the first time since the young lord's death, I remembered Sir Sedley's expressions of gratitude to Lady Castleton, and the waters of Ems, for having saved him from "that horrible marquisate." Meanwhile, my old friend had perceived me, exclaiming,—

"What, Mr Caxton! I am delighted to see you. Open the door, Thomas. Pray come in, come in."

I obeyed; and the new Lord Castleton made room for me by his side.

"Are you in a hurry?" said he; "if so, shall I take you anywhere?—if not, give me half an hour of your time, while I drive to the City."

As I knew not now in what direction, more than another, to prosecute my search for the Captain, and as I thought I might as well call at our lodgings to inquire if he had not returned, I answered that I should be very happy to accompany his lordship; "though the City," said I, smiling, "sounds to me strange upon the lips of Sir Sedley—I beg pardon, I should say of Lord—"

"Don't say any such thing; let me once more hear the grateful sound of Sedley Beaudesert. Shut the door, Thomas; to Gracechurch Street—Messrs Fudge and Fidget."

The carriage drove on.

"A sad affliction has befallen me," said the marquis, "and none sympathise with me!"

"Yet all, even unacquainted with the late lord, must have felt shocked at the death of one so young, and so full of promise."

"So fitted in every way to bear the burthen of the great Castleton name and property, and yet you see it killed him! Ah! if he had been but a simple gentleman, or if he had had a less conscientious desire to do his

duties, he would have lived to a good old age. I know what it is already. Oh, if you saw the piles of letters on my table! I positively dread the post. Such colossal improvements on the property which the poor boy had begun, for me to finish. What do you think takes me to Fudge and Fidget's? Sir, they are the agents for an infernal coal mine which my cousin had reopened in Durham, to plague my life out with another thirty thousand pounds a-year! How am I to spend the money?—how am I to spend it! There's a cold-blooded head steward, who says that charity is the greatest crime a man in high station can commit; it demoralises the poor. Then, because some half-a-dozen farmers sent me a round-robin, to the effect that their rents were too high, and I wrote them word the rents should be lowered, there was such a hullabaloo—you would have thought heaven and earth were coming together. 'If a man in the position of the Marquis of Castleton set the example of letting land below its value, how could the poorer squires in the county exist?—or, if they did exist, what injustice to expose them to the charge that they were grasping landlords, vampires, and bloodsuckers. Clearly, if Lord Castleton lowered his rents, (they were too low already,) he struck a mortal blow at the property of his neighbours, if they followed his example; or at their character, if they did not.' No man can tell how hard it is to do good, unless fortune gives him a hundred thousand pounds a-year, and says,—'Now, do good with it!' Sedley Beaudesert might follow his whims, and all that would be said against him would be, 'Good-natured, simple fellow!' But if Lord Castleton follow his whims, you would think he was a second Catiline—unsettling the peace, and undermining the prosperity, of the entire nation!" Here the wretched man paused, and sighed heavily; then, as his thoughts wandered into a new channel of woe, he resumed,—

"Ah, if you could but see the forlorn great house I am expected to inhabit, cooped up between dead walls, instead of my pretty rooms, with the windows full on the park; and the balls I am expected to give, and the parliamentary interest I am to keep up; and

the villanous proposal made to me to become a lord steward, or lord chamberlain, because it suits my rank to be a sort of a servant. Oh, Pisis-tratus! you lucky dog—not twenty-one, and with, I dare say, not two hundred pounds a-year in the world!”

Thus bemoaning and bewailing his sad fortunes, the poor marquis ran on, till at last he exclaimed, in a tone of yet deeper despair,—

“And everybody says I must marry, too!—that the Castleton line must not be extinct! The Beaudeserts are a good old family eno’—as old, for what I know, as the Castletons; but the British empire would suffer no loss if they sank into the tomb of the Capulets. But that the Castleton peerage should expire, is a thought of crime and woe, at which all the mothers of England rise in a phalanx! And so, instead of visiting the sins of the fathers on the sons, it is the father that is to be sacrificed for the benefit of the third and fourth generation!”

Despite my causes for seriousness, I could not help laughing; my companion turned on me a look of reproach.

“At least,” said I, composing my countenance, “Lord Castleton has one comfort in his afflictions—if he must marry, he may choose as he pleases.”

“That is precisely what Sedley Beaudesert could, and Lord Castleton cannot do,” said the marquis gravely. “The rank of Sir Sedley Beaudesert was a quiet and comfortable rank—he might marry a curate’s daughter, or a duke’s—and please his eye or grieve his heart as the caprice took him. But Lord Castleton must marry, not for a wife, but for a marchioness,—marry some one who *will wear his rank* for him,—take the trouble of splendour off his hands, and allow him to retire into a corner, and dream that he is Sedley Beaudesert once more! Yes, it must be so—the crowning sacrifice must be completed at the altar. But a truce to my complaints. Trevanion informs me you are going to Australia,—can that be true?”

“Perfectly true.”

“They say there is a sad want of ladies there.”

“So much the better,—I shall be all the more steady.”

“Well, there’s something in that. Have you seen Lady Ellinor?”

“Yes—this morning.”

“Poor woman!—a great blow to her—we have tried to console each other. Fanny, you know, is staying at Oxton, in Surrey, with Lady Castleton,—the poor lady is so fond of her—and no one has comforted her like Fanny.”

“I was not aware that Miss Trevanion was out of town.”

“Only for a few days, and then she and Lady Ellinor join Trevanion in the north—you know he is with Lord N—, settling measures on which—but alas, they consult me now on those matters—force their secrets on me. I have, heaven knows how many votes! Poor me! Upon my word, if Lady Ellinor was a widow, I should certainly make up to her: very clever woman—nothing bores her.” (The marquis yawned—Sir Sedley Beaudesert never yawned.) “Trevanion has provided for his Scotch secretary, and is about to get a place in the Foreign Office for that young fellow Gower, whom, between you and me, I don’t like. But he has bewitched Trevanion!”

“What sort of a person is this Mr Gower?—I remember you said that he was clever, and good-looking.”

“He is both, but it is not the cleverness of youth; he is as hard and sarcastic as if he had been cheated fifty times, and jilted a hundred! Neither are his good looks that letter of recommendation which a handsome face is said to be. He has an expression of countenance very much like that of Lord Hertford’s pet bloodhound, when a stranger comes into the room. Very sleek, handsome dog, the bloodhound is certainly—well-mannered, and I dare say exceedingly tame; but still you have but to look at the corner of the eye, to know that it is only the habit of the drawing-room that suppresses the creature’s constitutional tendency to seize you by the throat, instead of giving you a paw. Still this Mr Gower has a very striking head—something about it Moorish or Spanish, like a picture by Murillo: I half suspect that he is less a Gower than a gypsy!”

“What!”—I cried, as I listened with rapt and breathless attention to this description. “He is then very dark, with high narrow forehead, features slightly aquiline, but very delicate,

and teeth so dazzling that the whole face seems to sparkle when he smiles—though it is only the lip that smiles, not the eye."

"Exactly as you say; you have seen him, then?"

"Why, I am not sure, since you say his name is Gower."

"He says his name is Gower," returned Lord Castleton, drily, as he inhaled the Beandesert mixture.

"And where is he now?—with Mr Trevanion?"

"Yes, I believe so. Ah! here we are—Fudge and Fidget! But perhaps," added Lord Castleton, with a gleam of hope in his blue eye,—“perhaps they are not at home!”

Alas, that was an illusive “imagining,” as the poets of the nineteenth century unaffectedly express themselves. Messrs Fudge and Fidget were never out to such clients as the Marquis of Castleton: with a deep sigh, and an altered expression of face, the Victim of Fortune slowly descended the steps of the carriage.

“I can’t ask you to wait for me,” said he; “heaven only knows how long I shall be kept! Take the carriage where you will, and send it back to me.”

“A thousand thanks, my dear lord, I would rather walk—but you will let me call on you before I leave town.”

“Let you!—I insist on it. I am still at the old quarters, under pretence,”

said the marquis, with a sly twinkle of the eyelid, “that Castleton House wants painting!”

“At twelve to-morrow, then?”

“Twelve to-morrow. Alas! that’s just the hour at which Mr Screw, the agent for the London property, (two squares, seven streets, and a lane) is to call.”

“Perhaps two o’clock will suit you better?”

“Two!—just the hour at which Mr Plausible, one of the Castleton members, insists upon telling me why his conscience will not let him vote with Trevanion!”

“Three o’clock?”

“Three!—just the hour at which I am to see the Secretary of the Treasury, who has promised to relieve Mr Plausible’s conscience! But come and dine with me—you will meet the executors to the will!”

“Nay, Sir Sedley—that is, my dear lord—I will take my chance, and look in, after dinner.”

“Do so; my guests are not lively! What a firm step the rogue has! Only twenty, I think—twenty! and not an acre of property to plague him!” So saying, the marquis dolorously shook his head, and vanished through the noiseless mahogany doors, behind which Messrs Fudge and Fidget awaited the unhappy man,—with the accounts of the great Castleton coal mine.

CHAPTER LXXVII.

On my way towards our lodgings, I resolved to look in at a humble tavern, in the coffee-room of which the Captain and myself habitually dined. It was now about the usual hour in which we took that meal, and he might be there waiting for me. I had just gained the steps of this tavern, when a stage coach came rattling along the pavement, and drew up at an inn of more pretensions than that which we favoured, situated within a few doors of the latter. As the coach stopped, my eye was caught by the Trevanion livery, which was very peculiar. Thinking I must be deceived, I drew near to the wearer of the livery, who had just descended from the roof, and, while he paid the coachman, gave his orders to a waiter who

emerged from the inn—“Half-and-half, cold without!” The tone of the voice struck me as familiar, and, the man now looking up, I beheld the features of Mr Peacock. Yes, unquestionably it was he. The whiskers were shaved—there were traces of powder in the hair or the wig—the livery of the Trevanions (ay, the very livery—crest-button, and all) upon that portly figure, which I had last seen in the more august robes of a beadle. But Mr Peacock it was—Peacock travestied, but Peacock still. Before I had recovered my amaze, a woman got out of a cabriolet, which seemed to have been in waiting for the arrival of the coach, and, hurrying up to Mr Peacock, said in the loud impatient tone common to the fairest of the fair sex,

when in haste—"How late you are—I was just going. I must get back to Oxton to-night."

Oxton — Miss Trevanion was staying at Oxton! I was now close behind the pair—I listened with my heart in my ear.

"So you shall, my dear—so you shall; just come in, will you."

"No, no; I have only ten minutes to catch the coach. Have you any letter for me from Mr Gower? How can I be sure, if I don't see it under his own hand, that"—

"Hush!" said Peacock, sinking his voice so low that I could only catch the words, "no names, letter, pooh, I'll tell you." He then drew her apart, and whispered to her for some moments. I watched the woman's face, which was bent towards her companion's, and it seemed to show quick intelligence. She nodded her head more than once, as if in impatient assent to what was said; and, after a shaking of hands, hurried off to the cab; then, as if a thought struck her, she ran back, and said—

"But in case my lady should not go—if there's any change of plan?"

"There'll be no change, you may be sure: Positively to-morrow—not too early; you understand?"

"Yes, yes; good-by"—and the woman, who was dressed with a quiet neatness, that seemed to stamp her profession as that of an abigail, (black cloak, with long cape—of that peculiar silk which seems spun on purpose for ladies'-maids—bonnet to match, with red and black ribbons,) hastened once more away, and in another moment the cab drove off furiously.

What could all this mean? By this time the waiter brought Mr Peacock the half-and-half. He despatched it hastily, and then strode on towards a neighbouring stand of cabriolets. I followed him; and just as, after beckoning one of the vehicles from the stand, he had ensconced himself therein, I sprang up the steps and placed myself by his side. "Now, Mr Peacock," said I, "you will tell me at once how you come to wear that livery, or I shall order the cabman to drive to Lady Ellinor Trevanion's, and ask her that question myself."

"And who the devil!—Ah, you're

the young gentleman that came to me behind the scenes—I remember."

"Where to, sir?" asked the cabman.

"To—to London Bridge," said Mr Peacock.

The man mounted the box, and drove on.

"Well, Mr Peacock, I wait your answer. I guess by your face that you are about to tell me a lie; I advise you to speak the truth."

"I don't know what business you have to question me," said Mr Peacock sullenly; and, raising his glance from his own clenched fists, he suffered it to wander over my form with so vindictive a significance that I interrupted the survey by saying, "Will you encounter the house? as the Swan interrogatively puts it—shall I order the cabman to drive to St James's Square?"

"Oh, you know my weak point, sir; any man who can quote Will—sweet Will—has me on the hip," rejoined Mr Peacock, smoothing his countenance, and spreading his palms on his knees. "But if a man does fall in the world, and, after keeping servants of his own, is obliged to be himself a servant,

—— 'I will not shame
To tell you what I am.'"

"The Swan says, 'To tell you what I was,' Mr Peacock. But enough of this trifling: who placed you with Mr Trevanion?"

Mr Peacock looked down for a moment, and then, fixing his eyes on me, said—"Well, I'll tell you: you asked me, when we met last, about a young gentleman—Mr—Mr Vivian."

PISISTRATUS.—Proceed.

PEACOCK.—I know you don't want to harm him. Besides, "He hath a prosperous art," and one day or other,—mark my words, or rather my friend Will's—

"He will bestride this narrow world
Like a Colossus."

Upon my life he will—like a Colossus,

"And we petty men—"

PISISTRATUS (*savagely*).—Go on with your story.

PEACOCK (*snappishly*).—I am going on with it! You put me out; where was I—oh—ah yes. I had just been sold up—not a penny in my pocket;

and if you could have seen my coat—yet that was better than the small-clothes! Well, it was in Oxford Street—no, it was in the Strand, near the Lowther—

“The sun was in the heavens; and the proud day
Attended, with the pleasures of the world.”

PISISTRATUS, (*lowering the glass.*)—
To St James’s Square?

PEACOCK.—No, no; to London Bridge.

“How use doth breed a habit in a man!”

I will go on—honour bright. So I met Mr Vivian, and as he had known me in better days, and has a good heart of his own, he says—

“Horatio,—or I do forget myself.”

Pisistratus puts his hand on the check-string.

PEACOCK.—I mean, (*correcting himself*)—“Why, Johnson, my good fellow.”

PISISTRATUS.—Johnson!—oh that’s your name—not Peacock.

PEACOCK.—Johnson and Peacock both, (*with dignity.*) When you know the world as I do, sir, you will find that it is ill travelling this “naughty world” without a change of names in your portmanteau.

“Johnson,” says he, “my good fellow,” and he pulled out his purse. “Sir,” said I, “if, exempt from public haunt, I could get something to do when this dross is gone. In London there are sermons in stones, certainly, but not ‘good in everything,’—an observation I should take the liberty of making to the Swan, if he were not now, alas! ‘the baseless fabric of a vision.’”

PISISTRATUS.—Take care!

PEACOCK — (*hurriedly.*) — Then says Mr Vivian, “If you don’t mind wearing a livery, till I can provide for you more suitably, my old friend, there’s a vacancy in the establishment of Mr Trevanion.” Sir, I accepted the proposal, and that’s why I wear this livery.

PISISTRATUS.—And, pray, what business had you with that young woman, whom I take to be Miss Trevanion’s maid?—and why should she come from Oxton to see you?

I had expected that these questions would confound Mr Peacock, but if

there really were anything in them to cause embarrassment, the *ci-devant* actor was too practised in his profession to exhibit it. He merely smiled, and smoothing jauntily a very tumbled shirt-front, he said, “Oh sir, fie!

‘Of this matter,
Is little Cupid’s crafty arrow made.’

If you must know my love affairs, that young woman is, as the vulgar say, my sweetheart.”

“Your sweetheart!” I exclaimed, greatly relieved, and acknowledging at once the probability of the statement. “Yet,” I added suspiciously—“yet, if so, why should she expect Mr Gower to write to her?”

“You’re quick of hearing, sir; but though

‘All adoration, duty, and observance;
All humbleness, and patience, and impatience,’

the young woman will not marry a livery servant—proud creature, very proud!—and Mr Gower, you see, knowing how it was, felt for me, and told her, if I may take such liberty with the Swan, that she should

—‘Never lie by Johnson’s side
With an unquiet soul,’

for that he would get me a place in the Stamps! The silly girl said she would have it in black and white—as if Mr Gower would write to her!

“And now, sir,” continued Mr Peacock, with a simpler gravity, “you are at liberty, of course, to say what you please to my lady, but I hope you’ll not try to take the bread out of my mouth because I wear a livery, and am fool enough to be in love with a waiting-woman—I, sir, who could have married ladies who have played the first parts in life—on the metropolitan stage.”

I had nothing to say to these representations—they seemed plausible; and though at first I had suspected that the man had only resorted to the buffoonery of his quotations in order to gain time for invention, or to divert my notice from any flaw in his narrative, yet at the close, as the narrative seemed probable, so I was willing to believe that the buffoonery was merely characteristic. I contented myself therefore with asking—

"Where do you come from now?"

"From Mr Trevanion, in the country, with letters to Lady Ellinor?"

"Oh, and so the young woman knew you were coming to town?"

"Yes, sir; some days ago. Mr Trevanion told me the day I should have to start."

"And what do you and the young woman propose doing to-morrow, if there is no change of plan?"

Here I certainly thought there was a slight, scarce perceptible, alteration in Mr Peacock's countenance, but he answered readily, "To-morrow? a little assignation, if we can both get out;—

'Woo me, now I am in a holiday humour, And like enough to consent.'

Swan again, sir!"

"Humph!—so then Mr Gower and Mr Vivian are the same person."

Peacock hesitated. "That's not *my* secret, sir; 'I am combined by a sacred vow.' You are too much the gentleman to peep through the blanket of the dark, and to ask me, who wear the whips and stripes—I mean the plush small-clothes and shoulder-knots—the secrets of another gent, to whom 'my services are bound.'"

How a man past thirty foils a man scarcely twenty!—"what superiority the mere fact of living-on gives to the dullest dog! I bit my lip, and was silent.

"And," pursued Mr Peacock, "if you knew how the Mr Vivian you inquired after loves you! When I told him incidentally, how a young gentleman had come behind the scenes to inquire after him, he made me describe you, and then said, quite mournfully, 'If ever I am what I hope to become, how happy I shall be to shake that kind hand once

more,'—very words, sir!—honour bright!

'I think there's ne'er a man in Christendom Can lesser hide his hate or love than he.'

And if Mr Vivian has some reason to keep himself concealed still—if his fortune or ruin depend on your not divulging his secret for awhile—I can't think you are the man he need fear. 'Pon my life,

'I wish I was as sure of a good dinner,'

as the Swan touchingly exclaims. I dare swear that was a wish often on the Swan's lips in the privacy of his domestic life!"

My heart was softened, not by the pathos of the much profaned and desecrated Swan, but by Mr Peacock's unadorned repetition of Vivian's words; I turned my face from the sharp eyes of my companion—the cab now stopped at the foot of London Bridge.

I had no more to ask, yet still there was some uneasy curiosity in my mind, which I could hardly define to myself,—was it not jealousy? Vivian, so handsome and so daring—he at least might see the great heiress; Lady Ellinor perhaps thought of no danger there. But—I—I was a lover still, and—nay, such thoughts were folly indeed!

"My man," said I to the ex-comedian, "I neither wish to harm Mr Vivian (if I am so to call him,) nor you who imitate him in the variety of your names. But I tell you, fairly, that I do not like your being in Mr Trevanion's employment, and I advise you to get out of it as soon as possible. I say nothing more as yet, for I shall take time to consider well what you have told me."

With that I hastened away, and Mr Peacock continued his solitary journey over London Bridge.

CHAPTER LXXVIII.

Amidst all that lacerated my heart, or tormented my thoughts, that eventful day, I felt at least one joyous emotion, when, on entering our little drawing-room, I found my uncle seated there.

The Captain had placed before him on the table a large Bible, borrowed from the landlady. He never travel-

led, to be sure, without his own Bible, but the print of that was small, and the Captain's eyes began to fail him at night. So this was a Bible with large type; and a candle was placed on either side of it; and the Captain leant his elbows on the table, and both his hands were tightly clasped upon his forehead—tightly, as if to

shut out the tempter, and *force* his whole soul upon the page.

He sate, the image of iron courage ; in every line of that rigid form there was resolution. "I will *not* listen to my heart ; I *will* read the Book, and learn to suffer as becomes a Christian man."

There was such a pathos in the stern sufferer's attitude, that it spoke those words as plainly as if his lips had said them.

Old soldier ! thou hast done a soldier's part in many a bloody field ; but if I could make visible to the

world thy brave soldier's soul, I would paint thee as I saw thee then !—Out on this tyro's hand !

At the movement I made, the Captain looked up, and the strife he had gone through was written upon his face.

"It has done me good," said he simply, and he closed the book.

I drew my chair near to him, and hung my arm over his shoulder.

"No cheering news then ?" asked I in a whisper.

Roland shook his head, and gently laid his finger on his lips.

CHAPTER LXXIX.

It was impossible for me to intrude upon Roland's thoughts, whatever their nature, with a detail of those circumstances which had roused in me a keen and anxious interest in things apart from his sorrow.

Yet, as "restless I roll'd around my weary bed," and revolved the renewal of Vivian's connexion with a man of character so equivocal as Peacock, the establishment of an able and unscrupulous tool of his own in the service of Trevanion, the care with which he had concealed from me his change of name, and his intimacy at the very house to which I had frankly offered to present him ; the familiarity which his creature had contrived to effect with Miss Trevanion's maid, the words that had passed between them—plausibly accounted for, it is true, yet still suspicious—and, above all, my painful recollections of Vivian's reckless ambition, and unprincipled sentiments—nay, the effect that a few random words upon Fanny's fortune, and the luck of winning an heiress, had sufficed to produce upon his heated fancy and audacious temper : when all these thoughts came upon me, strong and vivid, in the darkness of night, I longed for some confidant, more experienced in the world than myself, to advise me as to the course I ought to pursue. Should I warn Lady Ellinor ? But of what ?—the character of a servant, or the designs of the fictitious Gower ? Against the first I could say, if nothing very positive, still enough to make it prudent to dismiss him. But of Gower or

Vivian, what could I say without, not indeed betraying his confidence—for that he had never given me—but without belying the professions of friendship that I myself had lavishly made to him ? Perhaps, after all, he might have disclosed whatever were his real secrets to Trevanion ; and, if not, I might indeed ruin his prospects by revealing the aliases he assumed. But wherefore reveal, and wherefore warn ? Because of suspicions that I could not myself analyse—suspicions founded on circumstances most of which had already been seemingly explained away ? Still, when morning came, I was irresolute what to do ; and after watching Roland's countenance, and seeing on his brow so great a weight of care, that I had no option but to postpone the confidence I pined to place in his strong understanding and unerring sense of honour, I wandered out, hoping that in the fresh air I might re-collect my thoughts, and solve the problem that perplexed me. I had enough to do in sundry small orders for my voyage, and commissions for Bolding, to occupy me some hours. And, this business done, I found myself moving westward ; mechanically, as it were, I had come to a kind of half-and-half resolution to call upon Lady Ellinor, and question her, carelessly and incidentally, both about Gower and the new servant admitted to the household.

Thus I found myself in Regent Street, when a carriage, borne by post-horses, whirled rapidly over the pavement—scattering to the right and left all

humbler equipages—and hurried, as if on an errand of life and death, up the broad thoroughfare leading into Portland Place. But, rapidly as the wheels dashed by, I had seen distinctly the face of Fanny Trevanion in the carriage, and that face wore a strange expression, which seemed to me to speak of anxiety and grief; and, by her side—was not that the woman I had seen with Peacock? I did not see the face of the woman, but I thought I recognised the cloak, the bonnet, and peculiar turn of the head. If I could be mistaken there, I was not mistaken at least as to the servant on the seat behind. Looking back at a butcher's boy, who had just escaped being run over, and was revenging himself by all the imprecations the *Diræ* of London slang could suggest, the face of Mr Peacock was exposed in full to my gaze.

My first impulse, on recovering my surprise, was to spring after the carriage; in the haste of that impulse, I cried "Stop!" But the carriage was out of sight in a moment, and my word was lost in air. After pausing for a moment, full of presentiments of some evil—I knew not what—I then altered my course, and stopped not till I found myself, panting and out of breath, in St James's Square—at the door of Trevanion's house—in the hall. The porter had a newspaper in his hand as he admitted me.

"Where is Lady Ellinor? I must see her instantly."

"No worse news of master, I hope, sir?"

"Worse news of what?—of whom?—of Mr Trevanion?"

"Did you not know he was suddenly taken ill, sir; that a servant came express to say so last night. Lady Ellinor went off at ten o'clock to join him."

"At ten o'clock last night?"

"Yes, sir; the servant's account alarmed her ladyship so much."

"The new servant, who had been recommended by Mr Gower?"

"Yes, sir—Henry," answered the porter staring at me. "Please, sir, here is an account of master's attack in the paper. I suppose Henry took it to the office before he came here, which was very wrong in him; but I am afraid he's a very foolish fellow."

"Never mind that, Miss Trevanion—I saw her just now—*she* did not go with her mother; Where was she going, then?"

"Why, sir—but pray step into the parlour."

"No, no—speak."

"Why, sir, before Lady Ellinor set out, she was afraid that there *might* be something in the papers to alarm Miss Trevanion, and so she sent Henry down to Lady Castleton's, to beg her ladyship to make as light of it as she could; but it seems that Henry blabbed the worst to Mrs Mole,—"

"Who is Mrs Mole?"

"Miss Trevanion's maid, sir—a new maid; and Mrs Mole blabbed to my young lady, and so she took fright, and insisted on coming to town. And Lady Castleton, who is ill herself in bed, could not keep her, I suppose—especially as Henry said, though he ought to have known better, 'that she would be in time to arrive before my lady set off.' Poor Miss Trevanion was so disappointed when she found her mamma gone. And then she would order fresh horses, and would go on, though Mrs Bates (the housekeeper, you know, sir) was very angry with Mrs Mole, who encouraged Miss; and—"

"Good heavens! Why did not Mrs Bates go with her?"

"Why, sir, you know how old Mrs Bates is, and my young lady is always so kind that she would not hear of it, as she is going to travel night and day; and Mrs Mole said she had gone all over the world with her last lady, and that—"

"I see it all. Where is Mr Gower?"

"Mr Gower, sir!"

"Yes! Can't you answer?"

"Why, with Mr Trevanion, I believe, sir."

"In the north—what is the address?"

"Lord N——, C—— Hall, near W——"

I heard no more.

The conviction of some villainous snare struck me as with the swiftness and force of lightning. Why, if Trevanion were really ill, had the false servant concealed it from me? Why suffered me to waste his time, instead

of hastening to Lady Ellinor? How, if Mr Trevanion's sudden illness had brought the man to London—how had he known so long beforehand (as he himself told me, and his appointment with the waiting woman proved) the day he should arrive? Why now, if there were no design of which Miss Trevanion was the object—why so frustrate the provident foresight of her mother, and take advantage of the natural yearning of affection, the quick impulse of youth, to hurry off a girl whose very station forbade her to take such a journey without suitable protection—against what must be the wish, and what clearly were the instructions, of Lady Ellinor? Alone,—worse than alone! Fanny Trevanion was then in the hands of two servants, who were the instruments and confidants of an adventurer like Vivian; and that conference between those servants—those broken references to the morrow, coupled with the name Vivian had assumed—needed the unerring instincts of love more cause for terror—terror the darker, because the exact shape it should assume was obscure and indistinct?

I sprang from the house.

I hastened into the Haymarket, summoned a cabriolet, drove home as fast as I could (for I had no money about me for the journey I meditated;) sent the servant of the lodging to engage a chaise-and-four, rushed into the room, where Roland fortunately still was, and exclaimed—“Uncle, come with me!—take money, plenty of money!—Some villany I know, though I cannot explain it, has been practised on the Trevanions. We may defeat it yet. I will tell you all by the way—come, come!”

“Certainly. But villany!—and to people of such a station—pooh—collect yourself. Who is the villain?”

“Oh, the man I have loved as a friend—the man whom I myself helped to make known to Trevanion—Vivian—Vivian!”

“Vivian!—ah, the youth I have

heard you speak of. But how?—villany to whom—to Trevanion?”

“You torture me with your questions. Listen—this Vivian (I know him)—he has introduced into the house, as a servant, an agent capable of any trick and fraud; that servant has aided him to win over her maid—Fanny’s—Miss Trevanion’s. Miss Trevanion is an heiress, Vivian an adventurer. My head swims round, I cannot explain now. Ha! I will write a line to Lord Castleton—tell him my fears and suspicions—he will follow us, I know, or do what is best.”

I drew ink and paper towards me, and wrote hastily. My uncle came round and looked over my shoulder.

Suddenly he exclaimed, seizing my arm, “Gower, Gower. What name is this? You said ‘Vivian.’”

“Vivian or Gower—the same person.”

My uncle hurried out of the room. It was natural that he should leave me to make our joint and brief preparations for departure.

I finished my letter, sealed it, and when, five minutes afterwards, the chaise came to the door, I gave it to the ostler who accompanied the horses, with injunctions to deliver it forthwith to Lord Castleton himself.

My uncle now descended, and walked from the threshold with a firm stride. “Comfort yourself,” he said, as he entered the chaise, into which I had already thrown myself.

“We may be mistaken yet.”

“Mistaken! You do not know this young man. He has every quality that could entangle a girl like Fanny, and not, I fear, one sentiment of honour that would stand in the way of his ambition. I judge him now as by a revelation—too late—oh Heavens, if it be too late!”

A groan broke from Roland’s lips. I heard in it a proof of his sympathy with my emotion, and grasped his hand; it was as cold as the hand of the dead.

THE ROMANCE OF RUSSIAN HISTORY.

PROFESSOR SHAW, in the preface to his translation of Lajetchnikoff's striking and interesting romance, *The Heretic*, notices the shyness of English novelists in approaching Russian ground. "How happens it," he says, "that Russia, with her reminiscences of two centuries and a half of Tartar dominion—of her long and bloody struggles with the Ottoman and the Pole, whose territories stretch almost from the arctic ice to the equator, and whose semi-oriental diadem bears inscribed upon it such names as Peter and Catherine—should have been passed over as incapable of supplying rich materials for fiction and romance?" The question is hard to answer, and appears doubly so after reading the third volume of Monsieur A. Blanc's recent work on political conspiracies and executions,—a volume sufficient of itself to set those romance-writing who never wrote romance before. It is a trite remark, that romances, having history for their groundwork, derive their attraction and interest far more from the skill and genius of their authors than from the importance of the period selected, and from the historical prominence of the characters introduced. It is unnecessary to name writers in whose hands a Bayard or a Duguesclin, a Cromwell or a Charles of Sweden, would appear tame and commonplace. Our readers need not to be reminded of others of a different stamp,—and of one, great amongst all, the rays of whose genius have formed a halo of grandeur, glory, or fascination around persons to whom history accords scarcely a word. But such genius is not of every-day growth; and to historical romance-writers of the calibre of most of those with whom the British public is now fain to cry content, the mere devising of a plot, uniting tolerable historical fidelity with some claim to originality, is an undertaking in which they are by no means uni-

formly successful. To such we recommend, as useful auxiliaries, M. Blanc's octavos, and especially the one that suggests the present article. English and Scottish histories, if not used up, have at least been very handsomely worked, and have fairly earned a little tranquillity upon their shelves: the wars of the Stuarts, in particular, have contributed more than their quota to the literary fund. The same may be said of the history of France, so fertile in striking events, and so largely made use of by purveyors to the circulating libraries. Italy and Spain, and even Poland, have not escaped; whilst the East has been disported over in every direction by the accomplished Morier, and a swarm of imitators and inferiors. But what Englishman has tried his hand at a Russian historical romance? We strive in vain to call to mind an original novel in our language founded on incidents of Russian history—although the history of scarcely any nation in the world includes, in the same space of time, a greater number of strange and extraordinary events.

M. Blanc's book, notwithstanding a certain air of pretension in the style of its getting up, in the very mediocre illustrations, and in the tone of the introductory pages, is substantially an unassuming performance. It is a compilation, and contains little that is not to be found printed elsewhere. At the same time, perhaps in no other work are the same events and details thrown together in so compact and entertaining a form. The author troubles us with few comments of his own, and his reserve in this respect enhances the merit of his book, for when he departs from it his views are somewhat strained and ultra-French. But his narrative is spiritedly put together; and although it will be found, upon comparison, that he has, for the most part, faithfully adhered to high historical authorities, to the

Histoire des Conspirations et des Executions Politiques, comprenant l'Histoire des Sociétés Secrètes depuis les temps les plus reculés jusqu'à nos jours. Par A. BLANC. 4 Vols. Volume the Third: RUSSIA.

exclusion of mere traditional matter and of imaginative embellishment, yet the dramatic interest of the subject is itself so vivid, that the book reads like a romance.

The Russian history, even to our own day, is a sanguinary and cruel chronicle. Its brevity is its best excuse. The youth of the country extenuates the crimes of its children. For if the strides of Russia have been vast and rapid in the paths of civilisation, we must bear in mind that it is but very recently the progress began. "At the commencement of the eighteenth century," says M. Blanc, "it had certainly been very difficult to foresee that fifty years later a magnificent and polite court would be established on the Gulf of Finland; that soldiers raised on the banks of the Wolga and the Don would rank with the best disciplined troops; and that an empire, of itself larger than all the rest of Europe, would have passed from a state of barbarism to one of civilisation as advanced as that of the most favoured European states." This is overshooting the mark, and is an exaggeration even a hundred years after the date assigned. If the civilisation of St Petersburg has for some time vied with that of London or Paris, Russia, as a country, has even now much to do before she can be placed on a footing with England or France in refinement and intellectual cultivation. It is difficult to institute a comparison in a case where the nature of the countries, the characters of the nations, and the circumstances of their rise, are, and have been, so dissimilar. The investigation might easily entail a disquisition of a length that would leave very little room for an examination of the book in hand. And all that we seek in the present instance to establish will be readily conceded—namely, that in the throes of a country accomplishing with unprecedented rapidity the passage, usually so gradual, from barbarism to civilisation, some palliation is to be found for the faults and vices of her nobles and rulers, and for the blood-stains disfiguring her annals.

The early history of Russia, from the foundation of the empire by Rurik to the reign of Ivan IV.—that is

to say from the middle of the ninth to the middle of the sixteenth century—is a chaos of traditions and uncertainties, which M. Blanc has deemed unfavourable to the project of his book, and which he accordingly passes over in an introductory chapter. His business, as may be gathered from his title-page, is with the internal convulsions of the country; and these are difficult to trace, until Ivan Vasilivitch threw off the Tartar yoke, and his grandson Ivan IV., surnamed the Tyrant, or the Terrible, began, with an iron hand, it is true, to labour at the regeneration of his country. A bloodthirsty despot, Russia yet owes him much. The people, demoralised by Tartar rule, needed rigid laws and severe treatment. Ivan promulgated a code far superior to any previously in use. He invited to Russia foreign mechanics, artists, and men of science; established the first printing-press seen in the country; and laid the foundation of Russian trade, by a treaty of commerce with our own Elizabeth. By the conquest of Kazan, of the kingdom of Astracan, and of districts adjacent to the Caucasus, he extended the limits of the Russian empire. But his wise enactments and warlike successes were sullied by atrocious acts of cruelty. In Novogorod, which had offended him by its desires for increased liberty, he raged for six weeks like an incensed tiger. Sixty thousand human beings, according to some historians, fell victims on that occasion. Similar scenes of butchery were enacted in Tver, Moscow, and other cities. His cruel disposition was evident at a very early age. He was but thirteen years old when he assembled his boyarins to inform them that he needed not their guidance, and would no longer submit to their encroachments on his royal prerogative. "I ought to punish you all," he said, "for all of you have been guilty of offences against my person; but I will be indulgent, and the weight of my anger shall fall only on Andrew Schusky, who is the worst amongst you." Schusky, the head of a family which had seized the reins of government during the Czar's minority, endeavoured to justify himself. Ivan would not hear him. "Seize and

bind him," cried the boy-despot, "and throw him to my dogs. They have a right to the repast." A pack of ferocious hounds, which Ivan took pleasure in rearing, were brought under the window, and irritated by every possible means. When they were sufficiently exasperated, Andrew Schusky was thrown amongst them. His cries increased their fury, and his body was torn to shreds and devoured.

Ivan dead, his son Feodor, who should have been surnamed the Feeble, as his father was the Terrible, ascended the Russian throne. He was the last of Rurik's descendants who occupied it. Even during his reign he recognised as regent of the empire his brother-in-law, the insolent and ambitious Boris Godunof. Possessed of the real power, this man coveted the external pomp of royalty. The crown was his aim, and to its possession after the death of Feodor, who, as weak of body as of mind, was not likely to be long-lived, only one obstacle existed. This was a younger son of Ivan IV., a child of a few years old, named Dmitri or Demetrius. The existence of this infant was a slight bar to one so unscrupulous as Godunof, a bar which a poniard soon removed. Feodor died, and his brother-in-law accepted, with much show of reluctance, the throne he had so long desired to fill. For the first time for many years he breathed freely; his end was attained; he thought not of the many crimes that had led to it, of the spilt blood of his child-victim, or of that of two hundred of the inhabitants of Ouglitch, judicially murdered by his orders in revenge of the death of Demetrius' assassins, whom the people had risen upon and slain; the tears of Ivan's widow, now childless and confined in a convent, and of her whole family, condemned to a horrible captivity, troubled not his repose or his dreams of future prosperity. But whilst he exulted in security and splendour, his joy was suddenly troubled by a strange retribution. Demetrius was dead; of that there could be no doubt; his emissary's dagger had done the work too surely—but the name of the rightful heir survived to make the usurper tremble. It is curious to observe in

how many details Godunof's own crimes contributed to his punishment. His manoeuvres to suppress the facts of Demetrius' death, by stopping couriers and falsifying despatches, so as to make it appear that the young prince had killed himself with a knife in a fit of epilepsy, had thrown a sort of mystery and ambiguity over the whole transaction, favourable to the designs and pretensions of impostors. One of the many dark deeds by which he had paved his way to the supreme power was the removal of the metropolitan of the Russian church, who was deposed and shut up in a convent, where it was pretty generally believed he met a violent death. In lieu of this dignitary, previously the sole chief of the Russian church, Godunof created a patriarchate, and Jeremias of Constantinople went to Moscow to instal the first patriarch, whose name was Job. This prelate, whilst visiting the convent of Tchudof, was struck by the intelligence of a young monk named Gregory Otrepief or Atrepief, who could read, then a rare accomplishment, and who showed great readiness of wit. The patriarch took this youth into his service as secretary, and often carried him with him when he went to visit the Czar. Dazzled by the brilliancy of the court, and perceiving the ignorance and incapacity of many high personages, Otrepief conceived the audacious design of elevating himself above those to whom he felt himself already far superior in ability. He was acquainted with the details of the death of young Demetrius; and from some old servants of the Czarina Mary he obtained particulars of the character, qualities, and tastes of the deceased prince, all of which he carefully noted down, as well as the names and titles of the officers and attendants who had been attached to his person. Having prepared and studied his part, he asked leave to return to his convent. This was granted. His fellow-monks wondered to see him thus abandon the advantageous prospects held out to him by the favour of the patriarch.

"What should I become by remaining at court?" replied Otrepief, with a laugh: "a bishop at most, and I mean to be Czar of Moscow."

At first this passed as a joke; but

Otrepief, either through bravado, or because it formed part of his scheme, repeated it so often, that it at last came to the ears of the Czar himself, who said the monk must be mad. At the same time, as he knew by experience that the usurpation of the throne was not an impossible thing, he ordered, as an excessive precaution, that the boaster should be sent to a remote convent. Otrepief set out, but on the road he seduced his escort, consisting of two monks. By large promises he prevailed with them to accompany him to Lithuania, where many enemies of Godunof had taken refuge. According to the custom of the times, the travellers passed the nights in roadside monasteries, and in every cell that he occupied Otrepief wrote upon the walls—"I am Demetrius, son of Ivan IV. Although believed to be dead, I escaped from my assassins. When I am upon my father's throne I will recompense the generous men who now show me hospitality." Soon the report spread far and wide that the Czarowitz Demetrius lived, and had arrived in Lithuania. Otrepief assumed a layman's dress, left his monkish adherents—one of whom agreed to bear the name his leader now renounced—and presented himself as the son of Ivan IV. to the Zaporian Cossacks, amongst whom he soon acquired the military habits and knowledge which he deemed essential to the success of his daring schemes. After a campaign or two, which, judging from the character of his new associates, were probably mere brigand-like expeditions in quest of pilage, Otrepief resumed the cowl, and entered the service of a powerful noble named Vichnevetaki, whom he knew to have been greatly attached to Ivan IV. Pretending to be dangerously ill, he asked for a confessor. After receiving absolution: "I am about to die," he said to the priest; "and I entreat you, holy father, to have me buried with the honours due to the son of the Czar." The priest, a Jesuit, (the Jesuits were then all-powerful in Poland,) asked the meaning of these strange words, which Otrepief declined telling, but said they would be explained after his death by a letter beneath his pillow. This letter the astonished Jesuit took an

opportunity to purloin, and at the same time he perceived on the sick man's breast a gold cross studded with diamonds—a present received by Otrepief when secretary to the patriarch. In all haste the Jesuit went to Vichnevetaki; they opened the letter, and gathered from its contents that he who had presented himself to them as a poor monk was no other than Demetrius, son of Ivan IV. Vichnevetaki had in his service two Russians who had been soldiers of Ivan. Led to the sick man's bedside, these declared that they perfectly recognised in him the Czarowitz Demetrius; first, by his features—although they had not seen him since his childhood—and afterwards by two warts upon his face, and by an inequality in the length of his arms.

The Jesuits, never negligent of opportunities to increase their power, saw in the pretender to the czardom a fit instrument for the propagation of Romanism in Russia. They enlisted Sigismund king of Poland in the cause of the false Demetrius, who was treated as a prince, and lodged in a palace. Thence he negotiated with the pope's nuncio, who gave him assurance of the support of all Catholic Europe in exchange for his promise to unite Russia to the Latin church. An army of Poles and Russian refugees was raised, and the southern provinces of Russia were inundated with florid proclamations, in which the joys of an earthly paradise were offered to all who espoused the cause of their legitimate sovereign, Demetrius. The Don Cossacks, whose robberies had been recently checked by Godunof, flocked to the pretender's banner, and so formidable was the army thus collected, that the Czar began heartily to regret having paid such small attention to the words of the monk Otrepief. The Ukraine declared for the self-styled son of Ivan IV.; the voevóda of Sandomir, whose daughter he had promised to marry, acknowledged him as his prince; towns submitted, and fortresses opened their gates to the impostor, now in full march upon Moscow. Blinded by success, Otrepief fancied himself invincible; and, with scarcely fifteen thousand soldiers, he hurried to meet the Muscovite army, fifty thousand strong,

and provided with a formidable artillery. Beaten, his undisciplined forces dispersed, and he himself escaped death by a miracle; but his courage was still undaunted. After a few days, during which he slept upon the snow, and subsisted upon a few grains of barley, he succeeded in rallying his scattered bands. These became the nucleus of a new army; and at the very moment that Godunof, rejoicing at his victory, prepared to chastise the nobles compromised in the rebellion, he heard that his enemy was again afoot, more formidable than ever. Furious at the news, the Czar addressed reproaches and menaces to his generals, whom he thus completely alienated; and thenceforth he was surrounded by enemies. A sudden illness soon afterwards carried him off, giving him scarcely time to proclaim his son Feodor his successor. Court and clergy, people and army, paid homage to the young Czar. Amongst others, the general-in-chief of the army took the oath of fidelity; but no sooner was he again at the head of his troops, than he negotiated with Otrepief, and went over to him with all his forces. A few days afterwards the pretender was in Moscow. He strangled Feodor, and proclaimed himself Czar. Never had an impostor played his part with greater skill and such complete success. He had the art even to obtain his recognition from Ivan's widow. He recalled her relations, exiled since Godunof's usurpation, restored them their property and loaded them with honours, and then sent word to Mary that he would be to her a good son or a severe master, as she chose. The Czarina acknowledged him as her son, and was present at his coronation.

Notwithstanding the strength of this evidence, a noble, named Basil Shusky or Zuiski,—of the family whose chief Ivan IV. had thrown to his hounds,—still contended against the usurper. He had himself seen the corpse of Ivan's son Demetrius, and he declared as much to his friends and partisans, whom he offered to head and lead against the impostor. Before his plans were ripe, however, he was arrested and brought to trial. Otrepief offered to pardon him if he would name his accomplices, and

publicly admit that he had lied in stating that he had seen the dead body of the son of Ivan IV.

"I will retract nothing," was Shusky's firm reply; "for I have spoken the truth: the man who now wears the crown of the Czar is a vile impostor. I know the fate reserved for me; but those you uselessly urge me to betray will revenge my death, and the usurper shall fall."

As he persisted in his courageous assertions, the judges ordered him to be put to the torture. The executioner tied his hands behind him and placed upon his head an iron crown, bristling internally with sharp points; then, with the palm of his hand, he struck the top of the crown, and blood streamed over the victim's face.

"Confess your guilt!" said the judge.

The intrepid Shusky repeated his asseveration of Otrepief's imposture. The judge signed to the executioner, who again clapped a heavy hand upon the iron diadem. But suffering only augmented the energy of the heroic Muscovite, who continued, as long as consciousness remained in his tortured head, to denounce the false Czar. At last, when the whole of the forehead and the greater part of the skull were bared to the bone, he fainted and was removed. The terrible crown had been pressed down to his eyes. He was condemned to decapitation; but Otrepief pardoned him upon the scaffold, and, some time afterwards, was imprudent enough to take him into favour and make him his privy counsellor. Shusky had vowed revenge, and waited only for an opportunity. This was accelerated by Otrepief's fancied security. One morning the false Demetrius was roused by alarm-bells, and, on looking from a window, he beheld the palace surrounded by a host of armed conspirators. The doors were speedily forced; pursued from room to room by overwhelming numbers, his clothes and the doors through which he fled riddled with balls, the Czar at last leaped from a window, and, notwithstanding serious injuries received in falling, he reached a guardhouse occupied by the Strelitz. The post was soon surrounded by an armed and menacing crowd; but the officer com-

manding declared he would defend his sovereign with his life.

"He whom you call your sovereign is a monk who has usurped the crown," said Shusky to the officer.

"He is the son of the Czarina Mary," was the reply.

"The Czarina herself declares him an impostor."

"Show me her written declaration to that effect, and I will give him up; but only on that condition."

Shusky ran to the convent where Mary lived in a kind of semi-captivity, told her what was passing,—that the capital was in his power, and that she could not now refuse to proclaim the imposture of the wretch who had compelled her to recognise him as her son. Mary yielded the more easily that her timorous conscience reproached her with the falsehood by which she had confirmed an adventurer in the imperial dignity; she signed and sealed the declaration demanded, and Shusky hastened with it to the officer of Strelitz. Otrepief was given up. Shusky assembled some boyarins and formed a tribunal, of which he himself was president, and before which the Czar, thus rapidly cast down from the throne to which his address and courage had elevated him, was forthwith arraigned.

"The hour of expiation is come," said Shusky. "The head you so barbarously mutilated has never ceased to ponder vengeance. Monk Otrepief, confess yourself an impostor, that God, before whom you are about to appear, may have pity on your soul."

"I am the Czar Demetrius," replied Otrepief, with much assurance: "it is not the first time that rebellious subjects, led astray by traitors, have dared lay hands on the sacred person of their sovereign; but such crimes never remain unpunished."

"You would gain time," replied Shusky; "but you will not succeed; the Czarina Mary's declaration is sufficient for us to decide upon your fate, and, so doing, we doom you to die."

Thereupon four men seized the culprit and pushed him against a wall; two others, armed with muskets, went close up to him and shot him. He struggled an instant, and then expired. His corpse, dragged by the mob to the place of common execu-

tion, was there abandoned with outrage and mutilation. His death was the signal for the massacre of the Poles, whom Otrepief had always favoured, affecting their manners, and selecting them for his body-guard. Moscow just then contained a great number of those foreigners; for Marina, daughter of the voevóda of Sandomir, had arrived a few days before for her nuptials with the Czar, and had been closely followed by the King of Poland's ambassadors, with an armed and numerous suite. After an orgie at the palace, the Poles had committed various excesses, beating peaceable citizens and outraging women, which had greatly exasperated the people. Besides this, their religion rendered them odious; and scarcely had the false Demetrius fallen when the Russian priests and monks raised the cry of massacre. With shouts of "Down with the Pope!" and "Death to the heretics!" they spread through the city, pointing out to the people the dwellings of the Poles, whose doors were already marked by the conspirators. It was a St Bartholomew on a small scale. Blood flowed for six hours in the streets of Moscow: more than a thousand Poles were slaughtered; and, when the work was done, the murderers repaired to the churches to thank God for the success of their enterprise. Shusky was proclaimed Czar by the will of the people, which, at that moment, it would not have been safe to thwart.

The brilliant success of one impostor, temporary though it had proved, soon raised up others. Shusky was no sooner on the throne than the report spread that Czar Demetrius had not been shot—that a faithful adherent had suffered death in his stead. And a runaway serf, Ivan Bolotnikof by name, undertook to personate the defunct impostor. But although he collected a sort of army of Strelitz, Cossacks, and peasants, glad of any pretext for pillage, and although he was recognised by two powerful princes, one of whom, strange to say, was his former owner, Prince Téliatevski, his abilities and his success were alike far inferior to those of Otrepief. Astracan and several other towns revolted in his favour; but Shusky marched against him, won a

battle, in which Téliatevski was killed, and besieged Toula, in which Bolotnikof and the other chiefs of the revolt had shut themselves up. "The besieged," says M. Blanc, "defended themselves vigorously; but Shusky, by the advice of a child, who was assuredly born with the genius of destruction, stopped the course of the Oupa, by means of a dike made below the town, through which the river flowed. The topographical position of the town was such that in a few hours it was completely under water. Many of the inhabitants were drowned; defence became impossible; and Bolotnikof, seized by his zealous followers, was given up to Shusky. This second false Demetrius was forthwith shot; but his fate did not discourage a third impostor, who, like his predecessor, commanded armies, but never reached the throne. From first to last, no less than seven candidates appeared for the name and birthright of Ivan's murdered son. Three of them were promptly crushed; the seventh audaciously asserted that he united in his person not only the true Demetrius, whom Godmof had assassinated, but also the one whom Shusky had dragged from the throne, and two of the subsequent impostors. This was rather a strong dose even for Cossacks to swallow; but these gentlemen rejoiced at the prospect of booty, affected to credit the tale, and here the pretender's banner to within a short distance of Moscow. There his career terminated. A Cossack chief, who had often seen Otrepief, finding himself in the presence of the seventh Demetrius, declared aloud that he was not the Czar he had served, arrested the impostor with his own hand, and hung him on a neighbouring tree.

The annals of this period of Russian history are painful from the atrocities they record; and M. Blanc is prodigal of horrors. The interval of a quarter of a century between the extinction of the line of Rurik and the accession of the Romanoff dynasty, still paramount in Russia, was occupied by constant struggles between usurpers and pretenders, none of whom dreamed of a milder fate than death for the foe who fell into their hands. And happy was the vanquished chief who escaped with a prompt and merciful

death by axe or bullet. The most hideous tortures were put in practice, either for the extortion of confessions, or for the gratification of malice. Even Shusky, whom we have shown enduring with noble fortitude the agonising pressure of the iron crown, learned not mercy from suffering. His treatment of an enthusiastic boyarin, sent by the third false Demetrius to summon him to vacate the throne, was such as Red Indians or Spanish inquisitors might have abridged to witness. It is recorded, in all its horrible details, at page 52 of the *Histoire des Conspirations*, &c. The torture of individuals, which was of frequent occurrence, was varied from time to time by the massacre of multitudes. We have mentioned that of the Poles. In 1611, after Shusky's dethronement, it was the turn of the Muscovites. The Poles having seized Moscow, insisted that Vladislav, son of the King of Poland, should be elected Czar. The nobles consented, but the patriarch steadily refused his consent; and, by the law of the land, his opposition nullified the election. Thereupon the Poles ran riot in the city, plundering, murdering, and ravishing; and at last, unsheathing the sword for a general slaughter, twenty thousand men, women, and children fell in one day beneath the murderous steel. A Muscovite army then closely blockaded the place: and the Poles were reduced to the greatest extremity of famine. They at last surrendered on condition of their lives being spared, notwithstanding which compact many were massacred by the Cossacks. "And yet," says M. Blanc, "the aspect of the town was well calculated to excite compassion rather than hatred. In the streets the cadaverous and emaciated inhabitants looked like spectres; in the houses were the remains of unclean animals, fragments of repasts horrible to imagine; and what is still more frightful, perhaps unprecedented, salting tubs were found, filled with human flesh."

It was under the reign of Alexis, the second Romanoff and father of Peter the Great, that there appeared in Russia the most extraordinary robber the world ever saw. He claimed not to be a Czar or the son of a Czar; the Demetrius mask was out of date,

and one real and another pretended son of Otrepiet and Marina had been executed by order of Alexis. The new adventurer was a common Cossack from the Don, who went by his own name of Stenka Razin, and to whom M. Blanc attributes, perhaps with a little exaggeration, the ambition, courage, and ferocity of a Tamerlane. In those days the Russian territory was by no means free from robbers, who pillaged caravans of merchandise, but generally respected the property of the Czar and the principal nobles, lest they should make themselves powerful enemies. Razin's first act was to throw down the glove to his sovereign. He seized a convoy belonging to the court, and hung some gentlemen who endeavoured to defend it. The fame of his intrepidity and success brought him many followers, and soon he was at the head of an army. "He embarked on the Caspian Sea, and cruised along its shores, frequently landing and seizing immense booty. At the mouth of the Yaik he was met by an officer of the Czar's, sent by the voevóda of Astrachan to offer him and his companions a free pardon on condition of their discontinuing their robberies. Razin replied that he was no robber, but a conqueror; that he made war, and suffered none to fail in respect towards him. And to prove his words, he hung the officer, and drowned the men of his escort. A numerous body of Strelitz was then sent against him. Razin beat the Strelitz, seized the town of Yatskoi, massacred the garrison and the inhabitants, and passed the winter there unmolested. In the spring he marched into Persia." There he accumulated immense booty, but was at last expelled by a general rising of the population. On his return to Russia he was soon surrounded by troops; but even then, such was the terror of his name, the Russian general granted him a capitulation, by which he and his men were permitted to retire to their native provinces, taking their plunder with them; and their security was guaranteed so long as they abstained from aggression. This scandalous convention was ratified by Alexis, but was not long adhered to by the bandit with whom the Czar thus meanly

condescended to treat as an equal. Stenka's next campaign was even more successful than the previous one. Bodies of troops deserted to him, and several towns fell into his power; amongst others, that of Astracan, where frightful scenes of violence and murder were enacted—Razin himself parading the streets, intoxicated with brandy, and stabbing all he met. He was marching upon Moscow, with the avowed intention of dethroning the Czar, when he sustained a reverse, and, after fighting like a lion, was made prisoner, and sent in fetters to the city he had expected to enter in triumph. Taken before Alexis, he replied boldly and haughtily to the Czar's reproaches and threats. The only anxiety he showed was to know what manner of death he was to suffer. He had heard that, in the previous year, an obscure robber and assassin, who pillaged convents and churches, had been cut into pieces of half a finger's breadth, beginning at the toes. This barbarous punishment, of which several instances are cited in M. Blanc's book, was known as the "torture of the ten thousand pieces." "But," exclaimed Stenka Razin, with a sort of terror, so horrible did this death appear to him, "I am no robber of monks! I have commanded armies. I have made peace with the Czar, therefore I had a right to make war upon him. Is there not a man amongst you brave enough to split my head with a hatchet?" The Strelitz guards, to whom these words were addressed, refused the friendly office, and Razin heard himself condemned to be quartered alive. He seemed resigned, as if he considered this death an endurable medium between the decapitation he had implored of his judges and the barbarous mincing he had been led to expect. But his energy forsook him on the scaffold, and the man who had so often confronted and inflicted death, received it in a swooning state.

The characters of few sovereigns admit of being judged more variously than that of Peter I. of Russia, surnamed the Great. According to the point of view whence we contemplate him, we behold the hero or the savage; the wise legislator or the lawless tyrant; the patient pursuer of science

or the dissolute and heartless debauchee. In the long chapter given to his romantic and eventful reign, M. Blanc shows him little favour. In a work treating of conspiracies and executions, the characters of the sovereigns introduced are naturally not exhibited under their most amiable aspect, especially when those sovereigns are Russian czars and czarinas, to whom lenity has generally been less familiar than severity, and pardon than punishment. The pen of Voltaire has done much for the reputation of Peter the Great, who to us has always appeared an overrated personage. Historians have vaunted his exploits and good deeds, till his crimes and barbarities have been lost sight of in the glitter of panegyric. The monarch who could debase himself to the level of an executioner, beheading his rebel subjects with his own hand, and feasting his eyes with the spectacle of death when he himself was weary of slaying; who could condemn his wife, repudiated without cause, to the frightful torture of the knout, and sign the order, which it is more than suspected he himself executed, for the death of his own son—may have been great as a warrior and a legislator, but must ever be execrated as a man. Peter was certainly an extraordinary compound of vices and virtues. His domestic life will not bear even the most superficial investigation, and M. Blanc has ripped it up unmercifully. The great reformer—we might almost say the founder—of the mighty empire of Russia, the conqueror of Charles of Sweden, was a drunkard and gross sensualist, a bad father, a cruel and unfaithful husband. Indeed some of his acts seem inexplicable otherwise than by that ferocious insanity manifest in more than one of his descendants. Even his rare impulses of mercy were apt to come too late to save the victim. As illustrating one of them, an incident, nearly the last event of Peter's life, is given by M. Blanc, in more minute detail than we ever before met with it. Peter's whole life was a romance; but this is assuredly one of its most romantic episodes. A short time before his death, according to M. Blanc, although other writers fix the date some years earlier, Peter was violently smitten by

the charms of a young girl named Ivanowa. Although tenderly attached, and about to be married to an officer of the regiment of Schouvaloff, she dared not oppose the Czar's wishes, but became his mistress. Peter, who took her repugnance for timidity, fancied himself beloved, and passed much of his time in her society, in a charming cottage in which he had installed her at one of the extremities of St Petersburg. He had enriched her family, who were ignorant, however, of her retreat. Her betrothed, whose name was Demetrius Daniloff, was in despair at her disappearance, and made unceasing efforts to discover her, but all in vain, until Ivanowa, having made a confidant of a Livonian slave, had him conducted to her presence. The lovers' meetings were then frequent, so much so, that Peter received intelligence of them. "His anger was terrible; he roared like a tiger.

" 'Betrayed! betrayed everywhere and always!' cried he, striding wildly about the room, and striking his brow with his clenched fist. 'Oh! revenge! revenge!'

"Before the close of day he left the palace, alone, wrapped in a coarse cloak, his feet in nailed shoes whose patches attested their long services, his head covered with a fox-skin cap which came down over his eyebrows and half concealed his eyes. He soon reached Ivanowa's house, where the lovers deemed themselves perfectly secure, for the Czar had spread a report of his departure for Moscow. Moreover, the faithful Livonian slave kept watch in the antechamber, to give an alarm at the least noise. Peter knew all this, and had taken his measures accordingly. Opening an outer door with a key of his own, he bounded into the ante-room, upset the slave, and, with a kick of his powerful foot, burst the door that separated him from the lovers. All this occurred with the speed of lightning. Daniloff and Ivanowa had scarce time to rise from their seats, before the Czar stood over them with his drawn sword in his hand. Ivanowa uttered a cry of terror, fell on her knees, and fainted. Prompt as the Czar, Daniloff bared his sabre and threw himself between

his mistress and Peter. The latter lowered his weapon.

"'No,' he said, 'the revenge were too brief.'

"He opened a window and cried *hourra!* At the signal, a hundred soldiers crowded into the house. Mastering his fury, the Czar ordered the young officer to be taken to prison, there to receive one hundred blows of the *battoques* or sticks. Ivanowa was also confined until the senate should decide on her fate. The next day Daniloff received his terrible punishment. Before half of it had been inflicted, his back, from the loins to the shoulders, was one hideous wound," &c. &c. We omit the revolting details. "Nevertheless the executioners continued to strike, and the hundred blows were counted, without a complaint from the sufferer. The unfortunate Daniloff had not even fainted; he got up alone,* when untied, and asked to have his wounds carefully dressed.

"'I have need to live a short time longer,' he added."

Meanwhile Ivanowa was brought before the senate, and accused of high treason and of trying to discover state secrets — a charge of Peter's invention. The supple senate, created by the Czar, condemned her to receive twenty-two blows of the knout in the presence of her accomplice Daniloff, already punished by the emperor's order. On the day appointed for the execution, Peter stood upon the balcony of his winter palace. Several battalions of infantry marched past, escorting the unfortunate Demetrius, who, in spite of the frightful sufferings he still endured, walked with a steady step, and with a firm and even joyful countenance. Surrounded by another escort, was seen the young and lovely Ivanowa, half dead with terror, supported on one side by a priest and on the other by a soldier, and letting her beautiful head fall from one shoulder to the other, according to the impulse given it by her painful progress. Even Peter's heart melted at the sight. Re-entering his apartment, he put on

the ribbon of the order of St Andrew, threw a cloak over his shoulders, left the palace, sprang into a boat, and reached the opposite side of the river at the same time as the mournful procession which had crossed the bridge. Making his way through the crowd, he dropped his cloak, took Ivanowa in his arms, and imprinted a kiss upon her brow. A murmur arose amongst the people, and suddenly cries of "pardon" were heard.

"The knights of St Andrew then enjoyed the singular privilege that a kiss given by them to a condemned person, deprived the executioner of his victim. This privilege has endured even to our day, but not without some modification.

"Daniloff had recognised Peter. He approached the Czar, whose every movement he had anxiously watched, stripped off his coat, and rent the bloody shirt that covered his shoulders.

"'The man who could suffer thus,' he said, 'knows how to die. Czar, thy repentance comes too late! Ivanowa, I go to wait for thee!' And drawing a concealed poniard, he stabbed himself twice. His death was instantaneous. Peter hurried back to his palace, and the stupified crowd slowly dispersed. Ivanowa died shortly afterwards in the convent to which she had been permitted to retire."

If we are frequently shocked, in the course of M. Blanc's third volume, by the tyrannical and brutal cruelty of the Russian sovereigns, we are also repeatedly disgusted by the servility and patient meanness of those who suffered from it. We behold Muscovite nobles of high rank and descent, cringing under the wanton torments inflicted on them by their oppressor, and submitting to degradations to which death, one would imagine, were, to any free-spirited man, fifty times preferable. As an example, we will cite the conduct of a Prince Galitzin, who, after long exile in Germany, where he had become a convert to the Romish church, solicited and obtained per-

* The victim is placed on a table, and tied down so that he cannot change his position) to receive the blows, in severity inferior only to the knout.

mission to return to his country. This was in 1740, under the reign of the dissolute and cruel Czarina Anne. The paramours and flatterers who composed the court of that licentious princess, urged her to inflict on the new-made papist the same punishment that had been suffered by a noble named Vonitzin, who had turned Jew, and had been burned alive, or rather roasted at a slow fire. Anne refused, but promised the courtiers they should not be deprived of their sport.

"The same day, Galitzin, although upwards of forty years old, was ordered to take his place amongst the pages: a few days later he received a notification that the empress, contented with his services, had been pleased to raise him to the dignity of her third buffoon. 'The custom of buffoons,' says an historian, 'was then in full force in Russia; the empress had six, three of whom were of very high birth, and when they did not lend themselves with a good grace to the tomfooleries required of them by her or her favourites, she had them punished with the *battogues*.' The empress appeared well satisfied with the manner in which the prince fulfilled his new duties; and, as he was a widower, she declared she would find him a wife, that so valuable a subject might not die without posterity. They selected, for the poor wretch's bride, the most hideous and disgusting creature that could be found in the lowest ranks of the populace. Anne herself arranged the ceremonial of the wedding. It was in the depth of one of the severest winters of the century; and, at great expense, the empress had a palace built of ice. Not only was the building entirely constructed of that material, but all the furniture, including the nuptial bed, was also of ice. In front of the palace were ice cannons, mounted on ice carriages.

"Anne and all her court conducted the newly-married pair to this palace, their destined habitation. The guests were in sledges drawn by dogs and reindeer; the husband and wife, enclosed in a cage, were carried on an elephant. When the procession arrived near the palace, the ice cannons were fired, and not one of

them burst, so intense was the cold. Several of them were even loaded with bullets, which pierced thick planks at a considerable distance. When everybody had entered the singular edifice, the ball began. It probably did not last long. On its conclusion, Anne insisted on the bride and bridegroom being put to bed in her presence: they were undressed, with the exception of their under garments, and were compelled to lie down upon the bed of ice, without covering of any kind. Then the company went away, and sentinels were placed at the door of the nuptial chamber, to prevent the couple from leaving it before the next day! But when the next day came, they had to be carried out; the poor creatures were in a deplorable state, and survived their torture but a few days."

This patient submission to a long series of indignities on the part of a man of Galitzin's rank and blood is incomprehensible, and pity for his cruel death is mingled with contempt for the elderly prince who could tamely play the page, and caper in the garb of a court jester. But the Russian noble of that day—and even of a later period—united the soul of a slave with the heart of a tyrant. To the feeble a relentless tiger, before the despot or the despot's favourite he grovelled like a spiritless cur. The memoirs of the eighteenth century abound in examples of his base servility. We cite one, out of many which we find recorded in an interesting *Life of Catherine II. of Russia*, published at Paris in 1797. Plato Zouboff, one of Catherine's favourite lovers, had a little monkey, a restless, troublesome beast, which everybody detested, but which everybody caressed, by way of paying court to its master. Amongst the host of ministers, military men, and ambassadors, who sedulously attended the levees of the powerful favourite, was a general officer, remarkable for the perfection and care with which his hair was dressed. One day the monkey climbed upon his head, and, after completely destroying the symmetry of his hyacinthine locks, deliberately defiled them. The officer dared not show the slightest discontent. There are not wanting, how-

ever, in the history of the eighteenth century, instances of heroism and courage to contrast with the far more numerous ones of villainy afforded by the aristocracy of Russia. The dignity and fortitude of Menzikoff—that pastrycook's boy who became a great minister—during his terrible exile in Siberia, are an oft-told tale. Prince Dolgorouki, the same to whom Anne owed her crown, and whom she requited by a barbarous death, beheld his son, brother, and nephew broken on the wheel. When his turn came, and the executioners were arranging him suitably upon the instrument of torture: "Do as you please with me," he said, "and without fear of loading your consciences, for it is not in human power to increase my sufferings." And he died without uttering a complaint. But perhaps the most extraordinary instance of coolness and self-command, at the moment of a violent and cruel death, to be found in the annals of executions, is that of Pugatscheff, who, however, was no nobleman, but a Cossack of humble birth, who deserted from the Russian army after the siege and capture of Bender by General Panin, and fled to Poland, where he was concealed for a time by hermits of the Greek church. "Conversing one day with his protectors," says a French writer already referred to, "he told them, that once, during his service in General Panin's army, a Russian officer said to him, after staring him very hard in the face, 'If the emperor Peter III., my master, were not dead, I should think I now stood before him.' The hermits paid little attention to this tale; but some time afterwards one of their number, who had not yet met Pugatscheff, exclaimed, on beholding him, 'Is not that the emperor, Peter III.?' The monks then induced him to attempt an imposture they had planned." M. Blanc's account differs from this, inasmuch as it asserts the resemblance to the defunct Czar to have been very slight. Whatever the degree of likeness, Pugatscheff declared himself the husband of Catherine II. (murdered some time previously, by Prince Bariatinaki and by Alexis Orloff, the brother of Catherine's lover), and thousands credited his pretensions. The Cossacks of the river Yaik (after-

wards changed to the Ural by Catherine, who desired to obliterate the memory of this revolt) were just then in exceedingly bad humour. After patiently submitting to a great deal of oppression and ill usage, they had received orders to cut off their beards. This they would not do. They had relinquished, grumbling but passive, many a fair acre of pasturage; they had furnished men for a new regiment of hussars; but they rebelled outright when ordered to use a razor. The Livonian general, Traubenberg, repaired to Yaitsk with a strong staff of barbers, and began shaving the refractory Cossacks on the public market-place. The patients rose in arms, massacred general, barbers, and aide-de-camps; recognised Pugatscheff as Peter III., and swore to replace him on his throne, and to die in his defence. The adventurer was near being as successful as the monk Otrepief. Catherine herself was very uneasy, although she published contemptuous proclamations, and jested, in her letters to Voltaire, on the Marquis of Pugatscheff, as she called him. It was rather a serious subject to joke about. The impostor defeated Russian armies, and slew their generals; took towns, whose governors he impaled; burned upwards of two hundred and fifty villages; destroyed the commerce of Siberia; stopped the working of the Orenberg mines; and poured out the blood of thirty thousand Russian subjects. At last he was taken. On his trial he showed great firmness; and, although unable to read or write, he answered the questions of the tribunal with wonderful ability and intelligence. He was condemned to death. According to the sentence, his hands were to be cut off first, then his feet, then his head, and finally the trunk was to be quartered. When brought upon the scaffold, and whilst the imperial ukase enumerating his crimes was read, he undressed quickly and in silence; but when they began to read the sentence, he dexterously prevented the executioner from attending to it, by asking him all manner of questions—whether his axe was in good order, whether the block was not of a less size than prescribed by law, and whether he, the executioner, had not, by chance, drank more brandy than

usual, which might make his hand unsteady.

"The sentence read, the magistrate and his assistant left the scaffold.

"'Now, then,' said Pugatscheff to the executioner, 'let us have no mistakes; the prescribed order must be strictly observed. So you will first cut off my head——'

"'The head first!' cried the executioner.

"'So runs the sentence. Have a care! I have friends who would make you dearly expiate an error to my prejudice.'

"It was too late to call back the magistrate; and the executioner, who doubted, at last said to himself that the important affair, after all, was the death of the criminal, and that there was little difference whether it took place rather sooner or rather later. He grasped his axe; Pugatscheff laid his head on the block, and the next moment it rebounded upon the scaffold. The feet and hands were cut off after death; the culprit escaping torture by his great presence of mind."

It has been asserted that an order from the empress thus humanised the cruel sentence; but this is exceedingly improbable, for she was bitter against Pugatscheff, who, ignorant Cossack as he was, had made the modern Semiramis tremble on her throne; besides, it is matter of history that, after his execution, the headsman had his tongue cut out, and was sent to Siberia. Catherine, who had affected to laugh at Pugatscheff during his life, was so ungenerous as to calumniate him after death. "This brigand," she said, in one of her letters quoted by M. Blanc, "showed himself so pusillanimous in his prison, that it was necessary to prepare him with caution to hear his sentence read, lest he should die of fear." It is quite certain, M. Blanc observes, that to his dying hour Pugatscheff inspired more fear than he felt.

The misfortunes of the unhappy young Princess Tarrakanoff supply M. Blanc with materials for the most interesting chapter in this volume of his work. The Empress Elizabeth, daughter of Peter the Great, and predecessor of Peter III.—whose marriage with the Princess of Anhalt Zerbest, afterwards

Catherine the Great, was brought about by her—had had three children by her secret marriage with Alexis Razumoffski. The youngest of these was a daughter, who was brought up in Russia under the name of the Princess Tarrakanoff. When Catherine trampled the rights of Poland under foot, the Polish prince, Charles Radzivil, carried off the young princess, and took her to Italy, thinking to set her up at some future day as a pretender to the Russian throne. Informed of this, Catherine confiscated his estates; and in order to live, he was compelled to sell the diamonds and other valuables he had taken with him to Italy. These resources exhausted, Radzivil set out for Poland to seek others, leaving the young princess, then in her sixteenth year, at Rome, under the care of a sort of governess or duenna. On reaching his native country he was offered the restoration of his property if he would bring back his ward to Russia. He refused; but he was so base as to promise that he would take no further trouble about her, and leave her to her fate. Catherine pardoned him, and forthwith put Alexis Orloff on the scent. He was a keen bloodhound, she well knew, capable of any villany that might serve his ambition. Gold unlimited was placed at his disposal, and promise of high reward if he discovered the retreat of the princess, and lured her within Catherine's reach. Orloff set out for Italy; and on arriving there he took into his employ a Neapolitan named Ribas, a sort of spy, styling himself a naval officer, who pledged himself to find out the princess, but stipulated for rank in the Russian navy as his reward. M. Blanc asserts that he demanded to be made admiral at once; and that Orloff, afraid, notwithstanding the extensive powers given him, to bestow so high a grade, or compelled by the suspicions of Ribas to produce the commission itself, wrote to Catherine, who at once sent the required document. Whether this be exact or not, more than one historian mentions that Ribas subsequently commanded in the Black Sea as a Russian vice-admiral. When certain of his reward, Ribas, who then had spent two months in researches, revealed the retreat of the unfortunate

princess. With some abridgment we will follow M. Blanc, whose narrative agrees, in all the main points, with the most authentic versions of this touching and romantic history.

The princess was at Rome. Abandoned by Radzivil, she was reduced to the greatest penury, existing only by the aid of a woman who had been her servant, and who now served other masters. Alexis Orloff visited her in her miserable abode, and spoke at first in the tone of a devoted slave addressing his sovereign; he told her she was the legitimate empress of Russia; that the entire population of that great empire anxiously longed for her accession; that if Catherine still occupied the throne, it was only because nobody knew where she (the princess) was hidden; and that her appearance amongst her faithful subjects, would be a signal for the instant downfall of the usurper. Notwithstanding her youth, the princess mistrusted these dazzling assurances; she was even alarmed by them, and held herself upon her guard. Then Orloff, one of the handsomest men of his time, joined the seductions of love to those of ambition; he feigned a violent passion for the young girl, and swore that his life depended on his obtaining her heart and hand. The poor isolated girl fell unresistingly into the infamous snare spread for her inexperience: she believed and loved him. The infamous Orloff persuaded her that their marriage must be strictly private, lest Catherine should hear of it and take precautions. In the night he brought to her house a party of mercenaries, some wearing the costumes of priests of the Greek church, others magnificently attired to act as witnesses. The mockery of a marriage enacted, the princess willingly accompanied Alexis Orloff, whom she believed her husband, to Leghorn, where entertainments of all sorts were given to her. The Russian squadron, at anchor off the port, was commanded by the English Admiral Greig. This officer, either the dupe or the accomplice of Orloff, invited the princess to visit the vessels that were soon to be commanded in her name. She accepted, and embarked after a banquet, amidst the acclamations of an immense crowd: the cannon thundered, the sky was bright,

every circumstance conspired to give her visit the appearance of a brilliant festival. From her flag-bedecked galley she was hoisted in a splendid arm-chair on board the admiral's vessel, where she was received with the honours due to a crowned head. Until then Orloff had never left her side for an instant. Suddenly the scene changed. Orloff disappeared: in place of the gay and smiling officers who an instant previously had obsequiously bowed before her, the unfortunate victim saw herself surrounded by men of sinister aspect, one of whom announced to her that she was prisoner by order of the Empress Catherine, and that soon she would be brought to trial for the treason she had attempted. The princess thought herself in a dream. With loud cries she summoned her husband to her aid; her guardians laughed in her face, and told her she had had a lover, but no husband, and that her marriage was a farce. Her despair at these terrible revelations amounted to frenzy; she burst into sobs and reproaches, and at last swooned away. They took advantage of her insensibility to put fetters on her feet and hands, and lower her into the hold. A few hours later the squadron sailed for Russia. Notwithstanding her helplessness and entreaties, the poor girl was kept in irons until her arrival at St Petersburg, when she was taken before the empress, who wished to see and question her.

Catherine was old; the Princess Tarrakanoff was but sixteen, and of surpassing beauty; the disparity destroyed her last chance of mercy. But as there was in reality no charge against her, and as her trial might have made too much noise, Catherine, after a long and secret interview with her unfortunate prisoner, gave orders she should be kept in the most rigorous captivity. She was confined in one of the dungeons of a prison near the Neva.

Five years elapsed. The victim of the heartless Catherine, and of the villain Orloff, awaited death as the only relief she could expect; but youth, and a good constitution, struggled energetically against torture and privations. One night, reclining on the straw that served her as a bed, she prayed to God to terminate

her sufferings by taking her to himself, when her attention was attracted by a low rumbling noise like the roll of distant thunder. She listened. The noise redoubled: it became an incessant roar, which each moment augmented in power. The poor captive desired death, and yet she felt terror; she called aloud, and implored not to be left alone. A jailer came at her cries; she asked the cause of the noise she heard.

"'Tis nothing," replied the stupid slave; "the Neva overflowing."

"But cannot the water reach us here?"

"It is here already."

At that moment the flood, making its way under the door, poured into the dungeon, and in an instant captive and jailer were over the ankles in water.

"For heaven's sake, let us leave this!" cried the young princess.

"Not without orders; and I have received none."

"But we shall be drowned!"

"That is pretty certain. But without special orders I am not to let you leave this dungeon, under pain of death. In case of unforeseen danger I am to remain with you, and to kill you should rescue be attempted."

"Good God! the water rises. I cannot sustain myself."

The Neva, overflowing its banks, floated enormous blocks of ice, upsetting everything in its passage, and inundating the adjacent country. The water now plashed furiously against the prison doors: the sentinels had been carried away by the torrent, and the other soldiers on guard had taken refuge on the upper floors. Lifted off her feet by the icy flood which still rose higher, the unfortunate captive fell and disappeared; the jailer, who had water to his breast, hung his lamp against the wall, and tried to succour his prisoner; but when he succeeded in raising her up, she was dead! The possibility anticipated by his employers was realised; there had been stress of circumstances, and the princess being dead, he was at liberty to leave the dungeon. Bearing the corpse in his arms, he succeeded in reaching the upper part of the prison.

If we may offer a hint to au-

thors, it is our opinion that this tragical anecdote will be a godsend to some romance-writer of costive invention, and on the outlook for a plot. Very little ingenuity will suffice to spread over the prescribed quantity of footscap the incidents we have packed into a page. They will dilute very handsomely into three volumes. As to characters, the novelist's work is done to his hand. Here we have the Empress Catherine, vindictive and dissolute, persecuting that "fair girl" the Princess Tarrakanoff, with the assistance of Orloff, the smooth villain, and of the sullen ruffian Ribas. The latter will work up into a sort of Italian Varney, and may be dispersed to the elements by an intentional accident, on board the ship blown up by Orloff's order, for the enlightenment of the painter Hackert. With the exception of the dungeon-scene, we have given but a meagre outline of M. Blanc's narrative; and there are a number of minor characters that may be advantageously brought in and expanded. "This event," says M. Blanc, referring to the kidnapping of the Princess, "caused a strong sensation at Leghona. Prince Leopold, Grand-duke of Tuscany, complained bitterly of it, and would have had Alexis Orloff arrested; but this vile assassin of Peter III. maintained that he had only executed the orders of his sovereign, who would well know how to justify him. He was supported, in this circumstance, by the English consul, who was his accomplice; and the Grand-duke, seeing he was not likely to be the strongest, suffered the matter to drop." "Some Englishmen," another French writer asserts, "had been so base as to participate in Alexis Orloff's plot; but others were far from approving it. They even blushed to serve under him, and sent in their resignations. Admiral Elphinstone was one of these. Greig was promoted in his place." An Italian prince, indignant, but timid; a foreign consul, sold to Russian interests; a British sailor, sparing the service of a tyrant. We need say no more; for we are quite sure that before they get thus far, the corps of historical novelists will be handling their goose-quills.

LETTERS TO THE REV. CHARLES FUSTIAN,

AN ANGLO-CATHOLIC.

LETTER FIRST.

You object to being called a Puseyite, or a Tractarian; and as I believe you never read any of the Tracts, nor were lucky enough to comprehend any of Dr Pusey's writings, you are right to decline the names. But it is easy to perceive, even from your outward man, that some great change has taken place upon you. It is not for nothing that you wear so very tight a neckcloth, and so very low-collared a coat; your buttons also are peculiarly placed, and there is a solemnity in your manner of refusing an invitation to pot-luck on a Friday which it is edifying to behold. But all this surely must have a name. You were intended by your father to be a clergyman of the Church of England—that worthy gentleman toasted church and king, till a female reign and premonitory symptoms of apoplexy reduced him to silence and water-gruel; but he is as true a defender of the faith, in his easy gown and slippers, as ever, and looks with still increasing surprise at the appearance of his eldest son, as often as occasional help in your curacy enables you to run home. But don't fancy, for a moment, that I attribute these frequent visits to your regard for the fifth commandment alone: no, dear Charles; for though I grant you are an excellent son and praiseworthy brother, I consider you shine with still greater lustre in the character of a neighbour, especially to the family at Hellebore Park. Gradually I have seen a change almost equal to your own in the seven fair daughters of that house; and it is very evident that, with this change, in some way or other, you are very intimately connected. The five daughters of our neighbour in the Lodge are also very different from what they were; and only Miss Lathpines—who is fifty years old, and believes good works to be such filthy rags that she would be quite ashamed if she were seen putting half-a-crown into the plate, or send-

ing coal and flannel to the poor, and therefore never does it—continues the even tenor of her way, and sighs for a gospel ministry to tell her how few will achieve the kingdom of heaven. Every other house in the parish feels the effects of your visits. We must have a new almanac if you come among us much more; for the very days of the week are no longer to be recognised. Tuesday, instead of being the lineal descendant of Monday, is now known as the heir presumptive of Wednesday, and does duty as the eve of something else. The wife of our physician invited us to dinner on the Feast of St Oilapod, which, after great inquiry, we found meant Monday the 22d. The months will not long escape—the weeks are already doomed—and, in a few years, our parish registers will be as difficult reading as the inscriptions of Nemroud. Have you taken this result of your crusade against the High and Dry into your consideration? Is it right to leave a worthy man like our rector—who conducted his little ecclesiastical boat with great comfort to himself and others, keeping a careful middle channel between the shoals of Dissent and the mudbanks of contented Orthodoxy—to struggle in his old age against rocks which you and your female allies have rolled into the water; with fast-days rearing their sharp points where there used to be such safe navigation, and saint's days and festivals so blocking up the passage that he can't set his skiff near enough the shore, to enable him to visit his parishioners when they are sick or hungry? You would pin the poor old fellow for ever into his pulpit or reading-desk, and he never would have time to go to the extremity of his parish, which, I remember, is five miles from the church; and, at the Doctor's riding, occupies him a good part of the day.

But perhaps

occurs as soon as your stay is over, and we see the skirts of your departing surtout disappear over Hitherstone Hill. Immediately the whole coterie (which, in this instance, is an undiluted petticoater) assembles for consultation. Pretty young girls, who would have been engaged ten years ago in the arrangements of a pic-nic, now lay their graceful and busy heads together, to effect an alteration in the height of the pews. My dear Charles, young ladies are by nature carpenters; they know all about hinges, and pannellings, and glue, by a sort of intuition: and it is clear to me that, before you return to us again, the backs of the seats will be lowered at least a foot, and I shall have the pleasure of seeing the whole extent of Tom Holiday's back, and the undulations of the three Miss Holiday's figures during the whole of the lessons. The rector can't hold out long—as indeed who could, against such petitioners? And, after all, it is only so much wood; and his wife, who has retained her shape with very little aid from padding, has no objection to stand up during the psalms, nor any inclination to put her light under a bushel at any time; and some of the younger people, who have not attained the stature of the Venus de Medici, complain that the present elevation of the backs, if it doesn't make dints in their bonnets, at all events cuts them off in the very middle; and my opposition, I am sorry to say, ever since I fell asleep at your sermon on the holiness of celibacy, is attributed to interested motives, and therefore you may fairly expect to find our pews reduced to the height and appearance of a row of rabbit-hutches, when you come back. This point they seem to consider already gained, and now they have advanced their parallels against the Doctor on another side of his defences.

The Doctor, even in his youth, can never have run much risk of being mistaken for Apollo—his nose was probably never of a Grecian pattern, as that ingenious people would certainly have rounded the point with a little more skill, and have placed the nostrils more out of sight. I have heard his front teeth were far from

symmetrical, and reminded old Major M'Turk of the charge of Mahratta irregular horse, by which that heroic gentleman lost his eye; but as he has got quit of those spirited, though straggling defenders, and supplied their place with a straight-dressed militia of enamel or bone, which do duty remarkably well, in spite of the bright yellow uniform they have lately assumed, I conclude that he has been a gainer by the exchange. And, on the whole, I have no doubt, if there are some handsomer fellows in the Guards, and at the universities, there are several much uglier people to be seen in this very parish. It can't, therefore, be for the express purpose of escaping the sight of his face that they have begun their operations to force him to turn his back on them during the prayers. But this they are thoroughly resolved on achieving. They have already once placed the Bible surreptitiously on the side of the reading desk, towards the people, leaving the Prayer-Book on the side towards the south; and as the Doctor, in the surprise of the moment, began with his face in that direction, his elocution was wasted on the blank wall of the chancel and the empty pulpit; and we had the pleasure of an uninterrupted view of his profile, and a side-hearing also of his words, which gave us as complete a silhouette of the prayers as of the rector. When we come to the enjoyment of his full-face reversed, and can leisurely contemplate his occiput, and the nape of his neck—in which, I am sorry to see number one so powerfully developed—we shall have the farther advantage of not having our own meditations interrupted by hearing a syllable he says. He resists, indeed, at present; and even told a deputation of ladies that he would consult common sense on the occasion, and read so that the poor folks under the west gallery could join in every petition. Miss Araminta—your Araminta, Charles—lifted her beautiful eyes to the Doctor in surprise, and asked “if he really prayed to John Simpkins and Peter Bolt, for surely he could pray *for* them, and *with* them better, with his face to the altar;” and the Doctor said something about “girls minding their own business, and leaving him to his,”

which would have led to very unpleasant consequences, if the rest of the ambassadors had not interfered, and smoothed the raven down of the Doctor's temper by some judicious declarations of respect for his office, and contempt for some unfortunate evangelical brethren in the neighbourhood; till at last the old man took Araminta by the hand, and told her, with great truth, that she was one of the nicest girls in the world, and that he would ride fifty miles at a moment's warning, to save her an instant's discomfort. So they retired for that time, hinting that they were rather surprised that *their* rector should have used the same argument which had been employed by the Rev. Ebenezer Snuffle, the low church vicar of the adjoining village. A telling blow this, Charles, as you are well aware; for I verily believe the Doctor would soften towards the Koran, if his neighbour made an attack on Mahommed; so I wait the issue without much uncertainty as to what it will be. For all this, I can't help holding you, in a great measure, responsible; for there is no shutting one's eyes to the fact, that a decided step in advance is taken after every one of your runs into our parish. Your father, and Major M^rTurk, and I, sink lower and lower in the estimation of your followers every day. Instead of the nice little parties we used to have, where the girls, most of whom we remember as infants, used to sing "Lizzie Lindsay" for the amusement of the old ones, or play magic music, or games at forfeits, to please themselves, they now huddle up in a corner—if, perchance, no eve or fast prevents them from coming out to tea—and hold deep consultations on the state and prospects of the Church. And yet there is something so innocent and pretty in the way they manage their plots, and such a charming feeling of triumph fills their hearts, when they have achieved a victory over the habits and customs of the village, that I hardly wonder they never pause in their career, or give ear to the warnings of stupid old people like the trio I have named. In the mean time, they certainly have it all their own way,—in the injunctions they have laid on the poor people, to turn round

at some parts of the service, stand up at others, and join in the most wonderful responses, in a set key, which they call *entoning*; and they have tormented the band so much with practising anthems, that half the population have turned dissenters in self-defence; and while the front seats are filled with satin bonnets and India shawls, and the rustle of silks is like the flight of a thousand doves when the altitude needs to be changed, there isn't a poor person to be seen in the church except John Simpkins and Peter Bolt, and they, I am sorry to say, are far from being the same quiet humble paupers they used to be; for our feminine apostles have been telling them of the honour and dignity of the poor, till there is no bearing their pride and self-conceit. Sometimes, out of respect to the Doctor, and a reverence for the old church, the grocer, the carpenter, and a few of the shopkeepers, still make their appearance in the afternoon, but they are like children the first time they go to Astley's, and stare with wonder at all the changes they see; and ever our rector himself has become so confused, that he doesn't feel altogether sure that he hasn't turned a dissenter, for the mode, if not of conducting, at least of joining in the service, is something quite different from what he has been used to.

Now dissent, as you know, has been the bugbear of the Doctor through life. The very name carries with it something inexpressibly dreadful, and among the most terrifying to him of all the forms of dissent was that of Rome. But lately, a vast number of bright eyes have been lifted to the ceiling, and a great many beautiful lips opened, and a great many sweet voices raised in opposition to any hostile allusion to the objects of his abhorrence. "The church of Fenelon," says one in a reverential tone, "can surely not be altogether apostate." "The church of the two Gregories, the church of A'Beckett and Dunstan, of St Senanus, St Januarius, and the Seven Champions of Christendom, can never have fallen away from the faith," exclaims Miss Tinderella Swainlove in a very contemptuous tone, when the Doctor contrasts the great and ambitious names of Rome

with the humility required in a Christian pastor. "In short, Dr Smiler, we wish to know," she said not a week ago, when she had gone up to the parsonage to practise a Gregorian chant on Christina Smiler's concertina—"we wish to know, Doctor Smiler, whether religion consists in bare plaster walls and a cassock?" "Certainly not, my dear Tindarella, but you will observe"—

"Oh, we only want an answer to that question," said the young lady, interrupting; "for, allow me to tell you, we feel our devotion greatly excited by the noble solemnity of a service decently conducted with albe and chasable, in a building fitted for its high destination by the richest combination of architecture and the arts."

Tindarella is nineteen years of age, and as decided in her manner as a field-marshal. "May I ask, my dear, who the 'we' are in whose name you speak?" inquired the rector.

"Not Mr Ruggles the grocer, nor Chipper the carpenter, but all who are qualified by their fortune, and position in life, to judge on the subject," was Tindarella's spirited rejoinder.

"Really," said the Doctor, "you young ladies are very much changed from what you were. Two years ago, I used to have great difficulty in keeping you from balls and archeries, and had frequent occasion to lecture you for inattention in church. What, in the name of wonder, has come over you all?"

"Do you find fault with us for having given up frivolities, and turned reverent and attentive during the service?" inquired his questioner with a sneer.

"Far from it, my dear,—very far from it; but I should like very much to know what is the cause of the change. I trust, my dear Tindarella, it isn't connected with the marriage of Lieutenant Polker, with whom I remember you danced every night last winter."

"Lieutenant Polker," replied Tindarella, "has married a dissenter, or a person of low church principles, and that is as bad, and he has nothing whatever to do with our duty to the Holy Catholic Church I assure you, sir."

"Then it must be that silly, igno-

rant caxcomb, Charles Fustian, my own godson, my favourite from his youth—an excellent fellow, but a conceited ass—I wish he had never gone into the diocese of Vexer."

This is the tender way in which you are spoken of, my dear Charles: and I feel sure you will appreciate the compliment paid to you by the Doctor, losing his temper, but retaining his affection.

There was a blush on Tindarella's cheek as she entered into a defence of "the Reverend Charles Fustian, a priest of our church;" and she almost curtsied in reverence for your name and office; and I advise Araminta to keep watch over her friend's proceedings, for I don't think Tindarella is so deeply attached to the doctrine of celibacy as she pretends. And I take this opportunity also, my dear Charles, to tell you that I shall keep watch over you; and if I find you casting your smiles at Tindarella, and holding her by the hand, and recommending her to enter into the privileges of confession, in the summer-house in her father's garden—and holding forth all the time on the blessings of a conventional life and penance, and hair shirts and a cat-o'-nine-tails—I shall be greatly inclined to recur to the discipline that used to improve your manners greatly when you were a little boy, and use the scourge with more effect than when you apply it to your shoulders with your own hand.

The Doctor has just been here, and as I know you will be rejoiced to hear the news he gave me, I will transmit it to you at once.

"Buddle," he said to me, "you have perhaps seen how vainly I have tried to resist the parish, at least the young ladies of the parish; for I am sorry to say, that, with the exception of yourself and two or three others of the seniors, the parish has left me to fight the battle alone."

"My dear Smiler," I replied, "what can we do? Surely, if we lie quiet on our oars, the fancy for that sort of thing will go off."

"Not at all; as they get older it will get worse. There is some hope for them when they are very young, but in a few years there is no chance of escaping a universal passing over to the Pope; and between ourselves,"—

and here the Doctor looked at the door, as if he wished to belt it with a twist of his eye—"I am in great anxiety of mind lest they carry me with them. Yes, my good Buddle, it would not surprise me if I awoke some morning and found myself a monk."

"How? Haven't you signed the articles and repeated the creed, and the oath of abjuration, and all that?"

"That is no defence. Those girls go to work so scientifically, carrying one object first, and then another; and they are so good, and active, and amiable, and so useful in the parish, and so clever, and defer so respectfully to my judgment in all things, that I find there is not an alteration which has taken place in the parish that I did not at first oppose, and end in a very short time by ordering on my own authority. Yes, my dear friend, I feel that, if not supported by some person of stout uncompromising church principles, I shall probably find myself eating fish on Fridays, and administering castigation to myself in my old age, and listening to young ladies' confessions, and flogging Araminta or Tunderella in atonement for their tasting a mutton-chop on a fast-day."

"It would do them both a great deal of good."

"No doubt of it, my dear Buddle; and if they were five or six years younger, such things would soon be put out of their heads." And here he clenched his hand on his riding switch, and looked like the picture of Doctor Busby. "But, as it is, I think I have stolen a march on them. Look at that."

So saying, he pointed to an advertisement in the *Record* newspaper, which stated that "a curate was wanted for a country parish; he must be under thirty, an eloquent preacher and reader; and, finally, that no Tractarian need apply."

"And he's coming, sir; the Reverend Algernon Sidney Mount Huxtable; a man of good family, tolerable fortune, and highly orthodox principles, is coming! I expect him next week, and as he is only eight-and-twenty, and unmarried, I think he will be an excellent assistant in repelling these attacks on our admirable Establishment."

So, with this piece of information, my dear Charles, I conclude, as I am anxious to go through the houses in the village, and see the effect of the announcement on the charming little army which Major M'Turk irreverently calls St Ursula's dragoons.

LETTER SECOND.

On Monday last, our new curate came; a most gentlemanly-mannered good-looking young man, with very dark eyes and very white teeth; and I was pleased to observe, when I dined with him the first day at the parsonage, that he did not consider these advantages as merely ornamental, but made excellent use of both. He did yeoman's service upon the fish and mutton, and cast glances on Miss Christina Smiler that made her at once give up the opposition she had made to her father's proposal of keeping a curate, and proved, to his entire satisfaction, that it was the best arrangement in the world. A pleasant good-humoured companion, a man of the world, and an unflinching son and servant of the Church, gaining the rector's confidence by an attack on Popery, and winning the ladies'

affection by a spirited tirade on the vulgarity of dissent.

"The fact is," said the Doctor, after the ladies had withdrawn, and we had filled our glasses with the first bumper of port,—“the fact is, my dear Mount Huxtable, that our parish is in a very curious condition. We are all devoted members of the Church, and yet we are very suspicious of each other. The inhabitants, especially the young lady part of them, have taken such an interest lately in the affairs of the parish, and are so unanimous in enforcing their own wishes, both on me and the churchwardens—not to mention my stance and kind friends Major M'Turk and Mr Buddle—that we feel as if the revolutionary spirit had extended to this village, and the regular authorities had been deposed by a Committee of Public Safety.”

"Do they enforce their wishes?" inquired the new curate, with a frown, and laying great emphasis on the word enforce.

"Well," replied the Rector, a little puzzled, "that's rather a strong word. Do you think we can call it enforce, Major M'Turk?"

"They say they'll do it, and it's done," was the reply of the military commander.

"And you, Buddle?"

"No; you can't call it enforce," said I; "for they are the meekest, sweetest, and most submissive people I ever met with."

"That's right; I'm glad to hear it," said Mount Huxtable. "And do they really succeed in all the efforts they make?"

"Not a doubt of it," said the Rector, looking rather confused. "The church is entirely different from what it was a year ago; even the service, by some means or other, has got into quite a different order; I find myself walking about in my surplice, and standing up at doxologies, and sometimes attempting to sing the Jubilate after the second lesson, though I never had a voice, and it does not seem to be set to any particular tune. And, in confidence between ourselves, I think they could make me of any religion they chose."

"They're the fittest missionaries for the Mahommedan faith," said Major M'Turk; "such Houris may always count on me for a convert."

The Curate sank into silence.

"You're not afraid of such antagonists, Mount Huxtable?" inquired the Rector.

"I don't think they are at all to be feared as antagonists," he replied, with a smile, as if assured of the victory.

And when we looked at his handsome face, and the glow of true orthodox determination that brightened in his eyes, we were all of the same opinion.

"But we won't let them see the battery we have prepared against them," continued the jubilant Rector, "till we are in a position to take the field. I have applied to the bishop for a license for you for two years, so that, whatever complaints they make against your proceedings, nothing can get you removed from the parish; the

whole onus of the fight will be thrown on your shoulders; and all I can say to them, when they come to me with their grievances, will be, my dear Araminta, my dear Sophronia, my charming little Anastasia, Mr Mount Huxtable is in the entire charge of the parish, and from his decision there is no appeal."

The happiest man in England that night was the Reverend Doctor Smiler of Great Yawnham, for he had now the assurance of preserving the orthodoxy of his parish, without the pain of quarrelling with his parishioners.

"Good night, good night," he said, as M'Turk and I walked away, while Mount Huxtable got into his phaeton and whisked his greys very showily down the avenue, "I think that ewe-necked donkey, Charles Fustian, won't be quite so popular with the Blazers at Hellebore Park, in spite of Araminta's admiration of his long back and white neckcloth."

"Mount Huxtable will cut him out in every house in the parish," replied Major M'Turk; and I said,

"I know Charles very well, and like him immensely; he won't yield without a struggle, and, in fact, I have no doubt he will proceed to excommunication."

Pardon us all, my dear Charles, for the free-and-easy way we speak of you. I don't believe three old fellows in England are fonder of you than we; and no wonder—for haven't we all known you from your cradle, and traced you through all your career since you were hopelessly the booby of the dame's school, till you were twice plucked at Oxford, and proved how absurdly the dons of that university behaved, by obtaining your degree from Dublin by a special favour. Would a learned body have treated a very decided fool with special favour? No; and therefore I think Dr Smiler and M'Turk are sometimes a great deal too strong in their language; but you must forgive them, for it proceeds from the fulness of their hearts.

The license arrived next day, and a mighty tea-drinking was held last night at the parsonage, to enable the Doctor to present his curate to the parish. The Blazers came in from Hellebore Park, Araminta looking beautiful in a plain nun-like white

gown, with a cross and rosary of jet falling tastefully over her breast. The Swainloves came from the Lodge, the spirited *Tinderella* labouring under two prodigious folios of Gregorian chants. *Sophronia* and her grand-mamma came up from the vale; and, in short, the whole rank and beauty of the village assembled. The manly dignity of that charming district was represented by myself and Major M'Turk; your father, who came down in his wheel-chair; Dr Pulser and his son Arthur, who has lately settled down here, with a brass plate on the surgery door, announcing that he is attorney-at-law. Arthur, you remember, has a beautiful voice, and he entones the responses like a nightingale.

We were all assembled before the guest of the evening arrived. For the thousandth time we admired the garden and lawn, and heard how the Doctor had altered the house, and levelled the grounds, and thrown out bow-windows, and made the whole thing the perfect bijou it is. The fuschias were in full bloom, the grass nicely mown, and the windows being open, we could sally forth on to the terrace walk, and admire the pleasure-grounds as we chose. But nobody moved. *Christina Smiler* sat at the piano, but did not play; she kept her eyes constantly fixed on the door,—as indeed did several of the other young ladies; and when at last wheels were heard rapidly approaching, and a loud knock resounded through the house, the amount of blushing was immense; the bloom of so many cheeks would have recalled to an original-minded poet a bed of roses, and old M'Turk kicked my shins unobserved, and whispered, "We shall get quit of the female parliament very soon: this is the Cromwell of the petticoats."

As he felt that he made his appearance, on this occasion, in his professional character, Mr Mount Huxtable was arrayed in strictly clerical costume. Your own tie, my dear Charles, could not have been more accurately starched, nor your coat more episcopally cut. There was the apostolic succession clearly defined on the buttons; and, between ourselves, we were enchanted with the fine taste that showed that a man might be a

good stout high churchman without being altogether an adherent of the *Patristics*. His introduction was excellently got over, and the charming warmth with which he shook hands with the young people, after doing his salutation to us of the preterite generation, showed that his attention was not confined to the study of the fathers, but had a pretty considerable leaning to the daughters also.

"So much the better, my boy," said M'Turk, "he'll have them all back to the good old ways in a trice; we shall have picnics again on Fridays, and little dances every day in the week." Tea was soon finished, and *Tinderella Swainlove*, without being asked by anybody, as far as I could see, walked majestically to the piano, and laying open a huge book, gave voice with the greatest impetuosity to a Latin song, which she afterwards (turning round on the music-stool, and looking up in Mr Mount Huxtable's face) explained to be a hymn to the Virgin. But the gentleman did not observe that the explanation was addressed to him, and continued his conversation with *Christina Smiler*. In a few minutes he accompanied her out of the window into the garden, and the other young ladies caught occasional glimpses of the pair as they crossed the open spaces between the shrubs. The Doctor rubbed his hands with delight, and Mrs Smiler could scarcely conceal her gratification. But these feelings were not entertained by the Swainloves. *Tinderella* looked rather disappointed to her mother; and that lady addressed Major M'Turk in rather a bitter tone of voice, and said it was a pity the curate was so awkward, and asked how long he had been lame.

"He is by no means lame," replied the Major; "you'll learn that before long, by the dance he'll show you."

"Does he dance?" inquired Mrs Swainlove, anxiously. "As you're at the piano, my dear *Tinderella*, will you play us that charming polka you used to play last year?"

A polka!—it was the first that had been demanded for a long time; and, in the surprise and gratification of the moment, the Major took her affectionately by the hand. *Tinderella* played as required; and great was the effect

of her notes: first one fair lady, and then another, found the room too hot; and before many minutes elapsed, we, who sat near the window, saw the whole assembly, except the performer on the piano, grouped round the new curate, who seemed giving them lectures on botany, for he held some flowers in his hand, and was evidently very communicative to them all. Mrs Swainlove, seeing her stratagem of no avail, told Tindarella to stop, and the conversation was entirely limited to the men who stayed behind. Young Pulser, the attorney, had joined the party in the garden, and the senior ladies, with the discomfited musician, soon also retired.

"He'll do," said the Major confidentially—"he's the very man for our money; and all things considered—not forgetting my friend Christina among the rest—you never did a wiser thing in your life, my dear Smiler."

"He seems a sure hand among the girls," said your father, "and I haven't had a chance of a minute's talk with him. I wanted to speak to him about my son Charles."

"He'll give you good advice about breaking in that stiff-necked young gentleman," said the Rector, "and we must contrive to get them acquainted."

"Bless ye," said your father, "they're very well acquainted already. He lived in Charles's parish in the diocese of Vexer, and was a great favourite, I'm told, of the bishop."

"Nonsense, my dear fellow," said the Doctor, taken a little aback, "he can't possibly be a favourite of such a firebrand—it must be some one else; and, besides, he never told me he was a friend of your son."

"You can ask him," replied your father, "for I'm quite sure I've often heard Charles talk of his friend Mount Huxtable."

A dead silence fell upon us all. Strange, we thought, that he should never have alluded to his acquaintance with you. Can he be ashamed of the way you have been going on? Is he afraid of being suspected of the same ludicrous feasting and fastings that have given you such a reputation here?

"Pray, my dear Mount Huxtable," said Dr Smiler, when the new curate, accompanied by the young ladies—

like the proud-walking, long-necked leader of a tribe of beautiful snow-white geese—entered the room, "have you ever met our excellent friend, Charles Fustian?"

"Fustian—Fustian?" replied the Curate, trying to recollect. "There are so many of that name in the Church, I surely ought to have met with one of them."

The Doctor nodded his head, quite satisfied, to your father.

"You see, you see," he said, with a chuckle.

"I see nothing of the sort," said your pregenitor; "for though Fustian is common enough in the Church, I'm sure Mount Huxtable isn't."

"That's true," said the Doctor. "Pray, how do you account for Charles Fustian happening to know you?"

"Ah, my dear sir," answered Mount Huxtable, with a smile to the ladies, "there is an old byword, which says more people know Tom Fool than Tom Fool knows."

A great laugh rewarded this sally, and the Doctor's triumph over his neighbours was complete.

"I told you what it would come to," he said; "no true orthodox churchman can have any acquaintance with such a semi-papist as poor Charles."

The conversation now went on in the usual channel—that is to say, we talked a little politics, which was very uninteresting, for we all agreed; and the young ones attacked the Curate on music and painting, and church architecture, on all which subjects he managed to give them great satisfaction, for he was an excellent musician, a tolerable artist, and might have passed anywhere for a professional builder. I suppose they were as much astonished as pleased to find that a man might be an opponent of the Tracts, and yet be as deep in church-matters as themselves. Encouraged by this, they must have pushed their advances rather far for a first meeting; for, after an animated conversation in the bow-window, Araminta and two or three other young ladies came to the Doctor's chair.

"Only think, dear Doctor Smiler," she said, "how unkind Mr Mount Huxtable is. Next Thursday, our

practising day in the church, is the Feast of holy St Ingulpus of Doncaster, and he won't give us leave to ornament the altar with flowers."

"And who in the world is St Ingulpus of Doncaster?" said the Doctor.

"A holy man, I don't in the least deny," said Mount Huxtable, kindly taking the answer on himself. "His acts and writings attest his virtues and power; but I merely mentioned to the young ladies, as the easiest way of settling the affair, that St Ingulpus, though most justly canonised by the holy father in the thirteenth century, was not elevated to the degree of worship or veneration by the succeeding councils."

"And you answered them very well, sir," said the Doctor. "And as to St Ingulpus of Doncaster, I never heard of him, and believe him to have been an impostor, like the holy father, as you ironically call him, who pretended to canonise him."

"Oh, papa!" said Christina, addressing her father, but looking all the time at the Curate, "Mr Mount Huxtable himself confesses he was a holy man."

"What?—do you join in such follies? Go to bed, or learn to behave less like a child. Mr Mount Huxtable accommodates his language to the weakness of his auditors; but in reality he has as great a contempt for this Ingulpus, or any other popish swindler, as I have."

The Doctor was now so secure of support from his curate, that he felt bold enough to get into a passion. If he had fired a pistol at his guests, he could scarcely have created a greater sensation. The effect on Christina was such that she clung for support to Mount Huxtable, and rested her head on his shoulder.

"Mr Mount Huxtable," continued the Rector, "has forbidden you to disgrace my church with flowers. Mr Mount Huxtable has the entire charge of this parish, and from his decision there is no appeal."

This knock-down blow he had kept for the last; and it had all the effect he expected. They were silent for a long time. "That has settled them, I think," he whispered to me; "they know me to be such a good-natured old fool, and so fond of them all, that

in time they might have turned me round their thumbs; but Mount Huxtable is a different man. At the same time, I mustn't have the darlings too harshly used. I daresay I was a little too bitter in the way I spoke: I can't bear to see any of them unhappy,—something must be done to amuse them."

If the Doctor had done them all some serious injury, he could not have been more anxious to atone for it. He spoke to each of them, patted them on the head, told them they were good girls, and that he loved them all like his own children; and even went so far as to say that, if the matter was entirely in his hands, he didn't know but that he might have allowed them to make what wreaths and posies they liked on Thursday. "And as to your friend Ingulpus," he concluded, "I hope and trust he was a good man according to his lights, and probably had no intention to deceive. So, my dear Mount Huxtable, as your uncompromising Protestantism is the cause of disappointment to my young flock, I must punish you by insisting on your immediately singing them a song."

"The young ladies, sir, shall find I am not so uncompromising a Protestant as they fear, for you see I don't even protest against the justice of your sentence;" and with this he took his seat at the piano. "The song I shall attempt is not a very new one," he said, "for it was written in the year a thousand and forty by a monk of Cluny. The Benedictines, you will remember, have at all times been devoted to music." So saying, he threw his hand over the keys, and after a prelude, sang in a fine manly voice—

"*Hora novissima, tempora pessima sunt; vigilemus!*—

Ecce! minaciter imminet arbiter ille supremus,—

Imminet! imminet! ut mala terminet, æquæ coronet,

Recta remansuret, anxia liberet, æthera donet, Aufert aspera duraque pondera mentis onuste; Sobria munit, improba puniat, utraque justè."

Astonishment and delight kept the company silent for a while after he had finished, and then the repressed feelings of the audience burst out with tenfold force. "Oh, Mr Mount Huxtable!" said they all, "you must

attend our Thursday practising in the church. It will be so delightful now, for all we required was a fine man's voice. How beautiful the words are, and how well adapted for singing! And the music, how splendid!—pray whose is the music?"

"I am afraid I must confess myself the culprit in that respect," replied the Curate, very modestly. "I have been an enthusiast in music all my life, and have a peculiar delight in composing melodies to the old Catholic hymns."

After this no more was said of flowers on St Ingulphus's day; and it was very evident that our new ally was carrying the war into the enemy's country, and, in fact, was turning their artillery against themselves.

"If you are pleased with this simple song, I am sure that you will all be enchanted next week with two friends who have promised to visit me—both exquisite musicians, and very clever men."

"Clergymen?" inquired two or three of the ladies.

"Of course. I have very few lay acquaintance. You perhaps have heard their names,—the Reverend

Launton Swallowlies, and the Reverend Iscariot Rowdy, both of Oxford."

"No we don't know their names, but shall be delighted to see any friends of yours." And so the party broke up with universal satisfaction. There was a brilliant moon, and Mount Huxtable sent away his phaeton and two beautiful gray ponies, and walked to Hellebore gate with the Blazers. Christina Smiler would rather have had him drive home, and looked a little sad as they went off: but we heard happy voices all the way down the avenue; snatches of psalm-music, even, rose up from the shrubs that line the walk; and it appears that the whole group had stopt short on the little knoll that rises just within the parsonage gate, and sung the Sicilian Mariner's Hymn.

So I think, my dear Charles, you may give up any farther attempts on our good old Church principles; the Doctor is determined not to turn round to the communion-table even at the creed, and I will beat you £20 that the congregation will all come back again, and we shall once more be a happy and united parish.

LETTER THIRD.

We look on you now, my dear Charles, as a fallen star; and, between ourselves, I don't think you are missed by a single astronomer in Yawnham, from the sky where you were once enthroned. No, sir: our curate's neckcloth is stiffer than yours, his collar plainer, his tails longer, his knowledge of saints and legends infinitely deeper—and, besides, he sings like an angel, and has a phaeton and pair. And he is so gentlemanly, too. He was at Eton, and is intimate with many lords, and has a power of sneering at low churchmen and dissenters that would be myrrh and incense to the Pope. Now you will observe, my unfortunate young friend, that when gentlemanly manners, good looks and accomplishments—not to mention an intimacy with the Red Book—and fourteen hundred a-year are in one scale, and Charles Fustian and a ton weight of Tractarians are in the other, the young persons who, in our parish, hold the beam will very soon send

you and your make-weights half-way through the roof. Therefore, if you wish to retrieve your influence, either with Araminta or the other fair innovators, now or never is your time; come down and visit us. We shall all be delighted to see your elongated visage, and are not without hopes—for you are a good-natured excellent-dispositioned fellow after all—that you will see the error of your ways, and believe that humility and charity are Christian graces as well as faith and coloured windows. It so happens that there is scarcely a house in the place without a visitor. Tom Blazer has come down to Hellebore Park, and has brought Jones and Smith, two of his brother officers of the Rifles, with him;—the two Oxford men are with Mount Huxtable, who has taken Laburnum Place, and our doings are likely to be uncommonly gay. Swallowlies and Rowdy are great friends, though they seem to be the very antipodes of each other.

Rowdy won't believe anything, and has doubts about the battle of Waterloo; and Swallowlies believes everything, and thinks the American States will soon pay off my bonds. Rowdy says there is no evidence, satisfactory to him, that there is such a state as Arkansas in the world, as it is not authoritatively stated by church or council; and tries to persuade me that I have lent six thousand pounds of real money to an imaginary republic. In the mean time, the loss of three hundred a-year is by no means an imaginary evil, and I feel a little sore at both these Oxford humourists for laughing at my misfortunes. However, Swallowlies errs on the right side, and is decidedly the favourite with us all.

You may guess, my dear Charles, how the heart of Major M'Turk jumped for joy when Mount Huxtable proposed a pic-nic at the Holywell tree at the other extremity of the parish; and all the young ladies, without a single exception, determined to be of the party. Fasting, my good friend, has come to an end: there were pies enough made to feed an army; baskets by the dozen were packed up, containing plates, and knives and forks; crates filled with cold fowls and hams, and others loaded with fruit and wine. The Rector had out his old coach, which Chipper managed to decapitate for the occasion, and it did duty (like St Denis) with its head off, as an open barouche. He took some of the Puginstones, and two of the Pulsers; and, to make room for Mrs M'Turk, he, or rather Mrs Smiler, asked the Curate to take Christina beside him on the driving-seat of his phaeton. I got out my old four-wheel, which was certainly not so fashionable-looking as Mount Huxtable's drag, but so commodious that it appears made of India-rubber, and stretches to any extent. Tom Blazer is an ostentatious fool and sports a tandem—that is to say, he puts his own horse and Jones' (one before the other) in his father's high gig, and insists on driving Tindrella Swainlove all about the country. On this occasion she also graced his side; and Jones himself, who is as active as one of the Voltigeurs at Astley's, fixed a board on the hind part of the gig and sat with his back to the horse, smok-

ing cigars and calling it a dog-cart. At last we all got there; and, when the company was assembled, it certainly was a goodly sight to see. The little spring that gives its name to the fine old elm—now, alas! a stump that might pass for Arthur's Table Round—comes welling out from a glorious old rock, which rises suddenly, you remember, from the richest pasture field in yeoman Ruffhead's farm. I never saw the scenery to such advantage: the woods of Kindstone Hill closed in the landscape on the west; and before us, to the south, was spread out the long sunny level of Richland meads, at the farther extremity of which rose the time-honoured ivy-covered ruins of Leeches Abbey. While the servants, who had gone over in a couple of carts, were busy in arranging the repast, we fell off into parties, and, by mere accident, I joined the Blazer girls and Captain Smith, who gathered round the Holywell, and told what little legends they knew of it to Swallowlies and Rowny.

"They thought it was good for epileptic fits," said Araminta, "in the Roman Catholic time. It was blessed by St Toper of Geneva, who was overcome by thirst one morning after spending the night with the monks of Leeches."

"Toper of Geneva?" inquired Captain Smith,—"it's rather a jolly name for a saint; no wonder the old boy felt his coppers hot after a night with the monks."

But the remark was so coldly received that the Captain, who enjoys a great reputation in the Rifles for wit and pleasantry, was for a while struck dumb.

"Who shall tell what may be the efficacy of a good man's blessing," said Mr Swallowlies, dipping his finger reverently in the cow's drinking trough, and touching his forehead. "Do you know, Miss Blazer, if it still retains its virtue?"

"I believe epileptic patients are still brought to the spring," replied Araminta, "and I have heard that the old woman in that little hut on the hill-side has seen several cures."

"I will make her acquaintance this moment," exclaimed Swallowlies. "I think it a privilege to look on a matron who has witnessed so remarkable a

manifestation. Will you go with me, Rowdy?"

"No, I have no great faith in the fountain."

"Why not?"

"Because it is a sufficient effort for the human mind to have faith in one or two points of far greater importance."

"But you needn't make any effort at all. Take it on the assurance of the Church," said Swallowlies persuasively. "We have, indeed, cut ourselves off from a declaration of our belief in the power of saints like the holy Toper; but we can surely entertain the belief, though we are debarred from making public profession of it. And, in fact, any one who believes in miracles at all must equally believe that this spring will cure epileptic fits."

"Exactly as I say," responded Rowdy; "all miracles are equally credible."

"Then come to the old woman," said Swallowlies, taking his arm.

"No," said Mr Rowdy, "I have lately had great doubts as to my own identity, and I am going to try some experiments to see whether I am now the same person I was when I signed the articles, and did duty in my parish."

Mr Swallowlies, however, and the rest of us, with the exception of Captain Smith, walked to old Janet Wheedler's cottage, while Rowdy entered on his course of experimental philosophy. We found her nicely dressed, as if in expectation of our coming; and as the spring, with its capabilities for a pic-nic and its ancient associations, was a source of considerable revenue to her, she evidently was greatly pleased with the number of guests whom she saw approaching her door.

"*Pax vobiscum!*" said Mr Swallowlies, as we entered the cottage. "You reside here in highly favoured ground."

"Yes, indeed, sir," said Janet, "the gentlefolks be very fond of it, and very often come here from all parts about."

"Only the gentlefolks?" inquired her visitor. "I thought I heard that others came to avail themselves of the holy spring."

"Some folks don't believe in it now, sir—more's the pity. It was of great value in the old time."

"Why should it lose its virtue, Mrs Wheedler? If we had still the faith, it would have still the power."

Janet looked towards Mr Swallowlies, to judge whether he was in jest or earnest; but, on catching the face of wonderment with which he gazed at the well, and the unmistakable sincerity with which he spoke, the old woman, who had been a fortune-teller in her youth, involuntarily winked her bleary eye, and curled up the corners of her mouth.

"It ain't quite falled away yet, sir. This here cat as ever you sees—here, Tabby dear, get up and show yourself to the gentles—this here cat, sir, a week ago, was took so ill of the palsy that it shook all over like a leaf. I thought it was going to die; but at last, thinks I, why shouldn't St Toper cure she, as he cures so many as have fits? And so, sir, I goes and fetches a little water, and flings it on Tabby's face, and the moment she felt the water she stops the shaking, and walks about as well as ever."

"Had she had any breakfast that morning?"

"No, sir, fasting from all but air; I gave her nothing from the night before, when she supped on a mouse."

Mr Swallowlies stooped down and laid his hand on the cat, which was purring and rubbing its fur against his leg.

"A strange instance this," he said, "of the efficacy of the ancient faith."

"Do you believe it, sir?" I inquired.

"Why not, sir? I don't attribute this, of course, to the direct operation of St Toper; but it certainly was endowed with this virtue to be evidence of his holy life. A wonderful animal this, Mrs Wheedler,—you would not probably wish to part with it?"

"I have two or three other cats, sir; but I'm very poor, and a little money is more useful to me than old Tabby."

"I'll speak to you in a little on the subject. Meanwhile, have you any other instances of cure?"

"Not to speak of, sir," replied Janet, delighted with the deference she was treated with. "That there

little calf as you sees among the cabbage was born with five legs, and without ever a tail."

"Five legs! bless me!" exclaimed Mr Swallowlies—"how very strange!—it has only four now."

"Ah, sir! that's all owing to the well. I takes it to the spring, and sprinkles the fifth leg three times, and immediately it gives a jerk, and up goes the leg into its body, like the winding up of a jack-chain; and so I goes to work again, and flings a bucketful on its back, and, in a minute or two, out comes a tail,—and there it is, and not a single mark left of where the additional leg had disappeared."

"This is most interesting!" exclaimed Mr Swallowlies. "Have you got the bucket you used in aspersing the calf?"

"There it be, sir," said Janet, pointing to a tub of some size, that was placed upright against the wall.

"A blessed instrument, indeed," said the gentleman, bowing most respectfully, as he sounded with his knuckles on the rim. "I must have some minutes' conversation with you, Mrs Wheedler, for I make a point of never taking any stories, which at first sight appear improbable, without sedulous inquiry and anxious proof."

"I hear the dinner-bell," I said at this moment, for I heard Captain Smith performing the "Roast beef of Old England" on a key-bugle, which was the concerted signal for our assembling where the provender had been spread; and I used a little more vigour than usual in drawing the young ladies away.

"What a splendid specimen of Anglo-Catholic faith is Mr Swallowlies!" exclaimed Araminta in a tone of rapture; "and how free from bigotry in his reverence for a Romish saint like the holy Toper!"

"Hold your silly tongue, this moment!" I exclaimed, getting into a passion—"a fellow that believes in paralytic cats and five-footed calves being cured by such trampary, should leave our church."

"You are so bitter, Mr Buddle, against the Holy Catholic Church, that I wonder you call yourself a Christian at all."

"Where is the Holy Catholic

Church, you little simpleton?" I said, softening a little, for Araminta is a nice little girl.

"At Rome, Charles Fustian told me; and we are but a distant branch of it, bearing very little fruit, and owing that little only to the sap furnished to us by the main old trunk. And Mr Mount Huxtable says the same,—only that our branch bears no fruit, as the continuity was cut off at the deplorable Reformation."

"Charles Fustian! Mr Mount Huxtable!" I cried: "they're laughing at you, my little dear: they are both ministers of our church, and have made numberless protestations against the wickedness and errors of Rome. They are laughing at you,—at least I know Mount Huxtable is, for, to tell you a secret, my dear Araminta, he is placed here for no other purpose but to defend our Protestant Establishment against the Tractarian tendencies of the artists and young ladies of the day."

"Charles Fustian, sir, I beg to tell you, knows too well to presume to laugh at me," said Araminta, tossing her head.

"He ought, my dear," I replied, "for he is a remarkably foolish young man, and hasn't half the sense in his whole head which you have in your little finger."

By this time we had reached the spring; and after placing the girls in the best seats still to be found, I called Dr Smiler aside.

"My dear old friend," I said, "have you made proper inquiry about Mount Huxtable's church principles, before you installed him in full power in the parish?"

"No Tractarian need apply, was in the advertisement," replied the Doctor. "He is a stout opponent of the dissenters; and, besides, my dear Buddle, as you are the oldest friend I have in the parish, I may tell you that on the way here he had a long conversation with Christina, who sat beside him in his phaeton, and among other things he asked her if she thought she could be content with the humble condition of a curate's wife? She said yea, of course,—for she has liked him ever since they met; and he told her he would wait on me to-morrow. I now consider

him my son-in-law. He has great expectations, and has already fourteen hundred a-year."

"I don't like what I hear of his churchmanship," I said. "And as to Swallowlies, I think he is a bigoted fool, and a Papist."

"I don't the least see, Mr Buddle, why a man should be either bigoted or a fool who believes as two-thirds of the Christians throughout the world believe."

So saying, the Doctor turned off in a very dignified manner, and presided over the pigeon-pie.

I confess to you, my dear Charles, this acted like a thunderbolt on me. Rejoiced as I was at Christina's good fortune, in attracting the affection of so amiable and wealthy an admirer as Mount Huxtable, I did not feel altogether comfortable at the effect which this discovery had on the logical powers of my friend the Rector of Yawnham. Because a man admires my daughter, and makes her an offer of marriage, am I to kiss the Pope's toe? I made a determination to inquire into matters more deeply than I had hitherto done, and, with a view to pick up all the information I could, I watched the conversation in silence.

Betsy Blazer sat next Captain Smith of the Rifles, and, in one of the pauses which occasionally occur in the noisiest assemblages, her voice was distinctly heard.

"Do you ever chant when you are all together in barracks, Captain Smith?—it must be delightful."

"Well, I can't deny that there is occasionally chanting after mess," replied the soldier, a little amazed.

"Who is the leader?"

"Why, Jones and I both pretend to some renown."

"Are they Gregorian?"

"I should say Stentorian was a better description, for, between ourselves, Jones, in the Nottingham Ale, might be mistaken for an angry bull."

What the denouement of the conversation was I don't know, for Rowdy's voice rose above the din—

"Faith expires"—he said—"hope grows dim—but ceremony, the last refuge of religion, remains. We lose the trustiness that makes us lay the promises of holy writ to our

hearts,—the childlike simplicity that lifts us into a world where truth erects her palace on gorgeous clouds, which to us take the semblance and solidity of mountains,—we lose the thrill, the dread, the love,—but we can retain the surplice, the albe, and the stole. The cloud that seemed a mountain has disappeared; the confidence that sustained us has gone,—but we can erect churches according to the strictest rules of architecture, cover the table with cloth of gold,—have daily service, have some fixed, irrevocable, eternal rule, and feel ourselves the slaves of hours and postures;—a slavery befitting those who are left to grope in the darkness of their own souls for a belief, and find nothing to support, to bless, or cheer them."

"Do you advocate the externals of devotion, Mr Rowdy, after the reality of religion has left the heart?" I inquired.

"Certainly, sir," he said. "If you waited for the internal religion you talk of, you would never enter a church. And pray, sir, what is internal, and what is external? Your heart is a piece of flesh, your font is a piece of stone; why shouldn't holiness reside in the one as well as in the other?"

"It strikes me, Mr Rowdy, to be rather hypocritical to go through the forms of religion without the spirit," I urged again.

"And what is life but hypocrisy?—your very clothes make you a hypocrite: without them you would resemble a forked radish, but you disfigure yourself in surtout and pantaloons. Go through the ceremonies, sir—the feeling in time will come; dig your trenches deep, and the rain will pour into them and burn the sacrifice of your altar with fire; kneel when you have no devotion, bend yourself to decrees and ordinances when you have no humility and no faith; and, entering on that course with the scoff of Voltaire, you will emerge from it with the sanctity of Vincent de Paul."

"On the contrary, sir, I maintain," said I, "that, if you persist in these miserable bonds of an outward obedience, in the expectation that they will promote your advance in goodness, you bring on yourself the con-

demnation of the Pharisee; you may enter them with the faith of your friend Mr Swallowlies, but you will leave them ere long with the sentiments of the infidel and apostate Strass.

"I call no man an apostate," cried Mr Rowdy, "who traces the operations of his own mind to their legitimate results; I call no man an infidel who believes that he was born, and that he shall die."

"How good! how liberal! how humane!" exclaimed a chorus of sweet voices.

"And what do you say?" I enquired, addressing our new curate.

"For myself," said Mr Mount Huxtable, "I think it sinful in any one to decide on such a subject, unless in the exact words of the church."

"Very good," said the Doctor; "judiciously answered."

"Don't you allow private judgment, sir?" said I.

"No more, sir," he replied, "than I should allow private execution. It is for the church to pass sentence: if any presumptuous individual interferes with her authority, he is as much out of his sphere as if he were to displace Baron Alderson on the bench, go through the mockery of a trial, and condemn an enemy of his own to be hanged."

"Very good, indeed," said the Doctor; "judiciously answered."

"I have often heard your friend, Charles Fustian, say the same," said Araminta.

"Is he a friend of yours, Mount Huxtable?" inquired Dr Smiler, in a very bland tone.

"A most intimate friend, my dear sir," replied Mount Huxtable.

"Dear me!—I thought you told me you didn't know him."

"No, my dear sir, I didn't tell you so: I only gave you to understand that we weren't acquainted."

"That used to be pretty much the same thing," I said, a little chafed with the putting down I had already experienced, "and I suspect you are a great deal more intimate than you were inclined to let us know."

"You have exactly hit upon the reason," he replied. "I was not inclined to let you know; and I have yet to learn that a priest is impera-

tively required to confess to a layman, however inquisitive or ill-mannered he may be."

"Come, my dear Buddle," said the Doctor, "I think you will see that you ought to apologise."

"For what?" I exclaimed.

"For speaking so irreverently to the pastor of the parish," replied Dr Smiler. "You should consider, sir, that Mr Mount Huxtable is your spiritual guide."

"Certainly," said Araminta; and Christina Smiler grew first red and then pale, and looked at me as if I were a heathen.

I sipped a glass in silence; and the altercation had the unpleasant effect of producing an awkward pause.

When the silence had endured for upwards of a minute, it was suddenly broken by Major M'Turk ejaculating, in his most military manner, "Sharpshooters, to the front!" and mechanically Jones and Smith sprang up, and, advancing a few paces, anxiously looked upward in the direction pointed out by the commander's hand. The sight they saw might have shaken less firm nerves than theirs; for, toiling slowly down the hill, from Janet Wheedler's cottage, we perceived a nondescript figure, yet evidently human, more puzzling than the sea-serpent. Some large round substance enveloped its head, and entirely buried the hat and face, and covered the whole of the neck down to the middle buttons of the coat. Tucked under one arm we beheld a cat, secured by a ribbon tied round its neck; and, with a large kitchen poker in the other hand, the advancing stranger drove before him a great awkward calf. When he got a little nearer, we recognised our friend Mr Swallowlies.

"In heaven's name!" exclaimed the Rector, "what have you got there, Mr Swallowlies?"

"It is in heaven's name, indeed," replied Swallowlies, lifting up the large washing-tub which we had seen in Janet's cottage. "These, sir, are holy relics, which I have luckily induced the venerable matron of the hut to part with—partly by prayers and supplications, and partly by payments in money."

The Rector looked astonished, for he had not been of our party; and

Swallowlies, allowing the calf to feed on the grass near the spring, explained his sentiments on the subject of the tub, and related the miraculous history of the animals his companions.

"And how much did you give for the tub, sir?" said Smiler.

"Five pounds procured the inestimable treasure," answered Swallowlies in triumph; "eight pounds procured me the sacred tabby, and twelve guineas the calf. A very few pounds more have obtained for me, if possible, still more precious articles. Look here, sir," he continued, pulling from his coat-pocket an old quarter-boot, with the sole nearly off, and two or three flat-headed nails sticking out from the tattered heel—"this is one of the sandals in which the illustrious Toper used to go his annual pilgrimage to the shrine of St Thomas of Canterbury. This instrument of iron—which, I confess, struck me at first to bear a great resemblance to a poker—was his staff. And this, sir," he said, pulling from his bosom a piece of very old corduroy, mended in several places—"this is the left leg of the pantaloons the saint wore for upwards of forty years, without ever taking them off; for he is recorded never to have changed his raiment but twice, and never to have washed either his face or hands,—such a true Christian soldier was he."

"He was a dirty brute, and no soldier," cried Captain Smith, who was a great martinet in his regiment, "and I would have had him flogged every morning till he learned to be more tidy."

"Sacrilige! horror!" exclaimed Swallowlies, crossing himself in the greatest perturbation, and placing the tub once more on his head, and re-suming his labours in driving the calf onward with his poker.

"Won't you have some pie?" said Dr Smiler.

"No, sir; I am fasting to-day, and

am anxious to place my treasures in security."

"Such faith is highly edifying," said Mount Huxtable, "and unfortunately too uncommon in the present day. Ah! were all men equally pure, and as highly gifted as Swallowlies, the Reformation would soon be blotted out, and our Mother of Rome receive her repentant children."

"How? What did you say, my dear sir?" inquired the Rector. "Are you not a Protestant?"

"Assuredly not, sir. I detest the cold and barren name. It is a mere negation. I want something positive. It is the part of a Christian to believe—certainly not to deny."

"To be sure, Doctor, we are none of us Protestants; we are Anglo-Catholics," said Aramiata, answering for the feminine part of his flock.

"I never viewed it in that light before," said Dr Smiler, looking assuringly at Christina, who seemed greatly alarmed at what her father might do. "Certainly religion is not a mere denial of error; it is far more—an embracing of truth."

"There is no truth omitted in the faith of the Catholic Church," said Mount Huxtable solemnly. "Some are more developed than they were at first; and some, more recently planted, are even now in course of growth, and, before many years elapse, will infallibly spread their branches all over this barren land. But I will call on you to-morrow," he added, with a smile, and a bend of his head towards Christina, which entirely barred up all the arguments that our Protestant champion might have been inclined to advance. And in a short time the picnic came to an end, and we all returned to Yawnham in the order we had come—always excepting Mr Swallowlies, whom we overtook in the first half-mile, still under his umbrageous sombrero, and still gesticulating with the poker to guide his erratic calf.

LETTER FOURTH.

I had not sealed up the letter which I inclose to you herewith, my dear Charles, and fortunately, as it turns out—for I have it now in my power to tell you the conclusion of your machinations in this parish.

Three weeks have elapsed since the expedition to Holywell Tree. My anger, I confess, with Dr Smiler was so hot that I never called at the parsonage; and after the first Sunday I did not even go to church. The com-

munion-table is now surmounted by a gigantic crucifix—a cover of bright velvet, with a golden star in the centre, hangs down to the ground, while a vase of flowers stands on the middle of the table, flanked at each side by immense candlesticks, with a candle of two or three pounds' weight in each. There is a stone credence table, an eagle at one side of the aisle in bronze, and the old recess in the porch is cleared out, and a basin placed in it; but whether for the reception of holy water or charitable pence I did not stop to inquire. There is daily service at ten in the morning. The girls wear a regular uniform, and call themselves Sisters of the Order of St Cecilia, and have appointed Swallowties their father confessor; and once or twice a-week, I believe, he, or Rowdy, or Mount Huxtable, attends in the vestry, and takes the young ladies, one by one, to a solitary conversation, with the door locked. And the best of the affair is, that Tom Blazer and his two military friends are as constant in their attendance as the rest. But, with these exceptions, there is not a man to be seen in the church, either on week-days or Sundays; for I am told that even John Simpkins and Peter Bolt have struck for wages, and won't attend prayers under half-a-crown a-week. So we have begun a subscription in the parish for a district chapel; and in the mean time we stream off by the hundred, either to the church or meeting-houses of the nearest parish. Major M'Turk, I am sorry to say, has had many interviews with the Reverend Mr Rowdy, and has become almost an infidel, with a leaning, if anything, to the religion of the Buddhists in India, who fast, he says, fifty times more, and go through a thousand times more painful penances than either Puseyite or Papist.

This morning I was surprised to see Doctor Smiler coming up my garden walk, as he used to do in the days of our friendship. He looked rather downcast as he drew near the window, where I was busy getting my fishing-flies in order, and coughed once or twice, as if to announce his approach. I pretended not to hear him, and continued absorbed in my lines and feathers; and, instead of

coming in at the open door as he has done for the last twenty years, he actually rang the bell, and old Thomas had to bustle on his coat, and come out of the back-yard to see who was there,—and I thought the old man's tone was a little sharp when he announced Dr Smiler.

"How do you do, Doctor Smiler?" I said very courteously; "have the kindness to be seated."

The Doctor sat down.

"Are you going to the brook to-day?" he inquired.

"Yes; if the wind holds, I shall try it for an hour or two this evening. I hope Mrs Smiler is well."

"She is not well," he said.

"And Christina—Miss Christina?" I added, correcting myself.

"Dying," said the Doctor.

"Christina dying!" I exclaimed, starting up and taking the Doctor's hand; "my dear Smiler, why didn't you tell us?—why didn't you send for us?"

"I was ashamed, and that's the truth," said the Doctor. "Ah! Baddie, you were wiser than I."

"How?—what? Is it that rascal Mount Huxtable?" I inquired.

"No doubt of it," replied Smiler. "He has ruined the happiness of my daughter, turned away the hearts of my parishioners, and made me a laughing-stock to the whole county."

"Is he not going to marry her, then?—did he not call on you after the picnic?"

"No, he didn't call on me; but he consulted Christina's taste in all things—got her to superintend the alterations in the church—the candlesticks and flowers; he even asked her what style of paper she liked for drawing rooms, and the poor girl expected every moment that he would make a formal demand."

"It may come yet," I said, endeavouring to cheer him.

"It can't, my dear friend. I find he is married already."

"The villain!"

"He was an intimate friend of Charles Fustian," continued the Rector, "and by his advice answered my advertisement for an anti-Tractarian curate; by his advice also he concealed the fact of his marriage, and, in the course of less than a month, see what he has done."

"He denied that he knew Charles Fustian."

"I accused him of the duplicity this morning, but he says it was for the good of the flock; and as he is their shepherd for two years, he has a greater interest in them than I."

"And how did he explain his speeches to Christina?"

"General observations," he says; "he wished her opinion on drawing-room papers, and required her assistance in the interior arrangement of his church."

"His church! the puppy! We shall petition the bishop."

"Of no use," said the Rector. "You will perceive, my dear Buddle, that the generality of the bench are either very fond of power, and flattered with Puseyite sycophancy; or anxious to keep pace with the titled aristocracy, and very fond of 'gentility.' Now there is no denying that the Tractarians are more polished men, and, as far as the arts and refinements go, more cultivated men than the labouring clergy generally, and therefore these two things keep them secure from any authoritative condemnation—their truckling to their spiritual superiors, and their standing in society. If Mount Huxtable had been a vulgar fellow, though with the energy and holiness of St Paul,—if he had stood up against his diocesan and vindicated his liberty, either of speech or action, in the slightest degree—we could have hurled him from the parish, probably into gaol, in spite of all the licenses in the world; but I have no hope in this case."

"Then I have," I said, "for, from what you told me of the fellow's hypocrisy, I have no doubt he was the very man who was received, as they call it, into the Romish Church by Bishop Cunningham, three months since."

"It is surely impossible, my dear Buddle; how could he officiate in our church after being a professed papist?"

"Easily, my dear Smiler; it has very often been done, and is frequently

done at this moment. Take that account of the ceremony with you, and tax him with it at once."

The Doctor folded up the paper, and went on,—

"But this is not all. How am I to atone to poor Mrs Blazer, and poor Mrs Swainlove, for what has happened?"

"Why?—what has happened to the old ladies?"

"Jones has eloped with Araminta Blazer; and, in the same post-chaise, Smith has carried off Tindereella Swainlove!"

"Why, they were almost professed unbelievers,—at least not at all Tractarian."

"That doesn't matter. They are off, and what we have now to hope for is—that they will go to Gretna Green. Young Pulser also has kicked Mr Rowdy into the mill-pond, where he was nearly drowned, for something or other he said or did to Priscilla Pulser at confession; and, to complete the catalogue of woes, Mr Swallowlies has been arrested for theft; for it appears that the calf which Janet Wheedler sold him was not her own, but belonged to farmer Ruffhead."

What could I say to comfort the poor old rector under such a tremendous cloud of calamity? The solitary glimpse of satisfaction, I confess, which I individually caught from his narrative was, that Araminta had shown the good taste to leave a friend of mine in the lurch. I will add nothing to this letter, for I am hurrying off to assist the Doctor in comforting his household, and recovering possession of his parish. How we succeed in this, and what steps we take to regain the confidence and affection of the flock, I shall not fail to inform you. Meanwhile, reflect on all that has arisen from your introduction of these foreign mummeries and superstitions into this quiet parish, and "how great effects from little causes spring."—

Yours, &c.

T. BUDDLE.

AUSTRIA AND HUNGARY.

WHEN Jellachich, on the 9th September 1848, passed the Drave, the boundary of Croatia and of Hungary Proper, the war between Austria and Hungary may be said to have commenced. Up to that time the hostilities directed against Hungary had been confined to the attacks of her revolted Slavonic subjects in some parts of Croatia, and in the counties on the Lower Danube. These revolts had been instigated, and the attacks conducted, by officers in the Austrian service, who were countenanced and aided by a party at the court, and who asserted that they acted with the authority and in the interests of the Imperial family. Still the emperor, on the demand of the Hungarian ministry, had disavowed their proceedings. In May, he had publicly degraded Jellachich from all his offices, as a rebel against the Hungarian government. In July, he had formally announced to the diet, through his representative the Archduke Palatine, his determination to maintain the integrity of Hungary, and the laws he had sanctioned in April, and repudiated, as a calumny, the assertion of Jellachich and the other leaders of the revolt, that the emperor, or any other member of the Imperial family, countenanced their proceedings. It is true that Jellachich and another of these leaders had subsequently been received by the emperor, and by several members of the Imperial family, in a manner hardly consistent with their position as rebels; yet it was possible that his majesty might still listen to other counsels—might still resolve to pursue a constitutional course, and to preserve his own faith inviolate. Even so late as the 9th September—the day on which Jellachich passed the Drave—he solemnly renewed his promise to maintain the integrity of Hungary and the laws of April. But upon the 4th September he had reinstated Jellachich in all his offices, civil and military, knowing that he was then at the head of an army on the frontiers of Hungary, preparing to invade that kingdom, and to force the Hungarians to

renounce the concessions made to them in April by their king. It appeared that the Ban had been supplied with money and with arms from Vienna while he was still nominally in disgrace, and he was joined by Austrian regiments, which had marched from Southern Hungary to put themselves under his orders. His advance, therefore, at the head of an army composed of Austrian regiments and Croat forces, was truly an invasion of Hungary by Austria.

The Hungarian forces collected to resist this invasion were still without a commander-in-chief or a staff—without sufficient arms or ammunition, and for the most part without military discipline or organisation. We have already mentioned that, on the restoration of the Ban to his offices and command, the Hungarian ministry resigned; but Mazaros, minister of the war department, Kossuth, minister of finance, and Szemere, minister of the interior, continued provisionally to perform the duties of their offices. Their measures were so energetic, that the Palatine called upon Count Louis Bathyanyi, the head of the late ministry, to form another government. This step was approved at Vienna; and Bathyanyi undertook the duty on the condition that Jellachich should be ordered to retire, and, if he refused, should be proclaimed a traitor. The king required a list of the proposed ministry, which was immediately presented; but a week or more elapsed, during which no answer was received, and during which Jellachich continued to advance towards the capital of Hungary. The Palatine, at the request of the diet, and after the measure had been approved by the king, took command of the Hungarian troops opposed to the Ban, which were then retiring upon Buda. Both parties, the invaders and the invaded, appeared at this time to be countenanced by the Emperor of Austria and King of Hungary; and the diet, while preparing for defence, seems not to have relinquished all hope of a peaceful arrangement. The Archduke Stephen,

after joining the army, and hastily organising it, opened communications with the Ban, and arranged a meeting in boats on the Lake Balaton: but Jellachich did not keep his appointment; and the Archduke Palatine, summoned to Vienna by the emperor, left the army, passed through Pesth on his way to Vienna, and on his arrival there, as we formerly stated, resigned the office of palatine. Shortly afterwards he retired to his private residence on the Rhine.

Count Louis Bathyanyi, whose conditions had not yet been either accepted or rejected, was thus left alone to carry on the whole government; and the diet, for the purposes both of aiding and controlling the administration of the minister, named a committee of their number, called the "Committee of Defence," to assist in conducting the government.

Jellachich had now established himself at Stuhlweissenberg, four or five marches from Pesth; and the government at Vienna appears to have anticipated that Hungary, left without a government, must fall into confusion. But she preserved her loyal and constitutional attitude; and while she was prepared to repel force by force, gave no pretext for employing it. Count L. Bathyanyi was at length informed that his list of the new ministry was not approved; and by an ordinance dated 25th September, General Count Francis Lamberg was appointed to the command of all the troops in Hungary, with power to restore order and to close the diet. The time had arrived which the Hungarians had been most desirous to avert, when they must either surrender their constitutional rights or resist their king.

The murder of Count Lamberg by a frantic mob threw the diet into a state of consternation. The regiment on which it most relied was the regiment of Lamberg, and the Ban was at the gates of Buda. The diet passed resolutions expressing its profound grief at the unhappy fate of the count, and ordered criminal proceedings to be immediately instituted against his murderers. The patriotism of the soldiers was not shaken by the horrible event that had occurred; and they displayed their wonted gallantry on the 29th, when the Ban was repulsed. Im-

mediately after the murder of General Lamberg, Count Louis Bathyanyi resigned. There was now neither palatine nor minister in the kingdom, and the enemy was about to attack the capital. In this emergency the Committee of Defence, at the head of which was Louis Kossuth, took upon itself the direction of affairs; and since that time it has governed Hungary.

After the defeat of Jellachich, while he was on the frontiers of Austria, followed by the Hungarian army, the king named Count Adam Ricsay prime-minister, and by a new ordinance, countersigned Ricsay, the diet was dissolved, its decrees annulled, and Jellachich appointed commander-in-chief of all the troops in Hungary. The civil authorities were suspended, and the country declared in a state of siege. At the same time Jellachich was named royal commissioner, and invested with executive power over the whole kingdom.

From the moment of Jellachich's nomination to the office of Ban of Croatia, without the consent of the responsible Hungarian ministry, his concert with a party hostile to Hungary at the imperial court had not been doubtful; and that party had now prevailed upon the emperor-king to adopt their views. The influence of the Ban was not shaken by his defeat. The court had previously identified itself with his proceedings, and he had faithfully, though not hitherto successfully, espoused its cause. He had declared against the laws of April and the separate ministry in Hungary, which these laws had established, and in favour of a central government at Vienna for the whole dominions of the emperor, which he proposed to force the Hungarians to accept. He was no longer a Croat chief, asserting the national pretensions of his countrymen, but an Austrian general, assailing the constitution and the independence of Hungary. From the position at Raab, on the road to Vienna, to which he had retreated after his reverse, he applied for reinforcements to enable him again to advance towards Pesth. It was the refusal of these reinforcements to march that led to the second revolution at Vienna, which has been attributed to Hungarian agency. It is probable that the Hungarians would

employ all the influence they could command to prevent or impede the march of troops to attack them ; but it is remarkable that the prosecutions of persons engaged in that revolution do not appear to have elicited anything that would justify us in attributing the revolt of the Viennese to the Hungarians. Attempts have also been made to implicate the Hungarians in the atrocious murder of Latour, the minister of war, by the insurgents of Vienna, but we have not been able to trace any foundation for such a charge. The Hungarians were formidable enemies, and to them every atrocity was attributed.

The Emperor of Austria was now at war with Hungary, and his enemies, therefore, became her allies. The revolutionary party at Vienna for a time regained the ascendancy, and signalled it by the crime to which we have referred. After Windischgratz and Jellachich had invested the city, the Viennese applied to the Hungarians for aid ; but their levies and national guards had returned in great numbers to their homes, and their army was not in a condition to make any impression upon that of the emperor. It advanced, and was repulsed. The Austrian government, by allying itself with rebellion and anarchy to subvert the established constitution of Hungary, had driven the Hungarians, in self-defence, into an alliance with the revolutionary party in Vienna against the government.

The error into which it had been led ought now to have been manifest to the Austrian cabinet ; and it was not yet too late to remedy the evil. By returning to the course of legality and good faith, the Imperial government might have disarmed and regained Hungary. If there was in that country, as there no doubt was, a party which was disposed to sympathise with the republicans, and even with the worst of the anarchists in Austria, they were without power or influence, and their evil designs would at once have been frustrated, their opinions repudiated, and the loyalty of the nation confirmed ; but the court had unfortunately placed itself in a position that left it but the choice of abandoning and breaking

faith with the rebels to Hungary, whose eminent services at Vienna it was bound to acknowledge, or of persevering in the breach of faith with Hungary, which his advisers had forced upon the emperor-king. That the Hungarians had been ready to support the cause of monarchy and order, so long as faith had been kept with them, was put beyond all question by the vote of the diet, which, on the motion of the responsible Hungarian ministry formed in April, had placed forty thousand Hungarian troops at the disposal of the emperor, for service in Italy, "to preserve the honour of the Austrian arms," then endangered by the first reverses of Marshal Radetski. The Wessemsberg ministry appears to have contemplated restoring the king of Hungary and his subjects to their legal and constitutional relations, for it issued a circular declaring that the king intended to fulfil the engagements he had entered into in April. But the power of the minister was subordinate to that of a party at the court, whose views were opposed to his own ; and the acts of the government were not such as to restore confidence in its sincerity, at all times a difficult task for a government that has justly forfeited the confidence of a whole nation. Hungary did not dare to suspend her preparations for resistance ; and the second revolution at Vienna, by occupying the troops destined to attack her, gave her time to improve her means of defence.

Had there been at Vienna a government capable of inspiring confidence in its sincerity—a government possessing power or influence enough to carry out conciliatory measures, to fulfil the engagements it might contract—the differences between Austria and Hungary might still have been amicably adjusted, by restoring the constitutional government established in April. All the bloodshed and misery that has ensued, and all the evils that may yet follow from the war, would thus have been averted. But irresponsible advisers had more influence at the court than the ostensible cabinet, and were blindly bent on returning to the irretrievable past. They founded their hopes upon the devotion of that noble army which

had re-established order in Austria, and which, if employed only to maintain order and the just rights of the monarchy, would have encountered no opposition that it could not overcome. Hungary, cordially reunited to Austria under the same sovereign, would again have become, what the Emperor Francis declared it to be, "the chief bulwark of the monarchy;" and the empire would have resumed its position as the guardian of peace and order in Eastern Europe, and a powerful support to the cause of constitutional monarchy and rational liberty everywhere.

Unhappily for the Austrian empire, for Europe, and for "the good cause," evil counsels prevailed, and Hungary was again invaded. Many of the leading magnates adhered to the court, at which they had spent their lives, and which was in fact their home. But there was hardly a great family of which some wealthy and influential members did not declare for their native country. A great majority of the resident aristocracy—the numerous class of resident country gentlemen, almost without exception—the body of inferior nobles or freeholders—the peasant-proprietors and the labouring population, espoused the cause of Hungary. The Protestant clergy in the Magyar country, to a man, and the Roman Catholic clergy of Hungary in a body, urged their flocks to be patient and orderly, to obey the government charged with the defence of the country, and to be faithful and valiant in defending it.

The attacks of Jellachich, and of that portion of the Croats and Serbes which had declared against Hungary, had failed to bring about the submission of the diet, and had produced an alliance, dangerous to the court, between its enemies in the Hereditary States and the Hungarians, with whom it was now at war. The national assembly or congress that met at Vienna was tainted with republican notions, and divided into factions, influenced for the most part by feelings of race. German unity, Slave ascendancy, and Polish regeneration, were the ultimate objects of many of those who talked of liberty, equality, and fraternity. The discussion of the constitution revealed the discord

in their opinions, and they seemed to agree in nothing but the determination to overturn the ancient system of the empire.

Wearied by contentions, in which his character and feelings unfitted him to take a part; distracted by diverse counsels; involved by a series of intrigues, from which he could not escape, in conflicting engagements; dreading the new order of things, and diffident of his own ability to perform the duties it demanded of him, the Emperor Ferdinand abdicated; and by a family arrangement the crown of Austria was transferred, not to the next heir, but to the second in succession. The crown of Hungary, as we formerly stated, had been settled by statute on the heirs of the House of Hapsburg; but no provision had been made for the case which had now arisen. The Hungarians held that their king had no power to abdicate; that so long as he lived he must continue to be their king; that if he became incapable of performing the regal functions, the laws had reserved to the diet the power to provide for their due performance; that the crown of Hungary was settled by statute on the heirs of the House of Hapsburg, and the Emperor Francis Joseph was not the heir. The laws of Hungary required that her king should be legitimately crowned according to the ancient customs of the kingdom, and should take the coronation oath before he could exercise his rights or authority as sovereign. If he claimed the crown of Hungary as his legal right, he was bound to abide by the laws on which that right was founded. But these laws required that he should be crowned according to the customs of Hungary, and that he should bind himself by a solemn oath to maintain the constitution and the laws, including those passed in March, sanctioned and put into operation in April 1848. In short, that he should concede what Hungary was contending for.

The abdication of the Emperor Ferdinand, and the accession to the Imperial throne of his youthful successor, presented another opportunity of which the Austrian government might have gracefully availed itself, to terminate the differences with

Hungary. The young emperor was fettered by no engagements, involved in none of the intrigues that entangled his unwary predecessor, and entailed so great evils upon the country. He was free to take a constitutional course in Hungary, to confirm the concessions which had been voluntarily made, and which could not now be recalled—to restore to the Imperial government a character for good faith; and thus to have won the hearts of the Hungarians. Supported by their loyal attachment to their king, he might have peacefully worked out the reforms in the government of his empire which the times and the circumstances demanded or justified. But Count Stadion, the real head of the new ministry, though possessed of many eminent qualities as a statesman, was deeply imbued with the old longing after unity in the system of government: he hoped to effect, by means of a constitution devised and framed for that purpose, the amalgamation of the different parts of the empire, which abler men had failed to accomplish under an absolute monarchy, in circumstances more favourable to success. The opposition that was inevitable in Hungary he proposed to overcome by force of arms; and, at a moment when a desire for separate nationality was the predominant feeling in the minds of all the different races in the empire, he had the hardihood to imagine that he could frame a constitution capable of overcoming this desire, and of fusing them all into one. It was considered an advantage that the emperor, unfettered by personal engagements to Hungary, was free to prosecute its subjugation, to subvert its constitution, and to force the Hungarians to accept in its place the constitution of Count Stadion, with seats in the Assembly at Vienna for their representatives, under one central government for the united empire. This may have been a desirable result to obtain; it might, if attainable, have been ultimately conducive to the strength of the empire and the welfare of all classes; but it was not to claim the hereditary succession to a throne secured and guarded by statutes—it was rather to undertake the conquest of a kingdom.

Windischgratz and Jellachich occupied Pesth without opposition, set aside the constituted authorities, and governed the country, as far as their army extended, by martial law. The Committee of Defence retired beyond the Theis to Debreczin, in the heart of the Majjar country, and appealed to the patriotism of the Hungarians. The army was rapidly recruited, and was organised in the field, for the campaign may be said to have endured throughout the whole winter. From time to time it was announced from Vienna that the war was about to be terminated by the advance of the imperial army, and the dispersion or destruction of *Kossuth's faction*. The flight of Kossuth, and his capture as a fugitive in disguise, were reported and believed. The delay in the advance of the imperial army was attributed to the rigour of the season and the state of the roads; and, when these impediments no longer existed, to the incapacity of Windischgratz, who was roughly handled by the government press of Vienna. The true cause was carefully concealed. The resistance was not that of a faction, but of a nation. That fact has been fully established by the events in this unfortunate, unnecessary, and unnatural war.

The Austrian armies employed in Hungary have probably exceeded one hundred and fifty thousand regular troops, aided by irregular bands of Croats and Serbes, and latterly by a Russian corps of ten thousand men. They established themselves both in Transylvania and in Hungary, and were in possession of the whole of the fertile country from the frontiers of Austria to the Theis, which flows through the centre of the kingdom. From Transylvania, both the Austrian and the Russian forces have been driven into Wallachia. From the line of the Theis the imperial army has been forced across the Danube, on which they were unable to maintain their positions. The sieges of Komorn and Peterwardein, the two great fortresses on the Danube, of which the capture or surrender has so often been announced, have been raised; and the question is no longer whether Debreczin is to be occupied by the Emperor's forces, but whether Vienna

is safe from the Hungarians. Opposed to the admirable army of Austria, these results could not have been obtained unless the great body of the nation had been cordially united, nor even then, unless by a people of great energy, courage, and intelligence.

Had the government of Austria known how to win the hearts of the Hungarians for their sovereign—had they but preserved the good faith and the sanctity of the monarchy in Hungary, how secure and imposing might the position of the Emperor have now been, in the midst of all the troubles in Germany! Hungary desired no revolution; she had peacefully obtained, by constitutional means, all she desired. Her revolution had been effected centuries ago; and, with indigenous institutions, to which her people were warmly attached, she would have maintained, as she did maintain, her internal tranquillity and her constitutional monarchy, whatever storms might rage around her.

The resources that Hungary has put forth in this contest have surprised Europe, because Europe had not taken the trouble to calculate the strength and the resources of Hungary. With a compact territory, equal in extent to Great Britain and Ireland, or to Prussia, and the most defensible frontier of any kingdom on the continent of Europe; with a population nearly equal to that of England, and not much inferior to that of Prussia;* with a climate equal to that of France, and soil of greater natural fertility than any of these; with a representative government long established, and free indigenous institutions, which the people venerate; with a brave, energetic, and patriotic population, predisposed to military pursuits, jealous of their national independence, and of their personal liberty—ambitious of military renown, proud of their traditional prowess, and impressed with an idea of their own superiority to the surrounding populations—Hungary, as all who know the country and the people were aware, would be found a

formidable antagonist by any power that might attack her. But, paradoxical and incredible as it may appear, we believe it is not the less true, that, little as Hungary was known in most of the countries of Europe, there was hardly a capital, in that quarter of the globe, where more erroneous notions regarding it prevailed than in Vienna. In other places there was ignorance; in the capital of Austria there was the most absurd misapprehension. Though generally a calm, sensible man, possessing a considerable amount of general information, an Austrian, even after he has travelled, appears to be peculiarly incapable of understanding a national character different from his own: this is true even in respect to other Germans; and neither the proximity of the countries, nor the frequent intercourse of their inhabitants, seems to have enabled him to form any reasonable estimate of the Hungarian character or institutions. We might adduce curious evidence of this ignorance, even in persons of distinction; but we shall content ourselves with quoting Mr Paget's observations on the subject, in June 1835:—

“The reader would certainly laugh, as I have often done since, did I tell him one half of the foolish tales the good Viennese told us of the country we were about to visit—no roads! no inns! no police! We must sleep on the ground, eat where we could, and be ready to defend our purses and our lives at every moment. In full credence of these reports, we provided ourselves most plentifully with arms, which were carefully loaded, and placed ready for immediate use.

It may, however, ease the reader's mind to know, that no occasion to shoot anything more formidable than a partridge or a hare presented itself, and that we finished our journey with the full conviction, that travelling in Hungary was just as safe as travelling in England.

“Why, or wherefore, I know not, but nothing can exceed the horror with which a true Austrian regards both Hungary and its inhabitants. I have sometimes suspected that the bugbear with which a Vienna mother frightens her squaller to sleep must be an Hungarian bugbear;

* The extent of Hungary, including Transylvania, is above 125,000 square miles; that of Great Britain and Ireland is 122,000, and that of Prussia about 116,000. The population of Hungary, according to the best authorities, is nearly fourteen millions; that of England (in 1841) was nearly fifteen millions; that of Prussia about sixteen millions.

for in no other way can I account for the inbred and absurd fear which they entertain for such near neighbours. It is true, the Hungarians do sometimes talk about liberty, constitutional rights, and other such terrible things, to which no well-disposed ears should be open, and to which the ears of the Viennese are religiously closed."

There were, no doubt, elements of discord in Hungary, of which Austria, on former occasions as well as now, took advantage; but their value to her in the present war has been greatly overrated. The population of the kingdom, like that of the empire, is composed of various races, amongst which there are differences of language, religion, customs, and sentiments. Of the 14,000,000 of people who inhabit Hungary, not more than 5,000,000 are Majjars, about 1,262,000 are Germans, 2,311,000 Wallacks, and, of the remaining 5,400,000, nine-tenths or more are Slaves. The Slaves are therefore as numerous as the Majjars; and, although these races had at all times combined against foreign enemies, it was probable that they would not unite in a domestic quarrel, as that with Austria might be considered. When a great part of the colonists of the military frontier, chiefly Croats and Serbes, took part against the government of Hungary, and asserted a Slave nationality as opposed to the Hungarian nationality, it was too hastily assumed, by persons imperfectly informed, that the whole Slavonic population, equalling the Majjars in number, would be available to Austria in the war. But the Slaves of Hungary are a disunited race, divided into nine different tribes, the greater part of which have nothing in common except their origin. Most of these tribes speak languages or dialects which are mutually unintelligible; and the Slaves of different tribes are sometimes obliged to use the Majjar tongue as their only means of communication. Some belong to the Roman Catholic Church, some to the Greek; others are Protestants—Lutheran or Calvinist: and some, while they have submitted to the see of Rome, retain many of their Greek forms and services, adhere to the Greek calendar, and constitute a distinct

communion. The Slovacks of Northern Hungary, numbering 1,600,000, are partly Roman Catholics, partly Protestants—and have no intercourse or community of language or feeling with the Slaves of Southern and Western Hungary, from whom they are separated by the intervention of the Majjar country. The Ruthenes, also in Northern Hungary, are distinct from the Slovacks, occupy a different portion of the slopes and spurs of the Carpathians, and have no connexion with the Slaves on the right bank of the Danube, from whom they are separated by the whole breadth of Hungary and Transylvania at that point—they amount to about 400,000. The Croats, not quite 900,000 in number, are partly Roman Catholics and partly belong to the Greek Church. When religious toleration was established in Hungary, they exercised the power enjoyed by the provincial assembly to exclude Protestants from the country. The Shocks of Slavonia Proper, and the Rasciens of that province and of the Banat, amounting respectively to above 800,000, and nearly half a million, are tribes of the Serbe stock, of whom the greater part adhere to the Greek Church, and whose language is different from that of the Croats, the Slovacks, and the Ruthenes. The Bulgarians, about 12,000, the Montenegrins, about 2000, and the Wends from Styria, about 50,000, are small distinct tribes, speaking different languages, and divided by religious differences. But the whole of these Slavonic tribes have this in common, that they are all animated by a feeling of hatred to the German race; and more than half of the Slave population of Hungary has joined the Hungarians against Austria.

There was also a belief that the Hungarians had oppressed the Slaves, and that the whole Slave race would therefore combine to put down their oppressors. This was another misapprehension. Great efforts have been made by some of their poets and their journalists to persuade the Slaves that they were oppressed; and the Croat newspapers and pamphlets of M. Gay, and the Austrian journals, have circulated this belief over Ger-

many, whence it was disseminated over Europe; but there seems to have been no foundation for the charge. The Slaves enjoyed the same rights and privileges as the Hungarians; they were protected by the same laws; they have shared equally with the Hungarians in all the concessions obtained by the Diet of Hungary, to which the Slaves sent their own representatives, from the sovereign; they bore less than their due proportion of the public burdens, and they were left in the enjoyment of their own internal and municipal administration. Croatia, where the movement in favour of what was called Illyrian nationality originated fifteen or sixteen years ago, and where it was fostered, curiously enough, by the patronage of two imperial governments—Croatia does not appear to have any reason to complain of Hungarian oppression. The Croats had their own provincial assembly or diet, which regulated the internal affairs of the province, their own county assemblies, their own Ban or governor, they elected their own county and municipal officers; a great part of the province was organised as a part of the military frontier, and was therefore removed from the control of the Hungarian Diet, and brought more directly under the authorities at Vienna. The only specific charge, so far as we have been able to discover, that they brought against the Hungarians was, that the Majjars desired to impose their language upon the Croats. The history of the matter is this,—Latin had been the language of public business, of debates, and of the decisions of courts of law in Hungary, till the attempt of Joseph II. to substitute the German excited a strong national movement in favour of the Majjar. From 1790 this movement has been persevered in with the greatest steadiness; and in 1860 an act was passed by the Diet, and sanctioned by the king, which decreed that, after the 1st of January 1844, no one could be named to any public office who did not know the Majjar. This completed the series of measures which substituted that language for the Latin, a language unintelligible to the great body of the people. If a living was to be substituted for a dead

language, no other than the Majjar could well be selected. Besides being greatly more numerous than any other tribe speaking one language, the Majjars were the wealthiest, the most intelligent and influential; and their language was spoken not only by their own race, but by a large proportion of the other inhabitants of the country—probably by six or seven times as many persons as used any other Hungarian dialect. The Croats, whose language was not that of any other tribe, could not expect it to be chosen, and all that was required of them was to employ the Majjar where they had hitherto employed the Latin language, and nowhere else. The county of Agram, the most important and populous of the three counties of Croatia, repudiated the notion of a separate Illyrian nationality, of which, however, the county town was the centre; and clung to Hungary as the safeguard of its liberty. The truth is that the Croats, of whose hostility to the Hungarians we have heard so much, are nearly equally divided between Hungary and Austria; and, but for the military organisation which places so large a portion of that people at the disposal of Austria—and that the most formidable portion—the agitators for Illyrian nationality would probably have been put down by their own countrymen. The Slovacks, a people of Bohemian origin, refugees from religious persecution, have joined the Hungarians. A great part of the people of Slavonia Proper have refused to take part against Hungary. The tribes that have engaged most extensively and violently in hostilities against the Hungarians have been the people of Servian race, and of the Greek church, in the counties of the Lower Danube, and in Croatia. Amongst the Hungarian Slaves of the Greek church, it is well known that foreign influence has long been at work, for which the Greek priesthood are ready instruments. The hopes of these tribes have been turned towards the head of their church, and the sympathies of thirty millions of Eastern Slaves who belong to the same church.

Though feelings of nationality and of race have been developed in Hungary, as elsewhere, to an extent

hitherto unexampled, they have there to contend with the craving for liberty, which has at the same time acquired intensity, and which amongst the Slaves has been fostered and inflamed by the efforts of those who, for the purpose of exciting them against the Magjars, would persuade them that they were the victims of oppression. The more intelligent and influential are now convinced, that it is to Hungary—to which they owe the liberty they enjoy—and not to anarchy, or to Austria, against the attacks of whose government Hungary has so long defended their freedom and her own, that they must look for advancement.

The relative positions of the peasants and the nobles, and the antagonism of these classes, enabled Austria to exercise great influence and even power in Hungary. The peasant population, amounting to three millions or more, now emancipated from their disabilities and exclusive or disproportionate burdens, and raised to the rank and wealth of freeholders and proprietors, by the liberality of the nobles, have an equal interest with them in defending the institutions to which they owe their elevation.

The elements of discord, although they were such as enabled agitators to raise a part of the Slaves against the Hungarians, when it was resolved to retract the concessions that had been made to them, would hardly have been found available for that purpose, had not the instigators of the revolt acted in the name of the King of Hungary, and of more than one imperial government; nor even then, perhaps, had they not been enabled to dispose of the resources of the military frontier. Now that the Hungarians have obtained important successes, it is probable that the Slaves will all join them. The movement of these tribes against the Hungarians, which was caused by other influences in addition to that of Austria, has thus tended to lead the imperial government into hostility with Hungary, without contributing much to its strength.

When the Austrian government resolved to subjugate Hungary, it was presumed that they undertook the conquest of that country relying on

their own resources. But the success of the enterprise was so doubtful, and a failure so hazardous to the empire, that we never could believe it possible that it had been undertaken without an assurance of support. It is true that the imperial government might at that time have expected an adjustment of their differences with Sardinia; but Venice still held out, peace with Sardinia had not been concluded, the state of Italy was daily becoming more alarming, and the Austrian cabinet knew that they could maintain their hold of Lombardy, and reduce Venice, only by means of a powerful army. They were aware that the condition of Galicia, and even of Bohemia, was precarious, and that neither could safely be denuded of troops. The state of affairs in Germany was not such as to give them confidence, still less to promise them support; and the attitude they assumed towards the assembly at Frankfort, though not unworthy of the ancient dignity of Austria, was not calculated to diminish her anxiety. Even in the Hereditary States all was not secure. They were aware that old sentiments and feelings had been shaken and disturbed; that, although order had for the time been restored, by the fidelity and courage of the army, men's minds were still unsettled; and that, both in the capital and in the provinces, there were factions whose sympathies were not with the imperial government, and which, in case of disasters, might again become formidable. The capital alone required a garrison of twenty thousand men, to keep it in subjection—to preserve its tranquillity. Putting aside, therefore, every consideration as to the justice of the war, and looking merely to its probable consequences, it is obvious that, without such a preponderance of power and resources as would not only insure success, but insure it at once—by one effort—it would have been madness in Austria, for the purpose of forcing her constitution upon the Hungarians, to engage in a contest in which she staked her power—her existence—and which could not fail to be dangerous to her if it became protracted.

Let us then examine the resources of both parties, and see what was the preponderance on the side of Austria,

which would justify her in undertaking so hazardous an enterprise, on the supposition that she relied solely on her own resources.

The Austrian empire contains a population of 36,000,000; of these about 7,000,000 are Germans—about 15,500,000 are Slavics,—nearly 8,000,000 are of Italian and Dacian races, and about 5,600,000 of Asiatic races, including 5,000,000 of Majjars. If from these 36,000,000 we deduct the population of Hungary, 14,000,000, of Lombardy and Venice, 4,876,000—or, together, nearly 19,000,000, hostile to Austria—and the population of Galicia, 4,980,000, which did not contribute to her strength, to say nothing of Bohemia or Vienna, or Crakow, there will remain to Austria, to carry on the war, only 12,144,000. But, as probably two millions of the Slavics and other tribes of Hungary, including the military frontier, may have been reckoned as on her side, that number may be deducted from Hungary and added to Austria. There will then remain to Hungary a population of 12,000,000, concentrated in their own country for its defence, and to Austria about 14,000,000, whose military resources must be distributed over her whole dominions—from the frontiers of Russia to those of Sardinia, from the frontiers of Prussia to the confines of Turkey—to re-establish her authority in Lombardy, to reduce Venice to submission, to hold the Sardinians and the Italian republicans in check, to control and overawe Galicia and Crakow, to garrison Vienna and maintain tranquillity at home, and, finally, to conquer 12,000,000 of Hungarians. It is true she had a noble army, and Hungary then had almost none, except such levies as she had hastily raised, and which were as yet without skilful commanders. But Austria knew by experience the difficulties and hazards of a war in Hungary. Her government must have known the resources of the country, the courage and patriotism of its inhabitants, and the success that had attended their resistance to her forces on more than one former occasion. Surrounded by difficulties at home, in Italy, and in Germany, with full one half of the population of the empire

hostile to the government, she was undertaking an enterprise which her forces, in circumstances far more favourable to success, had repeatedly failed to accomplish.

Reviewing the whole of these considerations, therefore, we hold it to be quite incredible that the Austrian government, having the alternative of restoring peace, by permitting the King of Hungary to fulfil his engagements to his subjects, could have preferred a war for the subjugation of Hungary, if she had relied solely on her own resources, or followed only her own impulses and the dictates of her own interest. We cannot doubt that she was assured of foreign aid—that her resolution to make war upon Hungary, rather than keep faith with her, was adopted in concert with the power by which that aid was to be furnished. If this inference be just, we may find in that concert a reason for the extraordinary accumulation of Russian troops in Wallachia and Moldavia, which appeared to threaten the Ottoman Porte, but which also threatened Hungary, where the only corps that has been actively employed found occupation. The feeling of Germany made it unsafe to bring Russian troops into Austria; but the massing of Russian troops in the Danubian principalities of Turkey excited no jealousy in Germany. Austria, too, shrinking instinctively from the perils of Russian intervention, while in reliance on that support she pursued a bold and hazardous policy, with a confidence which otherwise would have been unintelligible and misplaced, hoped perhaps to escape the danger of having recourse to the aid on which she relied.

Having employed all her disposable means in the war, Austria now maintains it at a disadvantage, for her own defence. Her armies have been defeated, her resources exhausted or crippled, her capital is in danger, and she must either concede the demands of the Hungarians, or call in the armies of Russia to protect her government and enforce her policy. What the demands of the Hungarians may now be, we know not; but if they have wisdom equal to the courage and energy they have displayed, they will be contented with the restitution of

their legal rights, which Austria may grant without dishonour, because in honour and good faith they ought never to have been rejected. If they are wise as they are brave, the Hungarians will seek to restore unity and peace to the empire with which their lot has been cast—whose weakness cannot be their strength—whose independence is necessary to their own security. That the intervention of Russia would be fatal to the Austrian empire, to its dignity, its power, its capacity to fulfil the conditions of its existence as a great independent state—the guardian of eastern Europe—is, we think, unquestionable. Attributing no interested design to Russia—assuming that she desires nothing so much as the strength and stability of the Austrian empire—we cannot doubt that the re-establishment and maintenance of the imperial government's authority by the military force of Russia, were it the best government that ever existed, would desecrate, in the heart of every German, the throne of the Kaiser, and cover it with dust and ashes. In a contest between the Russians and the Hungarians, the sympathy of all Germany, of all western Europe, would be with the Majjars. Half the Emperor of Austria's own heart would be on the side of the loyal nation to which his house owes so large a debt of gratitude; who, he must be aware, have been alienated only by the errors and the injustice of his advisers, and who, if they are sacrificed, will not, and cannot be sacrificed to his interests. Hungary was perfectly satisfied with her constitution and her government, as established by the laws of April 1848. She was loyal to her king, and careful of the honour of Austria, which she sent her best troops to defend in another country; her crimes have been her attachment to established institutions, and the courage and patriotism with which she has defended them. This is not the spirit which it can ever be the interest of a sovereign to extinguish in *his own* subjects. The desire to overturn established institutions is the very evil which the Emperors of Austria and Russia profess to combat, and their first efforts are to be directed against the only Christian nation between the frontiers of Belgium and Russia—between

Denmark and Malta, which was satisfied with its institutions and government, and determined to maintain them.

If Russia engages seriously in the war, she will put forth her whole strength, and Hungary may probably be overpowered; but can she forget her wrongs or her successes?—will she ever again give her affection to the man who, claiming her crown as his hereditary right, has crushed her under the foot of a foreign enemy? If anything can extinguish loyalty in the heart of a Hungarian, the attempt of the Emperor to put the Muscovite's foot upon his neck will accomplish it. We can imagine no degradation more deeply revolting to the proud Majjar, or more likely to make him sum up all reasoning upon the subject with the desperate resolution to sell his life as dearly as he can. There is therefore much reason to fear lest a people, who but a few weeks ago were certainly as firmly attached to monarchy as any people in Europe, not excepting either the Spaniards or ourselves, should be driven by the course Austria has pursued, and especially by the intervention of Russia, to renounce their loyalty and consort with the enemies of monarchy. Their struggle is now for life or death—it ceases to be a domestic quarrel from the moment Russia engages in it; and Hungary must seek such support as she can find. Austria has done everything she could to convert the quarrel into a war of opinion, by representing it and treating it as such; and now that she has brought to her aid the great exemplar and champion of absolute monarchy, it is not impossible that she may succeed.

Russia comes forward to re-establish by force of arms the authority of a government which has been unable to protect itself against its own subjects; and, when re-established, she will have to maintain it. How long this military protection is to endure, after all armed opposition is put down, no man can pretend to foretell. It must depend upon events which are beyond the reach of human foresight. But a government dependent for its authority on foreign power, must, in every term, cease to be an in-

government. Is it under Russian protection that Austria is to preserve Lombardy, or to maintain her influence in Germany? Would the Slavonic population of Austria continue to respect a German government protected by a nation of Slaves—would they not rather feel that the real power was that of their own race? Would the Austrians forget the humiliation of Russian protection, or forgive the government that had sacrificed their independence? Dependent upon Russian protection, the Austrian government could no longer give security to Turkey, or counterbalance the weight with which the power of Russia, whatever may be the moderation of the reigning emperor, must continue to press upon the frontiers of weaker countries. In such a state of things, the relations of Austria to the rest of Europe would be changed—reversed. Instead of being the bulwark of Germany and the safeguard of Turkey against Russia, she would become the advanced post of Russia against both. Is it to bring her to this condition that she has allowed herself to be involved in the war with Hungary? Is it to arrive at this result that she will consent to prolong it?

Of the effect, in Germany, of the Russian intervention in Austria, it is almost superfluous to speak. The advance of Russian armies, simultaneously with the dissolution of more than one refractory assembly, has raised in the minds of men, already in a state of furious excitement, a suspicion that these events are not unconnected, and that the Emperor of Austria is not the only German sovereign who is in league with the Czar! The time has arrived when the question must be determined whether order or anarchy is to prevail; and we have no doubt that, in Germany as in France, the friends of order will speedily gain a complete ascendancy—if there be no foreign, and above all, no Russian intervention. But to very many of the patriotic friends of order in Germany, Russian intervention in her affairs, or an appearance of concert between their own government and Russia for the purpose of influencing German interests, and suppressing German feelings, would

be intolerable. There is reason to apprehend that a great body of true-hearted Germans, especially in the middle classes—whose power must, after all, decide the contest, and who desire social order and security under a constitutional monarchy—may fancy they see in the advance of Russian forces, at a moment when the sovereigns, supported by their armies, are making a stand against popular tyranny, cause to fear that even their constitutional freedom is in danger. We are satisfied that there are no reasonable grounds for such fears—that the other governments of Germany are too wise to follow the example of Austria in her conduct towards Hungary; but that example cannot fail to produce distrust in many minds already disposed to it; and popular movements are more influenced by passion than by reason.

It is impossible not to feel that Russia is about to occupy a new position in Europe, which, if no event occurs to obstruct her in her course, must greatly increase her influence and her power for good or for evil. She is to be the protector of Austria, not against foreign enemies, but against one of the nations of which that empire is composed. She is to re-establish and maintain, by military force, a government which has been unable to maintain itself against its internal enemies—a government which a nation of fourteen millions of people has rejected, fought, and beaten. A great power cannot interfere in the internal affairs of another state, to the extent of maintaining it there by force of arms, a government incapable of maintaining itself against the nation, without getting involved in the relations of the government which upholds, to an amount of which it is impossible to fix or to predict the limits, but of which the tendency has ever been, and must ever be, progressively to increase the power of the protecting over the protected government; and the single fact that the interests of Austria were in this manner inseparably bound up, for a time of indefinite duration, with those of Russia, would give to the great northern power a preponderance, both in Europe and in Asia, such as no hereditary monarchy has possessed in modern times.

With 150,000 or 180,000 men in Hungary, Wallachia, and Moldavia, the Russian armies would encircle the frontiers of Turkey, from the shores of the Adriatic to the frontiers of Persia. With a government in Austria dependent upon the support of those armies, the power that has hitherto been the chief security of Turkey against the military superiority of Russia, would be at the command of the court of St Petersburg. The Slavonic tribes, which form the chief part of the Turkish population in Europe, seeing themselves enveloped by the armies of Russia, guiding and controlling the power of Austria, in addition to her own, must be thoroughly demoralised, even if Russia should abstain from all attempts to debauch them. They will feel that they have no course left but to court her, to look to her whose force is visibly developed before them, is in contact with them, surrounds them, and appears to be irresistible everywhere. They will find in the unity of race an inducement to adhere to the rising destinies of the great Slavonic empire—their instincts will teach them to abandon, in time, the fabric that is about to fall.

Forced to involve herself in all the relations of the government she upholds, Russia will come into immediate contact with the minor German monarchies, whose governments may also stand in need of protection. There is no one kingdom in Germany that could then pretend to counterbalance her power, or to resist her policy. The same interests would carry her influence, and it may be her arms, inevitably. It will no longer be necessary to negotiate the passage of the Dardanelles by her fleet—the road will be open to her troops, and the passage of her fleet will no longer be opposed.

We have not attributed to the Emperor Nicholas, or to Russia, any ambitious ulterior views in affording assistance to Austria—we have supposed him to be influenced only by the most generous feelings towards a brother emperor. But, to suppose that he had no desire to extend his own or his country's influence and power—that he will not take advantage of favourable circumstances to extend them—would be absurd; and

were he to set out with the firmest resolution to avoid such a result, the course on which he is now said to have entered, if he conducts it to a successful issue, must, in spite of himself, lead to that result. It is no answer, therefore, to say that the Emperor of Russia does not desire to extend his territory; that he has abstained with singular moderation from interfering in the affairs of Europe, while every capital was in tumult, and every country divided against itself. Giving him credit for every quality that can adorn the loftiest throne, the consequences of his present policy, if it be successfully carried out, are equally inevitable.

We must remember, on the other hand, that after all, the Emperor of Russia is but a man—but one man, in an empire containing above sixty millions of people. He is the greatest, no doubt, the most powerful, perhaps the ablest and wisest—the presiding and the guiding mind, with authority apparently absolute—but they little know the details of an autocratic government, who suppose that he is uninfluenced by the will of the nation, or has power to follow out his own intentions. He must see with other men's eyes, he must hear with other men's ears, he must speak with the tongues of other men. How much of what is said and done in his name, in his vast empire, and in every foreign country, is it possible that he can ever know? How much of his general policy must, from time to time, be directed by events prepared or consummated in furtherance of their own views, by his servants, and without his knowledge! How often must he be guided by the form in which facts are placed before him, and by the views of those who furnish them! It is important, therefore, to inquire what are the feelings and opinions, not of the Emperor only, but of his servants and guides—of the men who pioneer for him, and prepare the roads on which per force he must travel.

Shortly after the French revolution of February 1848, a Russian diplomatic memoir was handed about with an air of mystery in certain circles in Paris. M. de Bourgoing, formerly French minister at St Petersburg, and author of a recent work, entitled, *Les guerres d'idéisme et de nationalité*,

has published a commentary upon the Russian memoir, which he tells us was prepared by one of the ablest and best-informed employés in the Russian Chancellerie, after the events of February. He further informs us that it was presented to the Emperor of Russia, and, with the tacit consent of the Russian government, was sent to be printed in a German capital, (the impression being limited to twelve copies,) under the title of "*Politique et moyens d'action de la Russie impartialement appréciée.*" The object of M. Bourgoing's commentary, as well as of his previous publication, appears to be to remove exaggerated apprehensions of the aggressive power and tendencies of Russia, and the fears of a general war in Europe, which her anticipated intervention in Austria, and the occupation in force of Wallachia and Moldavia by her troops, had excited in France. His fundamental position appears to be, that the wars of 1848 and 1849 are essentially wars of language and race; that France has therefore nothing to fear from them; and that Russia has neither a sufficient disposable force, nor the slightest desire to interfere, in a manner injurious to France, in the affairs of Western Europe. With this view he combats, with a gentle opposition, the reasoning of the Russian memoir, which he represents as "une déclaration où l'on est autorisé à voir une espèce de manifeste envoyé sans éclat par la Russie à ce qu'elle intitule la révolution." From the tendencies of M. Bourgoing's writings, which occasionally peep out somewhat thinly clothed, though they are generally well wrapped up, we should infer that the "ancien ministre de France en Russie" does not consider his connexion with the court of St Petersburg as finally terminated; and we do not doubt that he has good warrant for all he says of the history of this memoir.

But, whether or not we may be disposed to assign to it a character of so much authority as M. Bourgoing attributes to that document, we cannot but regard it as a curious illustration of the kind of memoirs that Russian diplomatists, "les plus habils et les plus instruits," present to the Emperor, and that the Russian government "tacitly consents" to have trans-

mitted to a German capital to be printed "sur-le-champ."

The Russian memoir commences with the following general proposition,—

"Pour comprendre de quoi il s'agit dans la crise extrême où l'Europe vient d'entrer, voici ce qu'il faudrait se dire : Depuis longtemps il n'y a plus en Europe que deux puissances réelles, la Révolution et la Russie. Ces deux puissances sont maintenant en présence, et demain peut-être elles seront aux prises. Entre l'une et l'autre, il n'y a ni traité ni transaction possibles. La vie de l'une est la mort de l'autre. De l'issue de la lutte engagée entre elles, la plus grande des luttes dont le monde ait été témoin, dépend pour des siècles tout l'avenir politique et religieux de l'humanité.

"La Russie est avant tout l'empire chrétien ; le peuple russe est chrétien, non-seulement par l'orthodoxie de ses croyances, mais par quelque chose de plus intime encore que la croyance : il l'est par cette faculté du renoncement et du sacrifice, qui sont comme le fond de sa nature morale.

"Il y a heureusement sur le trône de Russie un souverain en qui la pensée russe s'est incarnée, et dans l'état actuel du monde la pensée russe est la seule qui soit placée assez en dehors du milieu révolutionnaire pour pouvoir apprécier sainement les faits qui s'y produisent.

"Tout ce qui reste à la Bohême de vraie vie nationale est dans ces croyances slaves, dans cette protestation toujours vivante de sa nationalité slave opprimée contre l'usurpation de l'église romaine, aussi bien que contre la domination de la nation allemande. C'est là le lien qui l'unit à tout son passé de lutte et de gloire, et c'est là aussi le chemin qui pourra rattacher un jour le Tchéque de la Bohême à ses frères d'Orient.

"On ne saurait assez insister sur ce point, car ce sont précisément ces reminiscences sympathiques de l'église d'Orient, ce sont ces retours vers la vieille foi dont le hussitisme dans son temps n'a été qu'une expression imparfaite et défigurée, qui établissent une différence profonde entre la Pologne et la Bohême, entre la Bohême ne subissant que malgré elle le joug de la communauté occidentale, et cette Pologne faticquement catholique, aide fanatique de l'Occident, et toujours traitre vis-à-vis des siens."

We add a few more extracts :—

"Que fera la Bohême, avec les peuples qui l'entourent, Moraves, Slovaques, c'est-à-dire, sept ou huit millions d'hommes de même langue et de même race qu'elle ?
 En general c'est une

chose digne de remarque, que cette faveur persévérante que la Russie, le nom Russe, sa gloire, son avenir n'ont cessé de rencontrer parmi les hommes nationaux de Prague."—(Page 15.)

At page 18 we find the following observations upon Hungary:—

"Cette ennemie c'est la Hongrie, j'entend la Hongrie Magyar. De tous les ennemis de la Russie c'est peut-être celui qui la hait de la haine la plus furieuse. Le peuple Magyar, en qui la ferveur révolutionnaire vient de s'associer, par la plus étrange des combinaisons, à la brutalité d'une horde asiatique, et dont on pourrait dire avec tout autant de justice que des Turcs, qu'il ne fait que camper en Europe, vit entouré de peuples Slaves, qui lui sont tous également odieux. Ennemi personnel de cette race, il se retrouve, après des siècles d'agitation et de turbulence, toujours encore emprisonné au milieu d'elle. Tous ces peuples qui l'entourent, Serbes, Croates, Slovaques, Transylvanians, et jusqu'au petits Russiens des Karpathes, sont les anneaux d'une chaîne qu'il croyait à tort jamais briser. Et maintenant il sent, au-dessus de lui, une main qui pourra quand il lui plaira rejoindre ces anneaux, et resserrer la chaîne à volonté. De là sa haine instinctive contre la Russie.

"D'autre part, sur le foi de journalisme étranger, les meneurs actuel du parti se sont sérieusement persuadé que le peuple Magyar avait une grande mission à remplir dans l'Europe orthodoxe, que c'était à lui en un mot à tenir en échec les destinées de la Russie."

If these are the mutual sentiments of Russians and Magjars, we may form some idea of the kind of warfare that is about to be waged in Hungary.

It is curious to observe the confidence with which the Russian diplomatist assumes that the influence of his master over all the Slavonic tribes of Hungary is completely established, and points to the Emperor of Russia, not to their sovereign, as the hand that is to clench the chain by which the Magjars are enclosed. When it is remembered that this memoir was circulated in Paris before any differences had arisen between Austria and Hungary—that the first movement hostile to the Magjars was made by Slavonic tribes of the Greek Church, headed by the Patriarch—that Austria long hesitated before she resolved to break faith and peace with Hungary—that her own resources were inadequate to the enterprise she undertook—that her own interests appeared to forbid her

undertaking it—one is forced to ponder and reflect on the means and influences by which she may have been led into so fatal an error.

We cannot refrain from giving one other extract from the Russian memoir, which is too pungent to be omitted:—

"Quelle ne serait pas l'horrible confusion où tomberaient les pays d'Occident aux prises avec la révolution, si le *légitime souverain*, si l'*empereur orthodoxe d'Orient*, tardait longtemps à y apparaître!

"L'Occident s'en va; tout croule, tout s'abîme dans une conflagration générale, l'EUROPE DE CHARLEMAGNE aussi bien que l'EUROPE des traités de 1815, la PAPAUTE DE ROME et toutes les royautés de l'Occident, le catholicisme et le protestantisme, la foi depuis longtemps perdue et la raison réduite à l'absurde, l'ordre désormais impossible, la liberté désormais impossible, et sur toutes ces ruines amoncelées par elle, la civilisation se suicidait de ses propres mains!

"Et lorsque, au-dessus de cet immense naufrage, nous voyons, comme une arche sainte, surnager cet empire plus immense encore, qui donc pourrait douter de sa mission! Et est-ce à nous, ses enfans, à nous montrer sceptiques et pusillanimes!"

Such then, it appears, are the sentiments of some of the most enlightened of the Russian diplomatists—such are the opinions and views presented to the Emperor by the men on whose reports and statements his foreign policy must of necessity be chiefly founded—such, above all, are the feelings and aspirations, the enmities and the means of action, which the nation fosters and on which it relies.

It has been said that, in attacking the Hungarians, Russia is but fighting her own battle against the Poles, who are said to compose a large proportion of the Hungarian army; and those who desire to throw discredit on the Hungarian movement have nicknamed it a Polo-Majjar revolution. They must have been ignorant or regardless of the facts. Whatever the Austrian journals or proclamations may assert, Russia must know full well that in the Hungarian army there are not more than five thousand Poles, and only two Polish general officers, Dembinsk and Bem.

That the Poles may think they see in a war between Russia and Hungary a favourable opportunity to revolt, is not improbable, and that, if the Poles

should rise, they will find sympathy and support in the nation that Russia is attacking, must be inevitable.

In the mean time, the Hungarians are preparing for the unequal contest. They have a well-equipped army of 160,000 men in the field, and a levy of 200,000 more has been ordered. Such is the national enthusiasm, that this whole number may probably be raised. This feeling is not confined to the Majjars, but extends to the Slavonic population also.

The following extracts from a letter received on the 14th May, by one of his correspondents, from an intelligent English merchant who has just returned from a visit to the Slavonic districts of northern Hungary, on his commercial affairs, gives the latest authentic intelligence we have seen of the state of things in the Slovak counties, the only part of the country which the writer visited :—

“I am just returned from Hungary. I was exceedingly surprised to see so much enthusiasm. My candid opinion is that, even if the Russians join against them, the Hungarians will be victorious. They are certainly short of arms; if they could procure one or two hundred thousand muskets, the affair would be closed immediately. In the mountains the cultivation of the land proceeds as usual, although the whole neighbourhood was full of contending troops. As I came out of Hungary, the advanced guards were only two German miles apart. However, I found no inconvenience; the roads were quite safe; and if it were not for the guerillas, whom one expects every minute to issue from the woods, the thing would go on, for a stranger, comfortably enough. The new paper-money (Kossuth's) is taken everywhere, not only for the common necessaries of life, but also for large business transactions—the idea being that there is about equal security for Hungarian as for the Austrian bank-notes.”

It must be confessed, that in circumstances calculated to try her prudence, Russia has acted with singular composure and wisdom. She abstained from interfering in the affairs of western Europe while the tide of republican frenzy was in flood. She contented herself with carefully and diligently increasing and organising her army—then, probably, in a more inefficient state than at any time during the last

thirty years—and gradually concentrated her disposable troops on her western frontier, where magazines have been prepared for it. While continental Europe was convulsed by revolutions, she made no aggression—the occupation of Wallachia and Moldavia was her only move in advance. She avoided giving umbrage to the people, to the sovereigns, or to the successive governments that were formed, and established a right to demand confidence in her moderation and forbearance. She came to the aid of Austria at first with a small force in a distant province, just sufficient to show that the Austrian government had her support, and not enough to excite the jealousy of Germany. Now that her military preparations are completed, she comes to protect Austria, not until she is called, and at a time when the most formidable dangers she has to encounter are such as the friends of order, triumphant in the west, and we trust dominant everywhere, would be the last to evoke. Yet it is impossible to deny that the successful execution of her present project would be a great revolution—that it would more seriously derange the relative positions of nations, and the balance of power, than any or all of those revolutions which the two last eventful years have witnessed.

The adjustment of the differences between Austria and Hungary would avert this danger—would remove all hazard of throwing the power of Hungary into the scale with the enemies of monarchy—would re-establish the Austrian empire upon the only basis on which, as it appears to us, it is possible to reconstruct it as an independent empire; and would be “a heavy blow and great discouragement” to the anarchists, whose element is strife, whose native atmosphere is the whirlwind of evil passions. But if this may not be—if Austria sees the power of Russia to enforce injustice, and, with that view, is prepared to sacrifice her own independence—we should refuse to identify the cause of monarchy and order—the cause of constitutional liberty, morality, and public faith—with the dishonest conduct of Austria, or the national antipathies and dangerous aspirations of Russia.

FEUDALISM IN THE NINETEENTH CENTURY.

It is not exactly the best of all times to point out things that may be amiss in, nor to find fault with either portions or the whole of institutions which have received the approving sanction of time and experience; for the bad passions of the lower and less moral orders of men, in most European nations, have of late been so completely unchained, and the *débacle* of the revolutionary torrent has been so suddenly overwhelming, that no extra impetus is required to be put upon it. Rather should we build up and repair the ancient dams and dikes of society, anomalous and inconvenient though they may be, than attempt to remove them, even for the sake of what may appear better ones, while the waters of innovation are still out, and when the spirit of man is brooding over them for the elaboration of some new chaos, some new incarnation of evil. Nevertheless there are a few noxious, and many harmless, anomalies and contradictions in the feudal or aristocratic constitution of society, induced by the lapse of time, the wear and tear of ages, which, though they may not admit of removal now, may demand it on the first convenient opportunity; and then on several of the sternest and more fundamental principles of feudalism in ancient days, upon which the basis of modern society really exists, but which have been lost sight of, and yet which are forced into prominent notice, and ought to be put in motion once more, by the morbid tendencies of popular violence. We shall be acquitted of all desire of change for change's sake; no one will accuse us of being habitual violators of ancient things, customs, and laws: it is rather because we love them, and venerate them, and wish to revive them on account of their intrinsic excellence, that we would call our reader's attention to a few things going on around us. He need not be afraid of our troubling him with a dry treatise on the theory of government—we are no constitution-mongers: he need not expect to be bored with pages of statistical details, nor to be satiated with

the nostrums of political economy. We propose making one or two very commonplace observations, professing to take no other guide than a small modicum of common sense, and to have no other object than our readers' delectation and the good of our country.

(1.) How was it that nobles came to be nobles and commons came to be commons? how was it that the great territorial properties of this kingdom were originally set agoing and maintained? and how was it that you and I, and millions of others, came to be put in the apparently interminable predicament of having to toil and struggle with the world, or to be sentenced to something like labour, more or less hard, for life; you and I, we say, you and I, and our fathers and our children? Tell us that, gentle reader, whether you be good old Tory, or moderate Conservative, or slippery Peelite, or coldblooded Whig, or profligate Radical, or demoniac Chartist? FORCE, my good friend—FORCE, PHYSICAL FORCE—a good strong hand, and a stout arm, and a heavy sword, and a brave heart, and a firm determination—and no shilly-shally hesitation as to legality or illegality, no maudlin sympathy nor compunction—these were the things that did it; these carried the day; these were the moving powers of old, they raised the lever, and they settled down society into that bed in which it has been arranging itself ever since. And right good things they were, too, in their proper time and place; and so they ever will be: they are some of the mainsprings of the world; they may become concealed in their action, they may be forgotten, they may even fall into temporary inaction, but they come out again into full play ever and anon, and, when the wild storm of human passion drives over the world in a reckless tornado, they go along with the whirlwind, and they hover all around it, and they follow it; and they reassert their permanent sway over mankind. The Norman William's barons, the noble peers of Charlemagne, the princes and marshals of Napoleon, all found their estates at the

points of their swords; and, while they kept their swords bright, their estates remained intact; but, when military prowess declined, legal astuteness and commercial craft crept in, and the broad lands decreased, because the sharp point and edge were blunted. The remote origin, the first title of every crowned head and noble family of Europe, is to be traced to the sword, or has been derived from it. We speak not of *parvenus*, we allude to the great families of the various realms of the ancient world; all *old* and *real* nobility is of the sword, and of the sword only. The French used to express this well, and understood the true footing on which nobility ought to stand; they always talked of *la noblesse de l'épée*, as contradistinguished from *la noblesse de la robe*: the former referred to the feudal families and their descendants, the latter to those who had become ennobled for services at the bar. As for nobility granted for any commercial or pecuniary causes, they never dreamed of such a thing; or, if a spurious ennobling took place, it was deemed a glaring and an odious violation of the fundamental laws of aristocratic society.

Now the ideas of the world have become so changed, or rather so corrupted, on this point, that the prime notion of nobility no longer is attached to military tenure or service; but, on the contrary, we find titles given, nay, bought and sold, for any the most miscellaneous services, and the meridian of nobleness, of elevation, of power, altogether eliminated from the qualifications that the nobleman ought to possess. Back-stair services, lobby services, electioneering services, counting-house services, any services as well as military services, have been deemed sufficient causes for procuring a patent of nobility to those who could allege them. Titles and causes of distinction they might have been, but surely not of nobility, not of hereditary honour and distinction, the tenure and essence of which should ever be attached to territorial power gained and held by the sword. And this lowering of the tone of nobility, this communising of what ought to be ever held up as a thing apart, as a thing originating with the first beginnings

of a nation, and remaining fixed till the nation becomes itself extinct, has done no good to society: it has not raised the tone of the commons, it has only lowered that of the nobles: it has emasculated the one without adding any strength to the other. In all nations, as long as the nobility have remained essentially a military order, holding their own by their own strength, the fortunes of that nation have advanced; but whenever the nobles have become degenerate, and therefore the commons licentious—the former holding only by prescriptive respect, and the latter subjected to them only in theory, not in practice—the fate of that nation has been pronounced, and its decline has already begun. The destruction and absorption of the good fiefs of France, in the time of Louis XI., laid the way for the raising of the châteaux, and the decapitation of their owners by the Cardinal de Richelieu, in the time of Louis XIII.; and this gradual degenerating process of undermining the true strength of the nobles, led to the corruption of the nation, and to its reduction to the primary starting-point of society in the reign of Louis XVI. So, too, in England, the sapping of the strength of the nobles, in the reign of Henry VIII., added to the corrupt proceedings of the times of James I., caused the Great Rebellion in the reign of his successor. The nation has never recovered from this fatal revolution of the seventeenth century. Like France, England has shone awhile, and sustained itself both in arts and arms; but the dissolving process has begun long ago with us as it did with them. One order of the state—the order of nobles—has been constantly decreasing in power and influence; and the descent towards the level of anti-social democracy seems now as easy and as broad as that to the shades of Avernus. The nobles of Russia, on the contrary, still retain their feudal power—they all draw and use the sword: their nation is on the ascendant. In Spain and Italy the nobles have descended so far as almost to have lost their claim to the title of *men*; while in most parts of Germany the result of recent movements has shown that the power of the nobles had long been a mere

shadow; and they have evaporated in empty smoke, while the nations are fast sinking to the level of a common and savage democracy.

We would propose a remedy for this state of things. We consider the profession of arms, when joined to the holding of territorial power, as the highest form of civilisation and political excellence to which man has yet been able to rise. It constitutes that union of all the highest and best feelings of human nature with the supreme possession of power and influence over material objects—over land and the produce of land—which seems to be the ultimate and the worthy object of the good and great in all ages. And, therefore, the nearer a nobleman can revert to the principles upon which his order is, or ought to be, based, the greater security, in the working out both for himself and the nation, that the strength and dignity of the whole people shall be maintained inviolate. Of all men in the state, the noble is he who is most endangered by any approximation to effeminacy and inactivity: he is the representative, the *beau ideal*, of the virility of the whole nation: he is the active principle of its force—the leader, the chief agent, in building up the fortunes of his country. Let him but once degenerate from the elevating task, and he renounces the main privileges of his order, he does wrong both to his fellow-countrymen and to himself—he diminishes his own force, and he weakens their national powers. Whenever, therefore, any such departure, more or less wide, from the ancient principles of his order has taken place, let the nobleman hasten to return to them, if he would stop the course of ruin before it become too late. We would hold it to be the duty of every nobleman in this country—and we include herein his immediate descendants—to enter the profession of arms, and to adopt no other save that of afterwards serving the state in the senate: we hold it to be his duty to avoid all approximation to the engagements of commerce—we would even say of the law, of any of the learned professions. These pursuits are intended for other orders of men, not less essential to the state than the noble, but still dif-

ferent orders. The noble is the leader, the type, the example of public military and political strength. Let him keep to that lofty function, and discharge it and no other.

Two methods of effecting this present themselves. In the first place, a regulation might be easily and advantageously made, in connexion with the army, whereby any nobleman, or son of a nobleman, or in fact any person belonging to the class which the law might define to be noble, (for some modification is wanted on this head,) might be allowed to attach himself as a volunteer officer to any regiment, and be bound to serve in it as such, without pay. He should receive his honorary promotion the same as any other officer, and should be subject to all the same duties and responsibilities; but "pay" he should not need; himself or his family should provide for all his charges. Or, in the second place, he should serve as an officer in a national force, the constitution of which we propose and advocate below: in this case, too, entirely without pay, and subject to all the articles of war. In either instance, we think it the duty of the country to give the nobleman an especial opportunity of serving her in a military manner; and we hold it to be his especial duty—one of the most essential duties of his order, without which his order degenerates and stultifies itself—to serve as a military man, and to serve with distinction.

We often hear it said that the English are not a military people; that they do not like an army; that they have a natural repugnance to the military profession, and other similar pieces of nonsense or untruth. Such libels as these on the innate courage of an Englishman, are never uttered but by those who have something of the calf in their hearts; the wish is father to the thought in all such declarations, when seriously made; and, if alleged as matters of argument, they are used only by the morbid lovers of *la paix à tout prix* who infest our age and country. It is just the same as when you hear a man say soberly, that he does not like shooting, nor hunting, nor fishing; that he cannot ride, nor drive, nor swim; that he cannot abide the

country, and that he prefers a constant residence in town. Such a man is not only a useless, he is positively a noxious member of society—he is an excrescence, a deformity, a nuisance, and the sooner his company is avoided the better. Such men, however, do exist, and they do actually say such things; but they are tokens of the debased and degrading effects of over-civilisation, of social degeneracy, of national humiliation; and whenever their sentiments shall come to be approved of, or assented to, by any large portion of the people, then we may be sure that the decline and fall of the nation are at hand, and that our downward course is fairly commenced. No; the men and the nation that can, in cool blood, repudiate the noble profession of arms, forfeit the virility of their character, they may do very well for the offices that slaves, and the puny denizens of crowded cities, can alone perform; but they deserve to lose the last relics of their freedom, for thus daring to contradict one of the great moral laws of nature. Force and courage have been awarded to man like any other of his faculties and passions; they were intended to be exercised, otherwise they would not have been given: their exercise is both good and necessary; and, like their great development, War, they are destined by our Maker to be the causes and instruments of moral and physical purification and renovation. As long as the mind and body of man continue what they are, the Profession of Arms and the Science of War will be held in deserved honour among the great and good of mankind.

Great evils have no doubt resulted from their use, and more especially from their abuse; but not a whit greater than from the use and abuse of any other of the faculties and propensities of man: not so much as from the spirit of deceit and oppression, which is the concomitant of trading and manufacturing operations; not so much as from the spirit of religious fanaticism and superstition which haunts the human race; not so much as from the gluttony and sensuality of civilised nations. War

and Arms are analogous to the Tempest and the Thunderbolt, but they purify more than they destroy, and they elevate more than they depress. The man that does not arm in defence of his country, of his family, and of himself, deserves to die the death of a dog, or to clank about for endless years in the fetters of a slave.

It has been well shown, by one of the most philosophic of modern historians,* that the final causes of war are indissolubly united with the moral constitution of man and human society; and that, as long as man continues to be actuated by the same passions as hitherto, the same causes of war must occur over and over again in endless cycles. Not but that the pain and misery thereby caused are undoubted evils, but that evil is permitted to form part of the moral and physical system of the world; it is what constitutes that system a state of probation and moral trial for man. When evil ceases to exist, men's evil passions shall cease also, and the world shall become another Eden; *but not till then*. The bearing of arms and the waging of war are no disgrace to a nation; they are an honour and a blessing to it if justly exercised, a disgrace and a curse, sooner or later, if undertaken unjustly. Believing, therefore, that the proper maintenance of a warlike spirit is absolutely essential to the welfare of any nation, and knowing how much the pecuniary and political embarrassments of our mighty though heterogeneous empire cripple the public means (in appearance at least) for keeping up a sufficient military force, we proceed to throw out the following hints for the formation of an improved description of a national military force. And we may at once observe, that it is one especially calculated to fall under the direction of the nobles of the land, and to revive that portion of the feudal spirit which depends on the proper constitution of the military resources of a great people.

The military strength of this country lies at present concentrated in the regular army, in the corps of veterans styled "pensioners," and, we may very fairly add, in the "police." We have nothing to

* ALLISON, *History of Europe*, vol. x.

say except in praise of these three bodies of men, the two latter of which are most useful adjuncts and supporters to the former. But we not only wish that the number of the regular army were *permanently and considerably increased*, we could desire also that the number of the police were augmented, and that they had more of military training about them. We shall revert to one of these points, at least, at a future period. We are also of opinion that the militia of the country should *always* be kept up, and regularly trained even in the intervals of war, were it for no other purpose than to maintain some faint degree of military spirit and knowledge among the common people. The question of expense and of interruption to labour does not, we confess, stop us in the least in our aspirations: we think that the country pays not a farthing too much for its military and naval forces; and, as for interruption to labour, anything that would draw off the attention of the lower orders from the grinding and degrading occupations of manufacturing slavery, we should consider one of the greatest benefits that could accrue to the country.

We wish to call attention, however, to another method—by no means a new one—of augmenting the military resources of the country, and to throw out some hints for rendering that method more efficacious than it may hitherto have been deemed. We allude to the system of volunteers. And here let not our military readers laugh: we would assure our gallant friends that we are fully aware of the thousand and one objections that will be immediately started; we know how easy it is to pooh-pooh a plan of this kind all to nothing. We can already hear them calling out about the Lumber Troop, and the City Light Horse: nay, we ourselves can actually remember that most astounding and heart-stirring event of the late war, the storming of Putney, and the battle of Wimbledon Common. We were present, gallant readers, not as actors but as very juvenile spectators of that memorable combat, to which Ansterlitz, Borodino, and Waterloo were mere farces; so we know all that is to be said *against* the volunteers. And now just have the goodness to let us say something *for* them.

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A volunteer force, if it is to be merely a parade force, a make-believe force, is a "sham," a humbug, and a gross absurdity. If it is to be a "National Guard," playing the part of armed politicians, it is a dangerous nuisance, and ought never to be formed. If it is to consist of a crowd of pot-bellied citizens, with red noses and spectacles, who are afraid of firing off a musket, and cannot march above ten miles a day, nor go more than six hours without plenty of provisions tucked under their belts, nor sleep anywhere except between clean sheets and warm blankets—why, a set of wooden posts, sculptured into the human form, and painted to look like soldiers, would be far more serviceable. We are not going to commit the absurdity of advocating the formation of any such corps of men as these; but we wish to point out how a really efficient corps of volunteers might be raised throughout the kingdom, kept on a footing of constant service and readiness, costing the country not one farthing, and constituting a really useful and valuable auxiliary force to co-operate with the regular troops.

If these qualifications are to exist in any volunteer corps, then it is quite manifest that the following kinds of persons cannot form part of it. First of all, the whole generation of pot-bellied, red-nosed, counter-thumping fellows, alluded to above, would not be admissible; next, no man who is not endowed with a good quantity of bodily activity, health, and vigour of mind, could remain in its ranks; and further, no one need apply for admission who wanted merely to "play at soldiers," or whose means and occupations would not allow of his giving up regularly a certain portion of his best time to the service, and *occasionally* of absenting himself from home for even a considerable period—say of one, two, or more months, and proceeding wherever the government might wish him. Furthermore, no such corps could have the smallest pretensions to be effective, if it were left to its own guidance and command: it must be as much under the control, and at the orders, of the commander-in-chief—for home service—(for we do not contemplate the possibility of its being ordered abroad.) as

any of the regular corps in her Majesty's army.

It will be seen at once, from the above stipulations, that we do not advert to anything at all resembling the loose and extremely local organisation of the old volunteers of 1805 and the subsequent years.

Now, a volunteer corps can only be held together by the two following principles:—first, a strong sense of public and patriotic duty; and, secondly, an acute feeling of Honour, and the Pride of belonging to a really distinguished arm of the service—a *bona fide corps d'élite*. Whenever war breaks out, we know, and we feel the most hearty satisfaction in knowing, that in every corner of the land—save, perhaps, in the murky dens of misery, discontent, and degeneracy abounding in our manufacturing towns—thousands of British hearts will beat with a tenfold warmer glow than heretofore, and will burn to give forth their best blood for the services of their country. Let but the most distant intimation of foreign invasion be given, and hundreds of thousands of brave and generous defenders of their beloved native land will instantly step forth. But we would say that, if the defence of the country from invasion be really desirable, it is not sufficient that the *will* to defend it be forthcoming at the proper moment—the *knowledge how to do it*, the *preparatory training*, the *formation of military habits*,—always a matter of slow growth,—the *previous organisation of the defenders themselves*, is much more important. In short, to keep the country safe from foreign invasion, (we do not allude to the naval strength of the country, which, after all, may prove abundantly sufficient for the purpose,) to take away from a foreign enemy even the spirit to dare an invasion, the previous formation, the constant maintenance of an efficient volunteer force must necessarily be of great value.

The expediency of this will be heightened by the consideration that it may, at any time, even of the most profound peace in Europe, be found necessary suddenly to detach a large portion of the regular army for the defence of our numerous colonial possessions, or that disturbances among our manu-

require a sudden augmentation of the armed force of the country. In either of these emergencies, the existence of a considerable body of armed men who, though perhaps not equalling the regulars in *precision* of discipline and evolution, might yet be in far better training than the militia, and *who should be kept so at no expense to the government*, would evidently be of great value to the whole community.

We do not expect that many persons engaged in trade and manufactures, nor indeed that many inhabitants in large towns—at least of those classes—would like to enrol themselves in a corps the service of which would be constant, and might frequently take them away for a considerable time from their homes and occupations. We should not wish to see them joining it, for, however warm their goodwill might be, we know that their pockets and stomachs would be continually rebelling, and that, far from being “volunteers,” they would more commonly be found as “deserters.” We would rather see them staying at home, and acting as good members of their municipalities, or as special constables, or forming “street associations” for the keeping of the peace—all most necessary and laudable purposes, and not a whit less useful to the country than the serving as volunteers. We would rather see the force we meditate drawn exclusively from the gentry and the farmers of the country, and in fact from the same classes as now furnish the yeomanry cavalry,—only, we would have it most especially to include *all the gentry of the nation*: and we would have it thereby made an *honour* even to belong to the corps. To see a country gentleman heading his tenants, and his sons serving in their ranks, as some of themselves, and the younger gentry from the country or provincial towns also coming forward for the permanent military service of their country—coming forward as gentlemen, and serving as gentlemen, with the name and title of gentlemen—and to see the stout farmers of England, the real pride and bulwark of the realm, thus linked with their best and natural friends and protectors in a common bond of honour and of arms, would be the most glorious sight that this nation would have witnessed for many a long year.

It would give a new stamp to society, and would infuse a vigorous energy of mind amongst us that should go far towards counteracting the dangerous and emasculating influence of the "large town system." The heart-blood of England would begin to flow back again into its old and natural channels; and that linking of lords and tenants, which can never be loosened without the most fatal consequences, would be rendered closer and tighter than ever.

Men drawn from such classes as these, the adult sons of respectable farmers, the sons of the country gentry, the younger gentry from the towns, the farmers and the gentry themselves, (such at least as could really be spared from their numerous avocations,) would constitute, both in their physical and mental qualifications, the very best description of volunteers that could be selected in any land, for they would be the true *élite* of the whole nation, the very pride and hope of the country. It would be truly an honour to belong to such a corps, whether the applicant for admission were a yeoman or a gentleman; and, if properly organised and trained, it might be made a force of paramount efficiency.

Now what would be some of the main characteristics of the men composing such a force? for by those characteristics the nature and destination of the force should be mainly guided. First of all, a large portion would be able, as now, to serve on horseback: and this leads at once to show that the yeomanry cavalry, if more frequently exercised, and if kept out for longer periods of service, might, with an improvement which we shall by-and-by suggest, become of great value in this division of the national force.

Next, men of this kind would be more or less distinguished for bodily activity—we mean activity, as distinguished from muscular strength—though of this they would have in the old proportion of one Englishman to any two Frenchmen, we have no doubt. Hence the force would be fitter for the service of light than of heavy armed troops.

And, thirdly, from their pecuniary means they would be capable of *distant* and *rapid* motion; and therefore they

should form a corps destined for quick and desultory rather than for slow and stationary warfare.

From the very fact, however, of their forming a corps drawn from the middle classes of provincial and urban society, and from their having pecuniary means at their command, more than any other class of troops could possibly hope for, they would be especially liable to relax in discipline from the contamination of garrisons, or the seductions of large towns. They would be formed of the finest young fellows of the whole country; and therefore a residence at "Capua" would be destructive of their military efficiency. The damage they would reciprocally cause and sustain by being quartered in any large town for a lengthened period, might be great; hence they should be confined as much as possible to—where they would be most effective—operations in the open field.

Again, if there are any two points of manly exercise in which the gentry and yeomanry of this country are distinguished beyond any other European nation, they are these—the being *good marksmen*, and *good horsemen*.

We are thus naturally led to the determining of the exact description of troops which should be constituted with such admirable materials—a *vast body of riflemen*—some mounted, the others on foot. Such a corps, or rather such an assemblage of corps, if properly organised and trained, would not have its equal in the world. It would be formed of the choicest spirits, the picked men of the nation, and it would be organised upon the very points, as bases, upon which those men would the most pride themselves, in which they would be the strongest, which they would be the most accustomed to, and would the best understand. They would have all the elements of good soldiers among them; all that would be wanting would be good organisation and training.

"This is no great discovery," some one will say; "there have been volunteer rifle corps already. Of late days they started a thing of the kind among the peaceable Glasgow bodies, and those treasonable asses, the Irish. Irishmen that wanted to be rebels, and the English Chartists that wanted to sack London, recommended th-

deluded countrymen to 'club together and buy rifles.' We acknowledge it—the idea is old enough. We only mean to say, that if a volunteer force be a desirable adjunct to our military system—and, under certain regulations, it might no doubt become so—then a rifle corps, or rather an army of volunteer riflemen, drawn from the classes specified above, would constitute a most effective branch of the service. We make no pretensions to the starting of a new idea; we merely endeavour to render that idea practicable, and to point out how it may be best realised.

The following points as to organisation we lay down as indispensable, without which we should hardly care to see the force enrolled:—

1st, The only matter in which the volunteer spirit should subsist, should be that of joining the corps in the first instance, and then of equipping and maintaining the men, each at their own cost. Once enrolled, it should no longer be at the option of the men whether they served or not—nor *when*, nor *where*, nor *how* they served: we mean the force not to be a sham one; we do not want soldiers in joke, we require them to come forward in good earnest. All matters concerning the time, place, and mode of their service should lie with the government. Once enrolled and trained, they should be at her Majesty's disposal; they should be her *bonâ fide* soldiers, only not drawing pay, nor, except under certain circumstances, rations.

2d, The corps should be raised by counties, hundreds, and parishes, and should be under the colonelcies of the Lords-Lieutenants or their deputies. To keep up the *esprit de corps* conjointly with the spirit of local association and public patriotism, it is essential that friends and neighbours, lords and tenants, should stand side by side, fight in the same ranks, witness each other's brave deeds, and, in every sense of the word, "put shoulder to shoulder." The several counties might each furnish a regiment, and these regiments should then be brigaded under the command of a general officer, appointed by the commander-in-chief of her Majesty's forces. In the first instance, at least, it would be desirable that a certain proportion of the officers

drawn from the half-pay list

of the army, both for the sake of instruction and example. Afterwards they should be taken *from the ranks*, for the ranks in this corps would be, by the mere fact of their organisation, composed of gentlemen and the best description of yeomen—the latter, be it ever remembered, not unworthy to lead their friends and neighbours; and the mode of so doing might be easily arranged by the military authorities, on the combined footing of local influence and personal merit.

3d, These corps, when organised, should be primarily intended for the local defence of their several counties, or of any adjacent military districts, into which the country might, from time to time, be divided. But they should also be liable to serve, to the same extent as the militia, anywhere within the European dominions of her Majesty. We do not contemplate the eventuality of their being ordered on foreign service, though we strongly suspect that it would be very difficult to keep such a corps always at home, when stirring scenes of national arms and glory were to be met with away from their own shores. If, however, the corps should be called on to do duty away from their own military districts, then they should draw rations, clothes, equipments, and ammunition, but *not pay*, the same as the regular troops.

4th, As it should be esteemed an honour to belong to such a corps, so the members of it should not only be exempt from being drawn for the militia, but they should also be free from paying for a license to carry firearms and to shoot as sportsmen; and the cost of their equipment should be such as to insure a certain degree of respectability on the part of the volunteer. This preliminary expense, added to that of maintaining himself on duty at his own cost, would prevent any one but a man of a certain degree of substance from seeking admission into the corps.

5thly, The acquisition of sufficient skill in the use of that deadliest of all arms, the rifle, might be made by means of local meetings to practise, at which heavy fines for non-attendance would not only insure tolerable regularity, but would also provide a fund for prizes, and for general purposes. At these meetings, which should be held frequently, the know-

ledge of military evolutions, and the minutiae of drill might be readily communicated by the non-commissioned officers of the pensioners' corps; and, from the circumstance of the men not being mere clods from the plough tail, nor weavers from the loom, the requisite amount of instruction would be conveyed in a comparatively short time. We should suppose that, within six months from their first organisation, if the discipline was well attended to, such corps might be able to stand a field-day before their general officers. The cavalry would not learn their duties so readily as the infantry, because the men would have to teach not themselves alone, but also their horses; and, though they would form a most effective and valuable species of light cavalry, the combined practice of the rifle and the sabre would demand a considerable time for the corps to be quite at home with their duties. We would give them a year to make themselves complete. A volunteer force of cavalry should never aim at being anything else than a corps of light horse—they can never constitute effective heavy cavalry. But as light horsemen possessing rifles, and able to use them whether in the saddle or on the ground, they would become as formidable to a European enemy as the African Arabs have been to the French, and would be a match for any light cavalry that could be brought to act against them. For all purposes, too, of local service they would be admirably efficient.

6thly, The discipline of a volunteer corps is always the main difficulty to be contended against in its practical management; but we conceive that this difficulty would be lessened, in the present instance, from the peculiarly good composition of the rank and file of such a body of men. Several large classes of military offences could not possibly prevail among them; and, for those that remained, the ordinary articles of war would be sufficiently repressive. It should be observed that we do not contemplate the granting leave to such corps to disband themselves: the engagement once formed should be binding for a certain moderate number of years, and the volunteer should not have the faculty of re-

leasing himself from his duties except by becoming invalidated. We imagine that the possibility of being ultimately dismissed from such an honourable body of men, for ungentlemanlike conduct, would constitute the most effectual check that could be devised for the instances of breach of discipline likely to occur.

It should not be lost sight of that we advocate the formation of such a force as a *corps d'élite*, as one elevated above the militia, and even above the regular army, in the *morale* of the men composing it, if not in their *physique*; and therefore it may be very fairly inferred that the members of it, feeling the *prestige* attached to their name, would act up to the dignity and honour of their station; that they would not only behave as valiant soldiers in the field, but that they would act as gentlemen in quarters. Drinking and gambling would be the two main offences to provide against; but these, if discouraged, and not practised by the officers, might be checked among the men. For all quarrels and disputes likely to end in personal encounter, a special tribunal of arbiters should be constituted among men and officers of corresponding rank in the corps; and all duelling should be totally prevented. The mere fact of sending or accepting a challenge should involve, *ipso facto*, expulsion from the corps. The running into debt, too, on the part of the members, should be most rigorously prevented, and should incur the penalty of expulsion. By these and similar regulations, combined with the judicious management of the superior officers, we have no doubt that the discipline of such a body, (which should be strict rather than lenient,) might be effectually maintained.

7thly, The arming and equipping of such a corps of men is a point of importance, but by no means of difficulty. We may here disappoint some of our pseudo-military readers; but we anticipate that the real soldiers will agree with us, when we declare our conviction that a military costume—we do not say a *uniform* costume—but a *military* one, would be altogether out of character and needless in such a case. No: we would not have any of the smart shakos, and tight little green jackets

of the rifle brigade; no plumes nor feathers; no trailing sabres for the officers, no cartouche boxes for the men—nothing at all of the kind. We would put them all in uniform, but not in a uniform of that nature—it should be one suited to the wearers, and to the nature of their service.

Now the original intent and object of all uniform costume is, not the ornamenting of the person; it is not the dressing of a young fellow, until he becomes so handsome that the first woman he meets is ready to surrender at discretion to him. It is not the uniform that makes the soldier; it should be the soldier that should make the uniform; that is to say, the kind of dress should be dictated both by the usual habits and rank of the wearer, and by the service he is called on to perform. Add to this that, provided the men all wear the same costume, no matter what it may be, the great end of military costume, the holding the men in distinct and united corps, is attained. The uniform does not make a man fight a bit the better or worse: it is only for the sake of evolutions and discipline that any uniform at all is needed.

We would therefore recommend the keeping in view of two principles, in selecting the uniform of such corps; viz., utility and simplicity. What are the duties a rifleman has to perform? Any man who ever went deerstalking, any one who is accustomed to beat up the woods and covers for cocks or pheasants, knows nine-tenths of a rifleman's duties. His game is the enemy: whether he be a tall stag or a Frenchman, it is all the same; a steady aim and a quick finger will do the job for him. And now, dear reader, or gallant volunteer, or old fellow-shot, if you were invited to go a-gunning, whether after stags, cocks, or men, how would you like, if left to your own free choice, apart from all military nonsense—how would you like to equip yourself? We know how we used to go together over the Inverness-shire hills, and we know how we now go through the Herefordshire preserves, and how we sometimes wander over the Yorkshire moors; and it is just so that we should like to turn out. You know the dress: we need hardly describe

it: everybody knows it; everybody has worn it. Just such a dress, then, as the volunteers would wear at home in their field-sports and occupations, the very same, or one of the same kind, would we recommend for their service as volunteer riflemen.

A shooting-coat, made either of cloth or velveteen, differing in colour, perhaps, for the different districts, or else one and the same throughout the whole service—black, or dark brown, or dark green, or any other colour that would suit the woodland and the moor; a waistcoat to match, with those abundant pockets that the true shooter knows how to make use of; trousers and stout boots, or else knee-breeches, leathern leggings, and high-lows; in fact, whatever shooting costume might be decided on by the gentry and authorities of the county for their respective regiments. As for hats, either a plain round hat, or else one of the soft felt ones, those most delightful friends to the heated and exhausted sportsman. The only thing would be to have everything cut after the same fashion, and the effect of uniformity would be immediately attained, without running into any of those excesses of paraphernalia which in former days brought down such deserved ridicule on the corps of loyal volunteers. Every man should wear round his waist a black leathern belt containing his bullets and leathers; his caps would be stowed away in one of his pockets; and his powder would travel well and dry in a horn or flask hung by a strap over his shoulder. His rifle—we need hardly describe it—should be rather longer and heavier than for sporting purposes, inasmuch as it may have to be used against cavalry; and it should admit of having a sword-bayonet fastened on at the muzzle. This bayonet might be worn suspended, as a sword in its sheath, from the belt round the waist. A black leathern knapsack, and a pilot-coat of warm stuff rolled up on the top of it, would complete the costume of our volunteer; and he would look more truly martial and serviceable, when thus equipped, than if decked out with all kinds of lace and trimmings, and clad in a jacket cut in the most *recherche* style of military tailoring.

The officers should wear a precisely

similar dress, but they might be distinguished by gold or crimson sashes, according to rank, and might wear round their breast, or on their hats, some further distinguishing marks of their offices. The whole should be based on the idea of equipping the corps as plain country gentlemen and yeomen going out to do a day's serious business in the field; and if the business is not to be serious, it is better to leave it alone than to attempt it.

regard should be paid to the various inclinations and habits of the districts from whence the regiments should be drawn, and, in particular, those from Scotland should by all means retain some strongly distinctive marks of their national costume: the plaid could never be misapplied on their brawny shoulders.

We should suppose that it would cost each member of the corps at least £10 or £15 to equip himself completely, and this would be by no means too large a sum for the purposes required.

The costume of the mounted riflemen need not differ much from that of the men on foot. The shooting-coat is as good on horseback as off; and the only alteration we would recommend would be in the use of the stout but supple black-jack hunting-boots now coming so much into fashion. These admit of exercise on foot as well as in the saddle, and being plain, quiet things, would be peculiarly suitable for the purpose intended.

8thly, We are firmly persuaded that, if this experiment were tried in any one county or district, it would be found to answer so well that others would adopt and imitate it. The service it would render to government might be most important in stirring times; and being a *bonâ fide* and really effective corps, it would revive the martial and manly feelings of the people, now somewhat blunted by the long duration of peace, and would diffuse a most wholesome spirit throughout the land. From the sentiments of honour, and loyalty too, with which such a corps would be animated, (for it would be composed of the very flower and hope of the land,) it would, by its moral weight alone, keep in check that crowd

of discontented persons who always exist in our empire. The loyal and honourable sentiments possessed by this corps would spread themselves abroad among the people; the good example set would be followed by the most respectable part of the nation, and a healthier tone would be thereby given to society in general.

9thly, Taking into consideration the number of parishes, and the population of Great Britain, (for we could not admit the Irish into our loyal ranks) we should estimate the probable force that could thus be raised and maintained at its own expense, at not less than 50,000 men, of whom 10,000 would be effective light cavalry; and we should suppose that at least 40,000 of this total number might be counted on for active service, in any emergency.

The mere fact, if this calculation be not overrated, of our being thereby able to add such a degree of strength to our regular army—or that of our being able to replace such a number of our regular troops, if called abroad suddenly for distant duty—or else, the knowledge that there would always be such a numerous body of men in the country, armed and arrayed in the support of the monarchy and the constitution; either of these facts, taken separately, might justify the formation of such a corps, but, taken conjointly, they seem to carry with them no small weight.

An anomaly in the present constitution of noble society which requires remedying, is the frequent inadequacy of the territorial means possessed by noble families for the maintenance of their power and dignity. This has reached to such a pitch, of late days, that we have seen the ladies of two peers of the realm claiming public support *in formâ pauperum*; and we have witnessed the breaking-up and sale of such a princely establishment as that of Stowe. Many noble families are forced to depend on public offices, and other indirect sources, for the support of their members. Many noble families of high distinction and renown are poorer than ordinary commoners. There are very few estates of nobles (we say nothing of those of commoners) which are not oppressed by mortgages, and which, in reality, confer much less power than they

nominally represent. From whatever causes these circumstances may have arisen,—whether from the folly and extravagance of the nobles themselves as a main cause, or from the imprudence of the crown in making unworthy creations, as a subsidiary cause—they have produced the most injurious effects upon the order, and have even justified the boast of the first commoner who thought himself superior to the last of the nobles. By few things has the order been more injured in public opinion than by the inequality and inadequacy of its territorial resources. This, too, becomes the more painfully evident in a nation where commerce has been allowed to assume an undue preponderance in the public mind, and where the means of gaining money are so various and so many, that the rapid acquisition of handsome fortunes is a very common occurrence. It is an evil, a negation of the ends of life, and a main cause of the decline and fall of a nation, that such a state of things should exist; but, seeing that it does exist, it is doubly the duty and the interest of all who have the honour and the permanency of national prosperity at heart, to favour the establishment and the maintenance of the strongest possible antagonistic principle—the forming and preserving of large territorial possessions in favour of the order of nobles. Believing that the law of primogeniture is the basis of all political freedom, we would urge the expediency of modifying the law, so that certain great estates, like the fiefs of old, should become inalienable by any person, unattachable for any liabilities, and indivisible under any circumstances, in favour of the order of nobles: and that the holders of such estates should be nobles, and nobles only. In the same spirit we would say, that the extent of territory should determine the rank of the noble, taking, as the starting-point, the estates as they might exist at any period of time; that to each title a certain territory should be inalienably attached, and that the title itself should derive its name from that territory—the holder of the territory, whoever he might be, always taking the title. It would be productive of great good if facilities were given as much as possible for massing together the pro-

perties of the noble; and if estates widely spread over the kingdom could be exchanged for others lying close together, and forming a compact territory. The powers of the nobles are now greatly frittered away and lost by the dispersion of their properties: he who holds nearly a whole county continuously, like the Duke of Sutherland, is of much more weight in the state than another, like the Duke of Devonshire, whose estates, though of very great value, lie more widely scattered.

It may appear an innovation, but we are persuaded that it would be only a return to the fundamental and ancient principles of the constitution, to make the possession of a real estate of a certain value, for a certain time, a legal title to claim the right to nobility. Thus the possession of an estate of £10,000 per annum clear rental, or of 5000 acres, by the same family, in direct descent for four generations, should of itself constitute a right for its owner to be ranked in the lowest order of nobility,—that of barons,—and the barony should give its name to its possessor; while the possession of land of greater extent and value should modify the superior titles of those who held them, until the highest rank in the peerage were attained. All nobles holding not less than £100,000 per annum of clear rental, or 50,000 acres, should *ipso facto* and *de jure* become dukes, and so on in proportion between these two extremes of the peerage. Baronets should rank, in virtue of their estates, immediately after the barons; and in their turn, too, the possession of a certain income from landed property, such as £5000 a-year clear for four generations, in the same family, should immediately entitle its owner to rank among the baronets, and to have the style and privileges of that order.

It will be urged, on the other hand, that the crown would thereby be deprived of the power of rewarding meritorious public servants, by calling them up to the House of Peers, if the possession of a certain large amount of landed property were made a *sine quâ non* for every creation. To this it may be replied that, though the prerogatives of the crown require extension rather than contraction, yet that a sufficient power of reward would be

possessed, if men of eminence in the public service, whether great commanders or distinguished lawyers, were summoned to the Upper House for their lives only, without their titles being made hereditary; and further, that other distinctions might be given which would be fully sufficient rewards in themselves without any encroachment being made on the privileges of the order of nobles. Thus, in former times, when the honour of knighthood was not so common as it has now become, a great general and a great judge considered themselves rewarded enough if knighted: they never thought of being created peers. And the fact is, that though personal nobility—the nobility acquired by the performance of great actions—is in itself of the highest value to the state, as well as to the individual, it is not sufficiently valuable to entitle the heirs of a great man to take perpetual rank among the great landed proprietors of the realm. The duties and responsibilities of nobility depend more upon the trust reposed in each member than upon that member's personal qualifications. The noble cannot be separated from his lands nor from his tenants, nor from the multifarious heavy responsibilities thereby incurred; he is the representative of a great interest in the state; he is the representative of his land, and of all connected with it; he is the representative of a great class and gathering: his duties are not merely personal; he cannot found his right to nobility upon personal merit alone. Personal qualifications can give no valid right to hereditary privileges, whereas land is perpetual—*rura manebunt*—and the privileges as well as the duties attached to it should be perpetual also.

It would, therefore, be another step towards constituting the aristocracy of the state on a more solid and reasonable basis, if the orders of baronets, and of knights of various descriptions, were purified of their anomalies, and rendered attainable only under rules of a more general and fixed nature than at present prevail. Both these classes of nobles—for so they may be called—require considerable purification; the former, that of baronet, should be made the intermediate class between the nobles by personal merit, or knights, and those who are

nobles by their lands, the peers. As was observed before, no baronetcy should be conferred unless a real estate of a certain value could be shown to be possessed, *clear* of all mortgage and debt; and the retention of such an estate for a certain number of generations should establish a legal claim to the title of baronet; while the subsequent increase of the same estate, and a similar retention of it for a certain number of descents, should establish a further claim to the honour of the peerage. If the orders of knighthood were made more difficult of entry, and if they were specially reserved only for public personal services, they would rise again in public estimation, and would be suitable for all purposes of reward required by the sovereign.

At the same time, and as a consequence of this, peers and baronets should not be admitted into the orders of knighthood—they should be satisfied with their own dignities. The garter, the thistle, and the shamrock should be reserved especially for the great military and naval commanders of the realm: the bath, and perhaps one or two other new orders, should be destined for men of eminence in whatever line of life they might be able to render service to their country.

It is an opinion controverted by some, but it seems founded in reason, that the twelve judges, who are at the head of their most honourable profession, should not merely be allowed to sit on the benches of the House of Lords, but that they should have the right of voting therein, and, in fact, be summoned as peers for life upon their elevation to the bench. No order of men in the whole state would exercise power more conscientiously, and from no other source could the Upper House derive at once such an immense increase of deliberative strength in the revision and framing of the laws. The bench of spiritual lords, and the bench of legal lords, ought to form two of the purest ornaments in the bright galaxy of the peers of the realm.

We shall content ourselves for the present with indicating two other points, recognised and admitted by the constitutional forms of the government, but at present much lost sight of; and they may be considered as affecting the lowest order—the

very root of the whole nobility of the land.

Members of the Lower House for counties are always called *knights* of the shires they represent; and so they ought to be. No person should be eligible to represent a county unless previously adorned with the honour either of knighthood or of the baronetage, or unless the younger son of a peer of the realm; and indeed the attaching of titles of nobility to the possession of estates of a certain value and fixity of tenure, and the annexing of baronetcies to similar properties, would put all the principal country gentlemen in a position suited to the duties of a knight of the shire. We should not then see the absurd and mischievous anomaly of an ambitious theorist of no landed property in his own possession, but backed by the democrats of a manufacturing district, thrust upon the legislature as the representative of a large agricultural county. We should rather find the knights of the shires forming a compact and most influential body in the imperial parliament, the real representatives of the interests of their constituents, and the main conservative element in the Lower House of the legislature.

The bearing of arms, and the gratuitous assumption of the title of esquire, now so universally adopted, require to be more strictly limited, unless it is desired that the whole system should fall from inevitable ridicule into ultimate disuse. It is a kind of morbid feeling that has thus been produced by national vanity, and will some day or other work out its opposite extreme, unless restrained in due time. For the undue granting of arms the Herald's College is greatly responsible; but for the universal assumption of the correlative title, society at large is to be blamed. It is one of the weaknesses of the day, that men and things are no longer called by their true names, and it indicates a downward progress in the national fortunes rather than the contrary. The evil might be checked by the confining of the right to wear *coats of arms* or *shields* to the orders of knighthood only—as it used to be at the first institution of the custom; while for all persons under that stand-

ing in society, some distinctive badge or family token might be adopted, sufficient to identify their lineage, yet showing a difference of grade. It is more difficult to say how the appellations of the various classes of commoners shall be settled; but there can be no doubt that the common herding of all men together—whether under the names of esquires, gentlemen, or even of “*gents*”—is an absurdity: mischievous, inasmuch as it tends to level what ought to be unequal, and as it renders ridiculous what ought to be respected.

We readily allow that the ideas propounded above are more or less Utopian; so, however, are all ideas of change. With this excuse, however, we content ourselves for the present. If we have advocated any amendments, they are not in the direction of what is called, falsely enough—*Progress*, but in that of what is really and truly improvement, because it implies a reverting to the fundamental and unalterable basis of the modern European social system. “*Progress*” now means advancement in the cause of democracy—that is, in the path which marks the decline and fall, and ultimate destruction of any old nation. Far be it from us to lend a hand to aught that can assist this fatal and destructive process. We would preserve, and restore, and improve, rather than destroy. And it is because we believe this ancient spirit of feudalism to be that which contains the great elements of national prosperity, that we therefore advocate a return towards some of its first principles. A further development of this we reserve for a future occasion. But this we will maintain, that in the great cycle of years which constitute the life of a people, the upward rising of the nation is characterised by the active vitality of what we will call feudalism, its downward sinking by the existence of democratic license and opulent enervation, following upon the decline of warlike and chivalrous pursuits. The process of corruption and of disintegration may be slow, but it is not the less certain. It overtakes even the most prosperous nations at last. Would that we could check and avert that evil from our own country!

CIVIL REVOLUTION IN THE CANADAS.

STRANGE though it sound to speak of a revolution in these provinces, where the representative of the crown is notoriously supported by a large majority in the provincial parliament, and where, for years past, there has scarcely been an inquiry made as to when a regiment either came or went, or even how many troops were in the whole American colonies; yet it is nevertheless a fact, that a more important and effective revolution is now going on in the Canadas, than if half their population were in open arms against the mother country.

Before attempting either to describe or to account—which we trust in the course of this paper to be able to do—for this extraordinary state of things, it will be necessary to touch upon a few leading events in the history of both provinces, and, incidentally, upon the character and intentions of the parties engaged in them.

It is well known to all English readers, that the French of Lower Canada, forming a population of some four hundred thousand people, after a long course of factious and embarrassing legislation; after a species of civil, social, and parliamentary strife for nearly half a century, which was far more withering in its effects upon the prosperity of the country than a good fight in the beginning would have been, finally, in 1837, took up arms against the British government. Shortly afterwards they were joined by the party in Upper Canada which had long made common cause with them, though without common principles, aims, or hopes—the one's pride being indissolubly wedded to institutions which were pregnant with retrogression and decay, the other's chief merit consisting in pretension to raise men from beneath old ruins, instead of bringing old ruins down upon them. Yet both agreed in hating England, and in taking up arms, jointly and severally, to overthrow her institutions. Whatever other lesson England might have learned from the fact, she should at least have learned this—that it was no ordinary feelings of desperation or of difference that

made them forego so much to each other, in order to strike an effectual blow at her; and that it could be no ordinary circumstance, if it was even in the nature of things, after they had become partners in the same defeats and humiliations—after they had been made bed-fellows by the same misfortunes—that could disunite them in favour of their common enemy; and not only turn the tide of their hatred against each other, but make the party that became loyal to England kiss the rod that had so severely scourged it.

Probably this might have been thought difficult. But where the hostility to England might have been regarded as accidental, rather than of settled and determined principle, it might be urged that the reconciling one or both these parties to the British government, might not have been impossible; or the bringing the one back to loyalty, even at the expense of its having to oppose the other, might still be in the power of wise legislation.

This brings us to consider the character and the principles, the prejudices and the predilections, of the two parties. And if the reader will follow us over a little scrap of history, possibly new to him, if we do not happen to differ on the road, we apprehend we shall agree in summing up the general results.

For many parliaments previous to the rebellion in Lower Canada, the majority in favour of the French was on an average equal to four-fifths of each house. And, instead of this majority being diminished by the agency of immigration, or by reason of the detachment of almost every Englishman and American in the province from their cause—who at first sided with them for the purpose of procuring the redress of all real abuses, most, if not all, of which, arose from the nature of their own institutions,—it continued to increase, until at last every county in the province which had a preponderance of French influence, sent a member to parliament to carry on a kind of civil war with the gov-

ment. Men of the first talents in the country, who had freely spent the best of their lives and their efforts in its service, when they were compelled to leave this faction, or take leave of their loyalty to the crown, found that the breadth of their own intellects was all they were ever able to detach from its ranks. Every concession the imperial government could make, every effort to conciliate them, was met only by fresh demands—demands conceived in a spirit of hostility, and wilfully and knowingly of such a character as could not be conceded. Yet their majorities continued, and even increased, in parliament. In 1882, they carried their measures of hostility to the British, and even the Irish population so far, as to refuse to employ them for any purposes whatever, and, in some cases, those employed were dismissed. It is matter of Lower Canadian history, that one of their greatest grievances was, that they had not the control of the appointments of judges and other public officers, and the apportioning of their salaries; yet it is well known—it was publicly avowed by them in parliament—that their object was, to starve out the British government, by starving out its officers. Still the French leaders who mooted these measures gained in popularity, and the English members for French counties continued to lessen. British manufactures were solemnly denounced in their parliament, and the use of them declared a disgrace to every Frenchman; and a tax, which they intended as a prohibition, was attempted to be placed upon British emigrants: yet withal, Mr Papineau, the great French leader, rose the higher, and his party grew the stronger. The more, in short, the French leaders could embarrass the government, and the more they could throw obstacles in the way of the improvements incident to the activity and enterprise of the English race, the more they rose in the estimation of the French constituencies. They claimed, in truth, for these very acts, their confidence, and they received what they claimed to the fullest extent. In a well-written, and, considering all the circumstances, a temperate address of the Constitutional Association of

Montreal in 1882—an association got up with the view of making the situation of the British population known to the imperial government, and an association that afterwards greatly contributed to save the province during the rebellion—we find the following among other passages to the same effect, upon this subject:—

“For half a century has the population of English and Irish descent in Lower Canada been subjected to the domination of a party whose policy has been to retain the distinguishing attributes of a foreign race, and to crush in others that spirit of enterprise which they are unable or unwilling to emulate. During this period, a population, descended from the same stock with ourselves, have covered a continent with the monuments of their agricultural industry. Upper Canada and the United States bear ample testimony of the flood-tide of prosperity—the results of unrestricted enterprise, and of equitable laws. Lower Canada, where another race predominates, presents a solitary exception to this march of improvement. There, surrounded by forests inviting industry, and offering a rich reward to labour, an illiterate people, opposed to improvements, have compressed their growing numbers almost within the boundaries of their original settlements, and present, in their mode of laws, in their mode of agriculture, and peculiar customs, a not unfaithful picture of France in the seventeenth century. There also may be witnessed the humiliating spectacle of a rural population not infrequently necessitated to implore eleemosynary relief from the legislature of the country.”

But it is no new lesson to learn, that an inert and unprogressive race, with pride clinging to decay, and customs withering to enterprise, cannot harmonise, in legislative provisions, with men who want laws to assist the steps of advancing civilisation, rather than ways and means of keeping up old ruins; who prefer to gather the fruits of a thousand trees, for the planting of which enterprise has explored, and industry has employed, new and rich domains, to tying up the decaying branches of a few old ones, to which possibly memory may love to cling, but under which plain human nature might starve. To expect, in fact, that men with such opposite characteristics, apart even from their other elements of

discord, should harmonise, when the party weaker in legislation was the stronger in civilisation, when the party that stood still had the power of making the other stand still also, was to expect an impossibility. And this was exactly the nature of the contest so long carried on in Lower Canada. An ox and a race-horse had been yoked together in the same legislative harness. But the misfortune was increased by the race-horse's being subject—however much he might struggle, and rear, and foam—to the motions of his dogged companion, and to the necessity of not moving at all, whenever it pleased his venerable mate to stand still. It is clear, therefore, that any legislative provision, after the rebellion, which would restore to the French this ascendancy, would be but causing confusion worse confused—would be but entailing upon both parties constant contentions, with the probability, if not the certainty, of a final appeal to arms; in which case England would be left without a friend in either party—the one looking upon her as their natural enemy—the other as a power which had always sacrificed its friends when it had the means of benefiting them—had perpetually raised its defenders very high, to see how very far it could let them fall.

The party in Upper Canada which had opposed the government step by step, until it ended with rebellion in conjunction with the French, was composed of vastly different materials from these its allies. And it is somewhat singular, but it is nevertheless a fact, that this party, both as to its strength, and the true causes of its hostility to England, has never been very thoroughly understood even in the Canadas. The principle of under-rating enemies was always applied to it by its opponents in the province. The pernicious habit of looking upon men with too much contempt to take the measure of their strength, is as bad in politics as it is in a physical struggle. But the party known as the government party in Upper Canada, was generally far too self-important and too great to calculate how many dark-looking clouds it takes to make a storm.

The government of England too, never very clear-sighted in colonial affairs, and with its Argus eye as directed to Canadian prospects always suffering from some defect of vision, or looking through very distorting media, was not very likely to catch the height and cut of each individual in a colonial multitude, which it scarcely ever saw even in gross; while the Governors who "did the monarch" in the province, did not generally betray much taste for sitting down by the farmer's fireside, and eating apple-sauce and sauerkraut at his table, where there neither was, nor could have been, recognised a distinction between the master and the man,—between the lord of the castle and the cook in the kitchen. Yet such were the places where governors and rulers might have seen at work the elements of democracy; might have witnessed the process of education to the leveling system. An education which, with the vast facilities for independence in America, irrespective of situation or institutions—men never get over; and in which they might have traced the natural growth of feelings and principles, that must, in the very nature of things, be in a state of continual warfare with the customs, the pride, and the love of distinction, which are the inalienable offspring of the monarchy, the aristocracy, and the social system of England. Yet here they never penetrated either to count the voters or the children. They felt—they were obliged to feel—that the great wheel of the government, which was the majority in parliament, often performed extraordinary revolutions the wrong way. But they knew not how or wherefore. They never went where they might have studied, and could have understood, the difficulty; where, to make a long story short, in order to get at what they missed, and to understand what they did not, the reader has possibly anticipated the necessity of accompanying us.

From the circumstances attending the early settlement of Upper Canada, and from the character of the early settlers themselves, the preachers of the Methodist denomination were not merely almost the only ones who they had for many years

tunity of hearing, but were, of all others, those they most desired to hear. The clergymen of the Church of England were few, and stationed in the larger towns. But it is one of the peculiarities of Methodism, that however numerous or scattered the settlers might have been, the preacher could always manage to live among them; for he received with his circuit a sort of universal billeting-ticket, and the houses of all his flock, and all his flock's friends, thereupon became one vast home to him; and wherever he happened to take up his temporary abode, he conferred a sort of honour instead of receiving a favour. The system had another peculiarity too—at all events, at the early period we are speaking of—it had no standard of fitness in the way of education for its ministry. Yet where men of education could never think of penetrating or existing, these men were willing to go. Where no bishop could dream of sending a pastor, it is the principle of Methodism to believe the Lord will raise up or send one. If his talents are none of the brightest, they are willing to trust to Heaven to make up the deficiency; and certainly, in some instances, there is much need of it.

It is not difficult to perceive how great must have been the influence of these preachers over a people so circumstanced: how eagerly—in the absence of newspapers, and of nearly every means of learning what was going on in the province, much less in the affairs of the world—the leading characters of the neighbourhoods gathered round the preacher, after the meeting was over, at the fireside of some brother of the Church, to hear the latest news, to get the last newspaper or pamphlet, and to receive his oracular opinions upon the measures and the men agitating the country. And in two-thirds of the districts in the province, these preachers had for years, unopposed and unquestioned, those opportunities of instilling a political education—which, if they chose to make use of them, would enable them to plant a crop, whether of good or of evil, for or against the institutions of England, wholly uneradicable,—were there even the same opportunities afforded

of eradicating it that there were of sowing it.

For five successive parliaments in Upper Canada, previous to the rebellion, each party had alternately the majority in the house—the one party being known as the Tory or Family Compact; the other as the Radical or the Saddle-bag faction—a name more truthfully than elegantly applied to it, on account of its owing its majority to the exertions of these same Methodist preachers in its favour; and from their mode of travelling through the country being on horseback, with large saddle-bags swung on each side of the nag, and, by way of adding to the picturesque, with a leathern valise strapped on immediately over his tail. These bags and valise, it was alleged by their opponents, were always filled—with, we suppose, the necessary exception of stowage for hymn-books, and the other paraphernalia of their craft—with papers and pamphlets against the monarchy, the Church, and the institutions of England, and in favour of the democracy of the States. But whether the bags and valise were so filled or not; or whether, indeed, these preachers, at this early period, had it in their power to treat their friends to as many pamphlets, and papers, and almanacs—for the last was and is a method of disseminating political opinions much resorted to in America—as they were accused of, we shall not undertake to determine. This, however, we certainly can assert—that if we had out of the whole world to select the most perfect embodiment of the spirit of hostility to all the pomp, and pride, and distinction, and deference to rank, incident to monarchy, wherever it may exist, we should select these same Methodist preachers. Educated, for the most part, in the United States, or in Canada by American schoolmasters; with their conferences held in the States; the seat of their church in the States; their ministers ordained in the States; their bishops sent from there—for they were all, at this time, Episcopal Methodists—and the great body of their church flourishing there,—they imbibed, from the very beginning, American feelings of hostility to the established Church of England, and to the pride and love

of distinction—to all the characteristics which must exhibit themselves wherever English society has a footing, and England's monarchy a representative. Hostility to these was, in truth, the very genius of their religion. Looked upon with contempt by Episcopal clergymen, they took a pious revenge in wildly declaiming against the pride and arrogance of those who derided them, and incidentally pointed to the luxurious grandeur and sumptuous living of the great dignitaries of the church, while its poor hard-working carvers had scarcely the means of living. Treated with contumely by the few educated English who, from time to time, settled among their hearers, they pointed in their indignation to that country, and to those institutions, where one man was held no better than another, and where the many could soon level the pride and bring down the pretensions of the few. Deprived by law, as they were at this time, of nearly all the rights of Christian ministers—of the right to marry, and all similar ones, (for both the government and the church had long contended against men whom they regarded and believed, in point of education and character, to be wholly unfit to exercise these sacred functions,) they declaimed from the very bottom of their hearts against the illiberality and exclusiveness of English institutions, of English feelings, and of English pride, in depriving them of these rights; and they applauded, with equal earnestness, that government under which their church flourished, in the fullest exercise of the widest privileges of a Christian denomination. There is no exaggeration on the one side or on the other in this. It would be offensive to the church and to its adherents to say, that they regarded these preachers otherwise than we have described. It would be unjust to the Methodists to say, that they did not feel, and that they did not act, as we have given them credit for doing.

But in addition to the effect, political and national, produced by these preachers, the peculiarity of the Methodist church-government spread the same influences by many minor, but not less effectual ramifications. Every

little society, in every neighbourhood, had what is called a class-leader, or local preacher, whose duty it was to exercise a sort of half-religious and half-civil domination over the part of the church immediately surrounding him, to give them advice, settle their differences, and practise the arts of small oratory and miniature government.

It is not difficult to perceive how this system must have furnished a leader to every little neighbourhood; how the ambition first formed by a class-meeting must have wished the larger sphere of a political one; and how the consciousness of ability to govern a congregation naturally led to the conviction that the same abilities might be usefully employed in the magistracy, or even in parliament. And it is a significant fact, that since the friends of these class-leaders have been in power, in every neighbourhood where the Methodists have had a footing, two-thirds of the magistrates appointed by the government were, and are, these very class-leaders themselves. But, at the time we are speaking of, the idea of appointing a person a magistrate, whose only qualification consisted in his exhibiting a stentorian voice at Methodist meetings, or being an influential member of "his society," was utterly repugnant to the feelings of men educated to dislike such persons, even when they are unpretending, much less when they aspire to offices of honour and distinction. No class-leaders, therefore, in neighbourhoods where every man was alike a lord of the soil, saw themselves looked up to as leaders by the many, at the same time that they were looked down upon as boorish pretenders by the few. But what galled them yet more was, that they constantly saw the few placed in offices of honour and emolument over them, and thus "rubbing in," as they termed it, the insult and the injustice of their own exclusion. Like the preachers, too, they pointed, in their indignation and revenge, to that country and those institutions where the people could raise the man, and not the crown—where they could not only attain what they aimed at, but crush what they abhorred.

Partly from this system of religious and political education, and partly

from the great number of Americans who settled in the provinces immediately after the revolutionary war, and who came in with, and at the suggestion of Governor Simcoe, as well as the many who came in without him—but mainly from the tinge of nationality that all large communities impart to small ones adjacent to them—the manners, the customs, the accent, and even the prejudices, of the rural native population in Upper Canada, are scarcely distinguishable from the American. Their very slang words are the same, and their dislike of what they term “blooded critters,”—namely, Englishmen, who cannot help evincing their inveterate dislike of either associating themselves, or allowing their families to associate, with persons whose education and habits they consider beneath them. Every feature, indeed, by which an Englishman can detect the influence of the levelling system in the States, particularly among the farming and lower classes, he can also detect, and fully to the same extent, among all the American, the Dutch, and most of the rural native Canadian population in Upper Canada. It would be digressing too far from the main object of this paper to bring forward examples—and we know hundreds—where English gentlemen have been subjected to innumerable petty annoyances, (such as cutting down their fences, and letting the cattle into their corn-fields,) merely because it became hinted about the neighbourhoods where they had settled that they were “blooded critters,” and refused to eat at the same table with their labourers, and associate upon an equal footing with their neighbours, irrespective of their habits, character, and education; where men have left the harvest-fields as soon as they discovered that two tables were set in the house; and where families have been obliged, to avoid inconveniences that could not be endured, to conform, if not altogether, at least for a time, to the general usage of admitting no distinction between master and man. It must suffice for our purpose now, to say that these things exist—that they exist to the extent that we have described them; and without going into the question of the policy or the impolicy of Englishmen not conforming

to the general and prevailing customs of the country in which they settle, or of the merit or demerit of these customs themselves, all we wish to say here is, that these customs are, in our humble opinion, inimical to all monarchical education—to that state of society where rank must be recognised, respectability distinguished, and refinement preserved, or monarchy cease to exist, or become a mockery.

But what was the strength of all these natural and unmistakable elements of hostility to monarchy under any form, and to a people bred under monarchical institutions in any circumstances? What was the power of the Methodists, in so far as that was used against the government, over the constituencies of the province? What was the power of those who were not Methodists, but who united with them in opposing the government? And what was the power of the really honest Yankees in the province, who never hesitated to avow that they hated the British government, root, branches, and all? And in what way did their united feelings and intentions develop themselves?

For upwards of a quarter of a century they maintained,—with all the power and patronage of the government against them; with most of the talent born in the province, and the whole, or very nearly so, of that imported into it, against them; and with seven-eighths, yes, nine-tenths, of the emigrants who were able to purchase property when they came, or who subsequently became voters, against them,—alternate, and more than alternate, majorities in parliament. It can answer no good purpose now, it never answered any, to deny or to disguise this fact. This class of men formed, as what we have already stated must have satisfied the reader, fully two-thirds of the electors in the counties. In the Home District, where M'Kenzie, who headed the rebellion in 1837, had absolute control over the elections; in the Midland District, where Mr Bidwell, an American by birth, by education, and from principle, exercised a similar influence; in the London District, where Duncombe, who also headed the rebels, could carry any man into parliament he pleased; what was

the character of the voters in the townships and counties which gave them this power? They were the Methodists, educated as we have described; they were the Americans and Dutch, with strong predilections in favour of democracy, and still stronger dislike of the natural and inevitable characteristics of society which arise from monarchy itself. In the Gore district, in the Niagara district, and in the Newcastle district, what do the poll-books exhibit for the counties which sent member after member, with hardly an exception, to support M'Kenzie in the parliament, and some of them to support him in the rebellion? The number of Hezekiahs, and Jedediahs, and Jonathans, of Eliacums, and Ezekiels, shows pretty clearly what was their origin, and what were their political predilections. But these democratic leanings were by no means arbitrarily confined to names, for there was both a Duke of Wellington and a Horatio Nelson in the Gore District gaol for treason in 1838. The Duke was a preacher, and regularly held forth to his fellow prisoners, until the scamp at last—we suppose to acquire a practical idea of the nature of sin—stole a watch from one of his companions, and was thereupon regularly deposed from his high calling; and the scene of his labours changed from among the political offenders down to the petty larceny fraternity. All of which may be found duly chronicled in the records of the sheriff's office of the Gore District for the period.

But there is no circumstance, perhaps, that we could mention, that could convey a better idea of the relative regard for England and the United States, of the class of people we have been describing, than the fact—well known to every person who has lived among them—that a Yankee school-master, without either education or intelligence—with nothing on earth to recommend him, save an inveterate propensity for vapouring and meddling in the affairs, religious and political, of every sect and class wherever he goes—can, and ever has, exercised more influence among them in a few months, than a whole neighbourhood of English gentlemen could in years. And we speak

neither from hearsay nor conjecture: we speak from what we have seen and know, and what is susceptible of full proof.

The political measures of this party, like all others, soon shaped themselves into an embodiment of their motives and principles, and into a means, the most natural and the most certain, of gaining and keeping power. Ambition, mounted between two saddle-bags, upon a jog-trot pony, was not likely to shine in the character of a courtier. A strong nasal accent, and a love of the levelling system, were but poor recommendations to English gentlemen, and English governors, for offices of distinction and the command of her Majesty's militia forces. But both were powerful at the hustings. What they could not win from the crown they could gain from the electors. What monarchical feelings and a monarchical education could not brook, democratic voters would assuredly elevate. The consequences were such as may be conceived. Their measures became, to all intents and purposes, democratic. They began by requiring, as indispensable to the proper "image and transcript," as they called it, of the British constitution, that the legislative council—analogous to the House of Lords—should be rendered elective; that the magistracy should be made elective; that voting by ballot, as it is practised in the States, should be introduced; and that every officer in the country, from a colonel to a constable, should be chosen by the people. How much of monarchy would have been left after all this—how many of the distinguishing characteristics that the English government imparts to a British people, would have been discernible, after all these measures were in full operation, it would not have been very difficult to foresee.

Lord Durham, in speaking of this party, and of that which opposed it, observes:—

"At first sight it appears much more difficult to form an accurate idea of the state of Upper than of Lower Canada. The visible and broad line of demarcation which separates parties, by the characters of their respective influence in Upper and Lower Canada, is one of an extraordinary nature."

population. Like all such quarrels, it has, in fact, created not two but several parties, each of which has some objects in common with some one of those to which it is opposed. They differ on one point and agree on another; the sections which unite together one day are strongly opposed the next; and the very party which acts as one against a common opponent, is in truth composed of divisions seeking utterly different or incompatible objects. It is very difficult to make out, from the avowals of parties, the real objects of their struggles; and still less easy is it to discover any cause of such importance as would account for its uniting any large mass of the people in an attempt to overthrow, by forcible means, the existing form of government."

There could not have been anything more mischievously incorrect, or more likely to lead to unfortunate conclusions, than these statements. We can safely challenge the whole parliamentary history of the province, the character of the leading measures and of the leading men, and the result of every election, for twenty-five years, to find even a reasonable pretext for them, although we believe they were made in full conviction of their truth by the nobleman who made them. Of course, he could not have properly understood what he was writing about. For six successive elections previous to the rebellion, the whole history of England does not afford an example of each party's going to the hustings with so little change in men, measures, principles, or feelings, as in every one of these. In every new House of Assembly the same identical leaders, and the same followers, singled out the same men four years after four years; and neither accidents nor changes, the reproaches of treason on the one side, or the accusations of corruption on the other, caused the loss of a man to one party or the gain of one to the other. The whole heart, soul, and hopes of the two parties were as distinct and opposite as those of any two parties that ever had an existence. Nor could it have been otherwise, when the tendencies of the one were so manifestly against the existence of a fabric, which every feeling of the other urged them to preserve at all hazards and under all circumstances.

At last an important event in the history of the province brought the

contest between these parties to an issue. When Sir Francis Head assumed the government in 1836, he found the party which had opposed it for so many years with a large majority in Parliament. With the view, if possible, of reconciling the two parties, and of getting both to unite with him in furthering the real interests of the province, he formed an executive council of the leaders of both. But the council had scarcely been formed, before the leaders of the party which had been so perpetually in opposition declined remaining in it, unless Sir Francis would surrender up to them, practically, the same powers that are enjoyed by the ministry in England. This he neither could nor would do. An angry correspondence ensued. They significantly pointed, in the event of the character of the struggle being changed, to aid from the great democracy of America. He asserted that the great right arm of England should be wielded, if necessary, to support the crown. They finally concluded by stopping the supplies. He dissolved the house.

In the election contest which ensued, it was distinctly and emphatically declared by the government, that the contest was no longer as between party and party in a colony, but as between monarchy and democracy in America. Monarchy was, in fact and in truth, the candidate at the election. And whether the whole of the party engaged in this desperate opposition participated in the declaration made to Sir Francis, that they would look for aid to the States, and which elicited from him the reply, "Let them come if they dare," is not a matter that they have ever enlightened the public upon. But that he was forced and obliged to make monarchy the candidate in this election, or let democracy threaten and bully him out of the country, is a historical fact, and incontrovertible in the Canadas, but most grossly and most unfortunately misunderstood in England.

The government party gained the election. But after the contest, the opposition, seeing their hopes of success—which were founded upon the plan of embarrassing the government into their measures, by gaining majorities in parliament and stopping the

supplies—all destroyed by the result of this election; and knowing that immigration was every year adding to the strength of their opponents, finally determined to change the struggle from the hustings and the parliament, to the camp and the battle-field—to risk all in a bold attempt to strike down the oak at a blow, instead of attempting to destroy it, branch by branch, by democratic measures and factious legislation. That there were men of this party who did not approve of this desperate step, and that there were others who thought it premature, we believe and know; but that the great body of the party itself sympathised with the leaders in it, and would have gloried in, and contributed by all the means in their power to their success, had it been attainable, we are not only sure of, but could prove by the history of the whole affair, given by those who had the best means of understanding it.

When Lord Durham arrived in Canada, he found this party in the situation of masses of threatening, but scattered clouds. Some had voluntarily withdrawn to the States; others were there, either to escape arrest, or from consciousness of their guilt in the rebellion. The great body of the party remained in the province, with all those feelings towards England and her loyalists, that humbled pride, many sufferings, a contemptible struggle, and a mortifying defeat, were likely to engender. But though the storm had passed over, the clouds were nearly all left. The party had, in reality, gained by experience much more than it had lost in numbers. It had come to the understanding that England's great right arm could not be so easily broken. It had learned, and its friends in the States had learned—what was most useful to both under the circumstances—that if England's institutions were to be destroyed in America, it must be done by some other means than by blows and bayonets.

And it was with this party, thus situated, and composed of the materials, and influenced by the considerations, we have mentioned, that Lord Durham proposed, by a union of the provinces, to neutralise the legislative influence of the French of Lower

Canada—to destroy their supremacy, which was pregnant with rebellion, and to subvert their power, which had been synonymous with decay. For without the aid of this party, or a great portion of it, the loyalists could not accomplish this; much less could it ever be accomplished if this party should happen to unite with the French. A vast power, too, whether for good or for evil, and hitherto unknown in a colony, was thrown among them all to be scrambled for. We mean a power analogous to that of the ministry in England, and known by the name of a Responsible Government in Canada. This power, always held in England by the heads of great parties—by men of lofty intellects and great characters—by men who were literally invested with the moral worth, the intelligence, the rank, and the honour of millions—this mighty power was tossed up in the Canadas like a cap in a crowd, to fall upon the head of whomsoever it might chance. It mattered not whether it was a Frenchman, the dearest object of whose existence was the destruction of England's power, that gained the majority. The cap must be his. It mattered not whether it was a democrat, whose secret but highest aim was the annihilation of England's monarchy, that succeeded at the elections: the mantle of England's honour, and of upholding England's crown in America, must fall upon him. We should be sorry to propose the curtailment of a single privilege of a single Briton, in any part of the world where the flag of his country waves over him. In what we shall have to say hereafter as to the government of the colonies, we do not intend doing so. But what we mean to say of this vast power, which was thrown among the people to be scrambled for at this time in the Canadas, is, that what in England must have been, from the very nature of things, a guarantee for all orders in the state being preserved and protected under it, was in the Canadas, equally from the nature of things, precisely the reverse. No ministry in England could be formed without the nobility, the gentry, the wealth—all that owed its all to the preservation of the institutions of the country—being represented in it. In the Canadas a r

could be—yes, from the very nature of things; a ministry must be—formed, where Frenchmen, who hated England—where democrats, who hated monarchy, must control the destinies of England's subjects—the existence of England's empire in the west. We would not be understood, therefore, as desiring to curtail a single privilege; but we would, nevertheless, keep edged-tools out of the hands of madmen and enemies. We would not remove the rope from the neck of another to put it round our own.

Extraordinary though it seem that human credulity could go so far—if the character of the parties, if the character even of the measures of the parties, in Upper Canada was understood—as to expect that the giving to the one which had opposed the government, as it were by nature, the power, by uniting with the French, of crushing its enemies for ever, that it would not do so; that it would not join with its old allies in dividing the spoils of prosperity, as it had already done in sharing the mortifications of defeat; that it would not join them, even for the purpose of having revenge, each of its own enemy in its own province;—yet such was the hope, such the infatuation of Lord Durham. He let a little stream of abstract right fall into a whole sea of French prejudices and democratic infatuations, and he expected that it would change the great face of the waters. And what has been the result?—that the little stream has been lost in the great sea; that, instead of its changing the sea, it has but added to its weight; that all the prejudices, all the infatuations are left; and the power that was expected to change them has been converted into tools for them to work with.

Up to the last election, the French had never fairly recovered their former influence, or rather had not the opportunity of fully exerting their powers in the elections. Up to the same period, the reform party, as they styled themselves in Upper Canada, had laboured under a similar disadvantage. The latter had suffered for the want of its leaders, three of whom were outlaws in the States, as well as from other causes. But at the last election—a fair one for all parties—the French recovered all their for-

mer power, and the Upper Canadian party all its former counties. The French, therefore, were making all the strides they could towards the domination that, according to Lord Durham, was pregnant with rebellion; the reform party had just the opportunity that he fondly wished for them, of checking the evil, and of establishing an enlightened and moderate British party between the two extremes. And what did they do? The measures and the facts must speak for themselves.

The following resolution, moved by Mr Lafontaine, attorney-general for Lower Canada, taken in the abstract, would seem harmless and fair enough:—

“Resolved, that this house do now resolve itself into a committee to take into consideration the necessity of establishing the amount of losses incurred by certain inhabitants of Lower Canada during the political troubles of 1837 and 1838, and of providing for the payment thereof.”

But when the following commentary of items, intended to be paid under it, is added to it, the nature of the political troubles of 1837 and 1838, and the intention of the resolution, will be better understood:—

Items selected from the Report of the Commissioners appointed to ascertain the Amount of Rebellion Losses in Lower Canada, and their observations thereon:—

“No. 1169. Wolfred Nelson, Montreal. Property destroyed, £23,109, 19s. 5d.; but Dr Nelson deducts the amount of his liabilities (for which his creditors have claimed, or may claim) and claims the balance only, say £12,379, 12s. 7d.”

“1089. Pierre Beaulieu, St. Ours. £69, 10s., quartering insurgents under the command of General Mathis; and £131, 6s. 3d. for imprisonment five months and nine days.”

“1107. Jos. Gaimond, Chateaugay, conviction recorded. His wife claims £3, 10s. for the purchase of the confiscated estate bought by her.”

“P. N. Paquet, Three Rivers. Claims £400 for false imprisonment, and £25 for expenses there, and £500 for absence from the Province, to avoid arrest, &c.”

“27. J. Dorion, M.D., St. Ours. Claims £300 as due from Dr Nelson's estate; £175 for three months imprisonment, &c.”

“32. Theophis Robert, Montreal. Conviction recorded. Claims £215 for loss of time whilst in exile.”

" 84. Cyrille Beaudrault, Saout au Recollet. Claims £268, 16s. for interest, and £200 profit, on the goods destroyed and pillaged.

" 277. Church of St Cyprien, Napierville. The sum of £327, 12s. 6d. was taken from the treasury of the Church, forcibly, by Dr Cote, against the will and remonstrance of the churchwardens.

" 398. Jos. Dumouchel, Ste. Martine. Conviction recorded. Claims £1878, 13s. 9d., including £525 for compensation for seven years' imprisonment and exile.

" 564. Etienne Langlois, Blairfrudie. Conviction recorded. Claims £345 for loss of time while in exile, and £34 passage from Sidney to Canada.

" 565. Louis Pinsonneau, St Remi. Conviction recorded. Claims £2275, 10s. 9d., including £855, 15s. for imprisonment and exile.

" 634. David Blanchette, St Cyprien. Conviction recorded. Claims £520, 16s. 8d. for imprisonment and exile.

" 654. Pierre Lavois, St Cyprien. Conviction recorded. Claims £300 for being exiled six years, at £50 per annum.

" 656. Louis Laurelin, St Cyprien, claims £50 for imprisonment and expenses, having been acquitted.

" 789. Luc H. Masson, St Benoit, claims £450 for the interruption of his business during three years.

" Euph. Lamard, St Réme. Conviction recorded. Claims £519, including £150, six years' rent of property destroyed.

" 838. Archelaus Welch, West Farnham, claims £80, 7s. 6d. loss on sale of timber, on account of the troubles in 1837.

" 850. Théodore Béchard, Blairfrudie. Conviction recorded. Claims £670, 6s. 8d., value of his estate confiscated and purchased by his wife.

" 931. Edouard Major, Ste. Scholastique, claims £921, 4s. 7d., including £250 for interest, and £150 for the loss of profit, in discontinuing business.

" 992. Léandre Ducharme, Montreal. Conviction recorded. Claims for imprisonment and transportation, living in exile, and passage home, £262, 5s.

" 1327. B. Viger, Boucherville, claims £2000. Exile to Bermuda.

" 1651. C. Baiseune, St Benoit, claims £150 for three years' exclusion from his profession as a notary, owing to the loss of his books, when prepared to pass his examination as notary.

" 1812. J. B. Arohambeault, and 216 others, of St Eustache, claim £489, 13s. for guns taken and not returned to the owners.

" 1916. Ninety persons of St Eustache, for guns taken and not returned, £205, 0s. 10d.

" 1951. F. Dionne, St Cesaire, claims

£18 per annum, or £200 for his brother, who lost his senses from imprisonment and ill usage.

" 2215. H. D'Eschambault, Boucherville, claims the sum of £12,000, as partner of Dr Nelson, for the creditors of the joint estate; but as the separate creditors have filed, or will file, their separate claims, this claim is not inserted. Dr Nelson also deducted this amount from his claim, as still due to the creditors of the firm.

" 2174. L. Perrault, Montreal, claims £500, absence in the United States, and £1105, loss of business."

That this flagitious calendar of charges was deliberately intended to be paid by her Majesty's Canadian ministry, it may probably be more satisfactory to the reader to establish by the testimony of that ministry itself, than by any statements of our own.

Mr Merritt, the president of the council, and occupying a similar position in the government of Canada that Lord John Russell does in the government of England, thus writes to his constituents, who had addressed him on the subject, and remonstrated against paying these charges:—"On becoming a member of the government (he was appointed president of the council upon Mr Sullivan's being raised to the bench, a short time before the meeting of parliament) *I found their payment determined on by the administration.*" The reader will observe, that it was against the payment of the items above quoted, that Mr Merritt's constituents remonstrated. He answered, that their payment was decided upon before he took office. But he continues:—"My first impression was, I confess, against it; but I soon became convinced that they had no alternative. I neither wish to be misunderstood, nor relieved from responsibility. Although the government approved of Mr Boulton's amendment, [which was an amendment of its own resolution,] which excludes those who were sent to Bermuda, I was prepared to vote for excluding none." That is to say,—Mr Merritt had the manliness to risk his character, by voting for what his fellow-ministers had convinced him was necessary. They wanted the manliness to do what they had previously convinced him, according to their ideas, would be but an act of justice.

But the fact was, her Majesty's Canadian Executive Council had calculated too highly upon their own strength, or, having provoked the storm, they shrunk back in terror at its violence and its consequences. They were, therefore, obliged to resort to the skin of the fox, to make up what they found they wanted of that of the lion. And the substitution was managed after the following manner :

The amendment alluded to by Mr Merritt, or the operative part of it, was in these words :

"That the losses, so far only as they have arisen from the total, or *partially unjust, unnecessary, or wanton* destruction of the dwellings, buildings, property, and effects of the said inhabitants [of Lower Canada], and by the seizure, taking, or carrying away of their property and effects, should be satisfied ; provided that none of the persons who have been convicted of high treason, alleged to have been committed in that part of this province formerly called Lower Canada, since the first day of November 1847, or who, having been charged with high treason, or other offences of a treasonable nature, and having been committed to the custody of the sheriff in the gaol of Montreal, submitted themselves to the will and pleasure of her Majesty, and were thereupon transported to her Majesty's island of Bermuda, shall be entitled to any indemnity for losses sustained during or after the said rebellion, or in consequence thereof."

This amendment is worded carefully enough, and, like Mr Lafontaine's resolution, is apparently just and harmless in its abstract signification ; but it proves, like the former, a vastly different matter when its intentions come to be discovered by its practical application.

It is necessary that the reader should understand that there were a great number of the French rebels, particularly the leading characters, who fled the country immediately after the first few contests were over—and some of them were brave enough not even to wait so long—who came back under the amnesty, and consequently neither submitted themselves to the custody of the sheriff of Montreal, nor were prosecuted in any way : these are, therefore, no matter how high, or how notorious their treason, exempted from disability, under this amendment,

to claim rebellion losses. Among these was a Doctor Welfred Nelson, who was commander-in-chief of the rebels at the battles of St Denis and St Charles ; who fought with them as well as he could ; who published the declaration of independence for the Canadas ; who, after he had made his escape to the States, hovered round the borders as the leader of the piratical gangs that devastated the country ; and whom General Wood was finally despatched by the United States government to put down. This individual is now a member of the Canadian parliament for a French county, and is an *admitted claimant*, under Mr Boulton's amendment, for twenty-three thousand pounds, for his rebellion losses. His own words in the debate upon the question are these:—"As to the claims made for my property, I had sent in a detailed account of the losses which had occurred, and which amounted to £23,000, of which £11,000 did not belong to me, but to my creditors. I mentioned their names, and as far as my memory would serve, that was the amount." Now, setting aside the doctrine, subversive even of all traitors' honour, and of all security under any government, that men may first half destroy a country by rebellion, and afterwards make up the other half of its destruction by claiming indemnity for incidental losses ; setting aside this question, and viewing the matter in the abstract light, that all claims for injuries should be paid, we should like to know who is to pay the creditors of the poor widows of the soldiers and the loyalists whose blood stained the snows of Canada in suppressing Dr Wolfred Nelson's rebellion ? Who is to feed their children, who are at this moment—we can vouch for the fact in at least one instance—shoeless and houseless, wandering upon the world ? Yet Dr Nelson's creditors, on account of Dr Nelson's crime, must be paid. Who is to pay the creditors of the merchants, of the millers, of the lumberers, who were ruined by the general devastation that Dr Nelson's rebellion brought upon Lower Canada ? Still Dr Nelson's creditors must be paid, although he spent the very money in bringing about other people's ruin. Who is to indem-

nify the people of England for two millions sterling spent in putting down Dr Nelson's rebellion? Yet Dr Nelson's property must be made good, and Dr Nelson's creditors must be paid, because England was under the necessity of putting down Dr Nelson's insurrection. And will—can England look on with indifference while Upper Canada—whose loyalists, when she was without a soldier to hoist her flag, did it for her—whose people freely and gladly sacrificed their lives, as well in the hardships as in the struggle with the traitor and the assassin, and whose trade and property were wellnigh ruined by this Dr Wolfred Nelson's rebellion—is now called upon to make good to him money he spent in carrying it on, and property that shared but the common ruin he brought upon the whole country? Yet Dr Nelson's payment is now decided upon by the parliament of Canada; and as the climax of such unheard-of legislation, he voted for it himself.

When such a coach-and-four as this can walk through Mr Boulton's amendment, it is needless to spend time upon smaller fry. The loyalists of Canada have now, or will have, if the governor, or the British government assents to the measure, to pay for the very torch that was employed to set fire to their homes; for the guns that were used to shoot them down by the wayside; for the shoes that an enemy who challenged them to fight, wore out in running away; for the time that men who, assassin-like, established hunters' lodges in the States, for the purpose of cutting down the defenceless, and burning up the unprotected, were engaged in the conception and execution of their diabolical designs. These may be strong statements, but they are facts. We need go no farther than Dr Nelson's case, who claims indemnity for the very money he spent in buying powder and balls to destroy her Majesty's subjects, and who claims £12,000 for injury to his property, while he himself was at the head of gangs of desperadoes laying waste the whole southern frontier of the province to sustain them.

But, to convey an idea to the English reader of the full extent to which

payment may be, and is contemplated to be, made to parties engaged in the rebellion, under this amendment, we need but quote the questions that were put to Mr Lafontaine, before the final vote was taken on the question, and the manner in which he treated them.

"In committee last night, Colonel Prince stated that a great deal of uncertainty existed as to the class of persons whom it was intended by the ministry to pay, under the measure introduced by them, and he begged Mr Attorney General Lafontaine to settle the matter explicitly by replying to certain questions which he would put to him. Colonel Prince promised, on his part, to regard the replies as final, and after receiving them, he would allude no further to the rebellion claims.

"He then put the following questions in a deliberate, solemn manner, pausing between each for an answer.

"Do you propose to exclude, in your instructions to the commissioners to be appointed under this act, all who aided and abetted in the rebellion of 1837-1838?"

"No REPLY.

"Do you propose to exclude those, who, by their admissions and confessions, admitted their participation in the rebellion?"

"No REPLY.

"Do you mean to exclude those whose admission of guilt is at this very moment in the possession of the government, or of the courts of law, unless these admissions have been destroyed with the connivance of honourable gentlemen opposite?"

"No REPLY.

"Do you mean to exclude any of those 800 men who were imprisoned in the jail of Montreal, for their participation in the rebellion, and who were subsequently discharged from custody through the clemency of the government, and whose claims I understand to exceed some £70,000?"

"No REPLY.

"Do you not mean to pay every one, let his participation in the rebellion have been what it may, except the very few who were convicted by the courts-martial, and some six or seven who admitted their guilt and were sent to Bermuda?"

"No REPLY."

Montreal Gazette.

But what course did the enlightened reformers of Upper Canada take in this business—did that party which Lord Durham expressly stated was made up, for the most part, of men of

strong British feelings, and by whose aid the French domination was to be crushed? Out of the strongest majority—out of the most united and effective representation of the whole party that has ever been had since Sir Francis Bled assumed the government of the province, one only voted against the French; seventeen voted with them, and five found it convenient to be absent.

But, bad as this measure is, and plainly as it shows that England's friends have been rendered politically powerless in the provinces, it is even better than the representation scheme, which these two parties have still more unitedly, and, if anything, more determinedly endeavoured to push through parliament. The following extracts from the leading journals of both provinces, will convey an idea of the intention of this measure, and what it is likely to lead to:—

“The rebellion claims which have roused, in every English breast, a feeling of strong antipathy against the French Canadian race, is but an affair of skirmishing, preparatory to the great battle for perpetual domination in Canada by the French Canadian race over those whom Mr Lafontaine has styled their ‘natural enemies.’ It is the Representation scheme that is to raise over us, for ever, our ‘French Masters.’ As an affair of money, that of the Rebellion Losses is an injury and insult to every man who obeyed the order of the government in its time of need. It has planted deeply the seeds of a never-dying irritation, but it involves not our national existence. The Representation scheme is a triple iniquity, and will cement, if the madness of party be strong enough to carry it, all the little differences of parties among Englishmen, into one settled, determined hatred of the French race. It is a triple iniquity—an injury, an insult, and slavery to our children.”—*Montreal Gazette*.

“By the Ministerial scheme, then, it is proposed to give the British Canadian population, say 13 members—as follows:—Ottawa 2, Argenteuil 1, Drummond (doubtful) 1, Sherbrooke 2, Shefford 1, Huntingdon 1, Megantic 1, Missisquoi 1, Gaspé 1, Stanstead 1, Sherbrooke Town 1. Thus leaving 62 members for the Franco-Canadians—giving the former an increase on their present number of 3 and the latter of 30! Can this be called a just proportion! It cannot.”—*Montreal Herald*.

“That measure extends over the whole

of the province—Lower as well as Upper Canada; and one of its leading features being, according to the testimony of Mr Hincks, to insure to the French Canadians the perpetuation of their ascendancy in the legislature, as a distinct race, we may look forward in future to the infliction of the most oppressive measures, upon the colonists of British origin, which the masters of the Union may choose to dictate. These are the fruits of radical ascendancy in the executive and the legislature, from Upper Canada, and the prostration of those of British origin in Lower Canada.”—*British Colonist, Toronto*.

Fortunately, however—fortunately even for those it was intended to invest with so great a power, this measure did not pass. For to give a naturally unprogressive race legislative superiority over an inevitably progressive one, is but to prolong a contest, or make more desperate an immediate struggle. The race that advances will not perpetually strive with a rope round its neck, or a chain round its leg. If it cannot loose itself, it will turn round and fight its holders. The French might have bound the English, but they would have had to fight them. A miss, however, is as good as a mile. It required a vote of two-thirds of the whole house to make such a change in the representation. Fifty-six voters would have done it; they had but fifty-five; so that this part of the storm at all events has passed over.

But how did the enlightened reformers of Upper Canada act, upon a measure avowedly and undisguisedly intended to perpetuate French domination? *Every man of them voted for it.* What a melancholy comment this is upon the following—the closing reflection of Lord Durham, upon the government of Canada. What a comment it is upon the attempt to change a people by a measure; to purge out of Frenchmen errors as strong as their nature—out of democrats feelings as large as their souls, by a single pill of abstract right in the shape of responsible government.

“In the state of mind in which I have described the French Canadian population, as not only now being, but as likely for a long while to remain, the trusting them with an entire control over this

proxies would be, in fact, only facilitating a rebellion. Lower Canada must be governed now, as it must be hereafter, by an English population; and thus the policy which the necessities of the moment force on us, is in accordance with that suggested by a comprehensive view of the future and permanent improvement of the provinces."—*Report Can. B.*, p. 127.

But it is not alone that British prosperity is now crushed by the domination of a retrogressive race, but it is that a British people are obliged to feel the galling and unnatural fact, that the power of the government of England is wielded to keep up institutions in America, to the destruction of which, in Europe, it owes its freedom and its greatness. It is not alone that loyalty is sickened to the very death in Upper Canada, at seeing the best gifts of the crown handed over to political pickpockets—for we hold every man, and we can call upon all America to second us in it, as no better than a political pick-pocket, who is a demagogue in his heart and soul, and whines out "God save the Queen," to pillage her Majesty's treasury—it is not alone that

loyalty is galled to madness at this; but it is that loyalty is obliged to see that, however much it may beat these men at the hustings, and by virtue of the constitution, they can still laugh at all its efforts as long as they can play the part of French tools. In all history, in short, there is not a parallel to the state of things at present existing in the Canadas. To men whose very accents, whose very faces are a living libel upon all loyalty to England, England has by her legislation given power to trample under their feet the only friends she had in the hour of her need. To men who are contending for the perpetuation of institutions which all Europe was obliged to throw off before it could breathe a free breath, or extend a free arm, England has by her legislation given the power, not only to drive her children into the slough of despond, but to mount upon their shoulders there, and sink them irretrievably. England has literally in the Canadas made her loyalists political slaves; her enemies their political task-masters.

HAMILTON, CANADA WEST.
23d April, 1849.

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Bees Boreales.

No. I.

CHRISTOPHER UNDER CANVASS.

SCENE—*Cladich, Lochawe-side.*

TIME—*Sunrise.*

NORTH—BULLER—SEWARD.

NORTH.

"Under the opening eyelids of the Morn!" Mefeels, Amici, at this moment, the charm of that Impersonation. Slowly awaking from sleep—scarcely conscious of her whereabouts—bewildered by the beauty of the revelation, nor recognising her beloved lochs and mountains—visionary and nameless all as if an uncertain prolongation of her Summer's Night's Dream.

SEWARD.

I was not going to speak, my dear sir.

NORTH.

And now she is broad awake. She sees the heaven and the earth, nor thinks, God bless her, that 'tis herself that beautifies them!

SEWARD.

Twenty years since I stood on this knoll, honoured sir, by your side—twenty years to a day—and now the same perfect peace possesses me—mysterious return—as if all the intervening time slid away—and this were not a renewed but a continuous happiness.

NORTH.

And let it slide away into the still recesses of Memory—the Present has its privileges—and they may be blamelessly, wisely, virtuously enjoyed—and without irreverence to the sanctity of the Past. Let it slide away—but not into oblivion—no danger, no fear of oblivion—even joys will return on their wings of gossamer;—sorrows may be buried, but they are immortal.

SEWARD.

I see not the slightest change on this Grove of Sycamores. Twenty years tell not on boles that have for centuries been in their prime. Yes—that one a little way down—and that one still farther off—*have* grown—and those striplings, then but saplings, may now be called Trees.

BULLER.

I never heard such a noise.

NORTH.

A cigar in your mouth at four o'clock in the morning! Well—well.

BULLER.

There, my dear sir, keep me in countenance with a Manilla.

NORTH.

The Herb! You have high authority—Spenser's—for "noise."

BULLER.

I said Noise—because it is Noise. Why, the hum of bees overhead is absolutely like soft sustained thunder—and yet no bees visible in the umbrage.

The sound is like that of one single bee, and he must be a giant. Ay—there I see a few working like mad—and I guess there must be myriads. The Grove must be full of bees' nests.

NORTH.

Not one. Hundreds of smokes are stealing up from hidden or apparent cottages—for the region is not unpopulous, and not a garden without its hives—and early risers though we be, the *matutine* apes are still before us, and so are the birds.

BULLER.

They, too, are making a noise. Who says a shilfa cannot sing? Of the fifty now "pouring his throat," as the poet well says, I defy you to tell which sings best. That splendid fellow on the birch-tree top—or yonder gorgeous tyke on the yellow oak—or——

NORTH.

"In shadiest covert hid" the leader of the chorus that thrills the many-nested underwood with connubial bliss.

SEWARD.

Not till this moment heard I the waterfall.

BULLER.

You did, though, all along—a felt accompaniment.

NORTH.

I know few dens more beautiful than Cladich-Cleugh!

BULLER.

Pardon me, sir, if I do not attempt that name.

NORTH.

How mellifluous!—Cladich-Cleugh!

BULLER.

Great is the power of gutturals.

NORTH.

It is not inaccessible. But you must skirt it till you reach the meadow where the cattle are beginning to browse. And then threading your way through a coppice, where you are almost sure to see a roe, you come down upon a series of little pools, in such weather as this so clear that you can count the trouts; and then the verdurous walls begin to rise on either side and right before you; and you begin to feel that the beauty is becoming magnificence, for the pools are now black, and the stems are old, and the cliffs intercept the sky, and there are caves, and that waterfall has dominion in the gloom, and there is sublimity in the sounding solitude.

BULLER.

Cladick-Cloock.

NORTH.

A miserable failure.

BULLER.

Cladig-Cloog.

NORTH.

Wersor and wersor.

SEWARD.

Any footpath, sir?

NORTH.

Yes—for the roe and the goat.

BULLER.

And the Man of the Crutch.

NORTH.

Good. But I speak of days when the Crutch was in its tree-bole——

BULLER.

As the Apollo was in its marble block.

NORTH.

Not so good. But, believe me, gentlemen, I have done it with the Crutch.

SEWARD.

Ay, sir, and could do it again.

NORTH.

No. But you two are yet boys—on the sunny side of fifty—and I leave you, Seward, to act the guide to Buller up Cladich-Cleugh.

BULLER.

Pray, Mr North, what may be the name of that sheet of water?

NORTH.

In Scotland we call it LOCH-OWE.

BULLER.

I am so happy—sir—that I talk nonsense.

NORTH.

Much nonsense may you talk.

BULLER.

'Twas a foolish question—but you know, sir, that by some strange fatality or another I have been three times called away from Scotland without having seen *Loch-Owe*.

NORTH.

Make good use of your eyes now, sirrah, and you will remember it all the days of your life. That is Cruachan—no usurper he—by divine right a king. The sun is up, and there is motion in the clouds. Saw you ever such shadows? How majestically they stalk! And now how beautifully they glide! And now see you that broad black forest, half-way up the mountain?

BULLER.

I do.

NORTH.

You are sure you do.

BULLER.

I am.

NORTH.

You are mistaken. It is no broad black forest—it is mere gloom—shadow that in a minute will pass away, though now seeming steadfast as the woods.

BULLER.

I could swear it is a forest.

NORTH.

Swear not at all. Shut your eyes. Open them. Where now your wood?

BULLER.

Most extraordinary ocular deception.

NORTH.

Quite common. Yet no poet has described it. See again. The same forest a mile off. No need of trees—sun and cloud make our visionary mountains sylvan: and the grandest visions are ever those that are transitory—ask your soul.

BULLER.

Your Manilla is out, my dear sir. There is the case.

NORTH.

Caught like a cricketer. You must ascend Cruachan. "This morning gives us promise of a glorious day;" you cannot do better than take time by the forelock, and be off now. Say the word—and I will myself row you over the Loch. No need of a guide: inclining to the left for an hour or two after you have cleared yonder real timber and sap wood—and then for an hour or two to the right—and then for another hour or two straight forwards—and then you will see the highest of the three peaks within an hour or two's walk of you—and thus, by mid-day, find yourself seated on the summit.

BULLER.

Seated on the summit!

NORTH.

Not too long, for the air is often very sharp at that altitude—and so rare, that I have heard tell of people fainting.

BULLER.

I am occasionally troubled with a palpitation of the heart—

NORTH.

Pooh, nonsense. Only the stomach.

BULLER.

And occasionally with a determination of blood to the head—

NORTH.

Pooh, nonsense. Only the stomach. Take a calker every two hours on your way up—and I warrant both heart and head—

BULLER.

Not to-day. It looks cloudy.

NORTH.

Why, I don't much care though I should accompany you—

BULLER.

I knew you would offer to do so, and I feel the delicacy of putting a decided negative on the proposal. Let us defer it till to-morrow. For my sake, my dear sir, if not for your own, do not think of it; it will be no disappointment to me to remain with you here—and I shudder at the thought of your fainting on the summit. Be advised, my dear sir, be advised—

NORTH.

Well then, be it so—I am not obstinate; but such another day for the ascent there may not be during the summer. On just such a day I made the ascent some half-century ago. I took it from Tyanuilt—having walked that morning from Dalmally, some dozen miles, for a breathing on level ground, before facing the steepish shoulder that roughens into Loch Etive. The fox-hunter from Gleno gave me his company with his bounds and terriers nearly half-way up, and after killing some cubs we parted—not without a tinful of the creature at the Fairies' Well—

BULLER.

A tinful of the creature at the Fairies' Well!

NORTH.

Yea—a tinful of the creature at the Fairies' Well. Now I am a total-abstinent—

BULLER.

A total-abstinent!

NORTH.

By heavens! he echoes me. Plesant, but mournful to the soul is the memory of joys that are past! A tinful of the unchristened creature to the health of the Silent People. Oh! Buller, there are no Silent People now.

BULLER.

In your company, sir, I am always willing to be a listener.

NORTH.

Well, on I flew as on wings,

BULLER.

What! Up Cruackan?

NORTH.

On feet, then, if you will; but the feet of a deer.

BULLER.

On all-fours?

NORTH.

Yea—sometimes on all-fours. On all-fours, like a frog in his prime, clearing tiny obstructions with a spang. On all-fours, like an ourang-outang, who, in difficult places, brings his arms into play. On all-fours, like the—

BULLER.

I cry you mercy.

NORTH.

Without palpitation of the heart; without determination of blood to the head; without panting; without dizziness; with merely a slight acceleration of the breath, and now and then something like a gasp after a run to a knowe which we foresaw as a momentary resting-place—we felt that we were conquering Cruachan! Lovely level places, like platforms—level as if water had formed them, flowing up just so far continually, and then ebbing back to some

unimaginable sea—awaited our arrival, that on them we might lie down, and from beds of state survey our empire, for our empire it was felt to be, far away into the lowlands, with many a hill between—many a hill, that, in its own neighbourhood, is believed to be a mountain—just as many a man of moderate mental dimensions is believed by those who live beneath his shade to be of the first order of magnitude, and with funeral honours is interred.

BULLER.

Well for him that he is a hill at all—eminent on a flat, or among humbler undulations. All is comparative.

NORTH.

Just so. From a site on a mountain's side—far from the summit—the ascender hath sometimes a sublimer—often a lovelier vision—than from its most commanding peak. Yet still he has the feeling of ascension—stifle that, and the discontent of insufficiency dwarfs and darkens all that lies below.

BULLER.

Words to the wise.

NORTH.

We fear to ascend higher lest we should lose what we comprehend: yet we will ascend higher, though we know the clouds are gathering, and we are already enveloped in mist. But there were no clouds—no mist on that day—and the secret top of Cruachan was clear as a good man's conscience, and the whole world below like the promised land.

BULLER.

Let us go—let us go—let us go.

NORTH.

All knowledge, my dear boy, may be likened to stupendous ranges of mountains—clear and clouded, smooth and precipitous; and you or I in youth assail them in joy and pride of soul, not blind but blindfolded often, and ignorant of their inclination; so that we often are met by a beetling cliff with its cataract, and must keep ascending and descending ignorant of our whereabouts, and summit-seeking in vain. Yet all the while are we glorified. In maturer mind, when experience is like an instinct, we ascertain levels without a theodolite, and know assuredly where dwell the peaks. We know how to ascend—sideways or right on; we know which are midway heights; we can walk in mist and cloud as surely as in light, and we learn to know the Inaccessible.

BULLER.

I fear you will fatigue yourself—

NORTH.

Or another image. You sail down a stream, my good Buller, which widens as it flows, and will lead through inland seas—or lochs—down to the mighty ocean: what that is I need not say: you sail down it, sometimes with hoisted sail—sometimes with oars—on a quest or mission all undefined; but often anchoring where no need is, and leaping ashore, and engaging in pursuits or pastimes forbidden or vain—with the natives—

BULLER.

The natives!

NORTH.

Nay, adopting their dress—though dress it be none at all—and becoming one of themselves—naturalised; forgetting your mission clean out of mind! Fishing and hunting with the natives—

BULLER.

Whom?

NORTH.

The natives—when you ought to have been pursuing your voyage on—on—on. Such are youth's pastimes all. But you had not deserted—not you: and you return of your own accord to the ship.

BULLER.

What ship?

NORTH.

The ship of life—leaving some to lament you, who knew you only as a jolly mariner, who was bound afar! They believed that you had drawn up your pinnace for ever on that shore, in that lovely little haven, among reeds and palms—unknowing that you would relaunch her some day soon, and, bounding in her over the billows, rejoin your ship, waiting for you in the offing, and revisit the simple natives no more!

BULLER.

Methinks I understand now your mysterious meaning.

NORTH.

You do. But where was I?

BULLER.

Ascending Cruackan, and near the summit.

NORTH.

On the summit. Not a whit tired—not a bit fatigued; strong as ten—active as twenty ownselves on the flat—divinely drunk on draughts of ether—happier a thousand times, greater and more glorious, than Jupiter, with all his gods, enthroned on Olympus.

BULLER.

Moderately speaking.

NORTH.

In imagination I hear him barking now as he barked then—a sharp, short, savage, angry and hungry bark—

BULLER.

What? A dog? A Fox?

NORTH.

No—no—no. An Eagle—the Golden Eagle from Ben-Slarive, known—no mistaking him—to generations of Shepherds for a hundred years.

BULLER.

Do you see him?

NORTH.

Now I do. I see his eyes—for he came—he comes sughing close by me—and there he shoots up in terror a thousand feet into the sky.

BULLER.

I did not know the Bird was so timid—

NORTH.

He is not timid—he is bold; but an Eagle does not like to come all at once within ten yards of an unexpected man—any more than you would like suddenly to face a ghost.

BULLER.

What brought him there?

NORTH.

Wings nine feet wide.

BULLER.

Has he no sense of smell?

NORTH.

What do you mean, sir?

BULLER.

No offence.

NORTH.

He has. But we have not always all our senses about us, Buller, nor our wits either—he had been somewhat scared, a league up Glen Etive, by the Huntsman of Gleno—the scent of powder was in his nostrils; but fury follows fear, and in a minute I heard his bark again—as now I hear it—on the highway to Benlara.

BULLER.

He must have had enormous talons.

NORTH.

My hand is none of the smallest—

BULLER.

God bless you, my dear sir,—give me a grasp.

There.

NORTH.

Oh! thumbikins!

BULLER.

NORTH.

And one of his son's talons—whom I shot—was twice the length of mine; his yellow knobby loof at least as broad—and his leg like my wrist. He killed a man. Knocked him down a precipice, like a cannon-ball. He had the credit of it all over the country—but I believe his wife did the business, for she was half-again as big as himself; and no devil like a she-devil fighting for her imp.

BULLER.

Did you ever rob an Eyrie, sir?

NORTH.

Did you ever rob a Lion's den? No, no, Buller. I never—except on duty—placed my life in danger. I have been in many dangerous-looking places among the Mountains, but a cautious activity ruled all my movements—I scanned my cliff before I scaled him—and as for jumping chasms—though I had a spring in me—I looked imaginatively down the abyss, and then sensibly turned its flank where it leaned on the greensward, and the liberated streamlet might be forded, without swimming, by the silly sheep.

BULLER.

And are all those stories lies?

NORTH.

All. I have sometimes swam a loch or a river in my clothes—but never except when they lay in my way, or when I was on an angling excursion—and what danger could there possibly be in doing that?

BULLER.

You might have taken the Cramp, Sir.

NORTH.

And the Cramp might have taken me—but neither of us ever did—and a man, with a short neck or a long one, might as well shun the streets in perpetual fear of apoplexy, as a good swimmer evade water in dread of being drowned. As for swimming in my clothes—had I left them on the hither, how should I have looked on the thither side?

BULLER.

No man, in such circumstances, could, with any satisfaction to himself, have pursued his journey, even through the most lonesome places.

BULLER.

Describe the view from the summit.

NORTH.

I have no descriptive power—but, even though I had, I know better than that. Why, between Cruachan and Buchail-Etive lie hundreds on hundreds of mountains of the first, second, and third order—and, for a while at first, your eyes are so bewildered that you cannot see any one in particular; yet, in your astonishment, have a strange vision of them all—and might think they were interchanging places, shouldering one another off into altering shapes in the uncertain region, did not the awful stillness assure you that there they had all stood in their places since the Creation, and would stand till the day of doom.

BULLER.

You have no descriptive power!

NORTH.

All at once dominion is given you over the Whole. You gradually see Order in what seemed a Chaos—you understand the character of the Region—its Formation—for you are a Geologist, else you have no business—no right there; and you know where the valleys are singing for joy, though you hear them not—where there is provision for the cattle on a hundred hills—where are the cottages of Christian men on the green braes sheltered by the mountains—and where may stand, beneath the granite rocks out of which it was built, the not unfrequent House of God.

BULLER.

To-morrow we shall attend Divine Service—

NORTH.

At Dalmally.

BULLER.

I long ago learned to like the ritual of the Kirk. I should like to believe in a high-minded purified Calvinist, who could embrace, in his brotherly heart, a high-minded purified English Bishop, with all his Episcopacy.

NORTH.

And why should he not, if he can recognise the Divine Spirit flowing through the two sets of sensible demonstrations? He can; unless the constitution of the Anglican Christian Religion wars, either by its dogmas or by its ecclesiastical ordinances, against his essential intelligence of Christianity.

BULLER.

And who shall say it does?

NORTH.

Many say it—not I.

BULLER.

And you are wise and good.

NORTH.

Many thousands—and hundreds of thousands, wiser and better. I can easily suppose a Mind—strong in thought, warm in feeling, of an imagination susceptible and creative—by magnanimity, study, and experience of the world, disengaged from all sectarian tenets—yet holding the absolute conviction of religion—and contemplating, with reverence and tenderness, many different ways of expression which this inmost spiritual disposition has produced or put on—having a firmest holding on to Christianity as pure, holy, august, divine, true, beyond all other modes of religion upon the Earth—partly from intuition of its essential fitness to our nature—partly from intense gratitude—partly, perhaps, from the original entwining of it with his own faculties, thoughts, feelings, history, being. Well, he looks with affectionate admiration upon the Scottish, with affectionate admiration on the English Church—old affection agreeing with new affection—and I can imagine in *him* as much generosity required to love his own Church—the Presbyterian—as yours the Episcopalian—and that, Latitudinarian as he may be called, he loves them both. For myself, you know how I love England—all that belongs to her—all that makes her what she is—scarcely more—surely not less—Scotland. The ground of the Scottish Form is the overbearing consciousness, that religion is immediately between man and his Maker. All hallowing of things outward is to that consciousness a placing of such earthly things as interpositions and separating intermediates in that interval unavoidable between the Finite and the Infinite, but which should remain blank and clear for the immediate communications of the Worshipper and the Worshipped.

BULLER.

I believe, sir, you are a Presbyterian?

NORTH.

He that worships in spirit and in truth cannot endure—cannot imagine, that anything but his own sin shall stand betwixt him and God.

BULLER.

That, until it be in some way or another extinguished, shall and must.

NORTH.

True as Holy Writ. But intervening saints, images, and elaborate rituals—the contrivance of human wit—all these the fire of the Spirit has consumed, and consumes.

BULLER.

The fire of the Presbyterian spirit?

NORTH.

Add history. War and persecution have afforded an element of human hate for strengthening the sternness—

Of Presbyterian Scotland.

BULLER.

NORTH.

Drop that word—for I more than doubt if you understand it.

BULLER.

I beg pardon, sir.

NORTH.

The Scottish service, Mr Buller, comprehends Prayer, Praise, Doctrine—all three necessary verbal acts amongst Christians met, but each in utmost simplicity.

BULLER.

Episcopalian as I am, that simplicity I have felt to be most affecting.

NORTH.

The Praise, which unites the voices of the congregation, must be written. The Prayer, which is the burning towards God of the soul of the Shepherd upon the behalf of the Flock, and upon his own, must be unwritten—unpremeditated—else it is not Prayer. Can the heart ever want fitting words? The Teaching must be to the utmost, forethought, at some time or at another, as to the Matter. The Teacher must have secured his intelligence of the Matter ere he opens his mouth. But the Form, which is of expediency only, he may very loosely have considered. That is the Theory.

BULLER.

Often liable in practice, I should fear, to sad abuse.

NORTH.

May be so. But it presumes that capable men, full of zeal, and sincerity, and love—fervent servants and careful shepherds—have been chosen, under higher guidance. It supposes the holy fire of the new-born Reformation—of the newly-regenerated Church—

BULLER.

Kirk.

NORTH.

Of the newly-regenerated Church, to continue undamped, inextinguishable.

BULLER.

And is it so?

NORTH.

The Fact answers to the Theory more or less. The original Thought—simplicity of worship—is to the utmost expressed, when the chaced Covenanters are met on the greensward, between the hillside and the brawling brook, under the coloured or uncoloured sky. Understand that, when their descendants meet within walls and beneath roofs, they *could* worship after the manner of their hunted ancestors.

BULLER.

I wish I were better read than I am in the history of Scotland, civil and ecclesiastical.

NORTH.

I wish you were. I say, then, my excellent friend, that the Ritual and whole Ordering of the Scottish Church is moulded upon, or issues out of, the human spirit kindling in conscious communication of the Divine Spirit. The power of the Infinite—that is, the Sense of Infinitude, of Eternity—reigns there; and the Sense in the inmost soul of the sustaining contact with Omnipotence, and self-consciousness intense, and elation of Divine favour personally vouchsafed, and joy of anticipated everlasting bliss, and triumph over Satan, death, and hell, and immeasurable desire to win souls to the King of the Worlds.

BULLER.

In England we are, I am ashamed to say it, ill informed on—

NORTH.

In Scotland we are, I am ashamed to say it, ill informed on—

BULLER.

But go on, sir.

NORTH.

What place is there for Forms of any kind in the presence of these immense overpowering Realities? For Forms, Buller, are of the Imagination; the Faculty that inhales and lives by the Unreal. But some concession to the humanity of our nature intrudes. Imagination may be subordinated, subjugated, but will not, may not, forego all its rights. Therefore, Forms and hallowing associations enter.

BULLER.

Into all Worship.

NORTH.

Form, too, is, in part, Necessary Order.

BULLER.

Perhaps, sir, you may be not unwilling to say a few words of our Ritual.

NORTH.

I tremble to speak of your Ritual; for it appears to me as bearing on its front an excellence which might be found incompatible with religious truth and sincerity.

BULLER.

I confess that I hardly understand you, sir.

NORTH.

The Liturgy looks to be that which the old Churches are, the Work of a Fine Art.

BULLER.

You do not urge that as an objection to it, I trust, sir?

NORTH.

A Poetical sensibility, a wakeful, just, delicate, simple Taste, seems to have ruled over the composition of each Prayer, and the ordering of the whole Service.

BULLER.

You do not urge that as an objection to it, I trust, sir?

NORTH.

I am not urging objections, sir. I seldom—never, indeed—urge objections to anything. I desire only to place all things in their true light.

BULLER.

Don't frown, sir—smile. Enough.

NORTH.

The whole composition of the Service is copious and various. Human Supplication, the lifting up of the hands of the creature knowing his own weakness, dependence, lapses, and liability to slip—man's own part, dictated by his own experience of himself, is the basis. Readings from the Old and New Volume of the Written Word are ingrafted, as if God audibly spoke in his own House; the Authoritative added to the Supplicatory.

BULLER.

Finely true. We Church of England men love you, Mr North—we do indeed.

NORTH.

The hymns of the sweet Singer of Israel, in literal translation, adopted as a holier inspired language of the heart.

BULLER.

These, sir, are surely three powerful elements of a Ritual Service.

NORTH.

Throughout, the People divide the service with the Minister. They have in it their own personal function.

BULLER.

Then the Homily, sir.

NORTH.

Ay, the Homily, which, one might say, interprets between Sunday and the Week—fixes the holiness of the Day in precepts, doctrines, reflections, which may be carried home to guide and nourish.

BULLER.

Altogether, sir, it seems a meet work of worshippers met in their Christi-

Land, upon the day of rest and aspiration. The Scottish worship might seem to remember the flame and the sword. The persecuted Iconoclasts of two-centuries ago, live in their descendants.

NORTH.

But the Ritual of England breathes a divine calm. You think of the People walking through ripening fields on a mild day to their Church door. It is the work of a nation sitting in peace, possessing their land. It is the work of a wealthy nation, that, by dedicating a part of its wealth, consecrates the remainder—that acknowledges the Fountain from which all flows. The prayers are devout, humble, fervent. They are not impassioned. A wonderful temperance and sobriety of discretion; that which, in worldly things, would be called good sense, prevails in them; but you must name it better in things spiritual. The framers evidently bore in mind the continual consciousness of writing for ALL. That is the guiding, tempering, calming spirit that keeps in the Whole one tone—that, and the hallowing, chastening awe which subdues vehemence, even in the asking for the Infinite, by those who have nothing but that which they earnestly ask, and who know that unless they ask infinitely, they ask nothing. In every word, the whole Congregation, the whole Nation prays—not the Individual Minister; the officiating Divine Functionary, not the Man. Nor must it be forgotten that the received Version and the Book of Common Prayer—observe the word COMMON, expressing exactly what I affirm—are beautiful by the words—that there is no other such English—simple, touching, apt, venerable—hued as the thoughts are—musical—the most English English that is known—of a Hebraic strength and antiquity, yet lucid and gracious as if of and for to-day.

BULLER.

I trust that many Presbyterians sympathise with you in these sentiments.

NORTH.

Not many—few. Nor do I say I wish they were more.

BULLER.

Are you serious, sir?

NORTH.

I am. But cannot explain myself now. What are the Three Pillars of the Love of any Church? Innate Religion—Humanity—Imagination. The Scottish worship better satisfies the first Principle—that of England the last; the Roman Catholic still more the last—and are not your Cathedrals Roman Catholic? I think that the Scottish and English, better than the Roman Catholic, satisfy the Middle Principle—Humanity, being truer to the highest requisitions of our Nature, and nourish our faculties better, both of Will and Understanding, into their strength and beauty. Yet what divine-minded Roman Catholics there have been—and are—and will be!

BULLER.

Pause for a moment, sir,—here comes Seward.

NORTH.

Seward! Is he not with us? Surely he was, an hour or two ago—but I never missed him—your conversation has been so interesting and instructive. Seward! why you are all the world like a drowned rat?

SEWARD.

Rat I am none—but a stanch Conservative. Would I had had a Protectionist with me to keep me right on the Navigation Laws.

NORTH.

What do you mean? What's the matter?

SEWARD.

Why, your description of the Pools in Cladich-Cleugh inspired me with a passion for one of the Naiads.

NORTH.

And you have had a ducking!

SEWARD.

I have indeed. Plashed souze, head over heels, into one of the prettiest pools, from a slippery ledge some dozen feet above the sleeping beauty—were you both deaf that you did not hear me bawl?

I have a faint recollection of hearing something bray, but I suppose I thought it came from the Gipsies' Camp.

NORTH.

BULLER.

Are you wet?

SEWARD.

Come—come—Buller.

BULLER.

Why so dry?

NORTH.

Sair drooket.

BULLER.

Where's your Tile?

SEWARD.

I hate slang.

BULLER.

Why, you have lost a shoe—and much delightful conversation.

NORTH.

I must say, Seward, that I was hurt by your withdrawing yourself from our Colloquy.

SEWARD.

Sir, you were beginning to get so prosy—

BULLER.

I insist, Seward, on your making an apology on your knees to our Father for your shocking impiety—I shudder to repeat the word—which you must swallow—F—R—O—S—Y!

SEWARD.

On my knees! Look at them.

NORTH.

My dear, dearer, dearest Mr Seward—you are bleeding—I fear a fracture. Let me—

SEWARD.

I am not bleeding—only a knap on the knee-pan, sir.

BULLER.

Not bleeding! Why you must be drenched in blood, your face is so white.

NORTH.

A *non sequitur*, Buller. But from a knap on the knee-pan I have known a man a lamiter for life.

SEWARD.

I lament the loss of my Sketch-Book.

BULLER.

It is a judgment on you for that Caricature.

NORTH.

What caricature?

BULLER.

Since you will force me to tell it, a caricature of—YOURSELF, sir. I saw him working away at it with a most wicked leer on his face, while you supposed he was taking notes. He held it up to me for a moment—clapped the boards together with the grin of a fiend—and then off to Cladick-Cloock—where he met with Nemesis.

NORTH.

Is that a true bill, Mr Seward?

SEWARD.

On my honour as a gentleman, and my skill as an artist, it is not. It is a most malignant misrepresentation—

BULLER.

It was indeed.

SEWARD.

It was no caricature. I promised to Mrs Seward to send her a sketch of the illustrious Mr North; and finding you in one of the happiest of your many-sided attitudes—

NORTH.

The act is to be judged by the intention. You are acquitted of the charge.

BULLER.

To make a caricature of YOU, sir, under any circumstances, and for any purpose, would be sufficiently shocking; but HERE AND NOW, and that he might send it to his WIFE—so transcends all previous perpetration of *crimen læsæ majestatis*, that I am beginning to be incredulous of what these eyes beheld—nay, to disbelieve what, if told to any human being, however depraved, would seem to him impossible, even in the mystery of iniquity, and an insane libel on our fallen nature.

SEWARD.

I did my best. Nor am I, sir, without hope that my Sketch-Book may be recovered, and then you will judge for yourself, sir, if it be a caricature. A failure, sir, it assuredly was, for what artist has succeeded with YOU?

NORTH.

To the Inn, and put on dry clothes.

SEWARD.

No. What care I about dry or wet clothes! Here let me lie down and bask in this patch of intenser sunshine at your feet. Don't stir, sir; the Crutch is not the least in the way.

NORTH.

We must be all up and doing—the HOUR and the MEN. The CAVALCADE. Hush! Hark! the Bagpipe! The Cavalcade can't be more than a mile off.

SEWARD.

Why staring thus like a Goshawk, sir?

BULLER.

I hear nothing. Seward, do you?

SEWARD.

Nothing. And what can he mean by Cavalcade? Yet I believe he has the Second Sight. I have heard it is in the Family.

NORTH.

Hear nothing? Then both of you must be deaf. But I forget—we Mountaineers are Fine-Ears—your sense of hearing has been educated on the Flat. Not now? "The Campbells are coming,"—that's the march—that's the go—that's the gathering.

BULLER.

A Horn—a Drum, sure enough—and—and—that incomprehensible mixture of groans and yells must be the Bagpipe.

NORTH.

See yonder they come, over the hill-top—the ninth mile-stone from Inverary! There's the VAN, by the Road-Surveyor lent me for the occasion, drawn by Four Horses. And there's the WAGGON, once the property of the lessee of the Swiss Giantess, a noble Unicorn. And there the SIX TENT-CARTS, Two-steeded; and there the TWO BOAT-CARRIAGES—horsed I know not how. But don't ye see the bonny BARGES aloft in the air? And Men on horseback—count them—there should be Four. You hear the Bagpipe now—surely—"The Campbells are coming." And here is the whole Concern, gentlemen, close at hand, deploying across the Bridge.

BULLER.

Has he lost his senses at last?

SEWARD.

Have we lost ours? A Cavalcade it is, with a vengeance.

NORTH.

One minute past Seven! True to their time within sixty seconds. This way, this way. Here is the Spot, the Centre of the Grove. Bagpipe—Drum and Horn—music all—silence. Silence, I cry, will nobody assist me in crying silence?

SEWARD AND BULLER.

Silence—silence—silence.

NORTH.

Give me the Speaking-Trumpet that I may call Silence.

SEWARD.

Stentor may put down the Drum, the Horns, the Fifes, and the Serpent, but the Bagpipe is above him—the Drone is deaf as the sea—the Piper moves in a sphere of his own—

BULLER.

I don't hear a syllable you are saying—ah! the storm is dead, and now what a BLESSED CALM.

NORTH.

Wheel into line—Prepare to—

PITCH TENTS.

Enter the Field of the Sycamore Grove on Horseback—ushered by Archy M'Callum—HARRY SEWARD—MARMADUKE BULLER—VALLANCE VOLUSENE—NEPOS WOODBURN. Van, Waggon, Carriages, and Carts, &c., form a Barricade between the Rear of the Grove and the road to Dalmally.

Adjutant Archy M'Callum! call the Roll of the Troops.

ADJUTANT.

Peter of the Lodge, Sewer and Seneschal—*Here.* Peterson ditto, Comptroller of the Cellars—*Here.* Kit Peterson, Tiger there—*Here.* Michael Dods, Cook at that Place—*Here.* Ben Brawn, Manciple—*Here.* Roderick M'Crimmon, King of the Pipes—*Here.* Pym and Stretch, Body-men to the young Englishers—*Here, Here.* Tom Moody, Huntsman at Under-cliff Hall, North Devon—*Here.* The Cornwall Clipper, Head Game-keeper at Pendragon—*Here.* Billy Balmer of Bowness, Windermere, Commodore—*Here.*

NORTH.

Attention! Each man will be held answerable for his subordinates. The roll will be called an hour after sunrise, and an hour before sunset. Men, remember you are under martial law. Camp-master M'Kellar—*Here.* Let the Mid Peak of Cruachan be your pitching point. Old Dee-side Tent in the centre, right in Front. Dormitories to the east. To the west the Pavilion. Kitchen Range in the Rear. Donald Dhu, late Sergeant in the Black Watch, see to the Barricade. The Impedimenta in your charge. In three hours I command the Encampment to be complete. Admittance to the Field on the Queen's Birth-day. Crowd! disperse. Old Boys! What do you think of this? You have often called me a Wisard—a Warlock—no glamour here—'tis real all—and all the WORK OF THE CRUTCH. Sons—your Fathers! Fathers—your Sons. Your hand, Volusene—and, Woodburn, yours.

SEWARD.

Hal, how are you?

BULLER.

How are you, Marmy?

NORTH.

On the Stage—in the Theatre of Fictitious Life—such a Meeting as this would require explanation—but in the Drama of Real Life, on the Banks of Lochawe, it needs none. Friends of my soul! you will come to understand it all in two minutes' talk with your Progeny. Progeny—welcome for your Sires' sakes—and your Lady Mothers'—and your own—to Lochawe-side. I see you are two Tramps. Volusene—Woodburn—from your faces all well at home. Come, my two old Bucks—let us Threë, to be out of the bustle, retire to the Inn. Did you ever see Christopher fling the Crutch? There—I knew it would clear the Sycamore Grove.

SCENE II.—*Interior of the Pavilion.*

TIME—Two P.M.

NORTH—SEWARD—BULLER.

SEWARD.

Still at his Siesta in his Swing-Chair. Few faces bear to be looked on asleep.

BULLER.

Men's faces.

SEWARD.

His bears it well. Awake, it is sometimes too full of expression. And then, how it fluctuates! Perpetual play and interchange as Thought, Feeling, Fancy, Imagination—

BULLER.

The gay, the grave, the sad, the serious, the pathetic, the humorous, the tragic, the whimsical rules the minute—

“Tis everything by fits, and nothing long.”

SEWARD.

Don't exaggerate. An inapt quotation.

BULLER.

I was merely carrying on your eulogium of his wide-awake Face.

SEWARD.

The prevalent expression is still—the Benign.

BULLER.

A singular mixture of tenderness and truculence.

SEWARD.

Asleep it is absolutely saint-like.

BULLER.

It reminds me of the faces of Chantry's Sleeping Children in Litchfield Cathedral.

SEWARD.

Composure is the word. Composure is mute Harmony.

BULLER.

It may be so—but you will not deny that his nose is just a minim too long—and his mouth, at this moment, just a minim too open—and the crow-feet—

SEWARD.

Enhance the power of those large drooping eyelids, heavy with meditation—of that high broad forehead, with the lines not the wrinkles of age.

BULLER.

He is much balder than he was on Deeside.

SEWARD.

Or fifty years before. They say that, in youth, the sight of his head of hair once silenced Mirabeau.

BULLER.

Why, Mirabeau's was black, and my grandmother told me North's was yellow—or rather green, like a star.

NORTH.

Your Grandmother, Buller, was the finest woman of her time.

BULLER.

Sleepers hear. Sometimes a single word from without, reaching the spiritual region, changes by its touch the whole current of their dreams.

NORTH.

I once told you that, Buller. At present I happen to be awake. But

surely a man may sit on a swing-chair with his eyes shut, and his mouth open, without incurring the charge of somnolency. Where have you been?

SEWARD.

You told us, sir, not to disturb you till Two——

NORTH.

But where have you been?

SEWARD.

We have written our despatches—read our London Papers—and had a pull in *Gutta Percha* to and from Port Sonachan.

NORTH.

How does she pull?

BULLER.

Like a winner. I have written to the builder—Taylor of Newcastle—to match her against any craft of her keel in the kingdom.

NORTH.

Sit down. Where are the Boys.

SEWARD.

Off hours ago to Kilchurn. They have just signalled—"Two o'clock. 1 SALMO FEROX, lb. 12—20 YELLOW-FINS, lb. 15—6 PIKE, lb. 36."

NORTH.

And not bad sport, either. They know the dinner hour? Seven sharp.

SEWARD.

They do—and they are not the lads to disregard orders.

NORTH.

Four finer fellows are not in Christendom.

SEWARD.

May I presume to ask, sir, what volumes these are lying open on your knees?

NORTH.

THE ILIAD—and PARADISE LOST.

SEWARD.

I fear, sir, you may not be disposed to enlighten us, at this hour.

NORTH.

But I am disposed to be enlightened. Oxonians—and Double First-Class Men—nor truants since—you will find in me a docile pupil rather than a Teacher. I am no great Grecian.

BULLER.

But you are, sir; and a fine old Trojan too, methinks! What audacious word has escaped my lips!

NORTH.

Epic Poetry! Tell but a Tale, and see Childhood—the harmless, the trustful, the wondering, listen—"all ear;" and so has the wilder and mightier Childhood of Nations, listened, trustful, wondering, "all ear," to Tales lofty, profound—*said*, or, as Art grew up, *sung*.

SEWARD.

EIIE, Say or Tell.

BULLER.

AEIΔE, Sing.

NORTH.

Yes, my lads, these were the received formulas of beseeching with which the Minstrels of Hellas invoked succour of the divine Muse, when their burning tongue would fit well to the Harp transmitted Tales, fraught with old heroic remembrance, with solemn belief, with oracular wisdom. EIIE, TELL, EIIOZ, THE TALE. And when, step after step, the Harp modelling the Verse, and the Verse charming power and beauty, and splendour and pathos—like a newly-created and newly-creating soul—into its ancestral Tradition—when insensibly the benign Usurper, the Muse, had made the magnificent dream rightly and wholly her own at last.—EIIOZ, THE SONG TALE. HOMER, to all following ages the chief Master of Eloquence whether in Verse or in Prose, has yet maintained the simplicity of *Telling*.

“ For he came beside the swift ships of the Achæans,
Proposing to release his daughter, and bringing immense ransom ;
Having in his hand the fillet of the far-shooting Apollo,
On the golden rod : and he implored of the Achæans,
And the sons of Atreus, most of all, the two Orderers of the People.”

These few words of a tongue stately, resplendent, sonorous, and numerous, more than ours—and already the near Scamandrian Field feels, and fears, and trembles. MILTON! The world has rolled round, and again round, from the day of that earlier to that of the later Mæonides. All the soul-wealth hoarded in words, which merciful Time held aloft, unsubmerged by the Gothic, by the Ottoman inundation ; all the light shrined in the Second, the Intellectual Ark that, divinely built and guided, rode tilting over the tempestuous waste of waters ; all the mind, bred and fostered by New Europe, down to within two hundred years of this year that runs : These have put differences between the ILLIAD and the PARADISE LOST, in matter and in style, which to state and illustrate would hold me speaking till sunset.

BULLER.

And us listening.

NORTH.

The Fall of Hector and of his Troy! The Fall of Adam and of his World!

BULLER.

What concise expression! *Multum in parvo*, indeed, Seward.

NORTH.

Men and gods mingled in glittering conflict upon the ground that spreads between Ida's foot and the Hellespont! At the foot of the Omnipotent Throne, archangels and angels distracting their native Heaven with arms, and Heaven disburthening her lap of her self-lost sons for the peopling of Hell!

SEWARD.

Hush! Buller—hush!

NORTH.

In way of an Episode—yes, an Episode—see the Seventh Book—our Visible Universe willed into being!

SEWARD.

Hush! Buller—hush!

NORTH.

For a few risings and settings of yon since-bedimmed Sun—Love and celestial Bliss dwelling amidst the shades and flowers of Eden yet sinless—then, from a MORE FATAL APPLE, Discord clashing into and subverting the harmonies of Creation.

“ Sin, and her shadow, Death ; and Misery,
Death's Harbinger.”

The Iliad, indeed!

SEWARD.

I wish you could be persuaded, sir, to give us an Edition of Milton.

NORTH.

No. I must not take it out of the Doctor's hands. Then, as to Milton's style. If the Christian Theologian must be held bold who has dared to mix the Delivered Writings with his own Inventions—bold, too, was he, the heir of the mind that was nursed in the Aristotelian Schools, to unite, as he did, on the other hand, the gift of an understanding accomplished in logic, with the spontaneous and unstudied step of Poetry. The style of Milton, gentlemen, has been praised for simplicity ; and it is true that the style of the Paradise Lost has often an austere simplicity ; but one sort of it you miss—the proper Epic simplicity—that Homeric simplicity of the *Telling*.

SEWARD.

Perhaps, sir, in such a Poem such simplicity could not be.

NORTH.

Perhaps not. Homer adds thought to thought, and so builds up. Milton

involves thought with thought, and so constructs. Relation is with him argumentative also, and History both Philosophy and Oratory. This was unavoidable. He brought the mind of the latter age to the Form of Composition produced by the primitive time. Again, the style is fitted to the general intention of a Poem essentially didactic and argumentative. Again, the style is personal to himself. He has learnedly availed himself of all antecedent Art—minutely availed himself, yet he is no imitator. The style is like no other—it is intensely and completely original. It expresses himself. Lofty, capacious, acute, luminous, thoroughly disciplined, ratiocinative powers wonderfully blend their action with an imagination of the most delicate and profound sensibility to the beautiful, and of a sublimity that no theme can excel.

SEWARD.

Lord Bacon, sir, I believe, has defined Poetry, Feigned History—has he not?

NORTH.

He has—and no wonder that he thought much of “Feigned History”—for he had a view to Epos and Tragedy—the *Iliad* and *Odyssey*—the Attic Theatre—the *Eneid*—Dante—Ariosto—Tasso—the Romances of Chivalry—moreover, the whole Immense Greek Fable, whereof part and parcel remain, but more is perished. Which Fables, you know, existed, and were transmitted in Prose,—that is, by Oral Tradition, in the words of the relator,—long before they came into Homeric Verse—or any verse. He saw, Seward, the Memory of Mankind possessed by two kinds of History, both once alike credited. True History, which remains True History, and Fabulous History, now acknowledged as Poetry only. It is no wonder that *other* Poetry vanished from importance in his estimation.

BULLER.

I follow you, sir, with some difficulty.

NORTH.

You may wish ease. Fabulous History holds place, side by side, with True History, as a rival in dignity, credence, and power, and in peopling the Earth with Persons and Events. For, of a verity, the Personages and Events created by Poesy hold place in our Mind—not in our Imagination only, but in our Understanding, along with Events and Personages historically remembered.

SEWARD.

An imposing Parallelism!

NORTH.

It is—but does it hold good? And if it does—with what limitations?

SEWARD.

With what limitations, sir?

NORTH.

I wish Lord Bacon were here, that I might ask him to explain. Take Homer and Thucydides—the *Iliad* and the History of the Peloponnesian War. We thus sever, at the widest, the Telling of Calliope from the Telling of Clio, holding each at the height of honour.

BULLER.

At the widest?

NORTH.

Yes; for how far from Thucydides is, at once, the Book of the Games? Look through the *Iliad*, and see how much and minute depicting of a World with which the Historian had nothing to do! Shall the Historian, in Prose, of the Ten Years' War, stop to describe the Funeral Games of a Patroclus? Yes; if he stop to describe the Burying of every Hero who falls. But the Historian in Prose assumes that a People know their own Manners; and therefore he omits painting their manners to themselves. The Historian in Verse assumes the same thing, and, *therefore*, strange to say, he paints the manners! See, then, in the *Iliad*, how much memorising of a whole departed scheme of human existence, with which the Prose Historian had nothing to do, the Historian in regulated Metre has had the inspiration and the skill to inweave in the narrative of his ever-advancing Action.

BULLER.

Would his lordship were with us!

NORTH.

Give all this to—**THE HEXAMETER**. Remember always, my dear Seward, the shield of Achilles—itsself a world in miniature—a compendium of the world.

SEWARD.

Of the universe.

NORTH.

Even so; for Sun, and Moon, and Stars are there, Astronomy and all the learned sisterhood!

SEWARD.

Then to what species of narrative in prose—to one removed at what interval from the history of the Peloponnesian War, belongs that scene of Helen on the Walls of Troy? That scene at the Scæan gate? In the tent of Achilles, where Achilles sits, and Priam kneels?

NORTH.

Good. The general difference is obviously this—Publicity almost solely stamps the Thucydidean story—Privacy, more than in equal part, interfused with Publicity, the Homeric. You must allow Publicity and Privacy to signify, besides that which is done in public and in private, that which proceeds of the Public and of the Private will.

SEWARD.

In other words, if I apprehend you aright, the Theme given being some affair of Public moment, Prose tends to gather up the acts of the individual agents, under general aspects, into masses.

NORTH.

Just so. Verse, whenever it dare, resolves the mass of action into the individual acts, puts aside the collective doer—the Public, and puts forward individual persons. Glory, I say again, to **THE HEXAMETER**!

BULLER.

Glory to the **HEXAMETER**! The **HEXAMETER**, like the Queen, has done it all.

NORTH.

Or let us return to the *Paradise Lost*? If the mustering of the Fallen Legions in the First Book—if the Infernal Council held in the Second—if the Angelic Rebellion and Warfare in the Fifth and Sixth—resemble Public History, civil and military, as we commonly speak—if the Seventh Book, relating the Creation by describing the kinds created, be the assumption into Heroic Poetry of Natural History—to what kind of History, I earnestly ask you both, does that scene belong, of Eve's relation of her dream, in the Fifth Book, and Adam's consolation of her uneasiness under its involuntary sin? To what, in the Fourth Book, her own innocent relation of her first impressions upon awaking into Life and Consciousness?

BULLER.

Ay!—to what kind of History? More easily asked than answered.

NORTH.

And Adam's relation to the Affable Archangel of his own suddenly-dawned morning from the night of non-existence, aptly and happily crowned upon the relation made to him by Raphael in the Seventh Book of his own forming under the Omnipotent Hand?

SEWARD.

Simply, I venture to say, sir, to the most interior autobiography—to that confidence of audible words, which flows when the face of a friend sharpens the heart of a man—and Raphael was Adam's Friend.

NORTH.

Seward, you are right. You speak well—as you always do—when you choose. Behold, then, I beseech you, the comprehending power of that little magical band—*Our Accentual Iambic Pentameter*.

SEWARD.

"Glory be with them, and eternal praise,
The Poets who on earth have made us heirs
Of Truth and pure Delight by heavenly lays!"

NORTH.

Glory to Verse, for its power is great. Man, from the garden in Eden, to the purifying by fire of the redeemed Earth—the creation of things Visible—Angels Upright and Fallen—and Higher than Angels—all the Regions of Space—Infinite and Eternity—the Universality of Being—this is the copious matter of the Song. And herein there is place found, proper, distinct, and large, and prominent, for that whispered call to visit, in the freshness of morning, the dropping Myrrh—to study the opening beauty of the Flowers—to watch the Bee in her sweet labour—which tenderly dissipates from the lids of Eve her ominously-troubled sleep—free room for two tears, which, falling from a woman's eyes, are wiped with her hair—and for two more, which her pitying husband kisses away ere they fall. All these things Verse disposes, and composes, in One Presentment.

BULLER.

Glory to Verse, for its power is great—glory to our *Accentual Iambic Pentameter*.

NORTH.

Let us return to the Iliad. The Iliad is a history told by a mind that is arbiter, to a certain extent only, of its own facts. For Homer takes his decennial War and its Heroes, nay, the tenor of the story too, from long-descended Tradition. To his contemporary countrymen he appears as a Historian—not feigning, but commemorating and glorifying, transmitted facts.

SEWARD.

Ottfried Müller, asking how far Homer is tied up in his Traditions, ventures to suspect that the names of the Heroes whom Achilles kills, in such or such a fight, are all traditionary.

NORTH.

Where, then, is the *Feigned History*? Lord Bacon, Ottfried Müller, and Jacob Bryant, are here not in the main unagreed. "I nothing doubt," says Bacon, "but the Fables, which Homer having received, transmits, had originally a profound and excellent sense, although I greatly doubt if Homer any longer knew that sense."

BULLER.

What right, may I ask, had Lord Bacon to doubt, and Ottfried Müller to suspect—

NORTH.

Smoke your cigar. Ottfried Müller—

BULLER.

Whew!—poo!

NORTH.

Ottfried Müller imagines that there was in Greece a pre-Homeric Age, of which the principal intellectual employment was Myth-making. And Bryant, we know, shocked the opinion of his own day by referring the War of Troy to Mythology. Now, observe, Buller, how there is feigning and feigning—Poet after Poet—and the Poem that comes to us at last is the Poem of Homer; but in truth, of successive ages, ending in Homer—

SEWARD.

Who was then a real living flesh and blood Individual of the human species.

NORTH.

That he was—

SEWARD.

And wrote the Iliad.

NORTH.

That he did—but how I have hinted rather than told. In the Paradise Lost, the part of Milton is, then, infinitely bolder than Homer's in the Iliad. He is far more of a Creator.

SEWARD.

Can an innermost bond of Unity, sir, be shown for the Iliad?

NORTH.

Yes. THE ILLIAD IS A TALE OF A WRONG RIGHTED. Zeus, upon the secret top of Olympus, decrees this RIGHTING with his omnipotent Nod. Upon the top of Ida he conducts it. But that is done, and the Fates resume their tenor. Hector falls, and Troy shall fall. That is again the RIGHTING OF A WRONG, done amongst men. This is the broadly-written admonition: "DISCRIM JUSTITIAM."

SEWARD.

You are always great, sir, on Homer.

NORTH.

Agamemnon, in insolence of self-will, offends Chryses and a God. He refused Chryseis—He robs Achilles. In Agamemnon the Insolence of Human Self-will is humbled, first under the hand of Apollo—then of Jupiter—say, altogether, of Heaven. He suffers and submits. And now Achilles, who has no less interest in the Courts of Heaven than Chryses—indeed higher—in overweening anger fashions out a redress for himself which the Father of Gods and Men grants. And what follows? Agamemnon again suffers and submits. For Achilles—Patroclus' bloody corse! *Κεῖρας Πατρόκλου*—that is the voice that rings! Now he accepts the proffered reconciliation of Agamemnon, before scornfully refused; and in the son of Thetis, too, the Insolence of Human Self-will is chastened under the hand of Heaven.

SEWARD.

He suffers, but submits not till Hector lies transfixed—till Twelve noble youths of the Trojans and their Allies have bled on Patroclus' Pyre. And does he submit then? No. For twelve days ever and anon he drags the insensible corse at his horses' heels round that sepulchral earth.

BULLER.

Mad, if ever a man was.

NORTH.

The Gods murmur—and will that the unseemly Revenge cease. Jove sends Thetis to him—and what meeter messenger for minister of mercy than a mother to her son! God-bidden by that voice, he submits—he remits his Revenge. The Human Will, infuriated, bows under the Heavenly.

SEWARD.

Touched by the prayers and the sight of that kneeling gray-haired Father, he has given him back his dead son—and from the ransom a costly pall of honour, to hide the dead son from the father's eyes—and of his own Will and Power Twelve Days' truce; and the days have expired, and the Funeralis performed—and the pyre is burned out—and the mound over the slayer of Patroclus is heaped—and the Iliad is done—and this Moral indelibly writes itself on the heart—the words of Apollo in that Council—

Τὰς τε τὴν Οὐρανὸν Ἰσχυρὰς Ἐπιφρονίας Ἰδέσθαι.

THE FATES HAVE APPOINTED TO MORTALS A SPIRIT THAT SHALL SUBMIT AND ENDURE.

NORTH.

Right and good. *Τὰς τε* is more than "shall suffer." It is, that shall accept suffering—that shall bear.

SEWARD.

Compare this one Verse and the Twenty-four Books, and you have the poetical simplicity and the poetical multiplicity side by side.

BULLER.

Right and good.

NORTH.

Yes, my friends, the Teaching of the Iliad is Piety to the Gods—

SEWARD.

Reverence for the Rights of Men—

NORTH.

A Will humbled, conformed to the Will of Heaven—

BULLER.

That the Earth is justly governed.

NORTH.

Dim foreshadowings, which Milton, I doubt not, discerned and cherished. The Iliad was the natural and spiritual father of the Paradise Lost—

SEWARD.

And the son is greater than the sire.

NORTH.

I see in the Iliad the love of Homer to Greece and to humankind. He was a legislator to Greece before Solon and Lycurgus—greater than either—after the manner fabled of Orphena.

SEWARD.

Sprung from the bosom of heroic life, the Iliad asked heroic listeners.

NORTH.

See with what large-hearted love he draws the Men—Hector, and Priam, and Sarpedon—as well as the Woman Andromache—enemies! Can he so paint humanity and not humanise? He humanises us—who have literature and refined Greece and Rome—who have Spenser, and Shakspeare, and Milton—who are Christendom.

SEWARD.

He loves the inferior creatures, and the face of nature.

NORTH.

The Iliad has been called a Song of War. I see in it—a Song of Peace. Think of all the fiery Iliad ending in—Reconciled Submission!

SEWARD.

“Murder Impossibility,” and believe that there might have been an Iliad or a Paradise Lost in Prose.

NORTH.

It could never have been, by human power, *our Paradise Lost*. What would have become of the Seventh Book? This is now occupied with describing the Six Days of Creation. A few verses of the First Chapter of Genesis extended into so many hundred lines. The Book, as it stands, has full poetical reason. First, it has a sufficient motive. It founds the existence of Adam and Eve, which is otherwise not duly led to. The revolted Angels, you know, have fallen, and the Almighty will create a new race of worshippers to supply their place—Mankind.

SEWARD.

For this race that is to be created, a Home is previously to be built—or this World is to be created.

NORTH.

I initiated you into Milton nearly thirty years ago, my dear Seward; and I rejoice to find that you still have him by heart. Between the Fall of the Angels, and that inhabiting of Paradise by our first parents, which is largely related by Raphael, there would be in the history which the poem undertakes, an unfilled gap and blank without this book. The chain of events which is unrolled would be broken—interrupted—incomplete.

SEWARD.

And, sir, when Raphael has told the Rebellion and Fall of the Angels, Adam, with a natural movement of curiosity, asks of this “Divine Interpreter” how this frame of things began?

NORTH.

And Raphael answers by declaring at large the Purpose and the Manner. The Mission of Raphael is to strengthen, if it be practicable, the Human Pair in their obedience. To this end, how apt his discourse, showing how dear they are to the Universal Maker, how eminent in his Universe!

SEWARD.

The causes, then, of the Archangelic Narrative abound. And the personal interest with which the Two Auditors must hear such a revelation of wonders from such a Speaker, and that so intimately concerns themselves, falls nothing short of what Poetry justly requires in relations put into the mouth of the poetical Persons.

NORTH.

And can the interest—not now of Raphael's, but of Milton's "fit audience"—be sustained throughout? The answer is triumphant. The Book is, from beginning to end, a stream of the most beautiful descriptive Poetry that exists. Not however, mind you, Seward, of stationary description.

SEWARD.

Sir?

NORTH.

A proceeding work is described; and the Book is replete and alive with motion—with progress—with action—yes, of action—of an order unusual indeed to the Epos, but unexcelled in dignity—the Creative Action of Deity!

SEWARD.

What should hinder, then, but that this same Seventh Book should have been written in Prose?

NORTH.

Why this only—that without Verse it could not have been read! The Verse makes present. You listen with Adam and Eve, and you hear the Archangel. In Prose this illusion could not have been carried through such a subject-matter. The *conditio sine quâ non* of the Book was the ineffable charm of the Description. But what would a series of botanical and zoological descriptions, for instance, have been, in Prose? The *vivida vis* that is in Verse is the quickening spirit of the whole.

BULLER.

But who doubts it?

NORTH.

Lord Bacon said that Poetry—that is, Feigned History—might be worded in Prose. And it may be; but how inadequately is known to Us Three.

BULLER.

And to all the world.

NORTH.

No—nor, to the million who do know it, so well as to Us, nor the reason why. But hear me a moment longer. Wordsworth, in his famous Preface to the Lyrical Ballads, asserts that the language of Prose and the language of Verse differ but in this—that in verse there is metre—and metre he calls an adjunct. With all reverence, I say that metre is not an adjunct—but vitality and essence; and that verse, in virtue thereof, so transfigures language, that it ceases to be the language of prose as spoken, out of verse, by any of the children of men.

SEWARD.

Remove the metre, and the language will not be the language of prose?

NORTH.

Not—if you remove the metre only—and leave otherwise the order of the words—the collocation unchanged—and unchanged any one of the two hundred figures of speech, one and all of which are differently presented in the language of Verse from what they are in Prose.

SEWARD.

It must be so.

NORTH.

The fountain of Law to Composition in Prose is the Understanding. The fountain of Law to Composition in Verse is the Will.

SEWARD.

?

NORTH.

A discourse in prose resembles a chain. The sentences are the successive links—all holding to one another—and holding one another. *All is bound.*

SEWARD.

Well?

NORTH.

A discourse in verse resembles a billowy sea. The verses are the waves that rise and fall—to our apprehension—each by impulse, life, will of its own. *All is free.*

SEWARD.

Ay. Now your meaning emerges.

NORTH.

E profundis clamavi. In eloquent prose, the feeling fits itself into the process of the thinking. In true verse, the thinking fits itself into the process of the feeling.

SEWARD.

I perpend.

NORTH.

In prose, the general distribution and composition of the matter belong to the reign of Necessity. The order of the parts, and the connexion of part with part, are obliged—logically justifiable—say, then, are demonstrable. See an Oration of Demosthenes. In verse, that distribution and composition belong to the reign of Liberty. That order and connexion are arbitrary—passionately justifiable—say, then, are delectable. See an Ode of Pindar.

SEWARD.

Publish—publish.

NORTH.

In prose the style is last—in verse first; in prose the sense controls the sound—in verse the sound the sense; in prose you speak—in verse you sing; in prose you live in the abstract—in verse in the concrete; in prose you present notions—in verse visions; in prose you expound—in verse you enchant; in prose it is much if now and then you are held in the sphere of the fascinated senses—in verse if of the calm understanding.

BULLER.

Will you have the goodness, sir, to say all that over again?

NORTH.

I have forgot it. The lines in the countenance of Prose are austere. The look is shy, reserved, governed—like the fixed steady lineaments of mountains. The hues that suffuse the face of her sister Verse vary faster than those with which the western or the eastern sky momentarily reports the progress of the sinking, of the fallen, but not yet lost, of the coming or of the risen sun.

BULLER.

I have jotted that down, sir.

NORTH.

And I hope you will come to understand it. Candidly speaking, 'tis more than I do.

SEWARD.

I do perfectly—and it is as true as beautiful, sir.

BULLER.

Equally so.

NORTH.

I venerate Wordsworth. Wordsworth's poetry stands distinct in the world. That which to other men is an occasional pleasure, or possibly delight, and to other poets an occasional transport, THE SEEING THIS VISIBLE UNIVERSE, is to him—a Life—one Individual Human Life—namely, his Own—traveling its whole journey from the Cradle to the Grave. And that Life—for what else could he do with it?—he has versified—sung. And there is no other such Song. It is a Memorable Fact of our Civilisation—a Memorable Fact in the History of Human Kind—that one perpetual song. Perpetual but infinitely various—as a river of a thousand miles, traversing, from its birthplace in the mountains, diverse regions, wild and inhabited, to the ocean-receptacle.

BULLER.

Confoundedly prosaic at times.

NORTH.

He, more than any other true poet, approaches Verse to Prose—never, I believe, or hardly ever, quite blends them.

BULLER.

Often—often—often, my dear sir.

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NORTH.

Seldom—seldom—seldom if ever, my dear sir. He tells his Life. His Poems are, of necessity, an Autobiography. The matter of them, then, is his personal reality; but Prose is, all over and properly, the language of Personal Realities. Even with him, however, so peculiarly conditioned, and, as well as I am able to understand his Proposition, against his own Theory of writing, Verse maintains, as by the laws of our insuppressible nature it always will maintain, its sacred Right and indefeasible Prerogative.

To conclude our conversation—

BULLER.

Or Monologue.

NORTH.

Epos is Human History in its magnitude in Verse. In Prose, National History offers itself in parallelism. The coincidence is broad and unquestioned; but on closer inspection, differences great and innumerable spring up and unfold themselves, until at last you might almost persuade yourself that the first striking resemblance deceived you, and that the two species lack analogy, so many other kinds does the Species in Verse embosom, and so escaping are the lines of agreement in the instant in which you attempt fixing them.

BULLER.

Would that Lord Bacon were here!

NORTH.

And thus we are led to a deeper truth. The Metrical Epos imitates History, without doubt, as Lord Bacon says—it borrows thence its mould, not rigorously, but with exceeding bold and free adaptations, as the Iliad unfolds the Ten Years' War in Seven Weeks. But for the Poet, more than another, ALL IS IN ALL.

SEWARD.

Sir?

NORTH.

What is the Paradise Lost, ultimately considered?

BULLER.

Oh!

NORTH.

It is, my friends, the arguing in verse of a question in Natural Theology. Whence are Wrong and Pain? Moral and Physical Evil, as we call them, in all their overwhelming extent of complexity sprung? How permitted in the Kingdom of an All-wise and Almighty Love? To this question, concerning the origin of Evil, Milton answers as a Christian Theologian, agreeably to his own understanding of his Religion,—so justifying the Universal Government of God, and, in particular, his Government of Man. The Poem is, therefore, Theological, Argumentative, Didactic, in Epic Form. Being in the constitution of his soul a Poet, mightiest of the mighty, the intention is hidden in the Form. The Verse has transformed the matter. Now, then, the Paradise Lost is not a history told for itself. But this One Truth, in two answering Propositions, that the Will of Man spontaneously consorting with God's Will is Man's Good, spontaneously dissenting, Man's Evil. This is created into an awful and solemn narrative of a Matter exactly adapted, and long since authoritatively told. But this Truth, springing up in the shape of narrative, will now take its own determination into Events of unsurpassed magnitude, now of the tenderest individuality and minuteness; and all is, hence, in keeping—as one power of life springs up on one spot, in oak-tree, moss, and violet, and the difference of stature, thus understood, gives a deep harmony, so deep and embracing, that none without injury to the whole could be taken away.

BULLER.

What's all this! Hang that Drone—confound that Chanter. Burst, thou most unseasonable of Bagpipes! Silence that dreadful Drum. Draw in your Horns—

SEWARD.

Musquetry! cannon! huzzas! The enemy are storming the Camp. The Delhis bear down on the Pavilion. The Life is in danger. Let us save the King.

NORTH.

See to it, gentlemen. I await the issue in my Swing-chair. Let the Barbarians but look on me and their weapons will drop.

BULLER.

All's right. A false alarm.

NORTH.

There was no alarm.

BULLER.

'Twas but a SALUTE. THE BOYS have come back from Kilchurn. They are standing in front beside the spoil.

NORTH.

Widen the Portal. Artistically disposed! The Whole like one huge Star-fish. *Salmo ferox*, centre—Pike, radii—Yellow-fins, circumference—Weight I should say the tenth of a ton. Call the Manciple. Manciple, you are responsible for the preservation of that Star-fish.

BULLER.

Sir, you forget yourself. The People must be fed. We are Seven. Twelve are on the Troop Roll—Nine Strangers have sent in their cards—the Gillies are growing upon us—the Camp-followers have doubled the population since morn, and the circumambient Natives are waxing strong. Hunger is in the Camp—but for this supply, Famine; *Iliacos intra muros PECCATUR et extra*; Dods reports that the Boiler is wroth, the Furnace at a red heat, Pots and Pans a-simmer—the Culinary Spirit impatient to be at work. In such circumstances, the tenth of a ton is no great matter; but it is better than nothing. The mind of the Manciple may lie at rest, for that Star-fish will never see to-morrow's Sun; and motionless as he looks, he is hastening to the Shades.

NORTH.

Sir, you forget yourself. There is other animal matter in the world besides Fish. No penury of it in camp. I have here the Manciple's report. "One dozen plucked Earochs—one ditto ditto Ducklings—d. d. d. March Chick—one Bubblyjock—one Side of Mutton—four Necks—six Sheep-heads, and their complement of Trotters—two Sheep, just slaughtered and yet in wholes—four Lambs ditto—the late Cladich Calf—one small Stot—two lb. 40 Rounds in pickle—four Miscellaneous Pies of the First Order—six Hams—four dozen of Rein-deer Tongues—one dozen of Bears' Paws—two Barrels of—"

BULLER.

Stop. Let that suffice for the meanwhile.

NORTH.

The short shadow-hand on the face of Dial-Cruachan, to my instructed sense, stands at six. You young Oxonians, I know, always adorn for dinner, even when roughing it on service; and so, V. and W., do you. These two elderly gentlemen here are seen to most advantage in white neckcloths, and the OLD ONE is never so like himself as in a suit of black velvet. To your tents and toilets. In an hour we meet in the—DEESIDE.

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